

RADIO **MIRROR**

December

25¢



JAN FORD

EXCITING FULL COLOR —

*Al Jolson * Lorenzo Jones * Frank Sinatra*



Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, fragrant Talcum, and Bubbling Bath Essence **\$3.35**



Perfume, Toilet Water, Talcum, Face Powder, Double Vanity and Lipstick **\$15.00**



Evening in Paris Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, in midnight blue and silver package . **\$2.75**



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Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne. **\$1.50**
All Prices plus tax



Gifts That Whisper Romance

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

Are you in the know?



Do this if you'd try —

- Cartooning
- A different hairdo
- A new parlor game

Is your face round or square . . . long or oval? Do you really know? Before trying a different hairdo—put tracing paper over your photograph, then outline your face. It tells you your true type, so you can plan your coiffure accordingly! Experts say that's important. Same as it's important (on problem days) to know your type of sanitary napkin. That's *easy*, with Kotex. Just try all 3 sizes of Kotex: you'll find the one that's very personally yours.



Feel neglected at a no-date party?

- Crawl into a corner
- Start a conversation
- Choose the nearest exit

At a strictly stag-and-doe shindig, maybe you haven't snared a partner. So — you're crushed! To banish "wallflower panic" just stroll up to that boogie man at the keyboard . . . start a conversation. It'll be a duet! Self-assurance wouldn't forsake you if you'd learn to meet trying situations confidently. Take trying days, for instance. You'd be poised—feel secure—with Kotex and the *extra* protection of that exclusive *safety center*. Kotex keeps you fluster-proof!



What's the latest "dorm" doings?

- Snack smuggling
- Platter spinning
- Briefing-sessions

Even "dorm" life can be beautiful! Main idea's to be comfortable, though, say campus queens. They're the gals who know that for comfort on *difficult* days there's nothing quite like the softness of Kotex: the napkin made to *stay soft while you wear it*. They're the same, comfort-loving gals who are "briefing" their bathrobes . . . chopping 'em off, for more freedom. Or sporting the dreamy, poetic Study Coat pictured here. Either way, brief's the word!



Who should follow the head waiter?

- The girls
- The boys
- One couple

When a head waiter beckons, it's no time to be confuddled. Confidence is such a help . . .

like being sure that the *girls* should follow first. The eyes of patrons are upon you! Then's when (at certain times) you bless Kotex for those *flat pressed ends* that reveal no outlines. You're *sure* you're smooth. And at ease, with the comfort of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that fits snugly; doesn't bind . . . that's adjustable; all-elastic!



More women choose **KOTEX***
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



3 guesses
what girls
forget most!

- Keep dainty with deodorants
- Practice good posture
- Buy a new sanitary belt

Of course you're careful about daintiness, you say. And you keep posture-perfect, too. But isn't there *one* thing you've overlooked? Namely, to buy a new sanitary belt? Yes, because most girls forget . . . keep putting it off "till next time." To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new, *Kotex Sanitary Belt!*

Fact is — the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. So a *Kotex Belt* fits snugly; comfortably. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . doesn't bind when you bend!



Kotex
Sanitary
Belt

Ask for it by name

RADIO MIRROR

Vol. 29, No. 1

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MARJORIE WALLACE

Art Director
JACK ZASORIN

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FRANCIS MALY

Hollywood Office
ANN DAGGETT, Editor
McCULLAH ST. JOHNS,
Managing Editor

HYMIE FINK, Staff Photographer

STERLING SMITH,
Staff Photographer

BEVERLY WILSON,
Assistant Photographer

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JAN FORD
Color Portrait by Geoffrey Morris

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It's Keen!

FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT

12 PIECES

SERVES ONE-AT-A-TIME

Candy Coated means More Flavor!

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

Coming Next Month



Anita Gordon, of the Edgar Bergen show, is January's Cover Girl.

NATURALLY it's special—the very first issue of Radio Mirror for 1948! There's brilliant, better-than-life full color all through it: a portrait of Bob Hope to go with his mixture of gay and serious comment called Hope for 1948; an at-home view of Red Skelton, with one of his own hobby-paintings (did you know he painted clowns? He has a huge collection) to illustrate the story about the Red-head by Verna Felton, his radio "Namah"; Dr. Jim Brent, of Road of Life, in a nostalgic snow-scene. And, for you to frame, two full-color illustrations for our four-page story on When A Girl Marries, in which the beloved tale is re-told from its heart-warming beginning.

* * *

Kay McNeill tells what life is like with My Husband, Don McNeill. The whole Klose family reports on the mechanics of the fascinating back-to-the-farm life, out of which their program Red Hook 31 grew—and grew—and grew. The second Bride and Groom love-story-of-the-month will have you looking toward Spring, it's that romantic. And all the regular features are party-minded for the holiday season, just as you'll be after you've read them.

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Are you really sure of your present deodorant? Test it against New Perfect Fresh

See if New Perfect Fresh isn't the most effective cream deodorant you have ever been able to buy

Never before in History!

But now Fresh brings you a new more effective creamier deodorant to give you care-free underarm protection. Only Fresh can give you this patented combination of amazing ingredients.

New Fresh is the most effective cream deodorant you have ever tried . . . we think you'll agree! Yet dresses are safe from rotting . . . normal skin is safe from irritation.

New Fresh is delicately perfumed, delightful to smooth on . . . doesn't dry out.

But don't take our word for it. Test Fresh — see if it isn't the best deodorant you've ever used.

Be lovelier to love with new perfect Fresh



SWEET SINGER

FROM

Kaintuck

A SINGER of tunes from folk songs to sentimental ballads is Ernie Lee, one of WLW's brightest new stars. Tall, blond and laconic, Lee has been described as "a combination of Burl Ives, Perry Como and Singin' Sam."

Young Ernie entered radio as an innocent bystander back in 1940, when Red Foley, then star of the NBC Plantation Party, was ill one evening and the show's manager picked Ernie out of the audience to fill. Fill he did, and thereafter Ernie had a regular spot. For four years he sang there, winning a popularity poll with 14,000 requests for his photograph.

The bigger cities beckoned, and Ernie left his hometown of Berea, Kentucky, for Detroit. But that Berea background brought him a wide following among Yankees too for his authentic renditions of real ballads. About the time Burl Ives was "discovered" by Chicago night-club patrons, Ernie Lee, too, was offered an entertainment spot in one of the city's swankiest niteries.

He came to WLW, however, to bring Midwesterners his repertoire on his own 15-minute program, Monday through Friday at 11:15 A.M., EST. He's m.c. of the Midwestern Hayride tune show, aired Saturdays to an Ohio network at 6:30 P.M., EST.

Ernie also stars on a new WLW-produced Mutual network show, broadcast over 65 Southern MBS outlets Sundays at 3 to 3:30 P.M., EST.

Ernie is married to a girl from Berea. They have one child, six-year-old Gordon. He asserts that Pocahontas was his grandmother, "nine times removed." Which is no doubt the case, since Ernie's family, like many of the songs he sings, have roots deep in Kentucky and Virginia history.

He likes radio and people, in the same easy, friendly fashion that distinguishes his singing. His off-mike interests are fishing, baseball and golf. And his ambition is as genuine and unaffected as Ernie himself. He'd like to live in Florida "with plenty of time for fishing."



Signing photographs for admirers after one of his Midwestern Hayride programs over WLW.



Ernie Lee left his Kentucky mountains to sing in Chicago nightclubs and on the air but his dream is of a home in Florida—with plenty of time to fish.





Sister, it can "BLITZ" you!
 Start now with **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

THOSE distressing flakes and scales can put you in plenty wrong socially, and can raise hob with the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair.

If you have the slightest symptom, better start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's easy. It's delightful. *And it treats the infection as infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.*

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

Almost at once flakes and scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and your hair looks healthier.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

In a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff after 4 weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



As a precaution . . . As a treatment . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC AND MASSAGE**

Is This Mistletoe—
or Poison Ivy?



IT LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING! BUT IT JUST CAN'T BE MISTLETOE—OR I'D BE KISSED BY NOW!

SIS, WHEN CHRISTMAS EVE IS KISS-LESS EVE, IT'S TIME TO SEE YOUR DENTIST. EVEN A SNAZZY NUMBER LIKE YOU CAN HAVE BAD BREATH, YOU KNOW!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"



A GIRL WHO'S REALLY IN THE KNOW HAS NO NEED FOR MISTLETOE!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!

Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat
and before every date!

NEW RECORDS



RECOMMENDED By KEN ALDEN

BILLY ECKSTINE:

Good interpretations of "Boulevard of Memories" and "The Wildest Gal in Town." (MGM.)

JOHNNY BOND:

Once in a while a good hillbilly tune pops up. Here's one, "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke" which is burning up the juke boxes. The reverse, "Wasted Tears," is wasted shellac. (Columbia.)

NELLIE LUTCHER:

The West Coast singing sensation demonstrates why with two tongue-in-cheek tunes, "Watch Yourself, Bub" and "My Mother's Eyes." (Capitol.)

MAXINE SULLIVAN:

A singer not appreciated. Columbia re-issues her classic, "Loch Lomond" which is paired with "I'm Coming Virginia."

HARRY JAMES:

Betty's bugler toots out two fine oldies, "My Future Just Passed" and "Too Marvelous For Words." Don't miss these. (Columbia.) On another disc, the James boy plays the theme song of the radio hit, "My Friend Irma."

FREDDY MARTIN:

Smooth dance tempos for Al Jolson's newest, "All My Love" and "White Roses Bloom." (Victor.)

CHARLES KULLMAN:

This time of year it's advisable to have a good record of "Whiffenpoof Song" and "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." This Columbia disc should do the trick.

KATE SMITH:

She has two MGM record offerings, an album of Norman Corwin's "Between Americans" and a single disc merging "God Bless America" and "Bless This House," theme of the Family Hour.

DENNIS DAY:

Radio's tenor with the sense of humor has fun with "Ya Shure, You Betcha" and then gets serious with "Christmas Dreaming." (Victor.) Mr. Sinatra also preserves the same tune but wraps it up with "The Stars Will Remember." (Columbia.) For F. S. in an unusual role, try his spiritual harmonizing with the Chariteters of "Jesus Is A Rock In The Weary Land." (Columbia.)

PIED PIPERS:

"The Lady From 29 Palms" lures this rhythm group as they team it with "I Have But One Heart." (Capitol.)

ELLIOT LAWRENCE:

Scores with the newest hit, "Near You" and for change of pace plays a waltz, "How Lucky You Are" on the back. (Columbia.) Larry Green (Victor) also grooved the first tune.

CHARLIE SPIVAK:

Plays his theme through. It's called "Stardreams" and there's some dreamy trumpet playing by the boss. "It's Witchery" is the music mate. (Victor.)

THEME SONGS:

Columbia's stable of tunesters from Carle to Krupa are merged for an album of dance band theme songs.

DINAH SHORE:

Still top form for canaries. Listen to her sing "Red Caboose," and "Do A Little Business." (Columbia.)

SPIKE JONES:

The usual cutups with "Pop Corn Sack" and "Our Hour." (Victor.)

DELTA RHYTHM BOYS:

Slick harmonizing as the group glides through "Every So Often" and "Come Out of the Rain." (Victor.)

ART LUND:

MGM's boldest entry in the swoon sweepstakes garners more votes with "As Sweet As You" and "It's A Lonesome Old Town."

BENNY GOODMAN:

The Sextet rides "Baby, Have You Got a Little to Spare" and "Hi-ya Sophia" and you'll enjoy the trip. (Capitol.)

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



*with this new, new... New
kind of hand care*

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion

ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1

1. A softening lotion! Quickly helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended with luxury lanolin and other costlier-than-usual skin-smoothing ingredients.

2. A protective lotion, too. This same Woodbury beauty-blend contains *protective* ingredients to help "glove" your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS...

CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN



No wonder more women are *changing* to Woodbury Lotion, every day, than to any other kind of hand care. So really and *wonderfully* different. Beauty-blended to protect as it softens. Peaches-and-cream rich. Feels luscious on your skin. Never sticky or greasy. At drug and cosmetic counters, 10c, 25c & 50c, plus tax.

FREE! MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Let your own hands tell you, in one week, that Woodbury Lotion is really new, wonderfully different.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) (577)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)



**Beryl Davis* sensational British vocalist whose visit here has brought nostalgic memories to many GIs who heard her first in England, sings for a gallery of newly arrived English brides of American soldiers.

Facing



By
KEN ALDEN



**Phil Silvers* on his comedy program on ABC features Beryl's singing. The young singer's an old hand at show business.

IT ISN'T often that Great Britain exports to this country a beautiful and popular singer. That's one commodity we have in wholesale lots. So when one of these rarities like blonde, slim Beryl Davis leaves her native London for a career here, radio row sits up and takes careful notice.

Beryl's advance scouts, thousands of ex-GIs, who heard the 23-year-old singer entertain them when they were bivouacked in Britain before D-Day, predicted she would click in the States. Willard Alexander, an astute booking agent, took their collective word for it and imported the London lass.

Today Beryl is busier than a British bobby in Trafalgar Square. She's singing on Phil Silvers' ABC comedy show, making numerous guest appearances, and getting a tremendous promotion campaign from Victor records, where her discing of "Mother, Mother, Mother," is keeping the platter assembly line working overtime.

I talked to the shy but friendly English girl as she rehearsed for an appearance with Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenberg recently.

Did she have any doubts about making the grade in the country where popular music was born?

"I wasn't worried about my looks," Beryl told me. "Any girl knows just about what kind of impression she'll make in that department. I followed the fan magazines very carefully to learn all about the latest American hair-dos and hem-lines. But what had me really worried was how my voice would go over."

The excitement of an American adventure has left Beryl a bit breathless but still in command of her wonderfully British poise.

"I'm used to excitement. I was born in the dressing room of a Plymouth, England, theater and I've been backstage all my life. Music hall comedians taught me my A.B.C.s."

Beryl's father, Harry Davis, is a veteran band leader. There was never any question about his daughter's profession.

"When I was three years old my career was already launched. Pop had a vaudeville act and in it, he used to call for volunteer singers from the audience. One night, nobody would get up, so he shoved me out in the audience. I got up

the Music



**Lena Horne*—a triumphant European tour for the exciting movie and disc singer.

and sang the only song I knew—which was 'Constantinople.'"

Eleven years later Beryl was already a favorite with British audiences, knew then that real fame could come only when she crossed the Atlantic.

"I used to dream of coming to the United States, singing on the radio, making records, and wearing the beautiful gowns that I saw American singers wear in the movie magazines."

Instead Beryl went to Sweden and Norway, teamed up with Django Reinhardt, greatest European exponent of American jazz.

When war came, Beryl, like every other British subject, had a job to do.

"Mine was to sing for the troops and also do a late evening broadcast on the B.B.C., which was beamed to all the fighting fronts all over the world. The program was called Beryl by Candlelight.

"And we had a theme song, an American song made famous by Al Jolson. The song was 'You Made Me Love You.' There was a peace and quietness about it. I used to get wonderful letters from British tommies and tars in slit trenches in France and sub-infested waters in the Atlantic."

When the American troops arrived in England, Beryl was shipped to the various camps to sing for them. The GIs liked the British accent she gave to popular American tunes. Her biggest thrill was singing with the late Glenn Miller's Army Air Forces band.

Beryl's good work gained attention and two years ago she was summoned to perform at Windsor Castle for Princess Elizabeth. It was a very private unofficial birthday party.



**Frances Langford* in a triple-starred new program, with comedian Frank Morgan and Don Ameche, Wednesday nights at 9 EST, on CBS stations.



**Jo Stafford* who knows all there is to know about putting over a song, coaches Luana Patton for the youngster's next movie.

A Medal for "Mr. De Long"



We're heroes to the countless women who use DeLong Bob Pins... They fasten a medal on us every time they step up to the counter and ask for DeLong, the Bob Pin with the Stronger Grip... We're grateful, too. That's why we spare no effort to turn out a better Bob Pin, one made of stronger steel that keeps its snap and shape longer and stays in your hair dutifully.

Always remember DeLong for —

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



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



Spike Jones (checked suit, right) and his group will assault music regularly every Friday night at 10:30 EST, over CBS.

"I expected everything would be very stiff and proper. Instead we all stayed till four in the morning, doing a Cockney version of The Big Apple and when we did The Lambeth Walk, the Princess joined in."

Beryl sang at more than 500 war bases, said the song our troops wanted to hear most was "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

"And you know," she continued, "the first thing I wanted to do when I got here was to see those Giants and Dodgers."

The Windsor Castle affair was a high point in the young singer's life but her biggest thrill came just recently when a group of British war brides gave a party in her honor here in New York.

"It was really a switch. During the war I used to sing to their husbands and now I was singing for their wives. I sang all the current Hit Parade favorites and then a young girl, with tears in her eyes, came toward the piano and said, 'Miss Davis, I'm awfully homesick, so please do a song we knew at home.'"

Beryl sang "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square."

"After I sang it I had a good cry myself."

When she's not rehearsing or performing, Beryl is trying to learn American slang phrases, lose her pronounced British accent.

"I chew bubble gum like mad, wear bobby sox, and drink colas like mad. It's wonderful."

Recently a Doubting Thomas West Coast columnist refused to believe that Beryl was an authentic British import.

He wrote, "If she's a London girl as advertised, I'm Lina Romay of Brooklyn."

"If he meant that I sound like an American," Beryl said, "then he couldn't have said anything nicer. I'm very grateful to him."

Confident that young Gordon MacRae has the best chance to become a big star, Capitol records have signed the

ex-caddie to a long term recording contract complete with promotional build-up.

Despite the untimely death of their leader, Jimmy Lunceford, the members of his band are trying to work together as a cooperative unit similar to the Tex Beneke setup of the old Glenn Miller band.

Traveling on her European tour with Lena Horne is well known movie orchestrator, Lenny Hayton.

Abe Burrows is the high priced radio comedy writer who has turned singer. He is heard on CBS on Saturday nights singing and playing his burlesques of popular songs like "The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes." These stints have become so successful that Decca will make a record album and the network is mulling plans to expand the show into a half hour variety series. Burrows used to write the Duffy's Tavern show.

Now the Russians have sent us a ballad singer. She is blonde, beautiful Kyra Petrouskaya. During the war Kyra not only entertained Soviet troops but in the siege of Leningrad she was trained as a sniper, actually killed a Nazi sharpshooter. Kyra is one of five Russian war brides permitted to enter the United States.

Eddy Howard has succeeded Carmen Cavallaro on that pen company's Sunday afternoon NBC broadcast.

Dave Rose is now conducting the orchestra for the Red Skelton comedy show but he won't get many opportunities to show off his brilliant arrangements.

Doris Day, who used to sing with Les Brown's band, is going to get a build-up on the MGM lot as a dramatic actress.

Don't expect British singer Gracie Fields back in this country for a long time. She is booked for extensive ap-

pearances in England, has her own B.B.C. radio show.

Louis Jordan, the Negro trumpet-playing comedian, has recovered from a serious stomach operation, and is now on a tour of southern cities.

The reason Les Brown took the Bob Hope musical assignment, surrendering lucrative one night stand bookings, is because the orchestra leader recently bought a sumptuous Beverly Hills home and wants to live in it.

The preponderance of radio disc jockeys has seriously affected phonograph record and juke box sales. The average music fans know, by expert dial twisting, just when and where they can hear their singing favorites, without having to buy the records themselves.

Bing Crosby is definitely signed to go to London next Spring to make a picture for British movie mogul J. Arthur Rank. While there, the Groaner will probably do a Command Performance for the British monarch.

The Andrews Sisters and Milton Berle are reportedly feuding. When the trio made their debut in a New Jersey night club, the comic, a ringside guest, got up on the floor, uninvited, and tried to steal the spotlight from the girls.

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald have decided to work as a radio team if they can find a sponsor.

Don't you think the movie companies should tell unsuspecting audiences the names of singers whose voices are dubbed in for movie stars in musical pictures? Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks, to name just two, are stars who have sound track singing substitutes, yet Columbia Pictures imply that these two favorites really sing in "Down To Earth."

Remember Arthur Tracy, "The Street Singer" of crystal set radio fame? Well he is preparing for a comeback.

Alec Templeton turned down a permanent radio series in order to resume his concert tours.

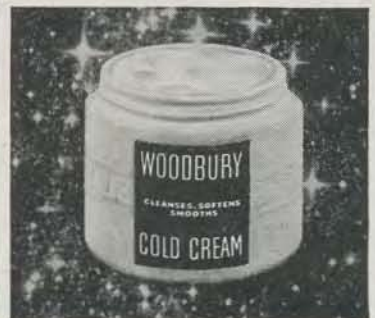
-that Always-Fresh look



says **VIRGINIA MAYO**, co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy "THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

*"My beauty-glow
cleansing"*

"No secret about a lovely-to-look-at complexion. Just beauty-cleanse the way I do with Woodbury Cold Cream. Whisks off even the heaviest movie make-up." Ginny is wise to Woodbury. It contains rich oils. It's really deep cleansing. Smooth it on quickly... skin blooms clean. Try Woodbury for that "Always-Fresh" look.



Excitement in the air—enter Virginia. She says, "First after work comes my date with Woodbury. Its rich cleansing smooths my studio dry skin. In a flash skin's fresh—oh, so smooth." Woodbury's four special softening ingredients smooth skin—but surely. Try it, and see!

*-with
Woodbury"
Cold Cream"*

**WOODBURY
CREAMS
FOR
PROBLEM
SKINS**

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM—rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks fresher, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It melts—takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!



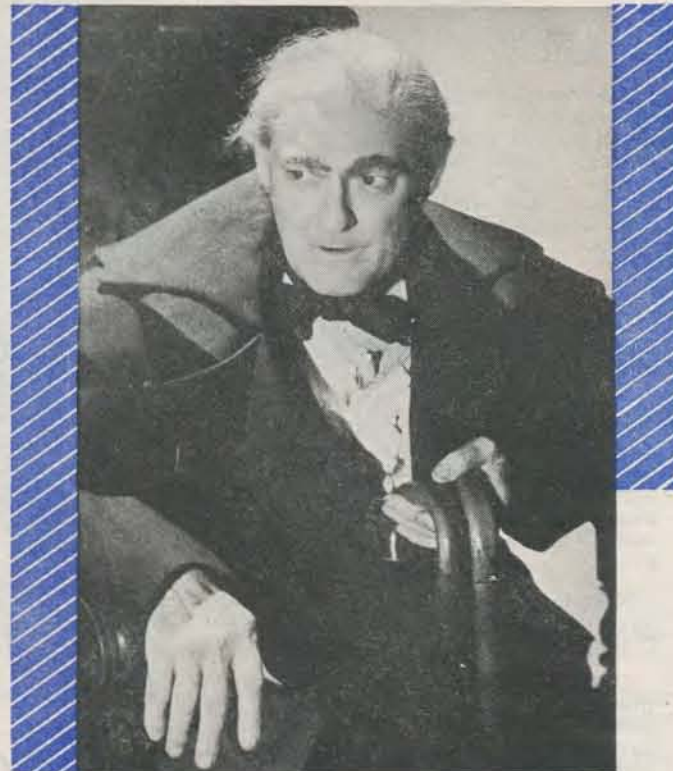
With Spike Jones' new Spotlight Revue comes sparkling Dorothy Shay.

WHAT'S NEW

FROM COAST to COAST



Radio Repertory Theatre, Inc.—behind that name are Joan Fontaine, above, Myrna Loy, below, and Dana Andrews, John Garfield, Ray Milland—a new company with better radio listening fare its aim.



NBC's perfect Christmas present to listeners: Lionel Barrymore as an unforgettable Scrooge.

IF YOU want some hints as to the coming financial weather, take notice of what's been happening with sponsors in radio. The big money outfits are retrenching. Nobody's so anxious to hand out large slices of green stuff for big elaborate productions. More and more audience participation shows are on the air—because they're cheaper, even counting the prizes given away, than the big productions that call for regular stars and guest stars at thousands of dollars per. The newest wrinkle is to turn the big shows over to co-operative sponsors, that is, local companies sponsoring programs in each station on a network. WOR started the whole business last season, its main attraction, the Kate Smith Show, having over 300 sponsors before it went on the air in September. The other networks are following suit, ABC leading off with the co-ops sponsoring Abbott and Costello. The roster is growing all the time.

Maybe it's time to start thinking about keeping those pennies in the piggy bank, now that the big dollar boys are getting so careful and prudent.

Lillian Schoen, who writes the Paul Whiteman Show and Irene Beasley's Grand Slam and a couple of dramatic stunts, tells us she fell in love with rural living last summer. She's just bought herself a farm in Bucks County, Pa., and hopes to be able to work out her schedules so she can do most of her writing out there, where it's quiet and telephone free.

When Larry Adler, the harmonica artist, was interviewed recently by Pops Whiteman and "Junior," the portable recording machine Whiteman uses, he told the dean of modern American music a story that even Whiteman had never known before.



Jay Jostyn carries Mr. District Attorney's aims into real life. He accepts a lecture invitation from a youth organization—his subject: Juvenile Delinquency.

"It happened way back when your picture, 'King of Jazz,' was being shown at the New York movie houses," Adler told Whiteman. "At one of the movies, where you and your band were also making a personal appearance, I used to play the harmonica around the stage door, playing the tunes you played in the movie. Then one day, two gentlemen, who turned out to be Joe Venuti and Frankie Trumbar, heard me and took me into your dressing room.

"They told you to 'listen to this kid play the harmonica,'" continued Adler. "And, after I finished, you turned to a young man sitting next to you and said, 'This kid is terrific, George, why don't you write some music for him?' Well," Adler laughed, "that young fellow was George Gershwin."

But the most interesting part of the story to Whiteman is that he had never known—until Larry told him the story—that the kid who had played the mouth organ in his dressing room way back when was Larry Adler, himself.

Paul Lavallo is doing it again. He's notified the National Federation of Music Clubs that he will again offer a national music scholarship to the winner of a national contest administered by the Federation. The scholarship will amount to \$1,000 for some lucky, talented kid.

And maybe you think that talent doesn't get kicked around some . . . For fifteen years Paul Siegel of Brooklyn, N. Y., trudged up and down Tin Pan Alley, but nobody would buy his tunes. Now, as a 32-year-old AMG Sergeant stationed in Vienna, he has twenty of his tunes (Continued on page 96)



On Ozzie and Harriet: Thorny. On The Life of Riley: Digger O'Dell. Real name: John Brown, or perhaps John Versatile Brown!

By

DALE BANKS



Don't let her fool you. She never types her own scripts!

Sparky modeled the finest fur coat in Alaska for her Saturday morning audience at the studios of KFAR-Alaska.



Alaska ON THE AIR

ALASKAN radio stations believe they have the most appreciative audience in the world—people in outlying areas who have no other means of entertainment or of acquiring news. At least half the listeners are native Indians and many of these, living in remote spots far from the lines of regular communication, use the radio's emergency message service for personal messages, a practice permitted in the United States only in the event of widespread emergency.

KINY, Juneau, has a daily program, Totem Talk, which handles these messages as well as other special announcements.

The bulk of the radio programs heard in Alaska are those of the Armed Forces Radio Service, the cream of programs from the four leading networks, with commercial announcements removed. These are primarily designed for the enjoyment of U. S. military personnel. In addition to the standby material, each station has its own local programs and services, similar in format to many of the informal broadcasts in the States.

Another service radio stations along the coast perform is the broadcasting of marine reports and forecasts from Coast Guard weather stations.

At KFAR, Fairbanks, the most powerful and best situated station in the Territory for outlying coverage, a personality emerged last year, a little pure bred red cocker spaniel whom everyone calls "Sparky," although her dignified kennel name is Denali Queen—"denali"

is the word that the Indians use for mountain.

Sparky's radio debut was unplanned and informal. She was at the studio with August K. Hiebert, chief engineer for KFAR. Someone left a door open and the little dog's ecstatic greeting of some visitors went over the air.

"This," said Mr. Hiebert, "caused so much comment and obvious enjoyment around town that we decided to put her on the Morning Clock program. She had been taught to bark at the drop of a hat, so she fitted in easily. She began barking musical dedications, happy birthday greetings, and the children got a great kick out of it. They made a habit of hearing her mornings before they started for school—and they all want a dog just like her. There has been quite an influx of red cockers in Fairbanks."

It's been a continuous triumph for the Minneapolis-born cocker who invaded the land of the Malemutes. A Malemute never barks.

Sparky is temporarily off the air at present as she has gone with Chief Engineer and Mrs. Hiebert to Anchorage to assist in the construction of the Midnight Sun Broadcasting Company's new station, KENI. She is devoting her energies to excavating.

Early in the spring she will resume her broadcasts, using the same theme song. She will be featured on KENI during the first two weeks that the station is in operation and then will return to KFAR.



Donald Dame

Donald Dame, tenor star of The American Album of Familiar Music heard Sunday night over NBC from 9:30 to 10 P.M., made an early beginning in radio. At the age of 14 in his native Cleveland, Ohio he succeeded in directing and producing his own radio show on which he also served as principal vocalist. It ran for more than two years over a leading Cleveland station, first as a sustaining and later on a commercial basis.

While enrolled at Western Reserve University, to which he had won a four year vocal scholarship, he was able to support himself entirely by working on Cleveland's station WHK.

After graduation from Western Reserve, he won another scholarship to New York's Juilliard School. And shortly after his admission to Juilliard came his first professional appearance, as soloist with the Cleveland Orchestra under the baton of Artur Rodzinski. Since then, annual concert tours have taken him all over the United States and Canada, and he has appeared with leading orchestras as guest artist.

Through it all, he has remained faithful to radio. In addition to having his own regular program, he is a frequent guest on the most popular musical shows on the leading networks. When he made his debut at the Metropolitan Opera, his outstanding acting ability as well as his fine singing stole the show from some of the Met's most experienced troupers.

Of medium height, well-built, and with a disarming smile and gray-blue eyes that help make him an asset to the Met's romantic-tenor department, Donald Dame is a young man of serious purpose, unusual humility for one who is so successful.

Aside from his work, he is easy-going and has a tremendous capacity for enjoying life, and a loud and hearty laugh which he emits fairly frequently.

He and his pretty blonde wife have a New York apartment and spend as much of the winter there as Donald's professional engagements permit. Summers, they spend on their farm in the Berkshires, where Donald "gentleman-farms." He also, for fun, binds books, paints, cooks—and fishes.

As a rod-and-reel enthusiast, he has chalked up a rather unique record. You know those tall tales that fishermen tell? . . . Well, Donald says: "I have been fishing ever since I was a boy of eight and I haven't caught a single fish yet!"



He's helpless in your hands with the New HINDS!

Your hands feel softer, smoother—*instantly* with Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Enriched with lanolin and other special "skin-affinity" ingredients, it soothes and lubricates . . . *satinizes* your hands with longer-lasting loveliness. Is not sticky.

If you want hands men admire, try New Hinds today — now in handsome larger "Beauty Bottle" . . . giving you an average of 1/3 more lotion for your money. Four economical sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.

Now in the new Beauty Bottle



FASTER! SOOTHING! LANOLIN-ENRICHED!

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

R
M

WGN'S

Lee Bennett



He sang his way into radio. Now he's announcing at Mutual's Chicago station.



Helping young talent gain a foothold on radio's perilous ladder is part of Lee's job as m.c. of Stars of Tomorrow.



Susan Lee hasn't had her daddy's years of experience but she can steal a scene. Mother was Judy Randall.

IT ISN'T very often that an announcer can sing into a mike as well as he talks into it, but Lee Bennett, WGN announcer, is one fellow who does both with the ease and finish that make him a fine announcer and a competent musician. His career led him in and out of radio and music until he combined the two in his present dual role as singer-announcer on WGN. A former vocalist for Jan Garber when that band toured the country, Lee knows his music as well as he knows his way around in radio—he can ad lib an exciting description of a train wreck or a fire as smoothly as he sings the latest tune. From his early days in radio when he wrote continuity to his experience before the movie cameras and on the stage, Lee has played a role in nearly every angle of show business.

It all started in his family back in Lincoln, Nebraska, where his father taught radio in high school and caused quite a furor by owning the first crystal set in town. Since his father was a former actor, Lee caught the acting bug, and decided to become an entertainer. He began studying dramatics and voice, and by the time he entered the University of Nebraska in 1927 he was able to earn his way through school by singing for fraternity house parties and campus affairs. A part in a university production started him on a stage career when a director of a stock company saw him and offered him a contract. Combining radio with his studies, Lee returned to school the next fall and joined the staff of a Lincoln radio station as a member of a singing trio, becoming a writer and announcer right after graduation.

Chicago radio looked inviting, so Lee left Nebraska in 1935 to take a singing part on a daytime program over WGN. His versatility as an actor and singer brought him to the attention of Jan Garber, who then had a radio show of his own, and before long Lee had signed a contract with the Garber band as vocalist. For the next seven years he traveled with the Barber band all over the country, making stage and radio appearances and acting in movie short subjects. It didn't take him all that time to win over the band's petite blonde songstress, however—after one year with the orchestra, he married attractive Judy Randall.

Seven years of the nomadic life were about all Lee and Judy wanted. Chicago turned out to be the last stop on the road in 1942 when they decided to settle down to radio. Lee has been a WGN staff announcer ever since, sometimes departing from a straight announcer's duties to take over a singing job on programs such as *Say It With Music* in which he sang with the Brandt Sisters, and *Charm School of the Air*. Mutual network listeners have heard his voice as narrator on *Chicago Theater of the Air* many times. As the genial m.c. of WGN's amateur show, *Stars of Tomorrow*, Lee helps many talented youngsters who hope to find success at the microphone just as he has.

In private life, Lee is a home-loving man. After living out of a suit case for so long, he's perfectly content to never budge from the old homestead. His vacations are quiet affairs spent at home or at his Michigan place, "Station Brake", where he relaxes from a strenuous radio schedule with his wife and their one-year-old daughter, Susan Lee.

frolic

THE FORMULA FOR ROMANCE



Frolic Perfume,
Eau de Toilette,
and Talc, \$2.50



Frolic Perfume
\$7.50; 4.50; 1.25



De luxe Frolic Gift Set—
Perfume, Eau de Toilette,
Sachet, Bath Softener,
and Talc, \$5.95



April Showers

THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH



April Showers
Perfume
\$7.50; 4.50; 1.25



April Showers Eau de Cologne
and Dusting Powder, \$2.25



April Showers Perfume
Eau de Cologne, Sachet, and Talc, \$2.95

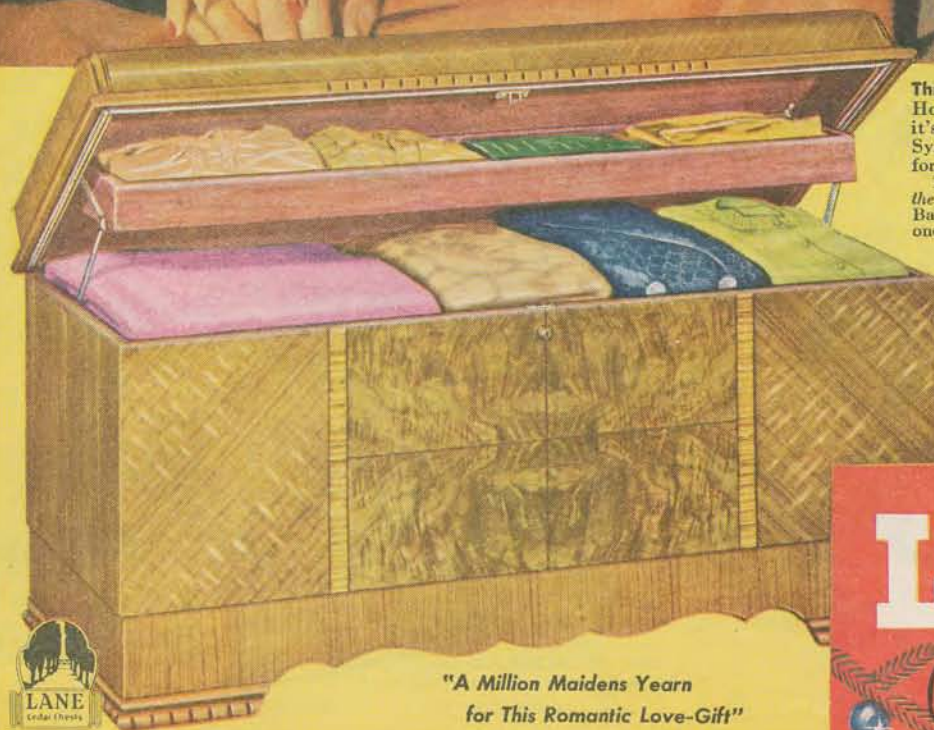
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Lucky Sweethearts!



The Gift That Starts the Home

Make A LANE Your Christmas Love-Gift



Thrill your sweetheart with a Lane Cedar Hope Chest for Christmas! Dream-come-true, it's the real love-gift that starts the home. Symbol of your romance, it says: "I love you forever."

The only tested AROMA-TIGHT Cedar Chest in the world, with Lane's exclusive Patented Features. Backed by a free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest companies, The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Ideal gift for sweetheart, sister, mother or daughter. Lane Chests are designed in many exquisite styles and woods.

No. 2180—Front panel of matched American Walnut stump; borders of exotic African Zebra Wood. Balance of case is American Walnut. Has Lane's patented automatic tray.

49⁹⁵

Slightly higher in the West and Canada

LANE

Cedar Hope Chest

"A Million Maidens Years for This Romantic Love-Gift"



Here's What I Think —

By

Gracie Allen



THERE are times when I wish I might have been Sarah Bernhardt instead of Gracie Allen. People don't seem to mind if even the greatest of tragediennes breaks into a smile now and then, but if you're a comedienne to start with, you're expected to be funny *all* the time.

The mailman, the department store clerks, the beauty operator, everyone I meet in the course of a day, all keep looking at me with their faces all arranged to break into a tremendous laugh the moment I say something screamingly funny. And when I don't, they are all rather downcast as though I had somehow done them a bad turn.

And believe me, there's plenty to be serious about in our household. We have a daughter, Sandra, who's just at that Well-really-mother-I'm-old-enough-to-wear-lipstick-now stage. And a son, Ronnie, who's old enough to turn his first jealousy into a "hot rod."

However, the children have been the great stabilizing factors in the lives of George and myself. After all, we two were vaudevillians, restless, changeable, moving from town to town, traveling all over the world, changing from stage to radio to movies, and back to stage, again, never in the same apartment or house for more than a month or so at a time.

Then the children arrived. Whereupon Burns and Allen bought a small quiet house in Beverly Hills and lived happily ever after. That was eleven years ago, and we still live in the same house, have

the same cook, gardener, eat roast beef on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and in general, have become so settled in our ways, that the neighbors can peek out the window now and say "Goodness . . . it must be nine-thirty-two . . . there goes Mrs. Burns on her way to market."

My own philosophy of life is, I imagine, essentially a rather simple one. I believe in being as busy as possible. For the greater part of my life, I've found myself variously engaged as a dancer, a comedienne, a writer, a newspaper columnist, a housewife, even a political candidate, and as just plain cook for a lot of hungry actors. As a result, I've never really had a chance to sit down and say to myself, "Am I happy?" I was, but thank goodness, I didn't have time to think about it.

I believe that when a woman has enough leisure to start asking herself, "Am I truly happy—or not?" and then starts going to psychiatrists to see if she's supposed to be happy, then troubles and difficulty are well on their way toward getting a foothold.

Anyway, that's my philosophy. I'm happy but it's also part of my philosophy not to try and advise anyone else what to do.

So if you should marry a dancer by the name of George Burns and go into radio and vaudeville, and movies, and have two cute children named Ronnie and Sandra, and you're still not happy, don't blame me. What works for one woman may not work for another.



Behind Helen and Al, their Bride and Groom gifts. Before them—happiness. Beside them, sympathetic M.C. John Nelson.

EACH day, five days a week, a couple appears on the program Bride and Groom, a couple chosen from among hundreds of others because they are living a love story so warm and appealing that the Bride and Groom judges believe others will be made happy by hearing about it. Such a story is that of Helen Gary and Albert Baietti of Oak Ridge, Tenn.

"Oak Ridge"—the name should give you some clue as to why we of the Bride and Groom show decided that Helen and Albert were among those we wanted to marry on the air. (Not that a Bride and Groom wedding actually takes place on the air; the couple is interviewed before the ceremony, and introduced to the radio and studio audience; then they retire to the adjoining Chapman Park Chapel, for a service performed in private by a minister of their own choice. After the ceremony, they come back to our studio, and again go on the air to receive their gifts from Bride and Groom and the happy good wishes of all of us.) But back to Oak Ridge. What could be more surely a wartime romance than one born in the very cradle of the war's Top-Secret secret—the atom bomb?

That's why we wanted the love story of Helen and Albert to reach the widest possible audience. It seemed to us to reaffirm the strength of love, to prove again that even in one of the grimmest places, at one of the grimmest hours our world has known, the lovely, exciting pattern of boy-meets-girl retained its insidious magic.

In short, Helen and Albert fell in love . . . but not as quickly as all that. The odds, after all, were heavy against them. There was no place for romance in the endless round of work and tension and pressure that was Oak Ridge in the summer of 1945, Al's second year on the atomic energy project. To the

Bride and Groom

Love couldn't be locked out,

even from the site where wartime's grimmest Top Secret was taking shape

By
JOHN NELSON

majority of the seventy thousand people in the town, the work was a complete mystery; but Al, research physicist and engineer, was one of the handful who had definite ideas about what was going on. So, to him, life was work, work was a race against time; and the rest of living was rain, mud, cheerless dormitory life, an occasional movie . . . a very occasional dance sponsored by the Recreation and Welfare Association.

No matter how dedicated, no twenty-three-year-old—which is all Al was—could spend his days and nights living intimately with so tremendous a secret without wishing that he might, at least for a few hours here and there, put it into the back of his mind. That's what Al was wishing, one summer night . . . and then the evening breeze brought him faint strains of distant dance music. The music was coming from the tennis courts—the cement floors of which served as a dance floor for the occasional Association dances. Al hesitated, then turned his steps in that direction.

He had no trouble finding partners. Tall (six feet nine inches!) with dark unruly hair, Al was a handsome and popular member of the government community. But unfortunately the girls inevitably turned their conversation to the subject Al was trying to forget. It was no use, and he prepared to leave. Then he saw Helen.

His first glance told him she was one of the most beautiful girls in Oak Ridge. Her waves of blonde hair framed a lovely face in which blue eyes smiled a quick friendliness to all the world. Her dark blue frock accentuated her grace as she danced with her partner.

Al turned to one of his friends, trying to sound casual as he asked: "That blonde girl in the blue dress—I suppose she's married?" (Cont'd on page 91)



After the ceremony, the Baiettis start back toward the adjoining studio, to shed their newlywed radiance on all well-wishers in the audience. With them are Al's brother Norman, and his sister Vauline Gary, who "stood up."

This is the first in Radio Mirror's new series of love stories-of-the-month, outstanding romances which were heard originally on the program Bride and Groom. They are told for us by John Nelson, M.C. of Bride and Groom, which you can hear daily at 2:30 P.M. EST on ABC network stations.

My Husband,

By
**ERLE GALBRAITH
JOLSON**

ONE of these days I'm going to re-decorate that dining room. I've been saying that now for two years—but still I'm sure that one of these days Al and I will unpack our suitcases, shut off the telephone, hide all the travel folders, and settle down in our Mulholland Drive home long enough for me to have those walls paneled.

I'm afraid it's just an idea I have. Being married to Al Jolson isn't a homebody's life. When he isn't in front of the microphone for his Music Hall radio show or working on the sequel to "The Jolson Story," my husband likes to be on the go—he's restless. No sooner do we unlock our front door and walk inside our barely-familiar walls, than I see that dreamy look come into Al's eyes and I know he's thinking about a day or two in Palm Springs, or Arrowhead, or the races at Del Mar, or a winter in Florida.

It's not that he likes to follow The Crowd. As a matter of fact, we're more apt to be out of season in these places than not. With Al, it's just for the sun and the change and the feel of moving somewhere—somewhere where there's color and life and people. Never for fashion or for the sight of our names in the news columns, or because it's The Thing to Do, or The Place to Go.

Even when we are at home, at our hillside home just north of Hollywood, we don't go in for nightclubbing or big parties or being seen in the smart, right places. The only newspaper pages Al cares about are the theatrical, the editorial or the stock market news—the gossip columns or the society pages we can leave alone.

But the theatrical page—that's something else.

No matter where we are Al is like a busman on a holiday—he can't get away from what's going on in the world of entertainment. It's his world. He lives in it, breathes in it, would be miserable without it. Wherever we go he has his eye out for talent and we've spent many an uncomfortable hour in some small amateur theater group or in a crowded engineer's booth watching a radio show because someone whispered to Al that there might be an up-and-coming young actor there who showed promise. Al goes out of his way to help newcomers. He's never too busy to keep an eye out, or lend a helping hand to someone he thinks needs a boost up the theatrical ladder.

And always in his mind, as we sit reading in the evenings, or swimming in the pool or riding off to Palm Springs with our suitcases piled in back—always he's thinking of his work.

I know, now, the signs when he's getting ready for a new radio show, or a new Broadway revue, or a new motion picture.

The restlessness increases. That pacing-tiger walk gets more pronounced. He's upset when the telephone rings every five minutes—and upset if it doesn't. He's like a dynamo being charged, slowly gathering force and momentum and the kind of creative electricity that will soon change into sparks—sparks that will infuse a show with his own special kind of humour and pathos. Each new show he treats as if it were the first he had ever done . . . and every performance is as important as the opening night. He never takes an audience for granted or permits himself to coast along on his popularity.

Of course I think he's wonderful. I thought so (Continued on page 85)

Hear Al Jolson as the star of the Music Hall program, every Thursday night at 9 EST, on stations of the NBC network.

AL JOLSON



★ This is what being Al's wife is like—sharing his whole life, his everyday as well as his triumphs



I was glad of little Nancy's help when the gifts started piling up. Announcer Les Lear and M.C. Tommy Bartlett read off a list that had me gasping.



Dinner at Chicago's exotic Shangri-La. A friend came over for a few words with Mr. Lear as Lin (right) and I tried to guide Nancy and Bobby.

They made

A trailer-traveler's report on
how the program Welcome Travelers
operates to earn its name

By LILLIAN MASON

WHEN the four of us—my husband, Lin, our daughter, Nancy, and our son, Larry, and I—started out to see America, each of us had our own special, separate objective aside from that of the long-dreamed-of trip itself.

Larry, who is not quite five, wanted to see Indians—real ones. Seven-year-old Nancy, an ardent patron of the Saturday afternoon Western movies here in our native Springfield, Ohio, had her heart set upon seeing real, live cowboys, close-up. My husband wanted to show me the country he'd flown over and the cities he'd visited so often on business trips. He'd talked about so many things he'd seen, trying to share them with me—and now, finally, we were to enjoy them together.

As for me—it was a radio program I had *my* eye on. A very special one. As soon as the dates on our itinerary were definite, I wrote to the Welcome Travelers program in Chicago, asking for tickets. You see, I've been a radio fan for years, and with good reason. Lin's business has always been some phase of radio. He began in college, when he paid his tuition by working at a local station. When we were married, nearly ten years ago, he was known as "The Singing Announcer" at station WKRC in Cincinnati. At the time of our trip he was associated with a company that handled radio transcriptions. Radio was our living; we knew small and not-so-small stations intimately—but it wasn't the same as being on the inside of a big-time program!

That's why the thought of being present at a network broadcast meant something special to me. From the day in June when we set out on the great westward loop that was to take us to the Coast and back to our native Ohio, I had my hopes pinned on the two cities on our itinerary from which national broadcasts originated—Hollywood and Chicago.

We went by trailer—Lin's idea, and one I'd objected to vigorously at first.

"No trailer," I said firmly. "If you think I'm going to cram the four of us into one of those beetle-shaped boxes . . . and they're not safe. I've seen them, lumbering and weaving down the highway. I'd rather fly. And besides," I finished triumphantly, "we haven't got a trailer."

Welcome Travelers, with Tommy Bartlett as M.C.,

us WELCOME



By bus around Chicago—and we'll never forget the silvery Buckingham Fountain in Grant Park. (Fourth from left is us.)

Lin ran his hands through his hair.

"But you can't see anything from a plane! And that's the whole point of the trip—we want to see the country. Anyway, we'll get a trailer, somehow."

We did find one, finally. After advertising, after combing Dayton and Cincinnati, after Lin, in desperation, ran spot advertisements on the air, we found a woman who was willing to rent us her trailer for the season. In the meantime, a series of plane crashes had changed my opinions about the relative safety of the air.

The trailer was twenty-one feet long. Fitting the four of us into it was like working a Chinese block puzzle, from which you have to remove one piece before you insert another. We put the children to sleep on the double bed until Lin and I were ready to go to bed at night, and then Nancy was shifted to the couch, Larry to a mattress on the floor. When everything was in place, it was possible to move around—if we were careful. But move as much as a chair, raise the drop-leaf

is heard daily at 12 Noon EST, on ABC stations.

of the table, and we were trapped in our own home.

It was our home for three months. There were disadvantages. Tires went flat under us—four of them—and each time meant the purchase of a new tire, since the weight of the trailer ruins the flat. A rough spot in the road jarred the cupboard doors open, breaking everything breakable, spreading glasses of jelly and a can of coffee all over the floor. Sometimes, with trailer camps full, we'd have to stop beside a filling station for the night, without water and lights—and just go to bed, dirt and all.

On the other hand, we were always sure of a bed and a place to stay; we had with us many more of our belongings than we could have taken on an ordinary trip, and we didn't have to pack and unpack suitcases.

We traveled to California by way of St. Louis, Kansas City, Rocky Mountain National Park, Albuquerque and Phoenix. There's no way to tell you what it meant to us—except to say that the (Continued on page 93)

LORENZO JONES



Breakfast with his Belle has always been the cheerful prelude to Lorenzo's day but now the postman is making unwelcome contributions to his mailbox. Sleight-of-hand takes practice and Belle moves around so fast a man never knows on which side of the table she will be next.

LEARNS THAT SILENCE IS NOT ALWAYS GOLDEN



Lorenzo Jones, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hammert, is heard Monday through Friday at 4:30 P.M. EST, on NBC network stations.

2. When newly-wed Angus and Margaret invade the Jones living room, babbling about the plan for Angus to go in business with Clarence K. Muggins, the manufacturer, Lorenzo has hopes that, through Angus, Muggins may be persuaded to consider producing a Jones invention.

3. Next day Lorenzo has a big-brotherly chat with the girl next door, Linda Trumbull. She's unhappy because she has no boyfriend to boast about to the other girls in her class when they talk about getting notes and dates.

LORENZO JONES, mechanic by trade and inventor by passionate preference, lives so completely in his gadget-ridden dreams that the real world is full of pitfalls for him. Fortunately his practical wife, Belle, is there to get between him and trouble—except that occasionally, as in this RADIO MIRROR picture-story, she doesn't get there quite in time.

Seen here in the parts they play on the air are: Karl Swenson as Lorenzo; Lucille Wall as Belle; Kermit Murdock as Muggins; Anne Shepherd as Margaret; Art Carney as Angus; Frank Behrens as Jim.

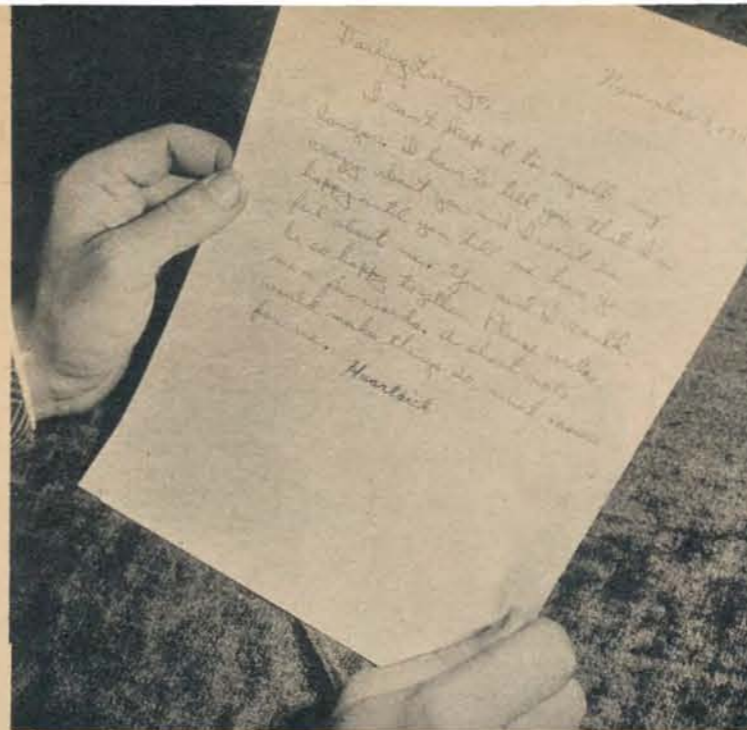


LORENZO JONES

LEARNS THAT SILENCE
IS NOT
ALWAYS GOLDEN



4. Down at the corner drugstore Lorenzo has a soda with Clarence K. Muggins. He is bringing the conversation around to his invention when Jim Barker wanders in. Jim has had a quarrel with his wife. Seems he did not tell her when he got a letter from a girl he'd known back home. Irma admitted the letter was harmless, but she'd found it in his pocket. He should have told her at once when he got it. Clarence and Lorenzo agree—"always tell them first."



5. Next morning, Lorenzo receives a letter in the mail himself. Nothing like this ever happened to him before! He can't believe it. He reads it again. Well, his conscience is clear. He'll certainly tell Belle. So he stuffs the letter in his pocket.



6. When another letter comes, even warmer than the first, Lorenzo has destroyed the earlier one. Now he can't show this one to Belle. It asks, "Why don't you ever answer me? Have you forgotten the box number? Whatever has happened to you?"



7. But he does tell Muggins. They decide Jim Barker must be writing the letters. Hadn't he said he'd bet fifty dollars they wouldn't show a letter from another woman to their wives? Only, Jim can prove he's been out of town, couldn't have written.



8. Angus gets a letter. His wife, Margaret, rushes over to Belle's house. Belle calls up Mrs. Muggins, who tells her that Lorenzo has been getting letters too. Belle is furious. Imagine Mrs. Muggins knowing more about Lorenzo than she does!



9. Belle has always thought she might make a good detective. She spends a day in the post office and is rewarded. Linda Trumbull comes in and opens the post box named in the mysterious letters. The lonely child just wanted some mail.



10. Lorenzo has to agree with Belle. He's been very foolish. "If you'd had any sense you would have recognized a child's handwriting. If you'd let me see them I would have known at once." Lorenzo promises, "No more secrets"—even about inventions!

The RADIO

MIRROR AWARDS for 1947

HOW do you spend your time as a radio listener? Where, from Monday through Sunday, is your dial set; what programs do you eagerly anticipate, which do you impatiently tune out? Which offerings fill your entertainment requirements so well that season after season you want them back on the air?

This year, for the first time, these questions are being asked on a nationwide scale of the most important people in the radio business: the listeners themselves. Of course there have been other polls, many others: polls of radio editors, columnists, critics, in which these professional interpreters of the radio scene register their reactions to what the networks are offering. The results of such polls have their undeniable value. But—please note that word *professional*. It explains why these people cannot speak for you, the radio audience—for you whose sole interest in radio is in the amount and kind of entertainment it serves you.

The editors of Radio Mirror have long felt that there should be some device set up by which to gauge the feeling of our readers—average radio

listeners—with regard to what they are hearing on the air. We have known, from your letters, that you have definite ideas about what you do and do not care to listen to. But not all of you take the trouble to write. We feel that yours are the very opinions which can and should be one of the most creative forces in radio. To *you*, after all, are directed the combined efforts of performers, networks, sponsors. As an example of the fact that this force does exist, check back in your November Radio Mirror to the editorial, *CBS Is There*. In this, the editors called attention to an excellent CBS program of that name, explained that it had been taken off the air to make room for new-season programs, and pointed out that if the network were made aware of the amount of public acclaim this program had won, they would perhaps reinstate it. Result: listener-opinion was so unmistakably expressed in the CBS mailbag that *CBS Is There* went back on the air in late October. For you are the final judges, the critics whose approval radio must gain if it is not to fail in its purpose.

Therefore, with the November issue of Radio Mirror, the Radio Mirror Awards for 1947 were launched. This month appears the second, and final, ballot in this year's Awards Poll. Here is your chance to vote for your favorite programs.

On the ballot below, next to each type of radio show, write the name of the program which, in your opinion, is the best in its field. Vote only for the programs you hear on networks, because this is a nationwide poll—local favorites cannot be considered. Send your ballot to Radio Mirror Awards, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. You need not sign your name. Votes will be counted by impartial judges, and the results will be announced in the April, 1948, issue of Radio Mirror. At that time, too, they'll be announced on the programs which have won the approval of the majority of our readers.

There is still time to get last month's ballot in, if you haven't already done so—fill it out with the names of your favorite *performers*, and send it along with the ballot below, on which you will vote for your *favorite programs only*.

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS

(Write in the name of your *one* favorite program opposite each of the classifications below)

COMEDY	FOR CHILDREN
DAYTIME SERIAL	MUSICAL
DRAMA	EDUCATIONAL
MYSTERY	RELIGIOUS
QUIZ	BEST NEW PROGRAM THIS YEAR
AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION (non-quiz)	WORST PROGRAM ON THE AIR
BEST PROGRAM ON THE AIR	

Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Awards, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



Irma TRIES AN EXPERIMENT



Irma's big blue eyes went from one to another of us. "What's the matter with all of you?" she asked.

EXPERIMENT

Science waits, trembling,
as Jane's friend Irma, armed with
pen and book, goes down into
the unplumbed depths of her own mind

SHARING an apartment with my friend Irma—I was about to say living with Irma, but how can you call it *living* when you are holding your breath twenty-four hours a day!—is certainly never dull. I never know what will happen next. Richard sometimes wonders why I don't find another roommate, but I just couldn't. I love that girl. Bless her—where could you find anyone else with a heart as big as hers? And who would look after Irma if I didn't? Not counting Al, of course. That's Irma's boy friend Al. No, you couldn't possibly count on him.

Take, for instance, the other afternoon. I was sitting in the oversize closet we call the living room; just sitting there, dropping stitches in my knitting and thinking of Richard. It's tough being in love with your boss—all day long, in the office, it's "Jane" or "Hey, you!", and then in the evenings it's "honey" and gardenias. I get so mixed up. Suddenly the door burst open and Irma rushed in, letting the door bang to behind her.

"Jane, I've just had the most exciting afternoon! I met a man!"

"Well, that's interesting. I meet men every day—but I can understand, after your boy friend Al, that any other man would be exciting."

She shook her head, violently. Standing there in the middle of the room, she was an unforgettable picture of confusion and excitement. The cold air outside had pinked her cheeks and the tip of her cute little nose. Her blonde curls were in a topknot on her head, and her little lace Dutch hat perched there by some law of gravity known only to Irma. One



Richard sometimes says, "Jane, why not find another roommate?" But how could I give up My Friend Irma?

hand firmly clutched a fat leather-bound book. "You don't understand, Jane. He wasn't that kind of a man. He was a doctor or a professor or something—anyway, he had a long white beard. I was out feeding the pigeons in the park and we began to talk—"

"I'll bet those birds had some nice pieces of gossip."

"Oh, no, Jane. It was this man—with the beard—on the park bench with me. He was worried because he said I couldn't concentrate."

"You mean he just sat down beside you and right away he knew you couldn't concentrate?"

"Well—I was thinking about Al and worrying about when we were ever going to get married and if he could ever get a job, and I guess I was confused because this professor said I was eating the birdseed and giving my ham sandwich to the pigeons. So he said I wasn't concentrating."

"That was brilliant deduction on his part."

"Oh, yes."

With one hand she was trying to remove her coat, wiggling it off her shoulders. For some reason—though when did Irma ever go by reason!—she refused to put down that book she was carrying, and kept it clutched in her arm. It was quite a feat, this undressing, and Irma was pretty well tangled up in book and overcoat and gloves and hat, but she went right on talking. "He said he would like to try an experiment. He told me to close my eyes and see if I could concentrate on something. It sounded like a nice game so I told him (Continued on page 82)

On the opposite page, surrounding Irma (played by Marie Wilson), are her roommate Jane (played by Cathy Lewis); who tells this story especially for Radio Mirror; Professor Kropotkin (Hans Conreid); Richard (Leif Erickson); Mrs. O'Reilly (Gloria Gordon). My Friend Irma is on CBS, Mon., 10 P.M. EST.

Between the Bookends



Kitchen Fire

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Our kitchen range is like our life here, based
On ancient steadfast things; our wills are braced
The more for any storms that come to know
Its glowing constancy. When fall winds blow
The oak logs seem to catch the fleeting lights
Of gold and scarlet leaves that autumn nights
Of frost and rain have tumbled on the hills.
And then a flood of scent and color fills
The room, to join with fragrances that pour
In tempting ripples from the oven door
Or tantalize from kettles on the top
Where apples bubble and cranberries pop.
And it is here, when winter's surly knife
Has found us out, to bring chilled blood to life
With summer-certainties. And what high dreams
Have laughed and lived and sung here in its gleams!
And Robin, Raleigh, Chaucer, Richard—hosts
Of proud, swashbuckling, gay, romantic ghosts
Have swaggered in to charm the nights with tales
Of pilgrims, seas, crusades, green forest trails.
And Christmas, with its holy sweetness, finds
A lantern in the window and the blinds
Pulled high to show a welcome light, and there
Is singing cedar fragrance on the air . . .
And we wait, hushed, for angel songs above,
And speak low, tender words of human love!
—Beverley Githens Dresbach

Again the Star Returns

Again the star returns to blaze the east—
Again the Lilliputian earth-men stare
A troubled moment, sullenly aware
That blood-bought brotherhood cannot
be pieced
From flesh-blown fragments spat on battle-
fields.
A thousand Hiroshimas but proclaim
The incandescence of a star's high flame:
A thousand Lidice's red harvest-yields
Intensify each star-beam's healing ray.
O weary night-world, lift your tear-
drained eyes
Toward the East! Hide your purple sacri-
fice
Of horror deep within earth's ancient
clay.
While you turn back the page, to wander
far,
And seek, with Wise Men, the returning
star!
—Edythe Hope Genee

Measuring Cup

She measured flour in a silver cup,
Holding it a moment in a hand
That shook a little, as a distant wind
Of recollection ripples quiet land.

Rough fingers traced the pattern of the cup
Then gently set it on the pantry shelf—
Linking her empty arms with things long
past,
Her gesture weighing some remembered self.

With that brief touch she measured all the
days
Of all the quiet years apart from him
Whose eyes once laughed above the silver
cup
With "Baby" carved upon its battered rim.
—Orpha Colcord

Question

Shimmering, tinselled Christmas tree,
Since your burst of ecstasy,
I wonder if you'd rather be
Growing now, than shimmery?
—Edith Hammond

Kitchen Chant

Rain on the roof with a sound like singing—
And here in the kitchen is something nice
Patterned with flour and nuts and raisins,
Sprinkled with sugar, fragrant with spice.

Little boy's round eyes stare at the oven,
Little dog's tail goes thump on the floor,
Little boy's hand goes tug at your apron:
It's hours till lunch—please, just one more!

Crisp and warm with a fragrance of cinnamon,
One like a heart and one like a star . . .
Rain on the roof with a sound like singing—
Mother is filling the cooky jar.
—Hortense Roberta Roberts

Early Shopper

This year I did my Christmas shopping early;
There were no crowds; no one was in a hurry.
I did not have to edge through wreath-hung
aisles;
I missed the hustle-bustle and the flurry.

My gifts are wrapped with shining tinsel ribbon
And starry stickers; each has a merry card
And I should sit and gloat upon my neighbor,
And for my foresight reap a rich reward.

But oh, the vagary of a woman's heart:
I miss the festive crowds, the carolling
chime;
I envy all the hurried, eager faces;
I'll never shop again ahead of time!
—Mae Winkler Goodman

Ideas of Good and Evil

To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.
—William Blake

A Donkey Bore His Mother

A donkey bore His mother to the stable
(Plodding and gentle and sure-footed beast)
And, munching nearby, doubtless it was able
To see the Babe by starlight in the East.
And, later on, a donkey was to carry
The Christ to Egypt safely, from the path
Of Herod's jealous plotting and his wrath,
Cradled within the loving arms of Mary.
And so, this Season, donkeys cannot be
Merely the beasts of burden they appear—
But, looking closely, one must surely see,
In manner, or in eye, or tilt of ear,
Some sweet recurring reverence for the load
A donkey bore on that Judean road.
—Elaine V. Emans



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted
Malone's morning program,
Monday through Friday
at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

After Christmas Carol

(Any Wife's Song)

For a happy day I'm grateful
And overflows my cup,
But who'll take down the Christmas tree
And pick these wrappings up?
I love each gift you gave me—but
Who'll pay the bills we owe
And get the budget back in shape?
AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW!
—Elizabeth-Ellen Long

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$50

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

Sentiments of the Season—a memory of Christmas Past, a hope for Christmas Future



Bonus, the cabin cruiser, is a 32-foot extension of the Maxwell living room.

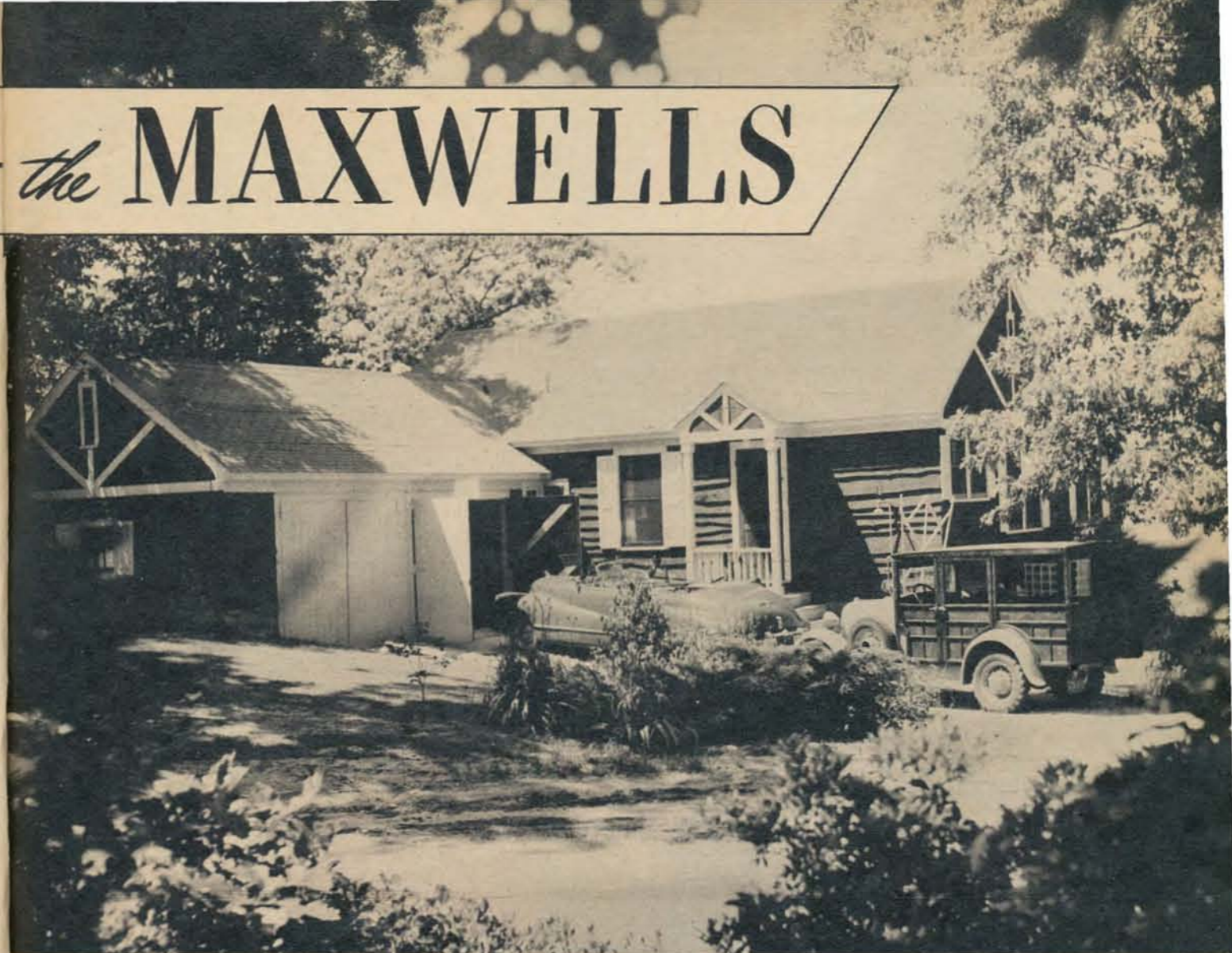
Come and Visit the MAXWELLS

BY
IRA KNASTER

Weekend with the Maxwells: an all-weather, all-purpose, all-perfect way of living



Tuckerman von Schlitz, who almost saw hunting in Africa, watches gravely as Bob and Jessica prepare the shooting irons.



Commission-by-the-Sea, the Maxwell solution for the problem that haunts radio people: how to avoid stomach ulcers.

PERHAPS, some midnight, a little leprechaun will leap onto your bedpost and whisper beguilingly, "How would you like to spend the Perfect Weekend at that Perfect Place known as Shangri-la?"

If you should ever be on the receiving end of such an invitation, just shoo the little fellow away. Tell him you'd much rather wait for an invitation to that Perfect Place out on Long Island owned by Bob and Jessica Maxwell.

Bob's Little Acre puts Shangri-la to shame. By rights, the place should be named *Joie de Vivre*—because the joy of living is truly experienced when you're out there. Instead, the Maxwells have another name for it—they've dubbed it Commission-by-the-Sea. Reason? Back in 1943 Robert Maxwell, who is one of radio's busiest producers, happened to do a particular bang-up job on a series of important assignments and was rewarded with a particularly fat commission, said sum being immediately spent on the deed for that Perfect Place.

So wonderful is their waterside home that every weekend, fifty-two weekends each year, the Max-

wells renounce Radio Row and traipse the hundred-odd miles out there just as fast as their umpteencylinder Buick convertible can get them—all of which adds up to roughly ten thousand, four hundred miles of traipsing each year.

In town, Bob and Jessica approach their complex radio chores much in the manner of two expert marksmen in a shooting gallery. Monday through Friday their gunsights are fixed on an endless procession of fast-moving clay pigeons:—the directing, by Jessica, of Adventure Parade and Hop Harrigan, and the production, by Bob, of Adventure Parade, Hop Harrigan, House of Mystery and Superman, with other programs in preparation.

All four shows are heard over the Mutual Network and all are aimed at juvenile ears. What's more, all are regarded as top-quality listening, not only by the younger set but by many important educational groups. The House of Mystery series, for instance, is a program that debunks the supernatural and has been awarded First Prize by the Institute For Education By Radio of Ohio State University as the best



Everything the Maxwells eat, they grow. Strawberries, too.

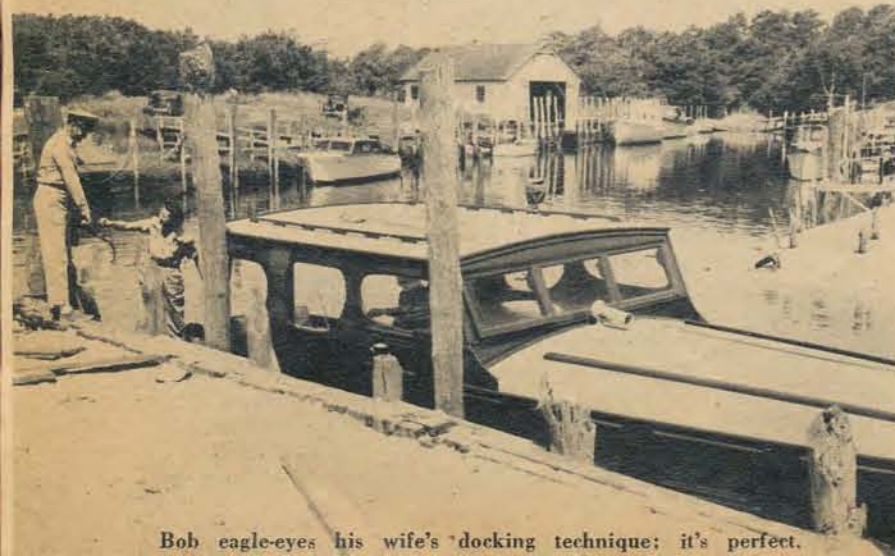
Come and Visit
the
MAXWELLS



A little seafood is added to the family larder. Either Bob or Jessica will cook it: they married each other for their cooking, they claim.



No weekend complete without malted and gossip at Kollmer's.



Bob eagle-eyes his wife's docking technique: it's perfect.

children's program on the air. And, just as you might expect, Superman has earned a total of twenty-six awards from parent-teacher, religious, veteran and educational organizations, among them awards from the Child Study Association of America and The National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Bob Maxwell, who is the acknowledged leader in the field of juvenile radio production, has pioneered for years on behalf of honesty and integrity in the preparation of broadcast material for young folks. "Children are also people," Bob says. "The day of writing down to youngsters is over and done with. Radio has given them an intellectual awareness. They deserve to be considered as citizens of the world."

Jessica's sympathy with this viewpoint is expressed not only in her expert direction of programs like Hop Harrigan and Adventure Parade—she is also the author of a best-seller children's book, *Printer Primer*, designed, as she explains it, "to teach moppets a painless method of spelling and printing."

Skill, stamina, steady nerves, a strong sense of humor and a little thing called Talent go into the successful completion of their radio chores and, come Friday

evening, when the week's quota of clay pigeons has been effectively dealt with, Bob and Jessica climb into their convertible and head east—for Commission-by-the-Sea.

Long Island is a vaguely fish-shaped body of land that juts north-eastward, some hundred-odd miles, into the Atlantic Ocean. Its eastern extremity resembles the fish's open jaws between which lie such bodies of water as Gardiner's Bay, Noyack Bay, Great Peconic Bay and Little Peconic Bay.

The Maxwell cottage, ten minutes' drive beyond the village of Cutchogue, faces on a tranquil, tree-bordered inlet named Broadwaters Cove and only a causeway separates the Cove from Little Peconic Bay. Solemn statement—seldom has Nature achieved a more pleasing-to-the-eye combination of land, water and sky.

Now it isn't because Bob and Jessica lack eagerness to reach this most desirable destination that they halt their swift ride briefly in the village of Cutchogue. It's only because they must halt there in order to check on things at their turkey-farm and also pick up another passenger—Tuckerman von Schlitz.

Of Herr von Schlitz, more presently.

The Robert Maxwell Turkey Farm, Inc. is located in Cutchogue. An enterprise started only a few years ago, the gobbler ranch now raises and markets five hundred birds annually, its output being restricted only by the present prohibitive price of feed. A former Southold Township policeman, Antone Chituk, manages the farm for Bob, ably assisted by

Mrs. Chituk, their 'teen-age daughter Joan and three boys who resemble characters straight out of Huckleberry Finn: Jon, Eugene and Antone Jr.

Also grown on the farm is every imaginable vegetable, thus providing the cream of the crop for Jessica's table. In addition, Antone raises a few guinea-hen and a big flock of chickens, which takes care of the fresh egg problem. In the fowl department Bob's favorite is a bantam rooster named Ticka-Ticka-Taw. Bob holds the bantam in his hands, murmurs something, then tosses him high in the air whereupon Ticka-Ticka-Taw flutters gracefully to the top of a nearby barn roof, assumes a posture like a weather vane and crows a lusty cock-a-doodle-doo. The bantam seems to love this routine almost as much as radio producer Robert Maxwell does.

Bob and Jessica drop in at the farm in order to talk turkey with Antone. It's the Chituks, incidentally, who also look after things at Commission-by-the-Sea while the Maxwells are whipping up radio fare in Manhattan and, while Bob and Jessica are thus engaged, Tuckerman von Schlitz is a boarder at the turkey-farm.

Tuckerman von Schlitz is a character. More specifically, he is a magnificent Belgian Shepherd with a mile-long pedigree. Smart? Tuckerman understands anything said in the English language, even though he hails from Switzerland via darkest Africa.

Big-hearted Bob, who constantly gets himself involved in bizarre situations, acquired the beautiful canine late last year—and (Continued on page 79)

Just like JAM

It's hard for a Cover Girl

to be just one of the crowd.

But Jan Ford keeps trying

By

PAULINE
SWANSON



Interest in riding has intensified, of late—perhaps because there's a UCLA Engineer who likes it, too.

THE size four foot of our pretty cover girl, Jan Ford, already is well over the threshold of a glamorous three-way career in radio, modeling and motion pictures. She plays Holly on the Frances Langford program, she is Bumps on The Smiths of Hollywood, Barbara Wynsocket in Date With Judy.

With her impressive list of assets—a unique ingenue voice, perfect cover-girl features, her quick charm and delicious figure, to say nothing of professional experience which began when she was eleven—Jan could choose her medium with excellent chances of stardom, or go merrily along doing very well in all three professions.

"What she *really* wants to do—of course," her mother says, "is to go to college."

Jan doesn't want to be different from other girls her age—which might, with some logic, be added to her list of professional assets.

Her family—her father, who is a specialist on business reports with the Retail Merchants Credit Association; her young, pretty mother; and her all-boy brother, Wally, who loves Jan enough to be her most honest critic—still live in the pleasant little house in suburban Glendale, which was their home before Jan attracted the attention of the talent scouts.

(Continued on page 89)

Jan Ford is heard on Date With Judy, Tuesdays at 8:30 P. M. EST, on NBC.



No figure-trouble here. When Jan wants a double malted milk with two scoops, she runs one up.

Jan's eye-catching wardrobe is largely the work of her pretty mother, who also models.



Life can be

Beautiful

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, can be heard Monday through

Friday on your local NBC station, at 12 Noon, PST; 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER Radio Mirror's Best Letter-of-the-Month

Dear Papa David:

Life in our community had never been very happy for our family because of a lot of things. One thing is that we were the only family of Belgian descent and a lot of people there were German. Then since my mother was dead there was no chance for the neighbor women to make friends. Pop had worked on the railroad in Idaho up near the Canadian border in an out-of-the-way place and it had made us all shy.

We had moved to Montana and had lived there several years and we had gotten along with the children well enough at school. But the inevitable word had sneaked out that my unmarried sister was going to have a baby and the rose-clouded world disappeared; life became unbearably difficult with all the taunts and insults that were thrown at us.

Every day I saw my sister becoming heavier with a child and often I wished she had never been born to bring disgrace on our family and to make us all suffer so. My father became older and more haggard and my brother no longer played with the other boys, but we were proud and we told each other it didn't matter.

Jean's baby was born the 19th of December, a few days before vacation. Talk was increasing and I knew that people had already branded our family and this young child as bad.

The last day of school we had a party and we younger children were to tell stories about Christmas. When my smaller brother, George,

who was a second grader, got up to give his story I was fiercely glad that he was so young and didn't understand a lot of things. I was surprised at this story he told:

"We've always been a poor family and having a big family is kind of hard around Christmas time, and not having a mother is pretty awful sometimes. I've never gotten much for Christmas and neither have any of the others. When we do get something we share it. We're used to sharing and we don't mind at all.

"My sister had a baby this year for Christmas," he said, his small pale face and dark eyes lighting up and his childish voice quivering with delight, "and we're going to share him for a Christmas present too. I think God must have known how poor we are and sent this real live baby to us so we can share him, and love him, not just for a day or a year but for always, and as he grows, we can love him more every single day. Don't you think that 'Mikie' is giving us the best Christmas ever, because he is the present for it?"

The room was silent with an awe and I too was silent, but only because I was thanking God for letting me know how very beautiful life can be.

Mrs. M. C.

Following are this month's \$15 letters

BUNDLES OF KINDNESS

Dear Papa David:

On my trip to visit an old schoolmate's father in a state insane asylum, I didn't notice that almost all the passengers getting off at the scrubby way station with me carried bundles. Next time,

however, I, too, had one—compounded of kindness. A clerk in a music store didn't have the song old Mr. K. had mentioned, but she had it at home. She mailed it to me. Another clerk picked over dozens of men's socks to find three pair by a famous maker, "so they'll feel good on the poor gentleman's feet." Our old seamstress, hearing inmates of the senile ward went around in stocking feet, contributed a pair of her dead husband's lamb's wool slippers. And when I boldly went into a beauty shop, seeking to buy some sprays of forsythia forced into unseasonal bloom, because the K.'s yard was always bright with that flowering shrub in April, the owner refused to sell any—"Take them all and welcome," she offered.

So, thinking that those outside an asylum are moved to compassion for one inside, I made my second visit. Then it was that I saw proof that the inmates themselves can show compassion to one another. I had to wait in a somber anteroom of the medical ward before "my patient" was brought out to me. As I sat gazing through the barred windows at the campus-like grounds of the institution, a fully dressed man, looking like another visitor, and a far cry from the bathrobe-wearing patients I had met so far, wandered into the room. He was polite and friendly, and we talked about the weather, the appearance of the grounds and like subjects. I felt he was trying to be cheerful in spite of a great sadness. Presently, he informed me that he had been in the asylum eleven years—suicidal mania.

While we chatted, we could hear anguished

wails from the room beside the one where we sat. They were the wails of a grieving child. They sounded all the louder because the glass and wire peephole to the locked door behind which the little imbecile wept had been removed. When my friend's father shuffled in, the strange man moved into the long corridor with its double row of doors showing a small square of light through their glass peepholes. Soon the wailing of the child grew less and as "my patient" was in a mood to be stubbornly silent, I could hear someone close by talking in low tones in a comforting sort of way just outside the imbecile's room.

Going to get Mr. K. a paper cup of water, I found the potential suicide standing in the corridor, his face against the aperture in the heavy door. He was doing his (Continued on page 72)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

Who cannot remember a time of bitterness when he was "the outsider"

—or the smiling face of the world when acceptance finally came?



Fully clothed and in their right minds—this is the way Anne Thomas and Lew Parker really look, while your mind's eye sees Annie at her switchboard, Lew in bed.

One Moment Please—

Or, better still, five minutes of eye-opening fun with morning Shave Time



Crisp-voiced Tom Hudson tells you how "to keep presentable longer."



Who doesn't like to get up to music? Tom Glazer provides it.

IT lasts only five minutes—but, apart from your morning shower, Mennen Shave Time is as effective a rise-up tocsin as you're likely to find, of a morning. No alarm clock could be as welcome to a just-awakened ear as the voice of Anne Thomas, playing a switchboard operator, trying to rouse Lew Parker, a guest in the hotel where Anne, for program purposes, works. You'll have to check your local stations for this, because it's heard at different times on different stations all over the country; and when you've located it, make a note of it. Getting up is easier when you're doing it to turn on Shave Time—and Shave Time will keep you up once it's on. (For a list of local stations on which Lew Parker and Anne Thomas are heard in Shave Time, turn to page 92.)



1. "Say, Mr. Parker," says Annie, "you've been acting peculiar the last few days—always running or skipping. How come?"



2. "Doctor's orders, Annie," says Lew. "He told me to take my pills for three days running, and then to skip three days."



3. "Oh, and Mr. Parker. That blonde in the lobby last night. I saw her starting to leave. What followed?" "I did," says Lew.



4. "Annie," says Lew, "if I had a date with you I wouldn't get fresh." "Then what do you want to date me for?" says Annie.

THE Heart

Sings a Song

By

FRANK SINATRA

"PEACE ON EARTH—Good Will to Men" . . . these are swell words. We hear them once a year, at Christmastime, and they give us that old feeling that, maybe—for a few days—all the fighting and the trouble in the world might stop and everybody could be friends. Just "good will to men." All men. Is that too much to ask?

My friend, Mr. Jellico, didn't think so.

Of course, that isn't his real name. But it's lucky for all of us that there are guys like him. Sometimes people who know I've visited high schools all over the country talking about tolerance—sometimes they ask me what about this "good will" racket . . . does it pay off? I can tell you it does. It's paid off for me. And it did for my friend, the man I'm calling Mr. Jellico.

It was a July morning, several years ago, that I first noticed Mr. Jellico's candy shop, on that neighborhood corner in New York City. The kind of neighborhood you'd call "tough"—the stores a little run-down, fly-specked windows—brown-stone-front apartment houses jammed together, with tired men and women sitting on the stoops.

I was just strolling by, on my way to the broadcast studios, when that candy window caught my eye. The neat gold-letting "Jellico's Home-Made Candies"—the dolls in that window with peppermint sticks in their rigid arms, the toy trains loaded down with gumdrops and licorice jawbreakers and wrapped candy kisses—but especially the trays of fancy stuff which looked as though someone had had a lot of fun making them.

There was a tray made to look like a whole circus—clowns and elephants and a girl on a trapeze—all of what looked like red and white gumdrops, spun sugar, cinnamon sticks and marshmallows.

Impulsively, I went in. My daughter's birthday was the next week and I wanted a gift for her.

It was clean inside—but disorderly. And my first impression was of kids—boys, mostly—perched all over the place on boxes and window

There's no mystery about the good way, the right way, to live.

Everyone's in on that secret—even the toughest kids in town

ledges; dirty kids, clean kids, all kinds—kids with their noses flattened against the glass of the candy counters; kids reading comic books, their backs against the window frames; kids behind the cash register, earnestly talking to a little, dried-up gnome of a man.

This was Mr. Jellico.

"What can I do for you, sir?" his voice was almost a whisper, yet it had a penetrating quality.

I explained I was looking for a birthday gift for a little girl and the shopkeeper unerringly picked out just what my daughter would have wanted most—a big marshmallow teddy bear with a funny black licorice nose and two beady lozenge-shaped eyes.

While he was slipping it gently into a box, the door opened, slammed shut with a bang. Everyone looked up.

(Continued on page 67)



This story was especially written for Radio Mirror by Frank Sinatra, who stars in the Hit Parade Saturday nights at 9, EST, on NBC stations.

What is good luck made of: work,

talent, determination? For Mindy, it was

all of these—and Pops Whiteman, too

That's What




Luck Is

AS OUR TRAIN rushed through the Spring night Paul Whiteman sat talking to me. His National Guard Assembly program had just concluded a successful cross-country tour. We had made "in person" broadcasts from key stations in the ABC network as far west as Des Moines. Then, after several weeks of my first real taste of travel, we were homeward bound. Pops (that's what everybody calls Mr. Whiteman) said, "You've come a long way in an amazingly short time, Mindy. Success like yours has turned many a girl's head. Always remember—be like Bing Crosby, my greatest discovery. Bing's head never got big—only his heart did."

I once heard someone say, I remembered as the train sped on its way, that luck is three-quarters hard work and only one-quarter actual turn of fate. But with me it *hadn't* been hard work. I didn't know enough about this wonderful business of radio to plan a way for going about working hard toward my goal. With me, it had been wishing. Wishing, wanting, yearning, hoping. So that's what luck is, I decided. It's one-quarter turn of fate, and three-quarters wanting something with your whole heart. Wishing so hard that finally it comes true.

That's the lucky beginning. And continuing to be lucky, continuing to be successful, must be embodied




 "All through school I kept a critical and envious ear on featured radio singers."

in what Pops just told me. In not getting a swelled head. In being truly, humbly grateful for what luck has brought you, and *then* repaying the kindly fates with all the hard work you can muster, to make up for the hard work you didn't know how to accomplish before.


So I'll always remember what he said, you can be sure. I'm much less likely to have a swelled head than I will a head constantly whirling with wonderment at the marvelous good fortune that's come my way. The man who made such stars as Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey, Joan (Continued on page 76)

Hear Mindy Carson, with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, Wednesday nights at 8:30 EST, on the ABC network.

 "Now don't be nervous," said Pops. But he could tell my knee-joints were made of India rubber!"

By
MINDY
CARSON



 "I had to argue for quite a while before Mother gave in and said I might have a try at a singing career."

In Living Portraits

TODAY'S CHILDREN

Along paths shaped by destiny, Today's Children pursue happiness in this NBC story



CARLOTTA LAGORRO ARMOUR, beautiful, warm-hearted young wife of composer Keith Armour, is a talented and experienced homemaker. It was she who, after her mother's death, became the focal point of family life for her father, two sisters and two brothers in their small apartment on Chicago's Hester Street. But brilliant, mercurial Keith cannot resign himself to the quiet tempo of the life Carlotta would like to build around him. Their marriage so far has reflected their incompatibilities rather than the deep, genuine mutual love that brought them together. (Played by Marjorie Davies)



ITALO LAGORRO, with daughter Carlotta's help, successfully guided his sometimes turbulent family through many a crisis. After Carlotta's marriage, THERESE took over the running of the house, but her father's opinions will always be her final yardstick. This is true too of MARY, the youngest Lagorro; no problem arises in her world that does not come in for discussion either at home or in Italo's shoe-repair shop. (Italo is Milton Herman; Therese, Betty Moran; Mary, Lois Kenison)



KEITH ARMOUR is a pianist-composer, temperamental, touched with genius. The intensely creative work to which he has dedicated himself puts constant strain on Keith's emotional nature, strain which is mirrored in his marriage to Carlotta in spite of the profound love that brought them together. Unable to adjust to the routine of a home, Keith irritably seeks inspiration and stimulation away from Carlotta, who is beginning to accept the fact that she may have to build a life for herself which will be independent of Keith and the insecurity that his temperament creates. (Played by Wilms Herbert)



CANDICE DRAKE, vivid, headstrong daughter of broker Walter Drake, has flirted tempestuously with young DAVID LAGORRO, her father's chauffeur. David, always the "problem child" of his family, shares Candy's undisciplined desire for a life full of excitement. Together, these thrill-seeking youngsters may stir up more excitement than they can cope with. (Played by Jeanne Bates, Jack Edwards Jr.)



NAOMI DANIELS, social service worker who heads the Hester Street Foundation, is a close and understanding friend to the Lagorros. WALTER DRAKE, who employs David, also has a high regard for the attractive Naomi. A wealthy investment broker, Drake can easily afford his frequent, ample contributions to the Foundation. (Naomi is Jo Gilbert; Walter Drake is Joe Forte)

Today's Children is heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EST, on stations of the National Broadcasting Company.



With all good wishes

Half the fun of Christmas is the fragrant food that comes with it, and the good old tradition of dressing up your favorite seasonal tidbits for visiting friends and family.

HALF of the fun of Christmas is planning for it. For no other holiday in the year do people work as they do for this one great day; most of us, from the time the first Santa Claus appears on street corner and in store window, are busily making gifts and goodies, compiling lists of things to buy and give, of friends to see and write to—and loving every crowded minute of it. It almost seems as if we are trying, unconsciously, to prove the truth of some of the maxims we were brought up on—the one, for instance, that says we never appreciate anything unless we work for it, another one which tells us that it is better to give than to receive, and the quotation which most of us memorized in school: “The gift without the giver is bare.”

Another thing that sets this day apart from the rest of the year is the host of memories it evokes. Even at our busiest we find ourselves recalling past Christmases—the hours we spent pasting chains of bright-colored paper links or stringing cranberries and popcorn to decorate a tree, the greens we brought from the woods to make wreaths and garlands and the thrill of making, or receiving, a brand-new wardrobe for a favorite doll. Best of all were the good things to eat, the cakes and puddings and cookies made not only for our own family's pleasure but to give to favored friends; such making and sharing seems to me to embody the whole warm tradition of Christmas, so, as my Yuletide present to you, here are recipes to help you carry it on.

Steamed Fig Pudding

- ½ cup raisins
- ½ cup finely cut citron
- ½ cup finely cut figs
- 1½ cups sifted enriched flour, divided
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon ginger

- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon cloves
- ½ cup molasses
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup ground suet

Mix fruits with ½ cup of the flour. Mix and sift together remaining flour and other dry ingredients. Combine molasses, milk and suet, add to flour mixture and stir enough to make a smooth batter. Add fruits and mix well. Pour into 1-quart mold which has been oiled, then cover tightly. Place on rack in kettle containing at least 2 inches of boiling water, cover kettle tightly and steam for 2½ hours. Check occasionally to make sure that water does not boil away; if it does, add more boiling water. Turn pudding out of mold onto plate and serve hot. Makes 8 servings.

White Fruit Cake

- ½ cup chopped citron
- ½ cup white raisins
- ½ cup chopped almonds
- 1½ cups sifted enriched flour, divided
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 6 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 tablespoon milk
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

(Continued on page 88)

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, on stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System





With Bells on

WHAT with Torme Time, over NBC, Give and Take on CBS, Transcriptions for a local broadcast and frequent television appearances, John Reed King is so busy a radio personality that he might be forgiven for sidestepping an extra assignment. But when it's Christmas gift shopping for his two small daughters, it's a "must" assignment with John. Either Princeton psychology degree, or his fatherly fondness for the youngsters—but choosing their playthings has always been a most important job to him. And his experience is vast!

Toys for a small baby, he says, should have eye appeal. Red, a high-visibility color, is a popular one in infant-class toys. Then come the "feelable" cradle toys: rings, balls, and the newer educational devices the stores are offering in increasing number. Any toy that "does something" wins out over a static toy: animals that nod, wind-up boats and trains; and, as the child advances in years, building arrangements of all kinds help channel creative urges. At any age—all the way up, John suspects, to Grandma—a girl will welcome homemaking toys. And always a Christmas presentation should include one fat, mad, beautiful stuffed animal.

Among the "educational" toys, John suggests, one might fit in the step toward good table manners which you see on the right. Neatly grooved and colorful, it's the sort of thing a child will love at sight. Which is equivalent to saying that the lesson it teaches will be painless—and unforgettable.



Educational table techniques can be absorbed along with the food.

RADIO MIRROR

for Better Living

Holly's CHRISTMAS

By Mary Jane Fulton



For holiday excitement, dress the gifts you give as carefully as you've selected them. It's part of the fun.



Glamorous singer Hollace Shaw and her husband work together on the gift list, making each package an artistic triumph.

HOLLACE SHAW, attractive blonde singing star of CBS's Saturday Night Serenade, and her handsome aviation-executive husband, C. Turner Foster, are more in love than when they first met, six years ago. Theirs was a wartime romance.

"Holly," as she's fondly called, was Vivian on the Hour of Charm program. Turner, a colonel in the AAF, while on leave was taken to a broadcast by Dick Joy, radio announcer. It was love at first sight with Holly and Turner. But as he was sent to North Africa not long afterwards, they waited until he returned to the United States to be married.

Turner never misses one of her broadcasts. Holly is just as interested in his work. They especially look forward to holidays together, like the Christmas season just ahead. First on their list of gifts to each other will be cosmetics.

He's getting her something special—a lovely make-up kit, a manicure kit, a big bottle of perfume, and a matching scent in eau de cologne. Because she has admired those beautiful crystal-clear comb and brush sets, which come in such luscious, jewel-like colors, he thinks he may also surprise her with one of these—maybe get her a complete dresser set.

For him, Holly plans to get a shaving set, mustache scissors, comb and brush set, and a pocket-sized man's manicure set. Turner is ultra-conservative, and doesn't go in for fancy stuff. But he likes the new shaving sets for men. They have such a nice, outdoorsy scent. And because they're also packaged so tastefully, he's proud to display them on the bathroom shelf.

Included in her gifts from him will be something with a holly design on it. For Holly has a hobby of collecting china and other objects decorated with the leaf and berry.

They'll either dine alone in their small duplex apartment on New York's West 57th Street, or have such guests as Robert Shaw, Holly's brother (the director of the widely acclaimed Collegiate Chorale), his wife, and their two young sons. However they celebrate the day, it's sure to be a happy one. So, wish them a Merry Christmas—for that's what they're wishing you!

RADIO MIRROR for *Better Living*

INSIDE RADIO

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

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News 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	Voices Down the Wind Dixie Four Quartet News Highlights Solitaire Time	Arthur Van Horn Dixie Four Quartet Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	Guest Speaker World Security	Invitation to Learning As Others See Us
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	American United Chicago Round Table	Cecil Brown For Your Approval	Sam Pettengill Raymond Swing Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Doorway to Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill James Melton Frank Black	Family Doctor Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	Lee Sweetland Sunday Vespers	Robert O. Lewis, Little Show Bob Reid Sings "Here's To You"
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Reunion Juvenile Jury	Lassie Drama Johnny Thompson This Week Around The World	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids Musicana	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children Old New York	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ford Show	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Adventures of Bill Lance David Harding	The Family Hour Jean Sablon Joseph C. Harsch

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Star Preview	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Greatest Story Ever Told	Ozzie and Harriet Percy Faith
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Band Wagon	Sherlock Holmes Gabriel Heatter Show	Rex Maupin Exploring the Un- known	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Bergen-McCarthy Show Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Jimmy Fidler Twin Views of News	Detroit Symphony Orchestra	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Jim Backus Show	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild	Meet Corliss Archer Tony Martin Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It The Big Break, Eddie Dowling	Voice of Strings The Edmund Hock- ridge Show	Jimmie Fidler	Christopher Wells Strike It Rich



Jeanine Ann Roose

—this year, as last, on NBC's Band Wagon, as the unpredictable Baby Alice. She also played in the movie, "It's a Wonderful Life."

Ted Collins

—the man who gambled his future and his life's savings on a girl's voice, and won. The girl was Kate Smith. Ted has always been featured as producer, director and announcer on her programs. His flair for picking winners makes a list of graduates from the Kate Smith Hour read like a radio hall of fame. Ted never misses a Fordham football game and is owner of the Boston Yanks.



MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Once Upon Our Time Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Sere- nade	Baukhage News Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis 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	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Merv Griffin	Eddy Duchin Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
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	Tennessee Jed Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	American School of The Air Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Scotland Yard Charlie Chan	Paul Whiteman Bobby Doyle Show Phil Silvers	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Did Justice Triumph	Candid Microphone Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	Doctors Talk It Over Earl Godwin	My Friend Irma Screen Guild Players



Lina Romay

—now the featured vocalist on the Dick Haymes Show, Thursdays, 9 P.M. EST, CBS. She made her first appearance as a singer unexpectedly in Detroit, when an m.c. invited her on stage; reached national prominence as the singer in Xavier Cugat's Band; has since appeared in nine pictures. Lina is a Manhattan-born Latin, the daughter of Porfirio A. Romay, Mexican diplomat.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air, Club Time	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Once Upon Our Time Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Sere- nade	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis 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	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Merv Griffin	Toby Reed Stories Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	American School of The Air Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orch. Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Milton Berle A Date With Judy	Mysterious Traveler Official Detective	Youth Asks the Government Erwin D. Canham America's Town	Big Town Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos 'n' Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Zane Grey Show	Boston Symphony	We, The People Studio One
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	American Forum California Melodies	Labor U. S. A.	CBS Is There

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine Of The Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
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AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Sere- nade	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day The Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis 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	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double Or Nothing House Party
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EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Talks Red Barber Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Leland Stowe Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dennis Day The Great Gildersleeve	Crime Club Quiet Please	Mayor of The Town Vox Pop	American Melody Hour Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Let's Go To The Movies	Abbott and Costello Jack Paar	Morgan, Ameche and Langford Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Jimmy Durante	Racket Busters Latin American Serenade	Bing Crosby Henry Morgan	The Whistler Escape



Red Barber

—the "old red head," whose distinctive handling of football and baseball games has brought him a tremendous following among fans. Now in his second year as Sports Director at CBS, his nightly broadcasts at 6:30 cover world-wide sports events. He started life in Columbus, Miss., as Walter Louier Barber, and made his first broadcast while he was attending the University of Florida.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan			David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Once Upon Our Time Katie's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

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2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
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4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Merv Griffin	Toby Reed Stories Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	American School of the Air Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade to America Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Grand Marquee	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orch. Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Challenge of The Yukon	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen	Water Front Wayside Scarlet Queen	Treasury Agent The Clock	Suspense Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Jack Carson and Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Mutual Block Party	Willie Piper Darts for Dough	Dick Haymes Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hawk Show Eddie Cantor	Family Theatre	Mr. President Lenny Herman Quintet	Reader's Digest Radio Edition Man Called X



Guy Lombardo

—whose Royal Canadians have been on the air since the early days of broadcasting, hails from London, Ontario, where he and the rest of the musical Lombardos received their early education.

Guy organized his band in 1920 and the personnel is almost the same today. Once more, this year, the Royal Canadians are heard over the air on Mondays at 9:30 P.M., over the Mutual Broadcasting System.



Ginger Jones

—trained in dramatics at the Goodman Theatre, Chicago, and was very active in radio until, in 1944, she gave it up to work for the Stage Door Canteen and to supervise and m.c. variety shows for the American Theatre Wing. Now, returned to the air, she is Jane Browning on NBC's Right to Happiness, 3:45 P.M., weekdays. She's married to radio actor Les Damon and they have bought a New Jersey farm.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air The Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Once Upon Our Time Katie's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr This Week in History	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Sere- nade	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis 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	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Merv Griffin	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
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	Tennessee Jed Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	American School of the Air Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Serenade to America Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Report From The United Nations Red Barber, Sports Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Highways in Melody Scout About Town Can You Top This	Burl Ives Leave It To The Girls	The Fat Man 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 Information Please	Break the Bank Information Please	Mark Warnow Orch. and Chorus FBI in Peace and War
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theater Sports	Meet The Press Date Night	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant Spotlight Preview

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story Shop Coffee With Congress Bill Herson	Robert Hurleigh Helen Hall	Tommy Bartlett Time	CBS Morning News Songs For You Saturday's Rhythm
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Frank Merriwell Archie Andrews	Bill Harrington Shady Valley Folk	Junior Junction	The Garden Gate Lee Adams Mary Lee Taylor
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Meet the Meeks Smilin' Ed McConnell	Pauline Alpert Say It With Music	Piano Playhouse Land of The Lost	Let's Pretend Adventurer's Club

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Arthur Barriault Public Affairs	Pan Americana This Week in Wash- ington Flight into the Past	Johnny Thompson Nat'l Association of Evangelicals American Farmer	Theatre of Today Stars Over Hollywood
12:30 12:45	Home is what you Make It			
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Nat'l Farm Home Veterans Aid Elmer Peterson	Luncheon at Sardi's Bands For Bonds Football Game	U. N. General As- sembly Highlights Fascinating Rhythm	Grand Central Sta. County Fair
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Camp Meetin' Choir	Football Game	Football Games	Give and Take Football game
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Your Hosts Buffalo	Football Game		Football game
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Musicana	Horse Races Dance Orchestra Dance Orchestra	Football Game	Football game
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Edward Tomlinson Three Suns Shine Tom's Time King Cole Trio	This Is Jazz Dance Orchestra Jan August and His Piano Magic	After the Game	Saturday at the Chase

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15	Rhapsody of the Rockies	Sports Parade	Vagabonds' Quartet Betty Russell	Bill Shadell Word From the Country Saturday Sports Review Larry Lesueur
6:30 6:45	NBC Symphony	Cecil Brown	Harry Wismer Earl Godwin	
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Curtain Time	Hawaii Calls What's the Name of That Song	Quisdom Class Museum of Modern Music	Hawk Larabee Sound Off
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Life of Riley Truth or Conse- quences	Twenty Questions Harlem Hospitality Club	I Deal in Crime Famous Jury Trials	First Nighter Sweeney and March
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Judy Canova Show	Stop Me If You Have Heard This Better Half	Gangbusters Murder and Mr. Malone	Joan Davis Show Vaughn Monroe
10:00 10:15 10:30	Kay Kyser Grand Ole Opry	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz Hayloft Hoedown	Saturday Night Serenade Abe Burrows



Bob Hastings

—whose Merry Adventures, as Archie Andrews, make hilarious Saturday morning listening at 10:30 over NBC, was born in Brooklyn. None of his family ever took a professional interest in show business. After an early debut on Nick Kenny's WMCA program, Bob became a Madge Tucker protegee and was soon a busy child actor, even commuting to Chicago to appear on the National Barn Dance.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

NAN MERRIMAN

Nan Merriman's full, rich, mezzo-soprano voice has long been familiar to listeners who are interested in serious music. Under a five year contract with NBC, she has appeared as guest star on most of that network's leading programs.

Miss Merriman was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., where she lived and was educated until she was fifteen. Then her family moved to Los Angeles. In that glamor capitol, Nan finished high school and, on graduating, worked as a secretary by day, studying and vocalizing in the evenings and early mornings before going to the office. Whenever a competition was announced for a scholarship, Nan was in there, singing and winning. She studied with Mme. Alexia Bassian in Los Angeles, later, on a scholarship at the Cincinnati College of Music with Mme. Lotte Leonard. The climax to years of study came when NBC signed Miss Merriman and Arturo Toscanini heard her sing.

The famous maestro's standards are so high that only the most absolutely sure of themselves ever tackle him for auditions. In Nan's case, Signor Toscanini heard her sing by accident, traced her through the studio and requested her to audition for him privately. As a result, she has done several broad-casts with Toscanini and she will be heard in two more this December.

The Toscanini stamp of approval has led to a full working life for Nan. In the 1946-'47 concert season, she made a coast to coast tour of 60 recitals. She's appeared with such symphony orchestras as the above mentioned Cincinnati Symphony, the Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston (Pop), New York Philharmonic orchestras and was chosen as soloist with the New Friends of Music group.

Attractive, with her dark red hair and blue eyes, Nan has an electric personality and the erect carriage that goes with self assurance and pride in achievement. And why not? In a remarkably short time, as careers go, she has carved herself a nice niche.

ED BEGLEY

Just for the purposes of identification and introduction, Ed Begley is currently playing the title role in Charlie Chan, the Mutual series heard Wednesdays at 8:30 PM, EST. But you've heard him in any dramatic show that's run during the last six years—Bulldog Drummond, The Fat Man, Radio Reader's Digest, Just Plain Bill, Valiant Lady, David Harum, to name only a very few—and Ed Begley's appeared in their casts regularly.

To New Yorkers and theater-going visitors, Ed was known last season as the outstanding dramatic actor of the year, because of his exciting portrayal of Joe Keller, the airplane parts manufacturer in the Critics Prize play "All My Sons." To movie fans, he's known for his fine job in the part of Paul Harris, the banker in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Boomerang."

In a way, the "Paul Harris" part was type casting. Not that Ed Begley is, or ever has been, that mealy-mouthed politico type he portrayed. But "Boomerang" was the story of certain events that actually took place in a Connecticut town. And Ed Begley is a Connecticut man—born in Hartford and educated there. He started in show business by doing a comedy bit in vaudeville for a short time and then giving that up to join the Hartford Players, a popular local theater group. Later, on station WONS in Hartford, Ed did quiz shows, man on the street broadcasts, a stint called "Begley's Express" and any other little chores that was dreamed up for him. It was while he was working on WONS that Ed met Amanda Huff, a radio actress, and they set out together in double harness coming to New York in 1942.

Since his superb job in "All My Sons," the movie companies have been hounding him with offers. His only movie work previous to his click in "Boomerang," was as an Irish policeman in "Bit of Blarney," a Universal short which he made in 1946.

He Who Laughs First



Will Carl Ide make it? He has three minutes to go.



Sometimes he dreams this. Four pair of hands at 6:45.



Coffee at 6:50, served with a phone call on the side.

WHO LISTENS to the radio at 5:45 in the morning? Carlton Ide, who is disc jockey on KDKA's Variety Club, has letters from mailmen, watchmen, taxi drivers, millworkers, farmers, restaurant workers, housewives, trolley car operators, incline employes, newspaper boys, railroad employes, night clerks and folks suffering with insomnia.

This is learned in an examination of the mail Ide receives from 15 states, mail which says:

"Please make the program longer"; "It's so nice to be able to start the day with a laugh"; "Please play the old hymns"; "We love the old-time recordings you play, please keep them coming."

One listener wrote: "I am in school and my father insists on listening to the Variety Club at 5:45 A.M. Every morning he turns the radio on full blast so that I can hear it too, but I need my sleep. Can't you help me out?"

Ide, one of Pittsburgh's best known special events men, began his radio career in 1940 at WGAN in Portland, Me. When he left New York University he entered the brokerage business, but that didn't last long. A singer and band leader during his school days, he placed in the finals of Fred Allen's amateur contest at WICC and made up his mind to get into radio.

From WGAN, Ide went to WKNE, Keene, New Hampshire, where he was chief announcer and assistant program manager. In 1942 he joined the staff of WBZ, the Westinghouse station at Boston. There he handled news commentary and special events.

Ide was in the Army between the latter part of 1942 and 1945, and after completing his service returned to WBZ. He joined Westinghouse Station KDKA in April, 1945.

A native New Englander, he graduated from Portland High School, Portland, Me. He studied business administration at N.Y.U. and languages at Emerson College, Boston. While at WGAN, he met his wife, Ruth Bishop Ide, who was a student at Westbrook Junior College. They have a son Geoffrey. In addition to his Variety Club, Ide handles news programs, special events, musical transcribed shows and various commercial broadcasts.



Mail and doughnuts and five minutes to go. Time now to yawn.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart—can you? See the answer below!)



See how easy it is to give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Soft, smooth, natural-looking curls and waves. Yes a Toni is truly lovely. But, before you try TONI, you will want to know —

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. The actual waving time is only

2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent — or your money back.

Why is TONI a creme?

Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently — leaves it soft as silk with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only \$2 . . .

with handy fiber curlers only \$1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just \$1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which is the TONI Twin?

Kathleene, at the right, has the TONI. Ask for Toni today. On sale at all leading drug, notions or cosmetic counters.



Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE





Since last January ABC Sports Director Harry Wismer has been Assistant to the Presidents of WJR, WGAR and KMPC.

The FABULOUS

Congratulations from WJR President "Dick" Richards who gave Harry his first small spot in big-time radio.



WHIZZ

Today Harry at 34 is known in many circles as "The Fabulous Whizz." He is assistant to the president of three large stations, sports director of ABC, winning the Sporting News award for four consecutive years as the nation's No. 1 sportscaster, and he is a silent partner in a thriving radio package agency.

Harry Wismer's most cherished honor came this past winter when the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce named him as one of the "Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year," along with such well known and capable "youngsters" as cartoonist Bill Mauldin, Joe Louis, and Pulitzer Prize winning author, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Other awards honoring this young man include the 1945 and 1946 Washington Touchdown Club presentation and the 1946 Atlanta, Ga., Touchdown Club's award naming Harry Wismer as the sportscaster who has done the most for Southern athletics. And Wismer is a Yankee!

In February, 1945, Wismer won the Esquire Magazine Award for the "Outstanding Sportscaster for 1944."

Wismer is also noted for his sports-writing which his accurate and thoughtful articles in Sport Magazine will attest. His other writings include a weekly report on the football season which appears in Variety.

He has to catch his home life on the run between broadcasts, board meetings, and speaking engagements. His 600,000 miles of traveling a year takes him away too often from a lovely wife, Betty Bryant Wismer, and his two children Henry Richards (6) and Wendy (3). The Wismer home is a large, modern estate on the outskirts of Detroit.

HERE is a tale of an athletic star who became physically handicapped and was forced to stop all competitive athletics—and then rose to the top of his highly competitive profession in a remarkably short time. On January 1st, 1947, when he was named assistant to the president of three powerful stations. . . . But first our athletic story.

Back in 1934, Michigan State College buzzed with speculation on how the new coach, Charley Bachman, and a freshman quarterback he was bringing with him would affect Spartan grid prospects.

The fraternity boys said, "He must be good; he's the only one Bachman took with him."

One of the athletes remarked: "I remember Wismer at St. Johns. He's plenty hot. He made all-prep school quarterback and starred in varsity basketball, baseball, and tennis."

However, at fall practice, Harry Wismer, the coach's highly touted freshman star, started having trouble. Undercurrent whisperings said he was a great grid general and could pass like a dream, but he was allergic to body contact. Even a backfield coach taunted: "That block may have been great stuff at St. Johns, but it will never help us beat Michigan."

One day after scrimmage, a fraternity brother, Lou Zarza, found him holding his leg and wincing with pain. Harry finally confided that a leg injury had bothered him ever since the start of fall practice. At first, he thought it was only temporary, but it had stayed with him right along. Lou urged him to see a doctor—and that's when the bottom dropped out of his athletic world.

The "little" leg trouble turned out to be a malicious growth on the femur that became inflamed upon the slightest contact, results of an injury sustained playing for Florida Gator freshmen

against Georgia. To remove the growth required a dangerous operation that might cripple him for life. The doctor urged that he stop athletics at once.

This created a problem . . . Harry was in school on an athletic scholarship and augmenting his income by being Bachman's secretary. He had to be worth his salt to the athletic department and decided to take up sports writing on the college paper. If he couldn't play football or baseball, at least he would write about it. He became sports editor of the college paper and when the college radio station decided to broadcast sports, Harry got the assignment. He was a natural—he understood all angles of sports and was gifted with confidence and a fine radio voice.

He liked radio and decided to leave school to seek the glamor and fortune of big-time announcing. He applied for his first job with Detroit's largest station, WJR, and was turned down because of inexperience. However, undismayed, he returned the next day and insisted on an interview with the president. He told President "Dick" Richards that all he needed to become the nation's leading sportscaster was a chance and that in two years he would be another Graham McNamee. Richards liked his nerve and gave him his first big-time start on a small-time scale.

On his first assignment, he was the first announcer on in the morning and the last to sign off at night. But this didn't last long. Soon he was announcing the Detroit Lions' games as the Cub Reporter. Then another good break came when he landed the Inside of Sports and Meet the Missus programs. He worked day and night and attended all important sports events. He continued to meet many important personalities of the sports world. Each day his star kept rising.



The Pirates beat the Tigers on a golf course in Detroit when owner Crosby triumphed over owner Briggs.



Signing the contract for the sportscast series, Leary of Notre Dame.

Touch of magic for the hair men love!

Hair that thrills at the very sight or touch of it! Hair that gleams with natural highlights and shadows—sparkles with silken softness—delights with clean fragrance—how can any man help adoring such lovely hair? And today more and more women of all ages are discovering that the secret of this glamorous hair-appeal is Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty cream that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost magic cream that introduces a new glowing softness, a wonderful obedience to your hair. Try it. Discover what a world of True Hair Loveliness one jar of Lustre-Creme Shampoo can bring. At all cosmetic counters.



The cream shampoo for true hair loveliness



Four ounces, \$1.00
Family 1 lb., \$3.50
Also 30¢ and 55¢ Sizes

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Thick and fast come the questions; here are some answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can, either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

ABSENT FRIEND



Lesley Woods

Dear Editor:

Kindly let me know what has happened to Lesley Woods. Her acting was always so real and she put everything she had in the part she played. We miss her so much. Trust you will be able to let me hear from you.

Mrs. H. S. M.

Grantwood, N. J.

You'll be interested to know that lovely Lesley Woods is now in Europe. Her husband, an architect, is studying there. As consolation, here's a picture of Lesley Woods.

DOUBLE DUTY

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Stella Dallas. I have listened to it for many years, yet have never seen a picture of her or her daughter Laurel. How about a picture of either of them? I also enjoy the Radio Mirror. I read it every month.

Mrs. R. R. C.

Waco, Texas

In our March issue, we had a picture story on Stella Dallas showing the members of the cast. Included were Living Portraits of Anne Elstner as Stella, and Vivian Smolen as Laurel. But here is Vivian again. If you haven't guessed already, you'll be interested to know that she also plays the title role in Our Gal Sunday, heard on CBS 12:45 P.M. EST.



Vivian Smolen

THE GOOKS

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me what has happened to Vic and Sade? The program was heard over CBS—a daytime program. It was my very special favorite—so true to life, and down to earth, plain every day living—humorous enough to be a bright spot in anyone's day. Is there a chance of even hearing transcriptions of it? Please let's have them back and soon, and I'm expressing the wishes of many, many other listeners.

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Mrs. E. E. T.



Art Van Harvey

We're sorry to have to tell you that this program has been off the air for quite some time. Apparently the spell that Vic and Sade cast for over a decade has not diminished, as we've received many, many inquiries concerning this highly amusing program of the people who live "half way up on the next block." There are no present plans for resuming the program, and it is not possible to hear transcriptions either. But, here's a picture of Art Van Harvey who played Vic Gook.

IN DEMAND

Dear Editor:

While I was looking through the Radio Mirror yesterday I found your address. One of my favorite radio artists is James Melton.



James Melton

I'm sorry to say that, as I live in Canada I cannot get this program which comes on at 2:30 Sunday afternoons over NBC stations. We cannot get American stations through Canada on our radio in the afternoon. We can only get them at nights. I often hear Mr. Melton's recordings on the radio. Would you kindly print a small picture of Mr. Melton in your next issue?

Miss G. D.

The Pas, Manitoba

We'll not only print a picture of James Melton, but we'll also tell you something about him. He's married to Marjorie McClure, the writer. His favorite recreations are boating and cooking—likes football, which he played at college, above all other sports. He has an immense collection of ancient automobiles for which he is nationally famous. He also collects glassware and pewter. Jimmy is a great cook and specializes in midnight suppers for his many friends. And here's a picture of the Metropolitan Opera tenor.

UP-TO-DATE

Dear Editor:

I would like to know if there has been a change of players on the program Road of Life, NBC. Is the same man playing Dr. Jim Brent or has someone else taken the part? Your answer will settle a friendly discussion about this program.

Hamilton, Ohio

Mrs. R. L. T.

Matthew Crowley formerly played Dr. Jim Brent. The present Dr. Jim is Don McLaughlin, who can also be heard in Counterspy and Tennessee Jed. The other change in this program was the entrance of glamorous Julie Stevens who is providing the new heart-twist to this serial. And here she is!



Julie Stevens

PRIVATE LIVES

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me the whereabouts of Alan Bunce who used to play in Young Dr. Malone? All my friends and I used to rate this program "tops" until the role was changed. Can we have a small picture of Alan Bunce?

Denver, Col.

Mrs. B. D. D.



Alan Bunce

Alan Bunce is now Albert of The Private Lives of Ethel and Albert heard over ABC daily. No doubt you saw our October issue of Radio Mirror in which we featured a story with pictures of Ethel and Albert. If you missed it, here's another picture of Alan Bunce.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Dear Editor:

I have listened to the program Light of the World for a long time now and enjoy it very much. Would you please tell me something about Joseph?

Brookville, Pa.

Miss M. J. C.

Barry Doig is the actor who plays Joseph. He seems to have connected, in one way or another, with churches and church programs most of his life. He visited churches and synagogues with his father, who heads a large temple-and-church-building firm, and used to take Barry along with him on various jobs to learn about construction. Barry spent four of his childhood years in a convent school attended by 12 boys and 300 girls! Later, he was a leading boy soprano soloist with the Paulist choir in New York. His first acting job was as Japheth in Light of the World.

The Heart Sings A Song

(Continued from page 47)

The intruder was a boy of about ten, large and blond—and truculent. He marched over to one of the youngsters who was sitting on the floor and nudged him with his foot, as a preliminary to speaking.

"You Mitch Evans?" Without waiting for the other boy to answer he went on. "They told me you're president of the Rangers. They said I was to come and see you about joining up." He didn't explain who 'they' was. Nor did the other boys bother about such a foolish, technical question.

The boy Mitch got to his feet and stood looking at the newcomer—a look which had neither friendliness nor dislike in it, but simply consideration.

"What's your name?"

"Andrew Warren. I just moved here last week."

"Okay. But you gotta be interviewed. Lessee—who's the interviewing committee this month—?" he looked quickly at Mr. Jellico, as if for help. I was to come to recognize that look—to see it often. It was as though the boys turned instinctively to their older friend, not so much for the real answer, but more in just the sure knowledge that he was there—to jog their memories or remind them of a rule or help them through some difficulty. Yet seldom did Mr. Jellico speak . . . and he didn't, now. He was just there.

Mitch turned back. "Oh, yeah—Butch and David and Jim. Okay, guys!"

THREE boys clambered down from boxes and stools and lined up, squarely, in front of the newcomer.

His mouth fell open. He turned, angrily, to Mitch.

"Whaddya mean—interview! By them—"

He never finished. Mitch had taken one step forward and his hand had grabbed for the other's jacket collar. There was a general movement of boys, edging forward in a circle about the five in the center. Mr. Jellico had my candy box ready, but both of us let it lie on the counter, too absorbed to notice.

"Yeah," Mitch was saying, but not defiantly. Reasonably. "We got rules. You wanta join the 'Rangers' you gotta understand the rules. Isn't that right, Mr. Jellico?"

"That's right, Mitch."

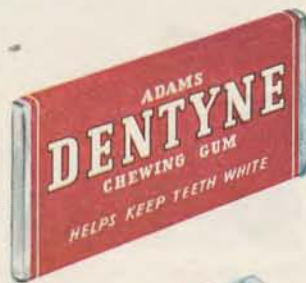
Strengthened, the Rangers' president resumed his patient tone. "You don't like the idea of being interviewed 'cause you think you don't like David 'cause he's a Jew and Butch because he's Italian and Jim because he's a Negro. Howdya know you don't like 'em? Howdya know they're going to like you?" The words came so easily to Mitch and with such sureness that I felt this was an old story to him, and to the other boys. I had the feeling that someone—Mr. Jellico?—had first made these statements to the boys and that they had worked out the truths for themselves.

"Yeah, but—"

"Yeah but *nothing!* You get into the Rangers, it'll be 'cause you're not a dope. We're all for one, and one for all. We don't allow no—" he hesitated a moment before using the adult words—"race prejudice, here. See? Anytime you wanta behave and get interviewed, okay with us." He released his hold on the other's collar and slid, nonchalantly, his back against the wall, to



Like a melody,
Dentyne's flavor lingers on...



Clean-tasting! Deliciously different!
Dentyne Chewing Gum—*it's keen chewing gum!*

But there's more to Dentyne than refreshing, long-lasting flavor! Dentyne's firm, chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling, too!

Make your next pack of chewing gum Dentyne. Enjoy the really satisfying result of 75 years of Adams know-how. And for variety, try the other delicious Adams quality gums . . . always—



buy gum by Adams



Are you trying
to tell me
All tissues aren't
KLEENEX?



Homer, how can a mind like yours get so confused? — chided my wife. I've always told you Kleenex and ordinary tissues aren't the same! Why, even the Kleenex box is different. It serves up tissues — saves time and trouble. I want Kleenex — there's no other like it!



PreCISELY! echoed Dean Doolittle. My dear colleague, Kleenex is *one species* of tissue — not a term for tissues as a group! Indeed, I find Kleenex most soothing for that (ahem!) sniffing condition which accompanies a cold. In short, there is *only one* Kleenex!



Brain Boy, you're slipping! my sister admonished me. I'm a teacher, too, but in my book — Kleenex means just one brand of tissues. Nice, *soft* tissues — to remove my face cream *gently!* But do you remember to ask for Kleenex? No. You mumble "tissues." As if my skin wouldn't know the difference!



Why be a guesser, Professor? said my nephew. Just hold this Kleenex tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Ixnay! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you're sure Kleenex *must* be a softie, but tough enough for any Joe Blow! Your eyes tell you there's *only one* Kleenex!

Lucky I learned...*There is only one* **KLEENEX**

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*REG. U. S. AND CAN. PAT. OFF.

his former sitting position on the floor. He picked up the comic book.

Andrew Warren was walking out the door when Mr. Jellico called him back.

"Welcome to the neighborhood, Andrew," he whispered, smiling. "And here's a present for you—" holding out a candy bar.

For a second you could have heard a pin drop, so quiet it became. All of the boys were watching—watching with a tense, waiting judgment in their eyes. Even I, the stranger, got it . . . if Andrew scorned the gift and the friendliness, it might be a bad mark against him.

But he didn't. "Thanks," he said, gruffly, after that second of inward struggle. And he even managed the beginnings of a smile.

Going out, he bumped into four more boys, coming in.

As if their entrance were a signal, all the boys whooped, got up, stretched—and made in a clamoring mob, for the door at the back of the shop. Even after that door was closed I could hear the murmur of their voices.

I looked inquiringly at Mr. Jellico. "Meeting time," he explained. "The Rangers meet here, officially every Saturday morning. Not that they aren't here most of the time, anyway. But this is when they do their planning."

"Planning for what?"

OH—they get up hikes for the weekend and swimming parties at the YMCA and then they have their tournaments." He chuckled, softly. "Always tournaments for something—boxing or racing. And they discuss their problems, too. Like how often is it fair their mothers should ask them to be baby-sitters for the younger children in the family!"

"More important problems, too, I think." I was prodding him.

"Yes." Mr. Jellico looked at me thoughtfully. "You're Frank Sinatra, aren't you? I know some of the boys recognized you when you came in. They've got good manners. They wouldn't pester you. But Johnny Bell whispered to me, while the rest of them were going into the meeting, that they'd like it if you would go in and speak to them. They know you've talked to a lot of people about racial and religious tolerance."

"Well—" I felt a little uncomfortable — "tell me more about them."

"Oh, they don't take it all solemnly. We did at first—that was two years ago—the boys and I had to do a lot of talking. More than just talking, too. That's how I got to know them—learning to step in fast when some kid called another a dirty name."

"It was the Irish and the Italian and the Jewish and the English kids fighting each other in little gangs—and all of them jumping the Negro boys. And they weren't having any fun! That's what I kept telling them. They couldn't even have a decent baseball game, because somebody was always starting trouble like that."

"So, gradually, they began to get together. This was as good a meeting place as any and the boys just seemed to naturally come here. And they drew up rules and became the Rangers."

I had the feeling there was a lot more Mr. Jellico could tell me of his own part as peacemaker—but I knew I would have to get it from the boys, not from him.

I was to get to know these boys better, in the months to come, and to make a friend of Mr. Jellico. It became a habit of mine to drop in there

every week or so. I was as proud as Mr. Jellico was the day that Andrew Warren came to ask, humbly, for his interview—and as a special honor I was allowed to be present at his initiation ceremony.

It was inevitable that I should also get to know the neighborhood better—from buying cigarettes at the corner drugstore or a milk shake for Mitch or some of the other boys, at the malt shop. And it wasn't difficult to get people started talking about the Rangers.

Everyone agreed the club was a fine thing, a very fine thing—but they all said it in a dazed, surprised way. As if it were still a miracle to them. The shopkeepers told me of the petty thefts that used to go on, regularly, in the neighborhood—and were no more. The policeman on that beat said that his juvenile delinquency problem was only among the older teen-age boys and girls—those who had got started wrong, without a Mr. Jellico. Always it came back to Mr. Jellico. Schoolteachers and churchmen spoke of him enthusiastically.

It was an honor to belong to the Rangers. They weren't the sissies of the neighborhood—they were the toughest, the leaders. And to be dropped from its membership—well, a kid might just as well move away. He was a pariah, an outcast.

My friendship with these boys and with the kindly candymaker was a pleasant one for me. I saw them through the opening of school, their first paper salvage drive, the first fall scrub-game of football in the nearby park. And it taught me a lot, being around them and listening to Mr. Jellico—who never seemed to preach, only to suggest, in that odd, gentle whisper of his.

THEN I moved away to California. And even when I returned, on theater engagements and business trips, there never seemed to be any time left to pick up the friendship again.

But you couldn't forget a man like Mr. Jellico, and so, a few months ago when I had finished "The Miracle of the Bells" on the RKO lot, I decided on a quick trip to New York. I could just make it—and in between broadcasts. There was a lot I had to do while I was there, a benefit performance, for one thing, but this time I was determined nothing could keep me from dropping in and buying a box of candy from Mr. Jellico.

As I walked down the street that day, past the drugstore, past the malt shop and the grocery store, the neighborhood corner looked just the same—and so did the candy display in the window. Oh, this time it wasn't a circus—it was a group of Pilgrim Fathers setting out to catch their Thanksgiving turkey all done in the spun sugar and jelly beans—but the idea was the same. And I grinned, to myself, at the artistry of Mr. Jellico.

At first I thought the room was empty. But then I saw him.

A little more dried-up, a little thinner and more stooped—but the gentleness was still there. The same friendly expression in the eyes he turned on me.

"Hello, Mr. Jellico. Remember me?" He peered. And then he rushed around the end of the counter.

"Mr. Sinatra! I'm glad to have you back! The boys and I—we always talk about you. It was a long time before David and Mitch got out of the habit of saying 'Gee—I gotta tell Mr. Sinatra

about this or that'—whatever it was!"

"Where are the boys?" I asked.

He nodded to the door at the back of the shop. And now I could hear it—that well-remembered hum of voices from behind that door.

"Meeting, huh?" We smiled together. "And how are you feeling, Mr. Jellico?" "Just fine! Just fine!"

But he wasn't. It came as a shock to me that he was not just the same as he had been. There was something new in the back of his eyes and I could only describe it as fear. Fear!—in Mr. Jellico who had had the courage to step in between angry boys with sticks and stones in their hands. Fear, and a new deep wrinkle in his forehead which had always been so serene!

"What's the trouble?" I said it before I could stop to think. "What's bothering you, Mr. Jellico?"

He sighed. "Yes, there's trouble. Do I show it so plainly, then? But you mustn't be worried about me—not on your visit here. Not when we've all looked forward to having you back."

IT WAS at the end of the meeting, when I had been admitted as an "honorary" member, that the boys told me of Mr. Jellico's fear. Not all the same boys were there—some, like Johnny Bell and Mitch had moved away. David was president this year.

"It's because he's always doing favors for people," Andrew explained. "You know how he is, Mr. Sinatra. My dad says he's a poor businessman—he won't say 'no' to anybody. We found out he signed a note for a man who lived here last year—for three hundred dollars! And the man skipped out and nobody knows where he went and the bank says Mr. Jellico's gotta pay it up." "And he hasn't got three hundred dollars," piped up a voice from the back.

"We organized a committee and we went down to the bank. The man there was nice, but he said the bank had extended time over and over and now Mr. Jellico would just have to come through with the dough."

"He's going to lose the shop."

"We won't have no clubhouse any more."

"A man said he'd loan him the money, but Mr. Jellico said it would just be the same thing again. He never could raise that much money. He never could pay it back."

David took charge, as the meeting began to get out of hand, with all the boys talking at once.

"Look, Mr. Sinatra—we figured out we could raise fifty dollars if all of us got jobs after school and pooled our money. But that isn't enough."

No, it certainly wasn't.

They all looked at me, silent. I racked my brains for an idea but none came. For what seemed to me was a long time we just sat and looked at each other, brooding and hopeless.

We couldn't let this happen to as nice a man as Mr. Jellico. We couldn't let him lose his shop. But three hundred dollars! Finally, still without any idea or solution, it was time for me to leave.

"I'll be back tomorrow," I promised. "And we'll go into this thing from all the angles. We'll find a way. But right now I've got to run—I'm due for a benefit performance for the Cancer Research Fund."

I had barely finished speaking when a boy was tugging at one arm; another was holding on to my coat. They all seemed to get the idea at the same time—they came to life in a surge of movement around me.

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"That's it!" Andrew finally made himself heard. "That's it! We'll give a benefit for Mr. Jellico!"

"How do we do it?" David was asking.

"Gee!—a benefit!"

For just a second I was doubtful. The benefits where I had appeared had taken money and many professional people to produce them and advertising, publicity—big organization. But when I looked at their faces, I knew it could be done.

"Okay," I told them. "And we can say it is a benefit for the Rangers—not for Mr. Jellico. We can say it is because you boys want to preserve your clubhouse—not to save his shop. That way he won't be hurt, thinking it's charity."

"He wouldn't be hurt." It was a gentle voice from the doorway. "Do you think I would call it charity when the Rangers want to help me? Aren't I a Ranger, too?" Mr. Jellico's eyes held a gentle reproach for me. "Aren't we all for one and one for all? It isn't fair for me to do things for the boys—and then not let them do something for me when they want to."

Again I had learned a lesson from Mr. Jellico.

In the weeks that followed I didn't have any time to help the boys. There were my weekly Hit Parade broadcasts every Saturday night at 9:00 P.M. and the rehearsals that must go on during the week. I flew back from California the week before Christmas on a Wednesday—just in time to make the benefit that night.

I grabbed a taxi, but even that seemed too slow. And as we drove along I blamed myself for not helping the boys more—for not arranging with some of my friends in New York to look in on the boys and give them some professional advice—maybe show them how to put on a performance and line up some talent for them. The Rangers were counting so much on this benefit to clear Mr. Jellico.

The first thing that hit me as the taxi turned into the street was the sign. The bunting that stretched clear across the street, up high—"Come One—The Rangers' Benefit—Come All." And the lampposts decorated in red and white

streamers! It looked as if the boys had done some advertising, and not on any junior-size scale!

But the candy store was dark. Not even from the back room—the meeting room—was there a glimmer of light. I paid off the taxi and turned slowly towards the store entrance, feeling suddenly sick at heart. Had the benefit been called off? Had the boys become discouraged and quit? The candy shop was always open this time of night—did this mean that Mr. Jellico's business already had been foreclosed?

Then I heard the panting behind me and the sound of running feet.

"Mr. Sinatra! We've been looking for you!"

Three of the Rangers surrounded me and started pulling at my arm. Without knowing why, I found myself running up the street with them.

"Where we going?" I managed to yell.

"To the big school auditorium!" they shouted back. "The benefit's already started. We were afraid you'd never get here in time—and you're to sing the last song!"

This I had known. But for the next two hours I could say that it was the only thing that wasn't a surprise to me.

First, there was that crowd. That swell, big crowd that jammed the enormous recreation hall to the rafters. That gay crowd that clapped at every act—that laughed at every joke, funny or not—that cheered itself hoarse when Mr. Jellico was presented on the stage. I saw some of the neighbors I had come to know, there—the Jeans from the malt shop and the clerk from the drugstore. I was introduced to so many mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts of the Rangers that I couldn't begin to remember their names. And it looked as if the whole school, and all the congregations from every church in the neighborhood, were there.

The ushers and the ticket-takers—could these be the same sloppy-looking guys in torn corduroys and blue jeans I used to see in the club meeting room? Now they were all slicked up and standing stiff, moving about the hall and down the aisles like well-scrubbed automatons . . . their eyes straight ahead—the only signs of the boys as I

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had always known them, might be a wad of gum suddenly shifted from one cheek to another.

I took a seat down front.

"Isn't it lovely?" the woman next to me leaned over during an intermission. She meant the stage. "The women of my church made the curtain—fixed those Christmas stars all over it. And the ladies of the Methodist Church fixed the flowers, and the food table in the back of the hall is in charge of the Parent-Teachers—"

I interrupted. "You're doing all this for the Rangers?"

"For Mr. Jellico," she corrected me. "For what he's done for all our boys. My son—I thought he'd be in the reform school by this time, with that mean crowd he was running around with. But Mr. Jellico straightened him out. There's my son!" and she indicated a twelve-year-old who was at the end of a line of sweat-shirted tumbler now running onto the stage.

It was amateur, that show. Strictly corn. But homegrown corn—and we all went for it as if it had been the slickest show on Broadway. To the audience, those were their own kids up on the stage—to me, they were my good friends. Even some adults took part in the show and their attempts at a barber-shop quartet and with a few blackout skits were greeted with good-natured, hearty applause from all of us. The school dramatic teacher had given what little direction had been needed—enthusiasm had done the rest.

IN BETWEEN the acts, I learned how it had all happened. The Rangers had started out on their own—planning just a little affair in their clubroom. But it had shortly grown to be a whole community project. No one around was going to be left out—not when it came to paying back some of the affection and gratitude they felt for Mr. Jellico.

I tried to "count the house" but it was impossible. I was only sure there would be much more than three hundred dollars to give—and I was right.

When Mr. Jellico appeared on the stage, David and the other officers of the Rangers came with him, holding a box in their trembling hands as if it were some sacred chalice.

They tried to present the box to him—with the money in it—by making a speech. But the carefully-rehearsed words would not come; nor would they have been heard for the cheering and the stamping of feet in that hall. People yelled themselves hoarse as Mr. Jellico took the box, shyly, and just as shyly bobbed his little gnome-like head at his friends. What could words have said that we didn't all feel, already?

Then it was my turn to sing.

I sang "The House I Live In" because I think it expresses so well the way we all want to live—decently and honestly with our neighbors—the friendly greetings—the handshake—the warm, good feeling. All races and religions. And I was proud that I had a song to sing that night, a song I could sing straight from my heart to the hearts of those good people.

"That was good." It was Mr. Jellico's whisper at the back of my neck as I came off into the wings of the stage. "That's the way it should be, Mr. Sinatra. Look at them clapping! Aren't you proud of our Rangers tonight, Mr. Sinatra?"

We're proud of you, Mr. Jellico. And of all the Mr. and Mrs. Jellicos all over the world—who do so much to bring peace on earth—good will to men.



Day after glorious day we hiked. Your hand always there to help me. "I love touching your hand," you said. "It feels so soft in mine." Of course! Her hands are Jergens-soft.

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 43)

best to comfort the weeping child. "Don't cry, little one, don't cry!" he urged. For two hours he stood outside the door, sometimes singing a snatch of song, sometimes talking in low, comforting tones. Several times, when the wails ceased for a second, he started to tiptoe off. Then, as the child's crying began again, he returned to his place. I left him there, cajoling and comforting his fellow inmate. Outside the beauty of a lovely day lay on the spacious grounds. And in the forbidding hospital corridor, there was beauty, too. A man in dire straits was forgetting himself to help a child in the only way he knew, by showing it the warmth of human sympathy.

K. C. L.

A BROTHER'S GIFT

Dear Papa David:

I am a widow and my life has been a struggle, so, financially, I have never been able to do what I wanted to do for others.

I have a boy, who, at the time this took place, was thirteen years of age. It had been his greatest desire to have a bicycle. As it drew near Christmas, conditions were very bad. He asked me if he could get the bicycle, but I told him it was impossible.

Well, he realized how things were and he said, like a brave soldier, "Don't worry, mother. I don't want it." Shortly before Christmas my oldest boy obtained work and unknown to me, he decided to get his younger brother the bicycle. He purchased it, had it in the house for about two weeks and I did not know it.

On Christmas Eve, when it came time for the children to come down, he brought the bicycle upstairs. I could not talk, I was so overjoyed. But when the children came into the room to see their toys, my boy's eyes wandered over the room. He did not say anything, but you could see the disappointed look on his face. My oldest boy had put the bicycle in the kitchen. I asked him to go into the kitchen and get me a drink of water, which he did. He did not see the bicycle at first. He filled the glass with water and as he turned around to come to me with the water he let out one scream and down went the glass of water, and he could hardly stand on his feet from the shock. Then he read on the card who it was from, and as big as he was he went over to his brother and he hugged and kissed and he would not let go. He had us all crying from joy and he sure has made much use of that bicycle traveling back and forth to school and going on errands for me.

A. S.

FAMILY BY ADOPTION

Dear Papa David:

Years ago I accepted a Civil Service position which took me away from the comfortable scenes of my home town, a little, neighborly place. I was transplanted to a bustling metropolis and circumstances relegated me to various rooming houses in the passing of time.

Perhaps to those who have that gosh-awful homesick feeling the minute they're away from home, a rooming house represents empty, meaningless stairs, walls and rooms. But although I love my family deeply and go home weekends, I have found sharing with others anywhere brings happiness.

And it's easy to find those others. In the course of time I have learned the wants and tastes of the other roomers in the house. There is a woman of some sixty years who dotes on symphonic music. So we share her record player and whatever clippings I can bring to her attention concerning the time and place of current concerts, as well as jottings concerning record albums and composers.

And the boy next door goes to college. I enjoy typing his assignments and he lets me share snacks and tea that he is allowed to prepare in his room.

Sometimes Mother sends me home-made cookies, some of which I leave on the mail stand for a crossword puzzle enthusiast in the house, together with several issues of old magazines containing his favorite retreat.

The landlady occasionally has a business letter for me to compose and in return lets me press my clothes on her ironing board in the kitchen.

Yes, life can be beautiful, even in a rooming house, even in a supposedly cold-hearted city, if your heart's open wide.

A. B. M.

MAZE OF DARKNESS

Dear Papa David:

Four years ago I became afflicted with a disease as deadly, as devastating, as destroying as any known to man. I became an alcoholic. There is as much difference in the alcoholic and the normal drinker as there is in cancer and chilblains. This fact has to be recognized not only by the alcoholic himself, but by the public in general. The normal drinker can gauge his drinks and stop drinking at will whereas the alcoholic cannot. One drink is too much for him and a thousand are not enough.

It all began innocently enough. I was bored with life in general and began sipping cocktails in the evenings in order to add a little spice and zest to what I thought was a very prosaic existence. All went well for a time and I could see no particular harm in a little artificial relaxation. However, the day came when my thirst became unquenchable. Drink became a very necessary crutch to me and I could not do without it. I became so quarrelsome and unruly that most of my friends dropped me in disgust. I then began drinking alone, whether in my room or while driving my car. I had three car wrecks in less than a year and narrowly escaped death each time, but even this did not deter me in my desire to drink.

I finally reached the point that after drinking only a few drinks my memory became a complete blank. I could not remember anything that happened after a drinking bout. To wander around in a maze of darkness wondering what I did, where I went, whom I saw, and what transpired is the most grueling mental agony that one can suffer. I was bathed in cold fear every time the telephone rang, or every time a stranger walked into my office for fear that I had committed some crime about which I remembered nothing. I began to avoid people and dropped all of my social activities because in my mind, I could read suspicion and condemnation on every face that I saw. I became so palsied that I could not lift a cup of coffee to my lips. My days were spent in a nightmare of remorse

and guilt and my nights were sleepless horrors. I was jeopardizing my position, driving my family crazy with grief and anxiety, and losing every friend that I ever had. Life held very little meaning for me and I was about ready to end it all. I didn't feel that I was to live in a world with decent people and I didn't seem able to get out of the pit into which I had sunken. Needless to say that after each debacle I repented. I tried sincerely to quit and used every known method but all ended in failure.

I was filled with bleak despair one morning when I happened to pick up a magazine which carried an article about Alcoholics Anonymous and the miracles they were accomplishing with alcoholics. They were succeeding where the psychiatrists, churches, and religious groups had failed. I read the article with interest and immediately got in touch with the chapter nearest my home. I began attending the meetings and a whole new world opened up before me. My fears gradually left me, my confidence in myself was restored, and my faith in a Higher Power was revived. I was made to see myself as I really was. Not a monstrosity, but a perfectly normal human being just like everyone else except in one respect, and there were thousands of others like me. It was not through condemnation, but understanding that I was helped and it is through God and services to others that this organization draws its strength.

Certainly life seems more beautiful to me now that I have passed through four years of fogs and shadows to emerge into the brilliant sunlight of day. I walk with a buoyant step with a clear eye and a clean conscience.

R. B.

MAGGIE

Dear Papa David:

Down what appears to be the end of the grass-grown road, but which turns out to be only a bend, rises the two-century-old house in which dwelt Maggie Hawes. There she sat in her wheel-chair for seventy years. Paralyzed from the waist down, her eyesight almost entirely gone, she still rolled her chair about, cooking, washing, and even taking an occasional boarder. For years her only constant companion was "Rabbit Hill," with its tipping-stone apparently ready to roll down and set up house-keeping on her doorstep. Even the friendly aspect of the "mountain," as she always dubbed this neighbor, became menacing when forest fires

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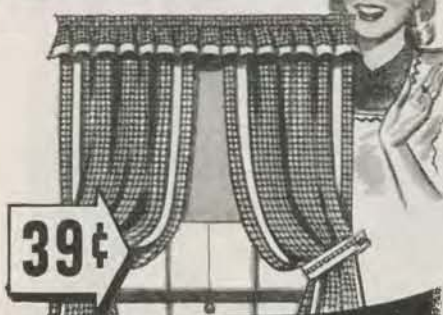
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Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, O.



rolled over the top toward the old house from which she could not escape alone.

Not at all disconcerted by the sudden arrival of half a dozen visitors, she would push back her frying pan in which she had been trying for two hours to fry potatoes over a newspaper fire, and welcome the crowd with all the repose and grace of a queen.

"Well, well," she would cry in her young-sounding voice, pushing back her glasses with one hand and shaking hands heartily with the other. One little boy would solemnly remove his cap after a stealthy glance toward her eight-year-size legs, and ask, "Oh, and how are you, Cousin Maggie?" "I have no diseases at present," I have heard her say innumerable times.

While she talked of politics, town affairs and relatives from Utah to Annam, with distinguished visitors like Helen Keller, or humble neighbors like the Russian family half a mile away, she would be sewing on a tiny frock-coat of striped silk, destined to complete the costume of the long-tailed, velvet monkey lying near her single-stitch sewing machine. These jaunty creatures with their orange waist-coats, stiff white collars and cuffs, and button eyes, bodied forth her dauntless spirit. They have delighted countless children of at least two generations, and I have no doubt that someone reading this account of her life will write you, Papa David, that they, too, have owned or seen one of these enchanting creatures made by Margaret Hawes, sitting in her house by the edge of the woods, for all the world like a fairy-tale.

Her nearest neighbors were a quarter of a mile away, and upon them she must depend even for her groceries. Not even would they permit an inter-telephone between the houses, fearing that lightning would be attracted by it. At last, after she was seventy, she wrote a letter to the telephone company that she had twenty dollars she could spare to have them install a phone in her house. The manager, to his infinite credit, was so touched by what must have been revealed between the lines, that he paid her a visit and agreed to put up wires over the trees from the main line a mile away. When the wiring was finished, the linesmen made her a last call to assure her that she could call anybody she wanted, now. Alas, they found her in bed, sick with pneumonia, too weak even to lift the receiver. She never used the phone; but don't waste time pitying her. For there was not one visitor who did not forget his own cause for wailing, and rejoice with her in her wonderful, and sometimes tart serenity, and come away laughing. The children will all their lives have a gracious memory when they recall how they used to bring in the wood, attend her little Sunday School class in her broad-boarded sitting-room, fetch blackberries and bitter-sweet from the old wall, Sweet William from the rioting garden, and Concord grapes from the old trees about her stony pastures. Long ago she had forgiven the boy who in furious anger had flung the hammer at her which caused her paralysis. (She was treated with jalop and calomel in the mistaken medicine of the time.)

Maggie Hawes lived to the full what most of us would permit to be an empty life, always living within the income of her experience. And she found that what would seem to be the end of the road was just a bend, after all.

M. B. Y.

UGLY DUCKLING

Dear Papa David:

I was a homely, self-conscious youngster and this was made more painful because my sister, who was two years older than I, was very pretty and very self-assured.

We were all visiting our grand parents one vacation and Grandpa and I, who were great pals, were out for a walk when a scrawny little pup came up to me and licked my hand and took to me right away. He followed us home and became my adoring shadow throughout the remainder of the visit. I may have been a shy, gawky kid, but to Dandy I was a goddess and the most important person in the world.

When it came time to leave I wanted to take my new-found friend home with me and was very heartbroken when my parents tried to pacify me by saying we couldn't take dogs on the train but they would get me a better dog when we get home. Grandpa understood and said he would take good care of Dandy and I could visit him any time I wished.

Dad got me a thoroughbred cocker but it was too beautiful. It preferred my sister, and I felt more self-conscious having a beautiful dog. But came my birthday, a large crate arrived with my name on it and in it was Dandy and a card saying "Happy Birthday" from Grandpa.

I am grown up now and married and I have a little brown dog I call "Jigger" but I will never forget that other little dog who made me believe Life Can Be Beautiful and boosted my morale.

MRS. A. L. F.

HEAVEN FOR THE HOMELESS

Dear Papa David:

On cots in a city jail, my husband and our five children had our first real sleep in eight days. Some time previously our landlord came to the small house we rented from him and said to me: "I am offering this house for sale at \$11,000 and I'll give you first chance." I was flabbergasted. "But the price," I exclaimed, "is nearly three times what the house is worth."

"Take it or leave it," he said, and walked away. What with high prices and five children to provide for, my janitor husband and I had only a little money and buying the house was out of the question.

In a short time the house was bought by a veteran. My husband and I looked until we were exhausted but we could find no place for our family. We felt we could no longer keep the veteran and his family out of his house so we told them to move in. They let us store our furniture in the basement.

We piled ourselves and the children in the car and tried to make the best of it. Seven of us sleeping cramped up in the car was terrible but at least we were together.

One night a tapping on our car window awakened us and we saw a patrol car alongside. An officer leaned on our car and said: "Why don't you folks go home?" If I hadn't been so near tears I would have laughed. "We have no home to go to, Sir," my husband told him. The officer looked very puzzled. "We can't let you stay cooped up like this." He talked in such a kindly voice and with such genuine pity that we knew we had a friend.

"Come on down to the city jail," he said sadly, "and we'll fix you up for at least one night." Never did seven people climb so gratefully and happily into jailhouse cots.

The next day the police officers were very interested in us and anxious to help. However, they told us they would be compelled to call in the County Health authorities and that we would be turned over to them.

"Oh, no," I cried, thoroughly frightened. "Those authorities will separate us. They will send the children to the Detention Home."

"We've got to do something today to keep this family together," one of the young officers said. He sat down at a desk and wrote something. Then he took us all to the local radio station and our plight was dramatized on the air during the period called Community Hour. We were called on to take part which we did with all our hearts—we were pleading for our very existence.

Soon after the end of the program on the air calls and gifts began to pour in. If I had doubted the beauty of human nature I was glad to doubt no more. Gifts of all kinds poured in and many expressions of sympathy came from those who could not help us but sympathized so deeply with our situation. Offers came in to take care of one or more of the children. Since we could not bear separation it seemed as if we were not much better off. The excitement of the broadcast wore off and I began to be very frightened.

It seemed as if the Health Authorities would have to be called. Then, almost at the last minute, an elderly man drove up to the jail and calmly placed heaven in our laps. He took us to his comfortable farm house a few miles from the city, where he lived alone, and it was like coming home. In exchange for some farm work and all the house work, we paid no rent—so that in the end we were better situated than ever before.

Truly it can be said of all those who helped us that "an unknown spot was touched in their souls; a harp they had not suspected within them awoke and replied."

E. S.

FIFTY-FIFTY

Dear Papa David:

My parents separated before I was born so I never knew or saw my father. Mother took me into a home that was dominated by a sex-crazy, ill-tempered man. He made my life miserable from the beginning and mother ignored my unhappiness completely. I was a sensitive child and consequently suffered a great deal and escaped whenever possible.

By the time I was grown up I had become so desperately unhappy that I tried to end my life. The attempt was not successful and when my childhood sweetheart asked me to marry him I ran away from home rather than answer him. I was afraid of life, afraid of marriage, and afraid that I could never love a man enough to give my life into his keeping.

Then the war came along and with it a soldier on every corner. Some were looking for excitement, while others, like Jeff, were looking for someone to come home to. Jeff had come from a broken home just as I had. He had been on his own since he ran away at the age of eleven to avoid being placed in an orphanage with his brothers and sister. But life was not terrifying to him; he took it in his stride and laughed at everything. He loved people, he loved fun, and he was the only one who could make me forget to be afraid.

Ours was the craziest, slap-happiest marriage that ever took place. We didn't pretend to love each other and

we knew our reasons by heart. He wanted me to be there when he came back, to wait and pray, to be the "Home" he'd never known. And I—I wanted to be a normal wife and mother.

It wasn't all peaches and cream by any means. There were days on end when I never touched a newspaper because Jeff's outfit was in the headlines. There were other days when I wished I'd never met Jeff and a million times when I wanted to try again what I had failed to accomplish before.

Then suddenly the war ended and Jeff came home. That was when the test really began. We nearly separated a dozen times, but I was too stubborn and he too proud to admit to the world that ours was just another war marriage going on the rocks. I guess we each tried to outdo the other in changing it from a flop to a huge success. For my share in changing it I earned the love of my husband and the foundation for a truly happy marriage. It survived three years of separation; it survived the housing shortage when we had no place to live; it survived several lean years when we couldn't buy a toothpick because we wanted to own our own home.

We now have a beautiful home, a business of our own and two adorable babies who have taught me that laughter and tears are very close together, but it is far easier to laugh than to cry. When my daughter marries I have one thing to say to her over and over again—"People will tell you, dear, that marriage is a 50-50 proposition. Don't you believe them; give your fifty willingly, gladly; then give fifty more. It will return to you in the happiness it brings."

B. G. H.

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That's What Luck Is

(Continued from page 49)

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Does a bulging tummy make you look years older than you really are? Are ordinary girdles uncomfortable to wear... do they fail to flatten out your abdomen the way you want? Then here at last is the answer to your problem! SLIM-MODE, the wonderful new adjustable health supporter girdle is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel like a "Slim Sixteen".

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Edwards and Morton Downey, had judged me, Mindy Carson, worthy to join that great galaxy. The great Paul Whiteman had signed me as regular featured singer with his world-renowned orchestra!

It will help you to understand my wonderment when I explain that less than twelve months before "Pops" engaged me I had never sung professionally. That's an understatement. Less than twelve months earlier I had never set foot on any bandstand. I had never been within shouting distance of a radio microphone. In fact, the only public singing I'd ever done was with the James Monroe High School glee club in New York—and only in the chorus, at that. Any solo work I felt the urge to do was strictly amateur, usually confined to warbling in the shower or while helping Mother with the dinner dishes.

BACK in that glee club period my audience would be Mother, Dad and baby brother Wayne or possibly a few hundred students come to hear our choral renditions in the James Monroe auditorium. Recently, I couldn't help contrasting that small audience with another one before which I sang—the 28,000 people who packed Hollywood Bowl on July 12th to hear Paul Whiteman's concert under the stars. As for my invisible listeners, every Wednesday night they can be reckoned in the millions. Can you appreciate my occasional wonderment?

Singing has always been my happiest means of self-expression. Mother and Dad swear that when I was no more than three years old I could be heard lilting all the lyrics of "Tip Toe Through the Tulips." Oddly enough, it was not my singing but my terpsichorean talent that Mother encouraged. She enrolled me at one of the best dancing schools in the Bronx where I trained rigorously in tap, ballet and acrobatic routines. What promise I showed is manifest in the half-dozen loving cups that adorn my bedroom dressing table. Somehow, my interest in dancing shrank to the vanishing point after I had an appendectomy at the age of twelve. Maybe it's just as well. Maybe there was a kind of prophecy inscribed on the last of those loving cups. Engraved on that trophy (remember, it was awarded for dancing) was the single word—Fame.

I'm nineteen years old now. It isn't for me to say that I've achieved fame. But without any hesitation I do say that I've realized the absolute fulfillment of my one burning ambition: a singing career. I've lived with that ambition all through my teen-age years. That I've realized it so quickly and on such a grand scale is what fills me with a sense of wonder.

If this suggests that all I did during those years was mope around and dream about a singing career, let me hasten to correct any such impression. I'm not the moping type. True, I frequently would glue an envious, and often critical, ear to the loudspeaker at home and I would often voice my belief (within the family circle) that Mindy Carson could do as well as many singers featured on various programs. Assertions like that gained me nothing but tolerant smiles from Mother and Dad. Even so, I didn't brood about it. I was still too young to feel thwarted—and besides, there was so much in

life to feel good about, look forward to.

My school years were stimulating and constructive. I was right in the thick of athletics, playing short-stop on the girl's nine and forward on our basketball team. During one season I led the cheering squad—and that's when my acrobatic training proved most helpful. All these doings won me membership in the "200" Club at James Monroe High. Then, quite as if there weren't enough athletics on the agenda, I kept myself busy after school hours. Public School 77, boasting a recreation hall with some mighty good ping pong tables, is only a few minutes' walk from my house. A sort of perpetual tournament was always under way and in it I held the ping pong championship for four consecutive years.

I'd been taking an academic course and found subjects like science and economics especially fascinating. But my outlook was not a purely academic one. Mother and Dad had only moderate means and I planned to make myself Assistant Breadwinner. This called for training of a more practical sort and so I swapped a couple of the aesthetic subjects for plain, workaday ones like typing and shorthand. It proved to be a good swap.

Also, during my senior year I cut down on most of the physical culture and channeled those energies toward finding a part-time job. Energy plus a whopping fib (during the interview I added four years to the sixteen that were rightfully mine) won me a job with Rosemarie de Paris Candies. I had become a business girl!

AFTER my graduation I continued with Rosemarie de Paris on a full time basis and ultimately became assistant sales manager in the firm's wholesale department. Such progress prompted unqualified praise from Mother and Dad at home but in my boss's mind there were occasional moments of doubt. He found no fault with my work but every so often he did find it necessary to reprimand me for one bad, efficiency-destroying, demoralizing-to-the-staff habit—the tendency to burst suddenly into song. Whenever I did this the office decorum would be devastated. Clerks and typists would be startled silly and sundry executives would be amazed, amused or incensed. Believe me, my vocal outbursts were never premeditated. This impromptu singing has always been a habit with me—a sort of unconscious release of my naturally happy temperament.

In January 1946, after the strenuous and enervating Christmas rush, I took a short vacation—one week of glorious Florida sunshine at my aunt's home in Miami Beach. Maybe it was there that Dame Fortune, Lady Luck, Fate or whatever her name is, began to weave a bright new pattern for my way of life. Anyway, insofar as my singing was concerned, it was during this fateful week that I decided to accentuate the positive instead of the wishful-thinking.

Along with some of her friends, Aunt Eva took me to a small night club—just a pleasant, unpretentious little nabe nitery with music and "atmosphere." In between dances a trio of troubadours would stroll among the tables serenading the customers. When our table was thus honored I somehow let the music's mood capture me and I began to sing,

just for the sheer pleasure of it. It was all in the spirit of fun and I was utterly unprepared for what happened next. Within a few minutes the club's manager came over and offered me a contract—at \$125 a week.

His offer had almost a bombshell effect on me—partly because of the money, because \$125 was considerably more than I made at Rosemarie. But what excited me beyond description was the fact that somebody in the entertainment business thought well enough of my singing to engage me at any sum. It was with mixed emotions that I declined his generosity.

Came the end of my holiday and once again I returned to my old routine in New York.

I'd lost no time telling Mother and Dad all about my Big Offer. They listened respectfully but displayed greater interest, it seemed, in my Florida tan. A week later I again brought up the subject and this time they must have seen the determined gleam in my eye.

I believed I had talent, I argued. I'd believed that for quite some time—and now, someone who was qualified to judge these things had confirmed my belief. What's more, he was willing to back up his judgment with a very decent money offer. Now, why not let me have a try at such a career? Just a try. Let me make the rounds for a month or two. If I got no encouragement then I'd call it quits and go back to my old job or get a new one. I was young. Whatever the verdict, I could take it. But just let me settle this thing one way or another.

Mother and Dad looked at each other, sighed, and granted my request, thereby starting a chain reaction almost as important (to my world) as the one brought on by nuclear fission.

And, if the chain of events that followed happened with atomic speed (considering the set-backs possible in show business) then much credit must go to my cousin, Irvin Miles. It was to Irvin, then a song-plugger in Tin Pan Alley, that I first turned. He listened while I recited all my reasons for seeking an audition and then (in spite of some misgivings, I'm sure) arranged for one with bandleader Herbie Fields, at that time an exponent of rather torrid music. The outcome of that audition was an offer to join Fields' band which was all set for an engagement at Armonk, New York. Once again I thought it wise to decline an offer, this time because of the rather rugged transportation problem involved and also because Fields' style of music, although excellent, was a bit too jivey for me.

Doubt began to nudge me but I decided to haunt Tin Pan Alley, nevertheless. Through contacts made for me by Irvin I soon had access to the re-

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Gayla

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hearsal rooms at Santly-Joy music publishers. There, with an occasional assist from some of their pianists, I would practice new tunes. Before long, Eddie Joy became aware of me and, to my everlasting joy, if I may be allowed the pun, decided to let me sing the vocal in a trade recording of "Rumors Are Flying" which he'd just published under his new Oxford Music Corporation banner.

This time I was destined to make headway. We waxed the number and the transcription was auditioned for Harry Cool, who promptly evinced a desire to feature not only the song but also my voice. A pact was signed and all that summer of 1946 I shared the bandstand with Harry Cool's Orchestra at the Glen Island Casino.

JULY, August. Then, with the big Labor Day wind-up I said so long to Harry Cool and his boys. His band was booked for Chicago. Harry Cool asked me to continue with him but I took a dim view of placing a thousand miles between me and my family. Mother and Dad had been so swell about everything. But Chicago was so far away—

Broadway and 34th Street wasn't! Within a couple of weeks I was singing with Johnny Messner's Orchestra then opening its Fall engagement in the Hotel McAlpin's Marine Grill. I learned something while appearing with Johnny Messner—at least they told me I learned something. "They" were people who had heard me at the Glen Island Casino. Kidding, they used to call me "No-beat" Carson, presumably because of my somewhat individual off-the-beat phrasing. Now, at the Marine Grill, they were saying, "Mindy, you're beginning to get it. You're learning fast."

Johnny Messner's stay at the McAlpin ended after seven weeks due to a sharp change in the hotel's policy. I was, in the parlance of Broadway, at liberty. And Christmas was not many shopping days away! But I didn't have time to get completely disheartened. Eddie Joy arranged another audition—this one with Paul Whiteman.

My audition before that fabulous, almost legendary figure, whose name for so many years has been magic in musicdom, was slated to take place at the American Broadcasting Company's studios in Radio City. Eddie Joy, calm, and I, not so calm, walked down the third floor corridor toward the appointed room. My knee-joints seemed made of India rubber. Thoughts raced through my mind with supersonic speed. I thought of my most cherished possession at home, the only item in my record collection that I handled as though it were the Hope Diamond—Paul Whiteman's original recording of "Rhapsody In Blue" with Gershwin at the piano. I had always revered Whiteman—and there he was that very instant, approaching us along the hallway!

I would have been breathless and awestruck even if he were an average-sized man. But the sight of that six-foot-one, 220-pound colossus in custom-tailored clothes walking toward us nearly caused my heart to stop beating. The genial giant greeted Eddie Joy, I whispered hello when introduced and as we went inside the studio Pops put his arm about my shoulder, chuckling, "All right, Mindy. Now, there's no need to be nervous. After all—" He stopped, then said, "Oh, shucks, Eddie, what's the use? She'll be scared no matter what I say!" We all laughed and most

of my tension was gone.

With piano accompaniment I sang a ballad and followed that with a rhythm number. The whole routine was over in a matter of minutes. Through the control room's glass window I saw the band-leader lean over and say something to Eddie Joy who nodded solemnly. Then Pops' Whiteman waved goodbye to me and left. Eddie came out of the control room. I asked weakly, "Wha-what did he say?"

Eddie replied, "He wants you to wax those two numbers and send the transcription to him immediately. We'd better do that without delay."

I couldn't follow this. "Why does he want transcriptions?"

Eddie Joy shrugged. "I don't know, Mindy."

"But, good heavens, didn't Mr. Whiteman comment on the audition?"

Eddie nodded and said laconically, "Yes, he made one or two comments. One of them was 'Say—this gal can really sing!' He also said you've got a really terrific beat."

I had a whole long weekend in which to mull over that cryptic conversation. We had made and delivered the requested transcriptions. Monday I walked into the Santly-Joy offices. Eddie waved me to a chair, looked at me archly and said, "Who do you think is going to be the girl vocalist on Paul Whiteman's broadcast this Wednesday night?"

WEDNESDAY night, I sang over ABC's coast-to-coast network. Behind my voice was the muted brass, the mellow strings and the heavenly harp obbligato of Paul Whiteman's great orchestra. It was like floating on a fleecy, soaring, sonorous cloud.

After my song I went into the control room to hear how the remainder of the show sounded through the loudspeaker. When Pops began making his closing remarks I noticed that he wasn't following the script. I heard him ad lib, "I'm starting on a concert tour, so next Wednesday night I won't be with the broadcast in person. But you'll find the program mighty good listening next week too, folks, because Mindy Carson will be on it. I know the show will be in very, good hands."

I was astounded. There was Paul Whiteman telling the whole world that I was to be his regular featured singer and all this time I thought my big break consisted of a single guest-appearance! I nearly fainted in the sound engineer's arms.

And that's the way things happened. It was just one year from the bon-bon shop to the big broadcast. Living, since that night, has had all the excitement, all the richness and brilliance of a Paul Whiteman orchestration. I, who had ventured on only one timid trip to Florida, have now crossed the continent twice. I've known the thrill of performing in Hollywood Bowl. I've met celebrities. I've been interviewed and screen-tested. I've known all this since Paul Whiteman told me, "Mindy, there's no need to be nervous."

No, Pops, not nervous—nor swell-headed. I probably never will take all this in my stride. Always there will be this sense of wonderment, because I am so acutely aware of what wonderful breaks I've had. I know how tough the going must be for thousands of talented young people—youngsters who want to sing, to dance, to act—kids who hope they can overcome those million-to-one odds against recognition. But it can happen again, can't it?

Come and Visit the Maxwells

(Continued from page 39)

thereby hangs a most fascinating tale.

Some men have a yen to play "angel" to Broadway shows. Last year Bob found himself playing angel to an African explorer! (Bob will do these things at the drop of a pith helmet.) His explorer's plan was to penetrate the Dark Continent and obtain motion pictures of the gorilla in its native habitat. It all sounded fascinating, so Bob backed the expedition to the tune of three thousand dollars. The explorer sailed from these shores, stopped off on the European continent to pick up certain supplies, picked up also the wonderful Belgian Shepherd while in Switzerland, but when he reached a port in Africa he was not permitted to take the dog ashore because of regulations related to tsetse fly control. So the explorer shipped his mascot to New York by freighter. All Bob has to show for his money is the Belgian Shepherd but both he and Jessica are happy about it. They must be, giving him a name like Tuckerman von Schlitz!

When descended upon by Jessica, Bob, Tuckerman and guests Commission-by-the-Sea really comes alive. Nestled snugly amid green foliage, the Maxwell manse is first glimpsed from the far side of Broadwaters Cove. After crossing the causeway, with its vista of blue Bay on your left, you lose sight of the house briefly while driving through a serpentine road that winds through a delightfully wooded section. And then suddenly you are there.

The sleek, svelte convertible has been parked outside a two-car garage, bumper-to-bumper with a vintage station wagon built on the chassis of a 1928 Ford—the sort of contrast characteristically indulged in by Jessica and Bob.

Around the cottage there is neatly trimmed lawn, punctuated with graceful trees and, here and there, inviting rustic benches. An old sun dial lies flush with the grass. Some fifty yards ahead is a tiny dock at the Cove's edge and, through the tall grass leading to it, Tuckerman immediately begins a sniffing expedition of his own. All about you and soothing to your senses is blue water, green shore and blue sky.

Realizing how beautifully Nature has arranged things out-of-doors, Robert

There's

HOPE (Bob)

in the January issue of

RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE

In four gay colors

and a fine gay mood,

he starts the **New Year** rolling



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Starcross, inc.

GREENVILLE, S. C. • 1450 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

and Jessica Maxwell strove to match that beauty indoors. And they've succeeded admirably. Every room is a warm invitation to relax and disentangle your city-snagged nerves. Kitchen, dining room, the master bedroom and the two guest rooms—each is harmonious with the theme of comfort and informality.

Piece de resistance in this happily planned house is the living room (and Living should be spelled with a capital L). Not a chair or sofa that isn't luxuriously comfortable. Not a wall space that doesn't please the eye—not a window that doesn't fulfill its proper function: to let in not only light and air but . . . well, look—

A huge triple window, some six or seven feet wide, gives you a breathtaking vista of Broadwaters Cove. You might sit in any part of the living room and still you would, without effort, see a spacious sweep of distant shoreline in its ever-present motif of blue and green.

AGAINST the wood-paneled wall opposite this window is a massive stone fireplace, its contour reaching up conically to the beamed ceiling's height. On your right is another window, smaller than the waterside one but providing a generous view of lawn and wooded terrain. Beneath this window and extending the wall's length are shelves bearing the delightful burden of record albums—not only the Three B's but seemingly everything from A to Z. In a corner shelf connecting those two walls are enough good books to keep you curled up contentedly for the rest of your life.

Here and there are hanging shelves on which rest rare examples of pottery and glassware. Atop one bookshelf is arrayed Jessica's invaluable collection of miniature pitchers, almost three hundred in all. Collected from every corner of the globe they are really Lilliputian, the smallest being less than a quarter-inch high and the largest about an inch. They come in Chinese white jade, Mexican blue glass, amber, brass, ivory, in fact, almost every conceivable medium. Two of them, believe it or not, are *left-handed* pitchers.

All this, then, is Commission-by-the-Sea. You've had time to note the details while sipping a frosty liquid refreshment promptly served by Bob. And what details you may have failed to notice have been vividly called to your attention during the cross-fire of animated conversation.

Presently your versatile host vanishes kitchenward to prepare the salad and steak. Bob has already started a good blaze in the stone fireplace and, deep in the hot embers, he has embedded several Long Island spuds. Jessica, without breaking the thread of conversation, is busy arranging a sort of buffet—hot plates, silverware, napkins, sauces and so forth—on a bridge table set up in the living room where dinner will be eaten.

"I met Bob on a blind date," Jessica comments, "and married him primarily because he was such a marvelous cook."

You begin to see how right she was. Bob has done eye- and palate-exciting things to a technicolor salad that fills a wide wooden bowl. The steak next engages his full attention. Two steaks, really—prime cuts, ruby-red, inspiredly seasoned (you soon discover) and at least four inches thick. Bob has them on a long-handled wire grill which he places, just so, on top of the red-hot coals.

And soon, aromatic and sizzingly succulent, they rest on a wood plank while Bob carves. A ripple of adjectives fills the room but, since they all seem to be inadequate, everybody just munches happily and asks for extra helpings. Maybe Bob is pleased with this reaction or maybe it's all in the Maxwell tradition—anyway, he brings forth a beverage to go with his charcoal-broiled triumph. The beverage is champagne.

There is talk—on any topic, including: Whither Radio? Or: A Third Party, Yes or No? Ideas are exchanged on subjects including: Psychology, Normal and otherwise. There is music—a little Sibelius, a bit of Berlioz or maybe some Mozart.

Half past midnight moves up so swiftly—a reminder that tomorrow is another day . . . and tomorrow there is something special on the agenda.

Next morning "something special" turns out to be the Maxwells' 32-foot cabin cruiser. Their trim craft has been named Bonus, a variation of the name applied to Commission-by-the-Sea.

The vintage station wagon, loaded down with fishing-gear, humans, Tuckerman von Schlitz and a day's provender, pulls up at the Schoolhouse Creek docks which line the narrow inlet leading out to Little Peconic Bay.

Bonus is nice. She sleeps five, is equipped with a compact galley and her well-designed superstructure is new, mahogany and trimly impressive over a graceful hull that still wears its coat of Coast Guard grey acquired when she was doing yeoman service during the war, with Bob Maxwell in command.

AFTER her engine warms up, Bob casts off the tie-lines and she eases away from the dock, swinging about cautiously, with Jessica at the wheel. The inlet, only a few feet wider than the craft's 32-foot length, calls for some terrifically adroit navigating—and Jessica's adroitness is a sight to see.

"I've just got to be good," Jessica explains while the boat inches out through the channel. "Bob is the acme of courtesy when he's ashore, but when I skipper this boat he's apt to pull a Captain Bligh on me. Recently, I docked Bonus rather badly. Even though there were a million people watching and listening Bob yelled blue murder and made me land the boat all over again. He's a perfectionist and, frankly, I respect him for it."

The good ship Bonus moves out to deep water and soon the tawny bluffs of Robins Island and Sag Harbor loom in the distance. The sun is warm, the Bay is smooth and the fish are reluctant. After almost four hours at anchor three or four strikes are made but, when brought aboard, the catches turn out to be ugly, inedible sea-robins and Bob disgustedly chucks them back into the briny.

Sun, sea and tangy salt-air add up to voracious appetites, a phenomenon prepared for by Jessica whose adroitness with the skillet is revealed now in a basketful of delectable eats—golden-brown broiled chicken and all the fixin's. How she found time to whip all this up during last night's gab-fest remains a mystery. The golden-brown chicken goes down beautifully with chilled beer or, if you will, soda pop.

And so, following a leisurely al fresco luncheon, the Bonus' drag-hook is raised and a wide sweep of the bay is made at a lazy eight or nine knots. Sometime in mid-afternoon the cabin-

cruiser puts in at her dock and the Maxwells next propose making a wide sweep of Cutchogue so as to catch up on a bit of neighborly visiting.

There's a brief return-visit to the turkey-farm, a short stop at soft-spoken, white-haired Ralph W. Sterling's seed store, a few minutes of pleasant chit-chat at the Grathwohls', whose white-frame house is a rare example of 18th Century design from top gable to bottom doorstep. After this, a "must" visit takes the Maxwells and party to Doc Kollmer's drugstore where Bob can indulge in his not-so-secret passion—Doc's foamy chocolate malted milk.

NOW the relationship between Bob Maxwell and Doc Kollmer is one of the most curious and altruistic in the annals of contemporary American business. Bob conducts a mythical advertising agency and its one and only "account" is Kollmer's pharmacy. Purely a whim on Bob's part, the end result has been a series of impressive institutional advertisements for the drugstore appearing in the local newspapers. The text of these ads, written by Bob, might well make some high-priced New York ad-writers sit up and take notice. One of Bob's recent creations reads in part:

"MUM, MILK OF MAGNESIA AND MORPHINE

Anyone can sell a jar of Mum or a bottle of Milk of Magnesia, but only a licensed physician and a registered pharmacist can prescribe and sell even a grain of Morphine. For Morphine, although it is an amazing pain-killer, is also a deadly drug. . . . Be wise and careful in your choice of a druggist. Remember . . . don't gamble with your life.

CUTCHOGUE DRUG STORE
W. H. Kollmer, Pharmacist."

Lest you think that it's only Bob Maxwell who has become involved in Cutchogue's doings, consider carefully Mrs. Maxwell's recent contribution to the community. Jessica, bringing her Wellesley College training into play, helped edit an important and scholarly history of the town, "Cutchogue: Southold's First Colony," by Wayland Jefferson.

Well, *maybe* all this sums up Jessica and Bob Maxwell, the rural-urbane husband and wife producer-director team.

To click in radio, they say, you must have a gimmick, a certain something with a special nuance or twist. The Maxwells' gimmick, it seems, is to give radio everything they've got (which is plenty) from Monday to Friday and then for the remaining two days—to forget radio completely.

For, very obviously, Jessica and Bob are determined to click with life, too. It seems that their gimmick in this respect is to get a fair share of graceful living . . . a share of the sun, the sea and the good earth about them—all of which adds up to a sensible counter-balance to the stresses, strains and tensions generated during their work-packed week in Manhattan.

Jessica and Bob Maxwell have worked out their design for living. It isn't any fair-weather arrangement. For them it's a way of life that holds in Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring. Their gimmick out on Long Island is a guaranteed all-year-round protection against stomach ulcers, radio's occupational disease.

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Her hair looks smooth when she's just combed it; but look at her later!

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Poor Dolly didn't know how to make a hair-do stay put . . .

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Irma Tries An Experiment

(Continued from page 33)

he had to play, too. And I beat him, Jane! He could only concentrate on one thing and I could concentrate on dozens at the same time—I could think about Al getting a job and about Richard and you and about the pickles we wanted to get for dinner and that funny woman on the bus yesterday and my new nail polish and that green dress we saw in the store window and Mrs. O'Reilly's rent money and the pigeons and—"

"Okay—" I said, hastily—"I see you won. And what did the Beard say to that? And what is the book you're carrying?"

"Oh, this." Irma finally managed the problem of coat and book by dropping them both on the floor and then sitting on her coat as she retrieved the mysterious book. "This professor got awfully excited and he said that I was a case he'd never seen before. He wants me to start writing things down every night—to help me remember and concentrate. Just things that happen to me during the day and what I think. He said there was a name for this book, but I've forgotten what it was except that it had something to do with milk."

I'M GETTING used to her mental processes by now, so it only took me a second to figure that one out. "Not dairy, Irma. Diary. The Beard wants you to keep a diary." And I breathed a sigh of relief—this certainly sounded harmless enough.

So that's the way it started. When Al, Irma's boy-friend, came over for dinner that evening he was too tired from dodging work all day to be very much interested. Besides—as he said—he'd never heard of anyone keeping a diary, though plenty of his race-track friends kept book. It took a little while to explain that to Irma, too, so that it was long after dinner was over and the dishes had been washed before we came back again to the subject.

"What goes into this diary thing?" Al asked.

"Oh—" vaguely—"the Professor said to write down anything important or interesting that happened during the day. And the things I think about."

"You mean everything about us, Irma?"

Her blue eyes got rounder than usual. "Oh, I'm glad I didn't start this diary when we first met, Al. Just think—I'd have to write that you came over for dinner and then you held my hand and said as soon as you got a job we'd get married."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Ditto marks. I couldn't just go on, every day, writing that you came over for dinner and held my hand and as soon as you got a job we would—"

Al got up hastily and left, saying he had an early appointment in the morning to see a man about some unemployment insurance.

After Al left, Irma really got down to business. Pencil in hand, she curled up on the end of the sofa and attacked the clean white pages of the diary. Out of the corner of my eye I watched her as she chewed the end of the pencil, looked out into space, frowned a little, nodded and then shook her head violently, got up, sharpened her pencil, sat down and sighed. She'd start to write and then hesitate and stop; put

the pencil back into her mouth and chew on the eraser again.

Professor Kropotkin, our neighboring roomer from upstairs, stuck his head in the doorway to wish us a nice Valentine's Day.

"But it isn't!" Irma eagerly corrected him. I think she was glad of the interruption. "It's no holiday, today."

"I know," he told us, airily. "But I feel happy. I feel like holiday. So I pick one. Christmas—no, Christmas is too expensive. I don't like turkey so it can't be Thanksgiving. Mrs. O'Reilly wouldn't let us set off any firecrackers in this dump—I mean, this apartment. So I pick Valentine's Day. Will you be my Valentine?"

"I don't think Al would like that—" doubtfully. "Besides, I'm trying to write in my diary. You must excuse me, Professor Kropotkin."

"Oh." He looked dubious, but impressed. And he tiptoed out of the room.

Once more Irma set herself to write. Once more the pencil started and then stopped. Finally she got up and turned on the radio, listened for a while, picked up a book and started to read. Sighed a little and leaned back on the sofa.

I was just about to suggest that she give it up as a bad job, when suddenly she started to write. I think she must have written for ten minutes without stopping. Then with a relieved sigh she closed the book with a bang and stood up.

"There! That's done. Do you want me to read it to you, Jane?"

"No, Irma. Diaries are supposed to be secret. That's why people start out 'Dear Diary—!'"

"But I don't know anyone by that name. So I started it 'Dear Jane'—oh, I'm sleepy. I think I'll go to bed."

IN A FEW minutes the apartment was quiet. When I finally finished sewing up a rent in my apron, the only sound was the quiet breathing of Irma from the bedroom. In fact, the whole house was quiet. From downstairs I could hear Mrs. O'Reilly singing "Danny Boy" off-key to herself, but it was too far away to disturb me. I started to switch off the lights when I noticed the diary lying on the table.

Should I read it? After all, Irma had said to—it was addressed to me—it wasn't like reading someone's personal mail—and, besides, I had to look after Irma—not that she would have anything to write that would be news to me—

The temptation was too strong.

I began to read... "Dear Jane—It was a beautiful day today, wasn't it. The sun was shining. Only it was not a beautiful day for me, only for those people who are alive, and I am dead... dead inside—"

I blinked my eyes rapidly. What was this?

"—He says he loves me, but I know he doesn't. He loves her. They think I do not suspect what is going on but I know the truth. Oh, how could he be so faithless as to come here and pretend he loves me when he loves another! My heart is torn. He is only interested in me because of my money. What shall I do? I don't know—but I'll do something! They didn't see me last night when they were at the Ritz—but I watched them."

My mouth opened. And closed. How

in the world could Irma write such things! That poor little darling—and I never suspected! And Al—taking a girl to the Ritz!

I flew down the stairs. The phone was in the hall and I knew Mrs. O'Reilly would hear every word, but I didn't care. Getting Irma out of trouble was my daily task, but this was too big for me to handle, alone.

"Richard—!" I croaked over the phone. My knees were wobbly. "You've got to come over here—right away. I need you," I wailed.

"Jane." I could hear him groaning on the other end of the phone. "What has Irma done now?"

"It's not what she's done—it's what Al's done—I mean, it's what she might do—oh! hurry up and come over, Richard."

He was there in a very short time, really, but it seemed like hours. Naturally Mrs. O'Reilly had heard my phone call, so naturally she came panting up the stairs to join the conference. Irma was still asleep.

RICHARD'S eyes were bulging when he read the diary. (Even with his eyes bulging he's still the handsomest boss I ever had.) And he held my hand—which could almost make me wish that Irma would get into trouble more often—heaven forbid!

"Who would have ever thought that of Al?"

"I would," Mrs. O'Reilly nodded her head, darkly. "I can spot 'em a mile off—the ones that leave suitcases full of telephone books and sneak off without paying their rent. But that he would do this to her—" Mrs. O'Reilly dabbed at her eyes with her apron—"that sweet, purty thing." Our landlady had obviously forgotten that she had just told me the other day that we would have to move if Irma forgot once more and let the bathtub overflow.

"Oh, Richard—I'm so worried. I don't know what she might do. She sounds desperate!" I was whispering so as not to wake up Irma.

He frowned. "I don't get it—what she says here about his being interested in her because of her money. She hasn't any money."

"Well—she *does* pay their way when they go to the movies! And he eats here a lot of the time."

Richard patted my shoulder. I moved a little closer, wishing that Mrs. O'Reilly wouldn't just stand there—I needed consoling and Richard could do a bang-up job of consoling.

"Don't worry, Jane. I'll tell you what I think. I think we shouldn't say a word about this to Irma—but watch her. Wait for her to tell you, first. And watch Al. I'll do that—I'll come home with you tomorrow for dinner and we'll keep them both under observation."

I agreed. And since Mrs. O'Reilly showed no signs of leaving until he did, Richard reluctantly said goodnight and see-you-tomorrow and I was left alone.

Before I let down my own Murphy bed in the living room, I peeked in on Irma. There she slept—the poor little darling—looking so peaceful in my very best nightgown, with my three-dollar night cream on her face and my ribbon in her hair—and who knows what terrible dreams going on in her mind? Her boy-friend faithless, in love with another woman, her heart breaking and desperate!

The next morning at the office I told Richard—"And she was just the same this morning as she is every morning.

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Forgetting to put water in the coffee pot and letting the toast burn."

"Maybe what we haven't realized is that all these mistakes she makes is because she's thinking about something else."

I looked at him doubtfully. No one can tell me that Irma wasn't acting like—well, just like Irma. Nevertheless I called her an hour later.

"Irma? How are you feeling, dear? Are you all right? Are you sure?"

Her answers were positive, but I wasn't reassured. And an hour later I called again.

"Irma?—are you all right?"

"Jane?—"

"Are you all right—isn't there anything you want to tell me?"

"Oh." There was silence from her end of the line. "I don't see how you guessed it, Jane. I only had it on for a little while this morning."

"Had what on?"

"Your new blue coat. Though how you knew I was wearing it—!"

ALL DAY long this went on. I couldn't resist calling her to check up and each time she seemed to get more puzzled than ever. I didn't want to come right out and ask her about Al, so I would just hint. And all I succeeded in doing was convincing Irma that something was wrong with me. The poor, brave dear!

By the time five o'clock came I was practically running out of the office, with Richard close by my heels. Both of us had a presentiment that something awful was going to happen.

We panted up the apartment house stairs, Mrs. O'Reilly close behind us and Professor Kropotkin coming from his upstairs apartment to fall in line. I flung open the door.

We halted there, in the doorway. And I felt weak with relief.

"Ssh!" I whispered. "Look at her—fast asleep on the couch. It's all right, Richard—we needn't have rushed so. And look! she's been writing in her diary again—" the book had fallen from her limp hand to the floor. I bent and picked it up. The others crowded to look over my shoulder.

"She's been writing again. This is a new page for today—Richard!—listen to this—... and now it is all over. There is nothing left in life for me. I will find a way out; I will never stand in his way to happiness... Richard! she isn't asleep—she's dead!"

Mrs. O'Reilly threw her apron over her head. Professor Kropotkin's jaw dropped open.

"What's going on in here—!" The voice came from behind us and we all turned—to see Al come in through the kitchen door with a butcher knife in his hand.

"Murderer!" squawked Mrs. O'Reilly. "Stay back, sir!" ordered Professor Kropotkin, as he squeezed himself small behind Richard.

"Oh, Al—how could you? How could you have done it? You've killed her—"

"Wait a minute." Richard stopped me. "What's that you've got in your other hand?"

"A hunk of bread. I was just going to cut myself a sandwich—and what's the matter with all you guys? You gone crazy? Can't a man make himself a sandwich without—"

"And can't a girl—" this time the voice came from the couch and we all wheeled around again—"can't a girl practice her concentrating without everybody coming in and making a lot of noise? I'm supposed to be absolutely

quiet and flat on my back—"

"Irma!" I dropped on my knees by the couch, feeling as if I were watching a ghost sit up and talk. "Are you all right? You're not dead? Irma—don't do it—you have got something left in life—you've got all your friends. Don't leave us!"

Her big blue eyes went from one to the other of us in bewilderment.

"I don't know what you're talking about. The man on the park bench said I was to lie flat on my back for a half-hour every day and concentrate. It's hard work, that concentrating. I'm hungry. Al, will you make me a sandwich?"

"Me, too." Professor Kropotkin's knees folded underneath him and he sat down, weakly.

"But your diary, Irma—" Richard persisted. "You said Al was in love with another woman and you were going to end it all. You were going to kill yourself because he only loved you for your money!"

She sat bolt upright on the sofa and stared, accusingly, at Al.

"Al! Is that true? Do you love someone else?"

"Aw, no, honey!"

"But Richard said you did!"

"No." Richard got that baffled look on his face that he always does when he tries to talk to Irma. "I didn't say it. That is—I mean—you said it. You wrote it in your diary."

"Oh, that. I wasn't writing about Al and me."

"You mean you're in love with someone else?" Now it was Al's turn to accuse.

SHE SHOOK her curls. "It wasn't about anyone I know. I tried to write about myself but I couldn't think of anything to say. It didn't seem very interesting to just say that I got up in the morning and I sat on a park bench and fed the pigeons and then Al came over—my goodness! people's grandchildren are always reading people's diaries when people are dead and what would my grandchildren think of me? I didn't want them to be disappointed so I just copied down what they were saying on that radio program I was listening to—and it sounded so much better. Don't you think it sounded nice, Jane? Don't you think it made an exciting diary?"

"Move over," I sighed, to Professor Kropotkin. "I've got to sit down." Mrs. O'Reilly faded out of the door. Al went back to the kitchen to finish his sandwich. Richard opened his mouth to speak, but then he seemed to think better of it, and closed it again. I knew just how he felt.

How could you ever make Irma understand what a diary was for? How explain to her that she was supposed to write her own thoughts and doings in it, not someone else's? How could you scold her for scaring us so?

There she sat, looking so pleased with herself—so obviously wondering what we were all upset about. And then she sighed, looking at me.

"Jane, are you mad at me for something?"

"No. No, of course, I'm not—" then I stopped. "Yes, I am, too. You've been wearing my blue coat again. And my best nightgown and using my good night cream!"

And as I went into the bedroom to take off my hat, I heard her say to Richard—"Oh, I'm so glad Jane is herself again. She acted so funny today and I was worried!"

My Husband, Al Jolson

(Continued from page 22)

even before we were married.

It was in Little Rock, Arkansas, that I first saw Al Jolson—on the screen. I knew him as the first star of talking pictures . . . "Wonder Bar" . . . "The Jazz Singer" . . . Those were my convent days, before I graduated into medical school.

I think right now would be a good time to settle, once and for all, those rumors going around about how Al "discovered" me. Rumors which I more than suspect my husband had a hand in starting. He likes to tease me and I have heard him, with an absolutely straight face, tell our visitors how he found his "hillbilly" wife, who never wore shoes until after he married her.

Shades of Grandmother Galbraith! To say nothing of my Chennau ancestors—who are probably turning over in their graves at such *lèse majesté*. The last time I visited our home in Little Rock I had the feeling I should slink past the portrait gallery with my head averted, or else I was going to catch a scolding from those prim, straitlaced, hoop-skirted ladies or a stern eye from those Civil War-uniformed, mustached gentlemen forebears. They were the De Chennau of Kentucky—my mother's family—and my sisters and brothers and myself were always supposed to model ourselves after their aristocratic behavior. Playing cards, dancing and going to the movies was forbidden and though these rules were relaxed somewhat as we grew older, you can well imagine the dismay it brought my family when I announced I was going to marry into the theater and live in sinful Hollywood!

MY SISTERS were sure they were going to lose me forever . . . that I was going to some faraway place, into another world from theirs.

Actually, my marriage has meant no separation. My sisters and their families have been so captivated by California they now live in Hollywood, too, and we see a great deal of each other. My father has retired, and he and Mother also live near us. Al and my father are great sports fans and attend every baseball game and football game together. While, as for Mother—! she adores Al and hardly a night goes by, when we are at home, that he doesn't insist we run down and see the folks for an hour or so. They wage long gin-rummy battles together, and it was a very special occasion when Al decided to show Mother the Hollywood night life and she had her first champagne cocktail!

Further to disperse any notion that Al met me at the door of a share-cropper's cabin, let me say that our meeting was quite ordinary, for wartime. I was an X-ray technician, a civilian attached to the Army and Navy Hospital in Hot Springs, Arkansas, when Al Jolson came there to entertain the troops. I was standing all during the show, with an Army nurse, and my civilian dress must have been quite noticeable in that crowd.

Immediately afterwards, a friend brought Al over to be introduced.

His first words were characteristic. Al is not a man to waste time.

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stage," he explained, casual as anything. He asked me if I wanted to go into movies... and it wasn't the usual 'line' because not long afterwards, although Al had gone on in his tour, a motion picture offer *did* come through.

Now, I *knew* I'd never be an actress. For one thing, there's my very pronounced Arkansas drawl. And I haven't that kind of ambition.

But who could resist the chance to go to Hollywood and have a screen test? To me, it was like a chance for a wonderful vacation and it was in that spirit I accepted it. Al had been writing me, off and on, and I thought it very kind of him to be interested, but I didn't suppose his interest to be serious.

I didn't expect him to be waiting for me—at six o'clock in the morning!—when my train pulled into Los Angeles! Eight months later, in 1945, we drove to Port Site, Arizona, and were married.

With the showing of the motion picture "The Jolson Story," I realized how tremendously popular Al is with people. I had always known that he was a great name in the American theater—even in Little Rock, Arkansas, we do hear of such stage smash hits as "Hold On To Your Hats!"—but it wasn't until the fan mail began to pour in from people who had seen the movie that I fully realized how much everyone loved him.

And for the same reasons I do. For his warm, generous personality. For the way he *gives*—of his talents, his time. For the standards he sets himself for his work. Because he really likes people, that feeling of me-and-you reaches out across footlights and makes a friend out of stage audience or radio listener.

Because he is so sincere; because he never says what he doesn't feel, himself—his benefit performances have had results that take away my breath. Once, he appeared in New York on behalf of the United Jewish Relief, to help the displaced persons of Europe, and in that one night he raised *four million dollars* from among two hundred people in the room! He sang his familiar, beloved songs—actually, he auctioned them off, selling them to the highest bidder, talking to them between songs, raising them to such a genuine emotional pitch that the much-needed money just poured in.

All during the war he sang and performed for the soldiers. Though his own work there is not to be belittled, Al is prouder yet of an uncle of his—an uncle who, as the Jewish Rabbi, was one of the four Navy Chaplains who stayed on deck and went down with

their sinking ship, giving up their places in the life-boats that the men might be saved.

The response to "The Jolson Story" has been so tremendous, the studio is reading a sequel to it—the second Jolson story—taking up where the first left off. Because Al has never stopped being a success; he has gone on to other stage hits and to guest performances in the radio. Now, of course, he has his own program—the Music Hall, over the National Broadcasting Company network, every Thursday evening at nine in the East and at six out here in the West.

Perhaps my sisters weren't so far wrong in supposing that my marriage would mean a new world for me. The Galbraiths are of a leisurely temperament, and I must admit that for two years now I've had little opportunity to practice that leisure. I have had to adjust my tempo of living to my very energetic husband's.

Al not only comes awake the moment he opens his eyes in the morning; he is also immediately into the day and the day's plans. A four-thirty a.m. call from his New York brokers is a standard ritual with him (imagine being able to quote and discuss margins and stock market prices before breakfast!) and before he is even dressed he has arranged and re-arranged his work schedule for the day—his song rehearsals, his studio conferences, all the rest.

But I am a late sleeper. I come awake only after fighting up through heavy layers of sleep.

We compromise—with the help of the swimming pool. Al promises not to talk business to me until after breakfast, and to allow me two more hours after that 4:30 call, and I have learned to get up—still half asleep—and follow him down the curving driveway and into the cold, bracing waters of the pool. That does it.

In other ways I think my calm temperament is a help to Al.

He has so much vitality, so much nervous energy, he is consumed with it. Through example, if nothing else, I think I encourage him to relax. Especially when he is first working out the shape of a new show, he needs understanding. You can't *tell* him to take it easy. You have to find the little ways and in-between times to divert his mind from his work and to give him rest. Our cooperative cook and I work out a simple diet for him then, and I have learned to reach the telephone before he does and so save him from answering numerous unimportant calls.

Like all nervous, effervescent people,

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Al has a temper which flares up quickly and is over the next minute. It's fortunate for both of us that I'm a happy-go-lucky person, taking things quietly, refusing to get into arguments.

After the swim and our breakfast, the day really gets going. Al is usually home until at least eleven—sometimes for lunch—but whether he's at the pool or going over a new song with his arranger or blue-penciling a script . . . the telephone rings. And rings! Continuously, until late into the night. It might be a call from New York about his investments. Or from the studio about the shooting on the Jolson sequel or a rehearsal at the broadcasting studio. But whatever it is, throughout all of this, I have learned to go placidly along my own way—while the air is sometimes electrically crackling as Al loses his temper over a mistake or enthuses over a new idea.

I have plenty to do. There are always those suitcases to unpack!

AND I am studying French and Portuguese with a tutor. It's not only a question of wanting to—it's being prepared. Who knows when we'll be hopping off for Paris or running to Brazil? With Al Jolson, you never know.

Then there's the house. Though it's beautifully decorated, its gray velvet draperies and striped-satin-Empire sofas are a little too formal for my taste. Chintz and Early American would suit us better—and certainly would get the approval of our dogs—a necessary consideration! But as any woman knows, re-doing a house takes endless hours of planning and thought and matching swatches and comparing wallpapers—and it can't be done long-distance from Arrowhead or Palm Springs. So that waits—for that improbable time when Al will stay put in Hollywood for a month or two.

A chance acquaintance of ours once said to me, commiserating with me—

"I really feel sorry for you, Mrs. Jolson. Being the wife of an actor must be difficult—actors have so little idea of reality. They live in such an unreal world!"

I can't defend all actors—but I know one who is very much in this world of today. Al is as keenly interested in the news and politics of the world as he is in its entertainment. He reads—he listens to the radio news broadcasts—he argues and debates endlessly with all comers on the issues of today.

And, taking the privilege of a wife to brag, I'm sure that if he hadn't been so attracted to the theater as a boy, he might have developed into another Einstein. He has a mind like a mathematical slide rule, adding up great long columns of figures at a single glance, making lightning calculations in fractions and decimal points while the rest of us are still plodding with two and two make four. His stock brokers still aren't used to it. They make a game out of seeing if they can catch him in a mistake over the last night's market quotations—but so far it's a losing game for them.

That same uncanny quickness of mind helps him in remembering names and faces. I've heard him recall an obscure bit player who appeared with him in some long-ago revue—or remember a chance caller at his star's dressing room at Warner Brothers. Though Al has certainly not cultivated this memory facility deliberately, I can assure Mr. Dale Carnegie that he is right—this is the way to make friends. In fact, it can be a nuisance sometimes, particularly when I have inveigled Al into shopping with me. I have stood

on more sidewalks, fidgeting—thinking of that dress I want to buy—while Al stops to chat with some stranger who has buttonholed him with—"Mr. Jolson, do you remember me? I was in New York—" and so they are off.

Al actually likes to go shopping with me. He claims I'm the "tweedy type," which has meant a good deal of revising of my wardrobe ideas. Being from Arkansas, I have a generations-long tradition behind me with regard to clothes. A woman, in the South, is a female; she starts off on that path with her first steps, and she practically never leaves off. Which means feminine clothes: lace and full sleeves and soft, flowing skirts. Nothing brisk, nothing sharply tailored. So Al's preference for me in tweeds came as a bit of a shock. Now, however—after taking a little time to absorb the wrench, and revising my whole view of myself, I agree with him. (In case anyone should ask me, there's my answer to the question somebody is always asking somebody: Do women dress to please men, other women, or themselves?) There are now six tweed suits in my closet—and this is sunny California!

Radio is a fascinating world to Al. As I said before, he likes people—he feels he owes it to them to do his very best to entertain them . . . and any actor will tell you that the larger audience he has, the better the act. That, to Al, is the great and wonderful challenge that radio offers over other mediums of entertainment—that vast unknowable audience that listens to him from home all over the country. Unlike the audience in a Broadway revue or in a motion picture house, the studio audience at the Music Hall is really just a very tiny fraction of his real audience for that Thursday and it is to these others whom he cannot see and whose applause he cannot hear, that Al pours out the best of his talents.

To me, radio has another attraction.

It isn't routine. It means a new and different show for every Music Hall broadcast. And routine, once a show gets really under way and going smoothly, can be deadly to an Al Jolson. Let me illustrate.

WHILE "Hold Onto Your Hats" was in rehearsal and during the first months of its performances on Broadway, Al worked with an intensity that drove him to make each show better than the last, each line smoother than the night before. Yet—once the show became a smash success—Al became restless. And to add to his discomfort, every night as the footlights darkened and he stepped out from the stage door onto Broadway, he saw that sign. That winking, lighted sign from the travel agency across the street—"Come to Sunny Florida!" Every night he would pull his overcoat tighter up around his neck to keep out the biting cold New York winds and resolutely turn his head away from that sign. But—you guessed it. There came a night he couldn't resist—and the next day he was in Florida.

It can't happen here, thank goodness. Not only does the program originate from Sunny California, but a new and different show every week means a constant new enthusiasm from Al.

Not that, during the week, on those days when he isn't rehearsing, we won't be taking off for a few hours in Del Mar or Carmel or Palm Springs—but—I'm keeping my fingers crossed—maybe I will, finally, get that dining room paneled.

But, as my husband would say, don't hold your breath until I do.



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With All Good Wishes

(Continued from page 55)

mix together fruit, nuts and 1/3 cup of the flour. Sift together remaining flour and salt. Cream butter or margarine, add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Stir in milk and vanilla. Add flour and salt and beat until smooth. Fold in floured fruits and nuts. Pour into 8 by 5 by 3-inch loaf pan which has been lined with oiled brown paper. Bake in low oven (275° F.), 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Makes one 2-pound fruit cake.

Old-Fashioned Fruit Cake

- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 1/2 cups raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped candied lemon or orange peel
- 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup sifted enriched flour, divided
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon allspice
- 1/4 teaspoon cloves
- 1/4 teaspoon mace
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice
- 1 to 2 tablespoons brandy

Mix fruits and nuts with 2 tablespoons of the flour. Mix and sift together remaining flour and other dry ingredients. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add dry ingredients, alternately with cherry juice, mixing thoroughly after each addition. Stir in brandy. Fold in floured fruit mixture. Pour into 8 by 5 by 3-inch loaf pan which has been lined with oiled brown paper. Bake at low temperature (275° F.) 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Makes one 2-pound loaf cake.

Spiced Cranberries

- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 2-inch cinnamon sticks
- 1 teaspoon whole cloves
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Grated peel of 1 lemon
- 4 cups cranberries

Combine sugar, water, spices, lemon

juice and rind in saucepan and boil for 5 minutes. Add cranberries and cook slowly, without stirring, until all cranberry skins pop open. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal, or chill and serve immediately. Makes 2 pints.

Popcorn Balls

- 3 quarts popped corn
- 2 cups light corn syrup
- 3 teaspoons vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons vanilla

Place the popcorn in a bowl large enough to allow plenty of room for stirring. Combine corn syrup, vinegar and salt in saucepan and cook, stirring occasionally, to 250° F., or until a small quantity of the mixture, when dropped into cold water, will form a hard ball. Remove syrup from heat and stir in vanilla. Pour syrup slowly over popcorn, stirring, while pouring, with a 2-tined fork so that all popcorn is coated with syrup. Let popcorn stand until it is cool enough to be handled, then form into balls, pressing just enough to make each one hold its shape. Makes 10 to 12 3-inch balls.

Sour Cream Cookies

- 2 cups sifted enriched flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- walnut halves

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Cream butter or margarine, add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Beat in vanilla and egg. Add flour mixture, alternately with sour cream, beating smooth after each addition. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet and press a walnut half in the center of each cookie. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) until delicately browned, about 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 5 dozen cookies.

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Just Like Jan

(Continued from page 41)

She was graduated from Glendale High School in February last year with her class, despite frequent interruptions for work assignments, and was just as proud of her high marks in Spanish and Journalism as of her success in the leading role in "R.U.R.," the Senior Class play.

There was a painful period when Jan was in Junior High School, her mother recalls, when Jan's young friends, awed by her sudden success, dropped her. The little girl's heart was broken.

"We tried to convince her that it was not her fault," Mrs. Koford says. (Jan's professional name is a slight abbreviation of the family name.) "Wally told her that the kids didn't like her less—they thought she would be too busy, too involved with new, famous friends to have time for them.

"Jan hit the roof at that. She hadn't changed. She hadn't gone Hollywood. She didn't rest until she was back in the inner circle with every one of the girls and boys who had snubbed her."

She still goes to all of their parties—they come to hers.

RIGHT now, when many of her girl friends are announcing wedding dates, she is on a gay whirl of engagement parties.

"But Jan doesn't plan to be serious about any boy for five more years—until she is twenty-three"—her mother says.

"Twenty-two," Jan corrects her, firmly.

The sudden shrinkage in Jan's romantic deadline may have something to do with Bert West, the good-looking U.C.L.A. engineering major who has been giving her a terrific rush.

Bert likes swimming and riding parties, which are Jan's favorite fun too, and his fraternity brothers have voted unanimous approval to his petite, vivacious girl friend.

"You're just what U.C.L.A. needs," one of them told her after a dance at the fraternity house last Autumn, "come on out and register."

Jan, previously content to do her studying—in singing, drama, languages—with private teachers, applied next day for entrance to the University. U.C.L.A., like every other big college in the country, is overcrowded. The waiting lists are enormous, and Jan thus far has not been accepted. If she should receive an affirmative answer, however, her parents are quite sure that she will sidetrack all professional work for as long as it takes to be "educated."

Being "educated" to Jan, like to most teen-agers, has a great deal to do with belonging to the crowd.

Jan's best girl friend, Joan Winchel, entered the University of California at Berkeley this year, and Jan misses her terribly. And she feels she will be missing something really important if she has to forego campus life.

Her parents are intelligent enough not to quarrel with Jan's college ambitions. "It is something she has to decide for herself," he mother says.

Mrs. Koford, who has helped Jan enormously in all of her professional work—she is a photographer's model herself, currently smiling at you from automobile ads—is nevertheless careful not to turn "Hollywood mother."

"Jan wouldn't let me," she says.

The Kofords are permitted by their

daughter to have one photograph of Jan on view in the house—in a double frame with one of Wally. The collection of glamor portraits of Jan, which includes the work of every famous photographer on the West Coast, and which has landed Jan's pert face on the covers of a dozen national magazines, is kept strictly in the bottom drawer, along with the motion picture stills, publicity stories, radio transcriptions.

"The kids wouldn't be interested, mother," Jan says, putting her tiny foot down hard whenever mama—who is understandably proud of her—begins looking in the direction of the scrapbook drawer.

"Jan's right," Wally seconds the motion, and the bottom drawer stays buttoned.

"Wally is worse than Jan," his mother says. About as photogenic as his sister, the fourteen-year-old boy has been approached more than once for modeling assignments, and for small parts in motion pictures.

All he does is yawn.

"I'll do it," he concedes, "but just for the money." (Wally wants to spend next summer in camp and is currently of practical mind.)

But, he adds, what he really wants to be is a baseball player. (The camp is at Catalina Island. So is the training camp of the Chicago Cubs.)

Wally's relationship with his big sister is refreshing. Jan, who is five feet two and weighs a scant 105, is not quite as big as he is—and Wally's physical edge is matched by a masculine authority.

SHE LISTENS to every one of Jan's radio performances—and his criticism—which is apt to be brutal—is the only one Jan wants to hear when she gets home. She listens with respect, and she can take it.

"But if Wally says I did fine, I know I did fine," she says, and then she dances in the clouds.

Wally is equally frank with his mother. When she visited his school recently he asked her please to comb her hair differently next time she came.

Mrs. Koford has been very proud of her sleek, modish coiffure.

"Too fancy," Wally decided. "I was awfully embarrassed."

Too bad, the Kofords think, that all of Jan's professional friends don't know Wally. They wouldn't worry so much about Jan.

"The head-shaking that goes on is terrific," Mrs. Koford says, laughing. "Nothing can stop Jan, everybody says, if only she stays as sweet as she is, as unspoiled. But apparently they think the if is unsurmountable. Hollywood is too used to the story of the charming adolescent changed by success to an obnoxious, demanding, spoiled child."

The Kofords themselves are not worried. They've seen Jan throw off the temptation to go-Hollywood too often, and they know what Wally would do—in the second line of defense—if his sister ever should weaken.

Although she's only eighteen, Jan is an old-timer professionally.

She played her first movie part at the age of eleven after an experience which sounds so obviously made-up that no one has ever printed it. But the Kofords—backed up by their good friends, and neighbors, the Thomas

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Walkers—insist that it is true.

Jan was a talented, pretty youngster and the Walkers thought she "ought to be in pictures." The Kofords pooh-poohed the idea. So the Walkers, without telling anyone, sent a photo of Jan to a "casting book"—a sort of commercial Who's Who (or Who Wants to Be Who) in which aspirants to film fame may buy space in which to display their charms for—they hope—the watchful eye of producers.

In all of Hollywood history, no one has ever been known to have been "discovered" in a casting book. No one, that is, except Jan Ford.

Producers at Fox Studios, looking for a child to play Brenda Joyce as a ten-year-old, spied Jan's photo in the book—and telephoned her father. "Do you have a blonde, blue-eyed, ten-year-old daughter?" they said. "Yes," he said, frightened. He thought she had been in an accident.

But she was wanted for a part in a movie!

This time Mr. Koford thought somebody was kidding him, and hung up.

The talent scout called back, convinced the Kofords that the Studio's interest was legitimate, and they agreed to have Jan at the studio at nine on Monday.

The date set, the family was in a panic. This was Saturday, the all-important date was Monday, and Jan had braces on her teeth!

The family dentist worked all day Sunday taking them off.

Jan had her interview, then a screen-test, and got the part.

Then the producers called her mother.

"Would you object," they wondered, "if we put braces on her teeth?" They were needed for the part!

Reversing the standard procedure, Jan went from motion pictures—and radio—to the magazine covers. She was an old hand at films and the microphone before the photographers discovered her.

Her radio debut smacked almost as much of Cinderella as her bow in pictures. Actually her debut was as a radio writer. When she was in Junior High School, she wrote a radio play which was produced on KIEV, her home town radio station. And Jan was interviewed in connection with the performance! A year later she won an amateur radio contest on Los Angeles' Station KMTR and soon was playing dramatic parts on that and other stations.

Photographer John Randolph was the first big-time lensman to see her possibilities as a cover girl, and was joined

soon by Paul Hesse—whose "three-dimensional" photo-portrait of Jan graces his New York exhibition this Winter, along with those of Ingrid Bergman, Joan Fontaine, and other stars.

In the past year, Jan has "made" twenty magazine covers, worked consistently on the radio, and made a distinct impression in two films, "Shadowed" at Columbia, and "Devil on Wheels," made by Eagle-Lion.

And now she has come into a co-starring role opposite Glenn Ford in Columbia's technicolor picture "The Return of October." If anything were going to turn a girl's head, this might easily be it—for some of the biggest Hollywood names have tried out for this part, and the search for the just right girl has lasted two years. But, being Jan, the only change to look for is the one that had to be made in her name. Two Fords in the same picture being one too many, she'll be "Terry Moore" on the Columbia lot.

Her success has been solid enough for her to be quite independent financially. Of this she seems amazingly unaware, and she trots down town to collect her five dollars a week spending allowance from Andrew Hickox, her business manager, without complaining that she's underpaid.

As a model, she has a beautiful wardrobe, of course—although the clothes she likes best are those her mother makes for her with patterns on her own sewing machine. And her clothes must be more than pretty—hers have to be immaculately clean, and freshly pressed.

"The ironing board is down at our house all the time," her mother says. "And Jan wouldn't think of going out without fresh clothes—from the skin out—every day."

She does her own hair—with a wizard of a new shampoo she discovered when a sample was deposited in the family mailbox. She does her own manicures and pedicures too. She stays tan—for photographic purposes, and spends one happy day a week at the beach keeping bronze-colored.

She is immersed now in re-doing her bedroom at home—and it will be something when it is finished. One wall will be papered—black paper with a design of pink lipsticks and perfume bottles. The other three walls will be done in an out-of-this-world pink. Jan wants an out-sized dressing table, with plenty of fluff, and black lacquer tables and chests. And a white string rug!

"All that—just to sleep in?" says Wally, unimpressed.

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Ben Alexander, granter of heart's desires.

Bride and Groom

(Continued from page 21)

"You mean Helen Gary? No, not even engaged. She works over at the Communications Department. Say, if you weren't leaving, this is a tag dance and . . ."

But Al had already left. Not for his dormitory, but for that corner of the dance floor where Helen was. A second later and Al—usually a wonderful dancer—was stumbling over his feet just as he stumbled over the words of his self-introduction.

Helen was friendly. She thoroughly approved of this tall good-looking man. But she was noncommittal, shaking her head and changing the subject when Al asked, "Did you come by yourself?"

Just then one of a group of girls at the end of the tennis court called, "Helen, we're ready to leave—are you going home with us?"

Ah-h, then she'd come with girls! Al quickly maneuvered Helen across the room to where a dignified gray-haired man was standing. "You're the responsible head of the department," Al pleaded, "so please convince this young lady I should be allowed to take her home."

IT WORKED. Maybe because the department head assured her of Al's utter dependability or maybe because the laughing Helen shared a small part of the excitement that had gripped Al since the first moment of their meeting.

After a midnight snack they walked slowly home through the moonlight. Not once did they talk about the project—instead they talked of the years before, of their homes and childhood—as though both of them sensed that this was to be no casual and brief friendship.

Helen's home was Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where her father was a retired railroad engineer. She was one of eleven children.

Al was from the north. His father was a music supervisor in Sharon, Pennsylvania—and he had attended the Case Institute of Technology, leaving there in 1943 to enter his present work.

All too soon they were at the door of Helen's boarding house. Both seemed reluctant to have the evening end. "It's been such fun," Helen said. "The dance, and talking about home."

Al nodded. "Yes, I'd almost forgotten there were such human things as families and school memories, and . . . walking home in the moonlight."

Helen stood on the top step, smiling down at him. "One mustn't forget that . . . ever," she said softly. As she might have known—in fact, as she now admits she did know—that was all the encouragement Al needed.

"When may I see you again—tomorrow night?"

In the weeks that followed, Helen and Al became a familiar twosome at the dances, and at the little movie theaters in Oak Ridge. Then Al took a two-week trip to Cambridge, Ohio.

"It was sort of a wasted vacation," Al admits now. "I thought I'd get Oak Ridge completely off my mind and just relax—but I kept remembering that town . . . or rather, a certain girl in that town."

There was another outdoor dance the night he returned, and all of happiness seemed to surround Helen and Al as they waltzed beneath a canopy of stars. When the strains of "Home, Sweet

Home" had faded into silence, they walked down the boardwalk, both of them strangely quiet. "I've missed you, Helen," Al said finally, "more than I've ever missed anyone in my life."

Helen turned to look at him, then stumbled as her heel caught in a crack. Al's arms caught her before she fell. For a long moment they looked into each other's eyes, then their lips met in one of the most magic moments of young love—the first kiss.

Finally Helen freed herself. "Please, Al," she said quietly, "let's keep on being just friends. This isn't a normal place . . . we're not leading normal lives . . . how we can possibly tell whether this is real or not?" She hesitated a moment, then added softly, "And all my life I've said I'd wait until I knew it was real." And so Al had to be content to wait. . . .

It was about this time that Al bought his car. "And what a car!" Helen says, laughing at the remembrance. "A Ford coupé, of 1934 vintage, old and dilapidated, painted a sort of patchwork of robin's-egg blue."

Al is even more rueful when he discusses the car. "Without a doubt," he says, "that car resulted in Helen saying 'No' to at least one hundred of my proposals of marriage."

That happened because of two things—the weather at Oak Ridge during certain months, and the condition of the ancient coupé. The first time it happened, Al and Helen were driving home from an evening ride. It started to rain—it was always starting to rain those days. But somehow it seemed only to add to the privacy of their talk as the little car valiantly splashed along the highway. Oh, there were some drawbacks—for one thing, the car smoked so badly that the windshield had to be kept open a trifle. But, as Al argued to himself, what does that matter when you're young and in love?

AT THE thought, he stopped the car and turned to take Helen in his arms. "Darling," he murmured, "you said to wait until we were sure this was something real . . . something that would last for always. Surely we know that it is real. Helen, I want you to marry me."

Helen's voice trembled strangely as she said, "I'm not sure, Al. And I have to be! Neither of us want a war-time marriage, based on excitement and unreality. N-no, Al, I c-can't marry you."

"But you sound afraid," he said puzzledly. "Your voice shaking . . ."

"It isn't fear!" she interrupted him, still shivering. "It's cold and wet—I've been sitting in a puddle of water from that open windshield!"

And that was only one proposal. Fate seemed determined to stage the same scene over and over. Each time when the time seemed right, and Al would phrase again the question that was always on his lips, it would turn out to be a time when they were seated in the little car—and it was raining!

"For months I shivered my way through a hundred proposals," laughs Helen. "I really was serious about wanting to be sure that we really loved each other—and how can you be sure of anything with icy water running down your neck?"

Then came the event that was so important to Al as a physicist, and



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as recognition of his work on the atomic energy project—he was assigned to participate in the atom bomb test at Bikini.

He proposed again that night, and again Helen hesitated, saying, "Al, I can't say 'yes'—I can't be sure. We waited during the war; but how do we know this isn't just the same sort of thing—making a decision because of a dramatic happening, a decision that might determine either happiness or unhappiness for all our lives?"

Al started to protest, but from Helen's side of the little car came the familiar sound of chattering teeth. Yes, it was raining again. And, as always, the car was leaking.

Helen tells of the weeks that Al was thousands of miles away at the Bikini tests. "I was lonely, yes," she says. "In fact, lonelier than I had ever before been in my life. But it gave me a chance to think about Al and me... a chance to decide whether it was to be only the most pleasant friendship a young couple ever had, or a marriage that could be the 'forever after' story of happiness that everyone wants."

The day of the first bomb-dropping at Bikini came, and Helen sat with other girls at the Oak Ridge project, listening to the broadcast of the dramatic event. "When I heard the roar of the static, emphasizing the thousands of miles between us," she explains, "and when I heard the ominous sound of the metronome ticking off the fateful seconds before the first bomb was dropped, all I could think of was Al. The way he had looked that first night at the dance—so tall and straight and handsome. The way his teeth flashed when he smiled, and the tender sweetness of that first kiss the night I stumbled. Yes, even the way he had to fold his long length into awkward angles to squeeze himself into his tiny car. Why, I even felt sentimental about the car itself, despite the hundreds of times I had thought of it as 'The Floating Ice-Box'."

Because of having worked so long at Oak Ridge, Helen was not subject to all the fearful rumors that some people had tried to build up about the Bikini tests. But she couldn't be sure. What if something went wrong—what if all that unleashed fury, that power almost beyond measurement, were to turn the Bikini tests into a frightful and macabre horror of death for all the watching personnel? She was conscious of her lips forming the silent plea, "Let them be all right. Please—send Al back to me. I know now. I know I love him."

Al did come back. "I'll always remember that wonderful night," says Helen. "I couldn't keep my eyes off him—and for once I wanted the dance to end quickly—this time I would have my answer ready when he proposed... the answer that I'd really had in my heart all the time my lips were saying 'No.'"

Finally the dance was over, and Al led the way to the little car. But, driving slowly along the highway, he

seemed to be almost avoiding the subject of their love. Instead, he talked of plans. "I have a chance to go to the University of Illinois—as a sort of assistant in the Department of Physics," he said thoughtfully. "Part of my time will be spent as a student, and part as an instructor. I want to get my final degree as a physicist. Atomic energy is my field, I've known that since high school days—and I've been promised that a job will be waiting for me here at Oak Ridge."

The moon overhead went behind a sudden cloud. Helen waited. Perhaps Al had also been thinking during his time at the Bikini test. And perhaps his thoughts had brought about a different answer than hers—suddenly the years ahead loomed as possibly lonely and empty years... years without Al, without the man she loved.

But, just as suddenly, everything changed—and the years ahead were shining years of promised happiness. For Al was holding her in his arms, and saying, "I love you, Helen. And you love me. We know that, darling—we know it's real. Please say that you'll marry me."

OUR acquaintance with Helen and Al starts right about here. After whatever words Helen used to say her "yes." After the usual lovers' look backward and the "Why did you do—or say—this, or that?" What were you thinking, that time..."

For they started trying to plan their wedding, and right away struck a snag: families. Helen's parents live in Alabama; Albert's in Ohio. Many of the people they'd worked with at Oak Ridge had become their very dear friends. No matter where they were married, there would be disappointed friends in two other parts of the country. That's when they looked at each other and said "Bride and Groom! We'll write them—if we were married on the air, everybody would be there—sort of."

"Oh, Al," Helen added, "wouldn't it be a wonderful beginning, if they chose our letter? Do you suppose there's a chance?"

Some weeks later an excited young pair collected Norman Baietti, who'd come on from Cambridge, Ohio, to stand up with his brother and Vaulline Gary, his sister from Birmingham, Alabama, and drove up to the beautiful Chapman Park Chapel for their wedding—the ceremony that was preceded and followed by their appearance on Bride and Groom.

You know, there was another reason why we wanted Helen and Albert to be our first Radio Mirror love story-of-the-month. Look at their pictures, and you'll see it: Helen is almost six feet tall. Al is six-foot-nine. Way above average heights. If you're very tall yourself, or very small, you know that either way there's a problem. We thought you'd like to know about these two, who solved it so delightfully for each other.

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They Made Us Welcome

(Continued from page 25)

children and I had never been very far from our own four acres outside Springfield, and each day turned up new wonders. There were those we discovered for ourselves like the stretch of road in Indiana where wild honeysuckle crowded close on both sides of the highway, miles of red and white and yellow blossoms, exquisitely beautiful and unbearably sweet. Wild honeysuckle—and I'd been so proud of the one small carefully tended plant I had at home! And there were the things we'd heard about and read about and had seen pictured, which now became living, colorful reality.

At Denver the children saw the snow-capped peaks and demanded to be taken up to them. We left summer below us and stood knee-deep in snow on Lookout Mountain. A blizzard caught us on Pike's Peak in thin hot-weather clothes; we tore up an old blanket to keep us warm until we descended to the summertime of Colorado Springs.

THE SANTA FE trail took us across New Mexico and Arizona. Nancy, thanks to her western movies, had some feeling for the spirit of it, and both children sang "The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe," lustily and tirelessly. Lin remarked that he rather preferred Crosby, and although I sympathized with him, I couldn't mind too much. The children weren't reading history and geography out of textbooks; they were riding through it.

Larry saw his Indians, too, and their adobe houses. Unhappily, the Indian in full regalia, hung with pounds of silver and turquoise, was stationed, not before an adobe hut, but, incongruously, outside a very modern hotel in town!

Then California, and the minor miracle—for Ohioans—of picking oranges off the trees, and the perfect forest of oil derricks, and the state-owned trailer camp at Laguna Beach, where we were permitted to stay two whole weeks instead of the night or two that other camps allowed.

Hollywood, for all the graceful palms on Beverly Drive, held a bitter disappointment for me. I hadn't been able to get tickets for the radio programs ahead of time, and I found now that it was impossible to get them at the last minute. All of my long list of shows were already full to the doors, not only the daytime broadcasts, but at night, as well. I settled for lunch at the Brown Derby—but it wasn't the same. It wasn't radio.

Small wonder, then, that I was excited when we drove into Chicago, some weeks and several hundred miles later! Welcome Travelers tickets—the program that of all others, I'd most wanted to see—were safe in my bag—but even then, I had a last-minute scare. There are laws against driving a trailer through city traffic, and for a while we couldn't find a place to leave the trailer. One camp after another on the west side waved us on, until we finally found one with a vacancy. Lin, who was off to visit a business associate, generously took Larry with him. I dressed Nancy and myself, and at ten that morning we walked into the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman. By that time I'd achieved the state of dead calm that follows too much tension. It had taken a long time and a good many miles, and

we'd made it just under the wire—but we'd made it, my first big-time broadcast!

I wasn't allowed to be calm for long. We'd no sooner sat down than Carl Marx, the College Inn clown, walked through the tables, paging me. It was Lin on the telephone, I thought, and apprehensively found my way to the Welcome Travelers office. But it wasn't Lin. An interviewer for the program was waiting for me, a blank questionnaire form before him.

I'd better explain now that this procedure was a little different from the one usually followed. Ordinarily—as Tommy Bartlett, conductor of the program, explained to us afterward—college boys board trains about 200 miles out of Chicago, and while the trains move toward the city, the boys tell the passengers about the program and distribute cards inviting them to it. At the same time, they keep their eyes open for any celebrities. Chartered busses take the travelers directly from the railroad stations to the College Inn. Each guest fills out a two-page questionnaire, and then comes the big job of selecting the half-dozen or so people who will be on the air. The questionnaires that contain the most interesting information are rushed to four writers who make up the questions that are used on the air. The writers' office looks like a miniature library. They have guide books to all the states and many big cities, reference works on geography, a biographical encyclopedia, and a large collection of books on Americana. They work out questions about places and local customs that should be familiar to the traveler, and the questions are relayed to Tommy Bartlett a few minutes before air time.

BUT I hadn't come by train, and I'd had no chance to fill out a questionnaire thoughtfully and at leisure. Instead, I was being interviewed by a young man who was trying not to look too hurried. I sat there, trying desperately to pick the right, concise answer out of the dozens that crowded into my mind.

The purpose of our trip? That was an easy one.

Points of interest along the way? My head swam as I tried to think back over the whole crowded summer. What would the interviewer consider a point of interest worthy of the program? The mountains, each range incredibly different, incredibly more beautiful than the other? The salt shining white on the Idaho desert? The tunnels carved out of solid rock, through which we drove along the Shoshone River? The unforgettable reds and yellows and purples of the Yellowstone River Grand Canyon? The stern dignity of the Rushmore Memorial in the Black Hills?

Any unusual incidents? Again my mind went blank. Didn't he realize that every day had been crammed with the unusual for us? How about driving into Reno through a land still black and smoking from the ravages of forest fire, past the charred skeletons of Army trucks that had been called out to combat the disaster? How about the brush fire in Idaho, when the flames had come licking up around the car? Or how about the rodeo at Twin Falls, and the hotel in Jordan Valley where Nancy had finally seen and actually talked

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with her cherished dreamed-of cow-boys? And we'd parked the trailer almost under the very plume of Old Faithful geyser, and had gone swimming in mineral water that rose bath temperature out of the ground.

I couldn't have answered coherently. The interviewer smiled and said that he thought he had enough information—but he didn't say that I might be called on the program.

The warm-up period was in progress. Nancy frowned when I would have spoken to her, and sternly directed my attention to the stage, where two of the guests, a man and a woman, were racing to dress over their regular clothing—women's garments for the man, trousers for the woman. I began to relax and enjoy myself. It would have been impossible not to. There was so much laughter, so much going on, such a spirit of informality and friendliness and fun.

Tommy had a nineteen-year-old Army private before the microphone, Clyde Bailey from Pennsylvania. He was on his way to Hamilton Field, he told Tommy, and then to Japan, he hoped as a radar mechanic.

"Did you leave a girl back home?" Tommy asked.

"Yes, I did," said Clyde.

"How long have you known her?" Tommy went on.

Clyde hesitated. "I met her on my last leave."

Tommy's eyes twinkled. "And when was your last leave?"

"Why," Clyde answered innocently, "I'm just coming off it!"

He was given a pen and pencil set for himself, and a suit from a smart Michigan Avenue shop for that brand-new girl of his back home.

Near us sat a Mrs. Alfreda Dzierzanowski and her thirteen-year-old son, Joe. Under Tommy's questioning they explained that they'd come in by train from Buffalo, and that Joe was on his way to St. Bonaventure's school near Sturtevant, Wisconsin, to start his study for the priesthood.

"What city in the United States," Tommy asked Joe, "has a picture of its namesake on a coin?"

"Buffalo," said Joe—and for that he received a wrist watch, and his mother was given a hand bag.

I was so interested in the other travelers that I'd forgotten myself, when suddenly Jim Ameche was standing before Nancy and me—and then we were rising, following him up to Tommy. "Tommy," Jim said into the microphone, "I'd like you to meet Mrs. Mason and her daughter, Nancy, from Springfield, Ohio."

Nancy's eyes went wide, and her mouth made a round O—and I must have looked just as she did. I was on the air! Desperately I tried to remind myself that it wasn't the first time, that a friend of Lin's, Ruth Lyons, who has a morning woman's program over WLW in Cincinnati, had interviewed me a couple of times on my pet household ideas. (In fact—when Ruth was working at WKRC with Lin, she'd dedicated a special program to Nancy the morning she was born, and Lin had sung "Little Girl of Mine." Why, I was practically a veteran—and so, in a way, was Nancy!)

None of the "pep talk" helped. Have you ever felt so self-conscious that you hear every word as you utter it, that a little silence seems to follow your every sentence, a silence in which you hear how flat and idiotic you sound? That's the way I felt those few min-

utes I was on the air. Tommy helped, enough to get me through it. It's easy to realize when you meet him why he's so popular, both on Welcome Travelers and on his morning Wake Up and Smile program. He's blond, built like an Army football player, with a warmth of voice and manner that just automatically raises your spirits and inspires confidence. He talked to Nancy, asked me how we were traveling, suggested that I tell of some amusing incident that had happened in our travels.

"I don't know how amusing it is," I replied, "but when we stopped at Santa Barbara, California, we noticed that ants were very thick on the dry ground. The next morning we found that we'd been invaded! We had ants all over the trailer, all over the walls and ceiling."

"No uncles—just ants?" Tommy asked.

"Just ants," I laughed, "plenty of them! The trailer camp owner came to our rescue with ant poison, and we moved into the city for the day while the poison took effect."

The audience laughed, but in the little private, critical silence that echoed my words, I wondered why. The ant story didn't seem really funny after all.

"What was one of the most frightening experiences you had?" Tommy asked.

I was prepared for that question—I thought. "We were driving through the sage brush outside of Boise, Idaho," I said, "when we came to a brush fire near the highway, and working closer. We were well into it when it came right up to the highway. We rolled up the windows, stepped on the gas, and made a run for it. The heat was terrific, but we made it!"

Tommy turned to Nancy. "What were you doing all this time?"

"Watching the fire," she answered calmly.

I felt that Nancy had come off rather better than I. It had been really terrifying, driving through smoke and flame in that isolated country. But now, like the experience with the ants, it seemed to have gone a little flat.

I felt more sure of myself when he asked about Lin's work. I said that he was in radio, too, and added, "Is it all right if I give him a plug?"

Tommy laughed, and said to Jim Cunningham, the producer, "Take her name and address—we'll send her a billing!" Then he let me talk about Lin and his work, and his ambition to own his own radio station someday.

After that came the prizes—resents, really, because I didn't feel that I deserved any prize. There was a toy truck fully two feet long for us to take to Larry, and roller skates for Nancy, and for me an automatic broiler and a juicer, and a whole host of other kitchen dresser-uppers. Then Nancy and I returned to our table; our part of the broadcast was over.

I WAS depressed, sure that I'd hardly covered myself with glory, but I made up my mind that I was going to forget it, and enjoy the rest of the day. You see, Welcome Travelers lives up to its name; it really welcomes people to Chicago. The broadcast is only the beginning. As soon as we were off the air, those of us who'd taken part in the program listened, along with Tommy and the producer and the director, to a play-back of a recording of the broadcast, while Tommy checked up on his own performance. I listened nervously; I was afraid to check up on mine!

Tommy took us to lunch at the Sweden House, where he told us the behind the scenes story of Welcome Travelers and how the program came to life. "Chicago is the transportation center of the country," he explained, "with 50,000 travelers passing through each day. The idea of the show is to reflect the thousands of human interest stories behind the mass movement—to let the people themselves tell why they are traveling, whether their reasons are sad, silly or startling. People are interested in people."

After luncheon we went back to the Sherman, where Hank Kovalchin, one of the young Welcome Travelers staff, met us at the travel desk. By pre-arrangement, Lin was also there with Larry, whom he turned over to me before hurrying off to keep another business appointment. I was glad that we hadn't a chance to talk. In anything that has to do with radio, Lin is a severe critic; I didn't want to hear what he'd have to say—or, worse, what he would kindly refrain from saying—about my performance on the air.

Hank made the children utterly happy by leading us out to a sightseeing bus which was to take us on a tour of Chicago.

We moved down State Street, through the great aisle of famous department stores, swung over to Buckingham Fountain in Grant Park. The huge fountain was shooting great feathery streams of water; we watched entranced while the leaping columns reached for the sun, fell back in shimmering, iridescent clouds.

I looked away from the fountain, and wished for Lin. Here was the Chicago waterfront, the Planetarium, the Shedd Aquarium, the Museum of Natural History, the things he'd said we'd see together some day. I was seeing them now, and I couldn't help wishing that he were with me.

"Look!" Larry shouted, and then went speechless as a slivery sea-plane began its take-off run north of the Aquarium. Larry's current ambition was to run an airport—and he'd never seen a plane take off from water before. It was the biggest single event of the trip for him.

It was after six when we arrived back at the Sherman—and I was supposed to meet Les Lear, business manager and announcer on Welcome Travelers, at six o'clock at the Shangri-La restaurant. Happily, friends of ours from Spring-

field were staying at a near-by hotel. Lin was with them, and I took the children up to their hotel, gave them a quick sponge bath in preparation for the evening.

I HARDLY dared look at Lin. I was still embarrassed at the thought of how I'd let him down on the broadcast. He did give me a smile or two which I took to be consoling, but for a while we were too busy being parents to discuss the program. The children, once clean, promptly opened a window to gaze out upon Chicago, and came away soot to the elbows. Clean again, and down on the street, they set up a clamor to go to the restaurant on the subway.

"Later," Lin promised—foolishly, I thought. "We'll take the subway later. Or at least," he amended, catching my eye, "we'll walk through it."

Dinner was as Oriental as luncheon had been Scandinavian. Under brilliant tropical flowers and palm trees we ate Mandarin beef, fried shrimp, Chinese pea pods, water chestnuts and Casaba melon.

The children's heads were nodding and their eyes were heavy as we left the Shangri-La. Lin and I had some hopes that they would have forgotten their walk through the subway, but they came awake just long enough to remind him of their rights. "Daddy, don't forget that we want to walk through the subway!"—and being a dutiful father, Lin walked them through the subway on his way to pick up our car in the parking lot.

Two minutes after we were all in the car and had set out for the parked trailer, the children were asleep. I was tired, too, but not at all sleepy. Too much had happened that day; it had been a perfect climax for our summer-long wandering. No—not quite perfect. Remembering the broadcast, I glanced sidewise at Lin, found him looking at me.

"What's on your mind?" he asked. "I was just thinking," I answered evasively, "—we started out to see America, and we saw it—Mount Rushmore and the Grand Canyon, the wheat and the mountains and the orange groves and the oil wells. But do you know, I think that the broadcast today was just about the most American thing of all? I've been thinking of the fun and friendliness on the program, and the different people there—us, and Private Clyde Bailey, who'd met his girl on his recent leave, and young Joe Dzierzanowski, who's starting to study for the priesthood. All of us so different, and all of us having such a good time together. And where else but in this crazy, wonderful country, would you get expensive presents like gold watches and electric broilers and fine leather handbags, just for answering questions that aren't intended to mean anything but fun and nonsense? Oh, I can't explain it! I mean—"

He reached over and patted my hand. "I know what you mean. It's a wonderful country. I'm proud of it. I'm proud of you, too. You did a really terrific job on the broadcast this morning."

I sat up as if stung, and gaped at him. But he meant it. He was driving with his eyes on the road, sweetly, serenely unconscious of my reaction. He wasn't teasing me, nor was he trying to make me feel better. He really meant that I'd done a terrific job.

I relaxed against the seat, utterly content. My memories of the Welcome Travelers program were going to be perfect, after all.

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WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 13)

topping the popularity listings throughout Europe. Back in August, over a special Mutual broadcast, the Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra presented the American premiere of the soldier-composer's "Symphonic Diary." Not long after that, Siegel was informed that Broadcast Music, Inc. had heard his now famous "Diary" and now wants the soldier to mail all his unpublished compositions to BMI for possible U. S. publication.

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Patti Clayton is always coming up with some original idea. Her latest has to do with her fans. The Club 15 songstress has a Club 15 of her own. Each week she lunches a group of fifteen-year-olds from the various settlement houses in Los Angeles. At these luncheons discussions are held on poise, personality and vocational possibilities. Thus Patti's fan clubs are put to practical and helpful use.

* * *
Took time out today to accept an invitation from Ted Price, one of RCA's top television engineers and technicians. We went to the Waldorf-Astoria to watch one of the most exciting telecasts we've ever seen. We saw an operation performed on a man's hand and heard the operating surgeon describe each step of the job. The thing that was exciting was the idea back of this telecast. It was being picked up from the operating theater in the New York Hospital, two miles from the Waldorf, and being beamed directly to the hotel room in which we sat along with about sixty doctors. The College of Surgeons, backed by the Johnson and Johnson Research Foundation, is experimenting with television, in the hope that it will prove to be an incomparable aid to the teaching of surgical techniques. There is talk of installing television equipment in major hospitals, so that students, internes, surgeons and operating nurses may watch operations and learn new techniques while the actual operations are being performed, instead of by methods now in use, such as movies of interesting new techniques and the usual operating clinics, where doctors and internes and students are usually

Norman Corwin, Gregory Peck and a discussion of *The Time Is Now*, a Corwin radio drama starring Peck.



out of the line of direct vision and miss most of what's going on. To date, color movies with running commentaries have been a boon to student surgeons. But, it was pointed out that so far, such movies have tended to be static, with dull, prepared lectures to accompany them on the sound track. In these on-the-spot telecasts, each viewer sees every detail recorded by the camera suspended directly over the operating surgeon's head and the commentary is alive and interesting because it is not from a prepared script, but spontaneous description and explanation of things and techniques as the surgeon discovers them.

The average television set owner, of course, will never be able to pick up these telecasts. They are intended only for very specific groups of students and



Garry Moore is an old drummer boy, but Dorothy Lamour shows him some unorthodox techniques.

surgeons and will operate on special wave lengths that cannot be picked up by the average set. However, they will be a tremendous factor in speeding up the education of doctors and in the teaching of new techniques as they appear to surgeons already established in their practices.

* * *
Five of Hollywood's top acting names have banded together to form a radio corporation called Radio Repertory Theatre, Inc. The group is headed by Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine, Myrna Loy, John Garfield and Ray Milland. The stars will act in their own productions and plans call for the manufacture of transcriptions, buying scripts and, perhaps, buying radio stations. That's one way to answer the big shot sponsors who've put the lid on hiring big stars at big dough for guest shots on major shows.

* * *
The predictions are coming in. Seems that last summer musical programs replacing winter season major shows made such a bad showing in Hooper ratings that sponsors are already nixing ideas being presented for next summer. Chances are that more and more whodunits can be looked for to cool off next year's hot nights. If they can find enough writers to write more!

* * *
Has the "Hootananny" craze hit your town, yet? It's going hot all over the country and the one most responsible for this healthy and entertaining activity is Burl Ives, the nation's No. 1 folk song singer. A "Hootananny" is a song fest evening where everyone gets together and sings folk songs and ballads. Incidentally, material and songs used by Ives on his program are forwarded to Tulane University for use in preparing for its courses in American and English ballads. Burl uses many songs that have never been published, songs which he has picked up in his years of wandering.

SPORT MAGAZINE'S movie of the month

"SPIRIT OF WEST POINT"

produced by Harry Joe Brown and John W. Rogers

STARRING "DOC" BLANCHARD and GLENN DAVIS

Army's famous Touchdown Twins in the thrilling story of the U. S. Military Academy.

"... brings achievement in entertainment to motion pictures."
SPORT Magazine.

Read columnist Biff Bennett's comments on the picture and other sports happenings in the current issue of SPORT.

Look For This Film Classics Release At Your Favorite Theater Soon.

Are you neglecting your most important feature?

Of course you use flattering face powder and just the right lipstick. But do you neglect your most important feature—your eyes? Here's something smart modern girls are realizing; when make-up stops with just a nice complexion and brilliant red lips, neglected eyes appear dull and drab by contrast.

It's so easy to give your eyes *their* full share of beauty-magic—with MAYBELLINE! A few simple brush strokes of this famous Mascara will make your lashes look naturally dark, long, sweeping. And it's so easy to shape your brows gracefully with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then behold the difference! Your eyes are so much lovelier! Your entire face is more attractive, for your make-up is perfectly balanced—*completely* flattering.

So never, never forget to accent your eyes, daytime or evening. Only be sure you use MAYBELLINE, the eye make-up in good taste—preferred by smart women everywhere.

MAYBELLINE CAKE MASCARA in new red and gold-tone metal vanity, \$1. Refills, 50c. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue. Also in 25c and 10c sizes.)



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MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW in subtle shades of Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.



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THERE'S LOTS MORE SMOKING PLEASURE TO THEM

—SAYS *Alan Hale*

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BROS. TECHNICOLOR
PRODUCTION
"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"



A ALWAYS Milder

B BETTER TASTING

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— THAT MEANS *They Satisfy*

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