

RADIO MIRROR

February

25¢

GINNY
STAMPS



Full Color Pictures
ROAD OF LIFE
*
Pepper Young's
Family



SEE THE DIFFERENCE
Maybelline MAKES!

Compare the two sides of this revealing picture. First, cover the right side . . . then cover only the left. What a thrilling difference! Soft, lovely Maybelline Eye Make-up can do the same for *you*. It's amazing to see how much larger and more expressive your eyes appear when lashes are darkened to their very tips with Maybelline Mascara—and brows are gracefully defined with the smooth, soft Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Insist on Maybelline—the Eye Make-up in good taste.

MAYBELLINE SOLID MASCARA in the new gold-colored metal vanity, \$1. Refills, 50c. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue.



MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA (applied without water) comes in handy leatherette case, \$1. Shades: Black, Brown.



MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW in subtle shades of Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.



MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL with fine, smooth, 84 point — so easy to use. Black or Brown.

"HUNGRY, HONEY?"

GIRL: No, I'm not *hungry*. Just *looking*.

CUPID: *Just looking*, she says! "Lovelorn Maiden Gazes Yearningly at Valentine, and says she's—"

GIRL: Smart-aleck! Know-it-all! Instead of poking fun at me, you might try to *help!*

CUPID: *Me help you?* Why don't you stop moping long enough to help yourself? *Smile* at men. *Gleam* at 'em, give 'em the old glitter. They'll eat it up!

GIRL: And then have stomach-ache! You should see my smile, Cupid. Looks as though it got dragged along a country road. I clean my teeth faithfully, but—

CUPID: No sparkle, eh? And "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, now that I think of it—

CUPID: *Now* that you think of it! You beanhead! "Pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*. Let *him* figure out what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then, as I'm walking out, he'll hand me a box containing one bright smile—

CUPID: Nitwit, bright smiles depend largely on firm, healthy *gums*. Ipana not only cleans teeth—it's designed, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, start right in . . . and Baby, you'll be on the way to a smile that'll have men eating their hearts out for you!

NEVER IGNORE
"PINK
TOOTH BRUSH"



For the Smile of Beauty—

IPANA AND MASSAGE

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 27, NO. 3

Coming Next Month



According to our request-letters, it's altogether too long since we've given you Living Portraits on Stella Dallas. So, next month, there they'll be—pages of friendly at-home pictures to bring you up to date on Stella and her family, and show you what they're doing these days.

* * *

Backstage Wife (Mary Noble) and her actor-husband become involved in sinister doings, when relatives turn out to be not quite what they seem. That's next month's picture-story, and an exciting one it is.

* * *

Stories too on Tom Breneman, Roy Rogers, Patti Clayton, Judy Canova—Biographies of radio people whose careers are in the making, and more information about those you already know—Decoration, Food, and Fashion by stars who are as vitally interested in these things as you are.

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The CURLS are BETTER
The WAVES are SOFTER

EASIER TO MANAGE WHEN YOU USE

THE NEW Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE

HOME KIT



Dee Balla, famous Chicago model says: "I use Charm-Kurl Supreme to keep my hair perfectly coiffured."

No other Cold Wave leaves hair softer, more lustrous, more beautifully waved. Laboratory tested, Charm-Kurl is SAFE to use on any type of natural hair. It's so easy to do —takes only 2 to 3 hours, yet the curls and waves will last months and months. Many women help each other and thrill to the fact "They've saved up to \$14.00 each." Ideal too, for children. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.



Now Only 98¢

PLUS 14c TAX
in Canada \$1.35



Introducing

JUDY CANOVA

QUICK, when you hear the name Judy Canova, of what do you think first? Right. Braids, straw hats, high shoes—and corn! But the young lady who has her own show on the NBC network, at a choice time (Saturdays, 10 PM, EST) is the farthest thing from a country bumpkin!

In the first place, Judy, who was born in Florida some 28 years ago, comes from an illustrious family. Her mother, Henrietta Perry Canova is a descendant of Commodore Perry and the Canova branch of the family lists among its famous members the sculptor, Antonio Canova, whose works were in wide demand in the early 19th Century. In the second place, Judy started out as a "long-hair," beginning her music studies under the tutelage of her mother.

The thing that side-tracked Judy from an operatic goal was her radio appearance on the Paul Whiteman show in 1937. Judy's cut-ups on that program received such wide notice that she was offered stage and radio engagements for her zany type of comedy that were just too good to turn down.

Today, Judy's activities line up something like this—she's under contract to Columbia Pictures, she has her own NBC show and, in between, she manages personal appearances.

Judy has decided that since she didn't turn out to be an opera singer, she's satisfied to settle for being a sort of feminine counterpart of the late Will Rogers. Actually, to a large degree, this ambition has already been achieved. Her comments on the happenings of the day have the keen insight and perspective that characterized the beloved Rogers' wit. One nice example was Judy's remark when the European phase of this World War II was declared ended. She quipped, "Now, if Congress would only come to terms, we'd only have one war to fight."

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You can catch
a cold shoulder
in mink, Pet!



YOU should be a heart-throb in mink, Honey.

But that dreamy coat can leave you out in the cold if...

If you forget that even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. For odor can form

without any noticeable moisture. And heavy furs... warm woolen clothes... increase your chance of offending.

So *always*... after your bath washes away *past* perspiration... guard against *future* underarm odor. Use Mum.



Product of Bristol-Myers

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or all evening.

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

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



Introducing ETHEL SMITH

Only her music is Latin—she's as United States as apple pie

AS American as her name, Ethel Smith is still considered the foremost exponent of the Samba, Rhumba and other Latin American rhythms on the electric organ. She's familiar to radio audiences as a guest star on major variety programs, a guest who returns and returns once the public has heard her.

Born in Pittsburgh, Miss Smith was educated at Carnegie Institute of Technology where she studied German, Spanish, French in addition to the organ and piano.

She went to California on a personal appearance tour. One day she was asked to accompany a singer at one of the Hollywood studios and there she noticed an electric organ. Until she tried playing it, she had never found an organ that would give full liberty to her fine finger action and speed. She was fascinated by the new organ and managed to visit the studio daily to practice on it, until she was sent to Florida with a trio.

Ethel was a traveling lady. She made three trips to Cuba and the South American countries. Wherever she went, she always contrived to live among the

people of those countries, studying their customs, their languages and, especially their music. It was inevitable that she should combine the exotic music of Latin America and her love for playing the organ. She began to make more and more successful appearances in Cuba and South America and it was while she was playing there that an executive of a tobacco company asked her to return to New York for a commercial radio show.

Besides winning herself a reputation of being virtually an artist of South America, Miss Smith, through her study of Latin languages, became a central figure in diplomatic circles. Many of the American news correspondents and commentators sought her out as an interpreter, sometimes even as a good-will ambassador, because of her fine understanding of the people.

Since her return, Ethel Smith has made her mark in the film world too. She's appeared in pictures like "Bathing Beauty," "George White's Scandals," "Twice Blessed," "Easy to Wed," "Cuban Pete" and "Walt Disney's Carnival." Her recordings are not to be sneered at, either, what with "Tico, Tico," "Lero, Lero" and "Bon Ti Bi Atrevido."

Introducing HENRY MORGAN

He auctioned off a network—vice-president by vice-president!



WHAT is this Henry Morgan—the brash young man who has injected the first real touch of originality into radio comedy with his wit, sharp satire? The only way to find out—because interviewing him won't tell you—is to listen to his program on ABC, Wednesdays at 10:30 PM, EST.

A good looking, blue-eyed, brown-haired chap, neatly dressed, Morgan might be mistaken for what he likes to call "the average man." That is, until he opens his mouth.

According to Morgan, he was born of mixed parentage—man and woman—on the day before April Fools Day, 1915. A native New Yorker, he started poking fun at radio years ago when, at the age of 17, he went to work as a page boy for WMCA, New York, at eight dollars a week. He discovered very soon, however, that a page boy's opinions concerning programs, announcer or talent were not only not solicited, they were not welcome. In spite of a bit of discomfort here and there on the staff, however, Morgan did work himself up to an announcer's job at WMCA before he moved over to WABC. He wasn't with WABC very long before he went to

WCAU in Philadelphia.

Returning to New York, Morgan was hired by WOR as an announcer. Among his chores was announcing dance bands from remote spots. Finally, WOR decided to give him a once-a-week program on which he could do all the kidding he wanted—a matter of self-protection from the station's point of view.

After a row with the executives at WOR, which he gleefully related in detail to his radio audience, he went on the air and auctioned off the whole network, station by station, vice-president by vice-president, for \$83. The announcers he sold in pairs—"so they wouldn't be lonely."

Early in 1943, Morgan went into the Army. Upon his discharge in the fall of 1945, he picked up with Here's Morgan on WJZ. Then he went west and married actress Isobel Gibbs.

At long last he returned to New York and the Henry Morgan Show finally went on the air. After three broadcasts, Henry got another target for his wit—a sponsor. Morgan is one of the few in radio whose contract allows him to kid his sponsors.



BANG WENT BETTY'S CHANCES!

IT WAS HER FIRST real party . . . "to launch her properly," Betty's mother said.

The nicest boys and girls in town were there, and that one boy in particular whom Betty was so sweet on. Everything went beautifully and there was no doubt that this gay little party was really putting Betty over . . . and then came the candle incident! And from that moment on Betty was not only launched . . . she was *sunk!*

News like that* gets around pretty fast and it can take a girl a long time to stage a come-back.

How About You?

How can anybody be so foolish as to take chances with *halitosis (bad breath)? It's often two strikes against you from the start. And you yourself may not realize when you have it.

Why risk offending when

Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful precaution against off-color breath? So many smart people, popular people never, never omit it.

Before Any Date

Before any date, where you want to be at your best, simply rinse the mouth with this delightful antiseptic.

Almost at once your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

FACING the

Hal McIntyre's band spent five months overseas, doesn't mind one-night stands now.



If Hal (center) didn't relax between numbers, he wouldn't relax at all.



Jean Carlton sings on CBS Sundays with the Stradivari Orchestra.



THERE's a major bandstand rebellion going on. For weeks the Broadway columns have been bulging with items that Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Les Brown and other tune titans are thinking of calling it quits. Now that they have made their reputations and riches, they are weary of the arduous one night stands, the theater dates and the strenuous five-shows-a-day, the nerve-racking recording dates. Harried ballroom operators are finding it increasingly difficult to book big-name attractions and the smoke of battle still hangs over the lush sanctums of Broadway booking offices as the agents tangle with the tired and temperamental baton-wavers.

"I don't ever want to see a bus again," one dejected horn tooter told me. "That's where ulcers are born."

"All the money in the world can't buy you a home-cooked meal when you're making a quick hop between Scranton and Shamokin," complained a prominent leader as he stuffed himself with a Lindy pancake.

Observing this crisis with more than casual interest is mild-mannered, friendly and philosophical Hal McIntyre, whose fine, experienced band is growing in stature with each date and each record.

The McIntyre band spends seventy-five per cent of its time on the road and in theaters. The rigors of these travels are nothing new to tall, good-looking McIntyre. He got his indoctrination with Glenn Miller's band when that outfit hit the road and found on its bumpy pathway the key to popular music success.

I cornered Hal between rehearsals for a new batch of Cosmo records, a brief interlude between extensive road tour stops.

"I can't say that Harry James and Tommy are

MUSIC

Kate Smith, National Chairman of the Sister Kenny Infantile Paralysis Fund Drive, takes over from last year's chairman, Bing Crosby.



Newest disc jockey is famous sports announcer Ted Husing, on New York's WHN.

crazy," he said, "It's a rough racket. But I don't mind it. I couldn't think of doing anything else and there's no other way a band can reach its public and hold it."

McIntyre is mildly amused when the now-prosperous musicians moan about the unpleasantness of road touring. He thinks it's a cinch compared to the conditions he and his boys experienced when they went overseas to entertain our troops. His was the only major dance band to undertake the trip.

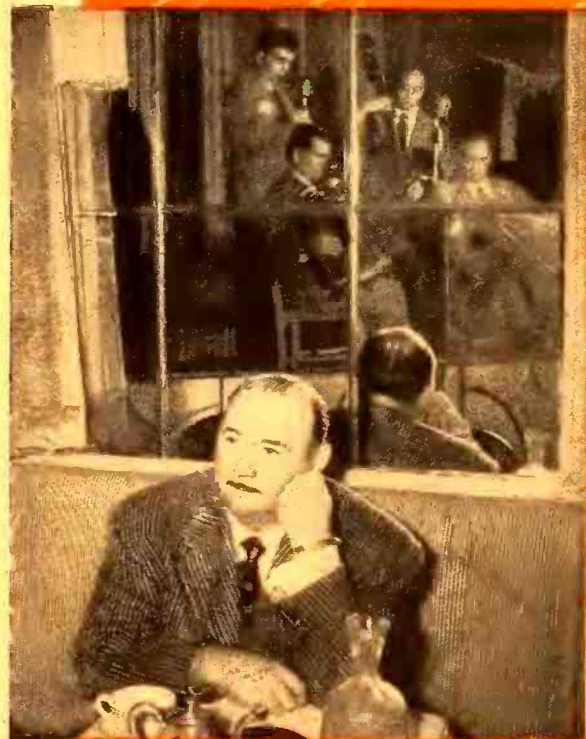
Hal was too modest to recount his experiences but others are eager to tell how Hal's band started with an audition at the Olympia Stadium in Paris, swept eastward and across Germany, traveling in trucks, so the band could start performing at ten minutes notice. It played in enlisted men's clubs, open fields, rain or shine, improvised theaters, wherever enough GI's were around who wanted to hear a bit of home-made American jazz. All told, the band spent five months overseas and gave shows before 450,000 swing-happy soldiers.

"I remember a long time ago seeing a play called 'Gentlemen Of The Press,'" he said. "The hero was a reporter whose wife burns 'cause he's never around at important times like wedding anniversaries, baby birthdays, and Christmas week.

"Today, that gives me a laugh. Baby birthdays! Look, when our first baby was born in Hartford, know where I was?—playing a date in Toronto. It was seven weeks before I could get to see June, my wife, and the kid. You got any kids? You know, then, how agonizing those seven weeks could be?"

Last year Hal and his wife had another baby. Birthplace was the same, dear old Hartford. But this time Hal was in Salt Lake City!

"But I couldn't wait this time. I chartered a plane!"



Paul Whiteman, who started the Joe Mooney Quartet on their way, now M.C.'s the group's own program, Monday nights, ABC.



Sigmund Romberg, who has composed some of America's favorite music, is currently on concert tour. Listen for him as a summer replacement for an evening show.



Three weekly shows leave Perry Como no time for fun and family. A weekly half hour may be the answer.



Hildegard Loretta Sell—better known as The Incomparable Hildegard—lights up CBS's Campbell Room, Sundays at 9.

The most unforgettable moment in Hal's life was the time he and his band were hustling to Columbus, Ohio, from a one-nighter in Indianapolis. They stopped at a roadside diner for coffee. George Moffett, McIntyre's manager, got into a hot dispute with one of the musicians. The owner of the diner, somehow, got mixed in enough to leap from behind the counter and crash a baseball bat in Moffett's direction. Hal jumped towards the diner proprietor, who then grabbed a 12-gauge shot gun, and pumped two bullets which tore through the wall.

"A couple of million Nazis never saw me long enough to shoot at me," Hal said. "It took a hash house owner in Indianapolis to do that."

All is not well with several big network radio shows that emphasize musical personalities. There is talk of a backstage feud between Benny Goodman

and Victor Borge, who merge their talents on NBC each Monday. The Alice Faye-Phil Harris stanzas are due for complete overhauling, and both the Ginny Simms and Dinah Shore listener ratings are disappointing their respective sponsors.

Night club business in New York and other key cities is way off form. One of the few major spots that is doing capacity business is the Hotel Roosevelt in Gotham where the reliable Guy Lombardo band holds forth. One major hotel dancing spot had less than two dozen diners the night we canvassed it, despite the fact that a very well known orchestra was on the bandstand.

The reason you haven't been hearing Ginny Simms on phonograph records is because the record company she signed with, ARA, went out of business. However, within a few months Ginny should be reaching the juke boxes again singing under the Sonora label.

Ted Husing, the sports gabber, is the latest disc jockey, talking and spinning records over WHN. He is reported to be the highest priced record commentator on the air.

"Archie's Little Love Song," Duffy's Tavern's new comedy song was actually penned by Hoagy "Star-dust" Carmichael.

Look for Perry Como to have his own half hour show on CBS in 1947, dropping his three-times-a-week NBC shots. Perry, who came up the hard way, via barbering and mine work, wants to thoroughly enjoy his belated prosperity by lazying around and playing plenty of golf.

Friends are still confident that the Sinatras will be reconciled altho that dramatic night club patch-up, engineered by comedian Phil Silvers, was not the final solution.

Lena Horne has signed a recording contract with the new Black and White company. She'll feature songs from MGM movies.

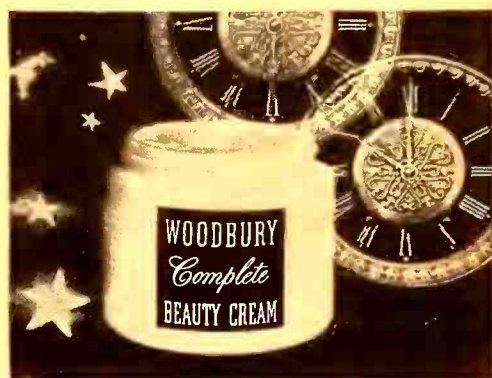
—that Always-Fresh look...



Lovely star, Elyse Knox, has it . . .
 skin sparkling-fresh all day long.
 "For cleansing that beautifies, too—it's
 Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream!"

Elyse Knox

featured in Monogram's Cinecolor picture
 "BLACK GOLD"



WOODBURY
Complete
 BEAUTY CREAM

Beautifies as it cleanses.
 Contains four rich oils
 to soften and smoothen
 tiny dry-skin lines.

around the clock... the Woodbury-Wonderful Way!



**That "Always-Fresh Look"
 this Woodbury-Wonderful Way**

Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Tissue off. Repeat creaming for plus-softening. Tissue. Splash with cold water—skin glows with that "Always-Fresh Look"!

FOR SPECIAL SKIN PROBLEMS

Very Dry Skin: First cleanse. Soften with Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream—Vitone-rich! Under make-up, Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base.

Oily Skin: Woodbury Liquefying Cleansing Cream—melts on skin. Finish with Woodbury Vanishing Facial Cream to check shine. Purifying Stericin in all Woodbury Creams.



8 A.M. Skin morning-fresh after a dewy "cream bath" the Woodbury-Wonderful Way. Even Baby Sharon approves! As Elyse says: "An early-morning face-do—with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—beautifies my skin as it cleanses!"

6 P.M. Luscious-looking Elyse with her football-star husband, Tommy Harmon. Her skin sparkles fresh, lovely, after another Woodbury-Wonderful cleansing. "Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream whisks off studio grime . . . leaves my skin glowy!"

11 P.M. Woodbury time again. Another skin-glow cleansing with Woodbury Cream. "And", says Elyse, "a thin film to soften dryness overnight." Try this Woodbury-Wonderful way, girls, to keep your skin Always-Fresh around the clock!

THIS WINTER

give your hair—

New Beauty



SPARKLING COLOR—let Nestle Colorinse take away that dull, drab look. You'll be thrilled when you see how Nestle Colorinse gives your hair richer, warmer color.



GLAMOROUS HIGHLIGHTS—rinse dancing highlights into your hair. See how these sparkling highlights make your eyes and your whole face look brighter!

SILKEN SHEEN—“He” loves hair that’s silken-soft, satiny-smooth to touch. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair this wonderful sheen. Try it today — after you sbampool



NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
At beauty counters
everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair.

2½ oz. bottle 25¢



Nestle HAIRLAC

New Records

RECOMMENDED by KEN ALDEN



FREDDY MARTIN:

Hits the juke jackpot again with the lovely “Once Upon a Moon” which gives the Martinmen plenty of opportunities to inject their symphonic styles. “You Are Everything To Me” is pleasant stuff on the reverse. (Victor)

HARRY JAMES:

The strenuous horn of the James boy makes this wrapup of “If I’m Lucky” and “One More Kiss” a wax winner. (Columbia)

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE:

Our old radio friend presents a heart-warming album of children’s stories which includes Hansel and Gretel and Brave Little Tailor. A gift goodie. (Capitol)

NORO MORALES:

One of the best interpreters of Latin American rhythms shines with “Carmencita,” a guaracha, and “Vem Vem,” a samba. (Majestic)

DUKE ELLINGTON:

Hard to find anything to top Ellington in style, arrangements, musicianship. His newest disc, “Just Squeeze Me” and the torrid “Swamp Fire” proves all this. (Victor)

VAUGHN MONROE:

The muscular baritone has put out a new album of dream songs none of his many fans will want to miss. (Victor)

EDDY HOWARD:

A singer who is getting more and more attention keeps up the pace with “The Girl That I Marry” and “You Are Everything To Me.” (Majestic)

LARRY GREEN:

A new pianist-conductor who evidently was nurtured on old Eddy Duchin records, shows off his flashy Steinway with “For You, For Me,” and “Either It’s Love Or It Isn’t,” two brand new movie tunes. (Victor)

PAUL WESTON:

A capable arranger issues an album of oldies like “Deep Purple,” “Blue Moon,” and “You Go To My Head” that wins the nostalgia blue ribbon. (Capitol)

SAMMY KAYE:

Two new Hit Parade hits, “And Then It’s Heaven” and “Why Does It Get So Late So Early” get the familiar Kaye hijinks but manage to survive. (Victor)

WOODY HERMAN:

The distinctive Herman vocal on “No, Don’t Stop” makes this a standout. “Heaven Knows” is on the back, where it belongs. On a 12 inch platter Herman turns his orchestra over to composer Igor Stravinsky for the weird and wild “Ebony Concerto.” (Columbia)

JACK SMITH:

Radio’s sparkling singer gives out with “Je T’Adore” and “Why Did I Have To Fall in Love” for good returns. (Capitol)

PEGGY LEE:

Spirited singing with “It’s A Good Day” and the more mellow “He’s Just My Kind.” (Capitol)

SLIM GAILLARD:

Groovy “School Kids Hop” and “Chicken Rhythm.” (Majestic)

DARDANELLE TRIO:

Something different and worth trying is this new instrumental unit pairing the lovely “September Song” with the disturbing bluesy “When A Woman Loves A Man.” (Victor)

GEORGIA GIBBS:

One of our better canaries chirps “Is It Worth It?” and “The Things We Did Last Summer.” (Majestic)

Yours FOR A 3¢ STAMP
 if you join the Book League of America now

-- JUST PICK THE BOOK YOU WANT

HERE is a sensational offer! Pick any one of the four big best-sellers shown below. It's yours for just a 3c stamp, as a New Membership Gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! These novels

are best-sellers from coast to coast. Choose the one you want, for just a 3c stamp. Also pick the one you want as your first Selection, at the Club's bargain price. Take advantage of this amazing offer now!

YOUR 3¢ STAMP BRINGS YOU ANY ONE OF THESE SENSATIONAL BEST-SELLERS



THE STRANGE WOMAN

Angel or Devil . . . Which WAS She?

TO the New England world, Jenny Hager was a righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—she was a shameless, passionate *she-devil*!

500,000 readers have gasped at this amazing character—soon to be portrayed on the screen by HEDY LAMARR in a \$2,000,000 production!



THE FOXES OF HARROW

Flaming Passion in Wicked Old New Orleans!

DEVIL-MAY-CARE Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans, with a ten-dollar gold piece, a pearl stick-pin—and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth and power—won the blue-blooded Odalie—then her sister, Auroré—and finally, the sultry Desirée.

"As sheer entertainment it will take backwater from nothing."—*Chicago Sun*.



BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

He Knew the Whole Town's Secrets!

AS a physician, Dan Field knew the intimate lives and loves of the townsfolk. Yet he hid a burning secret of his own—a forbidden love for the one woman he could not have!

"GEE! What a swell book!" says the *Chicago Sun*. Going like wildfire at publisher's price of \$2.75 . . . winner of \$145,000 in cash prizes!



IN A DARK GARDEN

Even War Could Not Crush Their Love!

JULIAN CHISHOLM sought escape from his passion for his brother's wife by studying medicine. Then he became a surgeon in the Confederate army, only to fall madly in love with Jane—who turned out to be a spy for the Union! Enemies in name, they shared a love so great that even the hatreds of war could not keep them apart.

"A beautiful love story . . . action-packed reading . . . never-ending suspense."
 —*Chicago Tribune*.

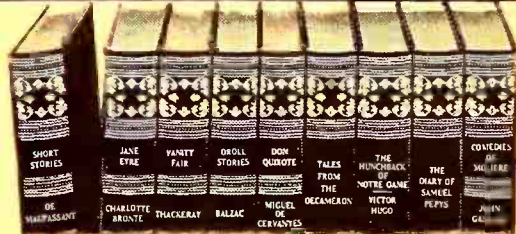
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 MRS. _____
 MISS _____
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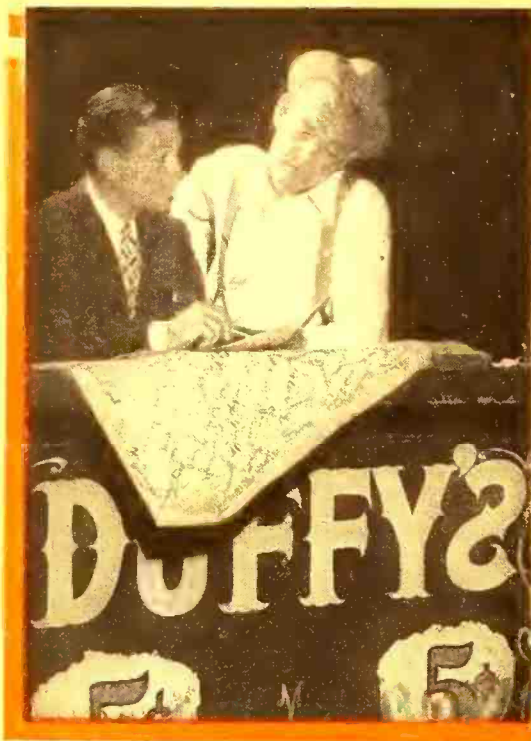
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Slightly higher in Canada. Address 108 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada.

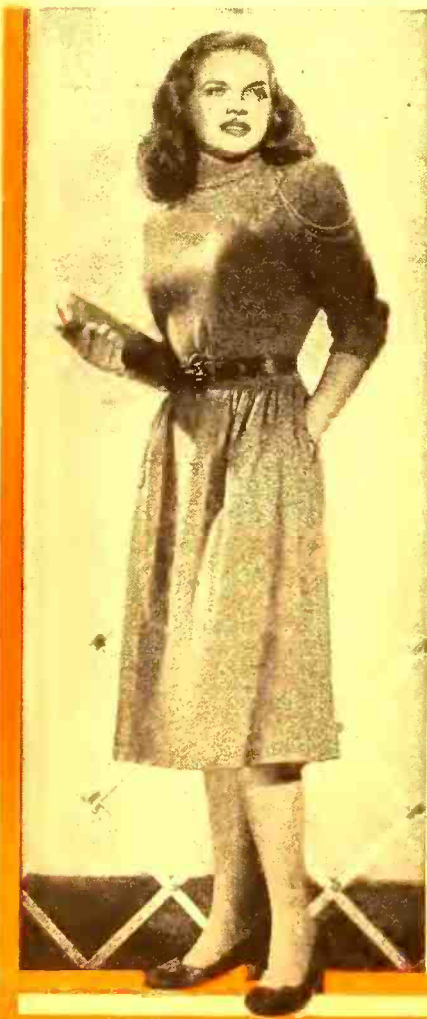
WHAT'S NEW



For "Archie's Little Love Song" recently previewed on Duffy's Tavern, Archie had a famous "collabowriter", Hoagy Carmichael.



Gracie, with fire in her eye, takes over the baton from orchestra leader Meredith Willson, on the Burns and Allen show, heard Thursday evenings at 8:30 P.M., EST, over NBC.



Elaine Rost, CBS, plays all kinds of parts—children to old women—on daytime serials.

EVERY Sunday night most of us tune in on two or three of the nation's most famous news commentators. It sometimes seems as though these men are deliberately trying to panic us. This, we feel, is a dangerous thing. Today, in a new year that is just getting under way, there is a deep need for calmness. The news, itself, is often startling enough. We don't need it pitched at us in a hysterical voice, we don't need the excited "war voices" of 1938, '39 and '40.

There is a crying need today for men who can talk to us in calm, confident tones. There is a need for men who can think clearly, who do not feel they can reach us only through sensational predictions and announcements. There is a need for men who know how to analyze, who do not mix gossip and rumor with facts.

The rant and rave technique belonged to Hitler and his ilk. It should have been buried with them. It is not needed by men whose cause is just, who speak the truth.

So why don't the men at the microphones stop biting their fingernails, as they seem to be doing when they bring us a roundup of news? One of the surest ways to keep peace in the world is to keep our thoughts and our voices under control. We Americans are nervous enough as a people and the staccato, jittery voices coming at us of late have not been helping us or our cause in the world.

We are happy to tell you that the Superman program, which we praised several months ago in this column, has just been given the "Page One Award" by the Newspaper Guild as the outstanding radio series of the year. And this was the show the wise ones said would flop because it dared

By DALE

from COAST to COAST



Visitor Fred MacMurray found Anita Gordon more interesting than Charlie McCarthy.

to touch upon serious, rather than nonsensical, problems!

* * *

Tom Breneman, that genial fellow you hear on the Breakfast In Hollywood show, is now tossing his hat in the millinery ring. He is heading a new firm called Tom Breneman Hat Fashions. And every month twelve exclusively designed chapeaux will be distributed to leading stores throughout the nation. All of this strikes us as rather odd, because Breneman has been making snide remarks about women's hats for years.

* * *

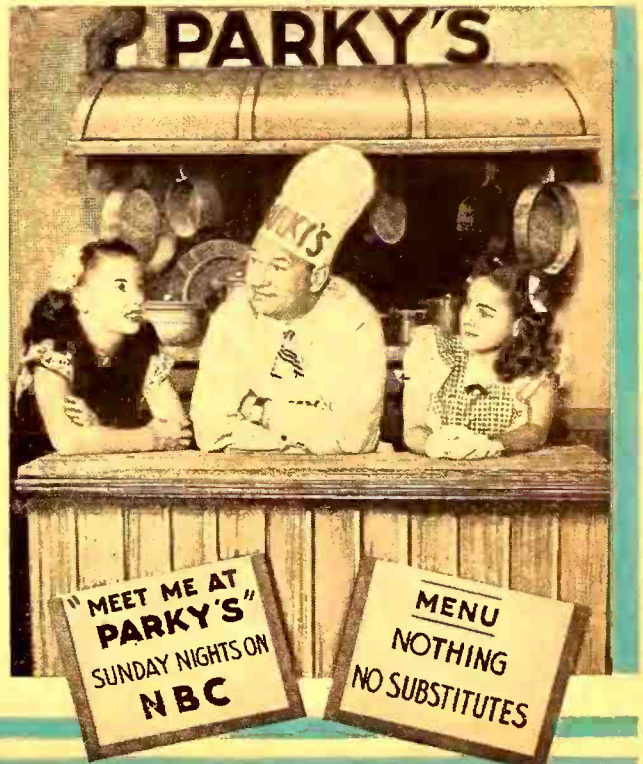
We shared a taxi with Guy Lombardo the other day as he made a quick rush across town from the radio studio to the Roosevelt Hotel, where his band is playing. We asked Guy why his brother, Carmen, had given up singing. Guy wouldn't tell us. When we got to the bandstand with Guy, all brother Carmen would tell us is that he would rather stick to his sax and clarinet.

* * *

There were some ghosts present in the rafters of Mutual's Longacre Theater in New York. All this can be explained when you know that the long-faced Basil Rathbone was in the studio doing an eerie broadcast for Exploring the Unknown. The apparitions were in the form of the ghosts of a gay comedy, "Command To Love," which played in the same theater way back in 1929. Rathbone was the star of that play and, all during air-show rehearsal, he kept complaining that he heard the "ghost-voices" of the past objecting to the fact that the theater had been turned into a radio studio.

B A N K S

Joan Barton, Patsy Bolton, and Parkyakarkus himself.





Dennis Day brought his Mom and Pop along to NBC to meet guest star Jack Haley. Mom and Pop are Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McNulty, and their son is the Dennis of A Day in the Life of Dennis Day, heard Thursdays.

"My logical successor"—that's what John McCormick said of Christopher Lynch, Irish tenor.



Pilot, then reporter, then M.C.—that's the experience of Stu Wilson of CBS's Surprise Party.

From one to another. Burl Ives, whose folk songs have captured the heart of many a radio listener, recently made another conquest. A man with a pork pie hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth drifted into the studio to hear Burl transcribe one of his shows. The man listened attentively, then came over to Ives and said, "I wish I could sing like that." Ives took a deep breath and gulped. The man in the hat was Der Bingle, yes, the same Crosby who has made millions of dollars and friends singing his way. The really good ones, it seems, are never satisfied—not with themselves, at any rate. Maybe that's how they get that way in the first place—good, we mean.

Bernard Pearse, ABC's director of special events for television, went back to school recently. But this time, he went as a teacher and the place was Ithaca College in Ithaca, N. Y. Pearse taught his class the latest technique in the use of both live cameras and film in the coverage of special events. This latest wrinkle in college courses was started by the television department of ABC to help meet the growing demand for trained video personnel. The college kids, Pearse told us by phone, are crazy about his course. Gives the listener something to look forward to, also. Good training now should mean good video, when it gets going.

Many of you have written us asking the best method to break into the radio game. We've always stressed ingenuity. Take the case of Maurie Webster, interviewer on the CBS Surprise Party show. Maurie told us that he got nowhere when, as a high school lad, he first applied for a job at a Tacoma radio station. But on his second visit, he arranged matters so that the station manager had to hear him. Maurie's minister was slated for a broadcast talk, and Webster convinced the pastor that he should go along and introduce him to the radio audience. He did so well, the station manager hired him.

YOU always take a risk of being mauled and pushed about when you go to see one F. Sinatra. But, we've known Frank since those lean days when he first got a job with Harry James' band, so we "risked all" and dropped in at one of his rehearsals a short time ago. We talked about the trend from swing to sweet and then we asked Frank how his fan clubs were going. Sinatra told us about a new one. It was formed by the tough studio crew who worked with the singer on his last picture. Frank is very proud of this new club, because the men who work on the movie sets are a hard-boiled, un-sentimental sort. By the way, did you know that the thin one has fan clubs in 40 countries? People in far off places used to think of Babe Ruth as the typical American idol—now it is Frank Sinatra, who weighs about a third of what the Babe did.

Alan Young is taking piano lessons from Charlie Cantor, who, in the role of Zero, is featured on Alan's programs Friday night on NBC. Young, who used to be a guitar player in a Canadian band, has a fair ear for music and is picking up the piano technique rather quickly. If you happen to get tickets for the Young show, here's a tip. Don't leave immediately after the show goes off the air—hang around as Cantor gives Young his weekly lesson.

All of us have, at one time or another, hummed or sung "Stardust." Now, Hoagy Carmichael, the CBS star who wrote it, reveals that he carried that classic American song around in his pocket for two years before Isham Jones took it and made it a sensation. And Hoagy was an established song writer when he had all that trouble trying to get "Stardust" started!

To the people of Venice, California: We would like you to do a little sleuthing for us. Could you tell us whether or not Mel Blanc actually runs a hardware store in your town? It's probably true, but it seems too much like a publicity gag to us. Mel, as you know, operates a Fix-It Shop on his CBS show and a publicity gal swears that he also really owns this Fix It hardware store in Venice. Could be. But we are leary.

"Red Majesty is terrific!"

says: MRS. RONALD COLMAN

MRS. RONALD COLMAN
delightful wife of the distinguished screen star is one of many Hollywood beauties who give "rave notices" to Red Majesty.

World's Newest Shade!

No wonder this new queen of the reds—Tangee Red Majesty—is a sensation in New York and Hollywood. It's that rarest shade of all—a truly royal red. And you'll love what it does for your lips!

1947's Smartest Case!

Last word in post-war beauty! Gleaming brass—exquisitely etched. A simple twist of its swivel base and up comes your Red Majesty.

America's Top-rated Lipstick!

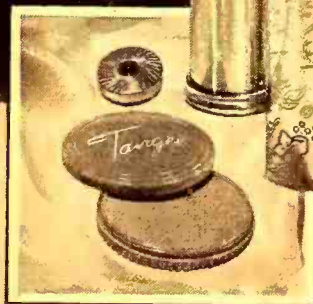
In a recent test of 27 leading lipsticks (conducted by a group of impartial experts) Tangee Satin-Finish lipstick was rated No. 1 ...receiving particularly high marks for "staying power" and ease of application.

PRESENTED IN:

RED MAJESTY RED-RED GAY-RED
THEATRICAL RED MEDIUM-RED NATURAL



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



USE

Tangee...

AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

Or is there a man shortage? . . . On a recent Mayor Of The Town broadcast, Claude Binyon, who plays the role of "Butch," was cast aside by his girl friend. The following week, the 15-year-old actor was snowed under with letters from girls, all of them saying that they'd like to be his girl friend now that he is unattached.

Our congratulations to Peg Lynch, the charming creator of WJZ's The Private Lives of Ethel and Albert, for consulting her radio audience about the time they would like the show heard on the air. Recently, the program department decided that they would like to change the time of this humorous drama concerning the Arbuckles, but Peg insisted that the audience be asked if they wanted the time change. A simple little announcement over the air brought in 10,113 replies, almost all of them saying "Please don't change the time of the show, it's a time when the whole family can hear it." So the show stays on at the same spot, 6:15 P.M., EST. We think that Peg's gesture was a truly democratic one.

Now we are writing about someone we really know and have liked for some time. He may be new to you, but not if you have been listening to the Adventures of Sam Spade on CBS. We're talking about that guy, Howard Duff, who is doing a bang-up job playing that hard-boiled private eye, Sam Spade. We first met Howie during a quick trip we took to the Pacific Ocean Areas during the war. Howard was a GI then, a staff sergeant working with the Armed Forces Radio Service. We met him on Saipan, in a hut occupied by three other characters, Barron Polan, a Hollywood agent, Jack Sher, a thin magazine writer and a red-headed pixie named Bob Welch, who has recently turned producer for Paramount. These four did much to keep the island in a turmoil. Duff, or "Sober Howie," as they called him, was the quietest of the quartet. He was then, as he is now, a big, good-looking guy, very considerate and friendly. He did a fine job as a radio correspondent for the Army, banging around Guam, Saipan and Iwo Jima. Now, we hear, he has been signed for pictures.

For David Low's new book "Years Of Wrath," a cartoon history of the period 1931 to 1945, CBS news analyst Quincy Howe has written a running text that recalls the circumstances surrounding the world-famous cartoons.

As it launches its tenth year, the Dr. Christian program can look back on some fine things accomplished. It is the

only show on the air written by the listening audience, written out of the pain and joy of the average person's experiences. More than 200 rural doctors have become personal friends of Hersholt's. The program has become an inspiration to thousands of lonely and shut-in people all over our land. Its producers and actors can be proud of the fine job they've done in keeping it the simple and heartwarming show that it promised to be on that afternoon it started 10 years ago.

By the time you read this, we may have another full hour show back on the air. It takes a great deal of talent to grab a place in the Hooper free-for-all, but this new show, now in the final stages of preparation, looks as if it will have the stuff to keep us all happy for a solid hour. In the laugh department are Groucho Marx and Mickey Rooney. For romance, in the way of a song, is Frances Langford. Could you ask for more?

Here's a secret little thing we picked up. Edgar Bergen, for a good many years has been trying to duck Charlie. Bergen has always cherished a desire to do a single act. But, no sponsor would buy Bergen as a single. Is that nasty chuckle we hear coming from Edgar's meal ticket?



GeGe Pearson of the Red Skelton Show helped open her own new Fan Club headquarters in Los Angeles.

Gale Gordon plays the title role on Mutual's Case Book of Gregory Hood, Monday nights at 8:30 EST.



Variety in guests and subjects for Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary on Hi, Jinx! Sylvia and Murray Winant talk about a new record album for children while Mrs. Wendell Willkie waits to discuss women in politics.



... "and it's no  **TRICK** to make 'em!"



GLAZED HAM ROLLS

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 cup grated raw tart apple | 1 teaspoon dry mustard |
| 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs | 1/2 teaspoon ginger |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon sugar |
| 1/8 teaspoon pepper | 2 tablespoons melted butter |
| 6 slices boiled ham, 1/8 inch thick | |

Thoroughly mix ingredients for stuffing. Spread by spoonfuls on ham slices and roll. Place in baking dish. Pour KARO Glaze over rolls. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes; baste frequently.

KARO GLAZE: Combine 3/4 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label, 3 tablespoons water, 1/4 cup vinegar, 6 cloves and 2-inch stick cinnamon. Simmer 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Sufficient Glaze for 6 Ham Rolls.



PARTY BAKED APPLES

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1/2 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| 1/2 cup water | 4 baking apples, cored |
| 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon | 1 egg white |
| 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| 1 tablespoon butter | 14 almonds, blanched |
| 4 maraschino cherries, chopped | |

Combine first six ingredients. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Pare upper half of apples. Place in baking dish. Pour syrup mixture over apples. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour or until tender, basting frequently. Remove from oven. Top apples with meringue made from egg white and 2 tablespoons sugar. Insert cherries and shredded almonds. Bake 15 minutes or until lightly browned. 4 servings.

THEY LOOK FANCY . . . they taste delicious! But they're sure-fire and easy. No practice needed . . . no sleight-of-hand. You'll do 'em quick—and right, the first time. Just be sure to have on hand some wonderful KARO' Syrup. It does more than sweeten. It adds *food-energy value* — and the finest flavor you ever struck! Such "dressed-up" plain food disappears like magic, when the family gets a taste. How about trying the recipes tomorrow?

the KARO kid



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*perfect
Valentine
gift*



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KING COLE TRIO



Give her a Valentine gift
That's enduring —
A compact exquisitely
Smart and alluring!
A gift that is useful
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COMPACTS • CIGARETTE CASES • DRESSER SETS

IT'S a long way from the days when the King Cole Trio appeared in New York as an intermission act at Nick's in the Village and at Kelly's Stables. With a radio show on the NBC web all their own (Saturday nights at 5:45 P.M. EST), a featured spot on the Music Hall, NBC, Thursday nights, and an opening at Broadway's leading vaudeville theater, the King Cole boys have every right to be merry old souls.

The soft rhythmic voice and exquisite piano phrasing of King (Nat) Cole, brilliant guitar work of Oscar Moore, and Johnny Miller's throbbing bass have joined together to add a new facet to modern American music.

King Cole, a Baptist minister's son, was born in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1916, received his first musical instruction from his mother, Perlina, when he was still a small boy, and by the time he was twelve, was a capable pianist as well as organist in his father's church. The rest of the family were also musical. His sister Evelyn and brother Edward (who later played bass with Noble Sissle and with Nat's first big band) sang with him in the choir. And of his other brothers, Lionel, who is now 11, and Isaac, 17, the latter is especially gifted and studies piano day and night, hoping to be as good as Nat.

Oscar, from Austin, Texas, was born on Christmas Day in the same year as Nat, and lived as a youngster in Phoenix, Arizona. Here he developed an amazing technique and versatility, playing with his brothers in a four-piece group—two guitars, bass, and violin. (His brother, Johnny Moore, is also famous in his own right these days.) About a year before joining Nat, Oscar had come to Hollywood to do studio work, landing a job at MGM, and he is the guitarist you heard strumming in "Girl Crazy."

Bassist Johnny Miller joined them after a big-band background. And now here they are—the first Negro group to earn themselves a sponsored, coast-to-coast, long-time contract.

Introducing

AGNES MOOREHEAD



WHEN Agnes Moorehead was in New York City, we knew a host of young radio actresses who sat in awe of her. They said it was a little short of a theatrical miracle, the way Aggie Moorehead could read a radio script once, think two minutes and come up with a perfect characterization for whatever part she had been cast in. Now, she's narrowed her range down a bit and the part you hear her in most often is her regular job as Marilly, the sharp-spoken but soft hearted housekeeper on Mayor of the Town—CBS. She's still on call, however, for any program originating in Hollywood which requires anything from eager young children to querulous old ladies.

Agnes was born in Clinton, Massachusetts. When she was still a small child, her family moved to St. Louis. After her graduation from the University of Wisconsin, she sang for a while on a St. Louis radio station until she decided to come to New York and study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

She snagged a part in "Scarlet Pages" and began on an acting career of her own which did very nicely at keeping the wolf from the door.

Then radio began to get into its stride and the daytime serials and other dramatic programs created a new outlet for her abilities. Agnes was one of the first Broadway actresses to enter radio. Ernest Truex, who remembered her in comedy roles on the stage, gave her her first chance in radio as his "stooge." After that, her "stooging" became legendary around the studios.

In 1936, Agnes became a member of Orson Welles' famous Mercury Theatre. When Orson went to Hollywood to take his first crack at producing movies—that was "Citizen Kane"—Agnes elected to stay in New York because of her full radio schedule. But pretty soon a wire came for her, offering her a part in the picture—a fine offer she couldn't turn down. She's been in Hollywood ever since.



Can you tell...
which is the expensive blouse
?

Both are charming...both were laundered with LINIT* Starch to keep them fresh, crisp, dainty. But one cost \$39.75...the other \$7.85. (Look below and see if your guess was right.)

The point is, whether your budget is orchids or oatmeal, anything starchable looks *its best* when you use LINIT. It gives the perfect finish to all fabrics. Easy directions on every package.

It's the blouse at the top that cost \$39.75



... ADDS THE
"Finishing touch"

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LINIT is the smooth, penetrating starch that makes cotton look and feel luxurious as linen. By restoring the original finish, LINIT resists muss and soil. And irons fly—with LINIT!



Helen Neushaefer, color authority...stylist...searches for new colors at private exhibit of precious porcelains.

miracle ingredient **PLASTEEN** gives your nails
 the lasting beauty of ovals of rare porcelain

From fabulously precious porcelains, came Helen Neushaefer's inspiration for her new nail polish. For she knew the ancient porcelain art owned a priceless secret . . . *how to make brilliant colors last*. Now, after years of searching to capture in nail polish this same precious quality, she has a secret of her own . . . **PLASTEEN** . . . a miracle ingredient to *help shock-proof your nail-do against chipping and to add amazing new brilliance*. You'll find enduring loveliness in any of her 12 breath-taking colors . . . and for only ten cents . . . at all chain store cosmetic counters.

Helen Neushaefer
NAIL POLISH

It lasts so long...it looks so beautiful



**The Secret of
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. . . is its miraculous power to "weld" color to the nail. But just as startling is the shining, jewel-like brilliance and the smoother flowing qualities Plasteen gives to Helen Neushaefer's Polish. And to hers exclusively!

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An EXPLANATION to our READERS

ONE of the most satisfying things in the world is to have your dreams come true. But perhaps the most exciting thing in the world is to *make* your dreams come true—to see the things you've hoped for, worked for, take shape in your hands and come a little nearer, at the end of each day's work, to the dream in your mind.

The magazine you are reading—this February, 1947 issue of Radio Mirror—is a dream come true. All through the war and in the hectic times of the early post-war period, there were discussions and plans for Radio Mirror as the magazine really should be some day. Plans were made and revised, tried and discarded, pages pasted into a dummy magazine and torn out again. Each letter you wrote containing a suggestion for a bigger and better Radio Mirror was carefully considered. The research staff made surveys among you readers, to find out exactly what you felt the perfect Radio Mirror should contain.

Dreaming, as you know, is cheap. You can dream that you have a fine new automobile, for instance, and it doesn't cost you a cent. But when you try to buy that automobile, to make your dream come true, you find it's a costly business. Our dreams, too, were costly ones. And then, last November, we were told of greatly increased prices for paper and printing.

But, we told ourselves, this is, nevertheless, the time for our great "some day" to arrive—time to make our dreams into realities. And so, all during November, when everyone else was planning for Christmas, we were planning for our big day—the day when the February issue of the *new*, bigger, more exciting Radio Mirror would go on sale. We put into it the things that you wanted. More full color picture pages. More new stories about your radio favorites. Stories about the home lives of the stars, about their wives or husbands and families. Stories about reader-listeners to whom the exciting adventure of going on the air, of winning prizes, has happened. New picture stories. A wonderful section for the housewife, with an enlarged cooking department and added home features as well. Pages devoted to the answers to your questions about radio and the people in it. An improved program guide, presented in a more understandable way, and kept up to date by the best methods available to us.

All of these things and more we put together in the very best way our editorial and art staffs could devise. Once assembled, they became the February issue of Radio Mirror, which you hold in your hands. The price of this new magazine is twenty-five cents. Thus, rather than allow the inescapable factors of soaring manufacturing costs to lessen the quality of the Radio Mirror you have liked so well, in order to maintain the fifteen cent price in the face of higher manufacturing costs, we have tried to give you instead a magazine which we hope and believe you will like even more, and which you will feel justifies the higher price we are compelled to ask for it.

Will you let us know how you do like it because, after all, it is yours more than ours—if you didn't read and enjoy it, there wouldn't be a Radio Mirror.

The Editors

I ASKED

*Eileen didn't fully
get her wish, but
QUEEN FOR A DAY
did perform a miracle!*

By
**EILEEN
JONES**

Queen For a Day is heard
2:30 P.M. EST, Monday to
Friday, on Mutual stations.



FOR A HOME!

PERHAPS I should let some other Queen tell you her story, because mine doesn't run completely true to form. . . . I did not get my wish.

All contestants on the Queen For A Day radio program, over the Mutual Broadcasting System, are asked what they would like most—their heart's desire—if they were chosen to reign that day. The winner is selected by judges who consider their wishes and choose the one most unusual or most interesting. And master-of-ceremonies Jack Bailey and the companies which sponsor the program really do try to fulfil those desires—they were able to get the Seeing Eye dog that Queen Eloise Lee asked for for her little blind girl neighbor. And they sent Queen May Boss to realize her cherished life's dream, to study dramatics.

Only I can know how hard they tried to fulfil my wish, but in jam-packed, crowded Los Angeles it would take a veritable miracle to find a place to live for myself and my husband and my three-year-old Bobby. That was what I wanted. A place for our very own.

But if I didn't realize my spoken wish, another—a greater gift, even—was given me; became a miracle within me.

So in that sense I *am* typical of all the Queens. I am sure that a spark of the same magic touched them and worked its change in them, too. Perhaps few of them have been as defeated and hopeless as I was that day, but I am sure that they, too, walked into the Earl Carroll Theater, where the broadcasts are held, as one person and left (Continued on page 80)



So much had been taken from me I'd lost my perspective. But I still had Hugh's love.



The gifts took more room in our already-cramped quarters. But now I didn't mind a bit.

Pepper Young's Family

FINDS A GIRL FOR JOE

I WAS pretty happy when I saw Joe Davis' letter lying on the table that morning not so long ago. It had been months since I'd even heard from him. The last time was a year ago Christmas, when he'd phoned from Fort Dix to say he'd just been released from the Army.

Of course, you don't actually get much of a chance to talk during phone calls like that. It's mostly a matter of "How are you, anyway?" And "It doesn't seem possible that it's all over." And "Are you married yet?" and things like that. You're usually too excited to ask about the things you really want to know.

But "What's cooking?" did get an answer from Joe that I was glad to hear. He was looking into chicken farming, he told me—going to find a small place in the country somewhere, put all his money into it, and raise the best birds in the state. Knowing that Joe had planned all during the war to do just this—and knowing too how few of us had actually gone to work on the things we'd been planning to do when we got back—I cheered him on enthusiastically, and extracted a promise that he would let me know where and how he landed just as soon as he was organized enough to write about it. That had been a while ago.



"It seems pointless," Joe said, "to work all day and then come home to sit

Gathered to hear about Joe's love problem, in this story written especially for Radio Mirror, are: on the floor, Pepper (Mason Adams); above him, Mrs. Young (Marion Barney); standing,



Joe planned his farm carefully, except for one detail. It took his friend Pepper Young to handle the romance.

"That's planning," I thought as I ripped the letter open and started to read. "Joe's strong point always was drawing up a blueprint, and going after what he wanted in the order of importance. Wonder if he's made his million yet." But the friendly glow changed to perplexity, then to worry; and, after I'd read the four close-written pages through, I whistled to myself.

It wasn't the point of the letter that bothered me. That was all right—there was going to be a state Poultry Convention in Centerville, about ten miles from Elmwood where we lived, and Joe was asking if we could put him up for the three or four days he'd be in town. "There isn't a room for love or money," he wrote, "and I seem to remember a studio couch on that glassed-in side porch at your folks' home. Tell your mother I learned to be neat and tidy in the Army! And I'll promise not to be a bother to her."

All that sounded like the old, optimistic Joe; but the rest of it, the description of his "beat-up house," the taxes, the floods, the chicken-diseases—Joe had never been one to complain, but it was easy enough to read between the lines and see that things weren't going right at all. There was an overlay of depression, of (Continued on page 75)

by yourself over a can of pork and beans. You begin to wonder what it's for."

Betty (Elizabeth Wragge); in the armchair, Mr. Young (Thomas Chalmers); beside him, Linda (Eunice Howard); smiling at Joe, Carter (Burt Brazier). Listen in daily at 3:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.

Pepper Young's Family

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ANYONE CAN MAKE MISTAKES

When ONE MAN'S FAMILY started out so blithely for the weekend, they didn't know that ahead lay trouble for Cliff, hours of fear and worry for all and a new perspective for Joan



"Joan, don't be a drip!" Pinky told her. "Come on outside and see our snowman. Why, we'll even let you name him after supper."



"Please, Grandmother Barbour," Margaret begged, "let us stay up for a while. Let's all sing something!" So Jack warmed them up with "Springtime in the Rockies" and one by one they all came in on the chorus.

WHO was it said something about the fog coming in 'on little cat feet'?" Hazel asked, glancing out the window. The big living room was warm from the evening fire and the older members of the Barbour family ranged around it in a comfortable, half-drowsy circle.

"I don't know. But I never think of fog as having any body to it; it just drifts in thick wisps." Mother Barbour barely raised her head from her knitting. "I don't know when we've had such a long siege of this dreary weather. Or do I say that every January?"

Father Barbour straightened in his chair. "Now, Fanny—you know you think San Francisco has the finest climate. Personally, I like the fog. I like the way it comes in over Golden Gate. I like the introspective mood it brings.

Hail and rain and snow are violent forms of Nature—sunshine in January is an occasional blessing—but the quiet stillness of fog gives San Franciscans a chance to turn over their mental wastebaskets and empty the year's accumulations of worries."

"A pretty choice of words," Claudia told him. "Joan's English teacher should have heard you."

"Still worried about Joan and her crush on that Mr. Edwards?"

Claudia frowned and then sighed. "Oh, I know it's normal for a girl of fourteen to have an attachment to an older man. It's part of growing up, and I suppose—if it has to be anyone—an English teacher isn't a bad choice. I remember how I thought the doorman at the Biloxi Theater the most romantic person when I was fourteen and (Continued on page 102)

In the picture on this page are, standing: Betty (played by Jean Rouverol), Nicky (Tom Collins), Cliff (Bart Yarborough) and Hank (Conrad Binyon). Seated: Hazel (Bernice Berwin), Teddy (Winifred Wolfe), Mother and Father Barbour (Minetta Ellen and Anthony Smythe), Joan (Mary Lou Harrington) and Pinky. On the floor: Penny (Anne Whitfield), Margaret (Dawn Bender) and Claudia (Barbara Fuller). One Man's Family is heard Sunday afternoons at 3:30 EST, on NBC.



1. It is winter registration week at the University in the D.A.'s town. The District Attorney and his staff, Miss Miller and the ever-present Harrington, are checking the whereabouts and activities of known racketeers, who might go to work as they always do when there's an influx of new people in town. The D.A. is worried. He has heard from other cities that colleges and universities have been made the scene of a singularly sordid kind of racket, one in which veterans who are trying to enroll for courses under the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights are being robbed. According to the D.A.'s information, there are several ways in which the racketeers operate to separate the naive vets from their savings, the simplest way being to offer to help a bewildered veteran who is unfamiliar with the routines in college offices. While being "helpful," the racketeers take over the money veterans bring along to pay their entrance fees, money which they know will be refunded when their GI money comes through. No such racket has yet been reported on the local campus, but the D.A. doesn't want to give any rackets a chance to get started if he can help it.

Mr. District Attorney is heard every Wednesday night from 9:30 t

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Mr. D. A. uncovers a vicious racket, but warns veterans that many like it still operate



2. Already, ex-Wave Marian Hughes is in the clutches of Alan Hanford, one of the racketeers who prey on GI's.

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY has long been a champion of the rights of the people. He makes crime prevention just as much a part of his job as the prosecution of criminals after they have committed their aggressions.

In this case, Mr. D.A. did his best to think faster than a group of the vilest kind of racketeers, but he was not fast enough to prevent murder. (Mr. District Attorney is portrayed by Jay Jostyn. Vicki Vola plays Miss Miller; Harrington is played by Len Doyle; Marian Hughes by Jean Gillespie; Alan by Gordon Ayres; Ivy by Grace Coppin and Bert by Ward Wilson.)



3. Meanwhile, the D.A. has hit on a way to make certain that any campus racketeers will be spotted as soon as they get to work. Miss Miller is to masquerade as a co-ed at the college.



4. Alan works fast. He's talked the confused Marian into giving him all her savings to pay for entrance fees at another college, Alexander University, where he has "friends."

Mr. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



5. Alan Hanford feels his success. He's getting ready for a date with Marian, when he'll tell her she's been "accepted" at Alexander and show her a telegram supposedly from the Dean. Bert, his partner, who arranges all the telegrams for the gang, is trying to get Alan to stop drinking. He's no great brain, but he knows liquor is no fit diet for Alan when he's going to need a cool head later.

The most cynical kind of criminal is the one who preys on the ex-servicemen and women of the country. In this case, one of the nastiest, pettiest rackets against veterans is exposed. Mr. D. A. hopes that this exposure will serve as a warning to all veterans. Neither the police nor the most vigilant of D.A.'s could possibly keep track of every racket or of all racketeers. While everything that can be done is being done to protect the interests of veterans, it is important for the veterans to be on the alert, too. That there are people low enough to take advantage of the lack of information and experience of the young men and women who sacrificed so greatly that all of us—including the racketeers—might be safe, is a bitter thing. But such people do exist and operate.



6. Alan's behavior has made Marian suspicious. Turning up drunk for their date, Alan not only annoyed Marian but he talked altogether too much. Frightened, Marian escaped from him and hurried to the D.A.'s office for aid.



7. Drink-fuddled, Alan has lost his head. In his room, faced with Bert who is worried and insists on phoning their absent boss, Ivy, Alan grows panicky and shoots Bert to silence him.



8. Cold-bloodedly, after dumping Bert's body into the river, Alan has returned to his racket. But now, warned by Marian's information, Miss Miller has managed to get herself picked up by Alan and is baiting the trap that will convict him.

9. Alan and Miss Miller have walked into a trap themselves. Alan did not expect to find Ivy there, especially an Ivy who has just read of Bert's murder and knows who did it.



10. Ivy, who genuinely loved Bert, stupid as he was, has taken her revenge. Inturiated with Alan's treachery and stupidity, Ivy has just stabbed him to death. Only afterward does she realize that Miss Miller has been an unwilling witness to the murder. Although Ivy has nothing against Miss Miller beyond this, she knows she can't afford to leave her alive. Luckily, the District Attorney and Harrington have been shadowing Miss Miller and Alan. They step in and interfere in the nick of time.



Between the

ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION SOME QUIET, THOUGHTFUL POEMS—AND

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: 1946

Your words awake the sun;
They pierce our long night;
"With malice toward none
With firmness in the right . . ."
Your heart knows the price
That makes the heart falter:
". . . so costly a sacrifice
On Freedom's altar . . ."
In your love we cherish
A nation's rebirth
Whose light "shall not perish
From the earth."
—Joseph Auslander

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate:
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.
—Richard Hovey
Unmanifest Destiny

I loved thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
—Robert Aytoun

UNPOSTED

This is a letter I shall never send.
More for myself, this note
That never will be read, that has no
end.

Remember when I wrote:
"It still is winter here?"

More true today
Than when you went away.
Such cold will stay.
Strange how indelible and clear
Some things remain—
The empty station and your train
Suddenly disappearing down the track,
Lights changing, red to green;
The night, enormous, black,
Rushing to meet me. I have seen
That moment held immovable, as
though
Time had no ebb or flow.
Perhaps, by thinking back,
I can be sure of how all seasons pass,
How snow
Accepts the ancient miracle of grass;
Think of a world that once we used
to know
Before this winter of the heart began
To desolate the year.
Those other letters that I wrote you
ran
To many pages. Is there more to say,
With winter here,
With winter here to stay?
—Leslie Nelson Jennings

The Last Word

"A feather in your cap," you say
You've won our little spat;
I'll wear a feather too that's gay
In a forty-dollar hat!
—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

PLAYS

How soon, alas, the hours are over,
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage,
Allotted us to play the sage!
The theatre expands; beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
But when we play the fool, how wide
How many prompters! What a
chorus!
—Walter Savage Landor

WHEN PEOPLE ASK

When people ask
To marry me,
I always tell them,
"No."
It's very nice
Of people
To think about it
Though!
I'd hate the chore
Of sweeping
And to cook
Would be a task.
I'll never
Never
Marry—
But I love to have them ask!
—Mary Carolyn Davies

Bookends

A FEW GAY ONES TO MAKE FEBRUARY BRIGHTER



By TED MALONE

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

FROM SONG—TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
—Ben Jonson

FROM CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
—Lord Byron

Going for the Eggs

After supper, needing eggs, I walked
Down the road to see my neighbor. We talked
Of hens and hogs and how the price of grain
(Which proves half sweepings) makes a man profane
In wintertime. Adding ice and snow together
He said, "We're having quite a spell of weather,"
While I allowed that mercury ten below
And backroads filled from wall to wall with snow
Was quite a spell. His wife agreed with me,
Then fetched the eggs, mediums, and so we three,
Agreeing, said good night. He held a light
High above my head to start me right
Along my homeward way—for it was late
For country folks—a half clock after eight.
—Harry Elmore Hurd

The Quarrel

Forgotten were the dreams we'd held so dear;
Forgotten, too, the vows sincerely made;
In that brief moment fraught with doubt and fear
A lifetime held its breath and softly prayed.
—W. Herman Murphy

(Mr. Murphy: We'd like to send your check, but have no address. Won't you communicate with us?—T. M.)

TERMINAL LEAVE WITH DECORATIONS

Home is my sailor, home from the sea,
To his old home town where he longed to
be;
Met at the train by the town's brass band
With the mayor along with key in hand...
And after the civic interlude,
Bouquets from the feminine pulchritude!
But changed my son, I see—somehow
Unmoved by civilian fireworks now;
My hero has naught but a poker face
As well, it seems, for female grace...
Blase from travel, and touched by fame,
Only his appetite's still the same!
—Carolyn Ellis

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

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for publication in Radio Mirror.

The Best



Background to breakfast for Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt Dehn is the blue Pacific.



Since Baby David arrived he's spent his time either in the camera's eye . . .



. . . Or under the dotting eyes of his breathless and dazzled young parents.

GINNY SIMMS, the brown-haired, blue-eyed singer known for four years as the "GI Sweetheart", owes her real romance to none other than her million devoted GI friends! What happened was this:

In June of 1945 she was taken to a party given by a young bachelor-about-Hollywood whom she had never met. His name was Hyatt Robert Dehn. She had heard of him because many of his friends were film people, and he had squired many of the town's most beautiful girls. But she had never even seen him before they were introduced. When that happened, she had to look far up to see his face, since he was six feet three. He was also bone-thin, wore his clothes with a casual air, and his face, she noted, was a quizzical, highly sophisticated one.

But their conversation wasn't the least bit sophisticated—or quizzical.

He told her that he was an industrial engineer, and currently President of the Defense Housing Project. He couldn't have chosen a subject that would better have caught Ginny's fancy. More than any other woman star, she had been interested in the GI's welfare—singing to them in hospitals from coast to coast, organizing a radio program expressly for them, planning a post-war entertainment bureau for wounded veterans doomed to spend long months in hospitals.

So her face lit up with interest, and she and Hyatt began talking. That talk led to other talks—for three weeks. Then they were married . . . and by this time they're the parents of David Martin Dehn, whose life is the most fascinating of any baby in America.

You don't think so? Well, listen to this: over his crib hangs a microphone, which is hooked up to the speaker system covering all the rooms of the house—so that every time he whimpers Ginny and Hyatt can hear and come running. Also, in addition to the usual picture record of his progress, they have made weekly recordings of his voice ever since he was seven days old. Further, a peep-hole was built in the nursery wall so that guests and Dehns can look in on the baby without disturbing his nap!

But even before all these wonders came to pass, young David's life was unusual: his trip from the hospital to his home was commemorated for all time by a movie. It's a private movie, of course, made by his parents. It shows Ginny checking out of the hospital with her new baby, getting into an ambulance with him, and being received by Hyatt at the door of the Dehn home—with Hyatt wearing a silk hat and carrying a sign around his neck: "I am a proud papa."

However, this early film (*Continued on page 100*)

of Everything



*Covering Cover Girl Ginny Simms: brilliant vocalist,
lovely wife, radiant new mother—and business woman, part time*

"The Nose and



"Your tremolo is slipping, Schnoz,"
Garry says. "You need a voice coach . . ."

the Haircut

By way of CBS each Friday comes
a gifted pair—sprightly Jimmy Durante and
his brush-topped boy Garry Moore



"Then," says Garry, "why not our own lovely song star, Suzanne Ellers?"

I'VE taken on a new job, Jimmy—in the shoddy, shabby and shady suburb in the Shropshire section of Massachusetts—with a flashy, trashy but fairly fashionable cash haberdashery—

... and so they're off again and it's another Friday and once more the Columbia Broadcasting System brings you those two favorite comedians, Jimmy Durante, the Best-Dressed Man—and Garry (Junior) Moore, the Child Prodigy who forgot to grow up. The walls of Studio A tremble as Jimmy rushes hither and yon (he's got friends in Yon), hob-nobbing with the bigwigs, straightening up affairs down in Washington, and pausing now and then to lend a hand when Garry's own inimitable brand of puckish humor gets them into trouble. They both pause, of course, when lovely Suzanne Ellers wanders in to sing. As Jimmy puts it: "she's just the kind of *femme* to *cherchez*!"

Born in 1893 on New York's lower East Side, Jimmy Durante began pounding the piano in an old Bowery night club—so obscure that he can't, now, recall the name. He never learned to read music, just picked it up, and covered possible sour notes with the sound of his own outstanding voice. He sharpened his repartee working in his father's barbershop,



"You work pretty well with our announcer Howard Petrie. Why not let him teach you?" But Jimmy says no to that.



"That's my boy!" replies Durante. for this is an idea he does like. And all by himself he hits high C above C.



"Am I not the fairest in the land, Junior? Do I not catch the eye, and rivet the attention?"

THE NOSE AND THE HAIRCUT

talking very fast at the lathered, and helpless, customers. In 1927, the team of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante made vaudeville history, and from then on Jimmy worked upward. Ultimately, Hollywood sent round the world the image of The Nose and the raucous sound of the voice that makes things sound twice as funny as they start out being. Clayton and Jackson are still with him, working behind the scenes.

Garry Moore is a good comedian because he thinks the whole world is mad—and he thinks it's mad because it almost forcibly *made* him a comedian. He wanted to be lots of other things—a playwright, a sports announcer, a news announcer. But he found his way on to Club Matinee—as a comic—and from then on he was marked. And the result was that he was pitchforked right into his own network show, co-starring with one of our greatest comedians.

Vocalist on the program, blonde Suzanne Ellers started singing professionally when she was fifteen. Only twenty-three now, she spent several seasons with West Coast orchestras, was the voice-behind-the-face in many movies where the leading lady was required to sing, and couldn't.

Announcer Howard Petrie wandered into radio when, as a securities salesman, he tried to sell to the program manager of a Boston radio station. When he left, he was an announcer. He not only announces the Durante-Moore show but is heard in character parts.

Musical director Roy Bargy started out as a "serious" musician, but was won over to jazz by Art Tatum. He has been in the popular field ever since.



Waiting for the go-ahead signal—Moore, Durante, Musical Director Roy Bargy, and the orchestra—any Friday night at 9:30, on CBS.

"It says here . . ."
"But Junior, it's far too
late," says Jimmy.




"Listen to that! What a note! What an
allegretto! What a dulcet, pear-shaped tone!"



Bargy, Moore and Petrie have to
listen . . . but they don't have to like it.





Life

Three women share first

THIS month's group of letters is the most heart-warming proof we have ever had of one odd little fact about happiness: there is no age that is the right age to discover one's own way to it. *Every age is right, if we make it so.* And our proof is this: three letters came to us telling stories so moving that it was impossible to say which of them should be placed above the others. One was written by a girl in her teens, one by a grandmother, one by a young woman working out a problem of marriage and parenthood. To each of these women will go a check for thirty-five dollars, one-third of the hundred dollars that we set aside each month for the best letter.

"Dad says I'm Okay"

Dear Papa David:

I am a girl of just sixteen. My mother was taken away to a State Hospital when I was three years old. There were five of us children, three boys and two girls. Our ages were ten, eight, six, three and four months old. All of us were pretty well broken up as well as Dad. Although we were all very small then, we remember our mother. She was always kind and we loved her dearly. Daddy was always good to her.

After she left, all five of us kids were going to be put up for adoption. Everybody wanted to take us. But "No" was Dad's reply. He said he'd promised Mom he wouldn't part with us if anything should happen to

Can Be Beautiful

place this month, for Papa David could not decide which of them told the most poignant story

her. He also said he was going to stick it out and raise us up as if she'd been with him. He said if they took us, they had to take him, too. Although he had a stiff battle with them, as you might call it, he won.

He had a hard time keeping the three oldest in school and going to work, too. Money didn't permit him to hire a woman to look after us.

Then two of our aunts came to take my smallest brother and me to their homes to care for us until we were old enough for school. We stayed with them for six years. It was hard for our aunts to let us go after keeping us so long, but they thought it best that we should all be together.

When we came back home Tommy was six and I was nine years old. We sure had a time of it, too. No one there to show us but Dad and he has been mother and father to us. We were healthy and happy.

Dad has had chances to marry, but he says he loves his wife too much and says he won't have a stepmother over us children. He said if he searched the whole world over, he could never find a woman to fill mother's place in his life.

In the past fourteen years we've all grown, naturally. Bob is twenty-four years old and married. He has served two years in the states, in World War II. Leroy is twenty-one years old, married and has served three years overseas with General Simpson in the 9th Army. He's been in England, France, Holland, Scotland, Germany—just about everywhere. Annalee is nineteen years

old, married, and has a baby boy. He's three weeks old now. He sure is cute. I will be seventeen in November and have been taking over the task of housekeeping ever since I was thirteen years old. I don't know too much about cooking but Dad says I'm okay. With what recipes I pick up and what the ladies tell me, I manage. I put up twenty-three glasses of grape jelly this year.

I have all the washing to do—on

a wash-board. I keep Tommy in school. He's thirteen years old now. He's in the sixth grade and is doing fine. I have to be just like a mother to him.

I had a ninth grade education so I can help him with his lessons. I get his meals, keep him clean. Really he seems more like my son than my brother. He's pretty good to me, too. Tommy and I get along well.

All of us are praying and sticking together and looking forward to our Mother's homecoming. Some boys and girls say they would die if anything should happen to their mother. Well, it did to ours and I hope this is a lesson to everyone that thinks that way, so they can know that Life Can Still Be Beautiful.

I know from experience.

Miss B. W.

**RADIO MIRROR OFFERS
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
EACH MONTH FOR YOUR**

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York. No letters can be returned.

Blessings to Count

Dear Papa David:

Life can be beautiful even though you are a widow, too old for employment—though still energetic—dependent upon your children and obliged to live in other people's homes.

My husband and I put our substance into raising and college education for two sons and one daughter, all in college at once. We went without a car and much more as our income was average. My husband said over and over, as if it bothered him, "If I go first, the children will have to look after (Continued on page 93)

"IT'S A



Besides being a mother to young Kit and Jeff, Ruth has a full-time job mothering the eldest male Putnam, too!

By GEORGE A. PUTNAM

I SAID, "I have made up my mind. I want to get married. I want a home and a family. Now you have to make up your mind. If not you," I added, twirling my black mustache in what I sincerely hoped was a menacing gesture, "then someone else—"

This is the way—sounds more realistic than romantic, doesn't it?—that I proposed to Ruth Carhart, the girl who has been my wife for six supremely fulfilled and happy years.

According to Ruth's version of my pedestrian proposal, and her reaction to it, the fact that I said I wanted a home and a family touched her more deeply than if I had wooed her with the tongue of a Shelley. She adds—kidding, no doubt—"When you muttered darkly, 'If not you, then someone else'—that did it! I just decided no one else

was going to get you!" As if anyone else—!

Prosaic as my proposal may sound, however, the fact that I was in love with Ruth, completely in love with her, motivated what was actually a canny appeal to what I knew was the deepest instinct in Ruth—the maternal instinct.

So it was. So it is.

Ruth likes to describe me as I was when she first met, and mothered me. "So thin," she says, "A spare 134 pounds. In need of having your teeth fixed. Wearing those tortoise rims." She likes to recall how she put ten pounds on me (easy as pie, the pie she makes, and those apple pancakes!) and how she took me, literally by the hand, to the dentist and with what a sense of creative achievement she replaced the thick-lensed specs with

HONEYMOON



That's Henry, the famous egg-for-breakfast raccoon.

*That's what life is for
announcer George Putnam,
as long as his Ruth
is with him*



George and Ruth wrote "our" song—Rain On My Heart

snappy numbers in a better-looking kind of horn rim. Ruth still takes mothering care of me and is exasperated, as a mother with a child, when she can't get me up in the morning. (But she does, she does!) Or can't get me to have a haircut concerning which, because of Henry, she is currently meeting with stubborn opposition.

Henry is a raccoon. We found Henry when we were honeymooning (six years and some months from date of marriage) in Florida last winter, and adopted him. The lease on our apartment in Bronxville specifies "No cats

or dogs," but it doesn't say anything about children, of which we are blessed with two—Jeffrey, called Jeff, four and one-half, and Christopher, called Kit, two and one-half—and it doesn't say anything about raccoons.

So we have Henry and, to get back to my present lack of sleek barbering, Henry likes my hair long. He likes to run his fingers through it. Henry also likes four and one-half minute eggs for breakfast. When I walked into the kitchen the other morning with my stop-watch in hand and said to Ruth, "Henry likes his eggs four and one-half minutes," I didn't think I had that long to live. When I added, defensively, "You have to tempt Henry," Ruth called heaven to witness that although there was a truck strike on and she couldn't get meat for the children, she must "tempt" Henry!

Just the same, I take good care of Henry. A few weeks ago, I took him to the vet in charge of the Bronx Zoo, for a check-up. When I came home, in a glow because I'd been told Henry's coat is fine, his weight normal, his reflexes admirable, Ruth, torn between the urge to homicide or hysteria, said I could scarcely be happier if I had taken the children to the pediatrician and been told they made Superman look puny!

In her heart, however, Ruth loves Henry as much—well, almost as much—as I do and the kids love him more, if such be possible. One of these days, we hope to have a small farm, somewhere in Connecticut, perhaps, and then Henry will have the right sort of friends. Jeff wants a zebra and I would like to have one of those small kangaroos, and a beaver. . . .

But this is not the story of Henry—this is the story of Ruth and me, and how we met, (Continued on page 87)

Point of Law

The law itself has no heart, not even for people in love. But there's nothing to keep a lawyer from helping to bring a boy and a girl together

BEING a lawyer brings you into contact with all sorts of people you might otherwise never meet—good people and bad, people who love, and people who hate and most of them in trouble of one sort or another. And being a woman lawyer, I've heard it said, makes you much more apt to become involved—because women are supposed to be so much more emotional than men, you know—with these people. Well, that may be so, or it may not. But I do know that I can remember cases I've worked on where I've been pretty thankful for something inside me, call it sympathy or call it curiosity or what will you, that has impelled me to delve deeper into circumstances which seemed, on the surface, to add up to what are called "open and shut cases." If that's being female about my profession—well, I'm awfully glad I am!

I remember one case in particular that wasn't really my case at all. I heard an argument, and a girl crying, and I saw a boy with love and misery and pride warring in his heart, and . . . well, there I was, all of a sudden, right in the middle of it. Let me tell you about it.

I met the Evans girl and the Parrish boy because I took a trip to Lewisburg nearly three years ago. And *that* came about because I'd had a letter from my husband, Walter, who was overseas at the time with the Office of Strategic Services, asking me to see if I could be of assistance to a brother officer. In due time this brother officer, Lucian Thompson, turned up, told me about a lawsuit involving some property belonging to his family, and I set off for Lewisburg, where the property was located, to make a search of the records. Somehow, since it was Walter who had asked me to help Captain Thompson, I wanted to do the search myself—in some obscure way, it made me feel closer to Walter, who had been away so long, and whom I missed so sorely.

Dickie—my son, Walter's step-son—felt the same way about it. Dickie had made some sort of club-

Lucille Wall as PORTIA BLAKE



the star of Portia Faces Life, heard daily at 5:15 EST, on NBC.



"Ridiculous!" Aunt Edith exploded. "I never in all my life heard anything so insane!"

orate plan for the time which I would need to be in Lewisburg, but when I told him that Walter had asked me to go, he gave up the plans without a murmur. Blood couldn't possibly tie those two closer, my husband and my son, which makes me warmly happy every time I think of it. So Dickie and Miss Daisy, our housekeeper, saw me to the train, and off I went to Lewisburg—thinking I was going to make a search into musty old files, never realizing that I was going to search, instead, into the hearts of a boy and a girl who loved each other so much, and an old woman who had not learned in all her years that real love is selfless.

Lewisburg, seat of Rimrock County, is an old town for the Midwest, with a really lovely Colonial

courthouse and square, a modern factory to keep it alive, and a busy little Main Street. I registered at the hotel there on that windy March morning, and then went straight to the courthouse, said I was Portia Blake, a lawyer, and asked permission to search the records in the Thompson case.

Everyone was very helpful—especially a pretty, dark girl who led me to the law library. She found the books I asked for, made a couple of very helpful suggestions, saw that I was comfortable, and started away. At the door she turned to say, "If there's anything else you want, please call me, Miss Blake. I'll be right down the hall—and my name is Maxine Evans, by the way."

She smiled, and I smiled (*Continued on page 63*)

The Little

NINE-YEAR-OLD Norma Jean Nilsson could be any little girl who lives next door.

Any little girl, preferably, who's a baby Bernhardt, has the I.Q. of a genius, and happens to be in love with Jack Carson. "I adore him," she says enthusiastically. "I'd like to marry him when I'm eighteen."

Which is going a little beyond the good neighbor policy, and beyond what's expected of her as Jack Carson's next-door-neighbor, on his CBS program on Wednesdays. But Norma Jean always gives more than enough on everything. One reason, no doubt, why she's the foremost child radio actress today.

The reason also why she could still be the little girl living next door to you. She's unaffected, unspoiled and sweet. An intellectual tom-girl who likes to play hopscotch, skate, and can play a convincing game of "Cowboys and Villains."

Life for her partially revolves around her dolls, a

beloved grey alley cat called "Pinky," and a tiny turtle named "Flower." She bought the turtle at a variety store in Times Square, smuggled him back to Hollywood in a cottage cheese carton, and he lives in style in an old discarded blue granite roaster now. "Pinky" is unimpressed with their present fame, and it takes some tall urging to get him to concede to photographers' requests and pose for special shots with Norma. "Please look at me, Pinky," she begged on one occasion recently. "You're a big shot now. You have to do what they say."

Her father, Dr. Arthur V. Nilsson, a brilliant man, is Professor of Anatomy at the Los Angeles College of Chiropractic. Her mother, who was studying to be a chiropractor when she married, was also talented in dramatics, and Norma inherits her own emotional ability from her. She has an older brother, Arthur, Jr., thirteen, who wants to be a shortwave "ham" radio operator, and to whom (Continued on page 90)

*Norma Jean Nilsson is a star -
but she might well be
your own small daughter!*



Girl Next Door



She's in love with Jack Carson and plans to marry him when she grows up. So Wednesday night at CBS is Norma's favorite time of all—that's when she is on the air with Jack Carson's show.

The rest of the week, Norma spends her time with toys, pets, and things like having Mother fix her hair and fit her clothes—like any other little girl.





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Come and Visit



Kay Kyser's program is heard on NBC, Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EST.

Georgia and Kay Kyser live in a tiny house,

but everything important fits into it—including

Kim. And the door is always on the latch

HEATHER ROAD, which clings to a woody slope back of Beverly, is a very small and inconspicuous street, and the house where Kay Kyser, Georgia, and eight-month-old Kimberly live, is an equally small (for these parts) and inconspicuous house. A pretty house—strictly honeymoon cottage with a vine-covered doorway and brown shingle roof. But it is small—maybe a little too small for the Kyser combination, where you have to mix one confirmed bachelor (Kay celebrated his 39th birthday before he gave in to the matrimonial urge) and one frustrated interior decorator. Georgia, who, as America's most famous model, lived out of a hat box for years, admits to a terrible yen for "fixing up" houses.

Kay, until June 1944, when Georgia and her hat box moved into the Heather Road house, had lived in a cozy litter of old sheet music, new magazines and his great grandmother's furniture. The elements of the bachelor house are still there—the old sheet music and the new magazines neatly catalogued in antique cabinets in Kay's room, the drop-leaf tables, Hitchcock chairs and spool beds—after all they were priceless antiques—displayed to best advantage throughout the house. Georgia may be an amateur decorator, but she knows a pine sawbuck table when she sees one. The changes are subtle, but they're there. You don't have to invade Kimberly's nursery to find out that this is no longer a bachelor's abode.

You could, for instance, just count the pots of green stuff in the living room.

"Never marry a girl," Kay advises, "until you find out how she feels about ivy." Kay learned about this symptom of his wife's secret disease too late. He would have you believe that he and Kim are soon to die a horrible death, smothered to death in a Georgia-made jungle of green leaves.

"Georgia," he complains bitterly, "puts ivy in *everything*. In my grandmother's copper coffee pot—ivy. In my Great Uncle Oscar's brass spittoon—ivy. A thing like this has got to end somewhere."

"Somewhere" turned up, in the day these pictures were taken for *RADIO MIRROR*, in the shape of the old cobbler's bench which the Kysers use for a coffee table in their den.

A cobbler's bench, as even most interior decorators know, was once a functional object. Cobblers—shoe-makers, to you—sat astride the low bench at one end, fished supplies out of a stack of drawers at the other end, and cobbled. Now, rubbed to a fine luster, their drawers filled with cigarettes, coasters and matches, their benches loaded with hors d'oeuvres, they show up in the very best living rooms.

Georgia had worried about Kay's cobbler's bench—like all the other old pieces in the house a genuine antique—for a long time. The black leather seat, she felt, was simply disreputable. With photographers coming, something had to be

the Kay Kysers



When KAY KYSER married GEORGIA CARROLL, he thought he was merely marrying the girl who had been one of America's most sensational cover beauties, and whose career as a singer was getting well under way with the Old Professor's own orchestra. But besides all this, he got, he says, the world's most frustrated interior decorator. She's raided his Southern family for antiques, used them in strange and wonderful ways, added an elaborate nursefy to his small bachelor establishment—so that now it's a home, and one of the happiest around Hollywood.



Georgia lived out of a hat box; Kay lived in a clutter. Marriage has changed both their lives—and they love it.

Come and Visit the
KAY KYSERS



Ivy, Kay fears, will soon take up more room than the family; it's everywhere.



Kim's well-equipped nursery comes with space for an eager father to try his hand at helping.

done. So, just before the cameraman—and Kay—arrived, she ripped out the timeworn and offensive leather, revealing a nice, round hole. Just the place, ultimately, for a plant. In the meantime, a round pewter tray was the best she could do.

"What have you done to my cobbler's bench?" Kay shouted upon sighting the improvement. Georgia had just taken out that "mangey old black leather." And what was she going to put in its place? Some more ivy? Georgia had thought of using a plant.

"And where," Kay wanted to know, "are you going to put the hors d'oeuvres? When you get a hundred people in this four by five room and they want some hors d'oeuvres, where are you going to put the hors



Airing Kimberly is a daily family project; it's usually a slow parade on the terrace.



When it's spoonbread or corn pone, Madelon gives over to the specialist from North Carolina.

Like every other Hollywood infant, Kimberly makes visits to the photographer as regular a part of her routine as visits to the pediatrician.



d'oeuvres?" He conjured up a host of starving guests.

Georgia assured him the bench with a nice green plant in the center would be twice as attractive. Kay groaned. "It isn't supposed to be attractive," he said, "It is supposed to be used. And you have just fixed it so all we can do is smell it. Put it back, I tell you. I won't let you desecrate a hundred-year-old cobbler's bench."

No decision had been handed down as this article went to press.

On other matters of "improvement"—and to give Georgia the credit she deserves, the total effect is delightfully informal and attractive—Kay has given ground gracefully.

As a practical man, he would never have thought a

pretty girl would want her bureau cluttered up with a bunch of blue and white bowls with setting hens on them.

"Egg dishes," Georgia explained. "Very old."

Kay in his bachelor days would never have hounded the antique shops to find egg dishes for a bedroom. Neither, probably, would he have warmed up to a gold and white canopied bed and blue and white patterned wall paper, but he has to admit—now that he has a wife with gold hair and blue eyes to show it off—that it's really very pretty.


"Just don't go collecting seven-foot beds," is the way he concedes defeat. "Remember this is a little house."

Georgia's collecting—like the ivy mania—came as a bit of a shock to a man who (Continued on page 72)


In Living Portraits

ROAD OF LIFE

To know his own heart is not always easy, even for the doctor who is trained to solve the emotional problems of others



DR. CARSON McVICKER, chief-of-staff of the Neuropsychiatric Institute, is a psychiatrist of recognized achievement. Handsome and gracious, she is also very wilful, so used to having her own way that she cannot adjust to any denial of it. The frustration of her love for Dr. Jim Brent, plus trouble with her unmanageable husband, have brought Carson to a state of nervous collapse.
(played by Charlotte Manson)



DR. JAMES BRENT, Carson's assistant at the Neuropsychiatric Institute of New York, is the focus of a tangled emotional situation. An extremely capable doctor, he admires his brilliant, beautiful chief for her professional competence, but all his love is for his wife Carol and their adored little girl Janie. The warmest friendship is all that Dr. Jim can offer Carson.
(played by Matt Crowley)



CAROL BRENT, Dr. Jim's lovely, petite wife, is trying desperately to overcome the natural jealousy she feels toward Carson—an effort made no easier by Carson's public avowal of her love for Jim. But Carol has lived through one unhappy marriage; all her strength of character and bitter experience are behind her determination to make this marriage a success. These qualities of character, as well as her beauty and the charm of her daughter Janie, are finding their way into the portrait that IRWIN DALEY is painting of the mother and child. Largely because of the personalities of his subjects, Daley, who has never before done anything worth while, is turning out a real masterpiece.

(Carol is played by Marion Shockley; Daley is played by John Briggs)



ISOBEL DALEY, Carson's secretary, tired of supporting her shiftless father, artist Irwin Daley, forced him to go to the Brent home to do a portrait of Frances Brent. But instead of painting, Frances Irwin is doing a portrait of Carol and Janie. (played by Mary Patton)



ALICE RANDALL, a school teacher in the small Pennsylvania village of Merrimac, makes her home at the same farmhouse where Carson and Frank Dana are living. A victim of Brewster's disease, which seriously incapacitates her, Alice will not allow the illness to embitter her. She remains simple and gentle, with a sweetness of personality that makes her friendship desirable. (played by Terry Rice)



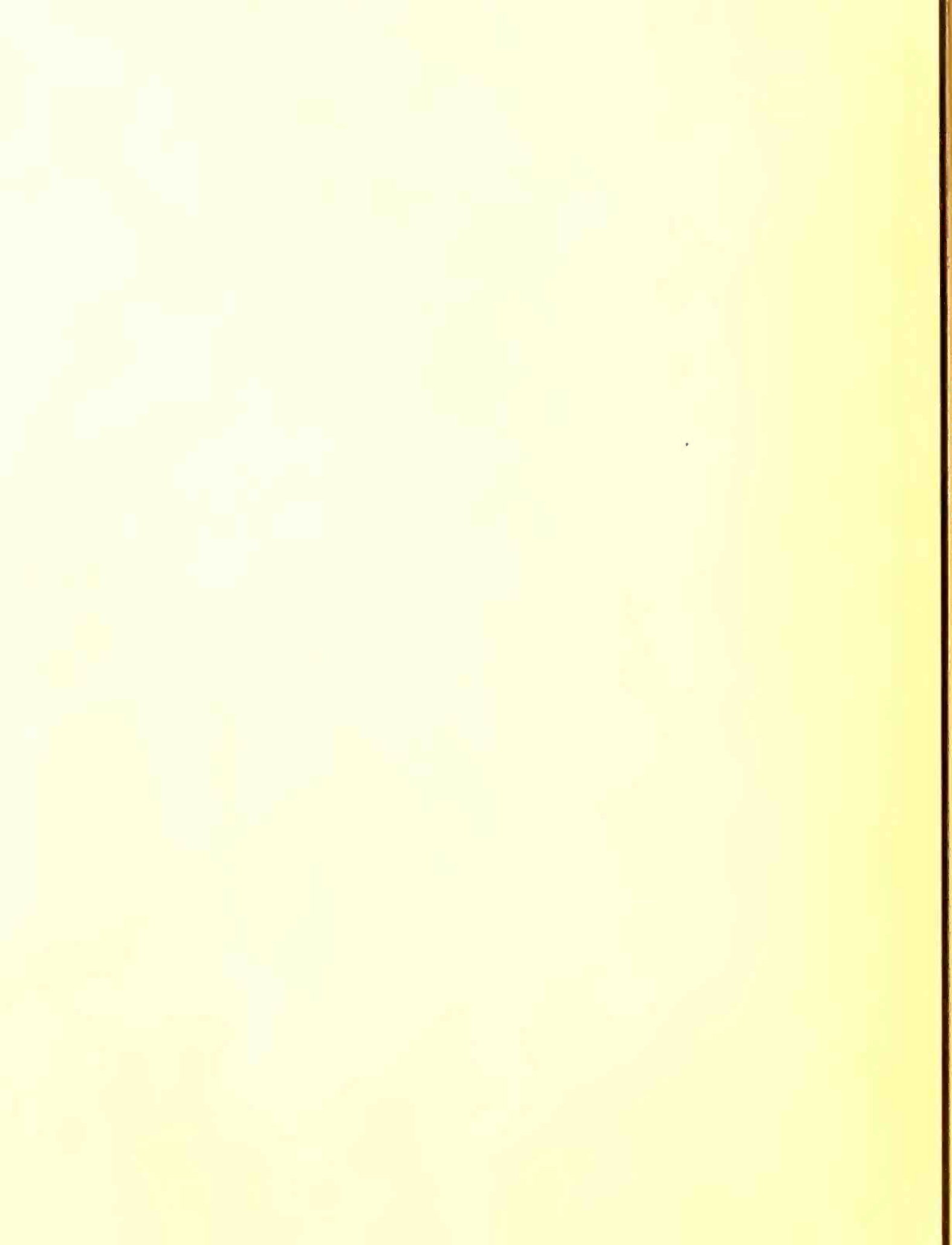


FRANK DANA, former war correspondent, lives with the farm family to whose home Carson came for her much-needed rest. Frank has seen a vast amount of tragedy and destruction; he is sharp-tongued and rather bitter, and when he met Carson was particularly unamiable to her. His estimate of her changed somewhat, however, when his caustic comments helped to maneuver the wealthy Carson into a genuine attempt to do something constructive with her money.
(played by John Larkin)

BUTCH BRENT is Dr. Jim's foster son, a young doctor recently out of the Army and not yet set up in practice. Civilian life is being made harder rather than easier for genial, affectionate Butch by his bride **FRANCES**, a handsome, flamboyant young woman whose orphanage childhood left her with a tremendous fear of poverty, and a fierce determination to obtain money and position. Hard, callous, ill-educated, Frances regards Butch merely as a key to security, but her inability to fit in with his family makes her defiant and reckless.
(Eileen Palmer and Lawson Zerbe)



Road of Life is heard twice a day, Monday through Friday, at 10:30 A.M. EST on NBC, and again at 1:45 P.M. EST, over CBS.





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Onions, green peppers, tomatoes combine colorfully and tastily. Let experience guide you in the seasoning.

*Citizen of the World, this sauce:
at home, and appetizing, everywhere*



Pomegranate seeds in halves of alligator pear make an exotic salad to go well with a simple One Dish Egg Dinner.

AROUND the WORLD



IN A SAUCEBOAT

EVERY once in awhile when the newspapers are filled with discouraging stories about disagreements between countries all over the world I find myself wondering if we are going about the business of international relationships in the most direct and efficient way. I know some of you will feel like telling me to stick to the things I know about and leave international affairs to statesmen who are trained for the job. But even so, and even though I would not for the world seem to criticize their work, I can't help thinking that there is altogether too much emphasis placed on racial differences and not nearly enough on racial similarities, and that if we would try harder to overlook the differences and concentrate on the things we have in common with other countries we might find after awhile that the differences are not insurmountable. Of course, since my two great interests are music and food, my personal observations are in those fields. I know that people of all nations respond to the same things in music; every country has songs of home and childhood and mother love, melodies of young romance and gay dancing tunes. They are not the same songs, of course, but they are the musical expression of feelings which are universal regardless of nationality. I have found, too, that the same foods are used in various nations, prepared in similar fashion. For instance, there is the very delectable combination of onions, green peppers and tomatoes. It is so popular with food lovers in our own and many other countries that I believe it's a valid indication that, if we investigated, we'd find a lot of other shared tastes and ideas.

A sauce made of onions, green peppers and tomatoes is simple to prepare. Onions and green peppers are year-round in the markets, and the tomatoes you use may be either fresh or canned, or you might even experiment with the dehydrated ones. Since it can be used as the basis for an almost endless variety of recipes I have called it my basic sauce.

Basic Sauce

- 2 tbs. margarine or other shortening
- 1 clove garlic (optional)
- 1 medium onion, chopped fine
- 2 green peppers, chopped fine
- 3 fresh tomatoes, chopped fine (or equivalent in canned tomatoes)
- ½ tsp. salt; pinch pepper

Sauté onion and garlic in margarine, using low flame, for 2 to 3 minutes. Add green pepper and continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until onion is clear and golden. Add tomatoes, salt and pepper and continue cooking until all vegetables are tender and sauce is rich and thick. There is almost no limit to the ways in which this basic sauce can be used. One way is Eggs Aleppo, which I so have named because the friend who gave me the recipe is a native of that city.

Eggs Aleppo

- Basic Sauce
- 2 to 4 eggs
- 1 package wide noodles

Prepare sauce as directed. Cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender. When sauce is finished, break eggs carefully over the top, allowing 1 or 2 per serving. Bake in medium oven until eggs are set. Arrange cooked, well-drained noodles on serving plates and top each with a portion of the basic sauce and egg combination. A variation of this recipe is the one-dish egg dinner which we have illustrated on the opposite page.

One-Dish Egg Dinner

Cook onion and green peppers as directed for basic sauce. Turn into well greased individual baking dishes. Add the diced tomatoes, raw, and to each baking (*Continued on page 113*)

By
KATE SMITH



RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

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

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

Easy as it Looks



Julie Stevens experiments with pre-pasted paper

If you think that a penthouse off Fifth Avenue would be the answer to all your dreams, take the word of Julie Stevens, who plays the title role in CBS's *The Romance of Helen Trent*, that there is more to dreams than dreaming them.

Julie has the penthouse. It was her first apartment to do with as she pleased, for she had gone straight from the family home in Ferguson, a suburb of St. Louis, to a succession of hotels and furnished apartments. But—it's tiny. "I'd had visions," she said, "of acres of carpeted floors, huge wing chairs . . . but the tape measure proved that if I put that kind of furniture into *this* room we couldn't get into it ourselves."

So she kept the floors and walls dark, because contrasting colors reduce the size of a room. Instead of the wing chairs of her dream, she has two small overstuffed ones—just right to relax in before dinner while she and her husband (Charles Underhill, a director of short commercial films for RKO-Pathé) bring each other up to date on the day's activities.

"Closets are the hardest to keep in order," Julie told us. "We started out right, but all of a sudden we had a chaotic collection of boxes of all sizes and colors." Casting about for a means of restoring order, Julie decided that a ready-pasted wallpaper was the answer. She chose an all-over pattern of green leaves on white ground, which comes packaged with a border design of horizontal green stripes on white. Out came the boxes to be refurbished—"and everything went back into place that same day!"

From that beginning, Julie went on. She covered her cook book and a matching box to hold kitchen gadgets; she's going to line dresser drawers with it—it won't slip, of course, as the usual dresser-lining will; and in china cabinets it's an effective background.

For decoration, or to conceal damage on a plain parchment shade, cut out portions of the design on ready-pasted wallpaper in ivy or floral pattern, apply in silhouette.



Miscellaneous boxes can be transformed into sets by covering with the same, or blending, wallpaper.



For address and engagement books, or a whole desk set, try smart stripes, diagonal or straight.

Yours alone

—if you make them yourself, as Louise Fitch does



First attempt at an evening dress: lustrous black velvet, boned bodice outlined in gold-embroidered satin. For cocktails (below) two-piece black taffeta, rounded peplum balanced by back-flaring skirt; add glamor with pearls at the throat, brief black satin gloves.



LOUISE FITCH, of the cast of CBS's *Big Sister*, started to sew two years ago. "I was fed up with high prices and poor quality," she said, "as who isn't? But I didn't even have the time for a sewing course. I just got some material and a pattern and went ahead."

"Follow directions" became her law, after one or two failures because the directions seemed too complicated. And "start on cheap material" is her advice to beginners. Suits are difficult, but Louise has achieved two. The white one (right) fits perfectly, boasts notched lapels and bound buttonholes of professional precision. She wears it with navy.

Some of her best things have been accidents. The fawn whipcord (bottom right) came from a friend as a protective wrapping around a package. The ivory gold-embroidered satin on the evening dress was a gift from actress Blanche Yurka. Louise made this for a special occasion—opening night of the *Horse Show*. "We were going to dinner first," she recalled. "Dinner was six-thirty—and at six I was putting in the hem!" But at six-thirty the horsehair-stiffened skirt was a graceful swirl around her feet as out she went to dinner.

"And the best thing," Louise says, "is that if you make your things well, of good materials, they go on for years."



Royal blue stripes white wool. Cored skirt, jacket with waistline dart ending in slanted pockets, are detail-perfect.



Accessories score: with fawn whipcord skirt and black jersey blouse, flat black suedes, and broad medallioned belt. Green python pumps, belt, bag for hunter's-green wool; hat-trim, scarf of pale pink.

RADIO MIRROR'S Patterns for Living

INSIDE RADIO

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

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Caroline Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:40	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Solitaire Time	Bible Institute Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Bob Burns	Those Websters Nick Carter	Sunday Evening Party Willie Piper	Ozzie and Harriet Kate Smith Sings
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Fitch Bandwagon	Symphonic Notes Dance Orchestra	Drew Pearson Stump the Authors	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Edgar Bergen Fred Allen	Meditation Hour Special Investigator	Paul Whiteman The Clock	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Double or Nothing	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Jimmie Fidler Policewoman	Hildegard Eddie Bracken
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45 11:00	Don Ameche Meet Me at Parky's	Latin American Serenade	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It We the People



Harriet Lee
—who is the skeptical but warm-
hearted switchboard operator on
CBS's That's Finnegans, Thursdays.

Curt Massey



—one of the seven musical Massey brothers and sisters, made his first public appearance at a party at the local jail at the age of eleven, billed as "the best violinist in the whole county". Known as The Westerners, the Massey family has been in radio for many years, but only recently has Curt broken away from western ballads to sing, on CBS and MBS, the "vocal velvet" songs he likes.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York	Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	This Is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Club Time	Joe Powers Evelyn Winters Time to Remember
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Gilbert Martyn Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Sketches in Melodies Chesterfield Club	Vincent Lopez Inside of Sports	The Lone Ranger	In My Opinion Red Barber Sports Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Hawk Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Bulldog Drummond Casebook of Gregory Hood	Lum and Abner Fat Man Detective Stories	Inner Sanctum Joan Davis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Victor Borge	Real Stories Guy Lombardo	Dark Venture Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Dr. I. Q.	California Melodies	Doctors Talk It Over	Screen Guild Players Tonight on Broadway



Peggy Stanley

—is “the girl” in the life of Joe Powers of Oakville, heard on CBS Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EST. Joe Powers, editor and radio broadcaster, tells stories of the tragedies and comedies which occur in the lives of the people he knows and loves in his home town of Oakville, which is “a typical small town somewhere in the Western part of the country”. Each day’s story is complete in itself.

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	Time in New York
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Listening Post	Joe Powers Evelyn Winters Time to Remember
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Gilbert Martyn Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Allan Scott Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Listening Post	Joe Powers Evelyn Winters
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Gilbert Martyn William Lang	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Jose Bethancourt			Word From the Country Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Carolyn Gilbert	Dance Orchestra Battle of the Commentators	Headline Edition Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Ellery Queen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Mr. and Mrs. North Great Gildersleeve	What's The Name of that Song? It's Up To Youth	Lum and Abner Listen to LaGuardia	Jack Carson
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Real Stories	Ann Scotland Pot of Gold	Frank Sinatra Dinah Shore
10:00 10:15 10:30	Frank Morgan Kay Kyser	Author Meets Critics	Bing Crosby Henry Morgan	Academy Award Information Please

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Jose Bethancourt			Frontiers of Science Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Ward Donovan	Dance Orchestra		Mystery of the Week Jack Smith American Melody Hour
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Rudy Vallee A Date With Judy	Michael Shayne Inside Sports Adventures of The Falcon	Lum and Abner The O'Neills	Big Town Mel Blanc Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos and Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Real Stories American Forum	Boston Symphony	Vox Pop Hollywood Players
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton			Talent Scouts Open Hearing



John Conte

—the announcing voice on both the Screen Guild and Silver Theatre programs on CBS, is one of the youngest announcers on the air. To be exact, he's twenty-three, with years of experience behind him—including a year of being the object of Gracie's radio affections on the Burns and Allen show. He sums up: "I always knew what I wanted so I went ahead and did it."

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches The Listening Post	Joe Powers Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan			Time to Remember
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Gilbert Martyn	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Jose Bethancourt Clem McCarthy			In My Opinion Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Dennis Day	Vincent Lopez Inside of Sports	Professor Quiz	Jack Smith Mr. Keen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Mark Warnow Dixie House Varieties	Lum and Abner America's Town Meeting	Suspense F. B. I. Peace and War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr. Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Hour of Song	Sammy Kaye	Dick Haymes Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Abbott and Costello Eddie Cantor	Stars About Town I Was a Convict	World Security Ralph Norman	That's Finnegan



—not only sings those songs in that manner which his fans consider absolutely incomparable, but he offers a capsule musical comedy and a brand new way of introducing his songs as well. All this occurs on the new Dick Haymes show, with the assistance of Helen Forrest, heard every Thursday night at nine, over Columbia Broadcasting System.



Joan Bushy

—combines singing and quizzing on Grand Slam, her five-times-a-week program on CBS. The program takes the form of a question and answer game with listeners providing the questions and studio audience the answers. Prizes are given to both questioners and answers—all sorts of very scarce and welcome prizes, ranging from nylons up to refrigerators.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	This Is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Listening Post	Joe Powers Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan			Time to Remember
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Gilbert Martyn Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45				Red Barber, Sports
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club	Dance Orchestra Inside of Sports	Lone Ranger	Jack Smith
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Highways in Melody Alan Young	Burl Ives Monica Makes Music Love Story Theater	Court of Missing Heirs This Is Your FBI	Baby Snooks Thin Man
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	People Are Funny Waltz Time	Real Stories	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ginny Simms Durante and Moore
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theatre	Spotlight on America Meet the Press	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant Maisie

(Continued from page 45)

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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Consumer Time	Judy, Jill, Johnny	Texas Jim Robertson	Theatre of Today
12:15	Home Is What You	Bands for Bonds	Tell Me Doctor	Stars over Hollywood
12:30	Make It		American Farmer	
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Checkerboard	To Live In Peace	Grand Central Sta.
		Jamboree		
1:15	Veteran's Aid		Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo	Dance Orchestra	Metropolitan Opera	Adventures in Science
2:15	The Baxters	Art Jarrett		Of Men and Books
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Nations' Orchestras			Cross Section A.F.L.
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Doctors Then and			
4:15	Now			
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Nelson Olmstead	Sports Parade	Tea and Crumpets	Matinee at Meadow-
5:15		George Town		brook
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00		Cleveland Symphony	Chittison Trio	Columbia Workshop
6:15		Lorenzo Fuller	Harry Wismer	
6:30		Eddie Howard	Labor U. S. A.	
6:45	Religion in the News			
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	It's Your Business	
7:15	Curtain Time			
7:30		Crime Doesn't Pay	Curt Massey	Vaughn Monroe*
7:45				
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Hollywood Star Time
8:15	Truth or Conse-		I Deal In Crime *	Mayor of the Town
8:30	quences			
8:45				
9:00	Roy Rogers	Minstrels	Gang Busters	Your Hit Parade
9:15	Can You Top This?	Leave It to the Girls	Sherlock Holmes	Saturday Night
9:30				Serenade
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	American Melodies	
10:15	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	
10:30				

back at her, feeling somehow that even a day spent poring over dusty records could not be too dull with Maxine Evans just around the corner. She was that kind of girl. Her nose turned up a little, and her eyes tilted upward at the corners, and when she smiled, she radiated youth and life.

She looked in twice in the course of the day, once to remind me that it was nearly noon, and to recommend the restaurant on the corner for a quick lunch, and again in the afternoon to ask how I was getting on. When the shadows had lengthened over the rows of sober black-bound volumes with their gilt lettering, she opened the door again.

"Five o'clock, Miss Blake," she said. "We're closing." "Five already!" I was dismayed. I was deep in Thompson family history. With just a little more time, I felt, I would have what I wanted.

She understood immediately. "Well," she hesitated, "we're supposed to close, but I'll be here for another half-hour. If you want to stay, the janitor can let us both out."

I thanked her, and in a few minutes found out that the extra time did me no good at all. I was well on the trail of the Thompson properties—but it was the wrong property and the wrong branch of the Thompson family. With a sigh, I closed the books, stuffed my useless notes into my brief case. The hall was empty as I let myself out of the library; my footsteps struck hollow echoes on the old wooden floors. Then suddenly there were voices, raised in sharp altercation. I stopped. The quarrel was going on in the front office, through which I had to pass to reach the outside. One voice was Maxine's, and the other was a man's—a nice voice, I noticed, deep and steady, even now when it was quick with anger. I started to retreat to the library; then I heard footsteps, a door slam, sudden silence.

After a moment or two I went on, opened the door to the office. Maxine was alone; standing by her desk, her back toward me. Compact in hand, she was poking mechanically at her hair with shaking fingers. As she heard me, she turned, and I saw that she had been crying. It was one of those moments which, ignored, keeps you forever strangers or which, faced squarely, makes you forever friends. Maxine and I made friends.

"I'm sorry," I said hesitantly. "I heard—" "You heard us quarreling," she said flatly. Then she burst out, "Oh, Miss Blake, it's so unfair! That was my fiance. He's going to Panama on a construction job, and we want to be married before he leaves, so that I can go with him. And we can't because I'm not of age."

"Not of age!" I exclaimed. Young and lovely as she was, there was nothing immature about Maxine. I'd have said that she was twenty-three or four.

She nodded, rueful humor twisting her mouth. "Isn't that silly? I'll be twenty-one in three months—the age of consent in this state is twenty-one. And my aunt—she's my only relative; my parents are dead—insists that we wait until Bill comes back. That will be two years, perhaps longer. In these days, two years is a long time."

It was, indeed. I thought, achingly, of Walter. In those days, when one's whole life was circumscribed by the war, two years could be eternity.

"That's why we quarrel," she went on. "I want to elope, get married in another state, and go on to Panama. Then Aunt Edith couldn't reach us to separate us. Or by the time she could, I'd be of age, even here. But Bill won't do it. He says he's afraid of spoiling everything by not doing things right."

I approved of Bill. Cautiously, I said that I thought he had the right idea.

"I suppose he has," she said reluctantly, but there was pride in her voice. I liked her for that, too, for being proud of Bill even though she disagreed with him. She snapped her compact shut, dropped it in her bag, summoned a kind of smile for me. "The worst of it is, we have only a few weeks left to be together. The less time we have, the more desperate I feel, and the more we spoil the time by quarreling."

Outside, the wind had gone down, and the evening was all soft blue dusk, filled with the first moist warmth of spring. As we went down the walk, a tall figure came out of the shadows, took Maxine's arm.

"Honey, I'm sorry," he began. "We can't fight now—" He stopped.

"Miss Blake, this is Bill Parrish," said Maxine. I looked up at a tall, fair young man, and understood the lift in her voice when she spoke his name.

To Bill she said, "This is Portia Blake, a lawyer from New York. I—I told her about us."

He laughed. "I expect you did. What do you do with a



— is M. C. and singing star of NBC's Teentimer's Club. The program not only provides teen-age youngsters with the bands and the songs that are dearest to their hearts, but it is aimed at their parents as well, in the interest of a more sound, tolerant understanding between the adults and the young people. It's heard Saturdays.

girl like this, Miss Blake? She gets an idea in her head, and she can't think of anything else."

It almost hurt to see them. They were both so young, so much in love, so proud of each other. I chatted with them for a few minutes, and kept a firm hold on my own emotions. I was not, I told myself, going to become involved in their affairs. I thought they looked wonderfully right together, but I knew really very little about them, and I had no business meddling, no right to take sides. Firmly determined to forget about them, I left them standing in the soft spring twilight.

But forgetting about them turned out to be impossible. When I reached the hotel, I noticed for the first time the sign above the doorway: Parrish House. The hotel, I found out, was operated by Bill's father. Later, from my table in the dining room, I saw Bill in the archway that led to the lobby. He grinned at me, and came across the floor to ask if I was enjoying my dinner.

"Very much," I said truthfully. "It's unusually good."

"Should be," he said. "Mother runs the kitchen. Her cooking is one of the things I'll miss when I'm away."

IF that was an opening to talk about his trip, I didn't take it. We talked a bit, but about impersonal things—the shortages, and the difficulty of running a hotel. After Bill had gone, the portly waitress came up with dessert. She had been amiable enough before; now that she had seen me talking with Bill, she treated me like an old acquaintance.

"Young Mr. Parrish is awfully nice, isn't he?" she remarked. "He's going away, you know—to Panama on a war job. He wants to take his girl with him when he goes, and he can't because her aunt won't let them get married."

I must have looked surprised at this sudden burst of conversation, because she broke off abruptly and busied herself with setting coffee before me. I began to understand that all Lewisburg was on the side of Maxine and Bill, was watching their romance with the breathless interest they would have taken in a serial on the radio.

I read for a while in the lobby after dinner, and fell into conversation with a middle-aged man who was a permanent guest at the hotel. "Maxine's a nice, level-headed girl," he said. "I've known her since she was knee high. Her mother and father were killed in an auto accident when she was ten, and left her with the aunt. I've known her forever, too—went to school with her. A nice woman, but—not flighty, exactly, just feminine. It'd be a question as to who's brought whom up, the aunt or the girl. Edith's possessive, that's all that's wrong with her. Wants to keep Maxine tied to her apron strings—"

I felt rising in me the tide of partisanship that is my worst fault, both as a person and as a lawyer. And as clearly as if he'd been there, I saw Walter's face, saw the fond raillery in his eyes as he loved me and laughed at me at once. I could hear him say, "Go ahead, Portia darling. You know you're going to do what you can for those kids—why don't you get started?"

Walter—I'd come to Lewisburg on an errand for Walter. I wasn't doing much for him, but in those days when women could do nothing but watch the mails and wait for their men to come home, a little meant a great deal. I hadn't come here to champion a girl and boy who meant nothing to me.

But it didn't do any good to tell myself that I was letting my sympathies

run away with me and that Maxine's aunt, for all the evidence seemed to the contrary, must be somewhat in the right—not when I saw Maxine the next day at the courthouse. She greeted me as though nothing had happened, but I saw now things I'd been blind to before—the strained look that was there even when she smiled, the harried, almost desperate expression in her eyes.

That noon we lunched together. We happened to leave the courthouse at the same time, and automatically fell into step. Maxine asked how my work was progressing, and I told her about the Thompson case. She listened carefully, putting in a word here, making suggestions.

"Judge Colby might help you," she said at length. "He's out of town now, but he should be back tomorrow or the next day. He's a wonderful person, and he knows everything there is to know about Rimrock County. He's been judge of this district for twenty years."

She did not mention Bill nor her aunt; it was I who brought up the subject when we were on our way back to the courthouse.

"Maxine," I asked, trying to sound just casually curious, "is your aunt your guardian?"

She shook her head. "No. She was married to my uncle, my mother's brother. He died long before I was born, and she came to live with Mother and Father. Because she'd always lived with us, they just assumed that she'd take care of me if anything ever happened to them."

"Then perhaps she has no real authority over you. In some states—" I spoke as if I hadn't spent a good hour checking the law in that very state that morning—"in some states so distant a relationship as that of an aunt by marriage would not be honored by the courts—"

SHE gave me a comprehensive glance. "It isn't here, either," she said. "I've talked it all over with Judge Colby. Legally, I'm a ward of the state. But you see, Mother and Dad left a will, naming Aunt Edith as executor of their estate. It isn't a great deal—a business building here in town and the house we live in—but the income from the business property is enough for me to live on comfortably. That's what the trouble is really about. Aunt Edith says that if I marry Bill without her consent, she'll take the property away from me. I don't think she really would, if it came right down to it, but Bill's afraid she might do something foolish just to show her authority—sell it, and invest the money, perhaps unwisely. And he wants me to have the property. His job is dangerous—men have been killed on it. He wants me to have more than the little insurance he could leave me if anything should happen to him. Do you see, Miss Blake? Between the two of them I haven't a chance."

I said nothing. I wanted to comfort her some way—and there was nothing I could say that would help. When I had checked on the laws of succession that morning, I had thought I might be putting into Maxine's hands the keys to her freedom.

Then she said, "I told Aunt Edith about you, Miss Blake. She wants you to come to dinner tonight." She laughed at my surprised look. "Oh, I know you haven't met her—but she loves to entertain. We don't have strangers in town often, you know. Besides, she just has to show you that her cooking is better than that at the Parrish House. The Parrishes used to be her best

friends, but since this trouble has come up over Bill and me, she can't concede them a thing. Will you come?"

I would have accepted had the invitation been far less graciously given, I was that curious to meet Maxine's aunt.

The very recollection of Edith Arnold still makes me feel something of anger, and something of pity, and much amusement. She turned out to be exactly the sort of woman you'd expect to carry a disagreement over a wedding into the kitchen.

She met us at the door that night when I went home with Maxine to the comfortable green-shuttered house. She had a dry, bright prettiness, reminding me of nothing so much as those flowers called everlasting, which, tied properly and dried, keep their form and their color indefinitely.

"Miss Blake!" she exclaimed, "how nice of you to come! Maxine and I are so pleased!"

"Maxine and I"—it seemed to me that right from the beginning she was determined to prove that she and Maxine were an incorruptible unit. I think now that she had invited me with a purpose: she wanted me to see what a pleasant home Maxine had, how many advantages.

WE had a perfect dinner, faultlessly served. Aunt Edith chattered brightly through it, a conversation sprinkled freely with "Maxine and I" and devoted mostly to reminiscences of Maxine as a child, Maxine at school, trips and holidays she and Maxine had shared. She overdid it; Maxine's natural gaiety finally failed to rise to a funny story, and there was a silence. Then Aunt Edith brought the lurking awkwardness out into the light. She glanced archly from Maxine to me.

"What do you think of my niece, Miss Blake, for wanting to leave her home and her friends and go bolting off to the jungle for years and years? Do you think that's any life for a girl who's had everything—"

"It's only two years," said Maxine. "And I won't be in the jungle, Aunt Edith. I'll be right in Panama City while Bill's out on field work."

"Now you see?" said Aunt Edith triumphantly. "You wouldn't be with him all the time anyway. And if it's only two years, you can afford to wait."

They both looked at me, Maxine helplessly, in mute appeal, Aunt Edith imperiously, demanding corroboration. I said something evasive about knowing too little to offer an opinion, and felt like a traitor. I didn't like being drawn into the argument; I resented even more Aunt Edith's air of righteous concern. Undoubtedly she loved her niece and wanted to see her happy, but I felt, too, that she was rather enjoying the drama of the situation.

Bill came in after dinner. Maxine, who had been shifting uncomfortably while her aunt showed me albums full of snapshots of Maxine as a child, Maxine at school, Maxine in her first party dress, rose to meet him with a little cry of relief. Bill smiled at us, a sober smile, I thought.

"Mind if I borrow Maxine for a while?" he asked. "We've got things to talk about."

Aunt Edith gave him her brittle, sparkly smile, and he and Maxine moved out to the front porch while Aunt Edith took me upstairs to show me Maxine's room. It was a charming room, with ruffled drapes and bedcover and a little frilly vanity.

"I made everything myself," Aunt Edith told me. (Continued on page 66)

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

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

You'll see results tonight—
 with the new blush-cleansing
 with Pond's Cold Cream.
You blush-cleans—Rouse face
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 a stunning diamond
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Barbara finds blush-cleansing with Pond's
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I'll answer that...



Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water. That's all!

Then you can forget that old-fashioned idea that functional periodic pain means suffering, for you will be doing what millions of girls and women do, to get relief from periodic pain, headache, backache and that "let-down" feeling.

You see, Midol's formula is so compounded that it doesn't interfere with the normal menstrual process, yet it helps give quick relief from pain and discomfort in 3 ways: 1—Midol contains an exclusive ingredient that relaxes tense muscles—*soothes cramps fast.* 2—A second ingredient *relieves menstrual headache quickly.* 3—Still another ingredient acts to dispel "blues", *picks you up!*

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MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—in plain envelope.

Write Dept. N-27, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

(Continued from page 64) "I've always made Maxine's things, even when her mother was alive. Maxine is handy with a needle, too; we have such fun, planning wardrobes and sewing."

Again I felt sorry for her, this fussy little woman who had wrapped her whole life around her niece and didn't know when to let go. Then a breath of soft air stirred the curtains, and I envisioned Maxine sewing with her aunt through the sweet spring evenings, when she could be in Panama with Bill.

They were still on the porch when we came back downstairs. I said good-night to them there, refusing Bill's offer to walk me back to the hotel. I started down the walk, with Aunt Edith calling after me, "Now mind your step, Miss Blake—"

I didn't watch my step. My ankle turned when I was just past the square of light that fell from the doorway. I righted myself, found that the heel of one shoe had snapped. I was half kneeling, struggling to clap the heel back in place, when I heard voices from the porch. Maxine's was level, deadly calm.

"You might as well," she was saying. "I won't stay here after you go. I'll follow you someday. Panama isn't a foreign country. I can get passage—"

THEN Bill, flat, a little tired, almost bitter: "I wish you'd see my side of it, Maxine. Running off and getting married will be one of those things where I'll be a hero if everything turns out all right, and an unthinking fool if it doesn't. It isn't just that I'm causing trouble between you and your aunt; it's that I'm responsible for whatever happens to you. Suppose you can't stand the climate; suppose you get sick? And if anything happens to me, and I leave you, maybe with a baby to take care of . . . then if you had to come back here, even granting that you had something left to come back to, your aunt would be saying 'I told you so' all the rest of your life—"

There was a strangled sob, a creak of the swing as Maxine flung herself into Bill's arms. Instantly she tried to pull away again, but Bill held her. She struggled furiously.

"Let me go!" she hissed. "You're worse than Aunt Edith, Bill Parrish, with all your supposes and your fretting. You make me so mad—"

There was silence, a sigh; Maxine's arms crept around his neck and clung there.

I limped away with a queer ache in my heart that was half longing. The scene I'd just witnessed reminded me a little of differences Walter and I had had. When you quarreled coldly, flinging hard words and accusations at each other from a distance—that was one thing. But when you were most furious with each other and still couldn't stay out of each other's arms—well, you belonged together, and that was all there was to it.

The next morning Maxine's face was set and white, her eyes dark-ringed from sleeplessness. As I came through the office, she was standing at her desk, talking to a plump, short man, but she left him to follow me down the hall.

"Bill's going," she said, "much sooner than he expected. He got word yesterday that he's to leave next week."

I just stared at her. "Oh, Maxine," I said. "My dear—I'm so sorry—"

She smiled strangely, and I was reminded of the night before, of her saying to Bill, "You might as well. I won't stay here after you go—"

"I'm not sorry," she said now. "It—"

just brings things to a head." Then she would have turned away, but the plump man came up, and she stopped to introduce us. "This is Judge Colby, Miss Blake. He'll be glad to help you all he can." She left us, her slim back very straight, her little heels tapping sharply on the wooden floors.

The judge and I liked each other instantly. He looked like a shrewd Santa Claus, with his round red face and his piercing gray eyes.

"Our girl seems upset this morning," he observed, "if I know the storm signals."

"Yes," I agreed. "I'm afraid—"

"—afraid she's talked young Bill into doing something foolish. So am I. It's a shame. All the difference between their starting wrong and their starting right. Now, if that addepleted Edith would only give them her blessing—"

I looked straight at the judge. "There isn't any way she could be—persuaded—to give her blessing?"

He shook his head. "None. She has full control over the property, and there's no telling what she'd do with it if Maxine walked out on her. I hate to see the youngsters kept apart in times like these, but the boy's right: Maxine should hang onto what security she has. Lord knows it's important these days—"

Then he stopped and said in a different tone, "But I'm forgetting you, Miss Blake. It's an honor to have you here. I've heard about you, of course, but I must say I didn't expect you to be so attractive—or so young. Bless me, you don't look much older than Maxine!"

Neither the judge's compliments nor his assistance eased the fearful, swollen feeling in my heart. I told him about the Thompson lawsuit, and he went immediately to a corner shelf, dug out a pile of ancient, musty-looking volumes. "Try these," he advised. "They're the earliest records we have, from the very first days of statehood. In a case like this, in which a boundary has apparently never been clearly established, it's best to go back as far as you can."

I THANKED him and settled myself with the books, a collection of old wills, company charters, land grants, arranged in no perceptible order. With Maxine's white and desperate face hovering between me and the printed page, I had no heart at all for the job. Only the thought of Walter's disappointment if I failed to help his friend kept me grimly turning leaves, reading paragraphs of crabbed script and fine, time-grayed print.

And then I found it—a document nearly a hundred years old, which contained an accurate description of the disputed property. "For Nicholas Field, my bondservant," read a paragraph, "That acreage bounded on the North and East by the Rimrock River, on the West by—"

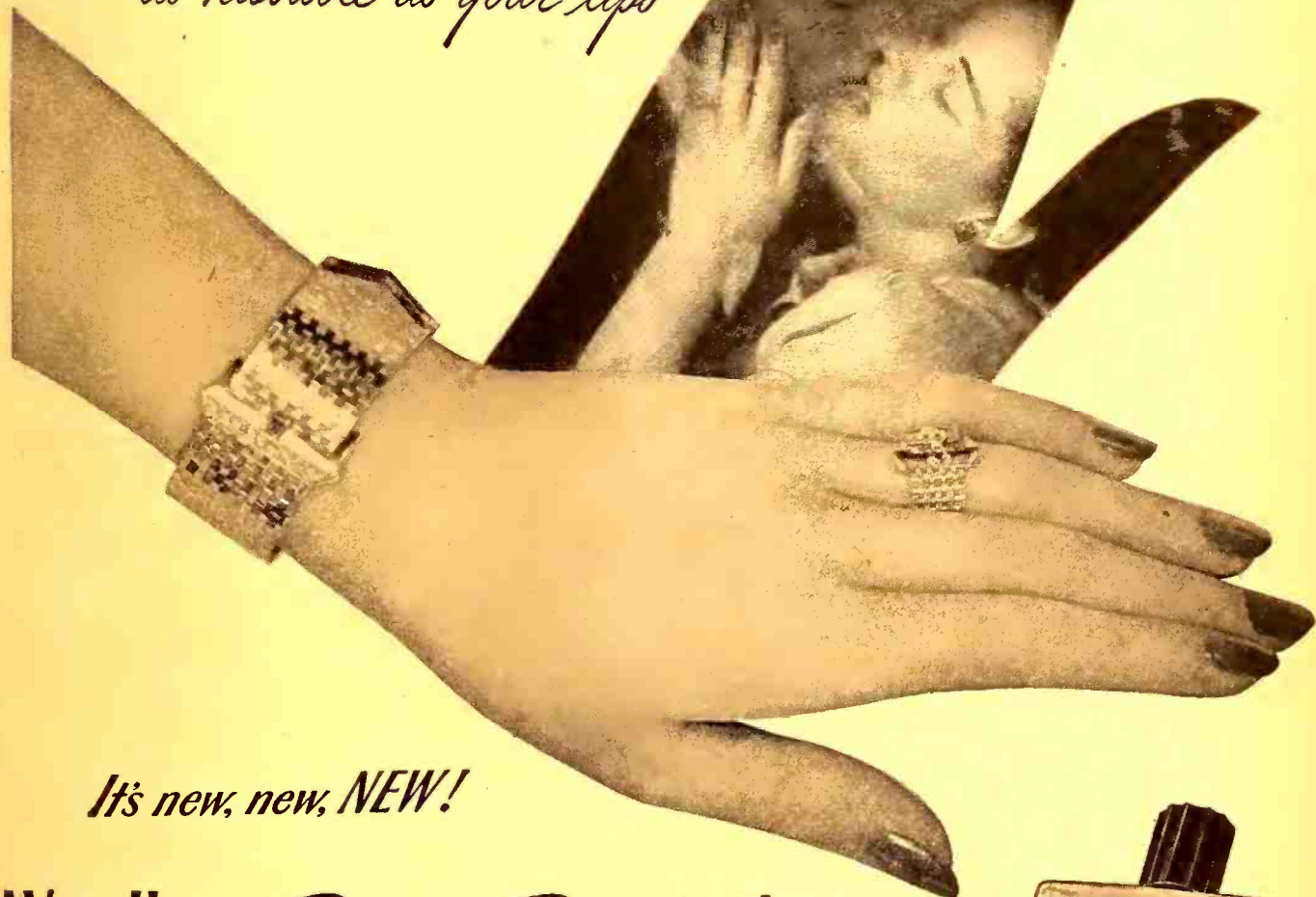
And it was all wrong. If this old document was valid—and I knew that it was—Captain Thompson had lost.

I re-read it carefully, a half-dozen times. "And for Nicholas Field, my bondservant—" *Bondservant.* The word stuck in my mind, began to mean something—I wasn't sure what. It was like a door opening on a hidden stairway. Then suddenly I knew. I jumped up, searched frantically on the shelves for the book I knew must be there. Then, with a beating heart, I carried my findings to Judge Colby.

"You've had good luck, Miss Blake," he said before I could utter a word.

"Yes," I breathed. "No— That is, the Thompson case is finished. He won't have a chance. (Continued on page 68)

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



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

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN

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Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion is rich, creamy, exquisitely fragrant. Never sticky or greasy. Use it for smoother, softer elbows, shoulders, legs, too. Get it at your drug or cosmetic counter, today. 25c and 50c. Or try it for a week at our expense. (*That's how confident we are that you'll fall forever-after in love with it!*)

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GOLDEN GLINT

AT LAST!

A HAND CREAM

THAT HELPS KEEP

HANDS SOFTER,

SMOOTHER . . . AND

IS NOT STICKY—

NOT GREASY!

Luxor
HAND CREAM



Luxor contains *Carbamide*, the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands look red, feel rough!

(Continued from page 66) But, oh, Judge Colby, I think I've found a way out for Maxine! Look."

He read where I pointed, and frowned, and then his eyes began to twinkle. "Yes," he said slowly, "I believe you have."

We said nothing to Maxine of what we did that afternoon. We called Bill, and asked him to come to the judge's office, and the three of us had a conference. It was a most peculiar conference for serious legal business, punctuated with burst of laughter, and with wild suggestions from Bill.

That night the judge and I, after a delightful dinner at the Parrish House, paid a call upon Maxine and her aunt. Bill was already there, looking calm and self-possessed, but he carefully avoided meeting our eyes. Maxine, looking more cornered and desperate than ever, had hardly enough spirit to greet us. It was Aunt Edith who fluttered forward, welcoming us brightly. Bill remained on his feet after we'd sat down.

"Guess I'll be running along," he said. "I've got a lot to do before we leave for Panama. And Maxine had better start getting her things together. There isn't much time—"

AUNT Edith laughed merrily. "You're a great joker, Bill!" she exclaimed. "Maxine will have all the time in the world when you're away—"

"But I'm not joking," Bill said. "Maxine's coming with me. She as good as belongs to me right now, openly, legally. Doesn't she, Judge Colby?"

Maxine took a step forward, her great eyes fixed on the judge's face. "Judge Colby, what does he mean?"

The judge coughed. "Just what he says, my dear. This afternoon Bill made formal application for guardianship over you, under the old bondservant law, which reads, 'The state at its discretion may release a minor who is a ward of the state as bond boy or bond maid to any citizen whom the state deems responsible—'"

"In other words—" Bill's lips twitched, "—I sort of own you, darling. The law also says I may extract from you fair labor in return for your keep. You shall be subject to me in all decisions. This is one time, spitfire, when the word 'obey' in the marriage service will mean something."

"Ridiculous!" Aunt Edith exploded. "I never in all my life heard anything so insane! If there is such a law, you can never make it stick. I'll fight it—"

The judge wagged his head solemnly. "The law's there, Edith, and it has never been repealed. You can fight if you want, but Bill's petition is the first item on my docket tomorrow morning, and I see no reason to refuse him. I think he's responsible, and Maxine is, as you've often pointed out, a minor—"

"There's the property!" Aunt Edith shrilled. "That's still in my hands! I'll—"

"I'm afraid not," said the judge. "There's no reason why Bill can't marry his ward if he chooses, and you forget, Edith, that with Maxine as his bondservant, Bill will have full right and control over her property—"

Maxine flung herself at Bill. "Why didn't you tell me?" she cried—and then she saw her aunt, old suddenly, and shrunken, huddled in her chair with her handkerchief over her eyes. Quickly she went to kneel beside her, put her arms around her. "Auntie, please—"

"Now, Edith," began the judge testily. "Don't—"

Aunt Edith raised her head, looked at him dry-eyed. "Oh, don't worry about me," she said tartly. "I'm almost relieved it's turned out this way. Whatever happens won't be my fault. And you—" she turned upon Bill with all of her old bright imperiousness—"you can withdraw that silly petition, or whatever it is, right now. Maxine can marry you tomorrow if she wants, but it will be with my consent, and I'll be there to give her away."

The judge and I didn't stay long after that. We left Aunt Edith bemoaning the shortness of time in which to prepare Maxine for her trip, and systematically making a list of things she would need, including mosquito netting and quinine. Maxine and Bill went with us to the door, Bill still laughing and explaining to Maxine how it had all come about, beginning with my finding the old law. Maxine lifted a shining face and shyly kissed me.

"Thank you," she whispered. "I can't thank you enough—"

I hugged her. "Don't try," I said. "Just be happy." But I didn't have to tell her. She was happiness itself right then, and something told me that she always would be.

But I wasn't happy for myself. Perhaps it was reaction, but as I walked down the quiet street with the judge, I felt what Miss Daisy calls "womanish." I felt depressed, close to tears. After all, I had failed in my own errand to Lewisburg. I had failed Walter's friend, failed Walter; in my sunken state it seemed that I had even failed Dickie. I had sworn to him that this trip was for his dad. . . . And, when I thought it over, I didn't even feel entirely right about Maxine and Bill. I felt that I had missed something; something was not quite straight. . . .

The judge had not spoken a word since we had left the house. Now I felt his eyes upon me. "Are you remembering something, Miss Blake?"

"I am," I said slowly. "That old law. . . . Wasn't there a case—"

HE chuckled. "A very famous case, in every college textbook. Digby versus Reeves, 1868. The decision handed down by the state supreme court rendered invalid the bulk of common law made prior to that year. Which means, incidentally, that your Captain Thompson has better than a fighting chance to win his case."

I was already thinking about it, riding high on a wave of relief—and of indignation. "Judge Colby," I scolded, "you knew it all the time! You are guilty, and you have made me guilty—"

"I am guilty of nothing," I told Edith that the bondservant law had not been repealed, and it has not. The Digby-Reeves case simply meant that it was no longer a law but a precedent open to question, along with a lot of other archaic laws, such as its being a crime to shoe a horse on Sunday. Of course Edith might have won had she fought Bill's application, but any lawyer could have stalled the case until Maxine was twenty-one, and there would automatically be no case. As it is, the youngsters are happy; they're starting off right, and Edith's twittery head is full of wedding plans and tropical wardrobes. If that's the result of misrepresenting the law, Portia Blake, I'll go on misrepresenting it until I'm thrown out of office."

I began to laugh. Of course the judge was right—everything was all right. And best of all was the thought of how Walter would enjoy the story when he came home.

College girls learn something NOT IN THE BOOKS!

**IN TESTS AMONG COLLEGE GIRLS—
99 OUT OF 131 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE **MODESS****

College girls from coast to coast recently learned something *not* in the books. Something that will make happy reading for every girl who chafes.

Here's the story . . .

Interviewers asked college girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride Modess*.

Naturally, the girls weren't told the name or brand. They were simply asked to try this new napkin—to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

At the end of the test, 99 out of 131 girls reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess*.

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

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

The extra cotton helps create an "absorption control." This acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! Every *Free-Stride Modess* has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. A fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you flower-fresh, too! And never a telltale outline—*Modess* is *silhouette-proof!*

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. *Free-Stride Modess* is on sale everywhere.



Walk with comfort!

Move with freedom!

Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

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!)



Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight



Take a tip from the Toni Twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago . . . give yourself a Toni Home Permanent today . . . and look lovelier tonight. It's this easy:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, dabbing on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
2. Tie a turban round your head and relax for 2 to 3 hours. (No sitting under a hot dryer.)
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

With your hair set, step to the mirror and admire your new Toni Permanent. See the deep, wonderful waves. Feel the silky softness of your hair. Notice its radiant natural luster. Toni is a Creme Lotion that gently coaxes your hair into deep waves that are frizz-free and easy to manage from the start. And they last as long as a \$15 permanent.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent—even gray,

died, bleached or baby-fine hair. Every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. So ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit. On sale at leading cosmetic, drug and notion counters.

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Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in

Toni HOME PERMANENT
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Specs Appeal

Joan Edwards shows why those men who used to hate glasses have changed their minds

Men never made passes
At girls who wore glasses
Said Dorothy Parker, quite cruel
So nearsighted wenches
Kept tripping on benches
While blindly adhering this rule
They tripped over floors
And walked into doors
The accident rate was alarming
Till one smart designer
Said nothing is finer
Than goggles that make you look charming
Rhinestones, black rims,
Harlequins and lorgnettes
Give ladies that elegant feel
As they shout, "Look at me,
I'm free, I can see!
Cause my glasses have specs appeal!"

— Lyn Duddy



Joan Edwards stars on Your Hit Parade every Saturday at 9 to 9:45 P.M., EST, over NBC stations.

Come and Visit the Kay Kysers

(Continued from page 51)

never collected anything but old razor blades. (And that collection went out of the house with his bachelorhood.)

"Look," he says, pointing to a collection of old plates displayed in a French Provincial cupboard in the living room. "Every one has a different French song."

There is another collection of old plates, each in a bracket, in an arrangement over Kay's desk. Each represents pictorially a different month in the year.

"Plates to sing. Plates to tell time." And then he brightens. "We even have plates to eat off of."

SOMETIMES—when Kay laughs at Georgia's antique sleuthing—Georgia laughs last. Like the time when Georgia bought the oil painting from a gallery in New York. The dealer represented the painting to be a primitive, probably Dutch—"painter unknown." One thing was sure; it was an authentic original, and it was very, very old. Georgia had it crated and shipped west, hung it in the place of honor above the mantelpiece in the living room. The portrait of a baby, it is completely beguiling and, with its mahogany and gold frame, it reeks of antiquity. Two months after Georgia's momentous purchase, Kay came home laughing like crazy—and displaying the current edition of *House and Garden*. On the cover, illustrating the living room of somebody's Bucks' County farmhouse, was their painting—or one just like it. "They probably turn them out by the gross," said Kay happily.

Georgia grimly wrote *House and Garden*. Did they know, she wondered, where the owners of the Pennsylvania farmhouse had acquired their Dutch baby? The editors replied with great courtesy that the painting had been sold to X Gallery in New York which had, in turn, sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Kay Kyser, of Hollywood.

Kay's masculine urge for comfort and practicality—and pricelessness be hanged—has triumphed in one or two instances. His favorite chair, a massive wing number with a solid four feet of upholstered back, remains by the fire-side in the living room although Georgia insists it is quite out of proportion with the room and the other furniture.

"I like it," Kay explains, disappearing in its folds. "It's the only chair in the world with privacy." It is apparent that Kay will buy a bigger house before he gives up that chair.

The Heather Road house is a little cramped—and not just because it houses a former bachelor and a budding decorator. In addition to the quite small living room and even smaller dining room and den, there are only two bedrooms and two baths and—a recent addition—the nursery. And the Kysers are gregarious people. The front door hinges are well worn from the comings and goings of guests.

When she married Kay, all Georgia knew about kitchens was that they should be pretty—with wallpaper, and geraniums and lots of copper pots.

Soon, however, she learned to cook the corn pone and spoonbread and other Southern dishes on which Kay was weaned and which he will eat five times a day if allowed. Kay found a soulmate when Georgia went to the hospital to have Kim. Her obstetrician, a bachelor, Dr. Irving Ress, also

hungered for corn pone and spoonbread. Now Dr. Ress is a dinner guest two or three times a month. Georgia and Kay compete to see who can turn out the fanciest Southern dishes.

"We never entertain," Georgia says, adding—as an afterthought—that they have dinner guests nearly every night. Every night they're at home, that is—at least twice a week they see a play or a movie. Their compact, informal house makes for compact, informal dinners, with only four or six guests—not really parties, but fun. Sue and Alan Ladd are often at the Kysers for dinner and a game of gin rummy. So are Mr. and Mrs. Merwin Bogue (Ishkabibble), Kay Aldridge and Arthur Cameron, the Red Skeltons, the Edgar Bergens, Ed Gardners, and Dinah Shore and George Montgomery.

The guests at the Kysers never stay terribly late—just as, when Kay and Georgia go out, they always go home early—thanks to Kay's habit of getting up bright and early in the morning.

"It's not just that he keeps the baby's hours, either," Georgia explains, wistfully. "He got up at dawn right from the beginning." Georgia can remember, but only dimly, when a girl could sleep until noon if she wanted to.

The Kysers don't haunt the night-clubs like a good many of the celebrities of Hollywood. Kay got enough of small, smoky rooms when his orchestra played the night club circuit and Georgia got sick of the Stork Club routine, too, when she was a big time Cover Girl. They can have a much better time, they aver, seeing their friends or just spending an evening at home—playing their own collection of records.

THAT'S why the den—with its bottle green sofas and red and white linen draperies—is the most popular room in the house, though Kay wasn't exaggerating too much when he said it was "four by five." The living room is only slightly larger, and the terrace to which guests can overflow in the other direction is half its former size since the Kysers built on Kim's nursery a few months ago.

Georgia, before her marriage, had gained some reputation as an amateur painter. She still does some sketching—however, the paint box and easel have given way in her affections to a camera. She takes really good pictures, and would do her own develop-

ing and printing if she had room in her little house for a dark room. A dark room is definitely included in the plans for the Kysers' Home of Tomorrow—which Georgia, who has not finished "fixing" this house, is already thinking about in some detail. She and Kay will build it one day—and very soon. It won't have more rooms, she says. Just bigger ones.

It will express, as she sees it, both of their ideals of home: for Kay, it will be functional, with all modern conveniences. It will even have, somewhere, big, view windows. Kay likes 'em. From the front, at least, for Georgia, it will be traditional. And while the sofas and chairs may be modern upholstered pieces, there will be places of honor still for Kay's great grandfather's mahogany desk, the sawbuck table, the spool beds.

It will work like a modern house, she sums up, but look like Old New England.

Miss Kim Kyser, growing busily in her extremely modern and functional nursery (with its basement, kitchenette and three-foot insulated walls, the nursery cost almost half as much as the total cost of the lot, the rest of the house and the landscaping), will soon add her two cents to the planning.

In the meantime, Georgia and Kay are thinking for her.

"We sold a simply heavenly lot we had up in the hills," Georgia explains. "It would be selfish, when we have a child, to move out into the wilds—just because we like it. Isolation is all right for grown-ups—but it is rugged for children. We think children should grow up in city blocks, with lots of houses and lots of kids."

AND, adds Kay, "go to the public schools and grow up without any fancy ideas."

At the moment, Kim is not thinking in terms of public—or private—schools. "Get all this mess of fancy clothes off of me," she says, "get me out of this city stuff and let me go to sleep."

Of course, it could happen only to a daughter of the Kysers that she should be named Kimberly for Kay's Aunt Kimberly who, it turned out, isn't.

When the subject of names came up, Georgia suggested Kimberly—because "it's such a pretty name, and goes so well with Kyser." But she thought it would be nicer to give the baby a name with tradition, a family name.

"It just happens," Kay said, "that I have an Aunt Kimberly."

How wonderful, Georgia thought, remembering that all of her aunts had been named Maude or Fanny. But when Georgia went to Kay's family home in North Carolina to meet the folks, the truth came out. Georgia wanted to meet Aunt Kimberly.

"Aunt who?" Kay's mother wanted to know.

"Kay-ee." Georgia's tone was accusing.

"That's funny," Kay said innocently. "I would have sworn I had an Aunt Kimberly."

"Just like my own case," he says, when Georgia relates the story now. "Mama christened me James King Kern Kyser. Nobody knows where the Kay comes from."

From his innocent expression, it is obvious that Georgia found the baby's name in an antique shop somewhere.

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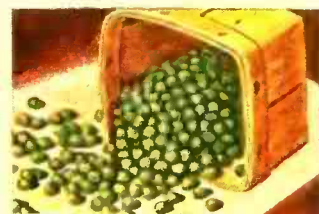
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The Gift That Starts the Home

Pepper Young's Family Finds a Girl for Joe

(Continued from page 25)

disappointment. I re-read the letter thoughtfully, and then marched into the kitchen where Mom had a chocolate fudge cake under way.

"Mom," I asked, "remember Joe Davis?"

"Of course I do," she replied. "He was that good-looking dark haired boy you used to know at the Airport. The shy one."

"Mm-hmm," I agreed, "that's the one. Do you suppose we could put him up for a few days—on the couch in the living room or some place?"

"Why, Pepper," she exclaimed, "is Joe Davis in town? Why hasn't he been over to see us?"

"He's not in town yet, but he will be in a week or so. And he hasn't been over to see us because he's up in a little town called Squeedunk or something, running a chicken farm. But here—read his letter yourself, and tell me if you get the same feeling from it that I do." Mom dried her hands and gave me the frosting bowl to lick in exchange for the letter.

NOW I wouldn't go so far as to say that my mother is superior to every other mother in the world, but I've been tempted to, many times. And that morning was one of those times. She looked up and shook her head. "Pepper—that boy's unhappy!"

"Just what I thought," I agreed.

"He's lonesome, the poor thing. Whatever he wants to bury himself up there in the backwoods for! Of course he can sleep in the living room. I wish we had a guest room . . ."

"I think he'd prefer the couch, Mom," I said, trying to be off-hand about it. "You know how Joe is—he hates anybody to make a fuss over him. And especially now when he's not exactly sitting on top of the world. I think he'd be embarrassed if you were too good to him—or too sympathetic."

She looked at me shrewdly. "You're probably right, son. But there's no law about feeding him up a little, is there? I can imagine the kind of meals he's been getting out there on that farm all by himself."

I grinned at her. "I never heard any law about that," I said. "And besides, I doubt if you'd pay much attention to it if there were! I'll go write to Joe now and tell him to come whenever he's ready." I reached over and hugged her. "You're a great mom, Mom."

She smiled and patted my cheek. "And you're not a bad son, Son!"

I got the letter off to Joe that afternoon. And Joe himself arrived about ten days later. I went down to the station to meet him, and had a hard time keeping my thoughts to myself when I saw him. Joe didn't look too good. He was thin and needed a haircut. His clothes looked as though they'd been slept in, and there were some buttons missing from his coat. His shoes weren't shined and his shirt collar was frayed. He was a pretty pathetic sight.

But you don't mention things like that when you meet an old friend for the first time in over a year. You say, "Hi, Joe." And he says, "Hi, Pepper." And you both reach for his beat-up old Army kit-bag, and whoever grabs it first carries it, because it's not worth arguing about. And you walk out of the station together, feeling a little strange and wondering if you'll ever have anything to talk about again.

That's the way it was with Joe and me at first. But the strangeness wore off as we walked up Main Street, stopped in at the drugstore for a soda, and finally arrived at the house. Joe took a deep breath as we climbed the steps to the front porch. "Gosh," he said, "it's sure good to be back in a civilized country again."

At dinner that night, though, I noticed that Mom had really outdone herself. She and Hattie must have put their heads together to figure out a real body-building meal. There was thick, rich soup. And liver and bacon. And creamed carrots, and mashed potatoes and gravy, and boiled onions—so tender they fell apart when you tried to pick them up. I could just hear Mom saying to herself, "There—that'll put meat on his bones!"

Maybe I just imagined it, but it seemed almost too much for Joe. His eyes glistened when he saw that loaded table, but after the first few mouthfuls I got the impression he was having trouble getting his food down.

"What's the matter, Joe?" Mom asked. "Not hungry?"

His face flushed and he looked like a kid caught stealing cookies. "I could have sworn I was half starved," he told her guiltily, "but now I guess there's just too much of everything."

"What do you usually eat?" she asked him casually, pretending not to notice his embarrassment.

"Well, I'm not much of a cook," he said. "I can make pancakes and fry eggs. So I have a lot of pancakes and eggs. And, aside from that, I mostly live on canned stuff—you know, baked beans and spaghetti dinner and corned beef and things like that. Once in a while I get some pie from the baker's wagon, when he gets out that far."

Mom shuddered delicately. "It's not a very balanced diet, is it?"

NO, I guess not," he admitted. "But I always seem to be too busy to bother much about meals. And besides, it never comes to be worth it—cooking just for one person. Even if I could really cook!"

"Well," said Mom comfortingly, "we'll see if we can't fatten you up a little while you're here with us. And in the meantime, don't worry about not being able to eat much just at first—you've probably got chronic indigestion from the diet you've been on."

Joe hit the hay early that first night—bedding down on the couch in the living room—and the next day caught the bus to Centerville. That afternoon, I dropped in to say hello to Mom and found her in the living room with her sewing box beside her and a bunch of Joe's shirts in her lap. She was sewing on buttons and turning collars and mending cuffs as fast as she could.

"Hey, what's going on?" I asked her.

"Now, Pepper, we'll have no remarks from you. His clothes are in a frightful state, and I'm just trying to get them into some kind of order."

"Does Joe know you're doing it?" I asked cautiously.

"Why, no," she said in some surprise. "I just found them in his Army bag. I knew from the looks of the clothes he was wearing that probably the rest of them would be in this condition."

I shook my head in mock alarm. "I don't think Joe's going to like it, Mom. He's pretty independent. And you know

you shouldn't be rummaging through a guest's luggage."

Her eyes flashed. "Don't you try to lecture me, Pepper Young! Any mother would do the same thing. And if that young man can't take care of himself, it's high time he found somebody to do it for him! If he so much as raises an eyebrow at me for sewing on a few buttons, I'll box his ears for him!"

I threw up my arms in surrender. "Okay, Mom, okay. I'll whisper a few words of warning in his ear when he comes home tonight."

She laughed at that, and I went on up to the apartment that the folks had made over for Linda and me when we were married. Linda was still at the hospital—she wouldn't be off duty for another hour—so I made like a housewife for a while, emptying ashtrays and running the vacuum cleaner and doing some dusting. Not that I'm crazy about housework, but after all, a man has to take some pride in his own apartment!

JOE got back from his convention about that time and after he'd had a shower, I lounged around keeping him company while he got dressed. He noticed the mended shirts right away, and I made a big point of telling him about Mom's threat if he made any cracks. His face took on a queer twisted look, but all he said was, "Gee, she's swell, Pepper." I agreed with him and let it go at that.

At dinner, though, after Joe had made fairly normal inroads on the roast beef and baked Idaho potatoes, he looked across the table at Mom and thanked her for mending his shirts and sewing on all those buttons. She bridled a little, the way women will when they're pleased, and told him that all he needed was somebody to look after him. Joe fiddled with his knife and fork for a minute and then blurted out, "You know, that's what some lecturer was saying at the convention today—that every poultry farmer needs a wife. And I guess he's right, at that. A farmer not only needs a wife to look after him, but he needs somebody that he can look after and work for. It seems sort of pointless to work all day and then come home and sit at the table all by yourself over a can of pork and beans. You begin to sort of wonder what it's all for—working so hard."

"Well, then," I cut in, "why don't you get yourself a wife, Joe? I understand there's a great surplus of women in this country. It shouldn't be too hard."

"I like that," Linda laughed at me. "Did you figure I was a surplus woman when you married me?"

"That's not the same thing at all . . ." I began to explain, but the general laughter drowned me out. "No kidding, Joe," I went on, "how about it? Why don't you find some nice girl and settle down and make her happy. Look how Linda's blooming these days!"

My favorite wife kicked me smartly on the shins under the table and blushed a little when everyone chuckled and beamed at her. Everyone but Joe. His forehead was furrowed and he was drawing aimless circles on the tablecloth with his finger. "That's all very well," he said slowly, "but you can't just make up your mind to get married and go out and pick up a girl—any girl—and drag her to the preacher."

But I'd remembered something. Mary

Simmons! What had happened to her? She worked out at the Airport—or used to a couple of years ago. I'd been so busy with my own life that I couldn't even remember when I'd seen her last, but she and Joe were having quite a tidy little romance before he'd joined the Army.

"Hey," I exclaimed, "what about Mary Simmons, Joe? What do you mean—you don't know any girls any more? You used to say she was the nicest girl you'd ever met. Why don't you marry her? She'd not only sew your buttons on for you but she'd tell you what books to read when you get through a hard day's work."

Joe looked startled for a moment, then he shrugged his shoulders. "You've got your answer right there," he told me. "She's too bright a girl to want to bury herself on a chicken farm. Mary has to be where there are lots of people and plenty of things to do."

"DID you ever ask her?" I wanted to know.

"Sure, we used to talk about it once in a while before the war. But I knew right where I stood, even then. Mary's not cut out for that kind of thing, that's all. She's got a good job, lots of friends. She runs her own life and she likes it that way. Period. No, that's out."

I raised my eyebrows at him, but there was no reaction. Well, I thought, he ought to know what he's talking about. It did seem too bad, though. The more I thought about it, the more I remembered how very close Joe and Mary used to be. The thought stirred a number of ideas in my head, but I thrust them back again as Mom spoke.

"I'll tell you what. . . ." she began in that conspiratorial tone she always uses when she's up to something. "We'll have a party for Joe, that's what we'll do. We'll have a party and we'll invite a lot of girls. He may find one he likes and who'll like him." She smiled at Joe benevolently.

"Gee, Mrs. Young," he said, "that's nice of you, but it'd just be a lot of bother for nothing. I'm only going to be here a couple of days longer, and that doesn't seem like a long enough time to find a wife—"

But Mom was undaunted. "Of course it's a good idea. And even if Joe doesn't find a girl that suits him, at least we'll have had a party. We haven't had a party for a long time. It'll be nice to have a group of young people cluttering up the living room again. Yes, by all means, we're going to have a party—tomorrow night. And, Joe. . ." she looked him over sternly, "I want you to get a haircut and have that suit pressed. Get your shoes shined, too. I want you to put your best foot forward—and that's no pun!"

I don't know how much good Joe got out of the Poultry Convention the next day, but that night he ate dinner with Linda and me upstairs in our apartment, and I saw that he'd taken Mom's advice. His new haircut looked a little startling, but his shoes were brightly polished and his suit was neatly pressed and I noticed that all the buttons had been sewed on properly. He was evidently going to try to do his part.

I knew Mom had been over at Peggy's most of the afternoon, and I could just see them fussing over lists and making phone calls and having long earnest discussions about this girl and that girl, with Peggy probably thinking the whole thing was a bunch of nonsense but willing to go along if that would make Mom happy.

Well, they must have put in a profit-

able afternoon at that, because it was quite a party. Most of the old gang was there, and quite a few new ones. Peggy had evidently raided the school for the new group of school-teachers. Some of them weren't at all hard to look at. And Linda had invited two or three nurses from the hospital.

When Joe first came into the living room that night, I saw him look around quickly, take a deep breath, square his shoulders, and march right into the middle of the fray. I introduced him to the people I knew and then Mom and Linda took over. I must say that Joe did himself—and us—proud that evening. He was gallant to all the girls, he chatted unreservedly about his experiences in the Army overseas, he kidded about his chicken farm and told funny little stories about the Poultry Convention. He even turned out to be able to play the piano—which I'd never known he could do—and entertained the whole group with a series of RAF songs he'd learned during the war.

At least he's trying hard, I said to myself, and I could see that Mom was pleased as Punch, and as proud of him as though he'd been her own son. And the whole party accepted him as a great guy. I could see the girls watching him and talking about him among themselves. They liked him, I knew, and I kept thinking that maybe Mom's incredible scheme was going to work. All Joe had to do was decide which girl he liked and do some concentrating.

And then I began to realize that, far from concentrating on any individual girl, Joe was spreading himself around. He was being as charming as possible to all of them. When we moved the furniture out of the way and rolled up the rugs to dance for a while to the victrola, Joe made a point of dancing with every girl there. I don't think he went back a second time to any one of them. Except Mom. He danced with Mom three times.

SO, when the party was over, and the family had gathered in the kitchen for a last sandwich and a cup of cocoa, it was no surprise to me that Mom wasn't able to pin Joe down about any one of our recent guests.

"That little Sally Evers is an attractive girl, isn't she?" Mom began.

"Which one was she?" asked Joe.

"The Biology teacher from the high school. She had on a red dress with big patch pockets on the skirt."

"Oh, yes," remembered Joe. "Yes, she's very pretty."

"And how about Martha Kirk, from the Hospital? Did you like her?"

"Let's see—she was the one with the freckles and the low voice, wasn't she? Yes, I liked her a lot."

"And do you remember Louella Manners? I hadn't met her before, but I liked her immediately."

"Yes, I had a long talk with her."

"Well," Mom prompted him impatiently, "which one did you like best?"

"I liked all of them," said Joe imperturbably. "I don't know when I've seen a nicer group of girls all in one room—pretty ones, too."

"They all liked you, too, Joe," Mom told him. "Wasn't there any one you liked better than the others?"

Joe pondered her question. Then, with an air of great concentration, he shook his head. "No," he said slowly, as though he were mentally cataloging each girlish charm, "I can't say there was any particular one that appealed to me." Then his face brightened and he looked up at Mom impishly. "Except maybe you, Mrs.

Young. You appealed to me as being the prettiest and nicest girl at the whole party!"

"Bravo," said Dad. "Good for you, Joe! You've got good taste."

Mom dimpled and cuffed at him affectionately. "All right," she said with a martyred air, "have your fun. And see that you don't spill any of that cocoa on my nice clean kitchen floor!"

She dropped the subject of girls then, as Joe must have known she would, after his remark. But I couldn't resist one crack.

"Maybe we should have invited Mary Simmons," I pointed out crudely.

Joe's face darkened and his jaw set. I'd hit a sore spot, all right. "I guess it's about time to turn in," he said shortly. "Tomorrow's another day. It was a wonderful party, Mrs. Young. Good night." And he turned on his heel and headed for the living room.

MOM looked me up and down quizzically after Joe had left. "Well, Pepper!" was all she said, but it summed up the whole situation—Mary Simmons. I nodded my head and said, "Okay Mom. I'll work on it."

I didn't actually get a chance to "work on it" until the last day of Joe's stay. But I did finally manage to locate Mary that afternoon, and we had quite a talk. So that night at dinner—Joe's last night in Elmwood—after several false starts in an effort to be casual, I dropped my information like a bombshell.

"By the way," I said, with about as much finesse as a brick going through a plate glass window, "I happened to run into Mary Simmons on the street."

Dad and Linda pretended to be very interested in their food. Mom darted a quick glance at me and then looked down at her plate. Joe's jaw dropped and he put down his cup of coffee.

"You did?" he gulped. And then, with an effort, "How'd she look?"

"Fine," I told him. "Pretty as ever. Wearing her hair a new way—sort of wind-blown."

There was a strained silence for a moment or two, then Joe cleared his throat and asked, "What's she doing now?"

"Same old thing," I said. "Working out at the Airport. She says its kind of dull out there these days."

"Yeah, I guess it would be," agreed Joe. Then he seemed to gather himself together and asked, "Did she—that is, did you happen to—uh—does she know I'm here?"

"I suppose so," I said carelessly. "I think I mentioned it."

"Oh," said Joe numbly. Then, "She didn't say anything, did she? That is—uh—is she going around with anyone particular, did she say?"

"No, she didn't say," I replied, and went to work on the apple pie.

By this time Dad was grinning to himself, and Mom was drumming on the table with her fingertips. Linda murmured, "Pepper, don't be so mean," and, as I looked across the table at Joe and saw the clenched muscles in his jaw and the pleading expression in his eyes, I decided that maybe I had gone far enough.

I pushed the apple pie away and leaned back in my chair. "Listen, Joe," I began in that man-to-man voice that you always feel you have to use when you're discussing another guy's private affairs, "you never did actually ask Mary how she'd like living on a chicken farm with you, did you?"

That familiar embattled look crossed Joe's face. "Some girls," he said, "you

don't have to ask. You know ahead of time what they'd like. I didn't have to ask Mary. I knew what her answer would be."

"I know it's sort of uncomfortable and maybe not very good taste to discuss this kind of thing in front of other people, Joe," I said as gently as I could, "but I know, too, that everybody at this table wants only the best for you. And as far as I can see, the best for you is spelled 'Mary Simmons'."

Joe swallowed and stared into space.

So I plunged right on in. "Actually, I had a long talk with Mary this afternoon. And that talk was almost entirely about you. Joe, did you realize that Mary's always been in love with you—and that she still is?"

Joe made a despairing gesture that might have meant almost anything.

"And furthermore, did you know that before Mary came to work at the Airport, she'd spent most of her life on a farm? And liked it? Or were you so busy interpreting her thoughts that you never got around to asking her?"

He winced at that, and bit his lip.

"AND, furthermore again—did you know that she's pretty bored with the life she's living now? That her job doesn't occupy all her thoughts, that she doesn't get around very much socially, that as a matter of fact she's going to the movies tonight all by herself?"

Joe looked up at that. "Gee," he breathed.

"She told me once," I went on ruthlessly, "that you were too willing to take 'no' for an answer, and that sometimes you didn't even wait to be told 'no'. And this afternoon she told me that if she'd had a little more courage, she'd have thrown herself right at you. But that in the part of the country where she'd been raised, nice girls waited until they were asked— Well, what about it, Big Shot?"

Joe banged his fist down on the table. Mom jumped almost out of her chair, and every dish on the table rattled. "Pepper!" he roared at me, "is this the truth, or are you making it up?"

"It's the complete and simple truth," I told him solemnly.

"She said she was in love with me?"

"She did."

"She said she liked living on a farm?"

"She did."

"She said she was just waiting to be asked?"

"She did."

He shoved his chair away from the table and stood up. "That's all I wanted to know."

"Where you going, boy?" I asked unnecessarily.

He bowed slightly in Mom's direction. "If you'll all excuse me," he said, with a trace of a grin on his lips, "I think I'll wander down to the movies."

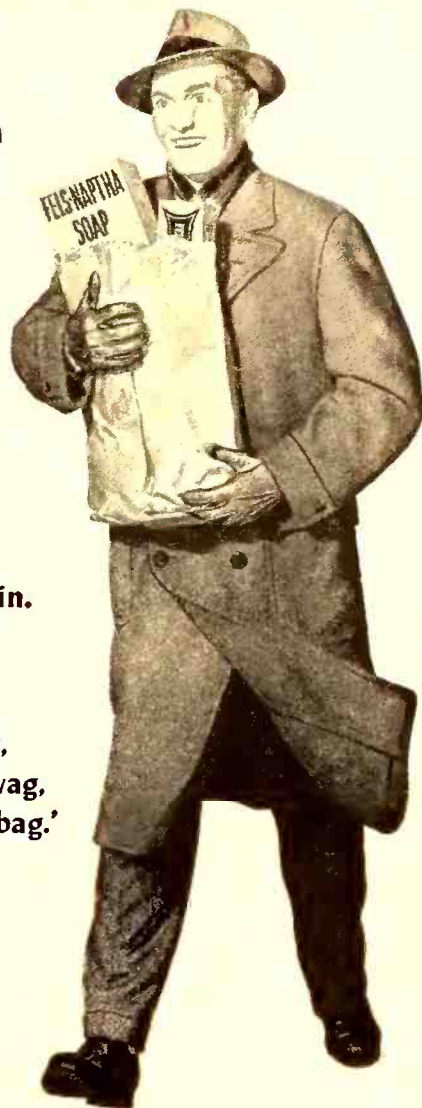
Mom nodded at him composedly, and we sat in silence while he put on his coat and went out the front door, closing it quietly behind him. Then, by common consent, we all left the table and went to the front window and watched him walk down the street. His hat was on the back of his head and there was a slight swagger in his walk. He was whistling soundlessly and his arms were swinging briskly.

Dad chuckled and said, "I certainly pity those chickens from now on."

Linda murmured softly, "I guess he won't have any trouble finding her."

But Mom was already back at the table, getting ready to clear things away. "I just hope that girl can cook," was all she said

The Good Provider



Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

* * *

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's back from hunting,
He landed 'baby' modern swag,
He has Fels-Naptha 'in the bag.'

Even if a man can't
manage mink these days,
he might do a fair job
just keeping 'the little
woman' in Fels-Naptha.
To a housekeeper
faced with a big wash
this grand laundry soap is almost priceless.

There's magic in the simple word *naptha*—when
it's blended with good mild soap, the Fels way.
Magic that makes dirt do a disappearing act—
that makes your washing machine
a 'quick change' performer.

When buying laundry soap means hunting instead of
shopping—Fels-Naptha is the prize 'catch.'

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Information

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

FOR some time the Editors of Radio Mirror have been answering your questions about radio and radio personalities by individual letter. But so many of your inquiries are of general interest that we decided they should be incorporated in a new feature, written in part by our readers. So here it is—your new feature—**INFORMATION BOOTH.**

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



Robert Merrill

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Dear Editor:

I have bought your magazine for quite some time and enjoy it very much. I would like to see an article in the near future about Robert Merrill. I think many of the teenagers would like a story about Mr. Merrill. Also I would like to see a story about Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra.

Miss M. D.

Topeka, Kansas

We think a story about Robert Merrill would make interesting reading too, and not only for teen-agers. Just as soon as we can fit it in you'll have your Robert Merrill story. Meanwhile, here's a bit of information about him. Though he's only 27 years old he has been featured on one of radio's top programs, the RCA Victor Show, is one of Victor's most valued recording artists, and has made fourteen appearances at the Met since he made his debut in 1945.

Also coming soon will be a story about the All Girl Orchestra written by Evelyn, who is the orchestra's concert mistress and the wife of Phil Spitalny.

Evelyn



BACK ISSUES

Dear Editor:

I am much interested in the life story of Art Linkletter. He announced over the air that it would be published soon but I am not sure that he said it would be in Radio Mirror. I never miss his program or the magazine, but though I looked in all the recent issues I can't find the story. If it is to be published soon kindly let me know.

Mrs. H. M. G.

Buffalo, N. Y.

The Art Linkletter story was in the November issue of Radio Mirror. It was titled "Love Needs No Reasons" and illustrated with a color picture of Art Linkletter and his wife, seated at their breakfast table, as well as with several black and white pictures. Sorry you missed it for we think it was very good indeed. Back issues of Radio Mirror can be obtained by writing to the Buck Issue Dept., Macfadden Publications, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



Margaret Speaks

SING HIGH, SING LOW

Dear Editor:

Today I bought the latest issue of Radio Mirror and the thought came to me that I should ask you about some of my favorite singers of the past few years, voices I would like to hear again. Please tell me of these: Frank Munn, Vivian, Margaret Speaks and Rachel Carlez.

Mr. T. H. T.

Troy, N. Y.

After thirteen years on the American Album of Familiar Music, Frank Munn is enjoying a well deserved rest. He's on an extended vacation just now but you'll be hearing from him again. Vivian, once with the All Girl Orchestra, can now be heard on the Saturday Night Serenade, CBS, 9:45 to 10:15 p.m., singing under her own name, Holloce Shaw. Margaret Speaks is busy these days with her home and her husband, and doing concert tours.

Vivian



DAVIS FAMILY PORTRAIT

Dear Editor:

I read your magazine every month and like it very much. Would you please put the Davis family in soon? I would like very much to see them.

Miss M. D.

New York

We'll do an illustrated story of the Davis Family just as soon as we possibly can. Meanwhile here's the cast of the show of When A Girl Marries.

Character	Played By
Joan Davis	Mary Jane Higby
Harry Davis	John Raby
Mrs. Davis	Marion Barney
Lilly (the maid)	Georgia Burke
Police Officer Connolly	Peter Capell

HOW DO YOU DO, EVERYBODY!

Dear Editor:

Many years ago one of the most popular radio announcers was Norman Brokenshire. He was my favorite announcer and I used to listen to all the programs he was on. I read your magazine every month and as I haven't heard Norman Brokenshire for a long time I thought you might be able to tell me what happened to him.

Mrs. L. S.

Mountain View, N. J.

You can still hear your favorite announcer doing the honors on The Theatre Guild on the Air, 10 to 11 p.m., EST, over station WJZ.

Booth

the answers we do know where to find them for you



Bartlett Robinson

Boston, Mass.

The part of Walter Manning is played by Bartlett Robinson and Dr. Byron was played by Peter Capell. Incidentally, Police Officer Connolly in When A Girl Marries is also played by one of your favorites, none other than Peter Capell.

HERE'S YOUR VOYAGER

Dear Editor:

Sometime ago a play entitled "One Voyager" was broadcast over the radio. I understood it was to be made into a movie but up to date I haven't been able to find it listed. I was wondering if it had been made into a movie under a different name. I would also like to know if this play "One Voyager" has been published in story form.

Mrs. E. W.

Cambridge, Idaho

The radio play which you heard was "Now, Voyager" and was based on the novel of the same name by Olive Higgins Prouty. Bette Davis starred in a movie based on the same book and using the same title. The picture was released several seasons ago. We hope you catch up with it somewhere for it is very good indeed.



Arlene Francis

Arlene Francis is now playing the lead in a series of exciting mystery stories called The Affairs of Ann Scotland, aired over WJZ, Wednesdays at 9 P.M. It's the story of the adventures of a young girl who, although not a professional detective, likes to solve mysteries. We weren't able to find any information on the others you asked for but perhaps some of our readers will know the answers and help us out.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Dear Editor:

I have just become acquainted with Radio Mirror and will not miss a copy from now on. Will you please tell me who take the parts of Walter Manning and Dr. Byron in Portia Faces Life. Dr. Byron is no longer in the story but I hear him in other radio shows and would like to know his name. Thank you for this courtesy.

Miss E. A. D.

HAIL AND FAREWELL



The Cast of Bachelor's Children

Dear Editor:

I listened to Bachelor's Children for many years and miss it very much. I wonder if you can tell me why it was taken off the air and if it is on any other network.

Mrs. E. R.

Inkster, Mich.

There are many reasons why a program may be taken off the air and it is difficult to give a specific cause in any one case. Bachelor's Children was built around the story of a family, and for eleven years there were no changes in the cast. When a group of actors play the same parts for so long a period of time they inevitably are closely associated in our minds with the characters they portray and the actors themselves become somewhat of a family group. About a year ago one of the original cast died. This year Hugh Studebaker, who played Dr. Bob, got a Hollywood contract and left the group. Next to leave was Marjorie Hannan, who played Ruth Ann, because she wanted to devote her time to her home and baby. Replacements were made but the author and directors felt it just wasn't the same Bachelor's Children, and so it was decided to take the show off the air.



Shuffle Shober

JUST ASK US

Dear Editor:

I buy your Radio Mirror every month and always look forward to seeing my favorite radio stars in each issue. I listen daily to all the radio serials so how about printing more pictures of them such as Stella Dallas and her companions, Pepper Young's Family, Backstage Wife, Portia Faces Life, Lorenzo Jones, Vic and Sade and Ma Perkins. I'll certainly appreciate it and I'm sure other readers and listeners will too.

Mrs. G. D.

Weatherford, Texas

That's quite an order but you'll be happy to know that we have the situation well in hand. Unfortunately Vic and Sade are no longer on the air but you'll find Lorenzo Jones in the December issue. Look for Stella Dallas and Backstage Wife in the March 1947 Radio Mirror, and as you've probably already discovered, Pepper Young's Family and Portia Faces Life are in this issue. How's that for anticipating! Ma Perkins will be coming very soon.

HEAR YE, HEAR YE

Dear Editor:

I have been listening to The Right To Happiness for years and would like to know who the announcer on the show is.

Mrs. M. S.

Washington, D. C.

The handsome young man who announces The Right To Happiness program is Ron Rawson.

*Enrich your beauty
with really natural rouge*



JUNE LANG charming screen actress smiles approval of Princess Pat Rouge

**you can have color which
seems your own—but do you?**

Rouge that looks artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use it. But the new Princess Pat Rouge imparts soft, lovely, youthful color . . . so natural that it seems to come from within . . .

HERE IS THE MAGICAL SECRET!

Princess Pat Rouge is duo-tone. Duo-tone means that two distinct tones are perfectly blended into one by an exclusive secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat Rouge possesses a mystical undertone which comes to life instantly as it is warmed by the skin. And the transparent overtone gives youthful radiance so real that the color seems to be your very own. No other rouge can possibly give this marvelous duo-tone effect.

Today be more beautiful than ever before!

Get Princess Pat Rouge today. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with really natural rouge. At better drug and department stores everywhere.

PRINCESS PAT beauty aids

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 7142
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

I am blonde medium brunette

Enclosed find 25c (coin) for which send me a compact of the new Princess Pat duo-tone Rouge and Lipstick to match—regular size (not samples) and trial size harmonizing shades Face Powder.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

I Asked for A Home

(Continued from page 23)

it as quite a different individual. And that gift meant more to me, even, than if they had handed me the key to a new apartment.

We are still living—Hugh and Bobby and I—in the cramped half-of-a-duplex with Mother and Father Jones. There are still the inescapable tensions and the compromises to be made when four adults and one child try to live in five small rooms.

But something walked back with me from that theater; from the astounding, unbelievable, deliriously-exciting day of being a real, honest-to-goodness Queen; something that entered the house with me and filled my whole heart.

That something was courage.

I WASN'T just Eileen Jones. I wasn't just another soldier's wife trying to pick up the pieces of a torn-up life, trying to make the adjustments to my veteran husband, trying to start a new life and running headlong into difficulties too big—it seemed—for me to handle. For a whole day I had been a Queen. I had been treated with respect. I had stood up before a large audience and been listened to as I told my story. I had worn the regal ermine-trimmed robes and carried the scepter of royalty. A chauffeur-driven limousine had carried me afterwards to a world-famous restaurant for lunch, to a motion picture studio in the afternoon, to a glamorous, luxuriant beauty salon for the primping and the pampering all women long for, and to a fashionable hotel in the evening for dinner and dancing. I had been bowed to by people on the street as our sleek black car sped past.

Of course the bowing had been in friendly kidding, because this is a democracy and Americans bend their knee and tip their hats to no one. But it was friendly—all these people were happy for me when they saw the Queen For A Day lettering on the limousine. I could almost feel them saying to me as we drove past:

"Go to it, Eileen—have a wonderful time! Hold your head up; this is your day and you're wearing a crown, remember!"

I hadn't particularly wanted to go out that day of the broadcast, but my own mother was visiting here from Michigan and she had urged me.

"You've never seen a radio show, Eileen," she had reminded me. "Besides, you aren't doing yourself any good moping like this, staying inside day after day listening for the telephone to ring and then feeling so badly because it doesn't."

"But we're on the waiting lists for apartments, Mom, and I'm afraid some hotel manager or real estate man might call up and I'd be out. Then we'd lose our chance!"

My mother-in-law sided with Mom. "That's foolish, child. I'll be here all day and I'll take any call that comes. You're wearing yourself out, chasing after leads that dissolve into thin air. Now you run along—I'll look after Bobby for you. You two have a good time today."

No one ever had a nicer mother-in-law than I have. I knew I was lucky that Hugh's parents had welcomed us in so willingly that day—that day that was the blackest in my life—early in December of 1945, when Bobby and I

had returned from Michigan to await Hugh's discharge from the Army. That sad, bitter day, when Mother and Father Jones had opened their arms to a broken-hearted girl.

My third baby had been born on V-J Day—and died only four months later. I had brought the little coffin back with me to Los Angeles and it had seemed to me as if some real, vital part of me had been buried, too. My own morale was almost shattered. This was the second child I had lost—and there had been a time, while my husband was overseas, that I was sure I was going to lose little Bobby, too, from pneumonia.

Even rebellion had been sapped from me. The great happiness that had been Hugh's and mine on our wedding day; the joy that had come with Bobby's birth and growth; the fun and the peace we had known together, the three of us, in our little apartment we had furnished so carefully together, piece by piece—all this seemed to have been lost or spoiled. I could hardly believe, looking back, that there had been a time when all that was ours.

The war had taken Hugh away from me. Death had taken my two babies. I had given up all our hard-won, hard-worked-for cherished possessions and sold them when I had followed Hugh to Olympia, Washington, to be with him for the little while before he was shipped to the Pacific.

So much had been taken away from me that I had lost my perspective. I was letting despair destroy the value of everything that was left.

I STILL had Hugh's love and I knew our feeling for each other had not lessened through the years . . . but I could only dimly realize—and only now and then—how that feeling had actually deepened and strengthened through the tragedy and separation we had faced. I was too lost to know how to build from that new strength.

And there was Bobby. But how could I look at him—and not think of those other two who had gone?

Last, but certainly not least, there was our family. My Mom and Hughie's mother and father. No one could have been grander to me—yet I found myself becoming irritable with Mom when she visited me, angry at her unbounding optimism and her cheerfulness. What did she have to be so cheerful about?—hadn't she worked hard all her life to bring up ten children, single-handed? What was this secret of living she possessed and I did not?

And was I never to have any privacy? As Mom and I walked out of the house that day I gave a last look around and shuddered. The living room had all the appearance of camping out, with our bed and Bobby's crib jammed into it besides the miscellaneous easy chairs and lamps and such that simply couldn't be edged into any other room.

It had been bad enough, living in such close quarters—the three of us and Bobby—but when Hugh had been discharged and come home, living doubled-up that way became intolerable for me. It didn't help to know that most of Los Angeles was in the same fix. The strain was just as hard on Mother and Father Jones as it was on us—worse, because it had been they who had had to change the settled,

comfortable pattern of their lives to make room for us. Worse, because Mother Jones had not been well for nearly seven years and it's hard enough for a strong person to cope with the antics of a three-year-old youngster.

I would remind myself of these things—yet the next time something happened—a little friction over what vegetables were to be cooked for dinner—the waiting in turn for the one bathroom—the next time I had to try to keep Bobby quiet so that Mother Jones could nap—the nightly business of putting him to bed in the living room (our bedroom, too!) and having to use our parents' bedroom for our only chance to sit and talk out the day's happenings—when these things happened I would feel myself tighten up. I would feel myself turning my frustration outwards, against these kindly people.

WHILE Mom and I boarded the streetcar that day that would take us into Hollywood and to the broadcast, I remember thinking of the plans Hugh and I had had for After The War. Every soldier and his wife dream those same plans—a home of their own, peace and security, room to turn around in, their children happy with just the right amount of authority, friendly, easy visits with relatives.

Bulletin:

As Radio Mirror went to press, the Joneses were joyfully settling themselves into the two-bedroom apartment that Queen For A Day's magic turned up for them.

I blinked fast to keep the tears from falling, but Mom must have seen.

"Eileen," she kept her voice low so that others on the streetcar couldn't overhear. "You mustn't let this get you down. You've got your husband safe at home, and that's more than many soldiers' wives can say. He came back to you and he wasn't hurt. And you have Bobby."

"I know, Mom. Only—how can we even think of a new life when we can't make any plans; when all we can do is hope we get through this day and the day after with the least possible fuss and quarreling?"

"But it's not easy for you to always show him how you feel." Mom never pried into our married life and this was more comment than she had ever made before. "You know, Eileen, there were ten of you children at home when you were growing up. We never had a large house—I couldn't afford it. But do you ever remember feeling cramped and crowded and pushed around, even with all eleven of us?"

"No-o." Looking back, I could see that she was right. "Even then, I always felt sure of myself—of being myself and having my own rights. How did you manage, Mom?"

We had arrived in Hollywood now and we followed the others off the car, pushing our way through the struggling mass of humanity that swarmed its way through the open streetcar doors and the safety aisle.

Then on to the Earl Carroll Theater patio—and more people. As usual, Mom struck up a friendly, lively conversation with those around her and two elderly ladies from Ohio had fastened themselves on her, content to follow her lead as the line began to

BORDERLINE ANEMIA

steals your energy and spoils your fun!



How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets.

THERE are people in every "crowd" who seem always weary and dispirited. Yes, and so many of these pale, drab people may trace their lack of personality and fun to a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

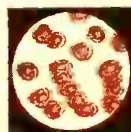
Results of medical studies show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. And if you have noticed a loss of color and energy in yourself, you too may be a victim. Perhaps you need to build up your red blood cells—supply line of energy.

Build up Blood and Energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

If your face is too pale and you tire too easily it may be the result of a Borderline Anemia and you should take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help combat Borderline Anemia by restoring puny red blood cells to normal size and color. Vigor and healthy looks depend on energy released by healthy red blood cells.

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have the signs of this depressing Borderline Anemia take Ironized Yeast. It can help you build up your blood—and your natural vitality and appeal.

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
resulting from a ferro-nutritional
blood deficiency can cause
TIREDDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS



Tips for 2 lovely you's

Two smart hair-dos from a single Tip-Top setting—Tip-Top shows you how to do it at home!



Charming by day. You need no special skill to set exciting new hair styles with Tip-Top Curlers.

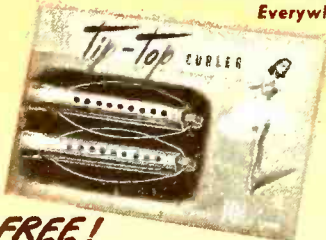


Glamorous by night. Just recomb and in minutes you'll be beauty-perfect for that evening date.

How much lovelier you look, under the sun or stars, when Tip-Top Curlers provide the setting. Using Tip-Top is as simple as grip...turn...close. In less time than you dreamed possible, Tip-Top gives you soft, natural-looking hair beauty. You'll wonder that you ever found your hair unmanageable!



At Notions Counters
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FREE!

"Professional Hair Styling at Home". Tip-Top booklet tells how you can arrange these 2 becoming hair styles—and 10 others. Packed with helpful hints, pictures, and easy-to-follow instructions.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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Please send me your free booklet,
"Professional Hair Styling at Home"

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

move and the ushers collected our tickets.

For the first time, something like real excitement began to stir in me as we hurried through the beautiful Earl Carroll Theater foyer and down the broad center aisle to a small table for two. I caught my breath at the magnificence of it—the large, spacious theater with its six terraces of tables—the huge, curved stage, half-hidden behind the shimmering sequin-spangled ceiling-high green curtain.

I LIKED Jack Bailey, the Master of Ceremonies, immediately. I liked the way he talked to us—not down to us. He explained the program, although I doubt if it was necessary, since the comments around us showed that most of the audience were daily listeners—and they knew just what was going to happen in a few moments, when the green signal would flash from the control booth that we were "on the air." And everyone seemed to be bidding the little hope that this might be her day—when she would be chosen Queen.

Why not? I thought to myself in astonishment. The Queens would have to be picked out of the audience. Why couldn't Mom be chosen?

And suddenly I found myself waving my hand frantically in the air as Jack Bailey walked down the aisle to begin the selections. Five contestants would be chosen—I wanted so badly for Mom to be one of them!

Finally he came our way. We were the third tier of tables back from the stage and he paused beside us. My throat had tightened up so that I could hardly breathe. I wanted to shout to him—tug at his coat—anything to make him look down at me. But I didn't—and then he was walking past.

But he came back. *He came back!* He stopped and leaned over our table.

"Hello," and he held the microphone between us, so that we could both be heard. "And what would you like to do, if you were made Queen for a Day?"

Frantically I gestured towards Mom. "She—" I managed to get out, but he stopped me.

"No—what would you like to do?"

I had just one quick look at Mom and her eyes were shining—and then I knew that she wanted this for me, just as she has always wanted the good things for other people. Strong, independent, sure—Mom has expected the miracles for other people. For herself, she wants to make her own way.

"I—I'd like a place to live," I blurted out. I hadn't stopped to consider; that wish filled my heart day and night. "I'd like an apartment or a house—or anything—just so I can make a home for my husband and my son and myself."

He nodded and I caught a glimpse of real, genuine sympathy in his eyes.

"That's a good wish," was all I could remember him saying.

I can't remember anything else until I was up on that stage and looking around me, dazed. I was one of the five contestants chosen.

It was lucky I was so dazed. Otherwise I would have been terrified of being in front of that big audience and speaking my piece over the microphone, over air waves that carried this program to people in every state of the Union.

Jack Bailey and the others on the program helped. They were so kind, yet so quick with their questions that I didn't have a moment to be more

than aware of how my knees were shaking.

I told my story—though not all of it. I didn't want to broadcast the tragedy of my babies. But I told about giving up my apartment and my furniture to be with Hugh in Olympia when he first went into the Army; about going back to Mom in Michigan to wait out the duration; about the coming back to Los Angeles and the desperate, hopeless search for a place of our own. Big as that stage was and far away as I was from the sea of faces below us, I could feel the warm wave of sympathy that came from the audience. Probably many of them—in overcrowded, underhoused Los Angeles—were facing the same ordeal I was!

Then it came.

"I crown you, Eileen—Queen for a Day!" I had won!

Like one in a dream, I felt the robe being placed around my shoulders, the soft stroking of the ermine collar at my throat. Hands were lifted over my head—and, unconsciously, as I felt the slim weight of the crown on my hair, my chin went up. When you are a Queen you must act like a Queen!

I could hear the handclapping below, but I couldn't see anything for the little mist of happy tears in my eyes. An emotion was struggling up into my throat—but it was a proud, joyous, triumphant one—not that bitter, unhappy choke I had lived with so long.

It began then—right then—that change in me. And it grew and grew all during the rest of that exciting program and through the wonderful events that followed. It was as if I had to change. I had to be courageous.

I had to take the magnificent presents they gave me—and clamp down, fiercely, on the cynical whisper that mocked in my ears: "And where do you think you'll put them, Eileen, in rooms that are already crowded with furniture?—that big, white streamlined washing machine, that console radio, the twin coffee-making sets, the motion picture camera?" I found I could accept the lovely wardrobe—the gray gabardine wool suit, the striped jersey dress, the nylons, the shoes, the purses and hats and gloves—without sarcastically wondering: "and where will you have a chance to wear them? Walking up and down streets, looking for 'For Rent' signs? Or talking to apartment-house janitors, perhaps?"

No, this new, clean feeling of pride refused to let me twist the giving into a mockery. I could look at the gifts and just be simply grateful.

"Is there anything special you'd like to do before we start on the Grand Tour, Your Majesty?" Mr. Bailey asked.

The show (Continued on page 84)

Be Sure to Listen to

Louella Parsons

Sunday, January 12th, at 9:15 P. M.
EST on ABC for an exciting interview with one of America's most popular stars—as chosen by the American movie-going public in the annual poll conducted for **PHOTOPLAY** by Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research Inc.

ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 9, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent. (Advertisement)



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(Continued from page 82) was over. The audience was slowly, noisily, making its way out the frosted glass doors of the theater. Mom was up there on the stage with me and now there were only us and the official members of the show left.

"It's all over?" I asked, regretfully. I was beginning, slowly, to emerge from the dream.

"I can see your daughter's been too excited to listen," Jack Bailey laughed with Mom. "Why—it's just started! You have a whole day to reign, Queen Eileen. First, you'll have lunch, with your court, at Tom Breneman's—then on to the Hal Roach Studios—then to the House of Westmore—then—"

"OH!" There was only one thing left to make this day perfect. "Could I possibly call my husband? I know my mother-in-law has heard, because she said she would be listening in to the program. But Hughie's working—"

"Well, why not ask him to join us for dinner? At the Biltmore Hotel?"

Hugh told me afterward that my voice had a song in it when I finally reached him over the phone. He said I didn't sound at all nervous or jumbled-up, when I finally told him what had happened. He claims he was perfectly calm, too—but I know better! When his words go all gruff and masculine and he tries to be casual and *what-of-it?*—then I know he's tickled pink.

But right now the Queen's limousine was waiting outside, under the blue-pillared marquee.

I was so glad Mother Jones had insisted on my wearing my nicest dress and hat when I left the house. She had done it for my morale—but now I knew I needn't feel ashamed to walk into Tom Breneman's Restaurant and know that people were pointing me out.

The orchid Mr. Breneman pinned on my shoulder at lunch put my spirits up an even higher notch.

"That's part of it," Mom whispered to me as she saw the delight in my face as I looked down at its delicate lavender-tinted beauty. "You were asking me before how I managed, Eileen. Well, I never could afford an orchid but I always tried to have some little beautiful thing tucked away—a flower or a favorite pin or a special little trinket someone had given me—to take out and look at and spruce up a plain dress, when things were par-

ticularly down-heartening. It does something for you, wearing something special and beautiful. Life can't always be just bread-and-butter, you know."

I did know. I remembered how proud we children always were of the way Mom looked, no matter how poor we were. The way she would always have her hair just-so and the way she would never think of going out onto the street in a housedress, even to the grocery store. She could always find time to change into a street-dress and put on her hat, even with ten children clamoring for her time and attention. What was the word for that kind of pride—was it courage?

But now I was too busy to ponder secrets. The chauffeur piloted us in the big car out to Culver City and the Hal Roach Studios—and it was then I noticed the people bowing on the streets and felt their friendly god-speeds. I was a grown woman, married, with a three-year-old son—yet it was all I could do to keep from bouncing up and down on the car seats, just as Bobby would have done.

Even the make-believe of the movie sets didn't seem any more unreal than the rest of what had happened so far that day, as we visited the Hal Roach Studio. These glamorous great people of the motion pictures—why, they treated me as if I were the celebrity!

I think Mom enjoyed the House of Westmore as much as I did.

"I HOPE you don't mind my watching everything you do?" she asked the attendant who had taken me in charge. "I have a few other daughters and some friends who will be asking me all kinds of questions and I'd like to pass on to them any new ideas."

"Of course we don't mind," the other said graciously. "Looking pretty is mostly just good common sense and sticking to it, anyway. Plus a little professional know-how."

"Is there anything that gives a woman such a lift as this?" I marveled, when they were through. "I feel like a new person." And indeed it was a new Eileen who stared rapturously back at me, turning and posturing in the House of Westmore salon. The old one—defeated and beaten—had been sloughed off like a worn-out coat when I had first walked up those velvet carpets to the stage at Earl Carroll's. Now the finishing touches were on—and I was welcoming back the girl who



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looked like this with shining eyes the day Hugh and I had been married, who had been so happy before the war.

But there was still something lacking to make for perfect happiness and I knew what it was when I saw Hugh, himself, make his way toward us at our dinner table at the Biltmore Hotel. Now everything was complete—because he was here to enjoy the rest with me.

"Hi, Queen!" his words were joking, but his whole face showed his pleasure and his pride. It seemed so good, again for the two of us to be dressed up and dining out—just as if we were two kids again, courting and on a spree—instead of a settled married couple, having to hoard pennies against rainy days. "Do I bow—or kneel—or does a husband have some rights with royalty?"

"How about your being King—for the evening?" The sponsors of the show even had an official escort, Mr. Harry Mynat, along with Mom and me, and he had proved to be a gay and interesting guide on our tour.

"OKAY, Mr. Mynat. That should give me some standing here." Hughie settled himself at the table and then smiled at Mom. "You two girls have been having yourselves a time, haven't you? Not that I was surprised—I've always said I knew how to pick 'em."

With a start of surprise, I saw that I had almost forgotten how good-looking Hugh is—how grand that smile that lights up his whole face. It had been so long since I had really given him a good look, or made an effort to see him smile—so long since I wasn't too busy when he came home nights to share with him this private kind of teasing that is a part of love.

I saw, too, the new little lines at the corners of his eyes. These past years hadn't been any easier for him than for me . . . perhaps harder.

But that was in the past. *Things are going to be different from now on*, I promised him, silently. *This day is meant to be more than just an adventure—it must mean the start of that new life we dreamed of.*

"I feel so wonderful," I whispered to him, as the lights slowly darkened in the big ballroom-dining room and the floor show began. "I feel like Somebody."

He squeezed my arm. "You've always been somebody, silly—aren't you Mrs. Hugh Jones? You're somebody to me, and to Bobby, and don't you forget it."

And then we stopped talking because the dinner was so delicious and the floor show was sparkling and funny and there was so much to see and do. I was in fairyland again, and this time Hugh was with me.

Of course there's always an awakening. Mine came next morning when I opened my eyes and knew that my Queen's reign was over—I was back in our combination bedroom-living room and Bobby was clamoring for his breakfast.

"Shush!" I told him automatically. The usual warnings rose to my lips as I tiptoed into robe and bedroom slippers: *Be quiet—don't make so much noise—you'll wake your Grandmother—don't ask so many questions—eat your breakfast—*

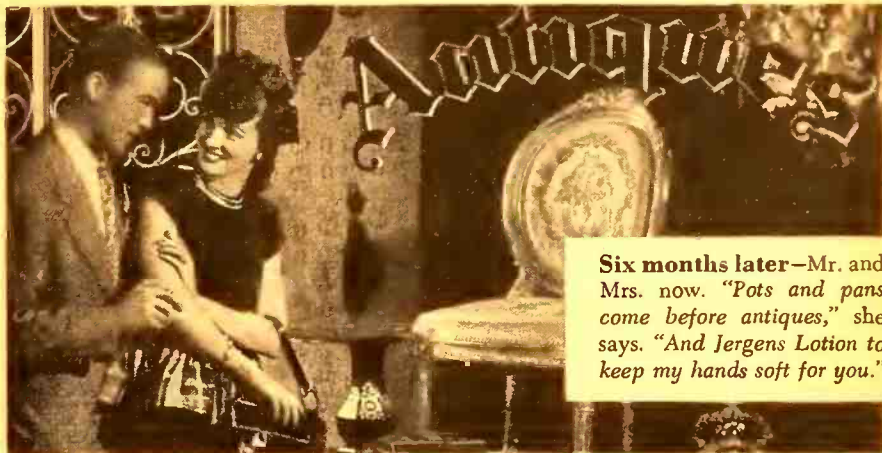
And then I remembered. I had a story to tell Bobby.

"Once upon a time, Bobby, there was a Queen. For a whole day. And that Queen was your very own mother—" and so on, telling him everything that

Modern Love in Old New Orleans



Mardi Gras dance—and she wouldn't tell him her name. But—"I'll find you," he said. "I'll never forget these soft hands." . . . Very likely she uses Jergens hand care. Like the Stars. Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion.



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The Present with a Future

had happened. He sat there rapturously quiet, his big brown eyes wide under his thatch of blond hair. He could hardly wiggle, much less talk—but he ate his breakfast.

So the magic hadn't yet disappeared! And now a little of it touched my son.

The phone began ringing shortly after Hugh and Father Jones had left for work—which is early, indeed. And it hardly stopped ringing all day. Friends dropped in to marvel and exclaim with me and to hear firsthand how one of their own neighbors had become Queen for a Day. Telegrams came from Michigan where relatives and more friends had heard the program. I had to keep dressed up; I couldn't run around in slacks and any old blouse when there was no telling who might be ringing the doorbell.

People told me that the afternoon Alhambra newspapers carried ads placed there by the sponsors of the show—asking for a place to rent for us.

But—funny thing—I never really expected them to get results. I never expected to get my wish. I had almost forgotten I had made it and I knew that apartments and real estate offices had long waiting lists.

BUT the other miracle—? Late that afternoon, when the house was finally quiet and Bobby was outside playing and Mother Jones had left me, smiling, to take her nap—then I sat down and took stock of myself. Why did I still feel so different?

Why wasn't I afraid—at least not so much? Why was it that all the interruptions, the make-shift entertaining, the apologies for meeting these friends today in a living room where the baby's bed was crowded against the fireplace and our bed was only barely camouflaged as a divan against the other wall—why didn't those things bother and irritate me?

I searched and found the answer. Because I had found myself again. I had my bearings now and none of these temporary discomfords was going to throw me for a loss again. I was a real person.

All during the time Hugh was in the Army I had felt like nothing more than a war statistic. I was a soldier's wife—one of ten million—torn up by the roots and scattered over the country. That was a sacrifice I had been willing to meet, even if I'd had a choice. The woman's part is the easiest.

But those things wouldn't have mattered if you knew you had a safe anchorage somewhere, a place to come back to, of your own. But when you drift for a couple of years—when your husband is overseas—when you bear and lose a child that he has never even seen—in a home that is not your own—when you move again and must find your corner in someone else's house—

Well, somewhere along that road I had lost myself. I had become not wholly a mother, not wholly a wife, not quite a guest in my parents-in-law's house—not entirely anything.

Now I knew that to be anything to anyone, I must first know myself. I must be strong and courageous and proud—not beaten and unhappy. I must look forward—but not desperately. There were common-sense things I could do.

Stubbornly I meant to cling to some of that magic. It wasn't so impossible. Wasn't my own mother one of those rare persons who carried that magic wisdom with her wherever she went? She had raised ten children, but she had never let herself become sub-

merged in them; never let her own dreams and her own pride die.

I don't mean to imply that being Queen has changed me or my life completely. In fact, I doubt if Hugh or Bobby would appreciate such a change. But what it has done for me is to make me realize that good fortune can come my way; that keeping a pair of rose-tinted glasses handy isn't just kidding myself; that if miracles can happen, other good things can come my way if I work for them.

Time has gone by. I'm still searching the want-ad sections of the newspapers and I still eagerly follow up any rumors I hear about rental vacancies. But the hunt doesn't occupy all of my time—not by any means.

I have a job now. In the mornings I get up and fix our breakfast, clean up our room, and then take Bobby to nursery school on my way to work.

It's nice, pleasant work, selling breads and cakes and pies and cookies in the Mission Bakery. The counters sparkle in their clean glass and the air smells sweet from the cinnamon and the spices in the baking. I wear a trim-white uniform and a little white cap that perches smartly on my dark hair (I'm still dressing my curls the way Westmore's showed me to!) and I am beginning to know and call the customers by name. And they know me, too. "Mrs. Jones," they say—and once in a while someone's eyes will open wide and they will gasp: "Mrs. Jones? Are you the Eileen Jones who was Queen for a Day? Oh, tell me about it!" And then I find myself going over my great adventure again.

AT FOUR-THIRTY I pick up Bobby and we go home. Mother Jones has had a quiet, peaceful day. She loves Bobby and he loves her, dearly; but no older woman—and certainly not one who is unwell—should have the nerve-racking noise and tumult of a small boy's entire waking hours loaded onto her shoulders. This way they see each other for a few hours and it is a pleasant time for them both.

When Hugh comes home I have rested and showered and changed into one of the pretty dresses he loves. And I have found that sharing another person's life and jokes and tenderness doesn't depend on being physically alone. We are together—we are building together—planning together.

"I heard about a new housing development today. And they're giving preference to veterans." When he would tell me about these possibilities before, it would come slowly, almost as if he were afraid of raising my hopes and knowing the despair that would follow if the "lead" came to nothing.

But now—? I can say calmly, "Let's call them up and ask for an appointment, dear. Maybe we can run over to their offices after Bobby is in bed." But there's no frenzy in my voice now. It will come—that home for us. "And if it doesn't work out—there'll be another day." And I know, from Hugh's grateful smile, that he has learned, too, how substantial our happiness together is.

I'm going to have more babies, too. That was something I couldn't face for a long time. But now I want children—brothers and sisters for Bobby—when that Someday comes.

It's nice, having a wonderful Someday to look forward to. But I don't think I could still dream of it and plan for it—if I hadn't had that Other Day to look back on. That never-to-be-forgotten, miracle in time when I was truly Queen for a Day.

It's A Honeymoon

(Continued from page 43)

and how we fell in love and married and have lived happily ever after . . . it all began, as the tale-tellers say, seven or eight years ago—maybe more, time plays pranks with me—when I was working as a relief announcer for Station KGB in San Diego, California, and first heard Ruth Carhart sing over the Columbia network. I thought, I remember, how much, how very much I liked the verve and velvet of her contralto voice. I wondered vaguely, I also remember, whether she "looked like" her voice. But I did not think I would ever meet her nor did I feel, to be quite honest, any wild romantic urge to do so.

Then, shortly after I heard Ruth sing, I resigned from KGB (by that time I had been promoted to Chief Staff Announcer) and headed East. Luck rode with me, for I was accepted in no time at all as a staff member of CBS in New York. Among my first assignments was to announce the program of songstress Ruth Carhart.

NOW you might suppose—since I had heard her sing when I was on the Coast and her voice had, so to speak, said things to me—that it would have been pretty exciting to me to meet her, to announce for her. Quite honestly, it wasn't. I had been at CBS for only two to three weeks at the time and was too excited over the break it was for me to be there to have any reactions left over. Furthermore, I was not well—down to that "spare 134 pounds"—it was a hot summer, I wasn't used to heat and the whole set-up ganged up on the Romeo in me, if any.

I do recall that Ruth sang "When We Were Young," as one of her numbers, but whether I noticed what she wore, or thought her beautiful, or hoped to have a date with her, I doubt . . .

After the broadcast, however, Cupid got in a lick . . . when, in the announcers' room, I found a great big box of peonies which my grandparents had sent me from my hometown of Deposit, New York. An enormous box . . . Since the room I was then sharing with Ralph Edwards (later to be the Ralph Edwards of Truth and Consequences fame and fortune) boasted only one vase, a bud vase, it was obvious that if the peonies moved in, Ralph and I would, perforce, move out. Sort of embarrassing to me, too, all those flowers in the announcers' room. What to do with them? Having just finished the program with Ruth, something—in my subconscious, nothing more—prompted me to rush to the elevators where, just as she was signaling for a down car—I caught up with Ruth. Standing there, first on one foot, then the other, I asked her, with a sickly grin, if she "liked flowers." Ruth's answer was (she says it was the first and last time she ever used the now-current phrase) "Oh, are you kidding?"

I remember very well our first date. Ruth had an organ program somewhere on Seventh Avenue. I announced the program. As we were leaving the building in—recurrent theme!—a down elevator we said, simultaneously and very unromantically, that we were hungry. After which, with no "How about dinner tonight, Miss Carhart?" we found ourselves, as by common consent, in a place called Louise's, somewhere on the East Side, and there

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**BABY HAIR
TREATMENT**

discovered that we both like hearty food—steak, potatoes, pie—that we both love children, animals, flowers, fishing and sturdy furniture; that we both come from the smallest of small towns (Population of Ellsworth, some 2,000—and Ruth said I had “made up” the town of Deposit, that there was no such place) which means that our way of life had been much the same and that we had both worked like stevedores to make good.

“My parents,” Ruth confided, “wanted badly, but could not afford to give me, a musical education. So when I learned that Ellsworth’s one and only (and very fine) vocal coach needed a housekeeper, I applied for the job—and got it. Lessons,” she added, laughing, “in part payment of salary.”

“I worked my way through San Diego College, where I was studying to be a history teacher,” I said, “by taking employment in a grocery store, at a public beach as caretaker of the parking lot and picnic grounds, as a flagman with a road gang . . .”

“SOON after I started in domestic service,” Ruth said, “my employer and coach joined the staff of Stephens College, in Missouri, and I went with him. I worked my way through Stephens by singing in church choirs in addition to continuing my household chores.”

“I quit college in my junior year,” I said, “to join a Shakespearean stock company, run by Mrs. Patia Power who was better known, at the time, than her son, Tyrone. I made my stage debut,” I added, with modest pride, “in ‘Romeo and Juliet’ at the Vine Street Theater, in Hollywood.”

“After I graduated from Stephens,” Ruth continued the exchange of confidences, “I entered the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. After I had been there a year, I won a contest sponsored by Mme. Schumann-Heink. The prize was a summer of study with the late great diva.”

“After our Shakespearean troupe broke up,” I said, “my next venture was gold-mining. I spent several months prospecting, and—to understate it—roughing it in the California hills. I returned to San Diego with nothing that bore even a family resemblance to gold in my pockets.”

This time, too, unlike the first time, I noticed what she wore—something green, like the spring. This time I noticed, and knew, that she was beautiful. She was my type, whatever that means. I mean that her red-brown hair, smooth and shining, her wide-set, black-lashed gray eyes, her skin like the skin of the camellias I then and there determined to send her daily, her wide-set cheek bones and full, generous mouth added up to my concept of beauty in a woman. There was the look of the Viking about her, the look of strength. I am, besides, always attracted to a very regular, genuine wholesome quality in a woman and I recognized these qualities in Ruth. It sounds selfish to say, but I also knew—for a fact—that she would board up the holes in me and would make—and this mattered to me, too—a good mother. Which, in more than bare fact, she has done and is. In addition, because although I am not musical myself, I have a great love of music, the idea of her being musical really—what is it Sinatra does to his fans?—sent me.

After that first date, we never again—not for long, at any rate—said goodbye.

At this time, or shortly thereafter, Ralph Edwards (with whom I was still

sharing—not a room, now, but an apartment on West 55th Street) started going with the girl he was to marry and, in a foursome or, more often, two by two, we dated and danced and had ourselves never-to-be-forgotten times all through that enchanted summer . . .

One of our favorite haunts was the old Brevoort, on lower Fifth Avenue, where we liked to have mint juleps. It was at the Brevoort, I remember, that we wrote “our” song—*Rain On My Heart*. Ruth insists that I wrote it, she just wrote it down; I insist that she wrote it, I just wrote it down—either way, we collaborated and although the song remains unpublished and, except by Ruth, unsung, Ruth still believes in it and submitted it, recently and, I fear, optimistically, to a song contest being held in Bronxville. (Editor’s Note—late bulletin. It won first prize!)

The Russian Yar over on 52nd Street was another rendezvous made for two. There, the musicians used to come to our table and play and sing for us; used to teach Ruth to sing songs in Russian. *How Strange* was, I well remember, one of them she sang, there in the candlelight, in Russian. On her birthday that year, our musician friends, tramping in behind the one-candled cake the proprietor had made for Ruth, sang her the Russian version of *Happy Birthday To You* . . .

I, an announcer, am not paid to be, and am not, an adept at translating emotion into words; but if there is a word for that time in our lives, the word is “magical.”

It always flatters me enormously—perhaps, being a very wise woman, she knows it does—to hear Ruth telling her girl-friends, “George used to send me the most beautiful flowers. When I was on a show, there was a corsage every night—creations, they were, each one different.” (I had an arrangement with a very ingenious florist!) “And oh, the most beautiful camellias . . . !”

ON June 22, 1940, in the parlor of a Presbyterian minister’s house in Fredericksburg, Virginia, we were married.

Again I remember the way she looked (she looked like a bride—can a woman look more beautiful?) and the dress she wore, a lovely silk thing, green, with flowers in the print.

I remember, too, that as we were promising to love, honor and obey, we faced a screen door leading out into a garden and the garden, like Ruth, was bright with summer.

We didn’t have a honeymoon trip because the news waits for no man, not even a bridegroom, and I had a news broadcast the next day. But we went to Maine later that summer and we went to Florida this winter just past and although we call that our “real” honeymoon, when two people are in love wherever they are, and whenever, it is a honeymoon, isn’t it?

We have our differences, of course, and Ruth has her difficulties with me. Put down that I am the laziest man in the world (if I ever get a breakfast show, I’ll be out of radio!) and you’ll face one of them. She gets me up in the (mid) morning by sheer chicanery. The latest gimmick is to tell the kids, “You go in, boys, and give Daddy a big kiss.” Rousing a man by his heart-strings, I call it!

Having laid myself open to criticism, it is only fair to say that my wife has a tremendous temper. When she is about to explode, I can always tell it because her lips get very straight and narrow and she looks like Brunhilde

hearing the call to battle. A very minor difference between us is that I love to play bridge and Ruth has no card sense at all.

Basically, however, we are a literal example of two hearts that beat, and two lives that are lived, as one.

When Ruth took the children to California last year to show them to my mother, and to hers and to do, while on the coast, some transcribed stuff. ("I was," she says, "the voice of Elsie, the Cow.") She was gone ten weeks. Though we like to think we are modern enough to believe that married people benefit by occasional separations, we found that a ten-week separation was plain torture.

Since we have been married, Ruth has done some singing but on a much smaller scale than before she became Mrs. Putnam. Working as hard as she did to achieve what she did, she was, she says, pretty tired of the grind and enjoys "just being married." I, in the matter of her career, say nothing. I feel I haven't any right to have any feeling about it, one way or the other; that what she does must be motivated from within herself. I can't help but feel, however, that with the big investment in time and energy she made in her career, there may come a day when she will be happier with a slight change of pace. . . .

MEANTIME, she takes care, the best, of her "three boys" . . . sees to it, among other things, that I make the train in time for my *Portia Faces Life*, *Lorenzo Jones*, *Big Town*, *Mystery Theatre* and *Paramount Newsreel* shows—and that, with my capacity for sleep and incapacity for waking up, is no slacker's job. With that slight straightening and narrowing of her lips, Ruth is wont to remind me that the only speed ticket she ever got in her life was when she drove me (on an ambulance the speed she made would have looked good) to the station at Fleetwood.

Since I seldom have to be in New York until afternoon, and only two nights a week, we manage to have a lot of time together, and a lot of fun, at home. Having lived in Bronxville for four years, we know a lot of people and have a wonderful crowd—a dentist (Dr. Knight) and his wife, an artist and his wife, a lawyer and his wife, two vice-consuls from the Union of South Africa and their wives—and almost every night we're at home, they drop in on us, or we visit one of them, and have a big powwow, or Ruth sings, or we play *The Game*.

Often, too, we spend an evening alone, Ruth and I . . . and she tells me something amusing the boys have said or done . . . for instance, how she and the children were walking past a neighborhood church that day and all Jeff knows about a church is that people get married in church and how, as Kit started up the path, exploring, Jeff said, "You better not go in there, Kit, you might get married!" . . . Or I do a little bragging about my recent membership in the *Lambs Club* and how proud I am of it. . . . Or we conjure up ideas for shows I might do, someday, in radio and Ruth says she wishes I would act in radio and I tell her that, if I did, I would be faced with something as simple as embarrassment. Or maybe, but not often, we go to the movies. Or Ruth sings to me. Or something. Or anything . . . for whatever it is, it adds up to contentment and happiness simply because we are together.

Are you in the know?



How can you leave at your dating deadline?

- Tell the crowd *Dod* insists
- Say you need your beauty sleep
- Mention on early A. M. appointment

Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . .

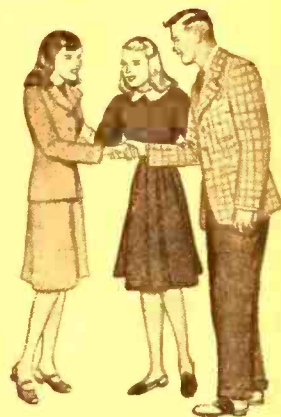
so don't hesitate. Mention an early morning appointment. It's the smooth way to exit at your curfew time. At "difficult" times, curfew for outline fears calls for Kotex. That's because Kotex has *flat, pressed ends* that don't show . . . that prevent revealing outlines. Yes, with Kotex you're poised at any party . . . a smoothie from the word go!



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- A formal acknowledgment
- Brief but "personalized"
- An essay on gratitude

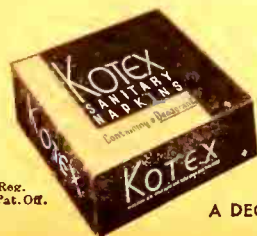
When sending thanks by mail, you needn't be stiff, or wordy or witty. Make your thank-you brief, but warm with that personal touch that's *you*. Why let "duty notes" nag you? Writing them can be so simple. Likewise, why be needled by problem-day worries—when Kotex can give you peace of mind? The exclusive *safety center* of Kotex means *extra protection* against accidents. And you'll say "thanks" for that *deodorant* in each Kotex napkin!



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- Follow through
- Let them take it from there
- Start talking for talk's sake

Spare your friends the pause that distresses—after they've said "How do you do?". Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying" days, let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. You get lasting comfort . . . more poise per hour!



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The Little Girl Next Door

(Continued from page 47)



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she looks up worshipfully. "Isn't he big?" she says to you in an off-stage whisper. Then motioning significantly to his arms, "Muscles!"

They live near the college in a small yellow frame house with a palm tree in the front yard and a hopscotch game painted on the front sidewalk. There's a cash-and-carry grocery store on one corner, a press-while-u-wait on the other. Like many other American families the Nilssons are victims of eviction. They had to give up their comfortable Hollywood home, and took this one until they can get a small ranch in the San Fernando Valley. Meanwhile, Norma Jean plays happily away on the hopscotch walk, her only regret that there's no room for a horse in the backyard. "I want a baby colt," she says, "but I can't have it here. I just love horses!"

SHE stages her exciting horse operas in the backyard with her best friend, Evelyn August, a cute little girl with pigtails and freckles, who lives across the street from them. Evelyn is "going on twelve," and her father works for the Pacific Electric company "as a conductor or something," Norma informs you. She phones Evelyn every afternoon when she gets in from school and carries on fantastic conversations in pig latin "so I won't know what they're talking about," laughs her mother. It goes something like "Eskay-oogay-ootsay-okay-oplay," but when boiled down means simply, "Will you come over and play?"

Then Norma Jean whips on her khaki pants, red plaid shirt, red straw sombrero, buckles on her gun, and carefully pulls on a pair of white gloves "for strangling the villains and for riding," she explains. Evelyn comes through the front door, pigtails flying, a gun strapped around the waist of her print dress, and they're ready to ride. They mount imaginary horses and run back and forth across the backyard in thrilling chase stuff. "Through the cave!" one shouts, and they streak through the garage. "Quick . . . they saw us!" yells Norma, and they slink across to a big empty wooden packing box, take cover behind it and carefully aim. "Hit him right between the eyes!" she says. The imaginary culprit falls.

When they "play costume," the box is a beautiful stage with make-believe gold curtains. In front of it in a long pink net dress, a gold sequin band around her hair, an old window curtain draped soulfully over her shoulders, Norma Jean emotes. The show goes on. And on.

She has some forty dolls that live on a double-decker bunk and overflow chairs all around her bedroom. "I've had this one . . . oh so long . . . ever since I was a little girl," she tells you, picking up a baby doll and cradling it. A fat bloated-looking doll reminds her of her Aunt Bluma. "Of course she doesn't look like her," she adds, "just the eyes. My Aunt Bluma has such nice big eyes!" she says admiringly. Usually she plays with the "tall" dolls "because they look more grown-up and you can comb their hair and everything." Some of them are wearing Norma Jean's dresses now. "Of course they're just borrowing them," she explains seriously.

"Norma Jean" is a beautiful doll given her by the woman who designs

her own clothes. She gave the doll an identical hair-do, using some of Norma's hair which was cut off when she got a permanent, and made it nineteen outfits just like those she made Norma. Including checked taffeta dresses, a blue velvet, a tiny brown fur coat, a robe, "and she has a nightgown just like mine too . . . a striped long flannel," says her mistress. She keeps the tiny wardrobe in an old tan suitcase and proudly has the doll model all of them for you.

Norma collects everything from dolls, stamps and pick-up sticks to the backs of playing cards "particularly those with dogs on the backs of them and Jokers. I don't know why I collect the Jokers. It just seems I like to." In her prized "knickknack" collection are souvenirs like the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, two imported figures given her by Diana Barrymore, and a rock Norma picked up in the Bronx Zoo.

HER most prized item is a gold bracelet with a gold heart that Jack Carson gave her, with "Norma Jean" inscribed on one side of the heart and "Love, Jack Carson" on the other. "I'm crazy about it. It's very lucky," she says. "I just adore him anyway. He's my very favorite star. He's so nice and big and everything. We talk a lot," she goes on conversationally. "Oh we never-talk about anything personal," she amends hastily, "just about the show." But even that is enough to make her heart flutter.

She loves jewelry and proudly shows you her gold ring with a garnet stone that her parents gave her. "It's my birthstone . . . January . . . you know." She has a silver bracelet with a charm for every appearance on the Monday night CBS Radio Theatre, "but I don't wear it much, because I wear my gold ring and it clashes," she says.

Norma Jean refers at intervals to something she had "when I was a young kid . . . about three years old." Her bed is "my youth bed . . . I've had it ever since I was a little girl."

Her idea of luxury is reading in bed. She usually climbs into her "youth bed" around seven o'clock at night, switches on her little blue bed lamp, snuggles down with her pet lamb, "Ballet," under one arm and gets lost in something like "The Five Little Peppers" for a half hour or so. "Ballet" is a nocturnal must. She's been sleeping with the toy lamb since she was three years old, and never goes to bed without it now. "I celebrate his birthday every May 15," she says. "Don't think he always looked like this," she says sadly, "he was all white and woolly with a blue satin ribbon around his neck when I got him. I guess he's just gotten worn out as the years go by," she says, hugging the little slick lamb close to her face.

Norma has a large library, numbering books like "Old English Songs and Ballads," "Book of Music Knowledge," "Seventeen," all the "Bobbsey Twins" books, and her very favorite "Black Beauty." "I just love that story," she says. "I've read it twice. I saw the picture too and I cried practically all the way through it."

She's wholeheartedly enthusiastic about her likes. She just loves her favorite blue organdy listening to Jack

Smith sing, "he sounds so cheerful all the time," and especially loves water-melons. "They're my favorite food in summer," she says. "I like apples in winter. And I also like my sponsor's Chicken Noodle soup," she goes on putting in an unsolicited but in her case a very honest plug. She doesn't like any other brand of chicken noodle and can tell the difference immediately. She also doesn't like summer squash. "I strictly don't," she says, wrinkling up her nose in inflexible distaste.

Like any other nine-year-old she strictly does like chewing gum and candy, and keeps a candy bar and a package or two of gum saved away in a black tin box, along with her precious gold sequin head band, a leather wallet, and a tiny little pink straw doll's hat. A very obedient child, she never invades the black tin box for candy without her mother's permission.

Like other nine-year-olds also she strictly likes Roy Rogers, Wild Bill Elliott, to go ice skating and roller skating, and loves to swim. Unlike them, possibly, Norma Jean has to be perfect at everything. She's a little perfectionist, and works just as hard at hopscotch as she does at long division. A skating spin must be perfect, and she'll practice it until she drops. She notes not only the principals, but the producer, director, all minor cast members, and every story detail of any movies she sees.

Unlike most of them, her life as a young professional is regimented into regular hourly periods. School from eight-thirty to noon; lessons in ballet, tap, diction, piano, singing, ice skating, and swimming; and the regular afternoon play periods.

Unlike some too . . . she just loves

school. And here too she has to make one hundred to be happy. An example missed in arithmetic almost breaks her heart. "Mommy . . . I missed one today," she'll say sadly, on that very rare occasion, and even "Pinky" can't cheer her up. Her grades range from "A" to "A-Plus" in English, spelling, writing, and geography. Sometimes she sorrowfully makes ninety-five in arithmetic.

UNTIL this past year Mrs. Nilsson tutored her at home. Now Norma is finishing the fifth grade at the Victory Garden School, a private school in Hollywood. The only other professional there is her secretly avowed "boy

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friend," thirteen-year-old Henry Blair, who plays "Ricky" on the Ozzie and Harriet show.

Despite her I.Q. of 162 there's nothing quiz-kiddy about her. She doesn't chagrin you by rattling off the Constitution or by giving you the square root of some infinite sum. She's just super-intelligent. Her parents have guarded against loading her mind with facts and figures or scientific data. "We just want her to be a normal child," they say.

Her I.Q. is evenly as well as generously distributed. She's an accom-

plished pianist, playing her favorite compositions like Beethoven's "Für Elise" and Chopin's "Minute Waltz" beautifully and with great feeling. Her mother started giving her lessons at the age of three and soon discovered she was a musical prodigy. One day while dusting the piano she accidentally hit a note and was surprised to hear three-year-old Norma, busily playing with her dolls, say, "Mommy . . . that was 'C'". Soon she could identify whole chords. She has what is known as absolute musical pitch and today—with her back turned—identifies major and minor chords and scales, and spells out words as her mother plays the notes. C-A-B-B-A-G-E . . . "Cabbage!" sings out Norma. She never misses.

She speaks Swedish fluently . . . her father always speaks it around home . . . and she has command of seven dialects on the radio. She excels in both tap and ballet, has a cute singing style and has sung duets with Jack Carson, Frank Sinatra and Jack Smith, no less. She's also a very talented little sketch artist. Before the broadcast at CBS you'll find her in her dressing room sketching away like mad on lovely ladies in smart evening gowns. "I just dream them up," she says, when you ask where she gets the ideas for the designs. "The dots are sequins," she explains, dotting busily, spreading glitter on a "dreamy," floating skirt.

She's always been precocious. She spoke fluently at the age of two, memorized nursery rhymes after hearing them one time, and could read and write at the age of five. She was taking dancing lessons at three, and singing lessons the following year. When she was four years old she sang and danced on USO shows, at War Bond rallies, and on



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amateur radio programs. She won first place that year in a talent contest on the Tune-Out Time program on radio station KECA.

Her first big-time radio appearance was with Dinah Shore and Fred MacMurray on Arch Oboler's Free World Theatre program over NBC. When Mrs. Nilsson got the call to bring Norma Jean down for the audition, she brought all her music, her tap shoes, and an accompanist, thinking they wanted Norma to sing. She was disappointed when she found it was a line reading. More so when she saw the twelve older girls who were there for it. To this date she doesn't know why her five-year-old was called.

Neither did Arch Oboler. "What are you doing here?" he laughed, shaking his head. "Can you read?"

"No," said Norma gravely, "but I can say anything you want me to say, sir."

Humoring her, the producer explained that he was looking for a girl to play a little dying Filipino girl in the script. She would have one line, and repeat it six times. "Say 'Mommy, I want a drink of water,'" he said, smiling.

Norma obediently obliged, saying it weakly, fretfully, as an ill child might. "Mommy... I... want... a drink of wa-ter."

"Just the voice I want and the child can't read!" exclaimed the producer.

He decided to use her anyway, and to have his assistant, Lew Merrill, squeeze Norma Jean's arm to cue her every time she said her line. It worked. She was perfect on the show.

"If you'll teach her to read... I'll use her a lot," the producer told her mother.

Mrs. Nilsson taught her, and within four months she could read simple script on network shows. She did a commercial on the Edgar Bergen show one Sunday and so impressed Cecil B. DeMille, who was guesting on it, that he arranged for her to have a featured part on the Radio Theatre in "Penny Serenade" with Joseph Cotten and Irene Dunne. The word got around the studios about the amazing five-year-old who could read cold script. Calls poured in. During the next two years, she was on Screen Guild, the Burns and Allen show, Truth and Consequences, and many others. On Stars Over Hollywood she enacted a macabre double role... that of a five-year-old girl and a 23-year-old woman in a five-year-old's body.

She was doing a small part on This Is My Best with Jack Benny one day, when Jack Carson and Larry Burns, producer of the Carson show, accidentally dropped into the control booth to catch the rehearsal. They knew immediately that they'd found the girl they wanted for the new character they were writing into their show. She was signed the next week.

The producer tells you readily that Norma Jean is the cleverest child radio actress he's ever seen. That she has a feeling for comedy and a timing that's amazing to find in any child. An understanding of lines and an intonation that usually takes years to develop. That she reads lines brilliantly, and reads them just as well at first rehearsal as she does on the final show.

Despite which Norma Jean always worries about her performance on a broadcast, and as soon as the show is off the air, rushes backstage to her mother with the anxious query, "Did I do good, Mommy? Did I do good?"

She never gets mike fright. Ask her about that and you'll get a surprised "Oh no... the microphone is my

friend." She never fluffs a line or throws the timing on a show. And she's equally watchful to see that nobody else fouls anything up either. During the broadcast of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" on the Radio Theatre a boy actor suddenly became ill and left the stage without the producer knowing it. When the boy's cue came, Norma Jean was on her feet and half-way to the mike to read his lines, when a fifteen-year-old boy who'd also noticed it, beat her there.

She's only had one or two bad moments of her own since she's been in radio. Once when she was supposed to scream on a show and her voice almost failed her. And on a Carson program when she didn't have the final page of her script and had the tag line. They were broadcasting from Philadelphia, where Jack was making personal appearances at a theater. There'd been only time for one rehearsal. Right at the end of the broadcast Norma discovered she didn't have her last page. She knew she had the tag line. The last laugh. She was panicky. She watched Carson and Dave Willock carefully, knowing she could tell by Jack's expression when it was time for her cue. When he said his last line and looked at her... her own line came to her. She remembered it. When the curtain went down, Norma ran off-stage crying. Carson picked her up and soothed her. "Oh, I was so frightened, Mister Carson," she wailed.

Today at nine, Norma Jean has some 225 shows behind her. She has an exclusive contract with her sponsor that makes her the highest paid child actress in radio. She has a dressing room with "Miss Nilsson" lettered handsomely on the outside door. She gets many fan letters. And back in Rockport, Illinois, there's a Norma Jean Nilsson Fan Club, whose members meet "over at a neighbor lady's" and listen to the show, then adjourn to the nearest drugstore for ice cream cones.

During the broadcasts, Norma sits with great dignity on a chair onstage, her feet dangling, her full skirt spread carefully around her, a perky white bow atop her long brown hair. She follows the script carefully, turning pages and clipping them. Then jumps down and takes a serious stance behind her short mike for her lines. When the show's over and her mother assures her she "did good," Norma hurries on to the next exciting business on hand.

ON WEDNESDAYS she's verily a little queen for a day. During the three hours between the East and West Coast shows, Norma Jean and her mother go on their regular Wednesday binge. First to the Brown Derby for some chicken noodle soup and a chocolate eclair. Then out shopping for her weekly "reward," maybe a recording, a new book, boots, or a cowgirl suit. Then to the Hitching Post theater to see a Western movie.

When the curtain falls on the last show, the little queen goes happily but sleepily back to the yellow frame house with the hopscotch sidewalk. Forgotten is the dressing room with the "Miss Nilsson" on it. Forgotten the fans, the applause. She's just the little girl next door again.

Come Thursdays and she's propped on one elbow by the phone in the kitchen, giving with the pig latin to her girl friend across the street. Out come the pants, the red plaid shirt, the pistol, the desperado vocabulary. Away go timing, diction, cues. And Calamity Jean rides again.

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 41)

you." Then he would add, "They would be a very ungrateful lot if they did not look after their mother."

He lived long enough to see the three of them married. "Now," he said, to me, "you are going to have a car and some of the things we have done without." A car was selected and ordered delivered but before it came my husband died of a heart attack.

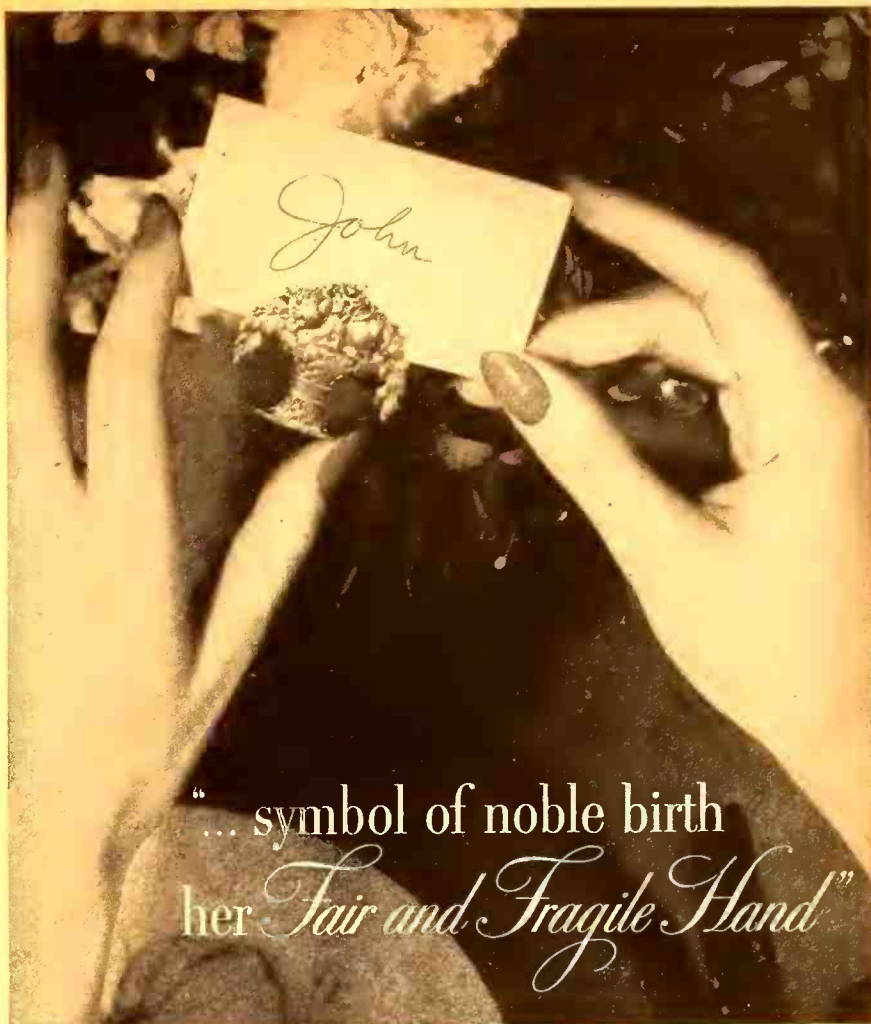
The children announced that as they could not keep up a separate home for me, which I never expected them to do, the three of them had arranged for me to spend four months of each year in one of their homes, in rotation. I agreed, really feeling happy about it. All of my things were sold. Each child lived in a different state and none of them lived in the state in which my married life had been spent and in which they had grown up. I had visions of going on being of service to my families, even though along in years. I could mend, wipe dishes and help with the children. I felt deeply proud and grateful that they seemed to want to take care of me. But, having my offers of help met with "No thank you, Nana," over and over, in each home, I finally gave up offering. They were kind and considerate of my comfort but they wanted nothing I had to offer, evidently.

I HAD no choice of selection of anything in the three different rooms in which I live. I made no suggestions as to the marketing. I ignored any act on the part of the children. I simply was and am not needed any more. The bottom had dropped out of my world. Night after night I cried myself into an exhausted sleep. One wakeful night I started thinking and planning about the years left me. I selected churches in the different places to attend—not the ones my families went to. I had no intention of being an incumbrance, even spiritually.

Then I put those plans into effect. I met people and in one church was giving a Sunday school class to teach. I visited the three different libraries, took out membership cards and caught up with my long neglected reading. I met other older people who spent time in the library. I shopped in the stores and fixed my wardrobe over, to the extent of my small allowance. I knew what was being worn. I crocheted many gifts during the evenings. I helped at Red Cross, met charming people, which led to social contacts. The sum of it all is, now I let my families live their own lives as they seem to desire, in their homes, just as if I were not there. I live my life, centered in my three rooms and my inner self. The fear of my interference, which I did not dream could exist, had been broken down. My families seem interested in my activities and ask me about them. The children seek "Nana" in her rooms. I haven't time for self-pity. I repeatedly count my blessings. I am a fortunate person. I have three homes instead of one. I am warm, comfortable and well fed. I have new friends and letters from old ones.

Now that the younger generation realize that "Nana" is not going to upset their home routines or spoil their children, living is assuming a natural basis and a more personal base.

I have discovered and demonstrated that "Life Can Be Beautiful" even

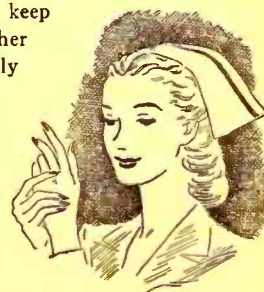


... symbol of noble birth
her *Fair and Fragile Hand*



Don't let housework be unfair to your hands

Yes... housework *can* leave your hands rough, red, and dry as dust. But... don't blame the housework... blame *yourself* for not taking care of your hands. Pacquins helps keep your hands looking smoother and whiter in spite of daily hard housework.



Doctors and nurses use Pacquins

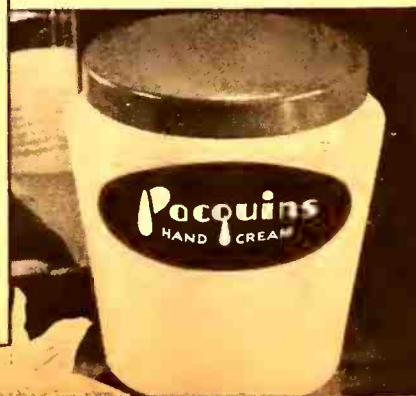
Doctors and nurses scrub their hands in hot soapy water from thirty to forty times a day. Pacquins was first made especially for them. If Pacquins can help their roughly treated hands... imagine how much it can do for *your* hands!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT,
OR TEN-CENT STORE

Pacquins

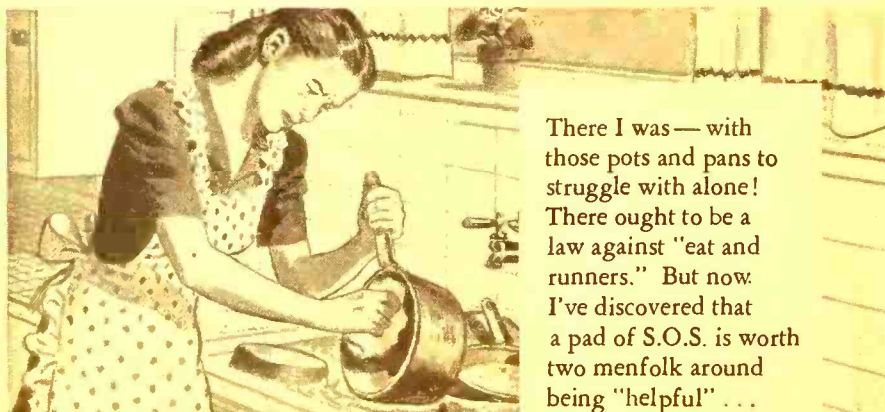
HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth, fragrant... *not* sticky, *not* greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.





It was "eat and run" —for all but me!



There I was — with those pots and pans to struggle with alone! There ought to be a law against "eat and runners." But now I've discovered that a pad of S.O.S. is worth two menfolk around being "helpful" . . .



. . . and how fast S.O.S. is, how easy to use! With soap right in the pad, it cuts through grease, whisks away burned-on food, chases dullness — all in one simple operation. Just a dip, rub, rinse — and the job's done!

The S. O. S. Company,
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
Toronto, Ont.

when lived in other people's houses and homes.

Mrs. N. E. C.

TOO YOUNG TO DIE

Dear Papa David:

My husband and I had been married two years and were expecting our first child when I developed a malignant growth on my left arm. I had already had two operations on my arm, when I was still in high school, but it never occurred to me that it could be anything serious.

Just a growth caused by a bruise, the doctor said. I had always been more or less a "tomboy"—enjoying all kinds of sports, especially swimming. So it was logical for this growth to be caused by a bruise. The doctor calmed my fears and I soon forgot about my arm.

Just two months before my daughter was born, the growth reappeared. My husband rushed me to our local doctor, who sent me at once to one of the best-known hospitals in the South. It didn't take long to find out how things stood. It was either amputate my arm or lose my life. At that time it was really a big decision to make. With an arm off, I'd be a cripple! The very thought of it made me shudder. Why, people would pity me. I wouldn't be able to do any of the things my husband and I had planned. I couldn't take part in the sports that I'd always enjoyed so much.

Then, there was my unborn baby. I'd never be a real mother to it with just one arm. I used every argument in the world, while my husband pleaded with me to have the operation, that it wouldn't make any difference in his love for me.

I spent one whole night just walking and thinking. But when morning came I'd reached a decision. I'd have the operation. I was too young to die, only nineteen. I still wanted to live, even if I would be handicapped. I thought of my child and began to wonder why I ever doubted that I wanted to live.

Once my mind was made up I felt much better. It was almost a relief when I went to the hospital for the operation.

My operation was soon over, and I was home again in a very short time. I hadn't much more than recovered from it, before my daughter was born.

With a child to rear and a home to make, I knew the time had come when I could no longer escape reality. I had a long, hard road ahead of me, but I was determined to make the best of it. I knew my husband and parents had suffered through this ordeal, as much as I had. I didn't want them to carry my burden, so my first step was to be cheerful. It wasn't always easy, but soon it came more naturally and I discovered I had a sense of humor, which saved many situations. If I could get the family and friends to laugh, for awhile we'd all forget about my handicap.

I made a game of learning to cook. Each time I mastered a new task, it was a personal victory to me. It helped my morale to realize I could cook, wash dishes and do just about anything with one hand that I had done when I had two. I was anxious to see if I could still swim—and I could! I relearned to drive a car. My pride in these small accomplishments was tremendous. I had never dreamed I could lead a normal life with just one arm.

The most difficult thing I had to fight was self-consciousness. People are naturally curious, but when someone stared at me and whispered something to his companion, I felt like running to hide. With the aid of an artificial arm, I'm gradually adjusting myself and gaining self-confidence.

It has been seven years now since I lost my arm. They have not been unhappy years. I have learned to appreciate the little things that other people sometimes overlook. I have a fine daughter, who is starting her second year in school. I have a devoted husband, who never pampered or pitied me, but helped me to stand on my own feet.

I have so much to be thankful for and I truly believe that life can be beautiful if we work to make it so.

I like to think that what happens to you isn't so important as how you take it.

Mrs. E. I.

"OUR BOYS"

Dear Papa David:

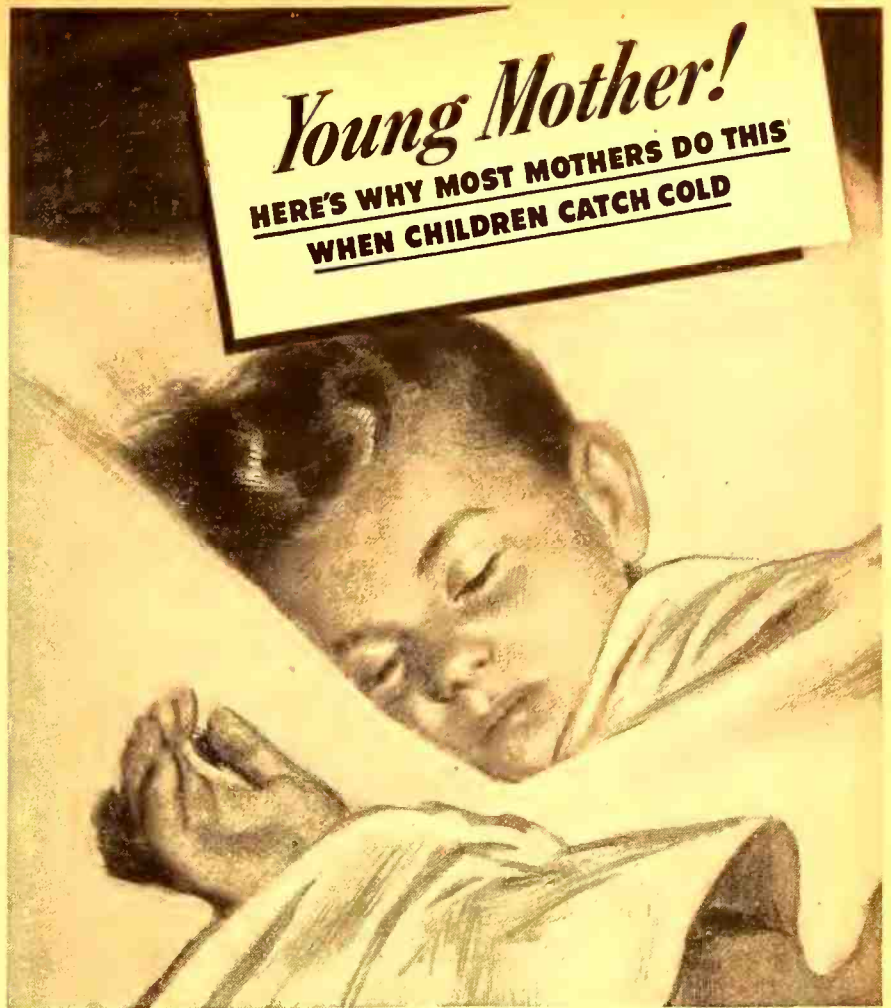
Yes—life can be beautiful when we realize that happiness comes only through doing things for others; when we learn to think of the other fellow as our very self. Let me elaborate. For many years I tried to find happiness by chasing every dream; trying any and everything new; going here—going there always at a whirlwind pace. I didn't know what I wanted. I wanted happiness—yes—but it had a way of always eluding me. When our only son was drafted and sent across the Pacific, life seemed meaningless to me.

One night sleep just wouldn't come. Hour after hour passed. Suddenly I had an idea! This was to be an unselfish idea though, one where I was to do the giving and sacrificing instead of the taking. I could scarcely wait till morning came to set my plan in motion! This was my plan: we lived in the suburbs and I decided to open our home over weekends to the wounded veterans from the two nearby government hospitals. Our home wasn't pretentious but it was comfortable and we loved to share it. It was lovely in the summer especially. Big old shade trees provided places for hammocks and swings, as well as giving blessed shade on hot summer days. There was an outdoor oven where we roasted "doggies." There were picnic tables and chairs for outdoor parties. It was cozy in the winter time, too, because we were fortunate in having a huge fireplace in the living room where each winter night found a cheery roaring wood fire blazing in the hearth.

Within the month, we entertained our first boys. This was last September, and since then there has been a steady procession of wounded boys in our home. Some had lost both legs, some an arm and a leg, others had shrapnel wounds; still others had been horribly burned and disfigured—many were blind. There were boys of every faith, boys from humble homes and boys from wealthy homes. We treated them all alike, but one little twenty-year-old Marine who had lost his left leg on Okinawa soon became so dear to us that he seemed almost like our own boy. Every weekend he could get a leave he would drop in to see us.

Just after he was discharged, he and his little wife spent a delayed honeymoon with us. Their stay at our home will always be a cherished memory.

Then "Johnny" came into our life.



Young Mother!
**HERE'S WHY MOST MOTHERS DO THIS
 WHEN CHILDREN CATCH COLD**

Distress of his cold is relieved as he sleeps

Let this picture remind you that tonight you can relieve distress of your little one's cold *even while he sleeps!*... with nothing to swallow... and nothing to upset his delicate stomach.



What you do is rub warming Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Even as you rub it

on, VapoRub starts right to work to relieve distress.

IT PENETRATES to upper bronchial tubes with special medicinal vapors.

IT STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a nice warming poultice.

And . . . VapoRub keeps up this special penetrating-stimulating action for hours to bring relief *while the child sleeps*. Often by morning most distress of the cold is gone.

Remember... only VapoRub gives this special penetrating-stimulating action. So be sure you get the one and only Vicks VapoRub.

Used by 88 out of 100 Mothers in Rochester

- In a special door-to-door survey in Rochester, N. Y.—a typical American city—88 out of every 100 mothers called on said they use Vicks VapoRub whenever their children catch cold. So benefit from their experience . . . and when anyone in your family catches cold, rub on Vicks VapoRub. When you see what grand relief it brings you'll understand why *most mothers always use Vicks VapoRub!*



Best-Known Home Remedy You Can Use to Relieve Distress of Colds.

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Strapless Bra

artfully wired, made of finest

nylon marquisette... \$3

*here's your
"wire to
smartness"*



BESTFORM

no finer fit at any price

Johnny lost his eyesight when a land mine exploded in his face in France. His courage and determination were a constant source of inspiration to me. Since meeting Johnny, I have found that happiness for which I was seeking—a peace and contentment I have never before known. I can't tell in words what Johnny's friendship has meant to me; I only know he has strengthened in me a desire to help others less fortunate than myself.

Like many another "white collar worker" family, we have seen our wages decrease and the cost of living increase. To entertain these boys each week has meant a sacrifice on our part, and that fact alone—I know—is responsible for the joy and pleasure we have received from doing it. What money we would have spent for movies, trips to the shore, or into New York and many other little luxuries, we have put into a fund for entertaining these boys. What dividends it has paid! Bread cast upon the water has truly come back to us a hundred fold. My scrap book is filled with letters and notes from these new friends.

Yes, Papa David, life can be beautiful when we forget ourselves and help others.

M. B.

A MUTUAL GOAL

Dear Papa David:

We were full grown when we met and were carried away by one of those sudden romances. Before we had recovered from the blindness caused by the blaze of light we were married. Everything was fine for a year, but by that time a baby was on the way and we were feeling miserably "stuck."

The baby came, and we didn't quite know what to do. So we spent about six months wallowing in discontent and self-pity before we decided on what seemed to us a sensible course.

Neither of us believed in divorce, and both finally came to the conclusion that two sensible adults could work out a civilized plan of action. Both of us were fully aware that it would take lots of "bear and forbear," but we decided not to try it, but to do it.

We discussed frankly the faults to which we both objected in the other, and the virtues we especially admired. We also decided on what would be our mutual goal—a successful marriage, and a happy home for our child.

Finally, we worked out a plan whereby each of us was to spend one evening a week with friends of our own sex while the other stayed home, spend one evening out together, and make one evening "romp night" for the baby.

My husband enjoys poker parties, and he spends his evening usually with a group of men playing poker. I spend mine with a group of women at the movies, or sewing together, or just

New Easy Plan for Married Women

A DRESS for YOU

FOR ORDERING ONLY
3 DRESSES FOR FRIENDS

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Read this thrilling news! You don't pay one penny ever, for your choice of gorgeous new dress in your own favorite style, size and color. Select your dress from more than 100 newest Harford Frocks styles—and it's yours just for sending orders for only 3 dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all! Not one cent to pay now or at any other time—everything supplied without cost!

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of the styles, the huge selection, and learn the **LOW MONEY-SAVING PRICES**. And for sending orders for only 3 dresses at the low regular prices, **YOU CAN SELECT YOUR OWN DRESS TO BE SENT TO YOU without paying one cent for it!** And this thrilling plan does not stop with only one dress! You can go right on getting dress after dress, until you have a complete wardrobe!

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Yes—we send you gorgeous style presentation showing scores of latest fashions with actual sample fabrics in dresses, lingerie, children's wear, sportswear, suits, coats, etc.—**ABSOLUTELY FREE**. No money needed. Don't miss this opportunity to get complete wardrobe for yourself—with chance to earn up to \$22.00 in a week cash besides. **MAIL COUPON NOW!**

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I want to get a dress for myself for ordering 3 dresses for friends, or members of my family. Please rush me the new HARFORD FROCKS Style Presentation FREE.

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Life in a Trailer

FROM

Fibber McGee and Molly

IN THE

MARCH RADIO MIRROR

on Sale February 12

calling on friends who live nearby. Romp night comes on Saturday night and is field day for the very young generation.

At first we were both very careful to never make inquiries as to the other's "night out", and for several months we went along being very polite and reserved. Then one night my husband mentioned casually that he was going to play poker at Joe's, and since then we both got into the habit of telling the other where we are going.

The oldest child was nearing four when we finally took stock of our lives, and found that of all our friends we had the most peaceful home. Never any petty bickering, no subtle insults to embarrass others who might be present, and never any argument over where we were going. We found that when one wanted to go to some particular place it was usually just the spot the other would have suggested. Our taste in friends had become more in accord, and when we gave one of our frequent parties there was no more arguing over who was to be invited and who excluded. We had even developed a liking for the same books and music. In fact, we were in accord.

We romp and play together, worry out the budget, sit up together in sickness, share the joys and sorrows, and both of us would be desolate and stricken without our partner.

As to our home life—we found in balancing it all out that our home was so much pleasanter than most that it was a pity not to have more children. So we added two more as time went on. And there they are, three little tots who live in an atmosphere of serenity and contentment, never witnessing hard words between Mother and Daddy, but brought in for a lot of fun and pleasure.

I wish that I were gifted with the words to tell you just what our marriage is. But maybe you can read between the lines. What I wish people knew before they run for the divorce court is that a little common sense and some stick-to-it-ness would soon put most divorce lawyers on the relief rolls! A little backbone to weather the first hard months when your heart aches with the realization that your romance is over; a little will to stand apart from the herd who are taking the easy way out—that's all it takes to make a marriage between two people who want to succeed.

Maybe some young women reading this might say they tried, but it didn't work. What I want to know is—did they try hard enough? There's very few people need suffer the heartbreak and disillusionment of divorce if they put their minds to it. A marriage must be made with the mind as well as the heart.

G. F. H.

THROUGH ADVERSITY

Dear Papa David:

The Bible tells us that "Adversity is God's opportunity" and this is certainly true. Through adversity I have learned that life can be beautiful.

I was twenty-two and having what I thought was a gay time when I began to get paralyzed. It was a progressive spinal trouble and from the beginning it was evident that I should be confined to a wheel chair within a few years. The world looked black to me and I swore to my mother that I could commit suicide when the day came that I had to be confined to a chair. (It was her courageous and cheerful guidance that helped me to adjust myself and

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"Leg Feathers"

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Ask the Man in Your Life about "leg-feathers." Or, better...don't!

Better erase all that unsightly leg-hair the E-Z way.

E-Z does it!...quickly...safely... gives your nylons a chance to really flatter your legs. Use this dainty hair-eraser millions buy yearly ...at all chain store cosmetic counters. In 10¢ and 39¢ packets.



Largest Selling Depilatory

E-Z can also be used for arms, underarms, face and back of neck

E-Z HAIR REMOVING GLOVE

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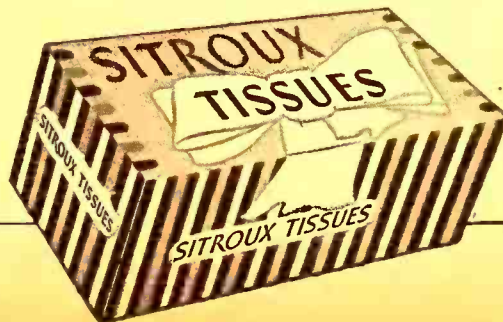
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... say SIT-TRUE

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DO YOU WANT LONGER HAIR?

THEN SURELY TRY THIS PROVEN
EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

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Just try this *System* on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that can capture Love and Romance for you.

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when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the easy JUELENE System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Your money back if not delighted. See if JUELENE'S tendency to help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week helps your hair gain its normal beauty. Mail the coupon now.

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Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.
 I am enclosing \$1.00.
 Send C.O.D. plus postage.

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turn defeat into triumph.)

The two years before I went into a chair were the worst ones. Fear of the future kept me shriveled up, psychologically speaking, and I wouldn't mix with people or take any interest in anything. All I did was sit around and wallow in a quagmire of self-pity while my emotions sank lower and lower. I wouldn't go anywhere or see anyone who came to the house. I'm very certain that I was nearly ready for an insane asylum.

All of a sudden a letter came which changed my life. It was from a superintendent of a home for crippled children. She had heard about me and knew the state of mind that I was in and she invited me to spend a week at the home. I was reluctant to go but my mother kept urging me and I finally accepted the invitation.

I was still walking but with a good deal of difficulty and the long corridors at the home were too much for me to manage so my hostess put a wheel chair at my disposal when I arrived at the home. I didn't feel spectacular using a chair because almost everyone there was using a chair or crutches. Without my realizing it at the time I was being psychologically conditioned for the future.

The thing that first impressed me about the home was not its physical aspect—the attractive brick buildings with open casement windows, the big solarium on top of the main building, the beautifully landscaped grounds and the well equipped interiors of the buildings—but the spiritual atmosphere of the place. Everybody there seemed to be so gay and so anxious to help each other. Physical impairments were ignored as one patient on crutches would hang her crutches onto the corner posts of a wheel chair and push the chair along toward the dining room. It seemed as though everybody forgot themselves and tried to serve others.

I arrived at the home on Saturday and the next day was Easter. They had an impressive service in the auditorium including a cantata. Every one of the singers was on crutches but each was beautifully groomed. I settled myself early in the auditorium and watched the people enter. The patients, ranging in age from five to eighteen, had all degrees of lameness. The largest number were on crutches with heavy iron braces on at least one leg and many had braces on both legs from the ankle to above the knee. There

were a number in wheelchairs and several in walkers. Many bedfast patients were rolled in to witness the program. Most of the patients had visitors. Right in front of me there was a little girl of about six with her young mother and daddy. She had blonde ringlets and a tip-tilted nose. Her blue eyes twinkled like stars and she had the cutest little face that you could imagine. She was so tickled to have her parents there, kissing first one and then the other. Her daddy held her and she had braces on both legs. After I watched her for awhile my eyes filled with tears. I tried to hold them back but the harder I tried the more they came. When the program ended and people started to rise I felt very conspicuous with tears streaming down my cheeks and left the auditorium as soon as possible. Right there that afternoon something wonderful happened within my soul and as the years have passed I have realized it more and more.

I stayed at the home a week and during that week I saw a lot. I saw how the spiritual transcends the physical, how mental attitudes are the most important thing in life whether one is sick or well. When I came home I felt as though my soul had been steeled for the future and I knew right then that nothing could ever throw me again. A shiny new wheel chair waited in our hall and with a song in my heart I got into it.

All this happened nine years ago—nine good years that have taught me the real values of life. Three years ago I met a young man who is today a devoted fiance and we plan to be married in October. I often wonder if there is anybody else on earth as happy as I am!

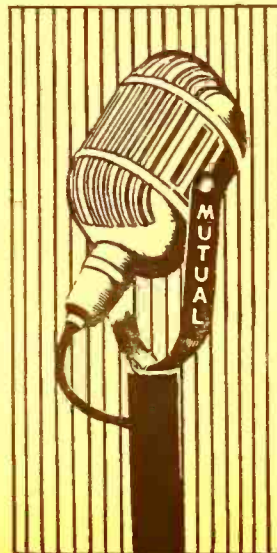
C. E.

THE BEST HEIRLOOM

Dear Papa David:

The best heirloom to leave children is not a quilt of many colors, but a colorful childhood. There was a large family of us, eight boys, and four girls. My Dad always said, one advantage in having a big family is that there's always a scout at home to send out in search of any who are missing.

Dad was a farmer, so we had lots of range; though my Mother used to say we used the house for a race track, she never scolded. Mother's childhood was not a happy one. She had to work hard. There was never time for play.



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She always said her children would never be fenced-in as she had been.

We had our work to do, lots of it, but what I'm trying to say is, Mother and Dad made play and fun out of our work. The one that did his or her work the neatest and fastest without complaining, always got an extra special treat. (Any kind of treat those days was extra special.)

My folks were homesteaders, and very poor people. Those were hard times. There were fourteen of us at the table every meal. I don't see how Mother and Dad ever made it but there was always plenty to eat. God was always with us.

We had a baseball team. Eight brothers and Dad made nine. The Cranford ball team they were called and they would go many a mile to play ball, with team and wagon as there were no cars those days.

My brother Wren played the fiddle. He played for old time dances for miles around. In summer we went by team and wagon and winter, in a bob-sled. You could hear the sleighbells for miles on a still clear night. Dad and Mother were always along; we really had fun.

One by one, we all got married and scattered hither and yon.

In World War II Mother had nineteen grandsons in service. I say Mother, because we lost our Dad at the age of ninety-three. Mother is now past ninety. She has sixty-three grandchildren, fifty-nine great grandchildren and nineteen great, great, grandchildren. The oldest and the youngest of us are still living. Brother Frank is seventy and Baby Grace is forty-two.

We have a family get-together every two years. At our last gathering there were one hundred eighty-three for picnic lunch. There are nine of us children still living. We still love one another very dearly and often speak of our happy childhood.

R. M. W.

"I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN"

Dear Papa David:

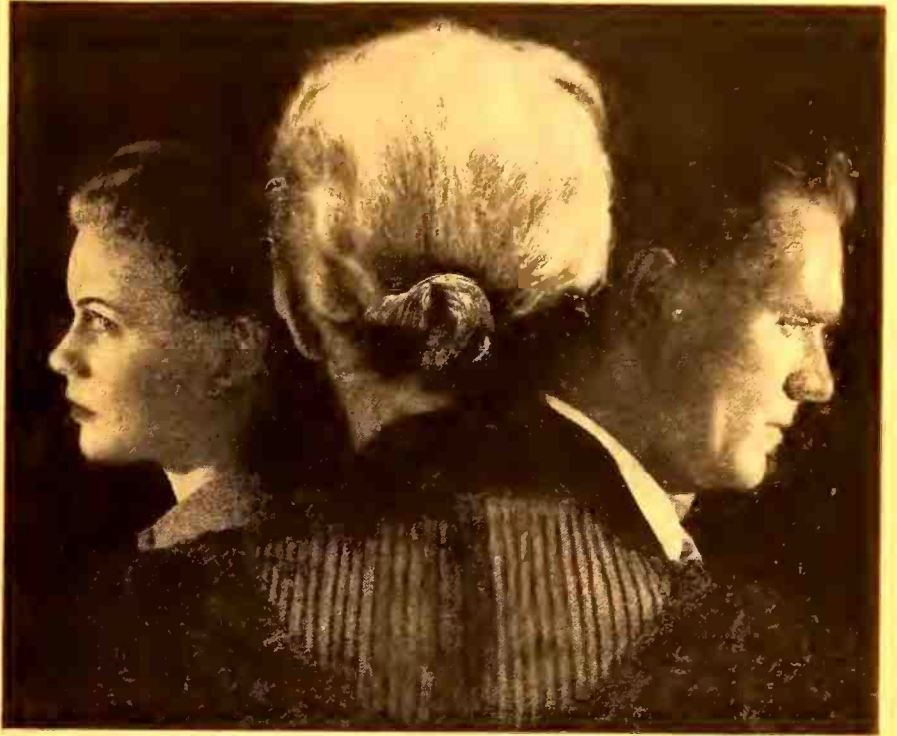
I had gone to a community dance one night not caring whether I went or not. I was dancing with an old friend and they were playing my favorite song "I'll see you again" when someone cut in, and I looked into the most handsome face I ever saw. All he said was, "Hi beautiful." I felt I was dancing on feathers. Three weeks from then we were married, and the same day the attack on Pearl Harbor. I was Mrs. for just one week when my husband joined the armed forces and was gone. He asked me to sing our song every night because he was certain he would see me again. After two years I never heard from him again. I received word from the war department that he was missing in action.

I joined a troupe of entertainers that visited hospitals across the nation. One day we were at a certain hospital and I had such a feeling something was going to happen. I kept hearing Henry say, "I will see you again, my darling." I got up and started singing. Someone out in the crowd stood up, and started calling my name, and there he was. I learned later he had been a Jap prisoner of war and had lost his memory. The Japs had taken all his identification. He said that the melody of that song stayed with him.

You can't tell us now that God doesn't work in mysterious ways.

H. McK.

Is your daughter's marriage being ruined by *half the truth?*



A Mother's Ignorance of These Intimate Physical Facts Often To Blame!

Before your daughter marries—it's your solemn duty to instruct her on how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important it is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

But **FIRST**—make sure *your own* knowledge is just as up-to-date and scientific as it can be! And it *will be* if you tell her how important ZONITE is for the douche—

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

Thanks to a world-famous Surgeon and a skilled Chemist who have given the world the remarkable ZONITE principle—wise women no longer use old-fashioned, weak or dangerous products for the douche.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid anti-

septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is **SO POWERFUL** yet absolutely *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. ZONITE positively contains no bichloride of mercury, phenol or creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without risk of injury.

What Zonite Does —

ZONITE's *powerful strength* and *safety to tissues* make it of great worth for feminine hygiene. Ask your doctor.

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But **YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE kills every reachable germ** and keeps them from multiplying.

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Miss America uses Fitch Shampoo. Your hair can be like Miss America's . . . velvety soft . . . sparkling with radiant highlights! Do as Miss America does . . . use Fitch's Saponified Coconut Oil Shampoo. Made from mild coconut and pure vegetable oils, this efficient shampoo does not "dry" the hair. Delightfully fragrant, it "suds-up" into a rich, billowy lather that completely removes all scalp odor. Fitch's Saponified Coconut Oil Shampoo contains its own patented rinsing agent, so only an ordinary water rinse is needed. No dull film remains. At drug or toilet goods counters . . . or have professional applications at beauty shops.



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BOB and HAIR PINS
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

The Best of Everything

(Continued from page 35)

debut didn't amaze David. He'd already been the recipient of remarkable gifts that welcomed his arrival in the world: cablegrams and letters from Morocco, Turkey, Spain, Argentina, Portugal, Brazil and Finland; and a recording of "Brahms' Lullaby" made by Allan Jones especially for him; and an application blank for Atwater Kent Auditions for young singers—sent by Atwater himself and dated 1964! And that's not all. Among the garden of flowers sent in his behalf, there were two dozen yellow daisies from Elsie the Cow!

The home built by his parents during the time he was expected is a revolutionary one, even for Hollywood. Its tremendous bulk stands on a mountain top overlooking Beverly Hills and the Pacific Ocean, and it half-surrounds a swimming pool shaped like a cloverleaf . . . yet in spite of its size, it only has four rooms downstairs and three upstairs. However, each room on the lower floor becomes many in use.

FOR instance, the entrance hall (the largest room in the house) is a combination living room, music room and dining room. The dining part of it doesn't exist at all except at meal-times. Then, before your astounded eyes, an eight-by-ten-foot coffee table rises electrically from the floor to dining table height. Maids set it rapidly, and in a flash guests are seated around a candle-lit, crystal-sparkling dining table—which will vanish again like a magician's trick when the meal is over. Hyatt designed this marvel, as he designed the whole house—the free-hanging stairway leading to the second floor, the library on one side of the entry hall and the cabana room on the other. The cabana room also becomes many rooms. Mainly it's a playroom for the swimmers to lounge in between dives; but it also contains two dressing rooms for them to change in—and a fourteen-foot couch converts into twin beds in case of weekend guests!

Upstairs, there is a small nursery for David, a small kitchen for his meal preparation; and an enormous glass-enclosed bedroom for Ginny and Hyatt.

But Ginny has little time to spend at her new home in the day-time. She's too busy with her five careers: radio star, on the Ginny Simms Program every Friday night over CBS. And movie star—she's been in That's Right, You're Wrong; You'll Find Out; Playmates; Here We Go Again; Seven Days Leave; Hit the Ice; Broadway Rhythm; Shady Lady and Night and Day. And farmer—she owns a 65-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley where her parents now live, raising oranges, 1,000 chickens, and 20 cows. And recording artist—her records are best-sellers.

And business woman. In this last role, she has offices at the Beverly Hills Hotel, so as to keep her public life completely removed from her home life. From these offices, she runs the Montana Corporation, a real estate development company of which she is president, and another project: her "Lest We Forget Foundation," which she organized to stimulate home talent for hospitalized veterans. By no means did she forget her soldier pals. Every week last winter she held auditions for veterans who wanted to act or sing; and the weekly winner was presented

on her radio show and then given a three-week contract with a night club, band, or radio station.

Only a few weeks ago came Ginny's greatest triumph: a cablegram inviting her to a command performance in London for their Majesties, the King and Queen of England.

"But I can't go," Ginny moans. "I have other commitments here!"

However, if their Majesties don't mind waiting a few months, Ginny may be within waving distance. She's planning to accept a Noel Coward offer, if he'll wait until next Summer—when she'll be off the American air for a spell. It will be a picture production of his play "Design for Living," done with music.

Meanwhile, she's carrying out her half-dozen careers in smiling efficiency—and managing to indulge in her favorite recreation on the side: window-shopping. This inevitably leads to her shopping behind the windows, and invariably she comes back on the sidewalk carrying a brand-new suit. She wears suits continually, and all kinds, from sports to fancy satin cocktail jobs. Her only dresses are bought to wear on her radio broadcasts—again to please the GI's, who told her during the war how they liked best to see her dressed. "Feminine but simple," they ordered, and she followed their wishes. She has one mania well known to all her fans: she's never seen without a tiny black linen handkerchief in her hand.

WITH Hyatt, you'll often find her in their pool, or bicycling around Beverly Hills, or golfing. She also plays a mean game of tennis. And to offset her exercise, she blithely eats whatever she chooses—and she usually chooses the same two things: Southern Fried Chicken and her mother's special Texan pecan pie. What happens to her figure after storing away these rich items? Nothing! Her weight stays at 120 in spite of everything, and (as any man will tell you) that's just right for her five-foot-six-inch figure!

But everyone will tell you that everything about Ginny is right. They ought to know—their opinions put her where she is today. And their opinions will keep her there!

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A Statement about the YWCA

By MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

I saw in Europe a good many of the brave women who were in the Resistance and heard stories of their fantastic bravery. Some of them—perhaps all—now have an even bigger job of postwar rebuilding of human morale and welfare. They have appealed to the women of America to share with them the methods of child care and health training and vocational education and intelligent citizenship which we take for granted, training which women abroad have never had. I think we should all answer their appeal by our support of the Round-the-World YWCA Reconstruction Fund Campaign.



"Held in a web of indifference..."

Day after heartbreaking day I was held in an unyielding web... a web spun by my husband's indifference. I couldn't reach him any more! Was the fault *mine*? Well... thinking you know about feminine hygiene, yet

trusting to *now-and-then* care, can make all the difference in married happiness, as my doctor pointed out. He said never to run such careless risks... prescribed "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



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Oh, the joy of finding Tom's love and close companionship once more! Believe me, I follow *to the letter* my doctor's advice on feminine hygiene... always use "Lysol" for douching. I wouldn't be satisfied now with

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Anyone Can Make Mistakes

(Continued from page 27)

he must have been all of fifty. But I don't remember being so rude to the children my own age."

"Well, I'm relieved that you've noticed it!" Fanny Barbour put away her unfinished afghan firmly. "I didn't want to say anything, Claudia, but the way she's been treating Hank and Pinky and Margaret lately—"

Cliff stretched his long legs out to the fire and exhaled a comfortable sigh. "My, I'm glad I'm over the getting-experience age. It's the only pleasant thing about being older—you no longer have to learn things the hard, adolescent way. I've had my experiences and I can profit by them... and don't raise your eyebrows that way, Dad."

"I was just going to say that I wasn't aware that age was any proof against—"

WHATEVER Father Barbour might have been going to say was lost in the banging open of the door. A draft of cold air blew in and in its wake came Teddy and Paul.

"Hi, everybody!" Paul's cheeks were ruddy from the cold and tiny beads of moisture sparkled in Teddy's hair. The group around the fire made room for two more chairs and Cliff unceremoniously yanked Teddy down into one of them.

"Oof! Pay some consideration to my poor, tired muscles, running up and down that hospital corridor all day," she groaned. Then she leaned back and relaxed. "Oh, this is good!—the fire and all. I've been feeling restless all day, sort of let-down after the holidays, I guess. Or maybe it's because I've been wondering all day about your surprise, Cliff. I think it's mean of you to hint like that and then leave me to guess."

"A surprise?" Voices chimed in from all over the circle.

Cliff grinned. "Hah!... I've got you all excited now. I've been waiting for Paul and Teddy to come home before I sprang—sprung—it on you." He paused for a minute and spun out the wait with dramatic effect. "How would you all like to get away for a weekend, up in the mountains? Hawk's Nest Lodge, up in the High Sierras, and all ours for three whole days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday—"

"A mountain lodge—Cliff, tell us—"

"Hey, wait, all of you. Let me explain." But Cliff didn't mind the excitement—he was excited, too. "A man I know in business—a Mr. Allenby—offered me the use of his lodge. Asked me if I wouldn't like to use it—at no cost to us—just like that. I was bowled over. He must have heard me grousing about being in the January doldrums and out of the goodness of his heart he said he thought our whole family might enjoy such a weekend, especially since his lodge wasn't being used at all these past two months."

"What a nice person he must be!" Teddy spoke for all of them.

Cliff puckered his forehead. "I never knew him well, but I must say he certainly has behaved like a friend. Well—what do you all think?"

"Oh—could we, do you think, Father Barbour?"

"Well, this is a most extraordinary offer! A man you hardly know, Cliff, offering a horde of total strangers the

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use of his probably luxurious cabin." —and he means it, too," Cliff added, with emphasis. "I thought at first it was one of those vague 'you-must-come-over-sometime' gestures, but he insisted on giving me the keys and he drew a map for me—it's only a two hour drive—and he says to go ahead and use any of the canned food there we need. We will have to take blankets, though, and some food. I thought we could start right after the youngsters get through school Friday. What do you think, Mom?"

"It sounds very pleasant." They could all see Mother Barbour turning over problems and advantages in her mind and fitting last-minute details in order. "I think we could all manage."

"Then it's all decided?" Cliff looked around at their excited, enthusiastic faces.

In the corner by the fireplace Hazel turned quietly to Fanny Barbour. "Well, Mother, I guess this means a little work—what food to bring—menus—and enough blankets—and a first-aid kit—"

"... and skis—and we'll have to round up hiking boots—"

THERE was a lot of work to be done in the next two days, but there was no lack of willing hands in the Barbour family and the old, fine habit of co-operation made things move. Hardest of all to cope with were the children.

All but Joan, of whom Claudia said drily, "I think this week she's being Elaine the Lily Maid of Astolat."

Which was not quite correct. Yesterday she had been Elaine. But today, and while she dreamily got out of the car to help Claudia and Nicholas stow away the last bundles—even when the cars were all finally under way and rolling along the countryside—Joan was in her own world where she was not a fourteen-year-old going on a holiday, but a sad Juliet, forced by her parents to leave behind her Romeo. At fourteen, the fact that Mr. Stanley Edwards was a slightly motheaten teacher of high school English, stooped and thin and balding, didn't bother Joan in the least.

Accurately diagnosed—as her mother had done—Joan was a fourteen-year-old with a "crush" on her English teacher.

"Oh, look—Nicky—no, don't look! Keep your eyes on this road . . . but did you ever see such beauty? Those snowy peaks—" Claudia leaned out of the car window, drinking in the pure, cold mountain air. "Can you see—ouch!—what in the world—?"

"They are just my books, Claudia. You moved and the sharp edges caught you."

"Joan." There was quiet despair in Claudia's voice. "Do you mean you brought all those books with you to read? What are they—school books?"

The pretty, dark-haired girl squirmed on the car seat. "Not exactly. Mr. Edwards—" and her parents heard the tiny sigh of adoration that went with her beloved's name—"Mr. Edwards gave me some supplementary reading in English literature because I am so interested."

Whatever Claudia might have said about the advisability of doing extra reading on a holiday like this was lost as the car took a final, precipitous curve and rolled to a stop on a small, flat, jutting plateau.

"We're here!"
"Dan and Hazel and the boys beat us!"—Teddy identified the other car pulled up in front of the rambling log



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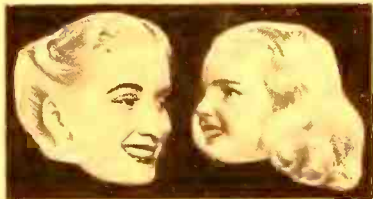
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house. She tumbled out of the car with Nicky and Skipper following.

But Claudia put a restraining hand on Joan's arm as the girl prepared to follow. "Joan, dear. Hank and Pinky are building a snowman over there. If they ask you to join them, remember they are your cousins and don't be rude."

"I'm sorry, Claudia." A penitent flush stained Joan's soft cheeks. "It's just that they don't realize—"

"I know you don't mean to hurt them—all right, Nicky!—we're coming—" and the two of them hurriedly climbed out of the car . . . only to be almost bowled over by a rush from an excited Margaret.

"We're building a snowman, Joan! Skippy—if you throw that snowball, you know what will happen to you!"

Skippy threw and the battle was on.

IT was pell-mell, helter-skelter, and no quarter given or asked. Even Claudia found herself grabbing handfuls of the crusty snow, crushing them into lop-sided balls and pelting Nicky and Dan . . . dodging their aim in return as best she could for laughing so hard. Only the sedate arrival of the third car finally stopped the battle.

"Oh!" Hazel clung helplessly to her husband, "Dan, you look like a snowman, yourself! What must Mother and Father Barbour think of us, behaving like children? We should have had the fire going and the beds made up, instead of playing like this."

"Nonsense!" Mother Barbour had overheard. "Paul—hand me that basket from the back seat—Hazel, what makes you think you are too grown-up and dignified to be caught snow-fighting? As a matter of fact, I feel rather like tossing one myself." And, fitting the action to her words, Fanny picked up a little pellet and wickedly flipped it at Henry.

Over on their left as they reached the porch, the sun sent lingering shafts of filtered light down icy peaks and slopes of winter pine, but darkening shadows in the hollows were proof that the afternoon was nearly gone. Here on the plateau it was still light. The lodge, half in sunshine and half in shadow, looked inviting—like a Hansel-and-Gretel painting—from its weather-vane on the peaked ridge-pole to the heavy log sides and stone-buttressed walls and wide, redwood porch.

There was a tiny wisp of smoke coming from the chimney.

"Look . . . someone must be in there." With a slight gesture Mother Barbour stopped them all on the porch. "Let me count noses. Hazel, Dan—Claudia—Nicky—the boys over there—"

"Joan!" With a desperate sigh, Claudia pushed open the door. "Look, Mother Barbour—there's your fire-builder. On a day like this!—when everyone else is out having fun—she sits and reads books!"

A short time later big logs blazed in the fireplace; the hearth had been brushed; the lodge's main room was swept and couch pillows shaken and brushed; the boys' skis had been stacked neatly in the corner. Mantel and windows were garnished with the berry-laden boughs Hazel had gathered. Oil lamps were cleaned and trimmed and lit; gaily-colored picnic dishes were on the long trestle-table and the call came for supper.

"Come and get it, as we Westerners say when we're out roughing it!" Dan led the way.

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"I would hardly call this bountiful repast 'roughing it,'" Nicky commented, holding out Mother Barbour's chair. "I remember reading my Mark Twain in England and wondering what in the world hardtack-and-beans tasted like. I thought I might be finding out today, but not from the looks of this loaded table."

"If you really insist," Jack threatened, "I think we could possibly find some hardtack for you." But Nicky declined in favor of the supper in front of him and he and the rest did full justice to hot casserole, sausages, salad, biscuits and cocoa, pudding and cake.

Barely had they finished, when Hank and Pinky were begging permission to return to their construction job outside on their snowman.

"Run out and help them, Joan," Nicky urged her, in his quiet voice. But his hand on her arm was firm. "I don't think it would be wise for you to sit indoors all weekend and you've done enough reading for the evening."

Reluctantly Joan drew on mittens and jacket and went outdoors. It was seldom that Nicky exerted his authority with her but when he did there was no question of disobedience.

"Hi, Joannie—" the four hooded and jacketed figures turned eagerly toward her as she came out on the porch. They were shapeless, silhouetted against the strong light of the lamps—almost as shapeless as the button-eyed, derby-hatted snow man they were pounding and patting, and their breaths were steamy in the cold air. "Your hands aren't wet like mine—help me to make his nose. I can't get the shape right." Margaret seized on her help.

JOAN's indifference as she patted the fat, moon-like face was evident to the boys. Now they vaguely felt that something was wrong, but they couldn't quite put their mental fingers on it. In their language, Joan was acting "dopey."

"Not like that! Whattya want him to look like—like—" and then an unconscious imp in Pinky, with the most innocent intentions in the world, prompted him to say—"like that sourpuss Mr. Edwards in school?"

He was completely unprepared for the tornado he had unleashed. Joan whirled on him. "Don't you dare call Mr. Edwards a sourpuss! You're just a—a fourteen-year-old kid! You don't appreciate a fine, sensitive nature like his, having to teach school when he knows more about Shakespeare and sonnets and stuff like that than anyone else in the world. Don't you dare—!"

"Hey!—what did I say? I didn't mean—why, everyone calls teachers sourpusses; nobody means anything. Besides, the way he keeps his nose in the air like he had just smelled something bad—"

Hank butted in. He and Pinky were twins and Joan's remark about their being only fourteen had stung. "And look who's calling who a kid! You aren't so old yourself, Joan. And—watch out!—... you're knocking his head off!"

It was too late. Joan's angry, theatrical gesture had decapitated the snowman and the round head and derby thumped to the ground.

"Now see what you've done!" wailed Margaret.

"Well, don't cry. I'll put it together again." Joan hastily scooped up the armful of hard-packed snow and set it firmly again on the rest of the body. "There—it's hardly dented!"

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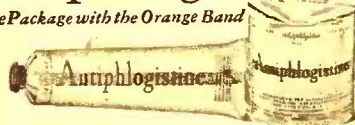
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The others didn't answer. With a quick gallantry that would have amazed their elders, Hank and Pinky saw that Margaret was close to tears. Making a solid phalanx they turned their backs on Joan. Even Skippy, who had been unconcernedly making buttons down the front of the snowman's shirt all this while and seeming to pay little or no attention to the rumpus, turned his back on her. Over his shoulder he scowled. "Go 'way!" he ordered.

Joan wanted to cry and she was angry at herself and at the boys and Margaret for making her want to cry. What would Mr. Edwards think if he saw her becoming so upset over such a childish mishap? And thinking of her idol once more, Joan sniffed and threw her shoulders back. She *wouldn't* cry. She *wouldn't* apologize. She couldn't be expected to play with children—not any more.

No questions were asked as she slid into a corner near Mother Barbour's chair near the fire. And even when the boys and Margaret and Skippy came in and studiously, politely, frigidly ignored her, the adults refrained from any remarks. It was obvious that something had happened, but the Barbours had learned long ago that there was a time and a place for questioning—and there was a time and a place for pretending not to see.

"It should be ghost stories tonight, with that wind beginning to howl outside," Hazel suggested.

"It should be bedtime—early—for some young people I know—" Mother Barbour put in.

"Oh, please, Grandmother Barbour—" Margaret begged—"let us stay up for a while. Let's all sing something. Uncle Jack, please sing for us."

So Jack warmed them up with a spirited rendition of "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" and one by one they came in on the chorus. With this start they went into "Jingle Bells." Skippy had brought his favorite mouth-organ and gave them all the pitch and away they went—so many evenings had they spent together in this way that their voices blended into the whole without effort or fault.

"... floats through the air—"
"..... with the greatest of ease—"
"..... the *daring* young man on the flying trapeze!" Paul and Dan came through in fine, ringing style, and were roundly applauded while the song still went on "..... and my love he has carried away! Trala!"

With a flourish in the grand style, Father Barbour brought the concert to a close. "Bedtime!" he announced. "Scamper, Hank and Pinky—or you'll be missing a good many hours of beautiful daylight in the morning."

Joan's dreams were troubled. Through them walked the tall, slender, stooping figure of Mr. Edwards, peering at her in his near-sighted way and smiling his frosty smile. She was Elaine, the Lily Maid—no, she was Guinevere—no, she was Helen of Troy and her Grecian gown clung to her feet as she approached him... She woke with a start. It took a second to realize where she was and that the snow in her dreams was actually the cold wind blowing in on her neck through the open window.

It was not a good start for the morning, and the cheerful bustle around the kitchen stove and the preparations for breakfast did nothing to lighten her spirits. There was a funny lump in her throat when she

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saw the way the others—Hank and Pinky and Margaret—continued to ignore her, but she clung stubbornly to her lofty position. They were just children, and they would have to realize she was grown-up.

With the practiced efficiency of many years, the women of the Barbour family had breakfast on the table and everyone fed in no time at all. The clamor died down and as soon as the last dish was dried, everyone was bundled up in warm clothes again and shooed outdoors.

Even Joan yielded at last to the pull of crystal whiteness, sun-sparkled, outdoors. Perhaps she could find some mental stimulation if she followed one of the pathless openings in the forest of the lodge.

Unnoticed by the others, Joan set off. Indeed, the others were much too busy to notice what any one person was doing. The short battle of the day before had given rise to plans on a real, full military scale and Hank and Pinky, aided by Jack, Cliff, Betty and Teddy were busy scooping up snow for their team's fortifications, while Nicky and Paul and Dan assisted Claudia and Betty and Hazel in erecting breastworks from their vantage point up a slight rise by the porch. This would be an epic struggle.

LUNCHTIME only postponed the preparations. It was buffet style and as fast as one had eaten, he—or she—rushed back to the battle arena.

So it was small wonder that Joan's absence went unnoticed.

In the afternoon—the captains having declared themselves ready, the first shot was fired. "Good shot, Dan!—come and take us!" and from then on it was every man for himself. Father Barbour appointed himself referee, ruling on such fine points as the size and shape of regulation snowballs and the distance from which such must be thrown. But even he, finally, gave up as the battle became a wild melee.

"Oh!—I don't know when I've had such fun!" Hazel gasped from the snowbank where she had been pushed. "No—Cliff! No!—I've had my face washed five times already. I give up. I yield."

"Then I win!" panted Cliff. "Who wins? You?" and Teddy threw herself upon her own erstwhile captain and tumbled him into the same snowbank.

"Hey—it's a draw! No—it isn't—they've got our flag!" Margaret tore herself away from her uncle Nicholas' grasp and raced after the victorious Hazel. "Get it, Hank!"

"Okay!" But then Hank stopped short and a ludicrous expression of dismay spread across his face. "I can't. It's not fair. I'd have to tackle her—and you can't tackle a lady!"

Under cover of the general laughter and the lighthearted postmortems over who was the best shot and who had won and which side had conducted itself the best, Pinky drew Hank aside. His face wore an unusual soberness.

"Say, Hank—have you seen Joan around anywhere? She isn't in the house. She's been gone all morning and all afternoon. I don't like it—not that it's any of my concern."

"Yeah—what do we care where Miss Smarty-Aleck is?" But Hank stayed beside Pinky and his face reflected the soberness, even the embarrassment of his twin. A struggle was going on inside both of them. To himself, Hank admitted a growing uneasiness but he didn't like to admit it. Joan was

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probably okay somewhere and she would just laugh at them for being kids, if she knew they were worried. Still—

"Did anyone see her leave, Pinky?"
"No. But when I was over by those pines that go around the mountain, I saw tracks and her handkerchief's in one of them."

Hank became truculent. "There's nothing stopping us going the same way, is there? It's a free country. We could just sort of stroll along there and if we meet Joan, we could just pretend we were going for a walk, too."

They waited for no further planning. They knew the rest of the family would be busy for a long time talking over the fine points of their snow game and beginning the slow, easy preparations for supper. They wouldn't be missed for a while. Joan's tracks were easy to follow. The two went swiftly through the trees—but continuing their pretense, even to each other, that it was the walk through the forest and not anxiety for her safety that prompted their speed.

It was hard to say when panic first touched them.

PERHAPS it was the absolute stillness. No sound of snow crunching underfoot—except for their own—reached them. Perhaps it was the sun beginning to sink low in the West. Or perhaps it was a premonition of danger that touched them when they came to the huge pile of boulders and they saw that Joan's footprints had stopped.

Or when they saw the deep, yawning crevice cutting like a gash beside the boulders.

"Hank—she must have come this way." Pinky's voice was shaken. "Can you see . . . down there?"

His twin was peering down the sheer side of the hole. He shivered and stepped back. "No. Pinky, she must have crossed these boulders. She must have. We could do it and she can climb anything we can."

They looked at each other. *Should they go back? Should they get help?* But suppose it was just a false alarm and Joan had crossed the boulders and then found her way back by a different route. Wouldn't she laugh at them or, maybe, act superior and say she was quite able to take care of herself? Besides, it was getting late and if they went back it would be dark by the time they brought help here again. Better to go on and take a look.

They tried hard not to be aware of the steep precipice on their right as they clambered over the rocks. Once on, they found the going not too bad and the uneven surface gave them footholds.

"It's a good thing we've spent a lot of time on the ranch," Hank panted as they pulled themselves over the rocks. "Look—Pinky—isn't that little bush trampled over there?"

Pinky examined it. "Sure. And there's a footprint in that snow over there and—Hank! she did come this way! There's another and—look!—she bent that branch from that little tree getting down from that rock. The snow's all brushed off it. Come on, Hank." Gingerly the two made their way across, sometimes losing the trail and having to go back and start all over again, but mostly their sharp eyes were learning to read the story that scuffed rock and pebbles kicked and branches rubbed or broken had to tell.

Then—suddenly—they were all the way over. In front of them the forest

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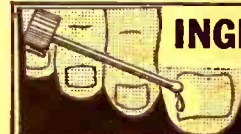
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stretched on again, white and untrammelled.

The letdown was almost too much for them. Whatever they had expected to see—Joan wandering through the woods—her green cap bobbing in front of them—it was not this. This nothingness.

"We'd better go back, Pinky." Hank's voice was embarrassed. "She probably never crossed those boulders at all. We probably just imagined we saw those signs. Maybe she stopped at the foot of the rocks and re-traced her steps and then branched off somewhere else and went home."

"Yeah—I'll bet she's sitting in front of the fire reading, right now." Pinky didn't look at his twin. It was he who had started them on this wild-geese chase. Slowly the two turned their backs and hesitatingly, awkwardly, they began their return journey.

It was then they heard it. It was so faint that it seemed to them afterwards pure accident they heard it at all. A cry—a tiny sound—

The call came again—stronger this time.

Both boys let out the air in their lungs in one huge yell and then they plunged helter-skelter down the last rock and into the snow. "We're coming, Joan! It's us! It's Hank—Pinky—hold on!"

THEY found her huddled beside a log where she had fallen—the same log she had walked along from the pile of rocks. That was why there were no footprints in the snow.

"Hank—Pinky!" she was almost crying. Her face was white and drawn with pain, but she tried to smile at them and there was no trace of condescending left in her face—she was a badly-frightened little girl.

"Oh—I'm so glad to see you! Are the others coming? I thought no one would know where I had gone and I would have to stay here and freeze—is Mother worried?"

"Naw—" Hank answered her gruffly, to hide his emotion. "They're still playing games. Pinky and me just happened to be passing by this way and we heard you calling—" his voice trailed off.

"Where does it hurt, Joan?" Pinky rushed in to forestall any sentimental gratitude.

"My ankle. I can't walk. I think I twisted it or something."

Not another word was spoken about the rescue. At their age, actions speak louder than words and gratitude was something not to be said aloud. The delicate balance between the outward front and the inner feelings was too highly prized to be broken.

While they figured out ways and means of re-crossing the boulders; while they arranged their hands and wrists in a "preacher's seat" to carry her, she told them what had happened. She had been dreaming along, hardly conscious of where she was going, when she had slipped on the log, and fallen with her foot crumpled up underneath her.

"You probably sprained it, dopey," Pinky told her as they started off over the rocks.

This part was slow and long and tortuous. There was little sunlight left and all three of them felt a deep, frantic anxiety to get over the difficult rocks before they lost the daylight entirely. Nothing was said—only their fears communicated themselves to each other—and Joan kept herself tensely still so as not to disturb them,

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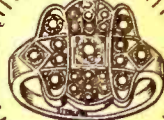
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even with the pain from her dangling foot becoming sharper every moment. It was bad but they made it.

"Wheee!" Joan let out her breath in a long, whistling exhale when they were finally across and the boys sat down to rest a moment. The throbbing in her foot subsided for the moment. "I must have been fast asleep when I crossed those rocks before. If I had known how scary they were—"

"You were probably thinking you were walking up the aisle in English class—" and then Hank could have kicked himself for that impulse.

Joan had stiffened. Then, slowly, she relaxed. Her lips softened and quivered, and she looked down. "I guess you're right," she said, meekly. "I guess you're right about—about a lot of things, Hank. I've been kinda silly, lately. I don't think just a few months makes any difference at all in people's ages—but I guess twenty years is a lot of difference. A man, say about forty-four—why, he's practically elderly, isn't he?"

"Yeah—especially Mr. Stanley Edwards." Hank was relentless.

It was too dark now for them to see the color come up in Joan's cheeks but they felt her embarrassed squirming. "I know—aren't some people dopey, though?"

It was clear admission of fault. It was a conscience-stricken apology—at least in their language—and the boys could ask no more.

"Come on—we'd better be getting out of here. It's dark and we've got a long—hey!—look! do you see what I see—those torches?—they're coming this way—" Pinky yelled through the night—"Over here!—we're over here!"

Answering shouts echoed through the woods and the plunging torches came in their direction. It was only a matter of minutes before they were surrounded by the male members of the Barbour family—before Joan was tenderly picked up and safe in Nicky's arms.

For a while no one could make himself be heard. Questions, answers, explanations flew back and forth in disjointed spurts.

"There—there—it's all over. You're safe." Nicky cradled the girl in his arms and patted her shoulder. "Come on—let's let the story wait until we're back in the house—"

The rest of the way seemed short. In no time at all they were within sight of the lodge and a few more steps brought them inside and to the fire . . . the boys shivering as Dan and Hazel whisked off their heavy jackets and wet mittens and rubbed their sore, numbed wrists.

"Bring her into the bedroom, Nicky." Claudia's voice was controlled, but her hands shook a little as she helped her daughter off with her clothes. It had been an anxious, terrifying half-hour of waiting—but the children were safe.

"And you youngsters just decided to go look for her without saying a word. Hmmm." Father Barbour looked at the two boys in front of the fire. "I don't know whether to say you were very brave or very foolish."

"They found her, Henry. That's all that's important," Fanny reminded him.

"Oh, we were just going for a walk—" but there was no need for that pretense any longer, and the two boys looked sheepishly at each other. It was rather pleasant, this being treated like heroes. Especially since everything was

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all right again between them and Joan. And Hazel brought them their supper on a tray and everyone had to hear the story over and over again. There were all the proper "oh's" and "ah's" at the right places and Margaret made a face at them because they hadn't thought to include her in their searching party. Altogether, it was a most satisfying ending.

"Well—this has been quite a day!" Hazel began, after the children were safe in bed and the older members of the family had again drawn their chairs up in a circle around the fire. "I suppose we should be grateful to Hank and Pinky for not saying anything—the rest of us barely had time to be really frightened before they were found. I didn't even miss Joan until we were eating!"

"It's because we were taking it for granted that she was somewhere around the lodge, curled up with a book," Mother Barbour defended them all.

"Of course, Mother. I didn't think it strange that she wasn't in the snow-ball battle with the rest of us. But, really, Hank and Pinky were quite brave to set off like that and find her. Especially when she's been so rude to them," Claudia said, ruefully.

Father Barbour nodded his head sagely. "Adults might learn a good lesson from the simplicity of relationship that exists between young people. The boys knew—or sensed—that Joan was just going through a natural stage of behavior. They didn't like it, but I don't believe there was any rancor in them. They may become exasperated with her, but in time of trouble they all cling together—remembering the real Joan who has been their playmate and forgetting her recent actions."

"May I come in?" a small voice interrupted them, and a hippity-hop from the doorway turned all their heads.

"Joan—you shouldn't be trying to walk." Nicky reached the girl in two strides, swooping her up from where she stood, forlornly, like a stork on one leg. "Of course you may come in. Here's some supper for you on a tray." And he gently placed her in his own comfortable chair next to Claudia. "Here you are—here's a little box that will make a nice table for you. It has some books on it—I guess they're yours, Joan. What shall I do with them?"

There was a glimmer of laughter in back of Joan's eyes. "I don't care. They're just cluttering up the place. School books don't belong on a vacation, anyway."

It was almost an audible sigh of relief that went round the circle. Then everyone began talking at once—tactfully accepting Joan's new understanding and curbing their impulse to speak to her directly about it. Only Claudia had that right.

"So you don't plan to sacrifice your youth on an altar of books, Joannie?"

"I guess I was just showing off when I told Mr. Edwards I was so very interested in English literature, Mother. And then he gave me all those books and I think he was showing off, too. He knew I couldn't understand all of them." Scorn touched her voice.

"Don't blame him," Claudia cautioned. "Mr. Edwards is really a very fine teacher. I'm sure he thought your interest was genuine—how was he to know it was in the teacher and not in the subject?"



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Joan gurgled a little, chuckling. "I know—but all the time I was lying there in the snow, I kept thinking: if it hadn't been for my being so wrapped up in the Lady of the Lake I couldn't see where I was going, I wouldn't have been the lady in the snow. And I missed the snow fight this afternoon! Just think—two whole days of the holiday gone and now I have a sprained ankle and I can't have any fun tomorrow, either!"

No need now for anyone to labor the point. No need for glances exchanged in silence. Joan was herself again; or at least she was over a hurdle—"ready for the next," Claudia thought half ruefully, half relievedly.

Father Barbour had overheard. He turned to Cliff. "The penalty almost seems too harsh for the crime, doesn't it?"

Cliff sighed, but, judging from the moody look on his face, the sigh was for himself as well. "As the boys say, Dad—you don't know the half of it. Remember when the phone rang this evening—" indicating the old-fashioned wall set above their heads, with its handle for cranking— "Remember that I thought it was our ring here—two long and three short? Well, it was. And it was for me. The rest of you were too busy getting ready to find Joan to pay any attention."

"BUT who would be calling you here in the mountains?"

"The only one who knew I was here, Mr. Ezra Allenby—the old fox! Waited until I was enjoying his hospitality and then asks for a favor—a favor he knows very well I would say no to in a minute, any other time. Ezra Allenby may call it just a good business turn, but I call it a shady deal. We both happen to know that the old Hunter farm out near Sky Ranch is being considered for an airport site. We were told in confidence and Hunter, himself, knows nothing about it. The Hunter family are having a hard time, financially, and are thinking of selling. I was hoping they'd hold on until the airport plans were settled—it would mean a good price for them.

"Now Allenby wants me to talk the unsuspecting Hunter into selling to him, cheap. They're friends of mine and they would trust me, so old Ezra wants me to do his dirty work."

There was distaste on Father Barbour's face. "Do you mean our host is expecting you to connive in cheating a friend of yours?"

"Oh, don't worry, Dad, I shan't do it. But my accepting Allenby's hospitality without any caution on my part, puts me in an awkward position. I shall just have to work my way out of this, somehow. Don't tell the others—let them enjoy themselves."

There was much that Father Barbour could have said, but the sight of his son's dejection stopped him. He glanced from that face to another one, a pretty one—but sadder and wiser—on the other side of the hearth.

Then he chuckled. "It would seem to me, Clifford, that I remember your making a remark to the effect that age brings experience and that you had passed the time of having to learn the hard way. I frankly see little difference between your mistakes and punishments and those of the younger generation. As I started to say the other night, age is no proof against mistakes."

Then he added, hastily. "Except, of course, in a man of my years!"

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Radio Mirror Homemaker

(Continued from page 57)

dish add ½ cup diced cooked potatoes. Top with an egg, and cook beneath broiler flame until eggs are set, when tomatoes will be done and potatoes heated through. Serve with a salad of alligator pear halves, their centers heaped with pomegranate seeds, a few drops of lemon or lime juice squeezed over.

A native of Athens gave me the recipe below for eggplant.

Eggplant with Basic Sauce

Basic Sauce
2 cups eggplant, pared and cut into half-inch cubes

Prepare basic sauce as directed, add eggplant when adding green peppers and cook until eggplant is tender. Add tomatoes last and simmer until tomatoes are done. If desired, add eggs, one per serving, and scramble lightly. Follow the same directions for the two variations I recommend, substituting for the eggplant, zucchini, the green Italian squash, or the small yellow garden squash.

Indian Curry with Rice

Basic Sauce
1 medium apple, diced small
2 tbs. minced raisins or currants
1 to 2 tbs. curry powder
1 tsp. cornstarch
1 can chicken or beef consomme
2 cups cooked lean meat, chopped or diced

Prepare basic sauce as usual, adding apple and raisins when adding tomatoes. Cook until apples are tender. Combine curry powder and cornstarch and rub into sauce, blending well. This makes a very dry mixture, so use a very low flame and blend rapidly to avoid scorching. Add consomme slowly, stirring till smooth, and simmer over low flame until sauce begins to thicken. Add meat and cook until meat is heated thoroughly. Serve in a ring of cooked rice, or if rice is unavailable, cooked potatoes which have been run through a ricer. Shrimps or hard cooked eggs may be used in place of meat.

Chinese Pepper Meat

1 lb. beefsteak (chuck, round or flank) or 1 beef heart
1 cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 green peppers
2 large onions
4 tbs. margarine

Sauce:
½ tsp. celery seed
¼ tsp. ground cloves
1 tsp. turmeric
¼ tsp. ginger
¼ tsp. mustard
½ tsp. salt
Juice half a lemon
½ cup boiling water
2 tomatoes

Cut beef (or veal or lamb) into strips. Salt, pepper and flour each piece. Cut peppers and onions into strips. Sauté meat in margarine, using heavy skillet over a low flame. When meat has browned, add peppers and onions. Measure sauce ingredients into saucepan. Simmer together 5 minutes. Pour over meat in frying pan, add tomatoes which have been cut into strips and cook over low flame until tender, about 30 minutes. Serve with rice or riced potatoes.

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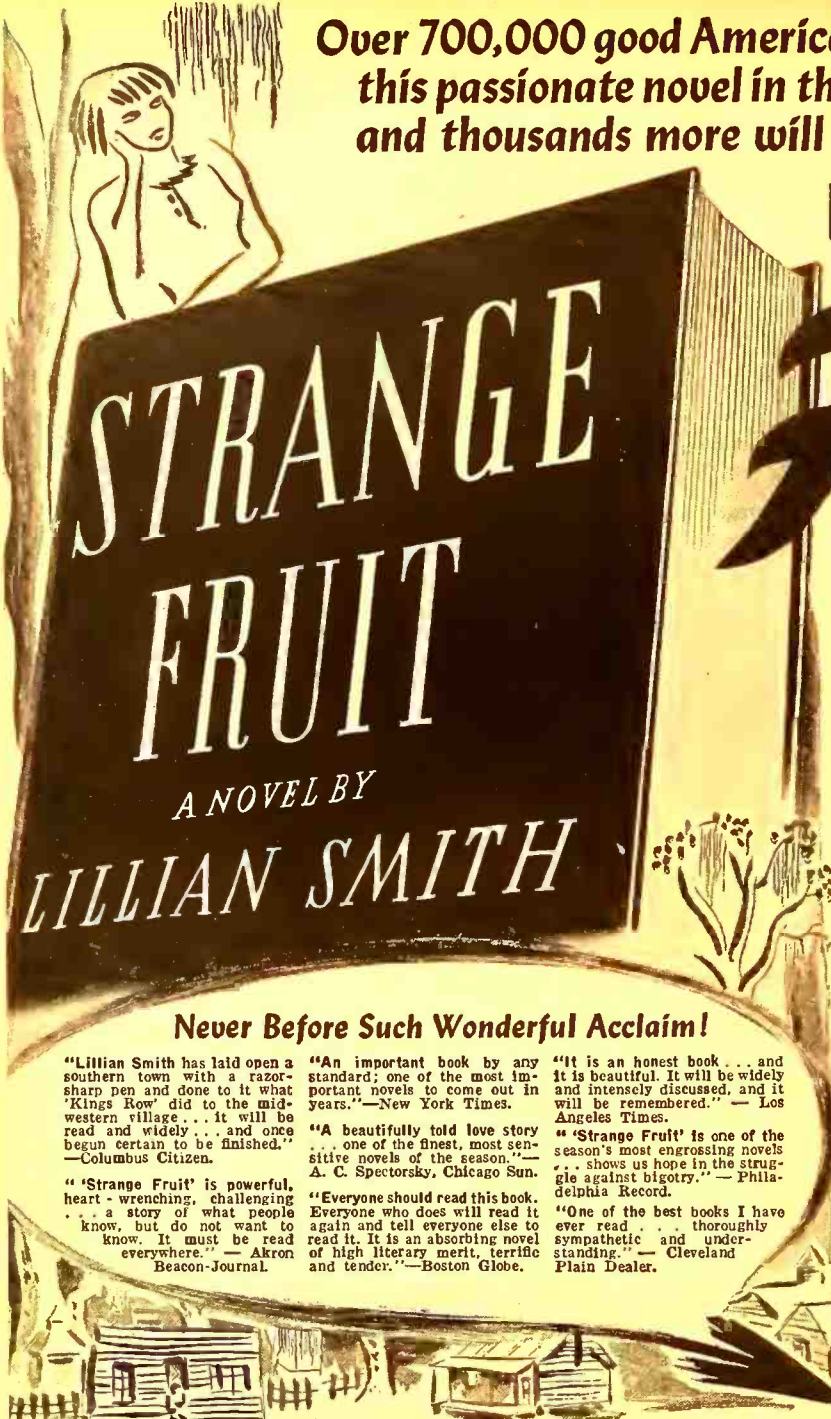
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