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

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

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

Perfume and Toilet Water in sparkling midnight blue containers, a popular gift set $6.50

Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick $5.00

Evening in Paris Perfume 75¢ to $12.50; Lipstick 75¢; Single Vanity $3.00; Double $5.00; Triple $6.75

Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne and Talcum in handsome holiday package $2.25

Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne $1.50

*All Prices plus tax*
Are you in the know?

Do this if you'd try —
- Cartooning
- A different hairdo
- A new parlor game

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

Feel neglected at a no-date party?
- Crow into a corner
- Start a conversation
- Choose the nearest exit

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

Who should follow the head waiter?
- The girls
- The boys
- One couple

When a head waiter beckons, it's no time to be confuddled. Confidence is such a help...like being sure that the girls should follow first. The eyes of patrons are upon you! Then's when (at certain times) you bless Kotex for those flat pressed ends that reveal no outlines. You're sure you're smooth. And at ease, with the comfort of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that fits snugly; doesn't bind...that's adjustable; all-elastic!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

What's the latest "dorm" doings?
-Snack selling
-Plotting smuggling
-Briefing-sessions

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

3 guesses what girls forget most!
- Keep dainty with deodorants
- Practice good posture
- Buy a new sanitary belt

Of course you're careful about daintiness, you say. And you keep posture-perfect, too. But isn't there one thing you've overlooked? Namely, to buy a new sanitary belt? Yes, because most girls forget...keep putting it off "'til next time."
To get all the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new Kotex Sanitary Belt!
Fact is—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. So a Kotex Belt fits snugly; comfortably. It's adjustable...all-elastic...doesn't bind when you bend!

Kotex Sanitary Belt
Ask for it by name

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December, 1947

**Radio Mirror**

NORTH ATLANTIC EDITION Vol. 29, No. 1

It's Keen!

**Fleers**

Candy Coated Gum

Peppermint

Candy Coated means More Flavor!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.
Coming Next Month

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

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

... 

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

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A solution for a family problem is found by the Mediation Board.

ONE MAN
Peace Movement

L. ALEXANDER is known to millions as America's "one man peace movement." He has brought harmony to thousands of wrangling, disputing, conflicting groups.

A. L. Alexander's Board of Mediation, heard Sundays at 8 P.M. over WOR-Mutual, is a real-life human interest program. It is not a program on which an "expert" gives advice on all human problems and misery after hearing only one side of the story. It brings both parties in the dispute before the microphone, giving them a hearing before a panel of prominent men and women.

Typical of the board's cases was a dispute between a mother and daughter about the latter's desire to go on the operatic stage. "My daughter doesn't have the least bit of talent," the mother said. "She's just wasting time and money practicing. I want her to work from 9 to 5 like any respectable girl!"

Without the mother's knowledge, Alexander had the girl auditioned by Sigmund Spaeth, the Tune Detective. Spaeth's and the board's decision was unanimous—the girl should be given a chance. She is now being groomed for the stage, with the mother's approval, although she says, "I still think she can't sing a note."

Another case involved a man with a wife and three children, who had deserted from the Army five years previously. He wanted to turn himself in, while his wife protested that it would mean the ruin of his family and he owed more to his family than to the Army. The board suggested that the best solution would be for the man to return to the Army and face the music.

The next week Alexander returned with the man to an Army post. He pleaded the deserter's case and saw to it that the man's family was taken care of. One week later the man was discharged without prejudice and was back with his rejoicing family.

Alexander finds the range of human problems so engrossing that he says, "My work is my play and my play is my work." He becomes so wrapped up in his visitors' problems that he gives up most of the ordinary forms of relaxation—only occasionally stealing away for a fast workout in the gym.

Like Alexander Pope, A. L. Alexander believes that "the proper study of mankind is man." From boyhood he has had a lively interest in people, a constant curiosity and a passion for experiencing and observing life. First as a divinity student, later as a social worker, he has always worked for people. That is why he has gone in for human interest broadcasts. His own happy marriage has given him a feeling of confidence that there must be possible solutions for the difficulties of others.

The advice he has given to millions inspired him to collect emotional and philosophical poetry in a volume, "Poems That Touch The Heart."

"The one dream I have," Alexander says, "is that some day the whole world will understand mediation and adopt it, toward the end of preserving peace. In the meantime, I try to make my program a demonstration of the value of mediation, to advance its cause."
Sister, it can “BLITZ” you!
Start now with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

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

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

Kills “Bottle Bacillus”
Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the “bottle bacillus” (Pityrosporum ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

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

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

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

As a precaution . . . As a treatment . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and MASSAGE
NEW RECORDS

RECOMMENDED
By KEN ALDEN

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

JOHNNY BOND:
Once in a while a good hillbilly tune pops up. Here's one, "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke" which is burning up the juke boxes. (Capitol.)

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

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

HARRY JAMES:
Betty's bugler roots out two fine oldies, "My Future Just Passed" and "Too Marvelous For Words." Don't miss these. (Columbia.)

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

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

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

DENNIS DAY:
Radio's tenor with the sense of humor has fun with "Ya Shure, You Betcha" and then gets serious with "Christmas Dreaming." (Victor.)

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

ELLIOT LAWRENCE:
Scores with the newest hit, "Near You" and for change of pace plays a waltz, "How Lucky You Are" on the back. (Columbia.)

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

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

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

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

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

ART LUND:
MGM's boldest entry in the swoon sweetstakes garners more votes with "As Sweet As You" and "It's A Lonesome Old Town." (MGM.)

BENNY GOODMAN:
The Sextet rides "Baby, Have You Got A Little To Spare" and "Hiya Sophia" and you'll enjoy the trip. (Capitol.)
Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips...

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

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion

ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1

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

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

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS...
CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN

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

FREE! MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
Let your own hands tell you, in one week, that Woodbury Lotion is really new, wonderfully different.

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

Name

Street

City

State

(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)
Beryl Davis, sensational British vocalist whose visit here has brought nostalgic memories to many GIs who heard her first in England, sings for a gallery of newly arrived English brides of American soldiers.

By KEN ALDEN

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

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

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

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

Did she have any doubts about making the grade in the country where popular music was born? "I wasn't worried about my looks," Beryl told me. "Any girl knows just about what kind of impression she'll make in that department. I followed the fan magazines very carefully to learn all about the latest American hair-dos and hemlines. But what had me really worried was how my voice would go over."

The excitement of an American adventure has left Beryl a bit breathless but still in command of her wonderfully British poise. "I'm used to excitement. I was born in the dressing room of a Plymouth, England, theater and I've been backstage all my life. Music hall comedians taught me my A.B.C.s."

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

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

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

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

and sang the only song I knew—which was 'Constantinople.'"
Eleven years later Beryl was already a favorite with
British audiences, knew then that real fame could come only
when she crossed the Atlantic.
"I used to dream of coming to the United States, singing
on the radio, making records, and wearing the beautiful
gowns that I saw American singers wear in the movie
magazines."
Instead Beryl went to Sweden and Norway, teamed up with
Django Reinhardt, greatest European exponent of American
jazz.
When war came, Beryl, like every other British subject, had
a job to do.
"Mine was to sing for the troops and also do a late evening
broadcast on the B.B.C., which was beamed to all the fighting
fronts all over the world. The program was called Beryl
by Candlelight.
"And we had a theme song, an American song made famous
by Al Jolson. The song was 'You Made Me Love You.' There
was a peace and quietness about it. I used to get wonderful
letters from British tommies and tars in slit trenches in
France and sub-infested waters in the Atlantic."
When the American troops arrived in England, Beryl was
shipped to the various camps to sing for them. The GIs liked
the British accent she gave to popular American tunes. Her
biggest thrill was singing with the late Glenn Miller's Army
Air Forces band.
Beryl's good work gained attention and two years ago she
was summoned to perform at Windsor Castle for Princess
Elizabeth. It was a very private unofficial birthday party.

Jo Stafford who knows all there is
to know about putting over a song, coaches

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

**StrongerGrip Won't Slip Out**

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

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

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

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

The Windsor Castle affair was a high point in the young singer's life but her biggest thrill came just recently when a group of British war brides gave a party in her honor here in New York. "It was really a switch. During the war I used to sing to their husbands and now I was singing for their wives. I sang all the current Hit Parade favorites and then a young girl, with tears in her eyes, came toward the piano and said, 'Miss Davis, I'm awfully homesick, so please do a song we knew at home.'"

Beryl sang "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square."

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

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

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

Recently a Doubting Thomas West Coast columnist refused to believe that Beryl was an authentic British import. He wrote, "If she's a London girl as advertised, I'm Lina Romay of Brooklyn."

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

"I'm as confident as I've ever been," she continued. "For a long time everyone has thought I'd never have a big record. Now I've got one."

Confident that young Gordon MacRae has the best chance to become a big star, Capitol records have signed the ex-caddie to a long term recording contract complete with promotional buildup.

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

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

Abe Burrows is the high priced radio comedy writer who has turned singer. He is heard on CBS on Saturday nights singing and playing his burlesques of popular songs like "The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes."

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

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

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

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

Don't expect British singer Gracie Fields back in this country for a long time. She is booked for extensive ap-
pearances in England, has her own B.B.C. radio show.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

---

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

---

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

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

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It melts—takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!
Radio Repertory Theatre, Inc.—behind that name are Joan Fontaine, above, Myrna Loy, below, and Dana Andrews, John Garfield, Ray Milland—a new company with better radio listening fare its aim.

By DALE BANKS

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

* * *

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

When Larry Adler, the harmonica artist, was interviewed recently by Pops Whiteman and "Junior," the portable recording machine Whiteman uses, he told the dean of modern American music a story that even Whiteman had never known before.
Jay Jostyn carries Mr. District Attorney's aims into real life. He accepts a lecture invitation from a youth organization—his subject: Juvenile Delinquency.

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

And maybe you think that talent doesn't get kicked around some... For fifteen years Paul Siegel of Brooklyn, N. Y., trudged up and down Tin Pan Alley, but nobody would buy his tunes. Now, as a 32-year-old AMG Sergeant stationed in Vienna, he has twenty of his tunes (Continued on page 96)
MAX METCALF, member of the WHAM News Bureau and one of the station's featured newscasters, has to be at work by five-thirty a.m. as his newscast goes on the air at six—and he likes it.

He can visualize folks in from their early chores, having their breakfast and listening to a summary of the news that developed during the night. These are the men and women who must be on the job at seven, the night workers, just off duty and homeward bound, listening as they drive. Max's mail tells him of invalids who start their day with his newscast, travelers who get started early to beat the traffic and even airmen who check up on the news while piloting their planes through the early skies.

Max Metcalf was born in Walpole, New Hampshire. His elementary and high school education was obtained in truly traditional New England style. With a firm grounding in "readin' and 'rithmetic," Max headed for Teachers College in Brockport, New York, and then to the University of Illinois.

With a teacher's diploma tucked in his pocket, Max moved to Westbury, Long Island, where he taught English and History at Westbury High School. It just so happened that the Home Economics teacher was a lovely young lady named Helene Ferry. Max met this young lady and found that she was not only extremely attractive but that she was also a wonderful cook. Max refuses to admit that this entered his mind in evaluating Miss Ferry, but Helene and Max were married.

From Long Island the Metcalfs moved to Buffalo, New York, where, after several more years of teaching, Max came to the conclusion that he might like radio work better. He took a trip to WHAM, Rochester, and, after an outstanding audition, won a place on the station's announcing staff.

Always a student of history, Max wanted to specialize in newscasting, so he channeled his efforts in that direction and acquired an intimate knowledge of current history, which, plus a friendly style, gives his newscasts an authoritative ring that attracts an ever-growing circle of listeners.

Following a station policy, Max began, as soon as he became a member of the staff, an intensive study of news reporting, writing, editing and the many other specialized jobs required of a well-rounded news man.

Last winter was an especially bad one in the western New York area. Knowing that Max had to drive twenty-five miles over country roads to get to work, his listeners waited each day for his informal remarks on road conditions and driving hazards and he became the Voice of Authority for early drivers. This year he does not have to drive so far, for he has moved to East Rochester, which is just seven miles from the broadcasting studio.

After concluding his 6 A.M. broadcast, Max goes right to work on the content of another newscast for 8 A.M. His concluding program of the day comes at one in the afternoon.
Donald Dame, tenor star of The American Album of Familiar Music heard Sunday night over NBC from 9:30 to 10 P.M., made an early beginning in radio. At the age of 14 in his native Cleveland, Ohio he succeeded in directing and producing his own radio show on which he also served as principal vocalist. It ran for more than two years over a leading Cleveland station, first as a sustaining and later on a commercial basis.

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

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

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

Of medium height, well-built, and with a disarming smile and gray-blue eyes that help make him an asset to the Met's romantic-tenor department, Donald Dame is a young man of serious purpose, usual humility for one who is so successful. Aside from his work, he is easy-going and has a tremendous capacity for enjoying life, and a loud and hearty laugh which he emits fairly frequently.

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

As a rod-and-reel enthusiast, he has chalked up a rather unique record. You know those tall tales that fishermen tell? ... Well, Donald says: "I have been fishing ever since I was a boy of eight and I haven't caught a single fish yet!"
With all the farmers of New England as his parishioners, Jesse H. Buffum, CBS’s Agricultural Director in New England, has been riding circuit for eight years, supplementing his Farmers’ Almanac broadcasts over WEEI with trips to all State Fairs, and important Grange meetings. He was named Chairman of Grange Day at the Eastern States Exposition this September, when Michigan’s former Governor Harold E. Stassen was the principal speaker.

When agriculture wants to pay its respects to the Commonwealth’s Chief Executive, it is Buff who arranges it. So far, he has been host to Governors Tobin and Bradford and the farm leaders of Massachusetts four times. Buff’s Luncheons have become notable and unique events. During them agriculture makes its direct report to the Governor in the time honored New England fashion. Buff has published an Agricultural Directory of New England...a sort of farm Blue Book. A New England financier and philanthropist has named Buff administrator of a fund to aid worthy young farmers get their start.

A list of his farm activities would run the length of your arm, but they are only his vocational duties. He has another farm characteristic. He is, at heart, a romantic. His sights go beyond the hills of home to far places. Last summer he yielded to the spell, and with still and motion picture cameras, he flew to the South Pacific Isles with letters of introduction from Governor Bradford to the governors of New Caledonia, Fiji, and New Guinea. He traveled about and compared the conditions today with conditions of an earlier year, when as a young motion picture camera man, he made geographical pictures for a Hollywood studio. In those early years his hair turned white overnight when he got too close to the volcano Kilauea to make an interesting picture. Hawaii now he finds not so enchanting...except in the hinterland.

Those are the things over which he grieves, but when he ponders over the length of time he spent getting to Hawaii in an old windjammer, and the short time in which he flew there and beyond, he thinks that modern technological advances have their merits, too.

Another adventure came close to tragedy when he was nearly killed in the battle of Agua Prieta. He had gone there to take educational motion pictures, but emerged with a citation for bravery. Earlier still he and his brother walked across the continent on a diet experiment for Dr. Dudley Sargent of Harvard University.

All in all this farm boy—for his father had a farm in New Hampshire—has gone to far places and seen strange sights. Now he plans to round out his years with his broadcasts, and his lectures, so that one day he may retire to his own farm in Warwick, Mass., with his wife and son, who, at twenty, shows signs of following in his father’s footsteps. At least, now he is working as a reporter on the North Adams (Mass.) Transcript, and has his sights trained on distant horizons.
Frolic Perfume, Eau de Toilette, and Talc, $2.50

Frolic Perfume, $7.50; 4.50; 1.25

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

April Showers Perfume, $7.50; 4.50; 1.25

April Showers Eau de Cologne and Dusting Powder, $2.25

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

All prices plus tax
Lucky Sweethearts!

The Gift That Starts the Home

Make A LANE Your Christmas Love-Gift

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

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

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

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

$49.95

"A Million Maidens Yearn for This Romantic Love-Gift"
HERE are times when I wish I might have been Sarah Bernhardt instead of Gracie Allen. People don't seem to mind if even the greatest of tragediennes breaks into a smile now and then, but if you're a comedienne to start with, you're expected to be funny all the time.

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

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

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

Then the children arrived. Whereupon Burns and Allen bought a small quiet house in Beverly Hills and lived happily ever after. That was eleven years ago, and we still live in the same house, have the same cook, gardener, eat roast beef on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and in general, have become so settled in our ways, that the neighbors can peek out the window now and say "Goodness ... it must be nine-thirty-two ... there goes Mrs. Burns on her way to market."

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

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

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

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

Listen to Gracie Allen and George Burns, Thursday nights at 8:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.
EACH day, five days a week, a couple appears on the program Bride and Groom, a couple chosen from among hundreds of others because they are living a love story so warm and appealing that the Bride and Groom judges believe others will be made happy by hearing about it. Such a story is that of Helen Gary and Albert Baietti of Oak Ridge, Tenn. "Oak Ridge"—the name should give you some clue as to why we of the Bride and Groom show decided that Helen and Albert were among those we wanted to marry on the air. (Not that a Bride and Groom wedding actually takes place on the air; the couple is interviewed before the ceremony, and introduced to the radio and studio audience; then they retire to the adjoining Chapman Park Chapel, for a service performed in private by a minister of their own choice. After the ceremony, they come back to our studio, and again go on the air to receive their gifts from Bride and Groom and the happy good wishes of all of us.) But back to Oak Ridge. What could be more surely a wartime romance than one born in the very cradle of the war's Top-Secret secret—the atom bomb?

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

In short, Helen and Albert fell in love... but not as quickly as all that. The odds, after all, were heavy against them. There was no place for romance in the endless round of work and tension and pressure that was Oak Ridge in the summer of 1945, Al's second year on the atomic energy project. To the majority of the seventy thousand people in the town, the work was a complete mystery; but Al, research physicist and engineer, was one of the handful who had definite ideas about what was going on. So, to him, life was work, was work was a race against time; and the rest of living was rain, mud, cheerless dormitory life, an occasional movie... a very occasional dance sponsored by the Recreation and Welfare Association.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But the theatrical page—that's something else.

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

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

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

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

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

Hear Al Jolson as the star of the Music Hall program, every Thursday night at 9 EST, on stations of the NBC network.
I was glad of little Nancy's help when the gifts started piling up. Announcer Les Lear and M.C. Tommy Bartlett read off a list that had me gasping.

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

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

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

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

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

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

We traveled to California by way of St. Louis, Kansas City, Rocky Mountain National Park, Albuquerque and Phoenix. There's no way to tell you what it meant to us—except to say that the (Continued on page 93)
Breakfast with his Belle has always been the cheerful prelude to Lorenzo's day but now the postman is making unwelcome contributions to his mailbox. Sleight-of-hand takes practice and Belle moves around so fast a man never knows on which side of the table she will be next.
LEARNS THAT SILENCE IS NOT ALWAYS GOLDEN

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

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

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

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

Seen here in the parts they play on the air are: Karl Swenson as Lorenzo; Lucille Wall as Belle; Kermit Murdock as Muggins; Anne Shepherd as Margaret; Art Carney as Angus; Frank Behrens as Jim.
4. Down at the corner drugstore Lorenzo has a soda with Clarence K. Muggins. He is bringing the conversation around to his invention when Jim Barker wanders in. Jim has had a quarrel with his wife. Seems he did not tell her when he got a letter from a girl he'd known back home. Irma admitted the letter was harmless, but she'd found it in his pocket. He should have told her at once when he got it. Clarence and Lorenzo agree—"always tell them first."

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

8. Angus gets a letter. His wife, Margaret, rushes over to Belle's house. Belle calls up Mrs. Muggins, who tells her that Lorenzo has been getting letters too. Belle is furious. Imagine Mrs. Muggins knowing more about Lorenzo than she does!
5. Next morning, Lorenzo receives a letter in the mail himself. Nothing like this ever happened to him before! He can’t believe it. He reads it again. Well, his conscience is clear. He’ll certainly tell Belle. So he stuffs the letter in his pocket.

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

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

10. Lorenzo has to agree with Belle. He’s been very foolish. “If you’d had any sense you would have recognized a child’s handwriting. If you’d let me see them I would have known at once.” Lorenzo promises, “No more secrets”—even about inventions!
HOW do you spend your time as a radio listener? Where, from Monday through Sunday, is your dial set; what programs do you eagerly anticipate, which do you impatiently tune out? Which offerings fill your entertainment requirements so well that season after season you want them back on the air?

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

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

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

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

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

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**VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS**

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

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Cut this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Awards, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Irma’s big blue eyes went from one to another of us. “What’s the matter with all of you?” she asked.
EXPERIMENT

Science waits, trembling,

as Jane's friend Irma, armed with

pen and book, goes down into

the unplumbed depths of her own mind

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

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

Suddenly the door burst open and Irma rushed in, letting the door-bang to behind her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That was brilliant deduction on his part."

"Oh, yes."

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

*Radio Mirror's Prize Poem*

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

**Measuring Cup**

She measured flour in a silver cup,
Holding it a moment in a hand
That shook a little, as a distant wind
Of recollection ripples quiet land.
Rough fingers traced the pattern of the cup
Then gently set it on the pantry shelf—
Linking her empty arms with things long past,
Her gesture weighing some remembered self.
With that brief touch she measured all the days
Of all the quiet years apart from him
Whose eyes once laughed above the silver cup
With "Baby" carved upon its battered rim.
—Orpha Colcord

**Question**

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

**Kitchen Chant**

Rain on the roof with a sound like singing—
And here in the kitchen something nice
Patterned with flour and nuts and raisins,
Sprinkled with sugar, fragrant with spice.
Little boy's round eyes stare at the oven,
Little dog's tail goes thump on the floor,
Little boy's hand goes tug at your apron
It's hours till lunch—please, just one more!
Crisp and warm with a fragrance of cinnamon,
One like a heart and one like a star... Rain on the roof with a sound like singing—
Mother is filling the cookie jar.
—Hortense Roberto Roberts

**Sentiments of the Season**
Early Shopper

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

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

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

By TED MALONE

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

After Christmas Carol

(Any Wife's Song)

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

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $50

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

A Donkey Bore His Mother

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

Ideas of Good and Evil

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

memory of Christmas Past, a hope for Christmas Future
Bonus, the cabin cruiser, is a 32-foot extension of the Maxwell living room.

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

Tuckerman von Schlitz, who almost saw hunting in Africa, watches gravely as Bob and Jessica prepare the shooting irons.
PERHAPS, some midnight, a little leprechaun will leap onto your bedpost and whisper beguilingly, “How would you like to spend the Perfect Weekend at that Perfect Place known as Shangri-la?”

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

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

So wonderful is their waterside home that every weekend, fifty-two weekends each year, the Maxwells renounce Radio Row and traipse the hundred-odd miles out there just as fast as their umpteen-cylinder Buick convertible can get them—all of which adds up to roughly ten thousand, four hundred miles of traipsing each year.

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

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

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

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

Come and Visit the MAXWELLS

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

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

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

Skill, stamina, steady nerves, a strong sense of humor and a little thing called Talent go into the successful completion of their radio chores and, come Friday
the family larder. Either Bob or Jessica will cook it: they married each other for their cooking, they claim.

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

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

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

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

Of Herr von Schlitz, more presently.

The Robert Maxwell Turkey Farm, Inc. is located in Cutchogue. An enterprise started only a few years ago, the gobbler ranch now raises and markets five hundred birds annually, its output being restricted only by the present prohibitive price of feed. A former Southold Township policeman, Antone Chituk, manages the farm for Bob, ably assisted by Mrs. Chituk, their 'teen-age daughter Joan and three boys who resemble characters straight out of Huckleberry Finn: Jon, Eugene and Antone Jr.

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

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

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

Big-hearted Bob, who constantly gets himself involved in bizarre situations, acquired the beautiful canine late last year—and (Continued on page 79)
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The hamster seems to love this routine almost as much as radio producer Robert Maxwell does.

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Big-hearted Bob, who instinctively gets himself involved in bizarre situations, acquired the beautiful canine last year—and (Continued on page 79)
It's hard for a Cover Girl to be just one of the crowd.

But Jan Ford keeps trying.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 89)
THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER
Radio Mirror's Best Letter-of-the-Month

Dear Papa David:

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

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

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

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

The last day of school we had a party and we younger children were to tell stories about Christmas. When my smaller brother, George, who was a second grader, got up to give his story I was fiercely glad that he was so young and didn't understand a lot of things. I was surprised at this story he told:

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

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

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

Mrs. M. C.

Following are this month's $15 letters

BUNDLES OF KINDNESS

Dear Papa David:

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

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

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

Presently, he informed me that he had been in the asylum eleven years—suicidal mania.

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

Going to get Mr. K. a paper cup of water, I found the potential suicide standing in the corridor, his face against the aperture in the heavy door. He was doing his (Continued on page 72)
Or, better still, five
minutes of eye-opening fun
with morning Shave Time

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

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

It lasts only five minutes—but, apart from your
morning shower, Mennen Shave Time is as ef-
fective a rise-up tocsin as you’re likely to find,
of a morning. No alarm clock could be as welcome
to a just-awakened ear as the voice of Anne
Thomas, playing a switchboard operator, trying to
rouse Lew Parker, a guest in the hotel where Anne,
for program purposes, works. You’ll have to check
your local stations for this, because it’s heard at
different times on different stations all over the
country; and when you’ve located it, make a note
of it. Getting up is easier when you’re doing it
to turn on Shave Time—and Shave Time will
keep you up once it’s on. (For a list of local
stations on which Lew Parker and Anne Thomas
are heard in Shave Time, turn to page 92.)
1. "Say, Mr. Parker," says Annie, "you've been acting peculiar the last few days—always running or skipping. How come?"

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


4. "Annie," says Lew, "if I had a date with you I wouldn't get fresh." "Then what do you want to date me for?" says Annie.
"PEACE ON EARTH—Good Will to Men"... these are swell words. We hear them once a year, at Christmastime, and they give us that old feeling that, maybe—for a few days—all the fighting and the trouble in the world might stop and everybody could be friends. Just "good will to men." All men. Is that too much to ask?

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was clean inside—but disorderly. And my first impression was of kids—boys, mostly—perched all over the place on boxes and window ledges; dirty kids, clean kids, all kinds—kids with their noses flattened against the glass of the candy counters; kids reading comic books, their backs against the window frames; kids behind the cash register, earnestly talking to a little, dried-up gnome of a man.

This was Mr. Jellico.

"What can I do for you, sir?" his voice was almost a whisper, yet it had a penetrating quality. I explained I was looking for a birthday gift for a little girl and the shopkeeper unerringly picked out just what my daughter would have wanted most—a big marshmallow teddy bear with a funny black licorice nose and two beady lozenge-shaped eyes.

While he was slipping it gently into a box, the door opened, slammed shut with a bang. Everyone looked up. (Continued on page 67)
What is good luck made of: work,
talent, determination? For Mindy, it was
all of these—and Pops Whiteman, too.
As our train rushed through the Spring night, Paul Whiteman sat talking to me. His National Guard Assembly program had just concluded a successful cross-country tour. We had made "in person" broadcasts from key stations in the ABC network as far west as Des Moines. Then, after several weeks of my first real taste of travel, we were homeward bound. Pops (that's what everybody calls Mr. Whiteman) said, "You've come a long way in an amazingly short time, Mindy. Success like yours has turned many a girl's head. Always remember—be like Bing Crosby, my greatest discovery. Bing's head never got big—only his heart did."

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

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

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

CARLOTTA LAGORRO ARMOUR, beautiful, warm-hearted young wife of composer Keith Armour, is a talented and experienced homemaker. It was she who, after her mother's death, became the focal point of family life for her father, two sisters and two brothers in their small apartment on Chicago's Hester Street. But brilliant, mercurial Keith cannot resign himself to the quiet tempo of the life Carlotta would like to build around him. Their marriage so far has reflected their incompatibilities rather than the deep, genuine mutual love that brought them together. (Played by Marjorie Davies)
ITALO LAGORRO, with daughter Carlotta's help, successfully guided his sometimes turbulent family through many a crisis. After Carlotta's marriage, THERESE took over the running of the house, but her father's opinions will always be her final yardstick. This is true too of MARY, the youngest Lagorro: no problem arises in her world that does not come in for discussion either at home or in Italo's shoe-repair shop. (Italo is Milton Herman; Therese, Betty Moran; Mary, Lois Kenison)
KEITH ARMOUR is a pianist-composer, temperamental, touched with genius. The intensely creative work to which he has dedicated himself puts constant strain on Keith’s emotional nature, strain which is mirrored in his marriage to Carlotta in spite of the profound love that brought them together. Unable to adjust to the routine of a home, Keith irritably seeks inspiration and stimulation away from Carlotta, who is beginning to accept the fact that she may have to build a life for herself which will be independent of Keith and the insecurity that his temperament creates. (Played by Wilms Herbert)

Today’s Children is heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EST, on stations of
NAOMI DANIELS, social service worker who heads the Hester Street Foundation, is a close and understanding friend to the Lagorros. WALTER DRAKE, who employs David, also has a high regard for the attractive Naomi. A wealthy investment broker, Drake can easily afford his frequent, ample contributions to the Foundation. (Naomi is Jo Gilbert; Walter Drake is Joe Forte)
HALF of the fun of Christmas is planning for it. For no other holiday in the year do people work as they do for this one great day; most of us, from the time the first Santa Claus appears on street corner and in store window, are busily making gifts and goodies, compiling lists of things to buy and give, of friends to see and write to—and loving every crowded minute of it. It almost seems as if we are trying, unconsciously, to prove the truth of some of the maxims we were brought up on—the one, for instance, that says we never appreciate anything unless we work for it, another one which tells us that it is better to give than to receive, and the quotation which most of us memorized in school: "The gift without the giver is bare."

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

**Steamed Fig Pudding**

<table>
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<th>Ingredient</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/2 cup raisins</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup finely cut citron</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup finely cut figs</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cups sifted enriched flour, divided</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 teaspoon soda</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon salt</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 teaspoon ginger</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 teaspoon nutmeg</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 teaspoon cinnamon</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 teaspoon cloves</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup molasses</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cup milk</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup ground suet</td>
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Mix fruits with 1/2 cup of the flour. Mix and sift together remaining flour and other dry ingredients. Combine molasses, milk and suet, add to flour mixture and stir enough to make a smooth batter. Add fruits and mix well. Pour into 1-quart mold which has been oiled, then cover tightly. Place on rack in kettle containing at least 2 inches of boiling water, cover kettle tightly and steam for 2 1/2 hours. Check occasionally to make sure that water does not boil away; if it does, add more boiling water. Turn pudding out of mold onto plate and serve hot. Makes 8 servings.

**White Fruit Cake**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cup chopped citron</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cup white raisins</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cup chopped almonds</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cups sifted enriched flour, divided</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 teaspoon salt</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>6 tablespoons butter or margarine</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup sugar</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4 eggs, unbeaten</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tablespoon milk</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/2 teaspoon vanilla</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Continued on page 88)

**By KATE SMITH**

Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, on stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System.
"Eye appeal," says John Reed King, "that's what kids need in their toys."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Network</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>World News</td>
<td>NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Eternal Life</td>
<td>ABC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>American United</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Chicago Round Table</td>
<td>Standard Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Robert Merrill</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>James Melton</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Frank Black</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Eddy Howard</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>The Quiz Kids</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>Musica Nota</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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## Evening Programs

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Network</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Hollywood Star Preview</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Jack Benny</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Band Wagon</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>A. L. Alexander</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Frez Allen</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Manhattan Merry Christmas Special</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Go-Go Round</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Jim Backus Show</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>When It Leaves</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>The Big Break</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Eddie Dowling</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Voice of Strings</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>The Big Break</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Serenade to America</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Sunoco News</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Marin County House Party</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>H. V. Kaitenborn</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Carvalcado of America</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Voice of Firestone</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Telephone Hour</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Dr. I. O.</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Contested Program</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Fishing and Hunting Club</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Dance Orch.</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Electric Stove</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>My Friend Irma</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Dancing Days</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>The Big Break</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Strike It Rich</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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### Ted Collins

Ted Collins...
WEDNESDAY

A.M.   | NBC    | MBS       | ABC        | CBS       |
-------|--------|-----------|------------|-----------|
8:30   | Do You Remember |  | The Trumpeters | Three Steps To Rhythm |
8:45   |        |           |            |           |
9:00   | Honeymoon in New York, N. Y. |  | Editor's Diary | Shady Valley Folks |
9:15   |        |           |            | Breakfast Club |
9:30   | Clevelandaires |  |              | CBS Morning News |
9:45   | Nelson Olmsted |  |              | Oklahoma Roundup |
10:00  | Fred Waring |  | Cecil Brown | Faith In Our Time |
10:15  |        |           |            | Say It With Music |
10:30  | Life of the Road |  | My True Story | Betty Crocker |
10:45  | Joyce Jordan |  |            | Magazine Of The Air |
11:00  | Once Upon a Time |  | Tom Brennan | Welcome Travelers |
11:15  | Kate's Daughter |  | Ganen Drake | Aunt Jenny |
11:30  | Jack Berch |  |            | Helen Trent |
11:45  | Lorraine Lawton |  | Ted Malone | Our Girl Sunday |

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00  | Echoes From Tropics |  | Kate Smith Speaks | Victor L. Lindahl |
12:15  | Words and Music |  | Service Bands | |
12:30  |        | Welcome Travelers | Welcome Travelers | |
12:45  |        | Aunt Jenny | Aunt Jenny |
1:00   | Art Van Damme |  | Big Sister | Big Sister |
1:15   | Quarter |  | Ma Perkins | Ma Perkins |
1:30   | Robert McCormick |  | Young Dr. Malone | Young Dr. Malone |
1:45   | Robert Riple |  | The Guiding Light | The Guiding Light |
2:00   | Today's Children |  | Maggi McNeilis | Maggi McNeilis |
2:15   | Woman in White |  | Bride and Groom | Bride and Groom |
2:30   | Story of Holly Sloan |  | Rose of My Dreams | Rose of My Dreams |
2:45   | Light of the World |  |        |        |
3:00   | Life Can Be Beautiful |  |        |        |
3:15   | Ma Perkins |  |        |        |
3:30   | Pepper Young |  |        |        |
3:45   | Right to Happiness |  |        |        |
4:00   | Backstage Wife |  |        |        |
4:15   | Stella Dallas |  |        |        |
4:30   | Lorenzo Jones |  |        |        |
4:45   | Young Widder Brown |  |        |        |
5:00   | When a Girl Marries |  |        |        |
5:15   | Portia Faces Life |  |        |        |
5:30   | Just Plain Bill |  |        |        |
5:45   | Front Page Farrell |  |        |        |

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00   | John MacVane |  | Eric Sevareid | In My Opinion |
6:15   | Serenade to America |  | Red Barber | Red Barber |
6:30   | Sunoco News |  | Lowell Thomas | Lowell Thomas |
6:45   |        | Local Programs |        |        |
7:00   | Chesterfield Club |  | Headline Edition | Elmer Davis |
7:15   | News of the World |  | Green-Harried Drama | |
7:30   | Manor House Party |  | Mystery of the Week | Jack Smith |
7:45   | H. V. Kaltenborn |  | Bob Crosby Show | Edward R. Murrow |
8:00   | Milton Berle |  | Mysterious Traveler | Youth Asks The Government |
8:15   |        | Official Detective | Erwin D. Canham | Erwin D. Canham |
8:30   | A Date with Judy |  | Big Town | Big Town |
8:45   |        |        | Mr. & Mrs. North | Mr. & Mrs. North |
9:00   | Amos 'n Andy |  | Gabriel Heather | Gabriel Heather |
9:15   |        | Real Stories | Real Stories | Real Stories |
9:30   | Fibber McGee and Molly |  | Zane Grey Show | Zane Grey Show |
9:45   |        |        | Boston Symphony | Boston Symphony |
10:00  | Bob Hope |  | We, The People | We, The People |
10:15  |        |        | Studio One | Studio One |
10:30  | Red Skelton |  | CBS Is There | CBS Is There |

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7:45   | H. V. Kaltenborn |  | Bob Crosby Show | Edward R. Murrow |
8:00   | Dennis Day |  | Crime Club | Crime Club |
8:15   |        | Quiet Please | Quiet Please | Quiet Please |
8:30   | The Great Gildersleeve |  | Mayor of The Town | Mayor of The Town |
8:45   |        | American Melody | Dr. Christian | Dr. Christian |
9:00   | Duffy's Tavern |  | Gabriel Heather | Gabriel Heather |
9:15   |        | Real Stories | Real Stories | Real Stories |
9:30   | Mr. District Attorney |  | Let's Go To The Movies | Let's Go To The Movies |
9:45   |        |        | Jack Paar | Jack Paar |
10:00  | The Big Story |  | Racket Busters | Racket Busters |
10:15  |        | Bing Crosby | Bing Crosby | Bing Crosby |
10:30  | Jimmy Durante |  | The Whistler | The Whistler |

Red Barber

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N.Y.</td>
<td>Editor's Diary</td>
<td>Shady Valley Folks</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
<td>Robert Ralston</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Nelson Olmstead</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>Faith In Our Time Say It With Music</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
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<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Once Upon Our Time</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Katie's Daughter</td>
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<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Lora Lawton</td>
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<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:20</td>
<td>Echoes From Tropics</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
<td>Victor H. Lindhfar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Aunt Jenny</td>
<td>Wendy Warren</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Our Gal Sunday</td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Art Van Damme</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Mary McCarthy</td>
<td>Eunice Craig</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>Robert Ralston</td>
<td>Nancy Craig</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
<td>Magic McNellies</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Woman in White</td>
<td>Mrs. Burton</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Story of Holly</td>
<td>Perry Mason</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>Shown</td>
<td>Rose of My Dreams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Paul Whiteman Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Song of the Stranger</td>
<td>Ladies Be Satisfied</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Right to Happiness</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
<td>Dick Tracy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
<td>Hirt Hunt</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>Jones</td>
<td>Winner Take All</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Young Widder Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>When a Girl Marries</td>
<td>Tennessee J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
<td>Tennessee J.</td>
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<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Red Barber, Sports</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Grand Marqueze</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Inside of Sports</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Aldrich Family</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Burn Partly Story</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Gates Burn and Grace Allen</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Al Johnson</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Jack Carson</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Dave Arden</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Bob Hawke Show</td>
<td>Mr. President</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Eddie Cantor</td>
<td>Mr. President</td>
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**FRIDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N.Y.</td>
<td>Editor's Diary</td>
<td>Shady Valley Folks</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
<td>Robert Ralston</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Nelson Olmstead</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>Faith In Our Time Say It With Music</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>My True Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Once Upon Our Time</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Katie's Daughter</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
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<td></td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Lora Lawton</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Hosts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Echoes From Tropics</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
<td>Victor H. Lindhfar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Aunt Jenny</td>
<td>Wendy Warren</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>U. S. Marine Band</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
<td>Eunice Craig</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Robert Ralston</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
<td>Nancy Craig</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Woman in White</td>
<td>Magic McNellies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Story of Holly</td>
<td>Mrs. Burton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Shown</td>
<td>Perry Mason</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Rose of My Dreams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Song of the Stranger</td>
<td>Paul Whiteman Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Right to Happiness</td>
<td>Ladies Be Satisfied</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Ma Perkins</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>Young Widder Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
<td>Dick Tracy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
<td>Hirt Hunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>Jones</td>
<td>Winner Take All</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Young Widder Brown</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>When a Girl Marries</td>
<td>Tennessee J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
<td>Tennessee J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>Tennessee J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
<td>Tennessee J.</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Hosts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Eric Severed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Serenade to America</td>
<td>Report From The United Nations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Sunoco News</td>
<td>Red Barber, Sports</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Dance Orch.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Grand Marqueze</td>
<td>Challenge of The Yukon</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Inside of Sports</td>
<td>Mystery of the Week</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Aldrich Family</td>
<td>Jack Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Burn Partly Story</td>
<td>Bob Cross  Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Gates Burn and Grace Allen</td>
<td>Edward R. Morrow</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Al Johnson</td>
<td>Treasure Agent</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Jack Carson</td>
<td>Mr. Ken</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Dave Arden</td>
<td>Willie Piper</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Bob Hawke Show</td>
<td>Dick Haymes</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Eddie Cantor</td>
<td>Crime Photographer</td>
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</tbody>
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Guy Lombardo — whose Royal Canadians have been on the air since the early days of broadcasting, hails from London, Ontario, where he and the rest of the musical Lombardos received their early education. Guy organized his band in 1920 and the personnel is almost the same today. Once more, this year, the Royal Canadians are heard over the air on Mondays at 9:30 P.M., over the Mutual Broadcasting System.
HAVE YOU HEARD?

NAN MERRIMAN

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

ED BEGLEY

Just for the purposes of identification and introduction, Ed Begley is currently playing the title role in Charlie Chan, the Mutual series heard Wednesdays at 8:30 PM, EST. But you've heard him in any dramatic show that's run during the last six years—Bulldog Drummond, The Fat Man, Radio Reader's Digest, Just Plain Bill, Valentino, etc.

David Harrold, to name only a very few—and Ed Begley's in their casts regularly.

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

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

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

Bob Hastings

whose Merry Adventures, as Archie Andrews, make hilarious Saturday morning listening at 10:30 over NBC, was born in Brooklyn. None of his family ever took a professional interest in show business. After an early debut on Nick Kenny's WMCA program, Bob became a Madge Tucker protege and was soon a busy child actor, even commuting to Chicago to appear on the National Barn Dance.
Entertaining the Quiz Kids on his Quiz of Two Cities was a memorable broadcast in the radio-active life of George Bennet.

Let GEORGE do it

WANTED: Master-of-ceremonies, announcer, actor, narrator, comedian, straight man, writer, director, producer with experience in movies, radio, television and on the stage. Must be equally adept at being serious and funny, at reading script or ad libbing. Only man with these qualifications need apply.

No, WTIC in Hartford is not looking for a one-man radio stock company to fill the above job. The job has been very aptly filled for the past twelve years by one of New England’s most popular air personalities—George Bowe. In the hearts of young and old, George holds a very dear spot. As a member of the team of George and Glenn, each January he receives from thousands of tiny tots thousands of dollars for the WTIC-Hartford Courant Mile O’ Dimes Infantile Paralysis fund. The “bobby soxers” clamored for tickets to his Teen Star Time show each Saturday morning. Children and adults cheer along with him as he leads Hartford quiz hopefuls each Friday evening against a Springfield, Massachusetts, team on the Hooper-high Quiz of Two Cities. The Bowe features are almost as well known as the Bowe voice, for the man with the moustache has made thousands of personal appearances throughout New England. The m.c. jobs of which he is proudest are his War Bond auctions and sales for which he received a special commendation from the former Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, and his yearly participation in the Mile O’ Dimes. Red Cross, Rolling Kitchens and Army and Navy hospitals and camps all were a regular part of his extra-curricular activities during the war years, and now he is following through with periodic shows for the vets at nearby Veterans Hospitals.

Bowe came to WTIC in 1935 after a year of announcing at Station WICC in Bridgeport. Born in Schenectady, New York, in 1907, he moved with his family to Hollywood, California, at an early age and appeared in youthful roles in many of the old silent films as well as on the vaudeville and legitimate stage. He appeared in dramatic productions also over KNX, Hollywood, and KGER, Long Beach. George also wrote movie news for the Hollywood Press Syndicate. In 1930 he returned East to do advertising and sales promotion for the General Electric Company. But show business beckoned again and after a brief fling at producing and m.c.-ing he took to the mike at the local radio station. Soon WTIC nodded in George’s direction and he moved to Connecticut’s capital city. Periodic promotions were in order for the young ball of fire, and now he holds the position of Production Manager. Especially notable is his outstanding work as writer and producer of the official Coast Guard program, United States Coast Guard on Parade, which was fed by NBC to ninety stations in this country and short-waved to the armed forces abroad for two and a half years.

His very lovely wife, Mary, to whom he was married in March, until recently was one of WTIC’s top control operators. Now she’s retired from the airwaves.
Which Twin has the Toni?

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

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

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

Will TONI work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?
Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?
Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

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

How much will I save with TONI?
The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only $2...

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

Which is the TONI Twin?
Kathlenee, at the right, has the TONI. Ask for Toni today. On sale at all leading drug, notions or cosmetic counters.

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

But first our athletic story.

Back in 1934, Michigan State College buzzed with speculation on how the new coach, Charley Bachman, and a freshman quarterback he was bringing with him would affect Spartan grid prospects. The fraternity boys said, "He must be good; he's the only one Bachman took with him."

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

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

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

The "little" leg trouble turned out to be a malicious growth on the femur that became inflamed upon the slightest contact, results of an injury sustained playing for Florida Gator freshmen against Georgia. To remove the growth required a dangerous operation that might cripple him for life. The doctor urged that he stop athletics at once.

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

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

On his first assignment, he was the first announcer on in the morning and the last to sign off at night. But this didn't last long. Soon he was announcing the Detroit Lions' games as the Cub Reporter. Then another good break came when he landed the Inside of Sports and Meet the Missus programs. He worked day and night and attended all important sports events. He continued to meet many important personalities of the sports world. Each day his star kept rising.
Today Harry at 34 is known in many circles as "The Fabulous Whizz." He is assistant to the president of three large stations, sports director of ABC, winning the Sporting News award for four consecutive years as the nation's No. 1 sportscaster, and he is a silent partner in a thriving radio package agency.

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

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

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

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

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

Signing the contract for the sports-cast series, Leahy of Notre Dame.

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

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Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
THICK AND FAST CAME THE QUESTIONS; HERE ARE SOME ANSWERS

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

ABSENT FRIEND

Dear Editor:

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

Mrs. H. S. M. Grantwood, N. J.

Lesley Woods

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

DOUBLE DUTY

Dear Editor:

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

Mrs. R. R. C.

Waco, Texas

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

THE GOOKS

Dear Editor:

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

Mrs. E. E. T.

Tulsa, Oklahoma

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

IN DEMAND

Dear Editor:

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

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

Miss C. D.

The Pas, Manitoba

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

UP-TO-DATE

Dear Editor:

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

Hamilton, Ohio

Mrs. R. L. T.

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

PRIVATE LIVES

Dear Editor:

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

Mrs. B. D. D.

Denver, Col.

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

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Dear Editor:

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

Miss M. J. C.

Brookville, Pa.

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

(Continued from page 47)

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

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

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

"What's your name?"

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

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

THREE boys clambered down from boxes and stools and lined up, squarely, in front of the newcomer. His mouth fell open. He turned, angrily, to Mitch.

"Whaddya mean—interview? By them—"

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

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

"That's right, Mitch."

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

"Yeah, but—"

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

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

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

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

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

buy gum by Adams
Are you trying
to tell me
All tissues aren't
KLEENEX?

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

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

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

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

Lucky I learned...There is only one KLEENEX
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I looked inquiringly at Mr. Jellico.

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

"Planning for what?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was to get to know these boys better, in the months to come, and to make a friend of Mr. Jellico. It became a habit of mine to drop in there..."
every week or so. I was as proud as Mr. Jellico was the day that Andrew Warren came to ask, humbly, for his interview—and as a special honor I was allowed to be present at his initiation ceremony.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At first I thought the room was empty. But then I saw him. A little more gray, a little thinner and more stooped—but the gentleness was still there. The same friendly expression in the eyes he turned on me. "Jello, Mr. Jellico. Remember me?"

He peered in and at the end of the counter. 

"Mr. Sinatra! I'm glad to have you back! The boys and I—we always talk about you when you're here."

David and Mitch got out of the habit of saying 'Gee—I gotta tell Mr. Sinatra about this or that'—whatever it was!"

"Where are the boys? I asked.

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

"Meeting, huh?" We smiled together.

"And how are you feeling, Mr. Jellico?"

"Just fine! Just fine!"

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

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

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

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

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

"And he hasn't got three hundred dollars," piped up a voice from the back.

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

"He's going to lose the shop."

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

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

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

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

No, it certainly wasn't. They all looked at me, silent. I racked my brains for an idea but none came. For what seemed to me was a long time we just sat and looked at each other, brooding and hopeless. We couldn't let this happen to as nice a man as Mr. Jellico. We couldn't let him lose his shop. But three hundred dollars! Finally, still without any idea or solution, it was time for me to leave. "I'll be back tomorrow," I promised.

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

I had barely finished speaking when a boy was tugging at one arm; another was holding on to my coat. They all seemed to get the idea at the same time— they came to life in a surge of movement around me.
"That's it!" Andrew finally made himself heard. "That's it! We'll give a benefit for Mr. Jellico!"

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

"Gee!—a benefit!"

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

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

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

Again I had learned a lesson from Mr. Jellico.

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

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

The first thing that hit me as the taxi turned into the street was the sign. The bunting that stretched clear across the street, up high—"Come One—The Rangers' Benefit—Come All." And the lampposts decorated in red and white streamers! It looked as if the boys had done some advertising, and not on any junior-size scale!

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

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

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

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

"Where we going?" I managed to yell.

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

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

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

The ushers and the ticket-takers—these be the same sloppy-looking guys in torn corduroys and blue jeans I used to see in the club meeting room! The ushers and the ticket-takers—these be the same sloppy-looking guys in torn corduroys and blue jeans I used to see in the club meeting room! The ushers and the ticket-takers—these be the same sloppy-looking guys in torn corduroys and blue jeans I used to see in the club meeting room!
had always known them, might be a wad of gum suddenly shifted from one cheek to another.

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

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

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

It was amateur, that show. Strictly corn. But homegrown corn—and we all went for it as if it had been the slicest show on Broadway. To the audience, those were their own kids up on the stage—to me, they were my good friends. Even some adults took part in the show and their attempts at a barbershop quartet and with a few blackout skits were greeted with good-natured, hearty applause from all of us.

The school dramatic teacher had given what little direction had been needed—enthusiasm had done the rest.

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

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

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

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

"Then it was my turn to sing."

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

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

We're proud of you, Mr. Jellico. And of all the Mr. and Mrs. Jellicos all over the world—who do so much to bring peace on earth—good will to men.
Life Can Be Beautiful
(Continued from page 43)

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

K. C. L.

A BROTHER'S GIFT
Dear Papa David:
I am a widow and my life has been a struggle, so financially, I have never been able to do what I wanted to do for others.
I have a boy, who, at the time this took place, was over the age of thirteen years of age. It had been his greatest desire to have a bicycle. As it drew near Christmas, conditions were very bad. He asked me if he could get the bicycle, but I told him it was impossible.

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

On Christmas Eve, when it came time for the children to come down, he brought the bicycle upstairs. I could not talk, I was so overjoyed. But when the children came into the room to see their toys, my boy's eyes wandered over the room. He did not say anything, but you could see the disappointed look on his face. My old boy had put the bicycle in the kitchen. I asked him to go into the kitchen and get me a drink of water, which he did. He did not see the bicycle at first. He filled the glass with water and as he turned to come to me with the water he let one scream and down went the glass of water, and he could hardly stand on his one leg. He put the bicycle in the kitchen. I asked him to go into the kitchen and get me a drink of water, which he did. He did not see the bicycle at first. He filled the glass with water and as he turned to come to me with the water he let one scream and down went the glass of water, and he could hardly stand on his one leg. He put the bicycle in the kitchen. It was a very prosaic existence. All went well for a time and I could see no particular harm in a little alcohol. However, the day came when my thirst became unquenchable. Drink became a very necessary crutch to me and I could not do without it. I became so quarrelsome and so much for him and a thousand and one things followed. I then began drinking alone, whether in my room or while driving my car. I had three car wrecks in less than a year, and narrowly escaped death each time, but even this did not deter me in my desire to drink.

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

A. B. M.

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

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

I finally reached the point that after drinking only a few drinks my memory became weak. I could not remember anything that happened after a drinking bout. To wander around in a maze of darkness wondering what I did was not something I saw, but what transpired is the most grueling mental agony that one can suffer. I was bathed in cold fear every time the telephone rang, or every time someone walked into my office for fear that I had committed some crime about which I remembered nothing. I began to avoid people and dropped all of my social activities because in my mind, I could read suspicion and condemnation on every face that I saw. I became so palsied that I could not lift a cup of coffee to my lips. My days were spent in a nightmare of remorse,
and guilt and my nights were sleepless horrors. I was jeopardizing my position, driving my family crazy with grief and anxiety, and losing every friend that I ever had. Life held very little meaning for me and I was about ready to end it all. I didn't feel that I was to live in a world with decent people and I didn't seem able to get out of the pit into which I had sunk. Needless to say that after each debacle I repented. I tried sincerely to quit and used every known method but all ended in failure. I was filled with bleak despair one morning when I happened to pick up a magazine which carried an article about Alcoholics Anonymous and the miracles they were accomplishing with alcoholics. They were succeeding where the psychiatrists, churches, and religious groups had failed. I read the article with interest and immediately got in touch with the chapter nearest my home. I began attending the meetings and a whole new world opened up before me. My fears gradually left me, my confidence in myself was restored, and my faith in a Higher Power was revived. I was made to see myself as I really was. Not a monstrosity, but a perfectly normal human being just like everyone else except in one respect, and there were thousands of others like me. It was not through condemnation, but understanding that I was helped and it is through God and services to others that this organization draws its strength.

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

R. B.

MAGGIE

Dear Papa David:

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

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

is a threat to your pep and popularity!

Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

Do you tire too easily? Is your color fading—your face unbecomingly pale? Do your enthusiasm and stamina and charm seem to be waning?

Very often these effects stem from a blood condition, and you may be the victim of a Borderline Anemia—due to a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

Your red blood cells may be faded and shrunken, weakened to a point where they cannot transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

So, if your color is fading—your energy failing—due to this blood deficiency, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells—thus to help restore vigor and good looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may come from other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore the natural color to your cheeks! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

* Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency

In brilliant color

RED SKELTON,

and one of the clown portraits he paints,

with a story

about RED by his radio Grandma

—in the

JANUARY, 1948, RADIO MIRROR

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

Not at all discouraged by the sudden arrival of half a dozen visitors, she would push back her curling paper which she had been trying for two hours to fry potatoes over a newspaper fire, and welcome the crowd with all the reserve of a queen.

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

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

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

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

UGLY DUCKLING

Dear Papa David:

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. A. L. F.

HEAVEN FOR THE HOMELESS

Dear Papa David:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E. S.

FIFTY-FIFTY

Dear Papa David:

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

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

Then the war came along and with it a soldier on every corner. Some were looking for excitement, while others, like Jeff, were looking for someone to come home to. Jeff had come from a broken home just as I had. He had been on his own since he ran away at the age of eleven to avoid being placed in an orphanage with his brothers and sister. But life was not terrifying to him; he took it in stride and laughed at everything. He loved people, he loved fun, and he was the only one who could make me forget to be afraid. Ours was the craziest, slap-happiest marriage that ever took place. We didn’t pretend to love each other and we knew our reasons by heart. He wanted me to be there when he came back, to wait and pray, to be the “Home” he’d never known. And I—

I wanted to be a normal wife and mother.

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

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

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

B. G. H.
EDWARDS and Morton Downey, I judged me, Mindy Carson, worthy to join that great galaxy. The great Paul Whiteman has regular-stop on the girl's nine and forward on our basketball team. During one season I led the cheering squad—and that's when my academic training proved most helpful. All served memberships in the '200' Club at James Monroe High.

Then, quite as if there weren't enough athletics on the agenda, I kept myself at the top of the Society School 77, boasting a recreation hall with some mighty good ping pong tables, is only a few minutes' walk from my house. A sort of perpetual tournament was always going on, and I always kept on the ping pong championship for four consecutive years.

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

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

AFTER my graduation I continued with Rosemarie de Paris on a full time basis and ultimately became assistant sales manager in the firm's wholesale department. Such progress prompted unqualified praise from Mother and Dad at home but in my boss's mind there was no real doubt.

I found no fault with my work but every so often he did find it necessary to reprimand me for one bad, efficiency-destroying, demoralizing-to-the-staff habit. He did it after my eighteenth birthday, and I showed the first of the aesthetics in my formative years. I began to consider the habit as a natural part of my happy temperament.

In January 1946, after the strenuous and entertaining Christmas rush, I took a short vacation—one week of glorious Florida fun in Miami Beach. Maybe it was there that Dame Fortune, Lady Luck, Fate or whatever her name is, began to weave her web of life.

Anyway, insofar as my singing was concerned, it was during this fateful week that I decided to accentuate the positive instead of the wishful-think-in.
just for the sheer pleasure of it. It was all in the spirit of fun and I was utterly unprepared for what happened next. Within a few minutes the club's manager came over and offered me a contract—at $125 a week.

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

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

I'd lost no time telling Mother and Dad all about my Big Offer. They listened respectfully but displayed greater interest, it seemed, in my Florida tan. A week later I again brought up the subject and this time they must have seen the determined gleam in my eye. I believed I had talent, I argued. I'd believed that for quite some time—and now, someone who was qualified to judge these things had confirmed my belief. What's more, he was willing to back up his judgment with a very decent money offer. Now, why not let me have a try at such a career? Just a try. Let me make the rounds for a month or two. If I got no encouragement then I'd call it quits and go back to my old job or get a new one. I was young. Whatever the verdict, I could take it. But just let me settle this thing one way or another.

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

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

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

At last—a bobby pin that really holds fully 144% better by unbiased certified test. . . . a totally new kind of bobby pin! You'll see the difference at once—these bobby pins look like lightning. You'll feel the difference at once, too. They're strong, yet flexible—gentle as a lover's embrace. Note, too, the invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, super-smooth finish. They stay more securely, feel better, keep your hair looking neater, smarter all day through.

Road of Life's
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is entangled in a story of bitter misunderstanding—

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JANUARY RADIO MIRROR

*United States Testing Company, Inc. Test No. 75436, Nov. 25, 1946
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YOU'LL be remembered for years to come! Bride is 7" tall. (Also 11" and 15") Dress in satin and lace, with net veil, bridal bouquet and hand made flowers. Silken hair, in the newest style! The ideal gift for showers, anniversaries and collectors. And—at an amazing low price—only $2 each. LOWEST PRICE ON SUCH FINE DOLLS SINCE 1937! Order now.

Why Not Send A DOLL as a BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Amazing New Doll-of-the-Month Gift Idea for Girls from 4 to 80

Imagine the attention you will get when the postman rings her door bell and hands her this stunning, exquisitely dressed doll as a gift from you. Many folks are catching on to this new gift idea. How THRILLED she will be to get such a gift. Send her one now!

We will include any type of greeting you wish at no extra charge. Just write your message, or tell us what kind of card to enclose (birthday, anniversary, wedding, etc.). That's all you do.

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Please send the following:

Bride doll—$2.00 11" doll—$2.00 17" doll only (movable head, arms, legs) $15.00—$19.00

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SEND DOLL TO:

Name ___________________________________________ Address ___________________________________________

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SEND FREE GIFT-CARD AND SIGN FROM:

.................................................. ..................................................

□ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage and doll plus postage.

□ I enclose payment of $____________. Please send postpaid.

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

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

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

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

Johnny Messner's start at the McCAlpine ended and I believe there was a strike in the hotel's policy. I was, in the parlance of Broadway, at liberty. And Christmas was not much shopping days away! But I didn't have time to peruse the stores. I had arranged with Leavy's, who had Rhapsody In Blue by Gershwin on the piano. I had always reveried Whiteman—and there he was that very instant, approaching us along the hallway.

I would have been breathless and awestruck even if he were an average-sized man. But the sight of that six-foot-one, 220-pound colossus in custom-made suit, walking to us nearly caused my heart to stop beating. The genial giant greeted Eddie Joy, I whispered hello when introduced and we walked through the doors of the haunted hall. I pointed his arm about my shoulder, chuckling. "All right, Mindy. Now, there's no need to be nervous. After all—He stopped, then said, "Oh, shucks, Eddie, what's the use of worrying?" She asked me another what I say!" We all laughed and most of my tension was gone.

With piano accompaniment I sang a ballad and followed that with a rhythm number. The whole routine was over in a matter of minutes. Through the contrôle and the ladies' room I returned to the band-stand lean over and say something to Eddie Joy who nodded solemnly.

Then Pops Whiteman waved goodbye and left. Eddie came out of the control room and I asked weakly, "What—what did he say?"

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

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

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

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

Eddie nodded and said laconically, "You're saved to two comments. One of them was, 'Say, what a really swell singer! He also said you've got a really terrific beat."

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

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

After my song I went into the control room to hear how the remainder of the show had gone through the loudspeaker. When Pops began to ask his closing remarks I noticed that he wasn't following the script. I heard him ad lib. "I'm starting on a concert tour, so next Wednesday's broadcast will be the last."

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

And that's the way things happened. It was just one year from the bon-bon shop to the big broadcast. Living, since that night, has had all the excitement, all the richness and brilliance of a Paul Whiteman's broadcast. I who had ventured on only one timid trip to Florida, have now crossed the continent twice. I've known the thrill of performing in Hollywood Bowl. I've met celebrities I've had. I know how tough the going must be for thousands of talented young people—youngsters who want to sing, to dance, to act—kids who hope they can circumvent the most monotonous oldies against recognition. But it all happens again, can't it?
Come and Visit the Maxwells
(Continued from page 39)

thereby hangs a most fascinating tale.

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

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

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

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

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

There's

HOPE (Bob)
in the January issue of

RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE

In your gay colors
and a fine gay mood,
he starts the New Year rolling

WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA

The Beauty of a West Branch cedar hope chest is a lovely symbol of lasting sentiment. Faultless fashioning of fine woods will add charm to your home—always. And the precious things you want to cherish are perfectly protected. Choose the West Branch chest that blends with your decorative scheme—write for our new, free folder today.

WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA

HOPE (Bob)
in the January issue of

RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE

In your gay colors
and a fine gay mood,
he starts the New Year rolling
When scrubbing and drubbing cleaning and tubbing...

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

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

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

Here and there are hanging shelves on which rest rare examples of pottery and glassware. Atop one bookshelf is a collection of miniature pitchers, almost three hundred in all. Collected from every corner of the globe they are really Lilliputian, the smallest being less than a quarter-inch high and the largest about an inch. They come in Chinese white jade, Mexican blue glass, amber, brass, ivory, in fact, almost every conceivable medium. Of them, be like or needles, left-handed pitchers.

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

Presently your waterbottle host vanishes kitchenward to prepare the salad and steak. Bob has already started a good blaze in the stone fireplace and, deep in the threes of the anchorage, he has bedded several Long Island spuds. Jessica, without breaking the thread of conversation, is busy arranging a sort of buffet—hot plates, silverware, napkins, sauces and condiments. Table set up in the living room where dinner will be eaten.

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

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

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

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

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

AFTER her engine warms up, Bob casts off the tie-lines and she eases to the dock, swinging cautiously, with one hand at the wheel. The inlet, only a few feet wider than the craft's 32-foot length, calls for some terrifically adroit navigation—and Jessica's adroit navigating turns out to be the Maxwells' 32-foot cabin cruiser. Their trim craft has been named Bonus, a variation of the name applied to Comstock—"Sea." The vintage station wagon was loaded down with fishing-gear, humans, Tuckerman von Schlitz and a day's provisions, slipped past the Schoolhouse Creek reef which lines the inlet leading out to Little Peconic Bay.

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

"I've just got to be good," Jessica explains while the boat inches out through the channel. "Bob is the ace of courtesy when he's ashore, but when he's at sea he's apt to pull all the rope out of Captain Bligh on me. Recently, I docked Bonus rather badly. Even though there were a million people there, the boat didn't go down murder and made me land the boat all over again. He's a perfectionist and, frankly, I respect him for it."

The good ship Bonus moves out to deep water and soon the two any bluffs of Robins Island and Sag Harbor loom in the distance. The sun is warm, the Bay is smooth and the fish are reluctant. After almost five miles of strikes are made but, when brought aboard, the catches turn out to be ugly, inedible sea-robin and Bob disgustedly chuck them back into the boat, no matter how much you wanted to eat them.

Sun, sea and tangy salt-air add up to voracious appetites, a phenomenon pre disposed for by Jessica whose adroitness with the skillful use of a knife, identify delectable eats—golden-brown broiled chicken and all the fixin's. How she found time to whip all this up during last night's gab-fest is beyond explanation. The golden-brown chicken goes down beautifully with chilled beer or, if you will, soda pop.

And so, following a leisurely al fresco luncheon, the Bonus' drag-hook is dropped in the hole of the bay and the rest is made at a lazy eight or nine knots. Sometime in mid-afternoon the cabin-
cruiser puts in at her dock and the Maxwells next propose making a wide sweep of Cutchogue so as to catch up on a bit of neighborly visiting.

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

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

"MUM, MILK OF MAGNESIA AND MORPHINE"

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

CUTCHOGUE DRUG STORE

W. H. Kollmer, Pharmacist."

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

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

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

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

Jessica and Bob Maxwell have worked out their design for living. It isn't any fair-weather arrangement. For them it's a way of life that holds in Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring. Their gimmick out on Long Island is a guaranteed all-year-round protection against stomach ulcers, radio's occupational disease.
he had to play too. And I beat him, Jane! He could only concentrate on one thing and I could concentrate on dozens at the same time—I could think about Al getting a job and about Richard and you and about the pickles we want to make and about that funny woman on the bus yesterday and my new nail polish and that green dress we saw in the store window and Mrs. O'Reilly's rent money and the pigeons and the dry cleaning bill and the telephone bill and the window cleaner bill and the gas bill and all the other bills and—Oh, I'm sorry."

"Oh, this. Irma finally managed the problem of coat and book by dropping them both on the floor and then sitting on her coat as she retrieved the myopics and sighed. She'd started to awfully excited and he said that I was a case he'd never seen before. He wants me to start writing things down now and away from the room and concentrate. Just things that happen to me during the day and while I think. He said there was a name for this book, but I've forgotten what it was except that it had something to do with milk.

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

So that's how it started.

When Al, Irma's boy-friend, came over for dinner that evening, he was too tired from working all day to be really figure interesting. Besides, as he said—he'd never heard of anyone keeping a diary, though plenty of his track-race friends kept books. It took a little while to explain to Irma, too, that he didn't do it over the dishes. The dishes were washed before we came back again to the subject.

"What goes into this diary thing?"

Al asked, after I'd given him a second.

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

"You mean everything about us, Irma?"

Her blue eyes got rounder than usual.

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

"What's wrong with that?"

"Ditto marks. I couldn't just go on, every day, writing that you came over for dinner and held my hand and as soon as you got back we'd get married."

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

Irma told me Al left, Irma really got down to business. Pencil in hand, she curled up on the end of the sofa and attacked the clean white pages of the diary. Out of the corner of her eye, she glanced over the edge of the pen. She looked out into space, frowned a little, nodded and then shook her head violently, got up, sharpened her pencil, sat down again and wrote for a minute and then hesitated and stop; put the pencil back into her mouth and chew on the end of it.

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

"But isn't?" Irma eagerly corrected him. I think she was glad of the interruption. "It's no holiday, today." "I know," he told us, airily. "But I feel happy and I feel like holiday. So I pick one. Christmas is too expensive. I don't like turkey so it can't be Thanksgiving. Mrs. O'Reilly wouldn't let us set off any firecrackers in his attic, anyway."

So I pick Valentine's Day. Will you be my Valentine?"

"I don't think Al would like that—" doubtfully. "Besides, I'm trying to figure something about you. You must excuse me, Professor Kropotkin."

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

Once more Irma set herself to write. Once more the pencil started and then stopped. Finally she got up and turned on the radio, listened for a while, picked up the diary, and said, "Sign me up for a little and leaned back on the sofa.

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

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

"No, Irma. Diaries are supposed to be secret. That's why people start out doing diary thing—"

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

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

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

In the long, long seconds, the silence—it was a beautiful day today, wasn't it. The sun was shining. Only it was not a beautiful day for me, only for those people who are alive, and I am dead."

I blinked my eyes rapidly. What was this?

He says he loves me, but I know he don't. For they think I do not suspect what is going on but I know the truth. Oh, how could he be so faithless as to come here and pretend he loves me when he loves another! The thought of her interest me in me because of my money. What shall I do? I don't know—but I'll do something! They didn't see me last night when they were at the Ritz—but I was at home.

My mouth opened. And closed. How
in the world could Irma write such things! That poor little darling—and I never suspected! And Al—taking a girl to the Ritz!
I flew down the stairs. The phone was in the hall and I knew Mrs. O'Reilly would hear every word, but I didn't care. Getting Irma out of trouble was my daily task, but this was too big for me to handle, alone.
"Richard—!" I croaked over the phone. My knees were wobbly. "You've got to come over here—right away. I need you," I wailed.
"Jane." I could hear him groaning on the other end of the phone. "What has Irma done now?"
"It's not what she's done—it's what Al's done—I mean, it's what she might do—oh! hurry up and come over, Richard."
He was there in a very short time, really, but it seemed like hours. Naturally Mrs. O'Reilly had heard my phone call, so naturally she came panting up the stairs to join the conference. Irma was still asleep.

Richard's eyes were bulging when he read the diary. (Even with his eyes bulging he's still the handsomest boss I ever had.) And he held my hand—which could almost make me wish that Irma would get into trouble more often—heaven forbid!
"Who would have ever thought of Al?!"
"I would," Mrs. O'Reilly nodded her head, darkly. "I can spot 'em a mile off—one of the men who leave suitcases full of telephone books and sneak off without paying their rent. But that would do this to her—"
Mrs. O'Reilly dabbed at her eyes with her again—"that sweet, purty thing." Our landlady had obviously forgotten that she had just told me the other day that we would have to move if Irma forgot to look after and let the bathtub overflow.
"Oh, Richard—I'm so worried. I don't know what she might do. She sounds desperate!" I was whispering so as not to wake up Irma.
He frowned. "I don't get it—what she says here about his being interested in her because of her money. She hasn't any money!"
"Well—she does pay their way when they go to the movies! And he eats here a lot of the time."
Richard patted my shoulder. I moved a little closer, wishing that Mrs. O'Reilly wouldn't just stand there—I needed consulting and Richard could do a bang-up job of consoling.
"Don't worry, Jane. I'll tell you what I think. I think we shouldn't say a word about this to Irma—but watch her. Wait for her to tell you, first. And watch Al. I'll do that—I'll come home with you tomorrow for dinner and we'll keep them both under observation."
I agreed. And since Mrs. O'Reilly showed no signs of leaving until he did, Richard reluctantly said goodnight and see-you-tomorrow and I was left alone.
Before I let down my own Murphy bed in the living room, I peeked in on Irma. There she slept—the poor little darling—looking so peaceful in my very best nightgown, with my threedollar night cream on her face and my ribbon in her hair—and who knows what terrifying dreams going on in her mind? Her boy-friend faithless, in love with another woman, her heart breaking and desperate!

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

COLD

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

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

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

"Irma— Feeling dear, are you all right? Are you sure?"

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

"Irma— Are you all right? Jane—"

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

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

"Had what?"

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

ALL DAY long this went on. I couldn't resist calling her to check up and each time she seemed to get more puzzled than before. I didn't want to come right out and ask her about Al, so I would just hint. And all I succeeded in doing was convincing Irma that something was wrong with me. The poor, brave dear!

By the time five o'clock came I was practically running out of the office, with Richard close on my heels. Both of us had a resentment that something awful was going to happen.

We panted up the apartment house stairs, Mrs. O'Reilly close behind us and Professor Kropotkin staggering from his upstairs apartment to fall in line. I flung open the door.

We halted there, in the doorway. And I felt weak with relief.

"I conjectured, "Look at her—fast asleep on the couch. It's all right. Richard—we needn't have rushed so. And look! She's been writing in her diary!"

The voice came from behind us and we all turned—to see Al come in through the kitchen door with a butcher knife in his hand.

"Murderer!" squeaked Mrs. O'Reilly.

"Stay back, sir!" ordered Professor Kropotkin, as he squeezed himself small behind Richard.

"Oh, Al— you could? How could you have done it? You've killed her—"

"Wait a minute. "What's that you've got in your other hand?"

A hunk of bread. I was just going to cut myself a sandwich—and what's the matter with all you guys? You gone crazy? Can't a man make himself a sandwich without—"

"And a girl— this time the voice came from the couch and we all wheeled around again—can't a girl practice her concertizing without everybody coming in and making a lot of noise? I'm supposed to be absolutely quiet and flat on my back—"

"Irma!" I dropped on my knees by the couch, feeling as if I were watching a ghost sit up and talk. "Are you all right? You're not dead? Irma—don't do it—you have got something left in life—why you got all your friends. Don't leave us!"

Her big blue eyes went from one to the other of us in bewildlement. I didn't know what you're talking about. The man on the park bench said I was to lie flat on my back for a half-hour every day and concentrate. It's hard work, that concentrating. I'm longing Al, will you make me a sandwich?"

"Me, too," Professor Kropotkin's knees folded underneath him and he sat down, weakly.

"All? Is that true? Do you love someone else?"

"'Al, no, honey!'"

"But Richard said you did!"

"No. Richard got that baffled look on his face that he always does when I asked him to, and it didn't say it. That is— I mean, you said it. You wrote it in your diary."

"Oh, that. I wasn't writing about Al and me."

"You mean you're in love with someone else?" Now it was Al's turn to accuse.

SHE SHOOK her curls. "It wasn't about anyone I know. I tried to write about myself but I couldn't think of anything to say. It didn't seem very interesting to just say that I got up in the morning and after breakfast went to the park bench and fed the pigeons and then Al came over—my goodness! people's grandchil-
dren are always reading people's diaries. When I've seen you dead and what would my grandchildren think of me? I didn't want them to be disappointed so I just copied down what they were saying on that radio program I was listening to the other day and thought it better to use it. Don't you think it sounded nice, Jane? Don't you think it made an exciting diary."

"Move over," I sighed, to Professor Kropotkin. "I've got to sit down." Mrs. O'Reilly faded out of the door. Al went back to the kitchen to finish his sandwich. Richard opened his mouth to speak but was stopped. I turned to think of what to think better of it, and closed it again. I knew just how he felt.

How could you ever make Irma understand what a diary was for? How could you explain to her that he was supposed to write her own thoughts and doings in it, not someone else's? How could you scold her for scaring us so?

There was no one looking so pleased with herself—so obviously wondering what we were all upset about. And then she sighed, looking at me.

"Jane, are you mad at me for something I think of?"

"No, of course, I'm not—" then I stopped. "Yes, I am, too. You've been wearing my blue coat again. And my best nightgown and using my good night cream!"

And as I went into the bedroom to take off my hat, I heard her say to Richard—"Oh, I'm so glad Jane is herself again. You acted so funny today and I was worried!"
even before we were married.

It was in Little Rock, Arkansas, that I first saw Al Jolson—on the screen. I knew him as the first star of talking pictures, "The Wonderful World of Wonders," "The Jazz Singer." By the time I was ready to leave for school, rumors were going around about how Al "discovered" me. Rumors which I more than suspect my husband had a hand in starting. He likes to tease me and I have heard his mother, with an absolutely straight face, tell our visitors how he found his "hillbilly" wife, who never wore shoes until after he married her. Shades of grandmother Galbraith! To say nothing of my Chennault ancestors—who are probably turning over in their graves at such lèse majesté. The last time I visited our home in Little Rock I had the feeling I should sink past the portrait gallery with my head averted, or else I was going to catch a scolding from those prim, straitlaced, hoop-skirted ladies or a stern eye from those Civil War, mustached gentlemen forebears. They were the De Chennault of Kentucky—my mother's family—and my sisters and brothers and myself were supposed to model ourselves after their aristocratic behavior. Playing cards, dancing and going to the movies was forbidden and though these rules were relaxed somewhat as we grew older, you can well imagine the dismay it brought my family when I announced I was going to marry into the theater and live in sinful Hollywood!

MY SISTERS were sure they were going to lose me forever... that I was going to some faraway place, into another world from theirs.

Actually, my marriage has meant no separation. My sisters and their families have been so captivated by California they now live in Hollywood, too, and we see a great deal of each other. My father has retired, and he and Mother also live near us. Al and my father are great sports fans and attend every baseball game and football game together. While, as for Mother—she adores Al and hardly a night goes by, when we are at home, that he doesn't insist we run down and see the folks for an hour or so. They wage long gin-rummy battles together, and it was a very special occasion when Al decided to show Mother the Hollywood night life and she had her first champagne cocktail!

Further to disperse any notion that Al met me at the door of a sharecropper's cabin, let me say that our meeting was colorful, for wartime. I was an X-ray technician, a civilian attached to the Army and Navy Hospital in Hot Springs, Arkansas, when Al Jolson came to entertain the troops. I was standing all during the show, with an Army nurse, and my civilian dress must have quite noticeable in that world.

Immediatel afterwards, a friend brought Al over to be introduced.

His first words were characteristic. Al is not a man to waste time.

"I just wanted to see if you were as pretty close to, as you were from the

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WHEN, WHERE AND HOW TO WRITE

Name
City
State
stage," he explained, casual as anything.
He asked me if I wanted to go into movies... and it wasn’t the usual ‘line’ because not long afterwards, although Al had gone on in his tour, a motion picture offer did come through.

Now, I knew I’d never be an actress. For one thing, there’s my very pronounced Arkansas drawl. And I haven’t that kind of ambition.

But who could resist the chance to go to Hollywood and have a screen test? To me, it was like a chance for a wonderful vacation and it was in that spirit I accepted it. Al had been writing me, off and on, and I thought yet another kind of him to be interested, but I didn’t suppose his interest to be serious.

I didn’t expect him to be waiting for me—at six o’clock in the morning—when my train pulled into Los Angeles! Eight months later, in 1945, we drove to Port Site, Arizona, and were married.

With the showing of the motion picture "The Jolson Story," I realized how tremendously popular Al is with people. I had always known that he was a great name in the American theater—even in Little Rock, Arkansas, we do hear of stage smash hits as “Hold On To Your Hats!”—but it wasn’t until the fan mail began to pour in from people who had seen the movie that I fully realized how much everyone loved him.

And for the same reasons I do. For his warm, generous personality. For the way he gives—all of his talents, his time. For the standards he sets himself for his work. Because he really likes people, that feeling of me-and-you reaches out across footlights and makes a friend out of stage audience or radio listener.

Because he is so sincere; because he never says what he doesn’t feel, himself—his benevolent performance and the results that take away my breath. Once, he appeared in New York on behalf of the United Jewish Relief, to help the displaced persons of Europe, and in that one night he raised four million dollars from among two hundred people in the room! He sang his familiar, beloved songs—actually, he auctioned them off, selling them to the highest bidder, talking to them between songs, raising them to such a genuine emotional pitch that the much-needed money just poured in.

During the war he sang and performed for the soldiers. Though his own work there is not to be belittled, Al is prouder yet of an uncle of his—his uncle, who, as the Jewish Rabbi, was one of the four Navy Chaplains who stayed on deck and went down with their sinking ship, giving up their places in the life-boats that the men might be saved.

The response to “The Jolson Story” has been so tremendous, the studio is reading a sequel to it—the second Jolson story—taking up where the first left off. Because Al has never stopped being a success; he has gone on to other stage hits and to guest performances in the radio. Now, of course, he has his own program—the Music Hall, over the National Broadcasting Company network, every Thursday evening at nine in the East and at six o’clock here in the West.

Perhaps my sisters weren’t so far wrong in supposing that my marriage would mean a new world for me. The Galbraiths are a light-hearted temperament, and I must admit that for two years now I’ve had little opportunity to practice that leisure. I have had to adjust my tempo of living to my very energetic husband’s.

Al not only comes awake the moment he opens his eyes in the morning; he is also immediately into the day and the day’s plans. A four-thirty a.m. call from his New York brokers is a standard rite with him (imagine being able to quote and discuss margins and stock market prices before breakfast!). Before he even dressed he has arranged and re-arranged his work schedule for the day—his song rehearsals, his studio conferences, all the rest.

But I am a dawning sleeper. I come awake only after fighting up through heavy layers of sleep.

We compromise—with the help of the swimming pool. Al prefers not to talk business to me until after breakfast, and to allow me two more hours after that 4:30 call, and I have learned to get up—still half asleep—and follow him out the drawbridge driveway and into the cold, bracing waters of the pool. That does it.

In other ways I think my calm temperament is a help to Al. He has so much vitality, so much nervous energy, he is consumed with it. Through example, if nothing else, I think I encourage him to relax. Especially when he’s belting out the shape of a new show, he needs understanding. You can’t tell him to take it easy. You have to find the little ways and in-between times to divert his mind from his work and to give him rest.

Our cooperative cook and I work out a simple diet for him then, and I have learned to reach the telephone before he does and say him away from answering numerous unimportant calls.

Like all nervous, effervescent people,
Al has a temper which flares up quickly and is over the next minute. It's fortunate for both of us that I'm a happy-go-lucky person, taking things quietly, refusing to get into arguments.

After the evening news, breakfast, the day really gets going. Al is usually home until at least eleven—sometimes for lunch—but whether he's at the pool or going out over country roads or blue-penciling a script...the telephone rings. And rings! Continuously, until late into the night. It might be a call from New York about his investments, or radio about the shooting on the Jolson sequel or a rehearsal at the broadcasting studio. But whatever it is, throughout all of this, in my mind is usually along my own way...while the air is sometimes electrically crackling as Al loses his temper over a mistake or enthusiasm over a new idea. I have plenty of room.

There are always these suitcases to unpack!

And I am studying French and Portuguese with a tutor. It's not only a question of work—it's prepared...Who knows when we'll be hopping off for Paris or running to Brazil? With Al Jolson, you never know.

Then there is a time when it's beautifully decorated, its gray velvet draperies and striped-satin-Empire sofas are a little too formal for my taste. Chintz and Early-American would suit Al better; I really would get the approval of our dogs—a necessary consideration! But as any woman knows, re-doing a house takes endless hours of staring at paint samples, matching swatches and comparing wallpapers—and it can't be done long-distance from Arrowhead or Palm Springs. It's just that improbable time when Al will stay put in Hollywood for a month or two.

A chance acquaintance of ours once said to me, commiserating with me, 'It really isn't fair to you, with Al Jolson. Being the wife of an actor must be difficult—actors have such a little idea of reality. They live in such an unreal world!'

I can't defend all actors—but now one who is very much in this world of today. Al is as keenly interested in the news and politics of the world as he is in its entertainment. He reads—listens to the radio, watches the news—he argues and debates endlessly with all corners on the issues of today.

And, taking the privilege of a wife to brag, I'm sure that if he hadn't been so attracted to radio, he might have developed into another Einstein. He has a mind like a mathematical slide rule, adding up great long columns of figures in a single sentence, making lightning calculations in fractions and decimal points while the rest of us are still plodding with two and two make four. His stock brokers still aren't used to it. They used to come out of seeing if they can catch him in a mistake over the last night's market quotations—but so far it's a losing game for them.

That same uncanny quickness of mind helps him in remembering names and faces. I've heard him recall an obscure bit player who appeared with him in some long-ago role, as a hotel porter or a chance caller at his star's dressing room at Warner Brothers. Though Al has certainly not cultivated this memory facility deliberately, I can assure Mr. Dale Carnegie that he is right—this is the way to make friends. In fact, it can be a nuisance sometimes, particularly when I have inveigled Al into shopping with me. I have stood on more sidewalks, fidgeting—thinking of that dress that I want to buy—while Al stops to chat with some stranger who has buttonholed him with—'Mr. Jolson, do you remember me? I was in New York—and so were you.' Al actually likes to go shopping with me. He claims I'm the 'tweedie type,' which means a great deal of revising of my wardrobe ideas. Coming from Arkansas, I have a generations-long tradition behind me with regard to clothes. A woman, in the South, is a female; she starts off on that path with her first steps, and she practices never leaves off. Which means feminine clothes: lace and full sleeves and soft, flowing skirts. Nothing brisk, nothing sharply tailored. So Al's preference in me in tweeds came as a bit of a shock. Now, however—after taking a little time to absorb the wrench, and revising my whole view of myself, I agree with him. I'm in any case we should ask. Do women dress to please men, other women, or themselves? There are now new tweed suits in my closet—and this is sunny California!

Radio is a fascinating world to Al. As I said before, he likes people—he feels he owes it to them to do as much as he can to entertain them...and any actor will tell you that the larger audience he has, the better the act. That, to Al, is the greatest and most wonderful challenge that radio offers over other mediums of entertainment—that vast unknowable audience that listens to him from home all over the country. Unlike the audience in a Broadway revue or in a motion picture house, the studio audience at the Music Hall is really just a very tiny fraction of his real audience for that Thursday and it is to these others whom he cannot see and whose applause he cannot hear, that Al pours out the best of his talents.

To me, radio has another attraction. It isn't routine. It means a new and different show for every Music Hall broadcast. And routine, once a show gets really under way and going smoothly, can be deadly to an Al Jolson.

Let me illustrate.

While "Hold Onto Your Hats" was in rehearsal and during the first months of its performances on Broadway, Al worked with an intensity that drove him to make each show better than the last, each line smoother than the night before. Yet once the show became a smash success—Al became restless-and to add to his discomfort, every night as the footlights darkened and he stepped out from the stage door onto Broadway, he saw that sign, the Fifth Avenue sign from the travel agency across the street—"Come to Sunny Florida!" Every night he would pull his overcoat tighter up around his neck to keep out the biting cold New York wind and absolutely turn his head away from that sign. But—you guessed it. There came a night he couldn't resist—and the next day he flew for Florida.

It can't happen here, thank goodness. Not only does the program originate from Sunny California, but a new and different show every week means a constant new view from Al.

Not that, during the week, on those days when he isn't rehearsing, we won't be taking off for a few hours in Del Mar or Carmel or Palm Springs—but, I'm keeping my fingers crossed—maybe I will, finally, get that dining room paneled.

But, as my husband would say, don't hold your breath until I do.
With All Good Wishes
(Continued from page 55)

mix together fruit, nuts and \( \frac{1}{4} \) cup of the flour. Sift together remaining flour and salt. Cream butter or margarine, add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Stir in milk and vanilla. Add flour and salt and beat until smooth. Fold in floured fruits and nuts. Pour into 8 by 3-inch loaf pan which has been lined with oiled brown paper. Bake in low oven (275° F.), 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Makes one 2-pound fruit cake.

Old-Fashioned Fruit Cake

1 cup chopped dates
1 1/4 cups raisins
1/4 cup chopped candied lemon or orange peel
1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup sifted enriched flour, divided
1/4 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon allspice
1/4 teaspoon cloves
1/4 teaspoon mace
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
1/2 cup maraschino cherry juice
1 to 2 tablespoons brandy

Mix fruits and nuts with 2 tablespoons of the flour. Mix and sift together remaining flour and other dry ingredients. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add dry ingredients, alternately with cherry juice, mixing thoroughly after each addition. Stir in brandy. Fold in floured fruit mixture. Pour into 8 by 3-inch loaf pan which has been lined with oiled brown paper. Bake at low temperature (275° F.) 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Makes one 2-pound loaf cake.

Spiced Cranberries

2 1/2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups water
2 2-inch cinnamon sticks
1 teaspoon whole cloves
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grated peel of 1 lemon
4 cups cranberries

Combine sugar, water, spices, lemon juice and rind in saucepan and boil for 5 minutes. Add cranberries and cook slowly, without stirring, until all cranberry skins pop open. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal, or chill and serve immediately. Makes 2 pints.

Popcorn Balls
3 quarts popped corn
2 cups light corn syrup
3 teaspoons vinegar
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons vanilla

Place the popcorn in a bowl large enough to allow plenty of room for stirring. Combine corn syrup, vinegar and salt in saucepan and cook, stirring occasionally, until it reaches 290° F., or until a small quantity of the mixture, when dropped into cold water, will form a hard ball. Remove syrup from heat and stir in vanilla. Pour syrup slowly over popcorn, stirring, while pouring, with a 2-tined fork so that all popcorn is coated with syrup. Let popcorn stand until it is cool enough to be handled, then form into balls, pressing just enough to make each one hold its shape. Makes 10 to 12 3-inch balls.

Sour Cream Cookies

2 cups sifted enriched flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg, slightly beaten
1/4 cup sour cream
walnut halves

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Cream butter or margarine, add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Beat in vanilla and egg. Add flour mixture, alternately with sour cream, beating smooth after each addition. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet and press a walnut half in the center of each cookie. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) until delicately browned, about 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 5 dozen cookies.
Just Like Jan
(Continued from page 41)

She was graduated from Glendale High School in February last year with her class, despite frequent interruptions for work assignments, and was just as proud of her high marks in Spanish and Journalism as of her success in the leading role in "R.U.R.", the Senior Class play.

There was a painful period when Jan was in Junior High School, her mother recalls, when Jan's young friends, awed by her sudden success, dropped her. The little girl's heart was broken.

"We tried to convince her that it was not her fault," Mrs. Koford says. (Jan's professional name is a slight abbreviation of the English contraction "Janet's mother." "She thought the kids didn't like her—tly thought she would be too busy, too involved with new, famous friends to have time for her.

"Jan hit the roof at that. She hadn't changed. She hadn't gone Hollywood. She didn't rest until she was back in the inner circle with every one of the girls and boys whom she had known. She still goes to all of their parties—they come to her.

RIGHT now, when many of her girl friends are announcing wedding dates, she is on a gay whirl of engagement parties.

"But Jan doesn't plan to be serious about any boy until—until she is twenty-three"—her mother says.

"Twenty-two," Jan corrects her, firmly.

The sudden shrinkage in Jan's romantic deadline may have something to do with Bert West, the good-looking U.C.L.A. engineering major who has been giving her the gayest rush.

Bert likes swimming and riding parties, which are Jan's favorite fun too, and his fraternity brothers have voted unanimous approval to his petite, vivacious girl friend.

"You're just what U.C.L.A. needs," one of them told her after a dance at the fraternity house last Autumn, "come on out and register!"

Jan, previously content to do her studying—in singing, drama, languages—with private teachers, applied next day for entrance to the University U.C.L.A., like every other big college in the country, is overcrowded. The waiting list are enormous, and Jan thus far has not been accepted. If she should receive an affirmative answer, however, her parents are quite sure that she will sidetrack all professional work for as long as it takes to be "educated.

Being "educated" to Jan, like most teen-agers, has a great deal to do with belonging to the crowd.

Jan's best girl friend, Joan Winchel, entered the University of California at Berkeley this year, and Jan misses her terribly. And she feels she will be missing something really important if she has to forego campus life.

Her parents, despite through not to quarrel with Jan's college ambitions. "It is something she has to decide for herself," he mother says.

Mrs. Koford, who has helped Jan enormously in her professionally work—she is a photographer's model herself, currently smiling at you from automobile ads—is nevertheless careful not to turn "Hollywood star.

"Jan wouldn't let me," she says.

The Kofords are permitted by their daughter to have one photograph of Jan on view in the house—in a double frame with that of Wally. The collection of glamor portraits of Jan, which includes the work of every famous photographer on the West Coast, and which has landed Jan's pert face on the covers of a dozen national magazines, is kept strictly in the bottom drawer, along with the motion picture stills, publicity stories, radio transcription.

"The kids wouldn't be interested, mother," Jan says, putting her tiny foot down hard whenever mama—who is understandably proud of her—begins looking in the direction of the scrapbook drawer.

"Jan's right," Wally seconds the motion, and the bottom drawer stays buttoned.

"Wally is worse than Jan," his mother says. About as photogenic as his sister, the fourteen-year-old boy has been approached more than once for modeling assignments, and for small parts in motion pictures.

All he does is yawn.

"I'll do it," he concedes, "but just for the money." (Wally wants to spend next summer in camp and is currently of practical mind.)

But, he adds, what he really wants to be in a baseball player. (The camp is at Catalina Island. So is the training camp of the Chicago Cubs.)

Wally's relationship with his big sister is refreshing. Jan, who is five feet two and weighs a scant 105 lb. is not quite as big as he is—and Wally's physical edge is matched by a masculine authority.

HE LISTENS to every one of Jan's radio performances—and his criticism—which is apt to be brutal—is the only one Jan wants to hear when she gets home. She listens with respect, and she can take it.

"But if Wally says I did fine, I know I did fine," she says, and then she dances in the clouds.

Wally is equally frank with his mother. When she visited his school recently he asked her please to comb her hair differently next time she came.

Mrs. Koford has been very proud of her sleek, modish coiffure.

"Too fancy," Wally decided. "I was awfully embarrassed."

Too bad, the Kofords think, that all of Jan's professional friends don't know Wally. They wouldn't worry so much about Jan.

"The head-shaking that goes on is terrific," Mrs. Koford says, laughing.

"Nothing can stop Jan, everybody says, if only she stays as sweet as she is, as unspoiled. But apparently they think she is unurmountable. Hollywood is too used to the story of the charming girl transformed by success to an obnoxious, demanding, spoiled child."

The Kofords themselves are not worried. They've seen Jan throw off the temptation to go Hollywood too often, and they know what Wally would do—in the second line of defense—if his sister ever should weaken.

Although she's only eighteen, Jan is an old-timer professionally.

She played her first movie part at the age of eleven after an experience which sounds so obviously made-up that no one has ever printed it. But the Kofords—backed up by their good friends, Jan, and neighbors, the Thomas..."
Do Dreams Come True?

YES! Find out how you can get your fondest wish. Fabulous gifts awarded daily.

LISTEN TO

HEART'S DESIRE

Daytime—Monday through Friday
on the Mutual Network

DRAMA

HUMOR

LOVE

Do you want your dream to come true? Read the HEART'S DESIRE feature in this month's

TRUE ROMANCE Magazine
Bride and Groom
(Continued from page 21)

“...they waltzed beneath Ridge and Helen’s boarding town, as eleven children. Helen was young and responsible head of the room. She was asked, "Did you hear anything?" The next day, Helen was dancing the step, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where her father was a retired railroad engineer. She was one of eleven children. Al was from the north. His father was a major supervisor in Sharon, Pennsylvania—and he had attended the Case Institute of Technology, leaving there in 1943 to enter his present work.

All too soon they were at the door of Helen’s boarding house. Both seemed reluctant to have the evening end. "It’s been fun," Helen said. "The dance, and talking about home.

Al nodded. "Yes, I’d almost forgotten there were such human things as families and school memories, and walking home in the moonlight."

Helen’s voice betrayed strangely as she said, "I’m not sure, Al. And I have to be! Neither of us want a war-time marriage, based on excitement and unreality. Helen says, 'And Al, you don't marry me.'"

"But you sound afraid," he said puzzled.

"Your voice shaking... it isn't fear!" she interrupted him, still smiling, but with tears in her eyes. "I’ve been sitting in a puddle of water from that open windshield!"

And that was only one proposal. Fate seemed determined to stage the same scene over again. For months, the time seemed right, and Al would phrase the question that was always on his lips, it would turn out to be a proposal. The wedding was in the little car—and it was raining!

"For months I shivered my way through a hundred proposals," laughs Helen. "I really was serious about wanting to be sure, that we really loved each other—and how can you be sure of anything with icy water running down your neck!"

...the event that was so important to Al as a physicist, and Helen's boarding...
as recognition of his work on the
atomic energy project—he was assigned
to participate in the atom bomb test at
Bikini.

He proposed again that night, and
after Helen hesitated, said: "Al, I
can't say 'yes'—I can't be sure. We
waited during the war; but how do we
know this isn't just the same sort of
thing—making a decision because of a
certain happening that might
determine either happiness or unhappiness
for all our lives?"

Al started to protest, but from Helen's
side of the little car came the familiar
sound of chattering teeth. Yes, it was
raining again. And, as always, the car
was leaking.

Helen tells of the weeks that Al was
thousands of miles away at the Bikini
tests. "I was lonely, yes," she says. "In
fact, lonelier than I had ever before
been in my life. But it gave me a chance
to think about the kind of woman I
might choose to be only the most pleasant friendship
for a young couple ever had, or a marriage
that could be the 'forever after' story of
disappointment that rains on.

The day of the first bomb-dropping
at Bikini came, and Helen sat with
other girls at the Oak Ridge project,
listening to the broadcast of the
dramatic moment. "We'd gone to
year-end to get a feel of the static, emphasizing the thousands
of miles between us," she explains, "and
when I heard the ominous sound of the
metronome ticking off the fateful
seconds before the first bomb was dropped,
I could think of was Al. The
way he had looked that first night at the
dance—tall and straight and handsom-

The way he smiled, and the tender sweetness of
that first kiss the night I stumbled. Yes,
even the way he had to fold his long
legs in a small car, and to place his
nurseman himself into his tiny car. Why, I
often felt sentimental about the car itself,
despite the hundreds of times I
had thought of it as 'The Floating Ice-Box'.

Because of having worked so long at
Oak Ridge, Helen was not subject to all
the fearful rumors that some people
had tried to build up about the Bikini
tests. But she couldn't be sure. What
if something went wrong? What if all
that unleashed fury, that power almost
beyond measurement, were to turn the
Bikini tests into a frightful and man-
crushing horror? "Perhaps I should have
reported myself into the service,
and put myself in another man's
charge?" She was conscious of
her lips forming the silent plea, "Let
them be all right. Please—send Al back
to me, I know now. I love him." "I'll wait until I
remember that wonderful night,"

Helen. "I couldn't keep my eyes off
him—and for once I wanted the dance to
end quickly—till I felt that my
answer ready when he proposed
the answer that I'd really had in my
heart, all the time my lips were saying
'No'."

Finally the dance was over, and Al
led the way to the little car. But, driving
slowly along the highway, he
seemed to be almost avoiding the sub-
ject of their love. Instead, he talked of
plans. "I have a chance to go to
the University of Illinois—as a sort of
assistant in the Department of Physics,"
he said thoughtfully. "I'll be there
for a year, and perhaps Al had also been thinking during his time
at the Bikini test. And perhaps his
thoughts had brought about a different
answer than hers—suddenly the years
ahead seemed long, and empty... years without Al, with-
out the man she loved.

But, just as suddenly, everything
seemed to change, for neither of them
were shining years of promised happiness.
For Al was holding her in his arms, and
saying, "I love you, Helen. And you
love me. We know that, darling—we
know it's real. Please say that you'll
marry me."

Our acquaintance with Helen and Al
starts right about here. After what
ever 'yes' or 'no'—the way the usual lovers' look backward and
the "Why did you do—or say—
this, or that?" What were you thinking,
that moment...

For they started trying to plan their
wedding, and right away struck a snag:
families. Helen's parents live in Alaba-
ma; Albert's in Illinois. Many of the
people Al worked with at Oak Ridge had
become their very dear
friends. No matter where they were
married, there would be disappointment
from one or the other of them. And
perhaps the Park Chapel for their wedding—the
ceremony that was preceded and fol-
lowed by their appearance on Bride
and Groom.

You see, there was another reason
why we wanted Helen and Albert to be
our first Radio Mirror love-story of
the month. Look at their pictures, and
you'll see why we've chosen to put them
tall. Al is six-feet-nine. Way above
average heights. If you're very tall
yourself, or very small, you know that
either way there's the problem...

We thought you'd like to know about
these two, who solved it so delightfully
for each other.

SHAVE TIME, With Lew Parker and Anne Thomas is heard
on the following stations:

children and I had never been very far from our own four acres outside Springfield, and each day turned up new wonders. There were those we discovered for ourselves, like the stretch of road in Indiana where wild honeysuckle crowded close on both sides of the highway, miles of red and white and yellow blossoms, exquisitely beautiful and headily sweet. Wild honeysuckle—and I'd been so proud of the one small carefully tended plant I had at home! And there were the things we'd heard about and read about and had seen pictured, which now became living, colorful reality.

At Denver the children saw the snow-capped peaks and demanded to be taken up to them. We left summer behind us and stood knee-deep in snow on Lookout Mountain. A blizzard caught us on Pike's Peak in thin hot-weather clothes; we tore up an old blanket to keep us warm until we descended to the summertime of Colorado Springs.

The SANTA FE trail took us across New Mexico and Arizona, Nancy, thanks to her heavy mixture of Mayan, feeling for the spirit of it, and both children sang "The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe," lustily and tirelessly. Lin remarked that he rather preferred Crosby, and I sympathized with him. I couldn't mind too much. The children weren't reading history and geography out of textbooks; they were riding through it.

Larry saw his Indians, too, and their adobe houses. Unhappily, the Indian in full regalia, hung with pounds of silver and turquoise, was stationed, not before an adobe hut, but, incongruously, outside a very modern hotel in town!

Then California, and the minor miracle—for Ohioans—of picking oranges off the trees, and the perfect forest of oranges and the de-owned trailer camp at Laguna Beach, where we were permitted to stay two whole weeks instead of the night or two that other campers had. Hollywood, for all the graceful palms on Beverly Drive, held a bitter disappointment for me. I hadn't been able to get tickets for the radio programs ahead of time, and I found out now that it was impossible to get them at the last minute. All of my long list of shows were already full to the doors, not only the daytime broadcasts, but at night, as well. I settled for lunch at the Brown Derby—but it wasn't the same. It wasn't radio.

Small wonder, then, that I was excited when we drove into Chicago some weeks and several hundred miles later! Welcome Travelers tickets—the program that of all others, I'd most wanted to see—were available at the counter, but even then, I had a last-minute scare. There are laws against driving a trailer through city traffic, and for a while we couldn't find a place to leave the vehicle. Then I found one on the west side waved us on. We walked out and found one with a vacancy. Lin, who was off to visit a business associate, generously took Larry with him. I didn't go. Larry was the trip itself, and at ten that morning we walked into the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman. By that time I'd achieved the state of打ち上げる(attack) that follows too much tension. It had taken a long time and a good many miles, and we'd made it just under the wire—but we'd made it, my first big-time broadcast.

I wasn't allowed to be calm for long. We'd no sooner sat down than Carl Marx, the College Inn clown, walked through the lobbies, paging me. It was Lin on the telephone, I thought, and apprehensively found my way to the Welcome Travelers office. But it wasn't Lin. An interviewer for the program was waiting for me, a blank questionaire form before him.

I'd better explain that this procedure was a little different from the one usually followed. Ordinarily—as Tommy Bartlett, conductor of the program, explained to us afterward—college boys board trains about 200 miles out of Chicago, and while the trains move toward the city, the boys tell the passengers about the program and distribute cards inviting them to it. At the same time, they keep their eyes open for any celebrities. Chartered busses take the travelers directly from the railroad stations to the College Inn. Each guest fills out a two-page questionaire, and then comes the big job of selecting the half-dozen or so people who will be on the air. The questionaires that contain the most interesting information are rushed to four writers who makeup the questions that are used on the air. The writers' office looks like a miniature library. They have guide books to all the states and many big cities, reference works on geography, a biographical encyclopedia, and a large collection of books on America. They work out questions about the services and local customs that should be familiar to the traveler, and the questions are relayed to Tommy Bartlett a few minutes before air time.

But I hadn't come by train, and I'd had no chance to fill out a questionaire thoughtfully and at leisure. Instead, I was being interviewed by a young man who was trying not to look too hurried. I was trying desperately to pick the right, concise answer out of the dozens that crowded into my mind.

The purpose of our trip? That was an easy one. Points of interest along the way? My head swam as I tried to think back over the whole crowded summer. What would the interviewer consider a point of interest worthy of the program? The mountains, each range incredibly different, incredibly more beautiful than the other? The salt shining white on the desert? The canyons carved out of solid rock, through which we drove along the Shoshone River? The unforgettable reds and yellows and purples of the Grand Canyon? The stern dignity of the Rushmore Memorial in the Black Hills?

Any unusual incidents? Again my mind went blank. Didn't he realize that every day had been crammed with the unusual for us? How about driving into Reno through a land still black and smoking from the ravages of forest fire, past the charred skeletons of Army tanks that had been pulled out to combat the disaster? How about the brush fire in Idaho, when the flames had come licking up around the car? Or how about the earthquake in Twin Falls, and the hotel in Jordan Valley where Nancy had finally seen and actually talked about her mother?
with her cherished, dreamed-of cowboys? And we'd parked the trailer almost under the very plume of Old Faithful geysers, and had gone swimming in mineral waters that rose bath temperature out of the ground an.

I couldn't have answered coherently.

The interviewer smiled and said that he thought he had enough information on Nancy, he wouldn't say that I might be called on the program.

The warm-up period was in progress.

Nancy frowned when I would have spoken to her, and sternly directed my attention to the table of the guests, a man and a woman, who were racing to dress over their regular clothing—women's garments for the man, trousers for the woman—to relax and enjoy myself. It would have been impossible to. There was so much laughter, so much going on, such a spirit of informality and friendliness and love.

Tommy had a nineteen-year-old Army private before the microphone, Clyde Bailey from Pennsylvania. He was on his way to Hamilton Field, he told Tommy, and then to Japan, he hoped as a radar mechanic.

"Did you leave a girl back home?"

Tommy asked.

"Yes," said Clyde.

"How long have you known her?"

Tommy asked.

"Just six months," said Clyde.

"Where did you meet?"

Tommy asked.

"At a dance," said Clyde.

"How long have you known her?"

Tommy asked.

"Six months," said Clyde.

"What did you do during the fantastic experiences you had?"

Tommy asked.

"I was prepared for that experience—"

Tommy asked.

"Well, we're driving through the sage brush south of Boise, Idaho," I said, "when we came to a bush fire near the highway, and working closer. We were well into the desert right up to the highway. We rolled up the windows, stepped on the gas, and made a run for it. The heat was terrific, but we made it!"

Tommy turned to Nancy. "What were you doing all this time?"

"Watching the fire," she answered calmly.

I felt that Nancy had come off rather better than I. It had been really terrifying, driving through smoke and flame in that isolated country. But now, like the experience with the ants, it seemed to have been a good experience for the audience to laugh, but I wondered why. The ant story didn't seem really funny after all.

"What was I doing during the fantastic experiences you had?"

"Tommy asked.

"I was prepared for that experience—"

I thought. "Well, we're driving through the sage brush south of Boise, Idaho," I said, "when we came to a bush fire near the highway, and working closer. We were well into the desert right up to the highway. We rolled up the windows, stepped on the gas, and made a run for it. The heat was terrific, but we made it!"

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Tommy took us to lunch at the Sweden House, where he told us the behind the scenes story of Welcome Travelers and how the program came to life. "Chicago is the transportation center of the country," he explained, "with 50,000 travelers passing through each day. The idea of the show is to reflect the thousands of human interest stories behind the mass movement—to let the people themselves tell why they are traveling, whether their reasons are sad, silly or startling. People are interested in people."

After luncheon we went back to the Sherman, where Hank Kovalchin, one of the young men on the staff, met us at the travel desk. By prearrangement, Lin was also there with Larry, whom he turned over to me before hurrying up the big and busy business department. I was glad that we hadn't a chance to talk. In anything that has to do with radio, Lin is a severe critic; I didn't want to hear what he'd have to say—or, worse, what he would kindly refrain from saying—about my performance on the air.

Hank made the children utterly happy by leading us out to a sightseeing bus which was to take us on a tour of Chicago.

We moved down State Street, through the great aisle of famous department stores, swung in front of Shangri-La restaurant. The fountain in Grant Park. The huge fountain was shooting great feathery streams of water; we watched entranced while the leaping columns reached for the sun, fell back in shimmering, iridescent clouds.

I looked away from the fountain, and wished for Lin. Here was the Chicago waterfront, the Planetarium, the Shedd Aquarium, the Museum of Natural History, the things he'd said we'd see together some day. I was seeing them now, and I couldn't help wishing that he were with me.

"Look!" Larry shouted, and then went speechless as a slavey sea-plane began its take-off run north of the Aquarium. Larry's current ambition was to run an airport—and he'd never seen a plane take off from water before. It was the biggest single event of the trip for him.

It was after six when we arrived back at the Sherman—and I was supposed to meet Les Lear, business manager and announcer on Welcome Travelers, at six o'clock at the Shangri-La restaurant. Happily, friends of ours from Springfield were staying at a near-by hotel. Lin was with them, and I took the children up to their hotel, gave them a quick sponge bath in preparation for the evening.

I HARDLY dared look at Lin. I was still embarrassed at the thought of how I'd let him become involved. He did give me a smile or two which I took to be consoling, but for a while we were too busy being parents to discuss the problem, or else Lin promptly opened a window to gaze out upon Chicago, and came away soot to the elbows. Clean again, and down on the street, they set up a clamar to go to the restaurant.

"Later," Lin promised—foolishly, I thought. "We'll take the subway later. Or at least," he amended, catching my eye.

Dinner was as Oriental as luncheon had been Scandinavian. Under brilliant tropical flowers and palm trees we ate Mandarin beef, fried shrimp, Chinese pea pods, water chestnuts and Casaba melon.

The children's heads were nodding and their eyes were heavy as we left the restaurant. Lin, who has hopes that they would have forgotten their walk through the subway, but they came awake just long enough to remind him of their rights. "Daddy, don't forget the important walk through the subway!"—and being a dutiful father, Lin walked them through the subway on his way to pick up our car in the parking lot.

Two minutes after we were all in the car and had set out for the parked trailer, the children were asleep. I was tired, too, but not at all sleepy. Too much had happened that day. It had been a perfect climax for our summer-long wandering. No—not quite perfect. Remembering the broadcast, I glanced sidewise at Lin, found him looking at me.

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

"I was just thinking," I answered evasively,—we started out to see America, and we saw—Mount Fuji, more and the Grand Canyon, the wheat and the mountains and the orange groves and the oil wells. But do you know, I think that the broadcast today was about the most American thing of all? I've been thinking of the fun and friendliness on the program, and the different people there—us, and Private Clyde Bailey, who'd met his girl on her recent trip, and young Joe Dzierzanowski, who's starting to study for the priesthood. All of us so different, and all of us having such a good time together. And where else but in this crazy, wonderful country, would you get expensive presents like gold watches and electric broilers and fine leather handbags, just for answering questions that aren't important but mean something but fun and nonsense? Oh, I can't explain it! I mean—"

He reached over and patted my hand. "I know what you mean. It's a wonderful country. I'm proud of it. I'm proud of you, too. You did a really terrific job on the broadcast this morning."

"I see you as if you were driving with his eyes on the road, sweetly, serenely unconscious of my reaction."

He wasn't teasing me, nor was he trying to make me feel better. He really meant that I'd done a terrific job.

I relaxed against the seat, utterly content. My memories of the Welcome Traveler program were going to be perfect, after all.

**Sympathy**

**IS NOT ENOUGH**

To restore disabled veterans to self-support, to the fullest possible measure of normal life, is the responsibility of all of us. The Disabled American Veterans organization is asking for your help in this work: you can give it by a contribution to their National Service Fund. Give whatever you can, to the Disabled American Veterans, 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST
(Continued from page 13)

Norman Corwin, Gregory Peck and a discussion of The Time Is Now, a Corwin radio drama starring Peck.

Patti Clayton is always coming up with some original idea. Her latest has to do with her fans. The Club 15 songstress has a Club 15 of her own. Each week she luncches a group of fifteen-year-olds from the various settlement houses in Los Angeles. At these luncheons discussions are held on poise, personality and vocational possibilities. Thus Patti's fan clubs are put to practical and helpful use.

Took time out today to accept an invitation from Ted Price, one of RCA's top television engineers and technicians. We went to the Waldorf-Astoria to watch one of the most exciting telecasts we've ever seen. We saw an operation performed on a man's hand and heard the operating surgeon describe each step of the job. The thing that was exciting was the idea back of this telecast. It was being picked up from the operating theater in the New York Hospital, two miles from the Waldorf, and being beamed directly to the hotel room in which we sat along with about sixty doctors. The College of Surgeons, backed by the Johnson and Johnson Research Foundation, is experimenting with television, in the hope that it will prove to be an incomparable aid to the teaching of surgical techniques. There is talk of installing television equipment in major hospitals, so that students, internes, surgeons and operating nurses may watch operations and learn new techniques while the actual operations are being performed, instead of by methods now in use, such as movies of interesting new techniques and the usual operating clinics, where doctors and internes and students are usually out of the line of direct vision and miss most of what's going on. To date, color movies with running commentaries have been a boon to student surgeons. But, it was pointed out that so far, such movies have tended to be static, with dull, prepared lectures to accompany them on the sound track. In these on-the-spot telecasts, each viewer sees every detail recorded by the camera, suspended directly over the operating surgeon's head and the commentary is alive and interesting because it is not from a prepared script, but spontaneous description and explanation of things and techniques as the surgeon discovers them.

The average television set owner, of course, will never be able to pick up these telecasts. They are intended only for very specific groups of students and surgeons and will operate on special wave lengths that cannot be picked up by the average set. However, they will be a tremendous factor in speeding up the education of doctors and in the teaching of new techniques as they appear to surgeons already established in their practices.

Five of Hollywood's top acting names have banded together to form a radio corporation called Radio Repertory Theatre, Inc. The group is headed by Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine, Myrna Loy, John Garfield and Ray Milland. The stars will act in their own productions and plan shows for the manufacture of transcriptions, buying scripts and, perhaps, buying radio stations. That's one way to answer the big shot sponsors who've put the lid on hiring big stars at big dough for guest shots on major shows.

The predictions are coming in. Seems that last summer musical programs replacing winter season major shows made such a bad showing in Hooper ratings that sponsors are already nixing ideas being presented for next summer. Chances are that more and more who-dunits can be looked for to cool off next year's hot nights. If they can find enough writers to write more!

Has the "Hootananny" craze hit your town, yet? It's going hot all over the country and the one most responsible for this healthy and entertaining activity is Burl Ives, the nation's No. 1 folk song singer. A "Hootananny" is a song fest evening where everyone gets together and sings folk songs and ballads. Incidentally, material and songs used by Ives on his program are forwarded to Tulane University for use in preparing for its courses in American and English ballads. Burl uses many songs that have never been published, songs which he has picked up in his years of wandering.

SPORT MAGAZINE'S movie of the month
"SPIRIT OF WEST POINT"
produced by Horry Joe Brown and John W. Rogers
STARRING "DOC" BLANCHARD and GLENN DAVIS

Army's famous Touchdown Twins in the thrilling story of the U.S. Military Academy.

"... brings achievement in entertainment to motion pictures." SPORT Magazine.

Read columnist Biff Bennett's comments on the picture and other sports happenings in the current issue of SPORT.

Look For This Film Classics Release At Your Favorite Theater Soon.

Garry Moore is an old drummer boy, but Dorothy Lamour shows him some unorthodox techniques.
Are you neglecting your most important feature?

Of course you use flattering face powder and just the right lipstick. But do you neglect your most important feature—your eyes? Here's something smart modern girls are realizing: when make-up stops with just a nice complexion and brilliant red lips, neglected eyes appear dull and drab by contrast.

It's so easy to give your eyes their full share of beauty-magic— with MAYBELLINE! A few simple brush strokes of this famous Mascara will make your lashes look naturally dark, long, sweeping. And it's so easy to shape your brows gracefully with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then behold the difference! Your eyes are so much lovelier! Your entire face is more attractive, for your make-up is perfectly balanced—completely flattering.

So never, never forget to accent your eyes, daytime or evening. Only be sure you use MAYBELLINE, the eye make-up in good taste—preferred by smart women everywhere.

MAYBELLINE CAKE
MASCARA in new red and gold-tone metal vanity, $1. Refills, 50c. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue. Also in 25c and 10c sizes.

MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA applied without water comes in handy leatherette case, $1. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.) Shades: Black and Brown.

MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL soft, smooth quality, fine point—so easy to use! Black or Brown.

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

MAYBELLINE EYELINER in new red and gold-tone metal vanity.

Natural color photographs by Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., Hollywood

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