

RADIO MIRROR

January

15¢



EVE
ARDEN

VIVID COLOR PICTURES OF

Lora Lawton * Today's Children



RING IN THE NEW
 ... a new beauty-thrill
 for you! Besides revealing
 up to 33 percent more lustre
 than any soap or soap sham-
 poo, Drene, with Hair Condi-
 tioning action, leaves your hair
 smooth and easy to manage right after
 your shampoo. For this party hair-do,
 Drene Girl Arline Dahlman ties all her
 hair high in back and swirls it around on top.

Holiday Headlines

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

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, Arline sweeps her
 hair into two side loops, with a top curl for added
 height. "And for added glamour," she says, "I
 always keep my hair Drene-clean." Drene is
 not a soap shampoo ... never leaves dull-
 ing film on hair as all soaps do. And ...
 Drene removes unsightly dandruff
 flakes the first time you use it.

Christmas at its merriest ... New Year's at its happiest ... and lovely *you* at your loveliest
 ... your Drene-clean hair shining-bright, alight with all its natural lustre!

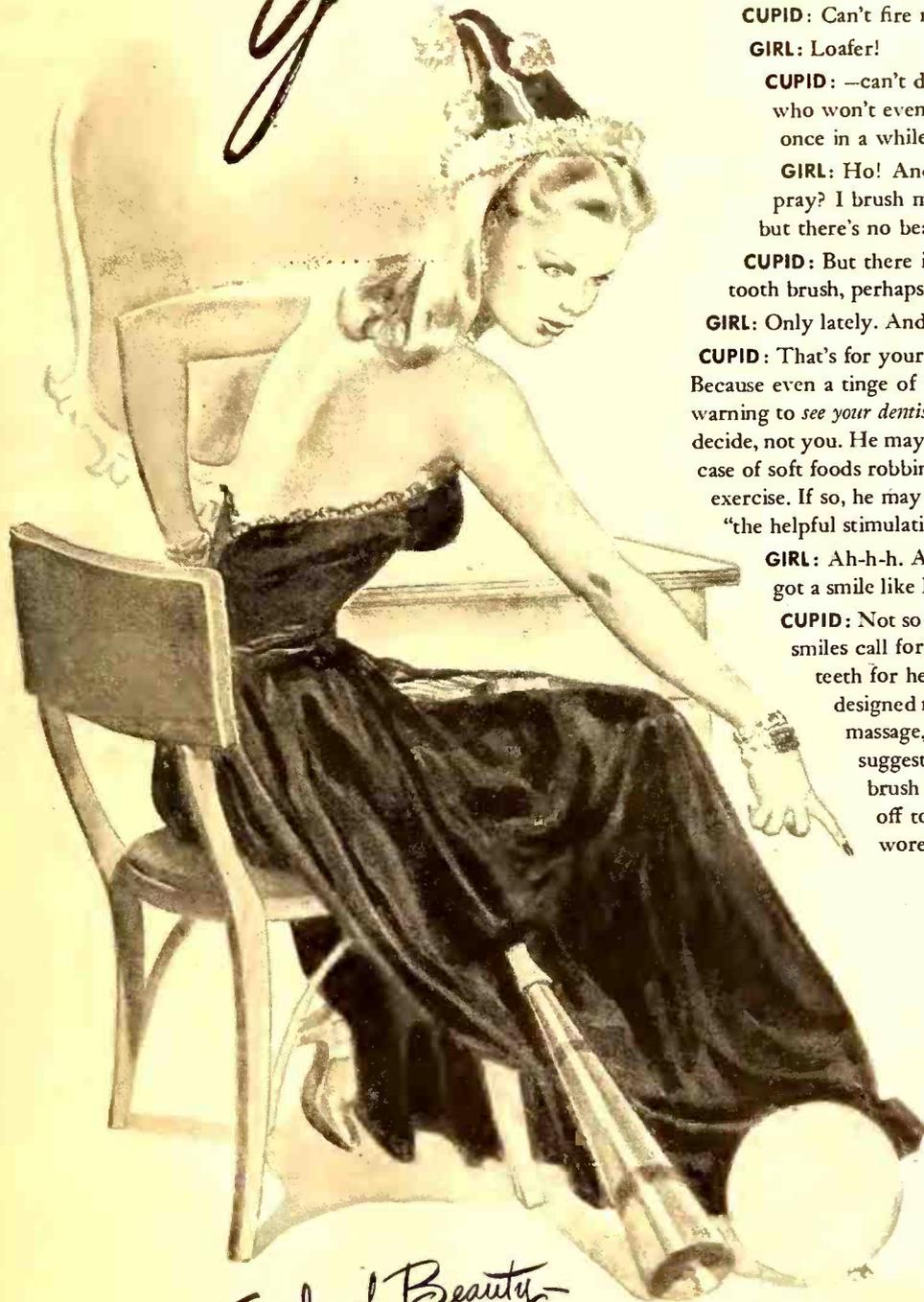
Here, famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Arline Dahlman,
 shows you the two holiday hair-dos she likes best. "But first," suggests
 Arline, "make sure your hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best ... by
 using Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action." No other
 shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous,
 yet so easy to manage.

Drene Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action



HE8690
.R16

"You're Fired!"



CUPID: Can't fire me, Missy. I quit. I—

GIRL: Loafer!

CUPID: —can't do anything for a Granite Face who won't even break down and beam at a man once in a while!

GIRL: Ho! And what've I got to *beam* with, pray? I brush my teeth—and regularly—but there's no beam about them!

CUPID: But there is "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: Only lately. And only a touch... Why?

CUPID: That's for your dentist to say, Sis. Because even a tinge of "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*. Let him decide, not you. He may say it's simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ah-h-h. And right away I've got a smile like Klieg lights, huh?

CUPID: Not so fast, Muffinhead. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. And if your dentist suggests gentle massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth... *pay attention!* You'll be off to the man-trappingest smile you ever wore! Check on it!



For the Smile of Beauty—
Ipana and
Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 27, NO. 2

*Coming
Next
Month*



This is the time when things really begin to happen: Radio Mirror is opening out in all directions at once. February brings so many new features we can't list them all! but as examples, take a new Homemaker section, with more about food and beauty; many more brief biographies with hard-to-get information about the radio personalities you're interested in; more stories of all kinds—more pictures—and many more full-color illustrations.



You'll be visiting one of radio's most exciting families: Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll hold open house and intro-

duce you to their young one. Another young-married household comes into our cover girl report on Ginny Simms. Norma Nilsson the youngster who does such a man-sized job on the Jack Carson program, compares her life with that of the average non-professional child; George A Putnam and his wife think back to their courting days.

And, to take you back to the way February snow-time should really be soent, knee-deep in country drifts, there's a story about One Man's Family and a snowfight that cleared up a lot of things, with pictures that show the whole of this family that so many of you feel almost be-long with your own.



For fun, Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, in pictures. We can't predict what they will be doing—who can ever tell? But that they will have the unmistakable Durante-Moore flavor, we guarantee.

More pages, more features, more pictures, more color—more radio That's February!

Facing the Music.....	by Ken Alden	4
Figure This Way.....		8
What's New From Coast To Coast.....	By Dale Banks	10
About Marriage.....	by John J. Anthony	19
A Thousand Good Wishes—New Year's Eve with Today's Children.....		20
We Broke The Bank!.....		22
Lora Lawton—In Living Portraits.....		24
Christmas Song For Jimmie.....	by Dr. Preston Bradley	28
Come and Visit Dinah Shore.....		30
Between The Bookends.....	by Ted Malone	34
Ring For Her Finger.....	by Jack Smith	36
At Glamour Manor—A Picture-Story.....		38
Always On Her Way—Cover Girl Eve Arden.....		42
Life Can Be Beautiful.....		44
He Flies Through The Air.....		46
Happy Re-New Year.....	by Kate Smith	50
Inside Radio.....		51

ON THE COVER—Eve Arden, of NBC's Village Store. Color Portrait by John Engstead.

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RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York, N. Y.
General Business, Editorial and Advertising Offices: 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Herbert Drake, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Edward F. Lethen, Advertising Director. Chicago Office, 221 North LaSalle St., Leslie R. Gage, Mgr., Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street; Hollywood, 321 So. Beverly Dr., Lee Andrews, Manager. Registered as Second Class matter March 15, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, \$1.50 per year. All other countries \$3.00 per year. Price per copy: 15c in the United States, 25c in Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs, and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first class postage and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part, without permission.

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AFTER THE PARTY Look out for a Cold...

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

GOING from over-heated rooms into the chilly night air often can lower body resistance so that cold germs called the "secondary invaders" may invade the tissue. After a party it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic when you reach home because this precaution may forestall a mass invasion by these germs.

While a virus is believed to start many colds, certain threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" produce many of those miserable symptoms of a cold and its complications.

Anything that lowers body resistance, such as wet or cold feet, drafts, fatigue, or sudden change of temperature, may make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to stage a mass invasion of the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

So, when you've been thus exposed, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at once. Used early and often Listerine Antiseptic, because of its

amazing germ-killing power, may halt such mass invasions . . . may help head off the cold entirely, or lessen its severity.

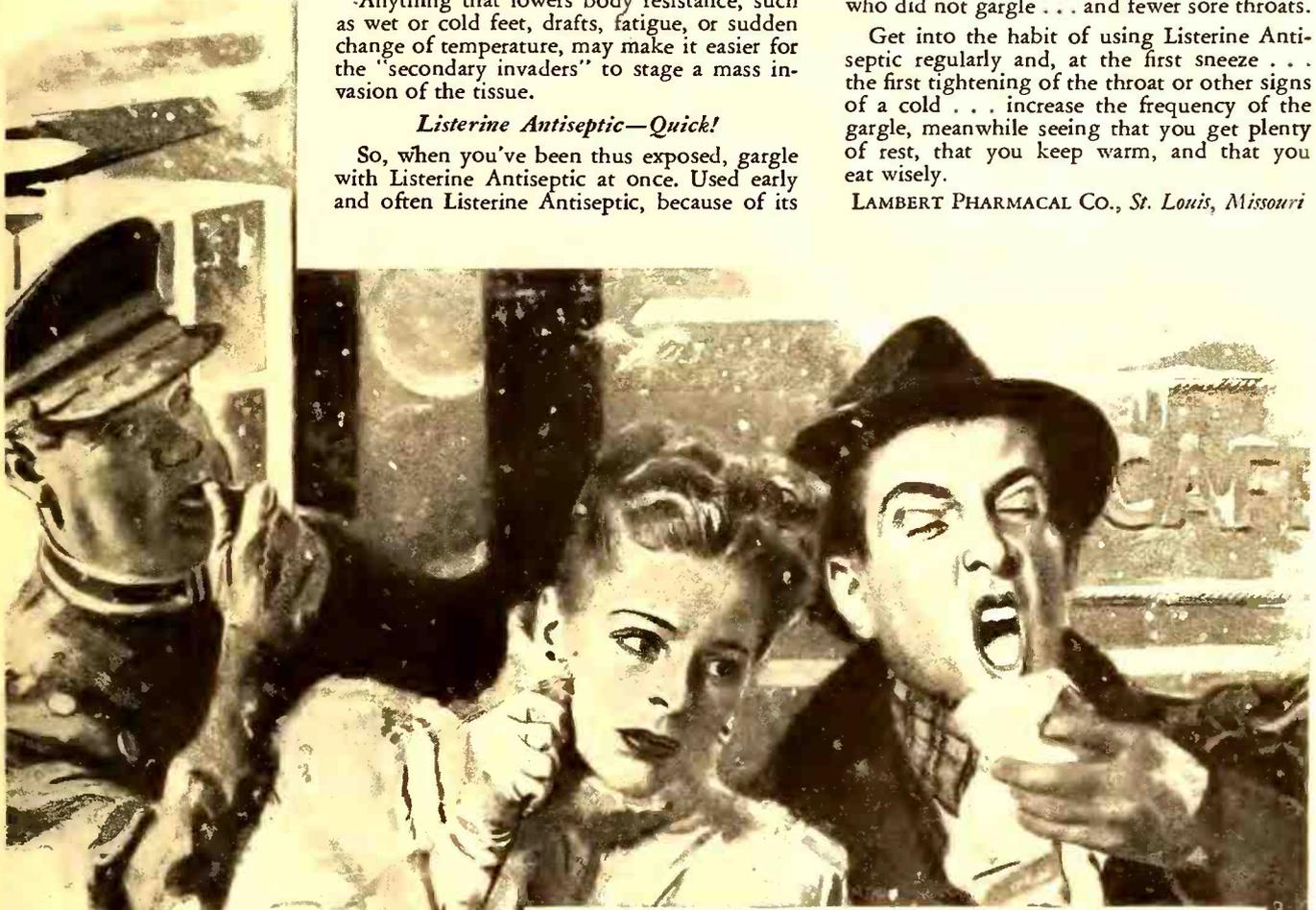
It is the delightful, easy precaution that countless thousands use regularly, night and morning, and oftener when they feel a cold coming on.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Bear in mind that tests during 12 years revealed this impressive result: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

Get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic regularly and, at the first sneeze . . . the first tightening of the throat or other signs of a cold . . . increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile seeing that you get plenty of rest, that you keep warm, and that you eat wisely.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri

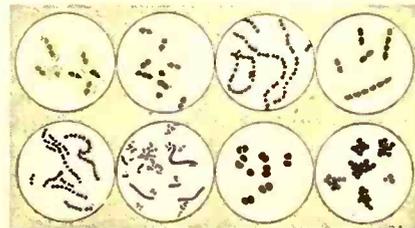


Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Here are some types of the "Secondary Invaders" which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

R
M

Betty Norton, surrounded by The Moon Maids. They supply feminine charm and feminine music on the Vaughn Monroe Show, CBS.



By

KEN ALDEN

Facing the Music

Nothing But Comedy



There's always a time and a place for music in Jack Owens' home. He's part of the fun on ABC's Breakfast Club.

SOME SHOW business sage once said the public recognizes the stars much before the alleged wise men of the profession. That statement couldn't be truer when applied to Louis Jordan.

In 1940 Jordan was an obscure saxophone-playing singer at the helm of a group identified as the "Tympany Five," a unit going nowhere and making rapid strides toward oblivion. In May of that year, Louis played a week's engagement in Grand Forks, North Dakota for \$350 a week. On the last day of his date, the owner pulled Jordan's manager, Berle Adams, aside and said:

"I can keep Louis another week. Is he committed anywhere else?"

"No, he has open time," said Adams, "But you'll have to hike the price. We're asking \$500 now."

"Nonsense," screamed the cafe man, "He closes tonight."

And Jordan did. His musicians packed their instruments and Louis his pride. 1940 lap-dissolves into October of 1946 in Hollywood style, only not that painlessly. The years were packed with heartaches and sweat.

Today, Jordan stands at the top of his

profession. Barring the incomparable Crosby, he is rated just about the number one Decca recording artist. His platters for that outfit sell upwards of 3,000,000 a year. His "Tympany Five," playing one-nighters and theaters around the country, commands top salaries for any small instrumental combination. Jordan, himself, has sung and clowning his way through four movies. He introduced his own tune, "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby" in the film, "Follow The Boys." He has had his share of lucrative radio guest shots with Kate Smith, Jack Smith, Perry Como, and Vaughn Monroe. Total earnings approximate a half-million a year.

Now, bearing this in mind, let's pick up our Grand Forks promoter friend. He walked into the New York 400 Club a few weeks ago and watched Jordan do his midnight remote over CBS. Then he walked over to Louis and manager Adams and announced.

"I've been thinking it over and I believe I can meet your price. \$500 is high, but okay. When can you start?"

Jordan came out of Brinkley, Ark-

ansas, the son of a Negro school teacher, specializing in music instruction. He went to grade school there, and was graduated, later, from Arkansas Baptist College. His original ambition was for the clergy but he was derailed by rhythm. After playing with his own undergraduate group at college, Jordan joined up with the Charley Gaines band in Philadelphia, in the sax section. Two years later, he was picked up by the late wizard of the drums, Chick Webb, and was with the tiny drummer for three years.

One day, Webb called Louis aside and suggested Jordan form his own small group. That was probably the last bit of show business advice Webb ever gave anybody. Six weeks later he was dead.

By 1940 Jordan was practically at the end of his musical rope. Here's the way he told it to me when I saw him in New York.

"We had no bookings and no prospects of any. I walked into the offices of the General Artists Corporation, all set to quit. I waited an hour in the reception room for somebody to see me. Finally, a kid named Berle Adams, then a \$20 a week office boy, walked up to me and asked how things were going."

Jordan told the lad the truth. "I can't get any decent bookings."

The determined youngster decided to latch on to the discouraged musician. When Jordan left the booking office he had a new manager, the ex-office boy.

In two weeks Jordan was playing as the relief band in Chicago's Capitol Lounge where the Mills Brothers were starring.

"We were a tremendous flop," Louis said frankly. "I sang ballads straight. Nothing happened. We were just a big lull."

The kid manager was worried. He had a new idea for his client.

"Why not do comedy, Louis? The people want laughs."

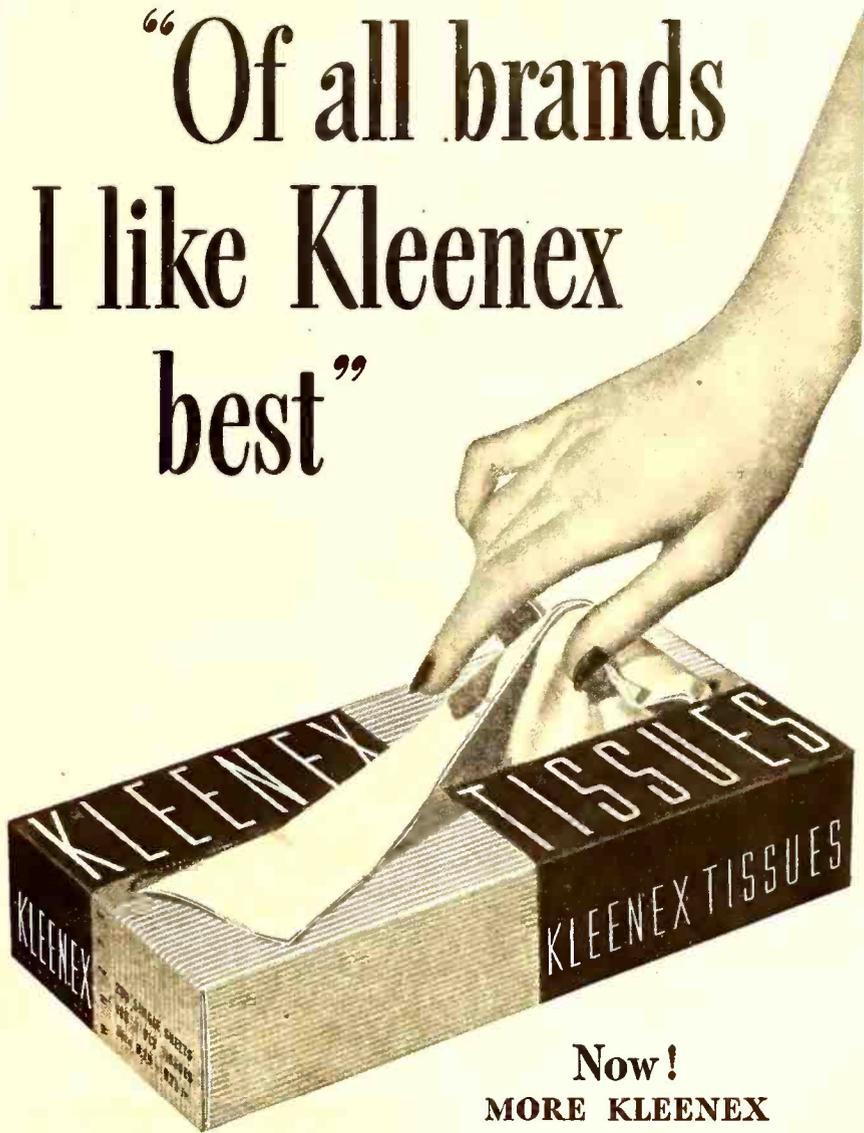
Jordan figured he had nothing to lose, dug up a frocked coat, horn-rimmed glasses, and out of the trunk a comedy tune called "Cherry."

Adams was right. The customers ate it up and from that time on, Jordan



7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS SAY

**"Of all brands
I like Kleenex
best"**



Now!

MORE KLEENEX

being made than ever before.

So keep asking for it!

One tissue stands far ahead of *all* other brands in public preference . . . and that one tissue is Kleenex!

In a certified nation-wide poll of thousands of tissue users, 7 out of every 10 went on record to say: "*Of all tissues, I like Kleenex best!*"

7 out of 10. Such overwhelming preference shows there must be a real difference between Kleenex Tissues and other brands. A special process used only for Kleenex keeps this tissue luxuriously soft, dependably strong. That's why others *can't be* "just like Kleenex."

And only Kleenex of all tissues gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box. Yes,

only with Kleenex can you pull a tissue and have the next one pop up ready for use.

So keep asking for Kleenex—America's favorite tissue. Each and every month there'll be more and more Kleenex Tissues for you.

**There's only
one Kleenex^{*}
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE**



In 1940, Louis Jordan was making rapid strides toward oblivion. But look what's happened since!

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



First Encore!

Ⓕ According to all indications this young lady's very first encore of a Park Avenue tumbler will be far from her last. The fact is she's a very discriminating woman.

Ⓕ You see, more women have encored with their purchases, the fresh sparkling beauty of the Park Avenue than any other tumbler ever made.

Ⓕ Furthermore, since the turn of the century, Federal-fashioned tumblers, tableware, beverage sets, occasional and ornamental pieces have graced millions and millions of American homes.

Ⓕ Look for the Shield Ⓕ of Federal when you buy glassware. It's your assurance of lovely crystal, unmatched in color, clarity and brilliance, at a very low cost.

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY
Columbus 7, Ohio

UTILITY
Glassware
Fashioned by
Federal

ADDs DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE

looked for and found tunes like "Buzz Me," "Caldonia," and "Knock Me A Kiss."

Indisputable proof that Jordan was finally on the right road came in Houston, Texas. Jordan was set for a one night stand there. It rained all afternoon, finally clearing early in the evening. When Jordan drove up to the auditorium there were twenty people out front. But an hour later, 9,100 people were storming the place.

"I'll never forget that night," Louis told me, "it was the happiest experience in my life. I knew then that the people really liked our stuff."

Jordan's problems are still not over. The heavy-set dark-skinned musician is worried over the condition of his wife, Fleecie, his home-town sweetheart. Mrs. Jordan has been ailing for a good number of years and at this writing is hospitalized.

Another thing that bothers Louis is that he will not be able to outgrow his comedy musical casting. He would like to try something more serious, toyed with the idea of getting a dramatic role in the all-Negro play, "Anna Lucasta."

"But everytime I get ideas like that Berle Adams reminds me of our Chicago flop and I renew my search for stock comedy material."

For the first time in his life Bing Crosby is reading bad press notices about his performances, with recording critics leveling heavy critical barrages at The Groaner's recent outputs of Decca discs.

Give a salute to Ted Lewis who is currently celebrating his thirty-fifth year in show business and ran a battered top hat and corny clarinet into a one man institution.

The hottest swing group to come up in many a moon is Joe Mooney's Trio, now drawing swing savants to a West Fifty-second Street nitery, called Dixon's. Blind Joe Mooney is a former Paul Whiteman arranger.

Rudy Vallee has confided to friends that he has just about given up his ambitions to become a radio comedian



Three new movies, cashier on Meet Me At Parky's, singer on Something For The Family—Joan Barton's a busy girl.



Perennial favorite—and better every year—is mellow-voiced Georgia Gibbs, of the Tony Martin Show, on CBS.

and has reverted back to a singing master of ceremonies. It was Rudy's insistence that he could become a big radio success this year in an unfamiliar role that caused the big fight between the erstwhile crooner and NBC. The network tried to prevent the show from going on its air. But after a few broadcasts, the reception on the part of press and public was a confirmation of NBC's judgment and Rudy threw in a reluctant towel.

Ginny Simms turned down an invitation to appear before the King and Queen of England in a command performance because she felt she could not leave her little baby for any lengthy period of time. It's nice to know that Ginny is giving priority to motherhood over career, when the chips are down.

They say that Kate Smith's sponsor, with whom she has been working for many years, is about to release the Southern Songbird next season. Kate won't have any trouble getting a new bankroller and several automobile companies are already bidding for her services. Naturally, the inevitable Mr. Collins will handle the negotiations.

The disappointing results of the Alice Faye-Phil Harris show may discourage other radio-real life teams like Harry James and Betty Grable from following in their footsteps. Only the Ozzie Nelson-Harriet Hilliard show has continued to be bright and well written.

Carroll Gibbons, London's most popular orchestra leader, is coming over to this country. American-born Carroll stayed in London right through the blitz, although he could have easily found sanctuary in his native land. This won him a permanent place in the hearts of British dance band fans.

It's good news that the King Cole Trio now have a show of their own on CBS helping to break the prejudice of an all-Negro radio show that has been a wall of resistance for many fine Negro artists, like Duke Ellington, Count Basie and others, who have not succeeded in getting radio sponsors.

Margaret Whiting was such an immediate click on Eddie Cantor's show that the banjo-eyed comedian gifted the singer with a diamond watch.

The increasing interest on the part of radio and record listeners in classical music has prompted a number of dance orchestras to add to their repertoires dance versions of timeless pieces, a vogue first started by Freddy Martin. Now word comes that Vaughn Monroe has added a six-piece string section to his band, so he can concentrate on music of this type. Credit for this interest must go to Hollywood, where classical music has been spotlighted in a number of new films and performers like Lauritz Melchior, Kathryn Grayson and Jose Iturbi have been given important roles.

NEW RECORDS



Ken Alden's

FAVORITES FOR THE MONTH

CARLOS MOLINA: Spanish-American tempos and two good numbers, "I'm Learning to Speak English" and "Palabras De Mujer." (Capitol)

KING COLE TRIO: On the solid side with "For Sentimental Reasons" and "The Best Man." (Capitol)

HARRY COOL: A young man to keep listening to. Hear him sing the hit, "Rumors Are Flying" and "The Whole World Is Singing My Song." (Signature)

DINAH SHORE: Miss D. has a winner with "I May Be Wrong" and "The Violet Song." (Columbia)

HARRY JAMES: Slick stuff with "Beaumont Ride" and "Why Does It Get So Late So Early?" (Columbia)

ARTIE SHAW: Back to form thanks to two Cole Porter favorites, "You Do Something to Me" and Shaw's first big hit, "Begin the Beguine." (Musicraft)

SPIKE JONES: Something different for Spike is this new Victor disc, "Minka" and "Lassus Trombone." Try it.

TEDDY WALTERS: A new voice and a pleasant guitar accompaniment. His first Musicraft disc contains "What Is There To Say" and "My Heart Stood Still."

BENNY GOODMAN: The best Goodman disc in a long time features "Blue Skies" and "Put That Kiss Back." Artie Lund does a tip top vocal. (Columbia)

VAUGHN MONROE: That man again, this time with "Things We Did Last Summer" and "More Now Than Ever." (Victor)

FALA: A children's album based on the experiences of F.D.R.'s famed Scottie. (Monarch) A good Xmas gift.

Let us help feed
your baby, too!



Mother, this is an invitation—an invitation already accepted by millions of mothers who have fed their happy, healthy babies on Gerber's Cereals.

Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal are specially made to suit baby, both as *starting* cereals and continuing through babyhood. For instance, they are made to mix creamy smooth—a consistency close to baby's milk diet. Next, these cereals are rich in *added iron*... to replenish the loss of *prenatal* iron which begins to run low some months after birth.

Here is another advantage! All have generous amounts of added B complex vitamins (from natural sources—not synthetic) as a further aid to baby's well-being. Your baby will do well on Gerber's Cereals, too. Look for "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!



Now, another Gerber's Cereal!

Gerber's Cereal Food (blue box), Gerber's Strained Oatmeal (red box), and the new Gerber's Barley Cereal (yellow box) are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula (hot or cold). Serve Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal or Gerber's Barley Cereal at alternate meals. You'll find variety helps baby's appetite.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.



Gerber's Baby Foods

FREMONT, MICH...OAKLAND, CAL.

CEREALS

STRAINED FOODS

CHOPPED FOODS

© 1946, G. P. C.

FREE SAMPLES—Please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal. My baby is now months old.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. W1-7, Fremont, Mich.
In Canada; Dept. W1-7, 49 Wellington Street East, Toronto 1, Ont.

Name.....

Address..... City and State.....



Figure

From your figure's point of view
no day need be wasted. Trim while you
work, relax with a clear conscience,
as does radio actress Alice Frost.



Stretch up for
posture's sake.



Don't jackknife;
just kneebend.

HOLLYWOOD would get a lot more competition in the heavenly body department if we "civilians" would go through with all the exercising we periodically vow we'll do. Somewhere in the shuffle, our good resolutions to exercise die an early death. It seems that unless we gals join a class or pay for an exercise course by mail (money well invested), we don't follow through on all the wonderful figure-trimming recipes we know or read about.

Maybe we're lazy. But probably it's more a matter of not having the exercise habit. Or perhaps it is that purely routine exercise isn't much fun.

The trick then is to sugar-coat the pill and do our exercising while we're doing something else. You can, for instance, work on a double chin while you're doing the dishes, hanging curtains, writing a letter. Drop your lower jaw and as you close your mouth slowly, stretch your lower lip up over the upper one as far as possible. This exercise is even better if your head is tilted backward. It's a crazy grimace but good even for upper chest muscles. Or you can do this good facial exercise. Form a small "O" with your lips and twist your mouth as far to the right as you can.

Then to the left. But don't overdo these or any other exercises. Work up gradually. Luckily we can do something about tummies that protrude while doing almost any kind of work—filing, at the kitchen sink, sitting at a typewriter. It's a matter of relaxing your stomach and then pulling it in. Do it several times a day at first. Thereafter do it as often as you think of it and try to think of it often. If you're inclined to sway-back particularly, and even if you're not, make sure your hips are tucked under you.

Housework done the way most women do it is one thing but if you tried pretending that you're a ballerina you'd do it with flourishes. In picking something up from the floor for instance, why should we always bend over like a hairpin? Instead, try it this way: Stand on one foot, fling the other out straight behind you and with your overworked back kept straight as a ramrod, slowly lower your torso till you can get that raveling, the baby's ball or whatever it is

that needs picking up. Going from one room to another, why not walk on your tip-toes with arms stretching upwards? Awfully good for your waistline. Dusting can be exercise too. Forget your kitchen ladder or the footstool if, by stretching, you can dust the top of pictures, polish the mirror or put dishes away on a high shelf.

Continually leaning over with your back in a curve is killing but making your legs do some of the work is figure wisdom. Instead of leaning over to dust the lower rungs of a chair or tuck in the bed sheets, why not keep your back straight and with your sitdown almost touching your heels, squat way down to do such work. Tough exercise at first but good for legs and thighs.

There are many odd moments during the day when you're waiting for water to boil, the iron to heat, which you can profitably spend trying to slim your hips. While you stand, beat the soft flesh with your clenched fists. In a sitting position you can tighten the muscles of your buttocks and relax them. Do it often. It's good exercise that no one need be conscious of but you. As you go about your shopping, practice stretching up tall, hips tucked

RADIO MIRROR'S
HOME and BEAUTY

this way



Reach for what you want—grace!



Check your walk in passing.

under, head high. As you walk past store windows, take a sidelong glance at your posture just to check on how gracefully, how proudly you walk. Where posture is concerned, keep in mind that an imaginary line drawn from your ear's tip downward should pass through your shoulder, center thigh, knee, and just in front of the ankle bone.

In elevators, or wherever you get the chance to stand against a wall, practice posture and work to overcome a lordosis curve (sway-back to you). With hips tucked under, tummy pulled in, try to get every vertebra in your spinal column to touch the wall. And if you can stretch your arms high and straight above your head while in this position, do it for your waistline and bustline's sake. But stretch!

If you occasionally ignore your kitchen and dust mops and do the scrubbing and dusting on hands and knees, tummy pulled in, you'll use some more muscles you've forgotten about.

We don't claim that exercising this way will roll away excess pounds but it should help re-align your figure, tighten flabby muscles, improve your posture and slim your waistline.



Exquisite—*Her Hands*—fragile—were made for luxury and love...

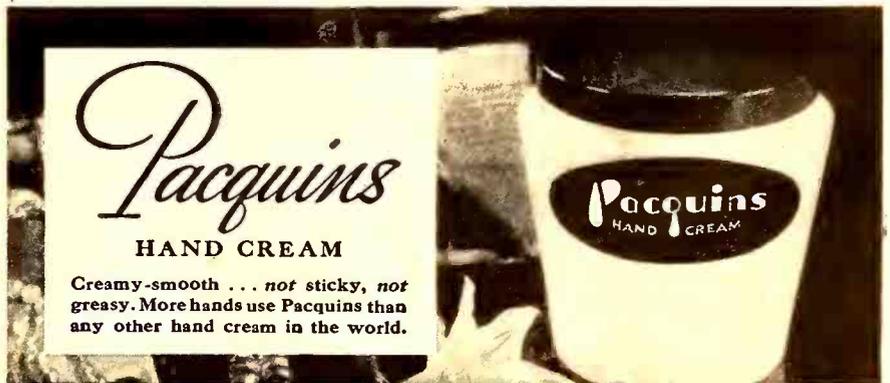
Can hands that wash dishes be "exquisite... fragile"?—They can!

No matter how hard your hands must work... Pacquins Hand Cream can help give them a lady-of-leisure look! Use Pacquins several times a day... this snowy fragrant cream will quickly ease away roughness, redness, and dryness.



Pacquins was originally made for doctors and nurses...

Doctors and nurses who scrub their hands in hot soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. Pacquins Hand Cream, super-rich in skin-softening ingredients, was first made for their professional use. If Pacquins can do so much for them... just imagine how it can help *your* hard-working hands.



Pacquins
HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



A clan should gather eagerly at the skirl of the bagpipes; but the children of John MacVane, NBC news commentator, look more as if their father had hypnotized them into remaining.

WHAT'S NEW from COAST



A Day In The Life of Dennis Day is spent behind a soda-fountain on the singer-comedian's NBC Thursday show, 7:30 EST.

By
DALE BANKS



Newest husband-and-wife comedy team: Alice Faye and Phil Harris, on NBC's Bandwagon, Sunday nights at 7:30 EST.

NOW that the Bing has gone in for his transcribed show, practically every star on the air lanes has begun angling with his sponsors for the same breaks. It's understandable; they can make a whole batch of programs at once, and avoid the panic-factor in a radio production, the fear (not that seasoned performers suffer from it, but the possibility is always there), of sending out a less-than-perfect show. In addition to thinking of their own convenience—and the stars aren't harping on that too much, of course, because sponsors generally figure that they're buying a star including his at-his-convenience when they're shelling out big dough—the stars keep pointing out that a transcribed program would be flawless and thus provide better listening. Better get to see all the broadcasts you'd like before this becomes too widespread a habit. Crosby has an audience for his transcriptions.

* * *
This is noteworthy only because we can't, to the best of our ability, remember ever before hearing of a pretty girl who admitted that she wasn't also a great big talent. Sammy Kaye tells us that when he invited Eileen Henry—she was Miss New York in last year's Miss America contest—to audition with his band, Miss Henry turned him down. At first, Sammy thought he couldn't believe his ears—then he thought the young lady wanted to be coaxed. But that, it turned out, wasn't it, at all. Miss Henry just answered very sweetly that nothing would please her more than to be able to sing with his band—but—she just can't sing!

* * *
Joseph C. Harsch—CBS news and

The flawless fiddle technique of comedian Benny adds musical value to his Sunday night NBC program.



Is this suffering

A WOMAN'S NATURAL HERITAGE?



to COAST

alyst—is still trying to figure out exactly how this came about. Seems, one day recently, he was working away in his office, preparing his script for the broadcast, when he was disturbed by strange noises coming from the air-conditioning unit. Sometimes, it can be dangerous when things go wrong with those gadgets, especially in an office like Harsch's, which has no other form of ventilation. So he promptly called a couple of experts. As soon as one of the experts touched the unit, there was a fluttering of wings and a white pigeon flew out and beat its way around the office until it was released, via several doors and a window. What bothers Harsch is that he can't find any explanation for how the pigeon got in there in the first place.

* * *

Here's an item. As we go to press it comes to our attention that a Boston advertising firm has applied to the FCC for a license to develop an outdoor television station, which will screen its programs on billboards. We can see that the idea is novel. So will a lot of motorists and pedestrians and plain old hitch-hikers. And that leads us to wonder what the National Safety Council has to say about it. Considering the Council's rather appalling figures on the number of deaths per year in these United States, deaths caused by automobile accidents, we wonder whether it's wise to add a hazard.

* * *

Sidelights on human behavior: Harry Bartel, who provides that deep foreboding voice which announces the Casebook of Gregory Hood show, tells us that radio actors—even the ones who specialize in the chiller-diller dramas

From Adam's rib woman was created and glorified with many charms and attributes. Nature endowed some girls with beautiful figures—others with soul-stirring eyes and laughing lips—others with vivacious personalities.

But alas! With all these precious gifts, many women—by their very physical nature—suffer from distressing symptoms on "certain days" of the month:

This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About!

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause you, like so many unfortunates, to suffer from pain, nervous distress, irritability and feel so tired out, restless and highstrung—on such days—this is something you shouldn't joke about! Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's famous for this purpose.

Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain: This great medicine ALSO relieves accompanying weak, nervous, cranky feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress—A VERY SENSIBLE THING TO DO!



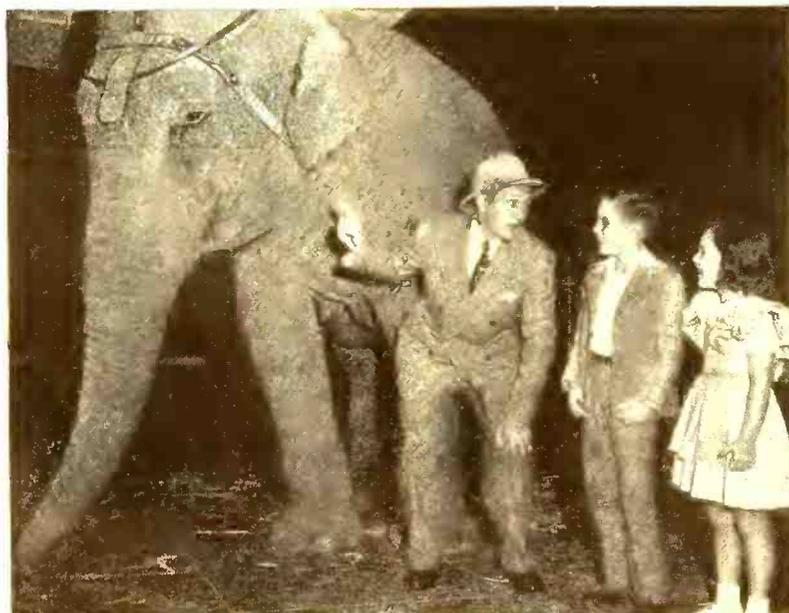
For over SEVENTY YEARS — Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of women in this way—and so many have reported truly remarkable benefits. It's also an excellent stomachic tonic. All drugstores.

R
M

Don Ameche and his son Lonnie (known as Slug) rushed over to be first in line at the opening of a new Hollywood ice cream parlor.



Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna, out for a quiet ride in their jeep, met a whole crowd of people: a photographer for one; also young starlets Dorothy Porter and Gloria Saunders.



When bored Blanch visited Art Linkletter's People Are Funny (NBC) to prove that elephants never forget, she was introduced to two awed young Linkletters, Dawn and Arthur Jack.

—are just as anxious to find out how the plot works out as any listener. He says that nine out of ten actors he's watched at first rehearsals of mystery programs turn to the last few pages before they read the whole script through from the beginning.

* * *

Bet you didn't know that singing star Gene Autry just missed being a baseball player by a narrow margin and some \$50. It seems he played pro ball back in the mid-20's and was offered a job with the Texas League. But the money involved was only \$100 a month, which happened to be \$50 less than Autry was earning at the time as a railroad telegraph (bet you didn't know that, either) operator. So it was no deal.

* * *

Paul Lavalley has organized and conducted many different types of orchestras in recent years, ranging all the way from the hot jazz combo of Lower Basin Street to the all-string, longhair Stradivari orchestra. Now, he's organized a tin pan band.

In cooperation with the musical education plan of New York's Children's Aid Society, Lavalley organized a children's orchestra made up of kids from four to eight years of age. The young-

sters are being taught basic music rhythms by beating on tin pans and kettles, in conjunction with Lavalles theory of mathematical rhythm formulas for music study.

There's a sidelight on this, too. No sooner had Lavalles developed this novel idea for the Children's Aid Society, than the manufacturers of pots and pans were calling him up, offering all kinds of new utensils to be used—the utensils to be donated free, of course, in return for some publicity. But Lavalles nixed that in the bud. His kids only play on old and battered kitchen utensils. The tone is better.

One of Mel Blanc's proudest possessions is a gigantic postcard, making him an honorary letter carrier in the National Association of Letter Carriers. Mel earned the honor through his role as the "Happy Postman," on the Burns and Allen show, by being instrumental in helping the letter carriers win a pay increase a while back.

Fannie Brice loves to tell this story about Jackie Kelk. Jackie made his debut on Fannie's show some years ago. He was nine years old at the time. Fannie says he may have been young, but he sure was determined that nobody would be able to say he didn't know his way around. He kept his eyes and ears open every second and made like a carbon copy of all the experienced actors.

So, when Fannie Brice stepped out of her shoes a few minutes before air time, Jackie promptly stooped over and untied his oxfords and did his broadcast in stockinged feet. The rest of the cast did itself proud. There wasn't even a snicker from anyone. But after the show, Fannie took the kid to the corner drug store and over an ice cream soda explained as tactfully as she could—so the sensitive kid wouldn't be hurt—that it really wasn't necessary to take off one's shoes in order to broadcast. Fannie just did it because her feet hurt.



Blue-eyed and blonde Doris Singleton is Alan Young's "Betty," Friday nights at 8:30 EST, over NBC.

Can a young wife escape this threat to Marriage Happiness?



If only every married woman could learn the **REAL TRUTH** about these *Intimate Physical Facts!*

Often a marriage goes on "the rocks" simply because the wife doesn't realize how important douching two or three times a week often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT — wives may not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—**ZONITE**.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic-Germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No longer would any well-informed woman think of using weak, old-fashioned or dangerous products for the douche. These **DO NOT** and **CAN NOT** give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of **ZONITE**.

The **ZONITE** principle is truly a

miracle! No other type liquid anti-septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is *so powerful* yet absolutely *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. **ZONITE** contains no phenol, creosote, no bichloride of mercury. You can use **ZONITE** as directed *as often as necessary* without risk of injury.

**Zonite Principle Developed By
Famous Surgeon and Chemist**

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It **KILLS** every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. **BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE** immediately kills *every reachable germ* and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy **ZONITE** today. Any drugstore.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-17, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Florence Williams is Mrs. Barry Cameron in the NBC drama; she's noted for her radio portrayals of "perfect wife" parts.



No longer do Abbott and Costello have to struggle along just looking at each other. Singer Marilyn Maxwell is with them this season.



Jack Bailey M.C.'s Queen For a Day (MBS) for a large audience, plays the piano for a much smaller—though enchanted—one.

Talking about taking off shoes, it was reported to us that three female candidates for Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts made the same request the other day. They asked whether it was all right to take off their shoes while auditioning. All three were singers and claimed they felt more relaxed without their shoes.

We understand that Hildegard is one of the very few people in this country who uses only her first name to sign checks, contracts and other legal papers. Oh, yes, she has got a full name but very few people know what it is. For your information it's Hildegard Loretta Sell.

Rita Ascot, who portrayed Widdy Green on the National Barn Dance for four years, writes us from Chicago that she's only now getting around to discovering what rural life is like first hand. She and her husband, WLS production manager Al Boyd, have started making excursions to their recently bought farm in the Fox River Valley and are trying to figure out how and when to go about their spring plowing. They intend to farm the place—if they can find out how.

Come February, the moppets are embarking on nursery school adventures again. We liked Myron Wallace's report of his four-year-old son's report of his first day at school. When Myron asked him in that familiar tone that all fathers always use to ask this question, "And what did you do at school today?" the boy answered calmly, "Well, first I cried and then I didn't."

Here's something to send a few co-eds on their ears and on scouting missions on the New York University campus. Robert Merrill has been singing in foreign languages for some years. But, like many singers, he's learned the foreign words phonetically from his coach. Bob got bored with that, considering it the hard way to learn the lyrics, because he wasn't always entirely clear as to what they meant. So, he's enrolled under an assumed name at the University and is studying French, German and Spanish. That's all the clue we're entitled to give.

Conrad Binyon, 15-year-old Butch on the Mayor of the Town, is going around with his chest stuck out these days. He's also got a new possibility for his future career. Because he's one of the most active juveniles in West Coast radio, he was chosen to direct the annual class play at Hollywood High and we hear that he acquitted himself nobly.

Mistakes are always possible, but Cyril Armbruster, producer of the Adventures of the Sea Hound, certainly tries to cover all contingencies. Just before broadcast time the other day, we found him leafing through a big dictionary. It was a dictionary of sea terms and he was making sure the script writers hadn't played fast and loose with any of the seafarer's language they'd put in the script. Armbruster also keeps a very large and detailed map of the West Indies on hand, to check locations mentioned in the script. Sort of an arm-chair explorer. The question is, will he know so much about the West Indies that, come vacation, he will head in the opposite direction.

Most agents are glad to be called agents and not flesh peddlers, or temper-centers, these being among the milder and more printable of the appellations hurled at them as a rule.

Alan Young, however, likes his agent, is openly grateful to him and blows his horn every chance he gets. Alan is also practical in his gratitude. He's just presented Frank Cooper, his agent, with a Hollywood home as a token of his appreciation. It was Cooper who, hearing Young broadcast from Canada, brought the young comic to America and you know what's happened since then. Incidentally, we're told that in addition to being a radio star and playing feature roles in two movies to date, Alan is at the moment busy writing a picture.

Here's where the myth that child prodigies usually grow into adults with arrested development gets another sock in the eye. Percy Faith, of the Contented Hour, was one of the precocious kids that has made good. He started taking violin lessons at seven and did very well at them. Then his aunt got a piano which fascinated Percy so much that he started taking piano lessons, too. By the time he was ten he was so good on both instruments that he gave concerts on the piano and violin.

Victor H. Lindlahr, food expert on Mutual, is making a bid for fame. He bets that he's one man in America who's talked to the most women—without any comeback. He's been broadcasting for 17 years every week-day and that, in itself, is a kind of record.

Looking for a life of adventure? Try radio announcing, says Ken Carpenter, currently holding down the announcing assignment on the Life of Riley show. Ken has been knocked down by the winning horse, while describing a Santa Anita race. He's been pushed through a plate glass window, while working a big Los Angeles parade. He's tried to jump from one Navy destroyer to another, only to miss his footing and get his pants caught on a taffrail. He's even fallen down a cliff, while broadcasting special events from a moving mountain in L. A. What more could you ask?

The law of supply and demand is getting to work in favor of serious singers who are looking for a break. It's usually a very long haul to the Metropolitan Opera Company, which is the goal of most vocal students. Now, there's a short cut in the offing. James Melton, we're told, is a good person to approach for an audition. His program is always on the search for fresh voices of an operatic caliber.

Recently, when an interviewer asked young Beverly Wills, daughter of Joan Davis and Si Wills, what she wanted to be when she grew up, Beverly answered, "I want to write stories like daddy and tell them like mummy." Beverly is almost always at rehearsals of the Joan Davis show and she gives promise of growing up with excellent taste.

It's getting to be quite a gag around the studio. They've taken to calling Jimmy Durante "Sweater Boy." It's only partly in fun, though. There's a good bit of envy of his collection.

"Hey! STORK CASTILE is made just for babies!"

Your physician will tell you Stork Castile is safe, non-irritating. It's made especially to take better care of babies!

Now superfatted with soothing lanolin.

the famous Stork quality — in a smart, new package

Yellow Gold, Pink Gold, Silver (plated)

# 1—\$2.95	Stylish custom built Bracelet	\$2.95
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The only iron that lifts itself!

Stands on its own cool legs at the touch of a button, saves lifting 2½ tons in an ordinary ironing day. See it at your Proctor Dealers.

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It's almost magic-like... the way Nestle Baby Hair Treatment helps transform straight, wispy hair into soft ringlets and makes it look thicker, too. You'll be thrilled, Mother, when you see how much prettier your own baby looks with lovely curls framing its little face. Used and praised for over 30 years by thousands of enthusiastic mothers. Start using when baby's second growth of hair is about one inch long. Commended by Parents' Magazine. Sold at drug, dep't. stores, baby and beauty shops. If unable to buy locally

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Send me (tax and postage prepaid) full size bottle of Nestle Baby Hair Treatment at special introductory price of \$1.00, 1 on enclosing \$1.00. Also send me your FREE booklet "Curls for your Baby"

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Nestle BABY HAIR TREATMENT

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST



One time when Charlie lets Bergin run things—when they're in, not on, the air.



Richard Kollmar, Director Marx Loeb, Claire Trevor rehearse for a recent Reader's Digest dramatization.



Patty Foster, six, earned herself television's first child contract.



Zoo-visiting, George and Gracie take along just the thing to catch the eye of a youthful sea-lion.

If you've got an ex-GI in your home—as who hasn't—and your ex-GI knows the least little thing about that wonderful legendary World War II figure Kilroy, write whatever it is to Mutual's Spotlight on America program in New York.

GIs don't need to be told about Kilroy. No matter where our boys stormed beachheads, what obscure islands and hamlets they entered, anywhere in the world—Kilroy was always there first. His signature was found scrawled everywhere. No one ever saw Kilroy. No one ever caught up with him. Spotlight on America is anxious to find out who was the first Kilroy and where he is now. They'd like to know how the idea started and why.

We were talking to Allen Ducovny the other day and getting some new slants on the Superman show. Allen's a nice guy and he knows his stuff.

"You know," he said, "how restless kids get in the movies whenever love scenes are played on the screen. I think the word you hear rippling through the juvenile audiences at such times is a disgusted 'mush'. Well, that's why we don't ever have any love interest written into the Superman scripts." He pointed out that even the relationship between Lois Lane and Clark Kent (Superman) is purely platonic.

Have you noticed that with the exception of Kate Smith, practically no big name singers any longer use theme songs? It's Perry Como's hunch that writers don't go too much for identifying themselves with any one song these days of rapid turnover in the popularity of popular music items.

GOSSIP AND THINGS FROM EAST AND WEST . . . Jerome Robbins, choreographer who has staged and directed many ballets for Broadway musicals, adding a new field to his talents. He's working on a ballet series for Television. . . . More on Television: Baseball fans who've been griped by Standing Room Only signs at the ball parks will rejoice to hear that more games will be televised next season. . . . Songstress Patti Clayton is slated for a personal appearance tour of the country this Spring. . . . The New Jersey Education Association has honored Jerry Devine's This Is Your FBI by choosing it for presentation at its annual convention as one of the best examples of radio in education. . . . Hector Chevigny, blind radio writer, has written an autobiography called "My Eyes Have A Cold Nose," which is getting up close to the best seller class.



Introducing
OLAN SOULE

ONE of the most authentic actors in radio is Olan Soule. Any role he's called on to play, from truck driver to an author, is likely to be something he has done in real life.

The truck driving began when Olan was with the Jack Brooks stock company in Sabula, Iowa, for about two years. Then came three years with the Lane Shankland repertory company in East St. Louis. In 1931, when the depression folded up road shows, Olan headed for New York, bringing with him his new bride. Olan says in New York he ran elevators and served hamburgers with the best actors in town.

In 1933, he moved to Chicago and embarked on another phase of his career. He dusted off an old shorthand book, and, with his wife as tutor, managed to get a job as a secretary-switchboard operator-file clerk.

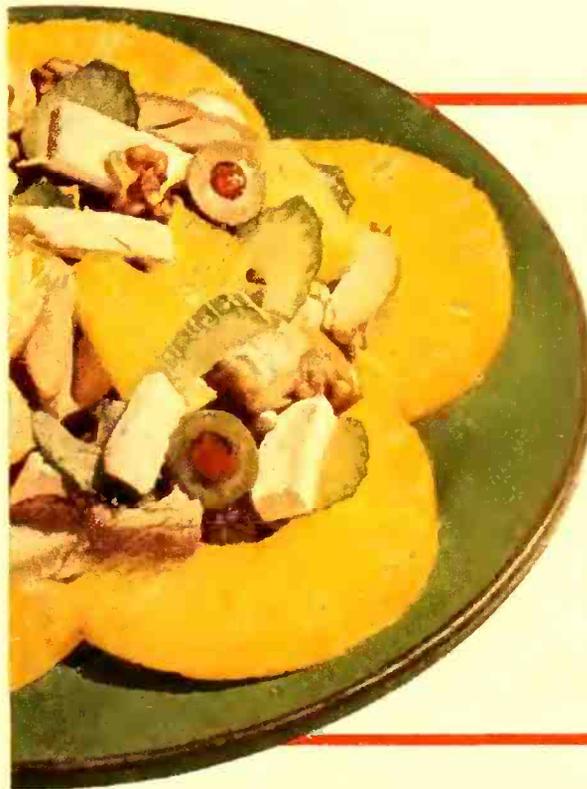
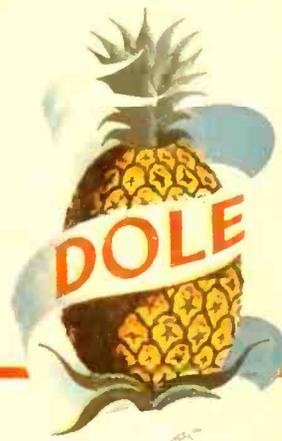
But auditions required him to beg out of his job, often. So he lost it—at exactly the same time that he landed the part of Sam Ryder in the then new serial, Bachelor's Children. Olan has played that part for eleven years and is now one of the three remaining members of the original cast.

With one foot in the door, the other foot slipped in easier. Parts on Orphan Annie, Grand Hotel, Freedom of Opportunity and Theater of the Air followed rapidly. In 1943, he first began playing on the First Nighter shows and last year won the post of leading man.

At home in Evanston, Illinois, he's a confirmed putterer. He has two children, JoAnn, six, and Jon, four, and the pride of their hearts is a nine room doll house he made for them one Christmas. Olan had just started making the doll house when he was drafted into the Army. Thinking it would be a long time before he'd get back, he sold all his power tools. Then the Army decided it didn't want Mr. Soule, so he returned home and set about finishing the house by hand. Some 600 working hours later it sat under the Christmas tree.

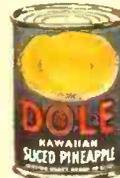
SURPRISES FROM PINEAPPLE LAND

Expect a delicious surprise when you serve these new pineapple dishes originated by Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist. And for refreshment any time, help yourself to Dole Pineapple Juice.



CHICKEN SALAD PLATTER

Cut Dole Pineapple Slices in halves and arrange around edge of a large plate in scallop design, as shown. Combine coarsely-cut left-over roast chicken or turkey, chopped hard-cooked egg, sliced celery, and strips of sweet pickle in desired proportions; dice 1 or more pineapple slices, and add; mix with French dressing, season well, and heap in center of pineapple-bordered plate. Serve mayonnaise or Thousand Island dressing separately.



DOLE RECIPE 46-13

PINEAPPLE-BEET RELISH SALAD

Pineapple Layer: Add 1 tbsp. plain gelatin to 1/4 cup cold water; set aside. Heat 2 1/2 cups (a No. 2 can) Dole Crushed Pineapple just to boiling, remove from heat, stir in gelatin and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Pour half this mixture into 9" x 4" x 4" loaf pan, chill until firm. **Beet Layer:** Add 1 tbsp. plain gelatin to 1/4 cup cold water. Heat 1 1/4 cups beet-liquid-and-water to boiling, remove from heat, stir in gelatin. Add 1 tsp. salt, 3 tbsps. sugar, 3 tbsps. vinegar or lemon juice, and remaining pineapple-gelatin mixture. Cool until it begins to thicken, then fold in 2 cups chopped cooked beets, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tps. minced onion, 2 tps. horseradish. Pour over pineapple layer in pan, and chill. Serve sliced, with mayonnaise. Serves 8 or more.

DOLE RECIPE 46-15

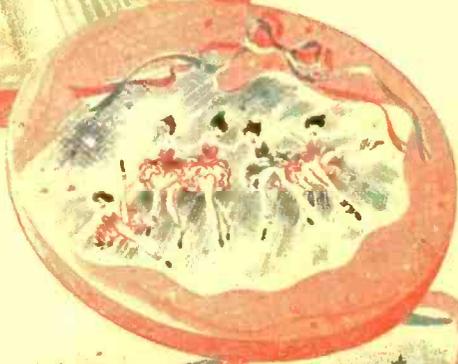




De luxe Frolic Gift Set—
Talc, Bath Softener,
Eau de Cologne, Perfume,
and Sachet, \$5.00.



Frolic Eau de Cologne
and Talc, \$1.75.



Frolic Perfume
\$6.50; 3.50; 1.10



Give her the fragrance she loves
by **CHERAMY** perfumer

April Showers
The Fragrance of Youth



April Showers Perfume
\$6.50; 3.50; 1.10



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



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

All prices plus tax

About Marriage

2-STUMBLING BLOCKS

This is the second in Radio Mirror's series of articles in which Mr. Anthony discusses some of the problems of modern marriage.

LAST month I discussed emotional immaturity as one of the most frequent causes for divorce. I hope I made it plain that this immaturity can manifest itself in many ways. I remember that I mentioned infidelity, specifically, as one of the many ways in which the childish inability to grow beyond the first, rapturous stage of love and marriage shows itself. Unfaithfulness, however, can be a symptom of other things besides emotional immaturity.

Unfaithfulness is one of the chief causes for divorce. In some states, in fact, it is the only cause accepted by law. Now, it is my experience that people are never unfaithful simply for the sake of being unfaithful. There is usually an underlying cause, which, if recognized and treated in time, would eliminate the need for seeking love, attention, or pure physical gratification from someone besides the husband or wife. So, let us treat infidelity as the symptom of some maladjustment, some personal lack or inadequacy, rather than as a definite cause in itself.

We've examined the way infidelity grows out of a constant pursuit of the stars-in-your-eyes romance, which is nothing but a refusal to accept the fact that love, like everything else, grows and matures and changes its forms. Now let us examine infidelity as it grows out of a very prevalent maladjustment—physical incompatibility.

In a society like ours, where there is so much apparent frankness about sex, where sexual stimulation is used in so many ways—in advertisements and stories and movies—it seems a paradox that really simple and elementary facts about sex are virtually a mystery to a large section of the population. It's paradoxical—and

regrettable, because ignorance is dangerous.

Love is made up of many elements, not the least of which is the physical desire of one man for one woman and vice versa. This physical desire, though it is not the most important element in love, is healthy and normal and certainly important enough to either fuse the love into a fine marriage, or to destroy it, if the desire is frustrated or denied. Many a marriage in which all the other elements are present—trust, understanding, companionship, a sharing of responsibilities—has ended in divorce because of this something which has come to be labeled physical incompatibility.

Scientifically, there are very few real, physical reasons for such incompatibility. There are cases which might be called physical incompatibility—like women with Rh-negative blood marrying men with Rh-positive blood and finding that they cannot have children by one another. But even in such cases, it does not follow that such a couple could not have an entirely happy and healthy physical relationship. The problem of children can be solved, either scientifically, by artificial insemination, or socially, by the adoption of children.

Real physical incompatibility springs most often not from basically physical causes, but from mental ones, from the *(Continued on page 57)*

By JOHN J.
ANTHONY



A Thousand



Mary was too excited to keep quiet. "That's the Hester Street trolley and the policeman's whistle!" The others

Good Wishes



TODAY'S CHILDREN welcome the

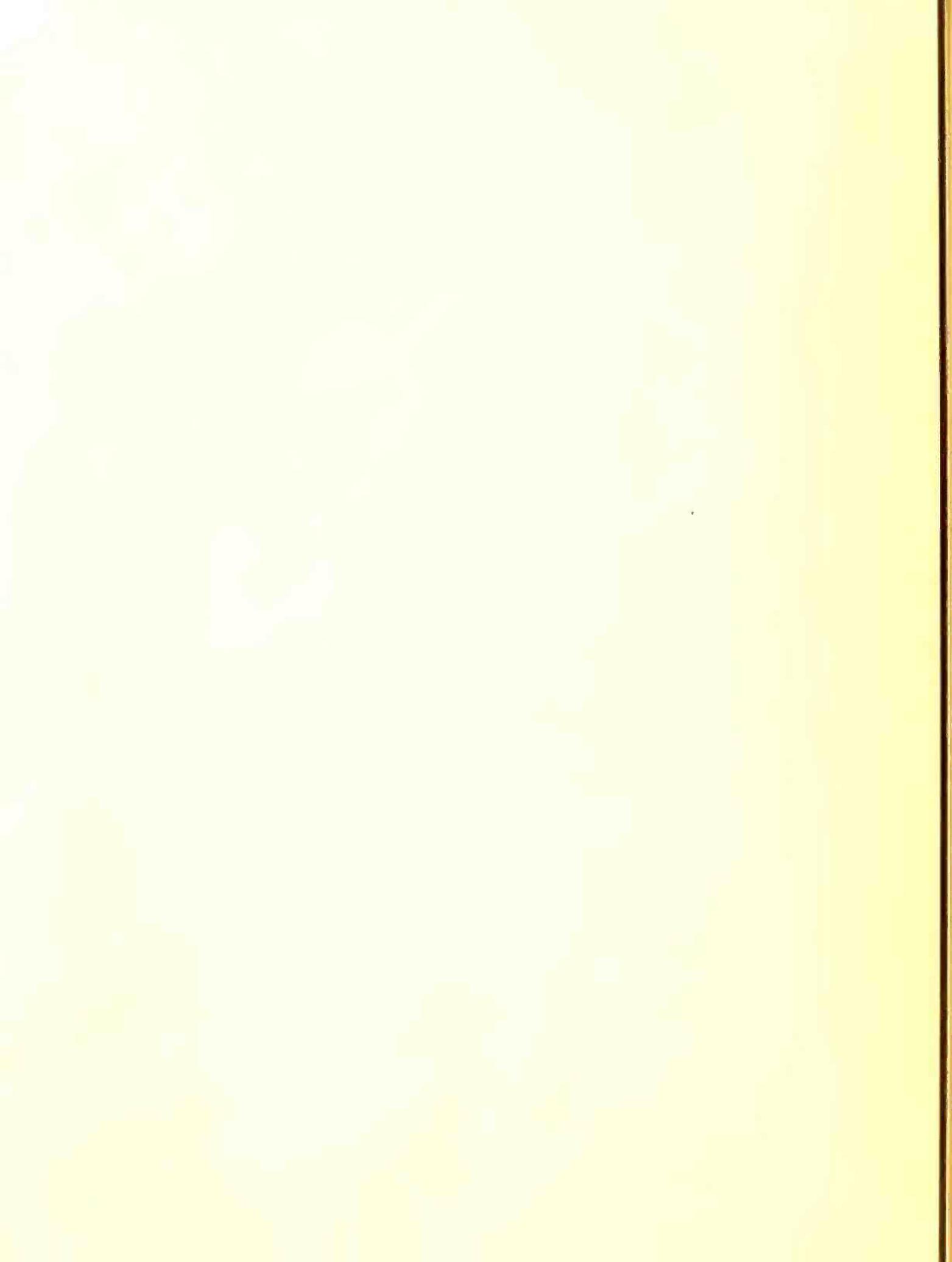
New Year in with the laughter of friends,
and with prayers and hopes so deeply felt
that they need be spoken only in the heart

BECAUSE Hester Street had a special look, this afternoon before New Year's Eve, Naomi Daniels found herself thinking about it more warmly even than usual. She was idling through Simmons' drug-store with Carlotta Lagorra, helping to buy small extras for the night's festivity, but she kept looking through the warm, steamy windows and at the people rushing in for last-minute purchases, and wondering if she could make any of her thoughts clear to Carlotta, if she tried.

It's funny, she was thinking; when you're walking down a strange street you see only that it is bright or sad, cared-for or neglected—you're outside it. But when you live on a street—no matter what street, in what city—your view is so different! Then the street has a life of its own, and the people who live there are drawn into that life—or they're not. Naomi sighed. It was very often because people were not drawn into that life that she, as a social worker, found complicated problems waiting for solution.

Some streets are cold and unfriendly by nature—maybe, Naomi thought whimsically, it's the way they're built, cold and stiff and straight. The stream of neighborliness there runs very shallow. If there is an accident, or a great celebration, a street like that may become momentarily close-knit; neighbors who have never exchanged so much as *(Continued on page 58)*

On the opposite page, Keith (played by Wilms Herbert) is at the piano; Mary (Lois Kennison) beside him. Ruth Hewlett is at the left, next to Tony (Edwin Rand); Carlotta (Gale Page); David (Jack Edwards, Jr.); Marilyn (Betty Lou Gerson); Italo (Milt Herman); Naomi (Jo Gilbert). Today's Children is heard daily on NBC, at 2:15 P.M. EST. This story was written especially for Radio Mirror.



Give A Thousand Good Wishes



TODAY'S CHILDREN welcome the New Year in with the laughter of friends, and with prayers and hopes so deeply felt that they need be spoken only in the heart

BECAUSE Hester Street had a special look, this afternoon before New Year's Eve, Naomi Daniels found herself thinking about it more warmly even than usual. She was idling through Simmons' drug-store with Carlotta Lagorra, helping to buy small extras for the night's festivity, but she kept looking through the warm, steamy windows and at the people rushing in for last-minute purchases, and wondering if she could make any of her thoughts clear to Carlotta, if she tried.

It's funny, she was thinking; when you're walking down a strange street you see only that it is bright or sad, cared-for or neglected—you're outside it. But when you live on a street—no matter what street, in what city—your view is so different! Then the street has a life of its own, and the people who live there are drawn into that life—or they're not. Naomi sighed. It was very often because people were not drawn into that life that she, as a social worker, found complicated problems waiting for solution.

Some streets are cold and unfriendly by nature—maybe, Naomi thought whimsically, it's the way they're built, cold and stiff and straight. The stream of neighborliness there runs very shallow. If there is an accident, or a great celebration, a street like that may become momentarily close-knit; neighbors who have never exchanged so much as (Continued on page 58)

On the opposite page, Keith (played by Wilms Herbert) is at the piano; Mary (Lois Kennison) beside him. Ruth Hewlett is at the left, next to Tony (Edwin Rand); Carlotta (Cale Page); David (Jack Edwards, Jr.); Marilyn (Betty Lou Gerson); Italo (Milt Herman); Naomi (Jo Gilbert). Today's Children is heard daily on NBC, at 2:15 P.M. EST. This story was written especially for Radio Mirror.

Mary was too excited to keep quiet. "That's the Hester Street trolley and the policeman's whistle!" The others

too recognized these sounds in Keith's music.



WE BROKE

Being on Break the Bank

was fun. But when the Weisses

broke it, it wasn't just

fun—it was high adventure!

HAVE you ever won \$5000 in less than ten minutes? \$5220, to be exact? That happens about as often as the Dionne Quintuplets, I guess—maybe even less frequently. So don't blame me too much if I'm still a little dazed at what happened to me one night on the Break the Bank radio program. \$5000 is a lot of money. Oh, maybe it's nothing exciting to the people you read about in the papers around the first of every year—the people who figure their incomes in six or maybe seven figures. But for the rest of us—most of us—it's an incredible sum, all in one lump. It usually represents a year, or maybe two years, of work—eight hours a day, five or six days a week, month after month.

Of course, I wasn't thinking about any of those things that night as Edith and I were driving to the Ritz Theater in New York, where the broadcast was being held. We were just feeling good because we'd been able to get tickets. Edith's mother had had four of them, and two people she'd invited to see the show with her hadn't been able to make it at the last (*Continued on page 65*)

Bert Parks is Quiz Master
of ABC's Break The Bank, heard
Fridays at 9:00 P.M. EST.

THE BANK !



Quiz-program history was made at this moment, as well as family history for Commander Jack Weiss, U.S.N.R., and his just-acquired wife Edith. Navy experience, a knowledge of geography, a steel-trap memory helped them Break the Bank for a figure that left them limp, and left Quiz Master Bert Parks, M.C. Bud Collyer and the radio audience (seen and unseen) gasping.

In Living Portraits

LORA LAWTON

The story of a courageous woman who has learned to meet life's constant challenge



PETER CARVER, successful and attractive, was one of Washington's most sought-after young men until he fell in love with Lora Lawton. The obstacles that stood in the way of their marriage made Lora doubly precious to Peter; but now, with their happiness realized, he is in danger of forgetting that his riches make that happiness vulnerable—they are a hazard to the ideals and aspirations that strengthened his and Lora's love.

(Peter Carver is played by Ned Wever)



LORA LAWTON'S life has been at times a lonely one, at others made stimulating by success achieved through her own resourcefulness and courage. Divorced by her first husband, Lora's unhappiness spurred her on to a brilliant career in photography. Too vital a woman to be content with solitude, however, Lora is now the envied wife of successful ship-builder Peter Carver; and she is learning that life sometimes offers problems that even money and affection combined cannot solve.

(Lora Lawton is played by Jan Miner)



GAIL, Peter's spoiled and pampered young sister, married young ANGUS MACDONALD without fully realizing that in place of the luxury with which Peter had surrounded her, she would have to adjust to living—at least until Angus makes his mark—as the wife of a struggling young man with a modest income. Angus, to whom Gail means everything, is trying to teach her that even without money two people can build happiness for each other, but Gail continues to resent Peter's decision that she must live on her husband's salary. Her resentment has turned into a jealous hatred of her sister-in-law. (Gail is Marilyn Erskine; Angus is William Hare)

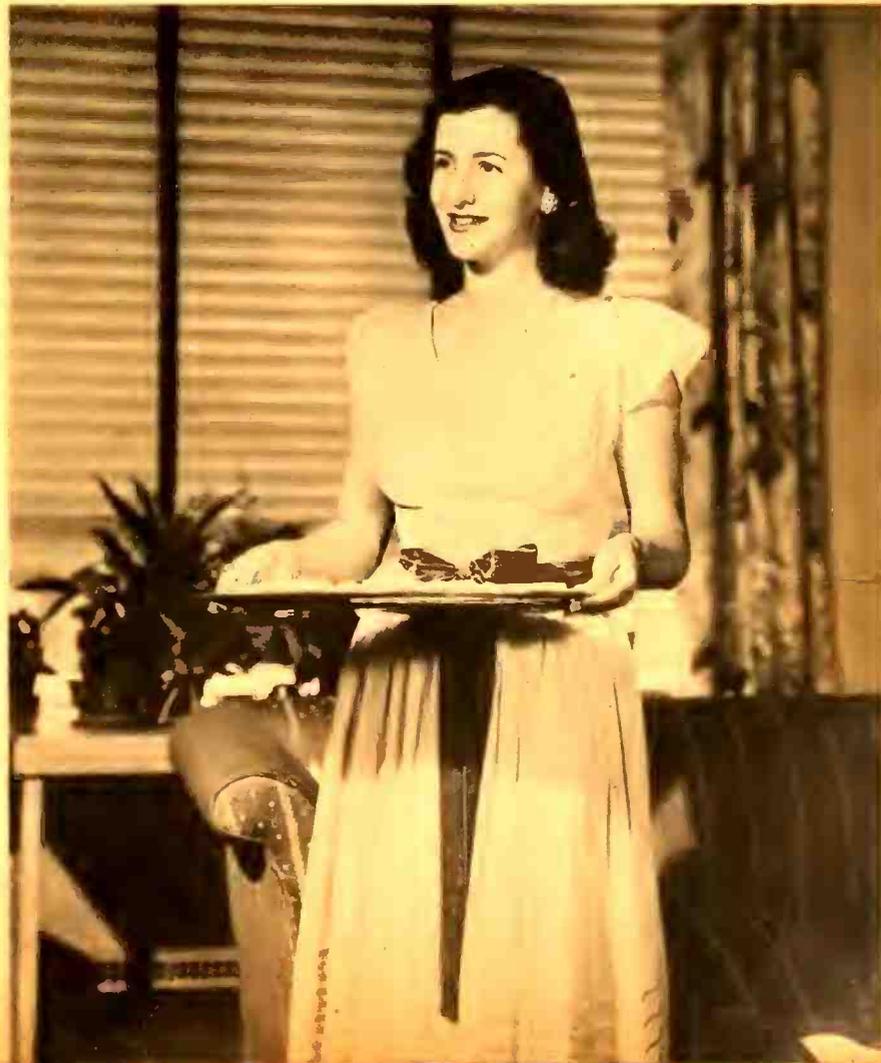
MAY CASE is friend, confidante—and efficient secretary—to Peter Carver. Her sympathetic, alert mind has been puzzling over human vagaries for many years, and she has often been able to give Peter just the bit of advice or comfort that he needed. Convinced that her beloved employer can truly find his happiness with Lora, May has shown that she is ready to be as honest and understanding a friend to Peter's wife as she has so long been to Peter himself. (played by Ethel Wilson)





CLYDE HOUSTON, feature editor of the magazine for which Lora still works on special assignments, was the first person to recognize her talent. Lora values highly the friendship of this man, who was instrumental in furthering her career; and, because of a recent crisis in his own life, Clyde has cause to be grateful to Lora. If it had not been for her help, he might have gone on lonely, unable to marry the woman he loved. He owes Lora much happiness. (played by James Van Dyk)

IRIS HOUSTON, Clyde's lovely wife, will never forget Lora's part in making her marriage possible. There was a time when Lora's unaffected charm irritated Iris, a Washington social leader; but now that they understand each other better they have become very dear friends. In fact, Lora has directly and indirectly influenced the whole personality of Clyde's wife so that Iris's pattern of living has undergone a change—and she is happier and more useful than ever before. (played by Elaine Kent)



Lora Lawton is conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, heard Monday through Friday, at 10:15 A.M. EST, over NBC.

Christmas Song

SOON it will be Christmas again, the beautiful time. I call it beautiful not only because of the surface things, the symbols—the ever-green trees festooned with colored lights, the giving of presents, or even the wonder and delight Christmas brings into the eyes of children—though all these are as precious to me as they are to anyone else. No, I believe Christmas is beautiful because above all else it is a time of remembrance, and all its memories are happy ones, from the great universal memory of the Christ Child's birth to the millions of individual memories which are the personal property of each one of us.

That may not sound like a very important matter. What is a memory, you may say, even a happy memory, but something that is past and gone, never to be recaptured? But memories are more than that, much more; they are guideposts for the present and the future; and they *can* be recaptured. Let me tell you about Jim Kenyon, who recaptured his, and then I think you will know what I mean.

He was an ordinary-looking young man, this Jim Kenyon, not too well dressed, and with a diffident, un-

happy look in his brown eyes. But he had a good, firm jaw, perhaps a little too firm so that it denoted a certain stubbornness, and I liked him on sight when he came to see me on the morning of December 24th, a year ago. He felt a bit foolish about visiting me, you could see. We'd never met, and already he was doubtful about the impulse that had brought him. All the same, there he was, and he was going through with it now that he'd started.

"I need somebody to tell me what to do," he said, "and I don't know anybody in Chicago. I've only been here a few months. So I thought maybe you wouldn't mind if I came to you."

I told him that of course I didn't mind, and he took a deep breath and began to tell me about himself, and about Marcie. His wasn't a unique story. I only wish it were. I wish with all my heart that there could be only one Jim, one Marcie, in this land of ours.

Without ever having seen Marcie, I feel that I know her well, from the way he described her to me. Very young—she was barely nineteen in 1940, when she and Jim were married—and small, and as pert and

**On a Hymns Of All Churches program,
Jim suddenly heard the one thing
that had power enough to
turn the bitterness in his heart to hope**



for Jimmie

gay as the blue ribbon she sometimes tied around her black hair. High-spirited, tantalizing one moment and tender the next, apt to be embarrassed by any show of sentiment because it was "icky"—that was Marcie.

Theirs was a boy-and-girl romance in the small town, fifty miles from Chicago, where they had both been born. Together they'd gone to dances in the high school gymnasium, double-dating with another couple in Jim's cut-down Ford, and on Saturday afternoons in the Fall Marcie would sit in the bleachers cheering her head off for Jim to make the winning touchdown for the home team. Once he actually did, and she was shyly proud of him, though she did her very best to keep him from knowing it.

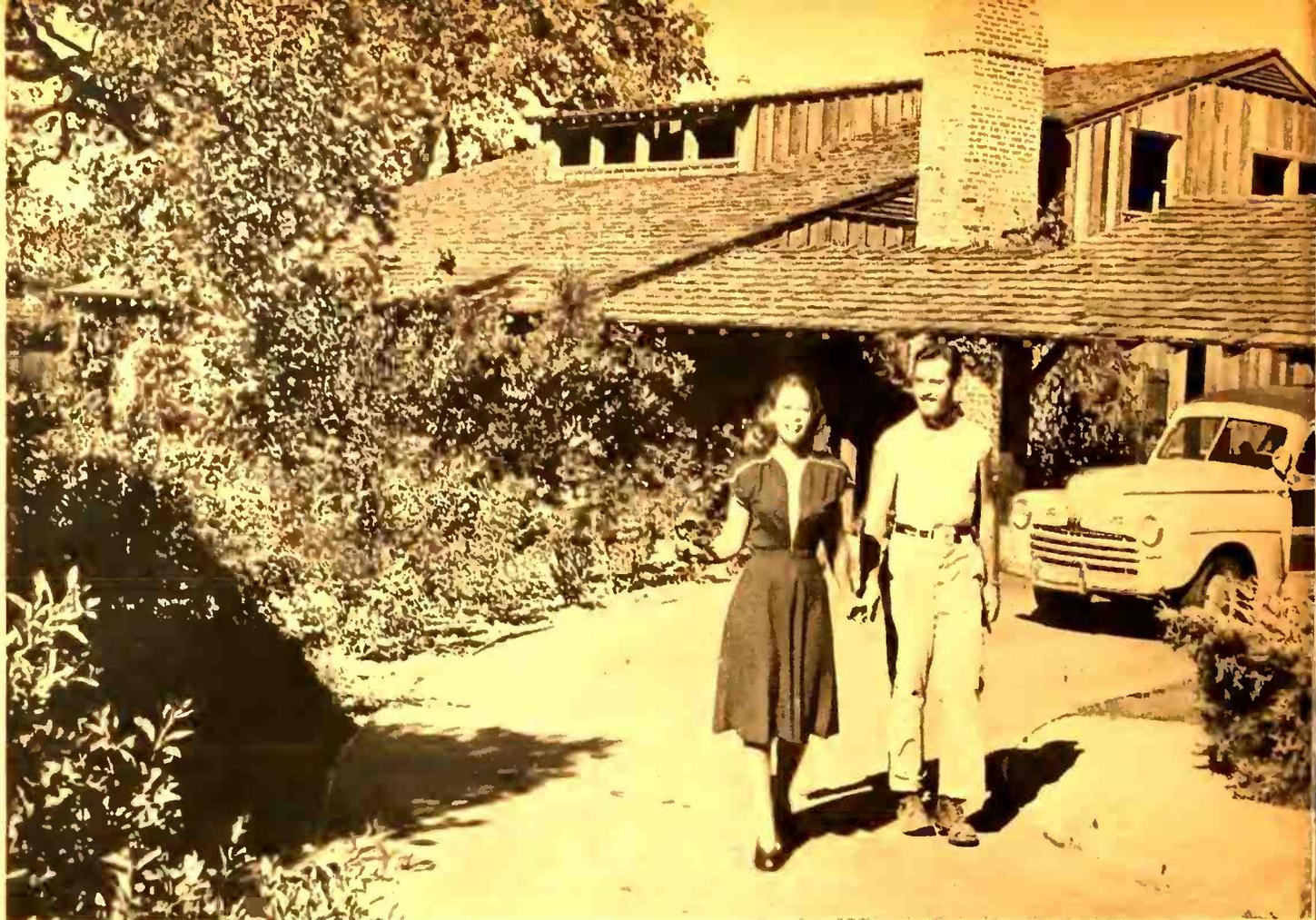
They had their quarrels and misunderstandings, like any pair of healthy adolescents, and there was one terrible weekend when, to punish Jim, Marcie went out twice in succession with a boy named Bert Hazzard. She confessed afterward, when she and Jim had made up again, that she'd been miserable the whole time. In fact, that was the night she (Continued on page 77)



By Dr. Preston Bradley

As told to RADIO MIRROR

The Pastor of the People's Church of Chicago is heard on Hymns Of All Churches, Monday through Friday at 10:25 A.M. EST, on ABC. His Christmas story was written especially for Radio Mirror.



Come and Visit **DINAH SHORE**

Five oak trees, a blueprint, and a dream—that's where the Montgomerys live

THIS is a triangle love story, with no scandalous overtones.

The principals are a boy and his sweetheart and a piece of land.

The boy is George Montgomery, his sweetheart is Mrs. M.—you know her as Dinah Shore—and the piece of land is six and one-half acres of the flat and fertile San Fernando valley, halfway between the purple San Gabriel mountains and the green Hollywood hills, land as young as green alfalfa and as old as the five thousand-year-old wild oak trees which give it its character and its name.

"Five Oaks" the Montgomerys recognized as home the minute they saw it. They are rapidly turning it into the reality of home, and the story is one of the most heartwarming in a long time to come out of a community which breeds more cynicism—particularly about marriage—than romance.

George and Dinah found their land by accident, in June, 1945.

It happened on a Sunday afternoon. They had driven out to the valley for Sunday brunch with friends, and were heading homeward. It was a beautiful, sunny day—too beautiful to go home. They decided to go for a drive.

"I know what we can do, George," Dinah said. "We've always wanted to own a couple of acres in the valley. We'll go by a real estate office and pick up some addresses—it'll be a good excuse for spending the day out of doors." (The Montgomerys are ranchers at heart; they own a 10,000-acre ranch in Montana.)

They stopped at the first real estate office on the highway, explained their purpose.

A couple of acres was all they wanted, they said—not to build on now, of course, with everything so

They couldn't wait to move in—so they lived in one room.
The Early American love seat is proof of Dinah's proud
contention that "George can do anything." He built it.



(Mrs. George Montgomery)

The master bedroom will
be George's tour de force. He's
arranging for two of
everything—except the fireplace.

Dinah Shore is heard on
CBS, Wednesday nights at 9:30 EST.





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Dinah Shore is heard on CBS, Wednesday nights at 9:30 EST.

Come and Visit DINAH SHORE (Mrs. George Montgomery)

difficult. But a place to grow some alfalfa maybe, to keep some horses if they decided to bring some of the horses down from Montana. Just . . . just a piece of this beautiful valley, a piece of the good earth with a view.

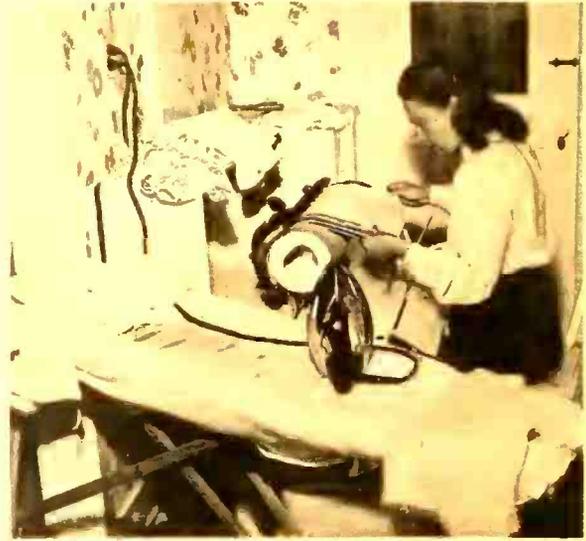
The real estate agent, who was a woman and very pleasant, thought she understood. She hadn't anything that exactly fitted the requirements at the moment, but there was one place she wished they'd look at. It was a little more land—six and one-half acres—and it had a little house on it. Just one room, really, and a bunk room. But it was a beautiful spot. She told them about the five old, old trees.

"We don't need a house," George said, reminding Dinah that they hadn't finished furnishing their new house in Benedict Canyon.

"But it's a pretty day, George," Dinah said, "and we really haven't anything else to do."

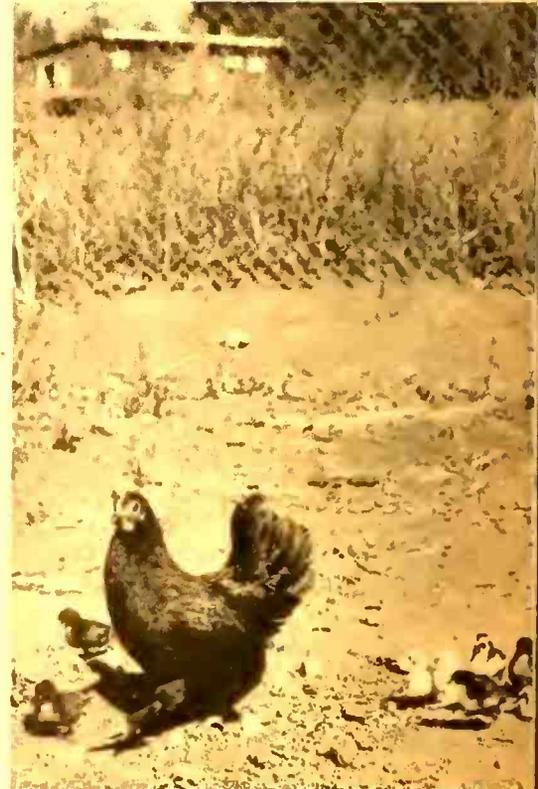
So the three of them drove by the place. And Dinah fell in love, at first sight—as, (if her romance with George Montgomery can be taken as an indication) is her custom. At first sight, and irrevocably.

It was not just the trees, although they are magnificent. It was the green (Continued on page 69)



This is the way they iron their clothes . . .

Things "just grew"—with a little help from George's toolchest.



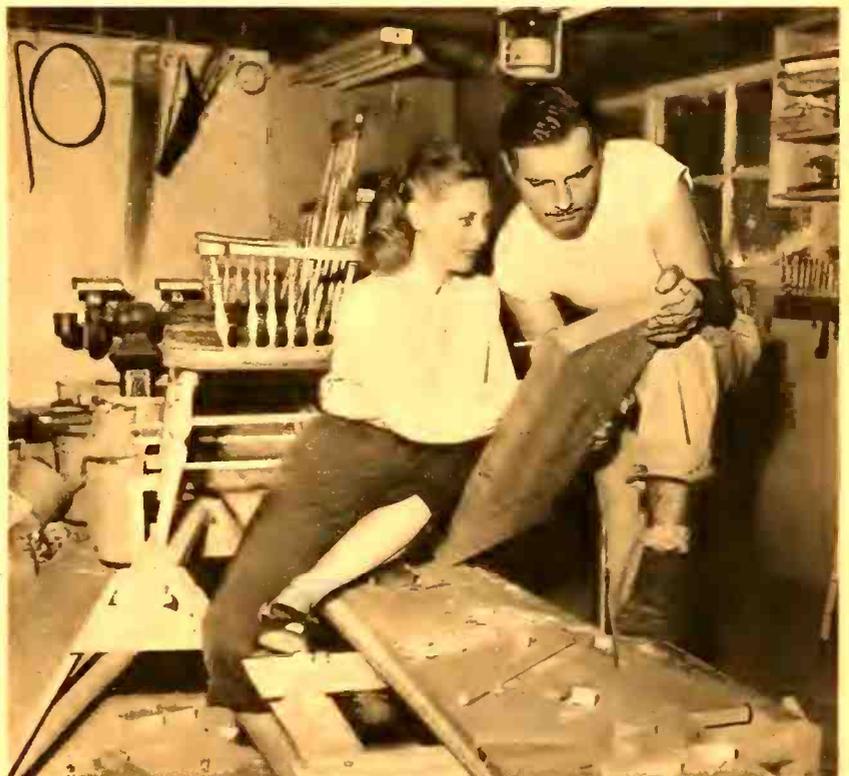
Big and baby Bantams are Dinah's



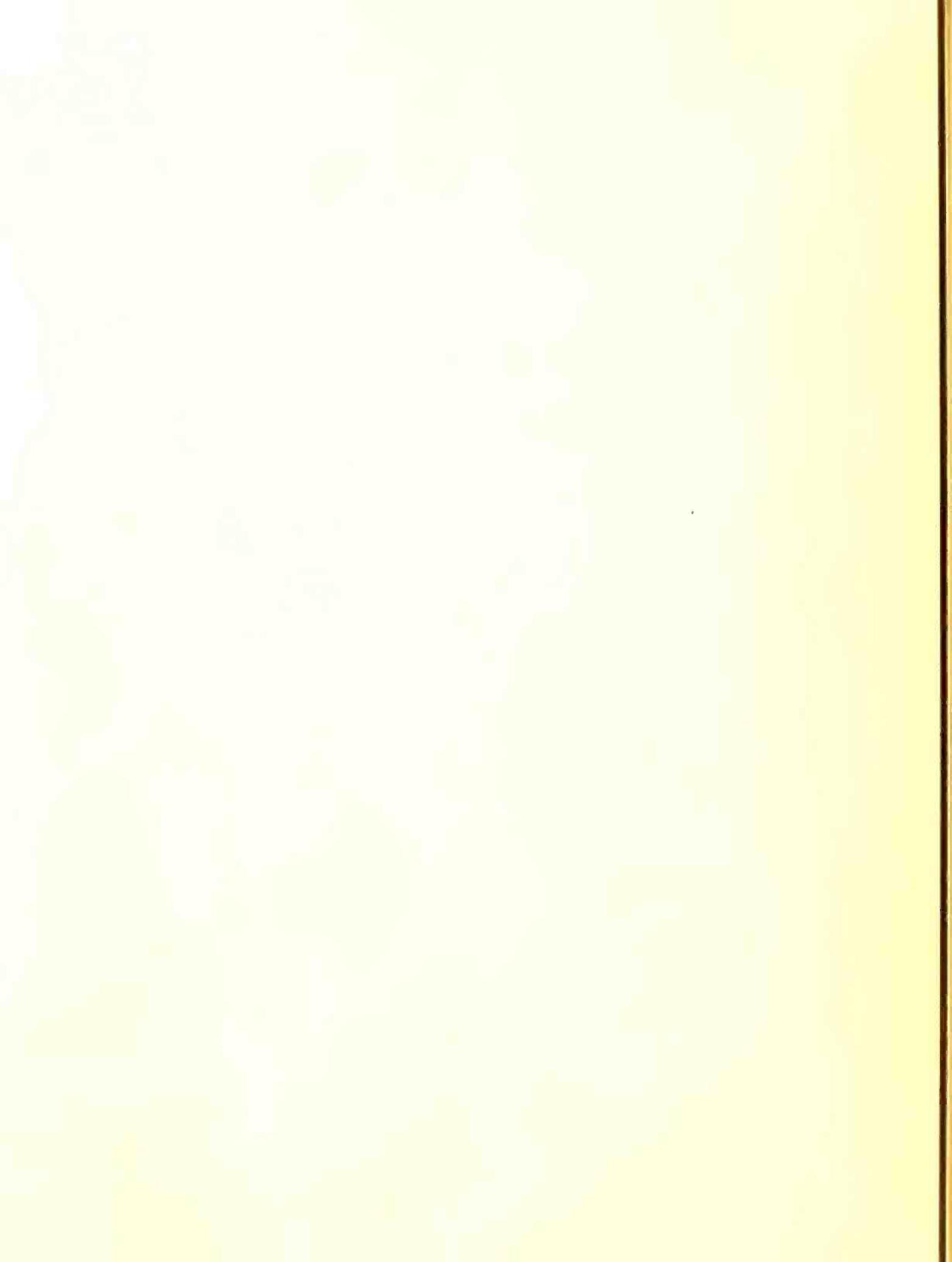
"Gotta have a place to sleep!"—so the seven-by-seven bed came into their all-in-one room.



particular pets. She's up at six to feed them.



"Gotta have a place for tools!"—so the workshop went up fast.



Come and Visit DINAH SHORE (Mrs. George Montgomery)

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Big and baby Bantams are Dinah's particular pets. She's up at six to feed them.



"Gotta have a place for fools!"—so the workshop went up fast.

BETWEEN

Some new poems worth reading—



LINES AFTER A LONG YEAR

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

We are walking out again
As we used to do,
When hours were silver footed
And every star was blue,
We weep our tears in secret,
Our grief has all been said,
And all we ever feared of Death
Is done with and is dead,
And so we walk out once again
Finding, free and slim,
Always the faint, familiar,
Counterpart of him,
Sungold on a tennis court,
Swinging at a ball,
Buying tickets for the game,
A shadow in a hall,
Climbing in a cock-pit
Whistling down a street,
Dancing in a corner,
Always the strange and fleet
Familiar look of eye or hand,
The half-glimpse of a shoulder,
The way we think that he might look
A long, war year older.
Light steps precede us as we go,
Light steps follow after,
We are walking out again,
Listening for his laughter.

—Gladys McKee

THERE WILL BE COMMON THINGS

There will be common things to lift the heart
Long as the earth shall turn, and hearts need lifting:
There will be wild geese calling at the start
Of every Spring, and blue-gold hazes drifting
Through every Autumn; there will be the fragile
Exquisite snowflake caught upon the sleeve,
Birdsong cascading, trees, and sight of agile
Chipmunk at play. And these will interweave
With other common things so joyously,—
Good friends' hellos, and letters, laughter, quiet
And order, work accomplished, and to be
Done soon, and faith, and courage standing by it—
That we may question whether we should call
Them common in their dearness, after all!

—Elaine V. Emans

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

*This be the verse that you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.*

—Robert Louis Stevenson

MACBETH LEARNS OF HIS WIFE'S DEATH

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

—William Shakespeare

THE FACE

As a beauty I'm not a great star,
There are others more handsome by
far,
But my face I don't mind it,
Because I'm behind it—
'Tis the folks in the front that I jar.

—Anthony Euwer

(Woodrow Wilson's favorite limerick)

EVENING AT HOME

When we have lived a lifetime, you and I,
And time no longer harries us with fears
Of Not-enough or All-too-soon; when eyes
No longer fill with visions or with tears
To answer youthful dreaming; when the breath
Of oil finality confirms the gains
We've made—I will reveal what early deaths
You led me post, down what courageous lones
You drew my heart. Because of you I sing
Instead of speaking, dream instead of sleep.
Through every day my thoughts of beauty ring
With overtones of you. Tonight I keep
My silence and consider Love—and smile
To see it odd new meaning all the while.

—Horold Applebaum

the BOOKENDS

some old ones, worth remembering



By **TED MALONE**

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

YOU ASK FOR IT

You can't expect your dear to bring
The moon tied firmly on a string
And hand it to you, silver-lit.
But when you love you ask for it.
It's foolish to believe your sweet
Can fashion paradise complete
And run it for your benefit,
But when you love you ask for it.
Divine unreason! you reflect,
And certainly you don't expect
To have your heart reduced to grit,
But when you love you ask for it!
—Georgie Starbuck Golbraith

HAIR APPARENT

A woman is closed, with meticulous care,
By nothing so much as the shade of her hair.
There's the platinum blonde, and the strawberry too,
The redhead, with titian or copperish hue,
The light brown, the dark brown, and also the
medium,
As well as the black—to list more would cause
tedium.
A man though, re hair, is just jetsam and flotsam,
He comes in two classes: he has or has not some.
—Richard Armour

BEFORE SLEEPING

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lie on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head.
One at head and one at feet,
And two to guard my soul asleep.
—Anonymous

FROM DON JUAN

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the
mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these can not estrange:
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.
—Lord Byron

ANNIVERSARY

Consider, dear, this oneness born of years
And small things shared, like breakfasting at eight
Or reading late:
The little quarrels and the quick-dried tears,
Walks in our hills
At dusk, and meeting bills
By skipping steaks and shows,
And heaven only knows
How many things!
But not the sunsets, dawns and flickers' wings
Tawny against the dark pine.
Oh, more, much more than these were yours and
mine;
The spotted sparrow's song
With winter rain, vacation trips
Along the coast to fish, grey hulks of ships
Returned or leaving with their long,
Gull-flowering, silver-flashing sun.
Dear, we have done
And seen and known so much together—
Enough to keep us strong in any weather.
—Bess Toles

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

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

Ring for her finger

After ten years, the Smiths

feel that their story is just

beginning. That's what

makes it a love story

It was our fifteenth birthday, the day we met. . . .

Five years later, on our twentieth birthday, we were married.

That (on the 16th of last November) was ten years ago. . . .

If we had not had the same birthday (I am fifty-five minutes older than Victoria. An "older man," she calls me) we might never have met. True, we both grew up in Hollywood, but I was going to Hollywood High School and Vickii to Glendale High, which might have been a world away and a world apart. True, I belonged to the Santa Monica Beach Club and Vickii belonged to

the Santa Monica Swimming Club and the clubs adjoin, but you can miss even your destiny in a crowd. True, our families—as we learned later—had mutual friends. In fact, my mother's brother-in-law's brother married into Vickii's family so, taking it all in all, it seems reasonable to suppose that we could not have escaped fate. Just the same, except for "our" birthday, we *might* have, and so have missed a happiness that, speaking for myself, is the meaning of life.

We entered marriage on a very peculiar basis, Vickii and I. Both children of divorced parents, and brought up in Hollywood where, if there are not more divorces than otherwheres, they are more publicized, we never thought our marriage would last. Vickii was convinced it wouldn't and I, although I was less skeptical and tried to dissuade her from the downbeat thought, was afraid it wouldn't. Defensive, both of us, we said to our friends, "We'll probably never last longer than a year." "Don't talk like that," our friends warned us, "or you won't have a chance." Well, most of those friends are now divorced and we are still, and happily, and more happily as each day, week, month, year goes by, married.

Last summer, we took our first honeymoon. Our first real honeymoon, for when we were married, I could get only three days off the air, which we spent in a state of trance at the Pickwick Arms in Greenwich, Connecticut. Since then, when we have had the time to go away, we haven't had the money; when we've had the money, we haven't had the time. But last summer, in the tenth year of our marriage, we honeymooned . . . in South America, in Buenos Aires, in Rio, in Trinidad, in Guatemala, in Mexico. It was as beautiful, as (Continued on page 54)



By JACK SMITH

The Jack Smith Show is heard Monday through Friday, 7:15 P.M. EST, CBS.



The makings of a favorite kind of Smith evening: music, work, Buff and one of the Vicki-made specialties that cured Jack of his bachelor addiction to pie

1. "She loves me . . . or not," sighs Kenny Baker to boarder Don Wilson; Barbara's pretty nose is in the air over the run-down state of Glamour Manor. No other guest has ever made a return visit—they've just got to make sure Mrs. Biddle will enjoy herself and come again. Why doesn't Kenny Do Something?



At GLAMOUR MANOR

WHEN singer-comedian Kenny Baker took over management of ABC's two-year-old Glamour Manor, he found it in the doldrums. Sometimes it seems to pretty Barbara Dille, the hotel's bookkeeper, that nothing will ever get it into shape . . . especially not Kenny. Life is further complicated by the Manor's star boarder Don Wilson, whose advice always leads to trouble of which Kenny is on the receiving end. And by Schlepman, also eager to help—and also talented only in helping Kenny dig his own pitfalls. (Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the hotel has its troubles. Tuesdays and Thursdays the audience participates in interviews m.c.'d by Kenny Baker. Barbara is played by Barbara Eiler; Schlepman by Sam Hearn; Mrs. Biddle by Elviah Allman. Listen in at 12 Noon, EST, ABC.)

And now, the crisis (written especially for Radio Mirror). Wealthy, man-mad Mrs. Biddle is on her fluttery way to Glamour Manor. If she likes it, she may tell her friends. If her friends come, the hotel is made . . . if *they* like it.

It's a big day at Glamour Manor. One more like it, and Kenny Baker's hostelry will be rocked to its very foundations!



2. Don Wilson's suggestions have a way of bouncing back, but this time he seems to have something. What they need, he says, is an intelligent, handsome, courteous bellboy to impress socialite Mrs. Biddle.



3. Schleppeyman has overheard. He offers himself. Kenny and Don are skeptical, but "Haven't I had all my life a ringing in the ears?" Schleppeiman insists. "And I always let ladies go first, especially when paying a check." Kenny finally agrees.



4. This is it! Mrs. Biddle arrives. Like the intelligent, handsome, courteous bellboy he is, Schleppeiman lets her go first, carrying her heavy bag, while he daintily brings up the rear with her jewel-case.

GLAMOUR MANOR

(Continued)



5. Tensely, Mrs. Biddle's reactions are awaited. Then she phones the desk, and all relax. She loves everything, including the bellboy's virile, dashing personality! Barbara forgives Kenny, and they're so busy with each other that there's nobody but Don to tell Schleppe what to do with Mrs. B's jewels. "Put the ice in the safe," Don advises slangily, "and keep it under your hat!"



6. Bewildered but compliant, Schleppe does. And the next morning Kenny finds that disaster is upon them. Safe cracked . . . jewel-case gone! Mrs. Biddle will be furious. She will leave Glamour Manor, sue the hotel—put them all in jail! Bankruptcy, chaos and ruin face the utterly horrified Kenny.



7. Don comforts the hysterical Mrs. Biddle, as Barbara looks on fearfully. It's not only the jewels Mrs. Biddle is bemoaning. Here she had placed such trust in Kenny, and thought Schleppe was so cute . . . and now they've permitted her to be robbed! All her faith in men is gone.



8. In the midst of all this turmoil, Kenny is still standing by the safe. Now, suddenly, he is astonished to find that his feet are getting very wet. In fact, he's right in a puddle of water. But where can it be coming from? Schleppie shrugs. What's so strange about that? He knew all along that the ice Don told him to put in the safe would melt!



9. Ice in the safe! But then—where are the jewels? Schlepp beams. "Under my hat," he confides, "where I kept them all night, just as Don told me to. And believe me, for the bumps I got on my head now, I should get liniment treatments, for free!" And he produces them.



10. All is happiness again. Mrs. Biddle has her jewels and her faith in men restored . . . and her cute, precious Schleppie is the man of the hour. Barbara is all ready to adore Kenny again—he's the smartest man in the world for not putting those jewels in the safe where robbers could get at them! Glamour Manor is back on its feet . . . but watch out! There's always a next time!



Always on her way

EVE ARDEN is unlike her namesake Eve in one respect—she never longs to stay in any one Garden of Eden. She's spent her life racing from one place to another with a cloud of dust forming in her wake . . . and to her endless wanderlust she owes everything she has. This includes her NBC radio show, *Village Store*, in which she and Jack Haley spar; her dozens of movies including *Stage Door*, *Cover Girl*, *My Reputation*, *Dough-girls*, *Pan Americana*, and *Mildred Pierce*; her many New York stage productions—and even her husband, child, and home in Hollywood.

Right now, she's fairly static. You can find her tall, angular figure and her blue-eyed, yellow-haired head planted steadfastly behind an NBC microphone in Hollywood. And on a Hollywood hilltop you can see her early American house, perfect in all its details, complete with two-year-old adopted daughter Liza, nurse Margaret, housekeeper Jeanie,

and gardener Joe. But things were not always so static—and they probably won't stay that way. Not with Eve around to keep things moving.

She always reacts the same way to any setback: a voice within her says, "Get going!" and she goes. It was the same way in romance as in everything else in her life. Some eight years back, while she was temporarily in Hollywood, a fellow actress introduced her to a young insurance man named Ned Bergen. It was quarrel at first sight. They went out steadily for several weeks thereafter and argued just as steadily as they dated. Finally they had a particularly ferocious evening. They both despised each other at the top of their lungs, and Eve flung out of his car at the end of the date, shouted that she never wanted to see him again, and slammed into her house. The next morning she awoke still boiling with rage and thought, "Get going!" It was instinctive. (Continued on page 74)

Covering Cover Girl

Eve Arden—

a coast-to-coast assignment



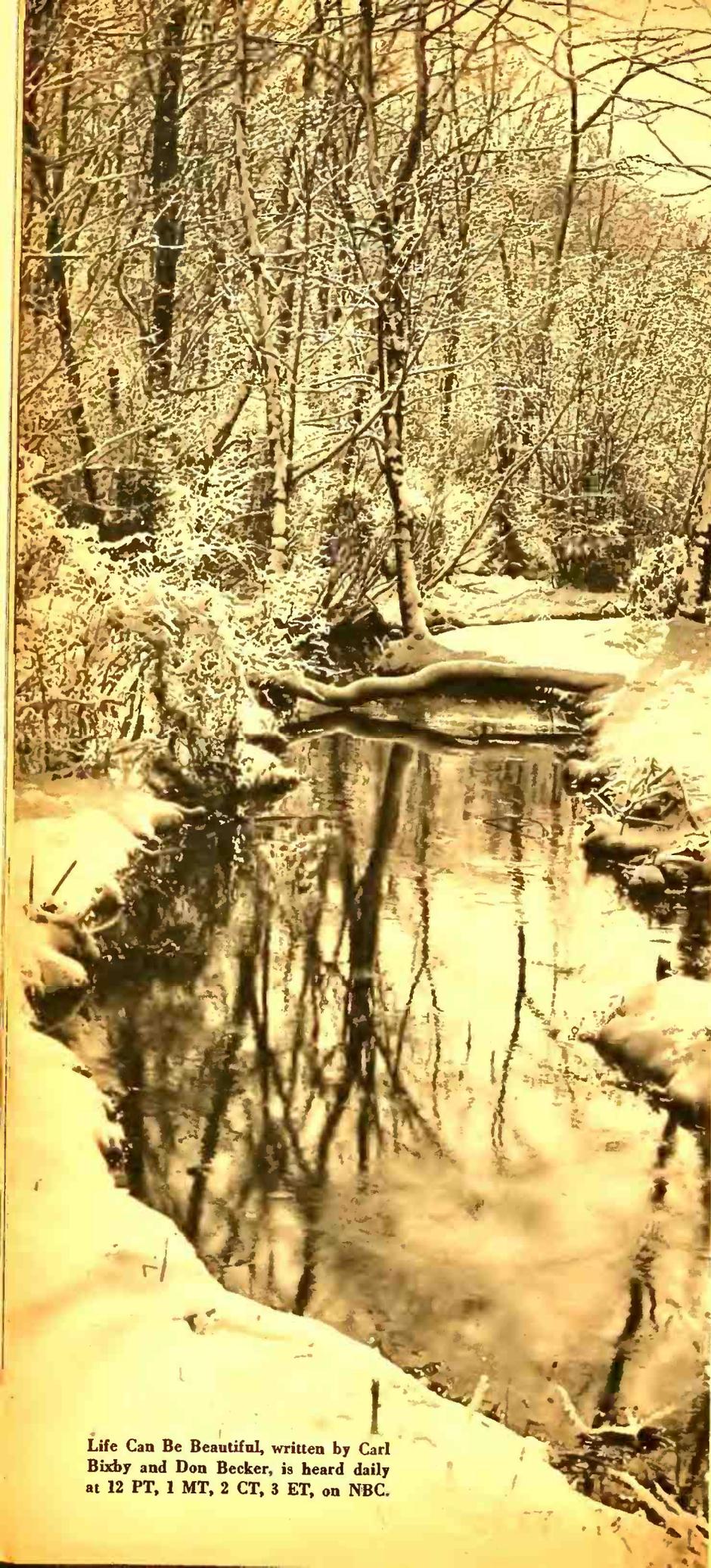
On the air every Thursday night at 9:30 on NBC—Eve Arden with Jack Haley, and guests (here, Victor Mature) invited for a half hour at the Village Store.



"No child of mine will be an actress!"
Eve's father said, ignoring destiny.

Eve's house is full of beautifully-chosen antiques; her talented interiors are used as home-magazine models.





Life

A soldier's letter—

EVERY now and then we get a letter which reveals an experience so intense that its meaning and its message shine forth with perfect clarity. For such a letter no comment is necessary. No interpreter is needed, for the hopes and fears it touches on are so elemental that responsive understanding leaps up at once in the heart of the reader. And such a letter is our first. The writer has received Radio Mirror's check for one hundred dollars.

"I have the future..."

Dear Papa David:

That life can be beautiful is a known fact to me. My first dark spot in life came, as to many others, with the draft. But still I had the future to look forward to.

After finishing Infantry Basic Training I was sent overseas. I saw only a small bit of action and then I was moved into Japan. After spending about a month there, I was pulling guard duty there the night of November 22, 1945—a date I shall never forget for it was then that it happened. The ammo dump which I was guarding blew up, catching myself and 149 others in it. I was badly burned. My face was a mess; also my legs and hands.

I was able to make it to an aid station and there I passed out. When I came to myself some two weeks later I was completely blind and I was told I would never walk again and that they were going to amputate both my hands. There is where I failed to see the beautiful side of life.

I refused the operation on my hands and was soon returned to the States; here I recovered my sight in a short while. Then I was told that my hands were improving very nicely.

In a short while I was up in a wheel chair, feeling much better. And now,

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard daily at 12 PT, 1 MT, 2 CT, 3 ET, on NBC.

CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

to be read not with the eyes alone, but with the heart

thanks to the science of plastic surgery, I am walking and writing this letter with the two hands that were supposed to be amputated. They have worked wonders with my face. I have now had my ear restored and my hair is growing in fine.

Of course it has been rough but now I will be a civilian in a few short months. So you can easily see why I think life can be and is very beautiful.

J. T. W.

Radio Mirror's fifteen-dollar checks have gone to the writers of the following letters.

Open House

Dear Papa David,
My husband and I were very lonely

**Radio Mirror Offers
One Hundred Dollars
each month for your**

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

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

after losing our only son a year ago. Sometimes it seemed we could never go on without him. I am afraid we became obsessed with self pity, until one day I realized that the solution of our loneliness was right before our very eyes, if we were unselfish enough to take advantage of it.

You see, Papa David, there were several children in our neighborhood whose mothers worked, and these children were lonely too. So why not turn our home into a meeting place for them? No sooner said than done, I had everything arranged, and two days later I was baking cookies, happy in the thought of having youngsters in the house again.

Not all of them came that first evening, and those who did were rather shy and afraid to really be themselves. I suggested games, played the piano, asked them to sing and before long they were having a grand time. For the first time in months, I heard my husband's hearty laugh ring out.

Now, we have open house for the children three times a week and all of us eagerly await those few hours of enjoyment.

Needless to say, my husband and I still have an empty ache in our hearts for that boy who can never return, but we have found that life can be beautiful, if we will remember to think more of others, and less of ourselves.

Mrs. E. H. B.

Worth all it cost

Dear Papa David:

I was born on a farm thirty-one years ago and the man I married was a farmer. But I didn't like the farm. My husband, though, was a naturally born farmer and loved everything (Continued on page 71)





The Flies



Four people can ride in "Grand Slam"—that's handy, because four is just the size of the Family Weist.



Wife Elizabeth, young Gretchen and Richard—they're all used to moving around at high speed.

THROUGH THE AIR

Dwight Weist—commuter with wings

WHEN Dwight Weist comes home from work every late afternoon, eight-year-old Gretchen and six-year-old Richard stop their play at the faint sound of an airplane engine in the distance. Then they scream. "Daddy's plane!" And then, with their collie "Lassie," they rush pellmell down the garden lawn to the shore of Lake Tomahawk, in Orange County, New York State. There they jump up and down, waving, shouting (and barking) while the amphibious plane roars down to the lake for a landing.

And a second later, he has taxied his oddly shaped silver-colored plane up to the stone dock built by the children and himself. He is home for dinner!



No timetables to memorize, no racing for trains . . .

Lassie's the proudest dog in the county. Not every master wings home in a Seabee with a plexiglas nose!



Dwight Weist is heard as Stan Burton in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, daily, 2 P.M. EST., CBS.



Dwight's day is so full he doesn't always know what show comes next.

Months ago, the neighbors gave up staring at Dwight Weist's "Grand Slam"—though they haven't yet given up talking about it. It's a Seabee, made by Republic Aircraft; and it looks like no other plane yet made. Its cabin, which holds four people, has a plexiglas nose like a bomber; and its engine rests on top of the cabin, with the propeller fastened behind the cabin—so that the plane is pushed instead of pulled. "Horse power? 215," says Dwight briskly when discussing his new airbaby. "Cruising speed—105 miles an hour."

BUT the fact that Dwight flies back and forth to his radio work in New York City isn't the least bit astonishing once you're hep to his philosophy. "It takes me thirty minutes by air—it'd be one hundred and forty minutes driving time. Much faster," says he. Fast is the word for his career too: he's on the CBS Grand Slam show; he announces Inner Sanctum, Big Town and NBC's Aldrich Family. He plays the male lead, Stan Burton, in *The Second Mrs. Burton*—and on the side he is a commentator for Pathe Newsreel. All of which is quite an armful in the course of a week—and all of which he does calmly and at top speed. From rushing by foot to various shows to rushing by air to work is a short step, he thinks.

Furthermore, the airplane in his life gives rise to new adventures. And new friends—and new enemies! Take what happened a few weeks back:

He and his pretty wife Elizabeth were flying leisurely back home to Lake Tomahawk from New

Daytimes, "Grand Slam" waits cozily at its Wall Street mooring.



York City. While they flew, he discussed his radio career that day, and she discussed the shopping spree she had just indulged in. Then, suddenly, the bright afternoon sky became dark, a deep haze obscured everything including the horizon—and below them, in the murky gloom, a few lights began twinkling. They were only five minutes from home, but Dwight instantly thought of his motto: "I don't want to be the trickiest pilot in the world, I just want to be the oldest one."

He told his wife, "Dear, I think we'd better make our first emergency landing."

"Yes, but where?" said Elizabeth, looking down into black oblivion.

"I'm heading for the Hudson River," said Dwight. Then he caught sight of a necklace of lights far below.



Nighttimes, Dwight lands on Lake Tomahawk, taxis up on the beach, moors his plane practically at his front door.

He decided they represented Route 17, and if he followed them he'd be led home to Tomahawk Lake. But at this moment his wife nudged his arm.

"I think I see a lake over there on the left," said she.

"Okay," said her husband—and promptly headed the plane toward a tiny circle of lights in the middle of which he saw the glint of dark water. By the time they made a power landing on the unknown lake, he could see no water at all. But the plane settled safely on the lake's surface, and he taxied it over to a boat dock he could dimly make out on shore. He opened the door—and an angry man began shouting at him from the dock.

"HEY—don't you know this is Tuxedo Park Lake? Private property, a reservoir, and no plane is ever allowed to land here!" the man yelled. He meant it, too. He was the lake's guard, posted there by the wealthy estate owners who surround the lake, and he was flabbergasted at the idea of any stray plane landing on the sacred waters.

There ensued a loud argument between him and Dwight, who refused to move his plane that night. The fight was interrupted by another stranger—an RAF pilot who happened to be visiting a nearby mansion. He had been (Continued on page 75)



Dwight's motto is "I don't want to be the trickiest pilot—just the oldest." Richard will learn safety first.

HAPPY RE-NEW YEAR



Chocolate always was good, always will be. What better way to start things off?

OF ALL the cooking articles I write for RADIO MIRROR I think I like the January one best. Winds may howl, sleet and snow glaze my windows and the thermometer drop way below freezing, but to me there is still something exciting, something stimulating and heartwarming about the beginning of a new year. Sometimes, though, I wonder if we shouldn't change our customary greeting to "Happy Re-New Year." It is true that the word "new" holds a magic of its own, as though we have been given a fresh start in life, a chance for new happiness and success, and this is as it should be. But there is also something rather limiting about it, implying that in our eagerness for the new we wish to cut ourselves off from the old, which of course we do not want to do at all. We have all had moments when an old book or an old song satisfied some desire within us far better than a new one—I know this is especially true of music because so many of the requests I receive for numbers to be sung over the air are for old favorites. We all want to make new friends, but even more, I believe, we want to renew and keep fresh our old friendships, and no matter how much we dream of a richer, more satisfying life for ourselves and our loved ones, we know we cannot create it except by using the knowledge and experience we have gained in the past.

All this seems to be a far cry from cooking,

Don't stop at saying "Happy New Year." Produce one of these cakes, and your friends will know you really want them to be happy!

By KATE SMITH



RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

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

but maybe it isn't, after all. I can't, for example, think of a better way of making new friends and keeping old ones than to ask them to share the cakes pictured on these pages. Bake more than one—they go fast!

New Year's Party Cake

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt
- $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups granulated, or firmly packed brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- *Milk (See * below for amount)
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1 tsp. vanilla

*With butter, margarine or lard, use $\frac{1}{8}$ cup milk. With vegetable or other shortening, use 1 cup milk.

(Continued on page 68)

Sunday



NEW STAR ON THE HORIZON

It's hard to put your finger on exactly what it is that Peter Lind Hayes does to tickle your fancy and raise the chuckles. (He co-stars with Dinah Shore Wednesday nights at 9:30 EST, CBS.) His range is enormous and his appeal pretty universal. His satirical sketches, his seemingly off-the-shoulder character creations can hardly be called imitations. Maybe the best way to describe Hayes' effect on the sense of humor is to say that he does orally what Jimmy Savo accomplishes with his pantomime.

Peter was born in San Francisco 30 years ago. His mother is the famous actress-comedienne, Grace Hayes, who certainly knows her way around on the "boards," as they say in the profession. Part of Peter's childhood was spent in South Illinois and a lot of his early schooling was got in New Rochelle, N. Y. Theater people are great travelers.

Peter liked to travel—but—he also did not go for school in a big way. So, in 1932, he decided to give up trying to get an education and devote himself to the theater. He embarked on a vaudeville tour.

Proximity and talent combined to get him into the movies and he appeared in several big productions like "Million Dollar Legs," with Betty Grable, "These Glamour Girls" with Lana Turner, in "Seven Days' Leave" and in "Playmates."

In 1940 Peter married Mary Healy, who is now starring in Orson Welles' Broadway hit, "Around the World." The following year Peter and Mary appeared together in a coast production of "Rio Rita," which starred Joe E. Brown. In 1942 Peter enlisted in the Army. He rose to the rating of sergeant and he is the recipient of the Bronze Star for heroic and meritorious service. He led a troupe of 11 men who put on 620 shows for over one million GI's throughout the South Pacific Theater of War.

While Peter was in the Army, he also did a steady bit of writing, turning out the Hello Mom and Soldiers With Wings scripts, both top Army recruiting radio programs. And less than a month after he doffed the brown gown, he was headlining at the Strand Theater on Broadway.

Then came Peter's debut at the Copacabana in New York. There wasn't one New York critic who didn't scramble around trying to find new ways to acclaim his brilliance. It was this overwhelming and spontaneous proclamation of greatness that led to his getting the co-starring spot on the new Dinah Shore show. Just to round out the picture of success, he's also been signed to a seven-year contract by International Pictures and, right now, is busily at work on his picture, entitled "Pea-body's Mermaid."

Monday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
		8:30 CBS: Corolina Calling
		8:30 ABC: Earl Wild, pianist
8:00		9:00 MBS: Young People's Church
		9:00 ABC: White Rabbit Line
8:15		9:15 CBS: Ramro Valley Folks
8:15		9:15 NBC: Story to Order
6:15		9:30 NBC: Words and Music
6:30		9:30 MBS: Tone Tapestries
		9:45 CBS: Choir Practice
7:00		10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
7:00		10:00 ABC: Message of Israel
7:00		10:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible
		10:00 MBS: Radio Bible Class
7:30		10:30 CBS: Church of the Air
7:30		10:30 ABC: Southernaires
7:30		10:30 NBC: Circle Arrow Show
8:30		10:30 MBS: Voice of Prophecy
		11:00 MBS: Bible Institute
8:05		11:05 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
8:30		11:30 ABC: Hour of Faith
8:30		11:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
		11:30 MBS: Reviewing Stand
10:45		11:45 NBC: Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00 MBS: Pilgrim Hour
9:00		12:00 CBS: Invitation to Learning
9:30		12:30 NBC: Eternal Light
		12:30 MBS: Lutheran Hour
		12:30 ABC: String Orchestra
		1:00 MBS: The Worden's Crime Cases
10:00		1:00 ABC: Johnny Thompson
10:00		1:00 CBS: People's Platform
		1:00 NBC: America United
10:15		1:15 ABC: Leo Durocher
		1:15 MBS: American Radio Warblers
10:15		1:30 CBS: Time for Reason
10:30		1:30 ABC: Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30		1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
		1:30 MBS: Singing Sweethearts
		1:45 MBS: Opportunity U.S.A.
11:00		2:00 NBC: Frank Black Robert Merrill
11:00		2:00 MBS: March of Life
11:00		2:00 ABC: Warriors of Peace
		2:30 NBC: Harvest of Stars, James Melton
11:30		2:30 ABC: National Vespers
		2:30 CBS: Stradivari Orch.
		2:45 MBS: What the Veteron Wants to Know
12:00		3:00 ABC: Danger, Dr. Donfield
12:00		3:00 MBS: Open House
12:00		3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic
		3:00 NBC: Symphony
12:00		3:00 NBC: Carmen Covillaro
12:30		3:30 ABC: A Present From Hollywood
12:30		3:30 NBC: Vera Holly, songs
12:45		3:45 ABC: Samuel Pettingill
1:00		4:00 NBC: The Quiz Kids
1:00		4:00 ABC: What's Your Children?
		4:00 MBS: House of Mystery
		4:30 NBC: Lucky Stars
1:30		4:30 CBS: Hour of Charm
		4:30 ABC: Green Hornet
		4:30 MBS: True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony
2:00		5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
2:00		5:00 ABC: Darts for Dough
		5:00 MBS: The Shadow
2:30		5:30 MBS: Quick as a Flash
2:30		5:30 ABC: David Harding, Counterspy
		5:45 CBS: Hoagy Carmichael
3:00		6:00 CBS: Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet
		6:00 ABC: Phil Davis
3:00		6:00 MBS: Those Websters
		6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
		6:30 MBS: Nick Carter
		6:30 ABC: Mr. Piper
		6:30 NBC: Bob Burns
		6:30 CBS: Kate Smith Sings
7:00		7:00 ABC: Drew Pearson
7:00		7:00 MBS: Let's Go to the Opera
7:00		7:00 NBC: Jock Benny
7:00		7:00 CBS: Gene Autry
		7:30 MBS: Sammy Koye
8:30		7:30 ABC: Stump the Authors
8:30		7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
8:30		7:30 CBS: Edgar Bergen, Chorlie
8:30		7:30 NBC: McCortchy
		8:00 MBS: Mediation Board
		8:00 ABC: Paul Whiteman
		8:00 CBS: Adventures of Sam Spode
		8:30 MBS: Crime Doctor
8:00		8:30 CBS: Fred Allen
5:00		8:30 NBC: The Clock
		8:30 ABC: Ned Calmer
		8:55 CBS: Hildegarde
6:00		9:00 CBS: Exploring the Unknown
6:00		9:00 ABC: Walter Pidgeon
6:00		9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
6:15		9:15 ABC: Louella Parsons' Show
6:30		9:30 CBS: Eddie Bracken
		9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing
8:30		9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar
		9:30 MBS: Jimmie Fidler
6:30		9:45 ABC: Policewomen, drama
6:45		10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00		10:00 ABC: Theatre Guild
7:00		10:00 NBC: Don Ameche Variety Show
7:30		10:30 CBS: We the People
		10:30 MBS: Latin American Serenade
		11:00 ABC: Bill Castello
10:30		11:30 NBC: Pacific Story

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00		9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
		9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
8:15		9:15 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
8:15		9:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30		9:00 NBC: My True Story
		10:00 CBS: Lee Sullivan's Variety
		10:00 NBC: Once Over Lightly
		10:00 MBS: Loro Lawton
		10:15 NBC: Faith In Our Time
1:30		10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
10:55		9:25 10:25 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Soy It With Music
11:30		10:45 ABC: Club Time
12:45		10:45 CBS: Time to Remember
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 MBS: Jackie Hill
9:30		11:00 ABC: Tom Brenemon's Breakfast
8:00		10:00 NBC: Fred Woring Show
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Tell Your Neighbor
		11:30 CBS: Gilbert Martyn
10:00		11:30 ABC: Bill Harrington Sings
		11:30 NBC: Jack Berch
8:45		11:45 CBS: Rosemary
10:15		10:45 ABC: Tony Malone
		11:45 MBS: Victor M. Lindlahr
8:45		11:45 NBC: David Horum
9:00		12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00		12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15		12:15 MBS: Aunt Jenny
		12:15 NBC: Morton Downey
9:30		12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		12:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Holiday On Wings
9:45		12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		12:45 NBC: Naval Academy Band
		1:00 MBS: Editor's Diary
10:00		1:00 CBS: Big Sister
10:15		1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:30		1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Enoch Light's Orchestra
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45		1:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00		2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:00		2:45 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15		2:45 NBC: Today's Children
11:15		2:45 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:45 MBS: Smile Time
11:30		2:30 NBC: Bride and Groom
2:30		2:30 ABC: Queen for a Day
11:45		2:45 CBS: Sing Along Club
11:45		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
3:00		3:00 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
		3:00 CBS: Cincinnati, Inc.
12:00		3:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00 MBS: Heart's Desire
12:15		3:15 NBC: Mo Perkins
		3:15 MBS: Judy Lang, songs
1:00		3:30 CBS: Meet Me In Manhattan
12:30		3:30 NBC: Winner Take All
		3:30 MBS: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 ABC: Bobby Norris
		3:45 CBS: Jean Colbert
12:45		3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 MBS: Jockie Hill
		4:00 ABC: Tommy Riggs Show
1:00		4:00 CBS: House Party
		4:00 NBC: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00		4:00 CBS: Bockstage Wife
1:15		4:15 NBC: Stello Dallas
		4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
		4:30 ABC: Cliff Edwards
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:30 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
1:30		4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45 MBS: Buck Rogers
12:15		4:45 ABC: Dick Tracy
1:45		4:45 NBC: Younger Brother Brown
2:00		5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
5:00		5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00		5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Hop Harrigan
2:15		5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15		5:15 ABC: Sky King
2:15		5:15 MBS: Superman
		5:30 CBS: Captain Midnight
5:30		5:30 ABC: Jock Armstrong
		5:30 NBC: Oklahoma Roundup
2:30		5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
5:30		5:45 NBC: Front Page Forrell
4:45		5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:15		6:15 NBC: Sketches in Melodies
5:15		6:15 CBS: In My Opinion
5:30		6:30 NBC: Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
		6:30 MBS: Mystery of the Week
8:00		6:00 CBS: Chesterfield Club
		7:15 MBS: Jack Smith
7:30		7:30 CBS: Bob Hawk Show
7:00		7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
8:30		7:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:00		7:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
8:00		7:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
		8:00 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
		8:00 NBC: Fot Man Detective Series
8:30		8:30 CBS: Joan Davis
5:30		8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
7:30		8:00 CBS: Case Book of Gregory Hood
		9:00 ABC: Dark Venture
9:00		9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
		9:00 CBS: Lux Radio Theatre
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30		9:30 NBC: Victor Borge
		9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30		9:30 ABC: Johnny Olsen's Rumpus
		Room
7:00		10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00		10:00 NBC: Contented Program
		10:00 MBS: California Melodies
		10:00 ABC: Doctors Talk It Over
9:00		10:15 CBS: Joe Mooney Quartet
		10:30 NBC: Tonight on Broadway
9:30		10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.



COMMERCIAL CONSULTANT

Leave us face it, commercials—and now singing ones—are a big and integral part of radio in these parts. It occurred to us that someone does those commercials, so we did a bit of scouting around and came up with Jean Tighe, the lovely blue-eyed, black-haired, 23-year-old young lady above, who's been dubbed NBC's "Commercials Consultant" by her co-workers.

While Jeanie—as her friends and radio fellow workers call her—spreads her activities pretty widely through the networks—you hear her before and after NBC's Portia Faces Life (Mondays through Fridays at 5:15 P.M. EST) and ditto on The Second Mrs. Burton (CBS, daily, 2 P.M., EST) and the Songs by Vera Massey program on WOR, Saturdays at 5:45 P.M., EST—she's most frequently on call for NBC for odd assignments.

Asked if it could possibly be that doing commercials was her ambition, Jean shook her head. She was much more anxious, she said, to get a break than to go on "making the breaks in the shows." Considering her looks and her background, we wonder why she hasn't got that break so far.

Jean was born in New York—Brooklyn—23 years ago. By the time she was twelve, Jean was touring the country in vaudeville, her specialties then being playing the guitar and the piano. Still later, but not too much later, she moved into night club work and added dancing to her variety of abilities.

During the war—and this hasn't stopped yet—Jean spent every possible moment singing in the veterans' hospitals in the New York area. She has a deep concern for the maimed and wounded GI's and she even invented and copyrighted a game called "Bug-house," which is used in all the convalescent hospitals as a therapeutic measure. Incidentally, Jean is one of the very few performers who is allowed to enter the psychopathic wards of our veterans' hospitals. It has to do with the soothing quality of her singing.

Whenever she got a chance, Jean also studied flying out at the Flushing Airport. She's now a member of the Civil Air Patrol, which took the studying and passing of examinations, not only in flying, but in camouflage, Military Etiquette and First Aid.

Looking the way she does, it isn't surprising that Television producers began to notice her. Unfortunately—or so Jean thinks—the fact that she's a sort of "commercials" specialist acted like a cinder in their eyes, because what they came up with for her to do on the Dumont Video Station was to make the time announcements.

However, the kind of background and training she has had is bound to bring results of a more desirable kind. She tried Hollywood some years ago, with no luck. It's entirely possible that the next time she tries, things will go much better for this very pretty girl with the beautiful voice.

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6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45	9:30	NBC: Daytime Classics
9:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Alan Scott
		10:00 NBC: Lee Sullivan's Varieties
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Dur Time
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
10:55	9:25	10:25 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30	10:30	NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Say It With Music
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00 NBC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 CBS: Grand Slam
		11:30 MBS: Bill Harrington
		11:30 NBC: Jack Berch
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
		10:45 ABC: Galen Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	ABC: Glamour Manor
8:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
		12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Dur Gal Sunday
		1:00 MBS: Editor's Diary
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Tex Fitcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
1:45	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
2:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Swing Along Club
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
		3:00 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
		3:00 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00 MBS: Heart's Desire
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Bobby Norris
		3:30 CBS: Winner Take All
		3:30 ABC: Try and Find Me
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 MBS: Jackie Hill
		3:45 ABC: Jean Colbert
		4:00 ABC: Tommy Riggs Show
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:30 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
		4:30 ABC: Cliff Edwards
		4:45 ABC: Dick Tracy
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
		4:45 MBS: Buck Rogers
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Hop Harrigan
2:00	5:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Sky King
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
4:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethancourt, marimba
3:30	6:15	6:15 CBS: Frontiers of Science
		6:30 CBS: Red Barber
3:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00 CBS: Mystery of the Week
		7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 MBS: Blue Barron's Orchestra
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
		6:30 NBC: Songs by Warde Donovan
		8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Rudy Vallee
		8:00 CBS: Michael Shayne
		8:15 MBS: Inside Sports
		8:30 ABC: The O'Neils
7:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Mel Blanc Show
		8:30 MBS: Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Amos 'n' Andy
6:00	9:00	9:00 CBS: Vox Pop
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Boston Symphony
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee & Molly
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10:30	9:00	10:00 NBC: Lee Sullivan's Varieties
		10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Dur Time
10:55	9:25	10:25 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
7:30	10:30	NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Say It With Music
10:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Time to Remember
11:30	9:40	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 MBS: Jackie Hill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
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10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
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		11:30 MBS: Bill Harrington
		11:30 NBC: Jack Berch
8:45	10:45	11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
		10:45 CBS: Rosemary
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
		10:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	12:00	ABC: Glamour Manor
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11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
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11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Sing Along Club
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
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		3:00 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
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12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Try and Find Me
1:00	3:30	3:30 MBS: Bobby Norris
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12:45	3:30	4:30 ABC: Dick Tracy
		4:45 MBS: Buck Rogers
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		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
		5:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
		5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
		5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:00 ABC: Kiwanis News Corner
		6:00 NBC: Report From Washington
		6:30 CBS: Red Barber sports
		6:40 NBC: Clem McCarthy
		7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
		7:30 ABC: Court of Missing Heirs
		8:00 CBS: Baby Snooks
		8:00 NBC: Highways in Melody
		8:00 MBS: Burl Ives
		8:15 MBS: Monica's Music Box
		8:30 NBC: Alan Young Show
		8:30 CBS: Adventures of Thin Man
		8:30 MBS: Love Story Theater
		8:30 ABC: This Is Your F.B.I.
		9:00 ABC: Break the Bank
		9:00 NBC: People Are Funny
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
		9:30 ABC: The Sheriff
		9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
		9:30 NBC: Waltz Time
		9:30 CBS: Durante and Moore
		10:00 ABC: Boxing at the
		10:00 MBS: Spotlight on America
		10:00 NBC: Mollie Mystery Theater
		10:00 CBS: It Pays to Be Ignorant
		10:30 MBS: Meet the Press
		10:30 CBS: Maise



LADY COP COPS THE AIR

Mary Sullivan, whose experiences as a policewoman on the Homicide Squad furnish the material which is dramatized on Policewoman (ABC, Sundays, 8:45 PM, EST) is a motherly, 64-year-old woman. Retired from active service after 35 years with the N. Y. Police Department, during which time she won three honor medals for distinguished detective service and rose to the position of Director of the New York Police Woman's Bureau of 195 cops, Mrs. Sullivan adds her personal comments on each case.

Mrs. Sullivan did not start out in life with wide-eyed dreams of adventure. She was born in the police tradition, three brothers, one uncle and two cousins being members of New York's finest, but that had little to do with her eventual career. In a perfectly usual and normal fashion, Mary Sullivan grew up, fell in love and got married. Then, shortly after her daughter was born, Mary Sullivan was widowed.

Clever, intelligent and energetic, Mary Sullivan got herself a job as a matron in a police station.

It was an event in the bitter winter of 1911 that made Mary Sullivan change jobs again. One cold day, a blonde sat in the Hell's Kitchen police station, wrapped in furs and silence. Days of grilling had failed to shake her stony calm or get a word out of her concerning a dope smuggler's murder. Finally, the inspector, exasperated beyond all patience, strode out to the matron's desk, where Mary Sullivan was filling out some reports.

"I wish you'd talk to that dame and see if you can't get something out of her," the inspector said. That was how Mary Sullivan's career was born, in a day and age when there were as yet no such things as policewomen.

Anyone who is inclined to think that the stories dramatized on the Policewoman show sound far-fetched, has only to hear Mary Sullivan reminisce about some of her experiences first hand. Once she lived for weeks with a gangster's opium-smoking moll to collect information on the murder of Herman Rosenthal, who was shot down in front of a New York hotel. Then, on another case, Mary Sullivan moved into the apartment of a killer's wife to learn her peculiarities of speech, which peculiarities she finally mimicked so well on the telephone that she learned the killer's hideout and thus brought about his arrest.

Her jobs may have been tough and unladylike, but they have left little stamp on her personality. She is the grandmother of two boys who fought in World War II and a good grandmother, with all the qualities of softness, kindness and affection that such a role calls for. In addition, at 64, she has something not many other grandmothers can boast of having—the energy, imagination and zest for living that enables her to start out on a brand new career—in radio.

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		12:30 MBS: Division Diary
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		12:45 MBS: U. S. Navy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Big Sister
		1:00 MBS: The Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
2:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
		2:45 CBS: Sing Along Club
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
3:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
		3:00 MBS: Heart's Desire
		3:00 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
		3:00 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Try and Find Me
1:00	3:30	3:30 MBS: Bobby Norris
		3:30 CBS: Winner Takes All
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 MBS: Jackie Hill
		3:45 ABC: Jean Colbert
1:00	3:00	4:00 ABC: Tommy Riggs
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: House Party
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson
		4:00 CBS: Backstage Wife
		4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
		4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15 ABC: Cliff Edwards
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
		4:45 ABC: Dick Tracy
		4:45 MBS: Buck Rogers
		4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Hop Harrigan
2:00	5:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Sky King
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: American School of the Air
4:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: When a Girl Marries
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Hop Harrigan
		5:45 MBS: Portia Faces Life
		5:45 ABC: Sky King
		5:15 MBS: Superman
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
		5:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
		5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
		5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:00 ABC: Kiwanis News Corner
		6:00 NBC: Report From Washington
		6:30 CBS: Red Barber sports
		6:40 NBC: Clem McCarthy
		7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
		8:00 CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
		8:00 NBC: Baby Snooks
		8:00 MBS: Highways in Melody
		8:00 NBC: Paul Lavalle
		8:15 MBS: Burl Ives
		8:30 NBC: Monica's Music Box
		8:30 CBS: Adventures of Thin Man
		8:30 MBS: Love Story Theater
		8:30 ABC: This Is Your F.B.I.
		9:00 ABC: Break the Bank
		9:00 NBC: People Are Funny
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
		9:30 ABC: The Sheriff
		9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
		9:30 NBC: Waltz Time
		9:30 CBS: Durante and Moore
		10:00 ABC: Boxing at the
		10:00 MBS: Spotlight on America
		10:00 NBC: Mollie Mystery Theater
		10:00 CBS: It Pays to Be Ignorant
		10:30 MBS: Meet the Press
		10:30 CBS: Maise

(Continued from page 37)

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:15	CBS: Phil Cook
	8:15	NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist
	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:30	ABC: Musical Novelty Group
	8:45	CBS: Margaret Arlen
8:15	9:00	ABC: Wake Up and Smile
	9:00	NBC: Perculator Party
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate
6:15	9:30	CBS: Carolina Calling
	9:30	NBC: Camp Meetin' Choir
	9:30	MBS: Rainbow House
	9:45	NBC: A Miss and a Male
8:30	11:30	10:00 ABC: Buddy Weed Trio
	10:00	CBS: Give and Take
	10:00	MBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	10:00	NBC: Adventures of Frank Merriwell
11:00	9:30	10:30 MBS: Jackie Hill Show
	10:30	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:30	NBC: Adventures of Archle Andrews
	10:30	ABC: Junior Junction
4:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Elizabeth Woodard
	11:00	NBC: Teentimers Club
8:05	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
	11:15	ABC: Johnny Thompson
	11:15	MBS: Vacation Symphonies
	11:30	ABC: Piano Playhouse
	11:30	NBC: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	11:30	MBS: Quaker City Serenade
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
	12:00	MBS: Judy 'n Jill 'n Johnny
	12:00	ABC: Texas Jim Robertson
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
11:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Home is What You Make It
	12:30	MBS: Saturday Symphonies
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: To Live in Peace
	12:00	1:00 MBS: Checkerboard Jamboree
	12:00	1:00 ABC: To Live in Peace
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Dance Music
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: County Fair
10:00	12:30	1:30 NBC: The Veteran's Aid
4:30	1:00	2:00 ABC: Metropolitan Opera
	2:00	NBC: Your Host Is Buffalo
	2:00	MBS: Sports Parade
	2:15	CBS: Adventures in Science
	2:30	CBS: Of Men and Books
	2:30	NBC: The Baxters
	2:30	MBS: Art Jarrett's Orchestra
	2:45	MBS: Game of the Week
	3:00	MBS: Football
	3:45	CBS: Cross Section AFL
	4:00	NBC: Doctors at Home
	5:00	CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
	5:00	ABC: Dance Music
	5:30	MBS: George Towne's Orchestra
	5:30	NBC: Edward Tomlinson
	6:00	MBS: Cleveland Symphony
3:15	5:15	6:15 ABC: Chittison Trio
	6:15	CBS: Columbia Workshop
	6:15	MBS: Lorenzo Fuller
4:15	5:30	6:30 ABC: Harry Wismer, sports
	6:30	MBS: Eddie Howard
6:00	5:45	6:45 ABC: Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	6:45	NBC: Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Our Foreign Policy
	7:00	MBS: Hawaii Calls
6:15	7:00	7:00 ABC: It's Your Business
4:00	7:00	7:00 CBS: Sweeney and Marsh
9:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Curt Massey Show
	7:30	NBC: Curtain Time, drama
6:00	4:30	7:30 CBS: Vaughn Monroe
	7:45	MBS: Korn Kobbiers
	7:45	MBS: Crime Doesn't Pay
8:30	8:00	8:00 MBS: 20 Questions
	8:00	8:00 ABC: Famous Jury Trials
8:00	8:00	8:00 CBS: Hollywood Star Time
	8:00	8:00 NBC: Life of Riley
7:00	8:30	8:30 ABC: I Deal in Crime
	8:30	MBS: Juvenile Jury
	8:30	NBC: Truth or Consequences
8:30	8:30	8:30 CBS: Mayor of the Town
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
9:00	9:00	9:00 MBS: Gold and Silver Minstrels
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: You Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Roy Rogers
9:00	9:00	9:00 ABC: Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This?
	9:30	MBS: Leave It to the Girls
8:00	9:30	9:30 ABC: Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	10:00	ABC: American Melodies
	10:00	MBS: Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Judy Canova
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Grand Old Opry
	10:30	ABC: Hayloft Hoedown

glamorous, as breathlessly exciting as if we had met for the first time, and married, the day we sailed. . . .

But the way it began: I, just about beginning to be girl-conscious, was dating a girl whose name was Helen Weber. One night, at her house, "Gosh," I said, just to make conversation, "I have a birthday coming up!"

Helen said, "When?"

"November 16th," I told her, "and coincidence—I'll be fifteen!"

"Well, well, well," Helen said, with a thoughtful smile. "Why, I have a cousin has a birthday the very same day. Her name is Victoria Stuart. She was named for her uncle, Victor Schertzinger, the famous movie director and producer. Tell you what, we'll have a party! I know, I'll have a joint birthday party for the two of you!"

The evening of the 16th, I turned up at Helen's house done up in all my birthday gear—new sports coat, new tie, new wallet, new socks and belt and shoes, feeling pretty sharp but looking, of course, bored to the point of pain.

WHEN Helen, making a big do of it, introduced me to Vickii, I didn't say to myself, and neither did she, "This is it!" Actually, we were both too young, young even for our age, to face any reality beyond the next dance record. I think my very first impression was that, for a girl, I liked her. And I do remember thinking she was the dreamiest dancer I had ever danced with. As for her looks, I thought she was "different." Since my ideal girl was, and is, a girl who looks smart and "different," Vickii's face and figure, her clothes and the way she wore them, fitted into my dream of beauty like a picture into a locket made for it.

Between dances—and hamburgers—I had, however, a pretty miserable time of it with the dark damsel who certainly wasn't making any effort to give me a happy birthday on hers. Painfully shy, Vickii was the type who threw out sarcastic remarks in an effort to cover it: the number of hamburgers I stowed away, for instance. "The food you eat!" she said, "It's repulsive!" It certainly was. I ate like a team of horses. Always have. Still do.

Since I've had sense enough to appreciate it, I have always especially liked Victoria's honesty. "How did you like the show?" I'll ask her when I get home from a broadcast. "The second number wasn't good," she'll say. She admits that she is "super-critical" when it comes to me, and sometimes worries about it. She needn't. In a business where you get so much corn syrup, honest criticism keeps your ego cut down to size. But, at fifteen, you are too vulnerable to take it. . . .

As much as we liked each other the night we met—and we have long since acknowledged how much—we did not start dating for a very long (time wasted) time. We were, to tell the truth, a little embarrassed. Helen Weber and I had been "going together," and Helen was Vickii's cousin and, well, it was just one of those things that, at fifteen, is a Situation. But we did meet at parties, at the beach, at the movies and although we did not pair off, when Vickii was present, no other girl was. . . .

Of those days during which, I still regret, we did not get together, Vickii

says, "How could we?" I spent most of my time, she explains, not making time with her but parked in front of a radio listening to Bing Crosby, then crooning himself into legendry as one of The Rhythm Boys at the Coconut Grove. Vickii adds, "Furthermore, the only ever-lovin' words I ever heard you say were 'Oh, if I could sing at the Coconut Grove, I'd die happy!'" She does admit, however, that she was no-end impressed when, three months after she first heard me offer to die for the privilege of singing at the Grove, I—and two friends of mine (we called ourselves The Three Ambassadors)—were booked into the Grove, replacing Bing's old outfit.

I was still at Hollywood High during the day, in my third year, but you can be sure I fixed things so that rehearsal and performance times fitted! And for a thrill there may be one to beat the way I felt when I sang the same solo numbers Bing sang, but I doubt it.

It must have been a year after I started singing at the Grove that, no longer "going steady" with Helen, I paid my first call on Vickii—taking my pal, Chuck Cormack, along with me. Thereafter, and for many months, the three of us went out together, and had so much fun together that it never occurred to me (come clean, Smith, you didn't have the nerve!) to ask Vickii for a date, solo. Besides, Vickii wasn't the type you felt you owned. (You don't feel it now. You still pursue . . .)

AFTER The Three Ambassadors got a really going, appearing, as we did, with Kate Smith, Eddie Cantor and other big name, big band programs, we went East with Phil Harris. The engagement was supposed to last six weeks but went on, here, there and everywhere but Hollywood for two years.

During that time, I kept remembering Vickii. . . .

I kept remembering her a little more than I might otherwise have done because my brother Walter—indeed, yes, the Walter Reed (Smith) of RKO Pictures—was in New York with me and he liked Vickii, too, and had her picture and put it on his dresser and that griped me. Walter wrote to Vickii, too, and heard from her and worried to me (of all people!) that she was going out with other boys and that one boy looked "serious." I, by the way, did not go out with others girls, partly because I worked from seven in the evening to five in the morning, but mostly because, since boy meets girl if he really wants to, no matter what his hours, I hadn't the heart for it.

When, eventually, we got back to the Coast, doggone if Walter, after dinner our first night home, didn't call Victoria on the telephone. On the upstairs phone. And continued to call her—on the upstairs phone—every night for weeks. Until I got on the downstairs phone and we really had it out!

There was, in addition to the competition offered me by my brother, a pack of wolves all, to my greensick eyes, fabulously wealthy and winning, in full pursuit of Victoria. There was, in particular, a character who owned a Cadillac "coup" and the wherewithal to hang a girl in mink and diamonds. He was a tough one, this business man. He was, my brother gloomily remarked, "in dead earnest." Suddenly the words "so am I!" rang, like bells, in my head.

Time after time before I got the words out, I'd wanted to propose, tried to propose, been afraid to propose to Victoria. Time after time I'd lost my nerve and had spent the evening, time a'wastin', telling her some gag Phil Harris had pulled in New York. Or what Kate Smith's favorite book was. Or how Bing had made a hole in one the day before. When a fellow is wide awake to the fact that there is only one girl for him, or *ever will be*, the very thought of putting your whole happiness to the test is like the thought of jumping off the Matterhorn.

... It was in some café—naturally, I don't remember the name of it—on Wilshire Boulevard, in Hollywood, that, in the most ineffectual, round-about way a man ever said "Will you?" to a woman, I proposed to Vickii. I began by saying, "I'm-er-going East in-er-about three weeks." Long pause. Then, squirming like an uneasy eel, "Do you think," I fumbled, "I mean, would you ever-er-consider coming East yourself—sometime?" After which, there was another pause. It seemed to go on and on like the circles that widen into infinity after a pebble the size of a molecule is thrown into one of the Great Lakes.

THEN, as I was going down for the third time, I heard Vickii speaking words I didn't rightly hear, and so, cannot remember, except that they conveyed the impression that she might, indeed that she *would* "Consider coming East sometime"—and *why*.

You talk about reprieves—brother! I was literally bowled over. I hadn't really thought she would. I hadn't ever thought so. She had such a wonderful family; such close family ties; so many friends; so many dates; the big business menace. . . .

Back in New York, even though I had left her with my ring on her finger, and our engagement announced, the sense that something too good to be true couldn't come true, continued to haunt and harass me.

There was, I reflected despondently, so much against us. "If you don't like it, come on home," her uncle Victor said when she told him she was going to New York to be married. Vickii's father, a solidly successful advertising man, had very little respect for the theatrical profession. "You know you will starve," her father told her when Victoria went to him with the news that she was going to marry a singer. "He can't possibly earn a living," Mr. Stuart added. "Therefore, I will continue your allowance so that you can, at least, eat."

Not until Vickii's father learned that she was spending her allowance on little luxuries, foolish things, did he withdraw it and, at the same time, his disapproval of me. Now, Vickii's Dad is my Number One fan—even going so far as to compare me (favorably) with Sinatra.

Needling my depression during the three months—from August, when I left Hollywood, to November when Vickii came to New York—was the basic fear that she would plain forget me. A fear not without foundation, for in one letter she wrote, "It's a funny thing about me, but if I don't see someone for two or three weeks, I forget what they look like." As if this wasn't ominous enough, in a later letter she said, "You had better send me that full-face picture you promised me, I've forgotten how you look."

In an attempt to keep myself in her memory, and in her heart, I sent her flowers every time I knew she was be-

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ing given a shower, or going to a party or was, if ever, staying home—anywhere, in fact, any time, I “re-minded” her with roses.

There will never again be a longer three months than those three months of worrying and waiting—and when, at long last, on November 14, Walter and I met Vickii’s train at Grand Central, she stepped off it and (as if I hadn’t suffered enough) threw her arms around my brother, kissed him—and shook hands with me!

ON the 16th of November—“our” birthday—Vickii and I were married in Christ Church, at 60th and Park Avenue in New York. In that huge dim church the voices of our little wedding party (eight in all) resounded against, it seemed to me, the very walls of heaven. The ring box which my brother kept clicking nervously, open and shut, between his fingers, sounded like cannon firing. Vickii wore a tailored suit which was the glossy black-brown color (note that this is ten years later, Mrs. Smith; I do not forget) of her eyes and hair, and carried the white flowers that are her favorites—gardenias and lilies of the valley.

Less than a year ago I discovered, pressed in a book of Victoria’s, a faded spray of lily of the valley and, because Vickii never keeps things, but had kept this memento of our marriage day, I felt—look, I’m a singer, not a poet!

I believe that being away from our homes and our families, during the first year or so of married life, helped more than anything else to cement firmly the foundation of our marriage. In New York, with not a relative around, we had to stand together, and close together, on our own four feet and if we had any temptation to “run home to Mama” the three thousand miles we would have had to run, overcame it.

Actually, most of our differences were small ones. Our taste in food, for instance: Apart from the fact that I eat like a behemoth, Vickii like a bird, my favorite dinner, and I wanted it every night of the week, was steak, mashed potatoes, peas and pie. Vickii, on the other hand, is mad for foreign food—Spanish, Mexican, East Indian—and, since she can cook like a female Savarin, soon “adjusted” me to currys, smorgasbord and bamboo shoots.

I am or was, inclined to be extravagant. Every Sunday, during our first

year, I would take the dog and trek over to a florist, returning laden with red roses and gardenias, for Victoria. Until Victoria, who is a Stuart, complained that her Scotch blood was on the boil and couldn’t I, if I had to buy out a hothouse, do it on Friday night when it might serve to impress dinner guests on Saturday!

Basically, however, we have very much—I’d practically say *exactly*—the same likes and dislikes. We are both crazy about dogs, always have been; have one Cocker, Buff, and a sizeable art gallery of dog pictures, photographs, sketches, etchings and paintings on plates. We both dislike fortune-tellers, anything that smacks of black magic. We both love shows and double feature movies. We love carnivals and fairs. We both like to talk in bed until comes the dawn. We both love to fix a home. One of our completely shared hobbies is a passion for buying, and working on, old furniture. In our apartment in New York there are, among other things, a Seventeenth Century broom-maker’s bench, a Seventeenth Century hanging cupboard, a milk bench and a Dutch sink, with a radio concealed in its innards, which after weeks spent in removing libelous layers of paint, we linseed-oiled, waxed and rubbed. Milk glass is another hobby. Every Saturday, my one day off, we drive up to Connecticut, go browsing about in antique shops. Demon painters, both of us, when we were engaged we painted my mother’s beach house—all three sides of it. The fourth side we, beat-up, left to the brushwork of wind and sun and rain. Recently, I shellacked the floors in our apartment and although it meant that for three days Jack Smith was off the Jack Smith Show on account the shellack had shellacked his voice, it was worth it.

With all this love of home, we’ve never had a home of our own, are dying for one and, soon now, will have it. In Glendale, California, where we own a couple of lots, we plan to build a house of the kind that looks as if it had been lived in since Victoria reigned (in England), but with all the modern conveniences. Whitewashed brick will, we figure, take the curse off modern architecture. Windows to the floor, modern string rugs and all that labor-saving gadgetry.

In California, when we go there, I may make—am thinking about, am interested in making—a picture. Pre-

viously, when I have been paged by the movies, I’ve hesitated, said “No,” believing that a shoemaker should stick to his last and that mine is radio. Now, I’ve come to feel that one medium helps, and feeds, the other. At the same time, I worry about it, wonder... When, not long ago, one of my managers came to me with the outline for a big publicity campaign which, if successful, might mean that I’d be recognized wherever I show my face, I said, “I sort of hate to see this go through.” I would, too. I’ve always envied Amos and Andy who, aces that they are on the air, live like private citizens because, out of blackface, few people recognize them.

We like to live like private citizens, Vickii and I. We like the way our day goes, pretty much hand in hand. . . .

Late risers—we seldom get to bed before one o’clock—our alarm goes off at ten. We get breakfast together. Then I listen to recordings of last night’s program, try to glean improvement ideas therefrom. Most days Vickii supplies lunch; some days I have it with Bill Brennan, the show’s producer, or an agency representative. About two-thirty I’m over at CBS answering personal mail. It is Vickii, by the way, who reads all the fan mail and lists the requests that help me make my final selection of songs for future programs. In the rating season, this mail may run to seven or eight hundred letters a week.

REHEARSALS start at four, in general—at three, if I am going over a duet with a future guest singer.

Wednesdays vary somewhat from the other days. After breakfast Bill Brennan comes over and we work on shows for the coming two weeks. Wednesday nights after the program, we meet with all the song publishers in town, listen to the new songs, get a backlog of material to go into future broadcasts. This is careful work, because you can’t always tell about a song right off. First time you hear a song, you may not even notice it; the fifth time you might catch yourself trying to remember the name of that tune.

We have dinner at home, shortly after eight, or as soon as I can get home after my evening show. Vickii, maintaining that she hates to see a wife “tagging along,” never goes to CBS with me. She says, too, that she gets a better perspective on the show if she listens to it quietly, alone, at home. A great help to me, she also listens to others shows—Sinatra, Perry Como, Dick Haymes—and tells me what’s going on. We have no maid; Vickii does all the cooking, so dinner at home is, cosily, just the two of us. We usually eat out four nights a week but are partial (or I am) to the three nights in. We can’t go to the theater, my schedule being what it is but, on Sunday nights, we often have a quick dinner and catch a double bill at a neighborhood movie. Occasionally, we can lunch together at The Stork, Twenty-one, wherever and, in spare time, Vickii goes shopping with me. She, of the two of us, has the tasty taste. That’s why I take her along with me while she, knowing I can’t help her, doesn’t take me. I am very fortunate, I might add, in that my wife makes all her own clothes. One of her ambitions was, and is, to be a dress designer and one of my ambitions is to have a dress shop for her where she can successfully play that role.

The luckiest thing in all my lucky life is that Victoria Stuart and I, Jack Smith, were born on the same day.



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About Marriage

(Continued from page 19)

lack of honest sex education and from a fear which grows out of that lack of knowledge about the functions of the human body and mind. The blame for infidelity is most often placed on women.

Viewed shallowly, this may be true in the most immediate sense. It may be true that a normally passionate man will find his wife cold, retiring, repulsing his advances and to all intents and purposes completely without any desire for him. A man like that may find himself practically driven into the arms of other women.

Cold, unresponsive women are very frequent. Their behavior is known as frigidity. A frigid woman is a woman who needs to go to a doctor, perhaps even a psychiatrist, to find out what made her that way. Because frigidity is not normal—or healthy.

Frigidity is usually a symptom of some deep-lying fear. It may be a fear of pregnancy, a fear due to immaturity and the refusal to accept the responsibility of having children, or fear due to plain ignorance about the process of childbearing. Nothing is so terrifying as the unknown, especially in the case of childbirth, about which there are so many idle-wife tales. Frigidity may also be caused by the remnants of an unsatisfied childish curiosity and a buried but strong sense of shame which was produced in childhood and never understood or overcome. All these fears are based on a lack of sex education. There may be other, more complicated reasons for frigidity. But the important thing to bear in mind is that

frigidity can be analyzed and cured.

It is wrong, however, to place all the responsibility for physical incompatibility at the feet of women. Men are gravely at fault in this respect, too.

Many men have a double standard about sex. They have women divided into two groups, the "good" and "bad."

In the minds of such men, the thought of a free, uninhibited physical relationship with one of the "good" girls is practically impossible. Yet, the "good"

themselves physically incompatible. The frigid woman, or the man with the idea that "good" women do not enjoy, or want (or deserve?) a healthy, normal outlet for their physical desires, is not likely to make a better, happier marriage with someone else. And it is possible for people who are not happy in their physical relationship to save their marriage. If they would go to a doctor, eliminate all the real physical possibilities for their incompatibility and learn from their doctor, in a frank and scientific way, the importance of a healthy sex life and what constitutes such a healthy sex life, many marriages could be saved.

Of course, infidelity is a blow against the vanity and love of the other partner in a marriage. But, if it were understood to be only a symptom of some underlying disturbance, a great deal of unhappiness and failure could be avoided. The wife of the unfaithful man, the husband of the frigid woman, the wife of the unsatisfactory physical partner, the husband who discovers that his wife has been seeking satisfaction elsewhere, all owe it to themselves, to their marriage and through their marriage to society, to make every effort to find out what caused the infidelity.

Any two people who have been drawn together so strongly that they took the step of getting married, should feel the responsibility to help one another solve the problem of physical incompatibility, just as they would feel the responsibility to help one another in any problem which might face them in the course of their daily living together.

WATCH FOR

GINNY SIMMS

on the cover of

FEBRUARY RADIO MIRROR

and a story filling in the background
on her exciting new family life

kind are the only kind they marry. If their wives approach their marital relationship openly and frankly, they become suspicious that their wives might not have been such "good" girls. On the other hand, if their wives know as little about sex as they do, the chances are that the wives become nervous, irritable, unhappy and unpleasant.

As in the case of divorces caused by immaturity, it seems to me that divorce is not the solution for people who find

*Yours
for a Happy
Holiday!*

PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

ALWAYS BETTER....BETTER ALL WAYS



A Thousand Good Wishes

(Continued from page 21)

a nod may find themselves in eager conversation. But if friendliness isn't in the nature of the street—right in its life—the warmth won't last. When the emergency is over, the doors close.

That was why Hester Street was such a wonderful place! Its mood was altogether different; nothing was stiff and forbidding, everything was friendly and shared. Everything, Naomi mused, was sort of small-sized, so that nobody and nothing on it could possibly scare anyone.

"You're getting sentimental!" Naomi told herself sternly, but still she had that wistful urge to share her thoughts. Did anyone else—Carlotta, for instance—look upon Hester Street almost as though it were a person, with a whole entity of its own? Did others feel that nobody who came there could be an outsider for long—that, if the stranger were willing to open his door, the street would open its own? She sighed, shook herself mentally, and tried to pay attention to what Carlotta was saying.

"... toothpaste, Mr. Simmons. And—oh yes—a new lipstick. Bright red."
"Didn't you get that for Christmas?" Naomi questioned.

CARLOTTA looked guilty. "Well, I did. But," she added firmly, "I buy a lipstick the way some women buy hats—to give my morale a lift. Not that I use them so often, but my budget doesn't run to extravagant hats and once in a while I just have to splurge! Makes me feel brave."

Naomi squeezed her arm affectionately. "As if you needed anything to make you brave!" Then she changed the subject. "How about some hot chocolate at the counter?"

They seated themselves at the fountain stools while Mr. Simmons was wrapping up their purchases, and gave their orders to his sixteen-year-old helper.

Naomi found herself looking again to the blustery sidewalks outside. When she saw Carlotta smilingly watching, she confessed, "This time of year, especially today, always makes me feel more than usually sentimental about Hester Street. And about people," Carlotta understood; her nod was an invitation to go on. "Hester Street's nickname . . . *the street of dreams* . . . is so appropriate just now. A New Year on its way and I find myself looking hopefully at everyone who passes here, everyone we meet on the street, everyone who comes to the Foundation—all of them with their own special dream that they are sure will come true in the next year. I feel so confident they will come true and all the disappointments of the old year will just dissolve in a bubble of hope."

Carlotta echoed, thoughtfully, ". . . *the street of dreams* . . ."

"Dreams!" The voice behind the two women was angry and hurt and young. "Did you mean this street, Hester Street? How can anyone have any right to dream or hope on a crowded, miserable street like this?"

They turned simultaneously, wheeling to face the speaker. They saw a young girl, her arms loaded with packages, her pretty face set and angry. But just as Carlotta would have spoken, the girl's face turned from anger to embarrassment and a flood of pink surged up into her cheeks.

"Oh! I am sorry! I shouldn't have

broken in on you that way. I spoke before I thought. You see, I was hating Hester Street so much when you spoke and when I overheard your remarks—well—"

Both Carlotta and Naomi smiled comfortingly before the girl's confusion. "Won't you have something with us, Mrs.?"

"Mrs. Jack Hewlett." Shyly the girl placed her parcels on the counter and climbed onto the stool. "We just moved here two weeks ago and I don't know anyone as yet."

The other two exchanged glances of sympathy. "We'll have to remedy that right away," Naomi told her. "I'm Naomi Daniels and this is Carlotta Lagorra. On Hester Street everyone knows everyone else and I'm sorry we didn't find you before. But—tell me—why do you dislike Hester Street so much?"

There was a little pause before Mrs. Hewlett spoke. Her hands kept smoothing the woolen gloves she had taken off. "It's not just Hester Street, I suppose," she said at last, hesitatingly. "I guess I would hate any crowded city street, full of apartment houses and people who pass you on the stairs and maybe say good morning to you, but never really see you at all. Jack and I were both born in the same small town and we lived there up until now. We knew everyone. People and houses were permanent, you know—generations living in the same spot. Jack worked there after we were both out of high school and we had planned to be married and then he was going to be taken into the bank as assistant cashier, and then the war came."

There was another pause. She kept her head lowered. "But when he came back from Okinawa he was different . . . restless. He didn't want any part of Ainsville."

"So you married him and came to Chicago," Naomi supplied.

"That's right. But I thought it was only for a little while; that it was because he hadn't become adjusted to being a civilian. I thought he'd go back and settle down in Ainsville. But he won't—he likes it here. And I didn't know it could be so lonesome without my folks." Her voice shook a little on the last words.

"Why!—you're homesick!" Carlotta smiled at her.

"But that's one sickness people do recover from," Naomi added. "Especially when they have a husband and a home of their own, even if it is an apartment on Hester Street."

Mrs. Hewlett tried to smile back at them, but it was unconvincing. Her eyes thanked them for their attempt at comforting her, but it was plain that she didn't believe for one moment that they were right.

"Poor little thing," Carlotta remarked to Naomi as the two of them walked homeward a little later. "It's not easy to be uprooted and torn from a family like hers. She doesn't believe that her homesickness could only be temporary. She's convinced she can't be happy here."

Naomi nodded. "I'm more worried about the effect all this misery of hers must have on her husband . . . a young man just back from the horrors of the war, wanting to make a new life for himself and his bride. And she just sopping around in tears!"

"But homesickness can hurt! I know how I'd feel if I couldn't see Mary and David and Tony and Therese and father—"

"Of course it does. But women have always had to adjust to new lives with their husbands. Her happiness and her responsibilities lie in her new life, not with her old. Women have always had to wrench themselves away from parental nests—"

"Is that a hint to me?" Carlotta asked with a wry smile.

Naomi shook her head. "Your problem is one only you can work out, Carlotta. You've mothered your sisters and brothers and your father so long, it will be hard for you to know when the point is reached where they no longer need you."

"Well, I doubt if that point has been reached yet. At least, they need me for the New Year's party tonight. You haven't forgotten, have you, Naomi? Everyone's coming—Keith and Marilyn and some of Therese's friends and—"

"No. I haven't forgotten. But are you sure you aren't too tired to give such a large party?"

Carlotta shook her head. "It's not a bodily weariness. It's a mental depression, I'm afraid. Oh, nothing serious . . . but the end of the old year makes me feel melancholy . . . so much of all

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our hoping and planning has been left unfinished or went awry. Christmas was happy, but it was like all our Christmases—too many sacrifices for the gifts we were able to afford and the holiday spirit lasts such a short time. I wonder if the Lagorras will ever have all the security and the advantages I want for my family? I wonder if the little frictions and the family troubles will be solved in the New Year? Are there really good things ahead, Naomi—or is it just the same old struggle to just keep our footing in the same old place?"

"You are discouraged, Carlotta! It's unusual to hear you talk like that. And all I can say to help is what we both know: that dreams do sometimes come true and trouble has a way of vanishing just when it seems to be the blackest."

They were at the building which sheltered the Lagorra third-floor apartment by this time and Carlotta answered her friend only by a quick, grateful smile before she left her and hurried up the steps and into the hallway. Naomi understood. Their friendship was too close to stand on formality, and there was work to be done for the party tonight.

ON the way up the worn, creaking stairs Carlotta tapped on a doorway. Sounds of music from within crashed abruptly to a stop. The door was flung open.

"Who—? Oh, hello, Carlotta. Let me help you carry your packages upstairs."

"No, thank you, Keith. I just wanted to remind you of the party tonight."

"I haven't forgotten." He smiled his own warm, peculiarly charming smile. "Mary has been down every hour, on the hour, to remind me. And I have a surprise of my own for tonight."

The little meeting somehow cheered Carlotta so that she was smiling pleasantly when she let herself into the neat, clean, though cheaply-furnished Lagorra flat. She handed some of her packages to Mary who had come bounding out to meet her, her hands full of crepe paper.

"Carlotta—I thought you were never coming! I don't know how to decorate and my sandwiches are all lop-sided and I broke one of the cups, trying to polish it! Oh, do you think anyone will be here? This is my first New Year's Eve party! At least, it's the first one you've ever let me stay up to see the New Year come in."

"And it has to be perfect, doesn't it?" Carlotta bent and kissed the shining hair of her little sister, tenderly. "Come on. I'll show you how to hang the paper streamers and we'll have those sandwiches made in no time at all."

Gay red and blue and white paper streamers were tacked from wall to wall, making a festive draped ceiling. Paper hats of all sizes and shapes were placed on the round table for distribution to their guests; whistles and noisemakers were tucked in a drawer for the proper moment, for the twelve o'clock celebration. The punch was tasted and declared perfect. The sandwiches might be scorned by a caterer for their man-sized largeness, but Hester Street dwellers were not partial to the one-bite-and-swallow kind of tidbit.

Even David sulkily consented to climb up on a chair to tack streamers his sisters couldn't reach. But he was in no party mood.

"Oh, heck!—Carlotta—why must I

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be here tonight? I've got plans of my own. A couple guys and me were planning to catch the midnight show at the Strand and—"

"Don't let Mary hear you say that!" Carlotta whispered fiercely, glancing around at the slight figure of her younger sister, busy in the kitchen. "David, she has her heart set on this party and on having the whole family and all our friends here. It's her first real, grown-up party. I don't often ask you to do me a favor, but I'm asking you now."

"All right, sis. Don't get in a lather. I'll be here." But his nineteen-year-old face had darkened to a scowl and he shouldered his way past her and out the door. Just before it banged shut he thrust his head in again. "But don't expect me to be the life of the party, either!"

CARLOTTA shook her head, wearily. The depression of the morning returned . . . and with it came an involuntary memory of the unhappy little Mrs. Hewlett. For the next hour, as she worked, Carlotta couldn't get her out of her mind. It was no use worrying over David—he would keep his word and be at the party. She would just have to manage, somehow, to shepherd him and his wisecracks away from their father; to hope the evening wouldn't be spoiled by the tension between those two.

But Mrs. Hewlett couldn't be dismissed so easily. Homesick and miserable on New Year's Eve! So far away from her family and too young to know how to adjust and make a life for herself and her husband. Somehow Carlotta knew that the whole evening would be no pleasure to her if she had to worry about what the Hewletts were doing.

Leaving the cake frosting still in the bowl, she went to the telephone.

"Naomi? Listen—would you do something for me? I can't get away from the house and I've been worrying about Mrs. Hewlett all afternoon. You, too? Then don't you think it might be

a good idea for us to invite them to the party? Oh, I knew you'd feel that way, Naomi! And you'll stop by and ask her? Thanks . . . yes, David will be here . . . well, not too graciously . . . but Mary is still happy and excited . . . you will see Mrs. Hewlett, then . . . thanks again, Naomi."

On the other end of the line, in the office of the Hester Street Foundation, Naomi Daniels thoughtfully replaced the receiver. It was just like Carlotta, she mused, with all the burdens she had on her hands now, to worry about a homesick stranger! Then she remembered, guiltily, that she herself had had the Hewletts preying on her mind all day, too. Settling her hat firmly, she locked the door behind her and set out.

But the closer Naomi came to the Hewlett apartment house and the Hewlett apartment and, finally, to the Hewlett door, the more foolish she felt. Of course it was just a neighborly gesture, but suppose the young husband thought her a busy-bodying intruder? For a social service worker, Naomi suddenly found herself developing all kinds of nervous timidity.

"Stop being so silly! They won't bite you." She admonished herself sternly and rapped on the door.

She was unprepared for the quick rush of feet on the other side—the thud as if someone had flung herself hard against the door—the jerk that yanked it open. Naomi stepped back in surprise.

"Jack!" this was a wail. And, then—"Oh, Oh. It's you! I thought—please, come in." Little Mrs. Hewlett retreated in confusion, putting her hands up in a feeble effort to restore some order to her disheveled hair—or to hide her wet, puffy eyes.

The apartment was attractive, brave with cheap, durable flowered-chintzes and geraniums in pots in the windows. A solid row of family snapshots ranged the mantel; keepsakes and childish trinkets adorned the bookshelves. Naomi's eyes went to the couch. The

pillows were dented from the imprint of a body—as if someone had flung herself heedlessly onto them—and were sodden and damp. Naomi looked back at the girl.

"Yes." Mrs. Hewlett half-sobbed, half-spoke. "I've been crying—I have good reason to cry!" But somehow the effect of the defiance was lessened by the pathetic way she dabbed at her eyes with a tiny ball of a handkerchief—and Naomi remembered her frantic "Jack!" at the door.

Naomi seated herself on the couch and patted the pillow beside her. "Come and sit down and tell me about it. I hear all kinds of troubles, you know, at the Foundation. Please think of me as a friend, just like you had back home."

Her friendly gesture was too much, or maybe it was the mention of home. The little bride threw herself down on the couch and buried her head on Naomi's shoulder.

"He left me!—Jack left me!" She was crying without restraint now. "He walked out and slammed the door and he said I wasn't to wait up for him; he'd do his New Year celebrating some place else—where he was wanted. We—we quarreled, Miss Daniels!"

"Who was in the wrong? And call me 'Naomi,' please."

THE girl threw back her curly head and straightened up, though the tears still rolled down her cheeks. "He was wrong, Naomi—but I love him and I don't want to quarrel with him! He wanted us to go out to some cafe and then go somewhere, somewhere where there were people, he said. He wanted noise and laughter and gaiety! What would that mean to us?—to be with a lot of strangers, pretending we were having fun? I wanted to stay home and just before midnight we could call our families and talk long-distance to them and it would almost seem as if we were home, too. We don't have much money to spend and I wanted to spend it like that, the way New Year's should be spent—with your family. But Jack—"

"Jack wanted some excitement. Can you blame him, really? Look, dear. He works hard all week and he was probably looking forward to the two of you having some fun tonight. Although, I will admit—a cafe—" Naomi saw the tears welling up again in the girl's eyes and she hastily changed the subject. "Don't cry. And I'm not going to let you stay here by yourself and just wait and listen for that doorbell. You're going to a party with me. We'll leave a note for Jack and tell him where the Lagorras live."

"Go to a party!" The girl's voice was outraged. "After what I've just told you? What would I be doing with a lot of strangers—" her head went down on her knees and her shoulders shook with sobs—"I want Jack! I want my own family!"

If Naomi was impatient, her tone did not betray her. It was soothing and gentle. "How else, Ruth, do people become friends, if you won't go out of your way to meet them? Everybody is a stranger to you, at first. If you stay here and mope—if you meet Jack at the door when he comes home, with tears and reproaches, the rift between you is going to get deeper and deeper. And you love your husband. I know that. Maybe tomorrow will be a much brighter day for both of you, if he finds that you had enough courage tonight to go out and try to make new friends for yourself." Then, as the curly head

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1946.

State of New York
County of New York } ss.
Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Doris McFerran, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) MEYER DWORIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1946.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCCELLI,

Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 137, Register No. 90M8. Certificate filed in N. Y. County No. 284, Register No. 317M8. Commission expires March 30th, 1948.

was still bent and unresponsive, Naomi changed her plea. "If you won't do it for yourself or for Jack, will you do it for me? My whole New Year's Eve will be spoiled if I have to remember you sitting here in a darkened room, crying."

Ruth Hewlett still protested but Naomi wouldn't listen. She knew that the girl would cry herself sick or into hysterics and—worse still—work herself into such a state of either self-condemnation or self-pity that it would be disastrous to this already-shaky marriage.

She waited for Ruth to change into a party dress and then firmly escorted her over to her own rooms, to wait while Naomi, herself, showered and dressed. This was no time for the girl to be left alone. At the same time, it was not the appropriate moment for any discussion of her problems, so Naomi talked about the people Ruth would shortly meet at the party.

WHEN they set out it was already dark. A cold, blustery wind was swirling down Hester Street, its blasts echoing around the street corners and sending old newspapers swirling before them, to wrap themselves around the legs of pedestrians. The icy cold made the two women's cheeks tingle and their eyes smart. Bowing their heads and clutching their hats, they fought their way down the street.

"Here we are! Whew!" The two flung themselves into the little warm hall. "One good thing, Ruth—after that wind we both look as though we'd been crying, so perhaps no one will notice your eyes."

"I hope not, but they do get so puffy." From Ruth's voice, the older woman could tell that she was not quite in such depths of despair. "Naomi, are you sure they want me? Are you sure they won't mind a perfect stranger coming to their party—and such a gloomy one, too? I think I'd better go home. I honestly don't feel in a party mood. I'd rather, Naomi."

Naomi didn't even pause in her climbing of the stairs. "Not for one minute, Ruth. You're coming with me and you're going to have a good time . . . you'll see."

They had barely reached the third-floor landing when the Lagorra door was opened wide.

"Buon Capo d'Anno! Happy New Year! It is our good friend, Naomi Daniels! Enter—enter!" Old Italo Lagorra was beaming with quiet and dignified pleasure as he held the door open for the two women.

"Thank you and a Happy New Year to you, too, Mr. Lagorra. I can't say it as you did—Buon Capo—May I present Mrs. Ruth Hewlett? Carlotta and I met her this morning and she was kind enough to come with me tonight."

The old shoemaker bowed slightly. "It will brighten my whole house to have you present, Mrs. Hewlett. This is a time for old friends and for the new friends, is not so? I am grateful you all come together this night under my roof."

As they went in, Naomi stole a look at Ruth's face. Already, it was beginning to glow with the anticipation of friendliness and acceptance—nobody could resist Italo, or doubt that when he said "welcome" he meant it with his whole kindly heart.

Catching Naomi's glance, Ruth smiled. "He is sweet," she whispered, with relief; then Carlotta was welcoming them. "Hello, Miss Lagorra. It was kind of you to ask me tonight."

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"Call her 'Carlotta,'" Naomi ordered. "And this is Mary Lagorra and Therese Lagorra and Mrs. Murtagh—Marilyn—and—Keith!—come here, I want you to meet a new neighbor on Hester Street . . . Mrs. Jack Hewlett."

Everyone was so kind. The tall, good-looking one they called Keith took her arm and piloted her around the room, finishing the introductions, and his friendliness put her even more at ease. If the other guests or the hosts noticed her red-rimmed, tear-streaked eyes, they were careful not to mention them. Instead there seemed to be an added warmth to the party, a sheltering, extra attention that warmed her sore and timorous nerves.

The door was flung open again. "Mille Agurii; Mille Agurii, Father!"

"Ah, Tony, you remember! You remember the little saying I taught you in the language of my homeland!" And turning to the others, pleasure written large on his face, Italo explained, "It means a *thousand best wishes* and you must say it twice. Then I answer 'mille agurii!' So it was in Italy on all special holidays."

"Yeah—and here it's 'mud in your eye!'"

"Always the wisecracks, David! Never can you be a proper son to your father and let him be happy for even a moment." Italo turned in angry sorrow on his younger son.

It was an awkward moment.

Then help came from an unexpected source. "David, you remind me of my brother, Jimmie. Don't you worry, Mr. Lagorra. I found out they wisecrack only because they're afraid to be sentimental. They're afraid of being mushy." Ruth Hewlett had stepped into the breach and, with her hand on David's arm, she led him away.

The family and guests held their breath. It was quite within probability that David would wrench his hand away and be rude to her.

But, to their amazement, he went docilely. Maybe it was her own youth—maybe it was her assurance of her experience with her own younger brother—but she certainly had the upper hand, and when they stopped at the punch bowl he even had the manners or was so bewitched that he offered her a glass! *It's nothing short of magic!* Carlotta thought, surprised. Ordinarily David would have nothing to do with her friends, or was so unpleasant they soon left him alone.

But Ruth had a way with her. There had been no barb in what she had said and no adult superiority in the way she had intervened between father and son. Now she was laughing with David as they stood together, and listening with interest when he talked.

Carlotta could overhear a snatch of the conversation.

" . . . treat me like a kid. They don't realize I'm grown-up—"

"I know. But look at me, David—I'm only a year older than you. The trick is to *act* older, to take on a little responsibility that they don't expect. It gives them a shock—" she giggled with him—"but it works. You'll soon find your family accepting the fact that you're grown up. But don't take them for granted, David. It's only when you're away from them, like I am, that you find out how much they mean to you."

"Why? You've got your husband with you, haven't you?"

There seemed to be a pause, or else Carlotta couldn't hear the words. But she saw Ruth's downcast look and the tightening of her lips that meant she was holding back tears.

"Yes—Jack is here—"

Then Marilyn and Keith crowded in on Carlotta and she heard no more. The party was taking shape nicely and everyone seemed to be having a good time. Naomi was everywhere, and her quiet smile and her lovely, gracious poise managed to strike just the right note with all these people of different ages—a note of happy, joyful anticipation. Therese's girl-friends forgot their usual corner huddles to whisper over boy-friends and hair-dos, but instead let themselves be drawn into the general fun . . . even into the word games they might ordinarily have yawned over. Under Naomi's influence Marilyn let go, for the moment, her deep inner sorrow over the death of her husband, and her cheeks shone with gentle excitement.

"How do you do it?" Keith whispered to Naomi. "What is the secret you have of making everyone feel wanted and admired and happy?"

"I guess my experience as a social service worker," she offered, laughing.

"No. I think it's your experience as a warm and genuine person. It's your training in friendship."

His words lit a warm glow in her heart. The past year's struggles with other people's problems; her work in the Foundation that sometimes seemed

full of disappointments and frustrations—all of this now seemed more than worthwhile. *It only takes a few words of appreciation*, she thought, and now her own spirits lifted to meet the coming of the new year.

And now it was nearly twelve o'clock. Keith raised his hand for silence.

"I DON'T like to interrupt such a wonderful party, and I hope you don't think I'm being selfish. But I have a little surprise for you I hope you'll like. It's eleven forty-eight and it will soon be 1947. If you don't mind, I'd like to play for you a little piece I made up especially for tonight and for this party."

"Oh, Keith, what a lovely thing to have done for us!" Carlotta was overwhelmed. Mary clapped in delight and the others joined in.

"It is a so-great honor," Italo exclaimed. He led the way to the tiny, battered piano and the guests all followed to stand in a near-circle. "Your musical composition, Mr. Keith, it has a name, si?"

"Yes, Mr. Lagorra. I call it *The Street of Dreams*. I think you all know what I am trying to say. Marilyn, will you turn the pages for me?"

He seated himself and his hands rippled over the keys. Then he paused. When he began again, the music had a hesitant, grudging sound, as if a stranger were walking down Hester Street for the first time, unsure of himself, unwilling to be there. Then it grew stronger, surer. There seemed to be an onward march of many people, the bright, gleeful laughter of children playing, and the little, odd surprise of clanging bells and the blowing of whistles and the honking of horns, making a familiar, homey pattern.

"That's the Hester Street trolley and the policeman's whistle." Mary was too excited to keep quiet. But no one scolded. They had all recognized the sounds and they, too, felt a part of them.

From the beginning there had been the faint strains of the melody and now it took over—sweet, tender, hopeful—and its repetition wove itself into the hearts of the listeners. To each one it had its own message of dreams. On each face was the wonder and the longing. For just a little while, as Keith's fingers lingered over the keys, each one was in a dream-spell of his own—and who knew what whispering promise of better things to come was being pledged and forged into the hearts that heard that melody?

Ruth's eyes were not the only ones that were wet when the music ended. But only hers were fixed on the doorway instead of on the musician.

Naomi noticed. She slipped her arm through Ruth's as the last chord faded away. "Don't worry, dear. He'll come. And there's always tomorrow."

A sigh, almost as if the circle were waking out of a little sleep, went round the room as the last note rippled and ended. Then David broke in.

"It's one minute to twelve! Where's the buzzers and the whistles, sis?"

His loud words were a shock; but no one condemned him for the abrupt shattering of the mood. With delicate understanding they all realized that Keith's music for them had been too personal for compliments or thanks. The moment had been intimate; it was right that it should snap without the awkward sentimentality of words to blur or to (Continued on page 64)



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(Continued from page 62) try to describe their feelings.

"Here you are—I'll keep the dunce cap!" Laughing, Carlotta distributed the funny paper caps and the noise-makers, and as she did so, she had a moment to silently touch Keith's hand in gratitude. It was surprising how many others found the same method of saying something that was too big for words.

"Look at me! I'm a drum majorette! I'm going to lead a parade—" Mary pirouetted around the room in her high, red, stiff hat.

"You want I should put that thing on my head, at my age?" But Italo was only joking and he placed the silly paper shako on his head with the air of a cavalier.

"Oho! . . . a clown! All I need is a red nose and baggy trousers!" Tony capered around the room and raised his whistle to his lips.

"Not yet . . . listen!"

They all paused, expectantly. Then, suddenly—from out the open window—there came a dull, booming sound. On its heels there rose the screaming shrill of a gigantic siren. And then pandemonium broke loose. It was twelve o'clock. It was 1947!

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year, everybody!"

Italo kissed his older daughter. Someone grabbed little Mary and whirled her around in a spinning circle. Hands touched hands in greeting; voices mingled with the clatter of buzzers on wood and the screech of whistles. It was the New Year! It was the world's hope for peace . . . it was the future dawning for those who dwelt on Hester Street.

"Yippee! Happy New Year, Ruth!" This from David and his clumsy, still-boyish hug was that of a brother to a sister. She saw him hug Carlotta the same way and rub his face in Mary's curls. Her heart pounded strangely—she had been accepted, almost, as part of this family group.

A hand touched her shoulder. She spun around quickly.

"Happy New Year, Ruth."

"Oh—the same to you, Naomi."

"You jumped when I touched you just then. Were you hoping it was Jack come to see the New Year in with you?"

"Oh, Naomi, I've been praying all evening he'd come. I want to tell him something. I want to tell him I've learned my lesson. I'm not homesick any more, Naomi. Why, these people are just like my own family—they like me and they make me feel that I fit in, too. Jack's begged me to make friends but I wouldn't. I said that people here couldn't be like my own folks and, my own friends at home. He even suggested we go to church here and I did—once. But the minister didn't look or talk like our old Reverend Allen at home and I wouldn't go again."

She hung her head. "I've been so selfish. Even now, thinking about home and remembering how my father used to read a chapter out of the Bible to us just before the whistles blew for the New Year—even that doesn't make me feel lonesome. That music Keith played, it was almost like a prayer for all of us."

Naomi nodded, and dodged a dancing couple who were doing a joyful, in-expert heel-and-toe polka around the room. She drew the other girl aside.

"Did you ever read the story of Ruth in the Old Testament, dear? Do you remember how she had to make a choice after her husband died? She had left her family and her homeland

to be with him and now she had to decide whether she wanted to return to her own home. But she said to her mother-in-law: ' . . . whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people—'

The little bride echoed, softly, ". . . whither thou goest . . ." There was a new strength and purpose in her soft young face.

"That Ruth knew it was seldom wise to go back. We must go forward. We must take our lives where we find them and work out our destinies there. It is fear that makes us run back to something safe and remembered, but when we do, we usually find we have outgrown it."

"I KNOW. You were right and so was Jack. All I could think about was my own unhappiness. If I had thought about other people, it might have been like tonight—helping David I forgot myself and I had such a wonderful time!" A sudden thought struck her. "Did you realize that the mother-in-law in the Bible story was called Naomi? Not that you are old enough to be my mother."

"I'm very happy if I was able to give you the same kind of advice I know your own mother would have given you, Ruth."

"You did. She would have been so ashamed of me. She made a home for my father when—Naomi—listen!"

Someone was knocking on the door; and when Italo opened it, they saw a stranger—a young man with truculent wariness and suspicion in his eyes. A young man whose tie was twisted and whose hat was pushed far back on his head in a defiant gesture. He said nothing in response to Italo's greeting, but his eyes swept the room.

But he was no stranger to Ruth. With one glad cry she ran to the doorway and threw herself into his arms.

Naomi was too far away to hear what they were saying. But not too far to watch their expressions.

And she saw the truculence and the stiffness in Jack Hewlett's eyes gradually fade. She saw Ruth's lips move as she whispered to him. Almost, Naomi could tell what the girl was saying by her actions . . . her shame-faced apology, her plea for understanding, the promise in her eyes. And then the whole party—who had been politely pretending to ignore the little scene—saw the strange young man sweep the girl off her feet and hug her tight, his face shining with happiness.

They walked into the room, still holding tight to each other, and now Naomi could not help overhearing their words.

". . . and I'm so sorry, Jack, that because of me we missed our first New Year's party together. We didn't get to see the old year out—our very first year of marriage."

He looked down at her and grinned. "I like it that way, Ruthie. We didn't make much of a real marriage in the old year, anyway. I'm glad we didn't have to look at each other while it went. It's the new year for us, darling. We don't have to look back at our mistakes—we can look forward to starting all over again."

Naomi was not only listening, but unashamedly watching. She rejoiced in the change that speech had made in Ruth's face—a few hours before so tear-streaked and hopeless, now brilliant with love and confidence and hope. It was a sight worth watching!

Keith's hand on her arm, and his low, understanding chuckle made her turn

quickly. "I want to say goodnight, Naomi. I'm walking home with Marilyn. Let me wish you once more a Happy New Year!"

"Thank you, Keith. Goodnight and best wishes, Marilyn. I'm leaving, too, Carlotta. It's been a wonderful party . . . the best."

"Goodnight! Happy New Year! Remember to make your resolutions tomorrow!" It was well past midnight now and the guests were slowly leaving. The Hewletts approached their host.

"I want to thank you, sir, for being so kind to my wife. We appreciate your taking her in, a total stranger, like that."

Italo waved their thanks away. "It is nothing. Is it not so that we are neighbors? Then how shall we be behaving—with the noses up in the air and the no-speaking? Ah, no. Better we should all stick together like friends here. And you must come again, soon."

"We will!" Jack Hewlett was almost fervent. "But now we'd better be getting along to our own—" giving his wife a quick, tender hug—"to our own home."

"Our own home," she repeated, firmly.

"Goodnight!"—and then they were all gone. The Lagorra family was alone.

Carlotta shooed them all off to bed, Mary and the rest. Even Italo's offer to help she refused, insisting on his getting the sleep he needed.

Now the living room was quiet. Quickly, deftly, she went about, emptying ashtrays and putting the apartment to order. There wasn't much to do; the decorations could stay up

until the morning. But still she lingered. Somehow she felt a reluctance to leave the scene of the party. There was a need within her for this quiet moment with herself.

SHE was tired, but not with the depressing fatigue of the morning—why? What had happened? Why did she feel this peace and serenity and happiness that made her steps light and kept her eyes glowing? Had it just been the gaiety of the evening?

It was more than that. It was like Keith's music that bubbled and sang and made them laugh with its gentle caricature of Hester Street and the people who lived there. But underneath the frivolity there was the strong, sweet, hopeful melody of the hearts of all of them. And, she realized slowly, the whole evening had been like that—a promise of dreams coming true . . . for herself in the growth and security of the Lagorras . . . for Italo in the sight of his strong sons and gentle daughters . . . for Mary who brought joy to everyone, to whom everyone was kind . . . to David who had curbed for one evening his unruly, resentful teen-age tongue and had, in that slight measure, grown up.

And for the gentle, lovely Naomi who had seen a little ripening of the fruits of her long work for the people of the community. For the young Hewletts in their new understanding of each other. For Keith, who had brought the gift of his music to them. For Marilyn Murray who was learning that time does heal the greatest of sorrows.

For all of them, new courage for their lives on the "street of dreams."

We Broke the Bank

(Continued from page 23)

minute. So we'd inherited them and, to us, the evening was going to be just another in the succession of good times we'd been having the past two months.

You see, we'd only been married for two months. I was about to be discharged from the Navy, and we'd had our honeymoon and were just sort of hanging around New York having fun until my final papers came through and we could leave for my home in Chicago. Everything was all set for me to resume my practice as an Ear, Nose and Throat surgeon, my office was waiting for me, and we were pretty sure we could find an apartment hotel or something to provide a roof for our heads. So we had nothing to worry about, and only good things to look forward to.

OUR honeymoon had been pretty special. After all, we'd been waiting for it a long time, and we were determined to make the most of it. Both of us are well over twenty-one, so we decided that we'd tell everyone we'd been married at least two years. That would be so we could avoid the usual jokes about honeymooners and newly-weds. We didn't want to have to bother with other people at all—even so much as pretending to laugh at their jokes. We just wanted to be by ourselves. It worked out the way we'd planned it, too. We pretended we were an old married couple, and nobody paid any attention to us. So Edith and I have decided that from now on, that's going to be our advice to newly married couples—"Tell people you've been married for years!"

Anyway, we were pretty gay as we

drove up to the parking lot. But right there we hit a snag. "Sorry," the attendant said, "we're full up."

I looked at Edith and she looked at me. It was getting late and we knew if we had to go looking for another parking lot, we'd probably miss the show. Edith giggled a little and whispered, "Tell him about how you've given the best years of your life to the Navy. Maybe that'll influence him."

But I thought I had a better idea. "Look," I said to him, "we've got tickets for Break the Bank, and it's getting late. . . ."

I think that's what did it—that, and maybe the uniform helped some, too. He stuck out his lower lip and thought about it a minute. Then he said, "Okay, I'll try to squeeze you in somewhere. But you better hurry. Those radio shows don't wait for anybody."

So we climbed out of the car and hurried to the theater. We got there just as the doors were closing. People were still standing in line, hoping that there might be some extra seats at the last minute. Anyway, we got in all right and settled down in our seats.

Pretty soon Bert Parks, the Quiz Master, and Bud Collyer, the Master of Ceremonies, came out to explain to the audience what the show was all about, and began to pick out the contestants. Collyer came down into the audience and chose various people who had to stand up and tell Bert Parks, who was on the stage, what their names were and where they were from, and things like that. Sometimes they had to answer a simple question, and if they gave the right answer they got a dollar bill

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right then, which encouraged everyone. "Now we need someone who knows about geography," Collyer said and, looking over at me, he grinned. "There's a Navy man—he ought to know something about the world and the seven seas."

I chuckled to myself. Most of my four years in the Navy had been spent right here in the United States, except for a few months in Trinidad. But I did know my geography, or thought I did. It had been one of my favorite subjects at school. So I stood up and told them my name and where I was from.

"How long have you been in the Navy?" Collyer asked.

And that was pretty funny, too, because I'd just been figuring it out that afternoon. "Four years, three weeks, and one day," I told him. The audience roared, and I could hear a muffled explosion of laughter from Edith. Collyer kept a perfectly straight face, and asked, "How many hours?"

"I could probably figure that out, too, with a little more time," I told him, and then he did laugh.

"Is the young lady with you your wife?" he asked.

"She certainly is," I replied, and then added, as Edith nudged me, "we've been married for two years."

For some reason or other, that seemed to please the audience, because there was a spattering of applause and a lot of good-natured laughing.

"Would you like to be a contestant on this program?" was the next question.

"Yes, I'd like to, very much," I heard myself answering.

"And your wife, too," Collyer went on. "You can help each other with the answers."

Edith tugged frantically at my coat sleeve, but I grabbed her hand and we started up the aisle to the stage.

A LOT of things went through my mind on that short trip to the stage. All my life, it seems, I'd been listening to quiz shows over the air. My nephew always used to tease me about it—calling me "Uncle Information Please." I thought about him now, and wasn't sure whether I hoped he'd be listening tonight or not!

Edith's hands were shaking just a little, as I helped her into her chair up on the stage, so I leaned over and whispered to her, "What are you worried about? It's their money we're going to be playing with, not ours."

Before we knew it, we were both up there in front of the microphone and Bert Parks was asking us our first question. "Books of maps of the world are named after a mythical giant who carried the world on his shoulders. What was his name?"

Without even thinking, I heard my voice giving the answer: "Atlas."

"Correct," he said. "That's worth ten dollars. Now for twenty . . . Off the southern tip of Florida is a group of islands which belong to the State of Florida. What are they called?"

Well, even though I've never been there, I knew that one. "The Florida Keys," I told him.

"Well, that's twenty dollars. Now for fifty. On what Continent is the Sahara Desert?"

I almost smiled at that. Anybody could answer that question. "Africa."

"Good," he grinned at me. "That's fifty bucks in the paymaster's book. Now, the next question is worth exactly twice as much. And be careful—it's a little different. I'm going to ask

you something, and then the orchestra will play a song. The clue to the answer is in the title of the song. Here's the question: If you broke the bank tonight, you could go on a world cruise and might want to book passage on this luxury liner. What is the name of the liner?"

THE orchestra began to play, and I thought, "Oh—oh, here's where I bow out gracefully." Because, although the tune was remotely familiar, I didn't have any idea what its title might be. Music isn't one of my strong points. I shrugged my shoulders and smiled ruefully at Bert Parks. Just as I was about to admit that I didn't know the song I heard Edith saying in a small voice, "Why, that's 'Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary'."

I could have hugged her, right there in front of everyone. "The Queen Mary!" I almost shouted into the mike.

Bert gave an exaggerated sigh of relief. "That's what I call having a smart wife," he said. "She's just saved that hundred dollars for you and given you a chance at the two hundred dollar question. Here it is: Many islands in the West Indies fly the flag of European nations. Tell us to what European country the following belong. You must get two out of three. The first is—Martinique."

"I believe that belongs to France," I said. "Correct," said Bert, "and how about—Trinidad?"

Well, after all, I'd been stationed in Trinidad—I knew that one cold. "Great Britain," I told him.

"Right," he said, "that's the two you need. But just for fun, try the third one—Curacao."

"I'd say—Holland."

"And you'd be right! Now, for three hundred dollars, here's a tough one: The country of Panama is bordered on the north by Costa Rica. Only one other country borders Panama. What is its name?"

I thought for a minute. What had that old map in my geography book looked like, anyway? Then I could see it in my mind's eye, and the answer came out automatically, "Colombia!"

"Right!" said Bert, and a note of excitement was beginning to creep into his voice. "Now, the next question is worth five hundred dollars. Don't get nervous. You're not nervous, are you?"

I hadn't really thought about it until then. "Not yet," I said.

"All right. Here's the five-hundred dollar question: Almost everyone has sung or heard the stirring song, 'On the Road to Mandalay.' In what country is Mandalay?"

I was glad, then, that I'd always read my newspapers. That country had been in the news a lot during the war. "Burma," I told him.

"Perfect!" he exclaimed. "That earns you five hundred dollars. And you have only one more question to go—it's the one that could break the bank." He turned to the girl they call "Janice, the

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Paying Teller"—the one who gives out the prizes—and asked, "How much is the Bank worth tonight, Janice?"

She made a quick calculation, and answered, "Five thousand, two hundred and twenty dollars."

There was an excited buzz and a few whistles from the audience, and I suddenly felt Edith's shoulder pressing into my arm. It was getting to be almost too much for her, I guess—she was leaning against me for support. I gave her a quick wink and straightened my shoulders. And now I was really hoping that my little nephew was listening. This was something for the family to talk about the rest of their lives!

"Are you ready for the Bank-breaking question? The one that's worth exactly \$5220?" asked Bert Parks. I nodded, speechless.

"All right, here it is, nice and short—In what country is Lake Maracaibo?"

There was complete and utter silence throughout the theater, and I hesitated just a moment. It was a pause to allow me time to get over the sigh of relief that came up from the very bottom of my feet. I'd been afraid it would be one of those questions that only an "answer man" or a college professor would know. I could feel the corners of my mouth twitch and, almost without thinking, I blurted out—right in front of the microphone—"Do you want to congratulate me now or wait until the end of the program?"

Bert's black eyebrows went up and his white teeth flashed. "Don't tell me you know the answer to that one, too?" he asked incredulously.

"Sure," I said, "... Venezuela."

"THAT'S right!" he shouted, and then the audience went crazy. I've never heard such yelling and cheering in my life. I just managed to hear Edith say in a faint little voice, "Ohhhhhh!" I reached for her hand and squeezed it—hard.

And, as far as we were concerned, the program was over. Janice made out the check and Ed Wolf, the producer of the program, signed it and handed it to us right there on the stage. He told us that it was the largest single cash prize ever given away on a radio program. I wanted to tell him it was the largest single check I'd ever held in my hand, but I decided I'd done enough talking for one night!

Of course, that wasn't the end of it. We stayed around the studio for about an hour after the show was over. Telephone calls and telegrams kept coming in, and people were crowding around congratulating us and asking us how it felt to "Break the Bank." I honestly couldn't answer that one. I didn't know how I felt, and I'm sure Edith didn't, either. It had all hap-

pened too quickly—too breath-takingly. People telephoned and telegraphed from all over the country. Some of our friends sent their telegrams collect, saying they were sure we'd be able to afford it! One telegram from Chicago, my home town, said the sender knew a Commander Jack Weiss, and wondered if it was the same one who'd been on the program that night. The only thing that bothered him, he said, was that the Commander Jack Weiss he knew had been married only two months—not two years. That made Edith laugh. She said if that were the only kick-back we were going to have for all the fibs we'd told about how long we'd been married, we were getting off easily!

A girl who'd won a dollar bill during the pre-program questioning asked us to autograph the dollar for her. She said she thought it might bring her better luck next time.

When we finally left the studio and went down to get the car, the attendant met us with a big smile on his face. He said he'd heard the program and was sure glad he'd let us in. Otherwise we might not have gotten there in time to break that bank.

People had been asking us all evening what we were going to do to celebrate, so when we got into the car, Edith and I looked at each other. "We've just got to do something special," I said.

"I know," she suggested, "let's go up to Rumpelmeyer's and have a champagne cocktail!"

I stared at her for a minute, because Edith is a real teetotaler. And then I remembered that we'd just won five thousand dollars, and that doesn't happen every night in the week. So up to Rumpelmeyer's we went, and had our champagne cocktails—one each!

One funny thing happened the next day. We'd gone up to the Manufacturers Trust Company on Fifth Avenue to deposit that check, which had been burning a hole in my pocket all night. The teller remarked to the other people working behind the bank window that I was the contestant who'd broken the bank for five thousand dollars on the radio program the night before. And one of the men looked up and said, "I thought it was five thousand, two hundred and twenty dollars." I guess that show has plenty of listeners!

Well, it's all over now, and things have gotten back to normal again. But every once in a while I stop to think about that night at the Break the Bank Program. All those quiz programs I'd listened to—I'd never heard one without wishing I were up there at the microphone myself. The questions always sounded so easy (except maybe Information Please!). Usually, when I listened to the questions, I'd automatically say the answers out loud before the contestants got to them. But I'd always suspected that if I were up there myself, there'd be another tale to tell.

It's pretty strange to have a big sum of money dumped into your lap so unexpectedly that way. Edith and I couldn't for the life of us think of anything special to spend it on. We thought at first we'd like to use it as a down payment on a house of our own, but everybody knows how impossible that is these days! So we'll probably stick to furnished apartments until the housing situation straightens out a little. And in the meantime, the money is tucked away snugly in the bank until something worthwhile comes along. Edith says we'll sleep sounder at night—knowing it's there!

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Happy Re-New Year

(Continued from page 50)

Sift flour once, measure into sifter with soda, salt and sugar. Have shortening at room temperature; mix or stir just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Beat 2 minutes. Add eggs, melted chocolate, remaining milk and vanilla and beat 1 minute longer. Turn into two 9-inch layer pans which have been lined with paper and greased. Bake in 350-degree oven until done, about 30 minutes. Spread top and sides of cake with chocolate icing; make numerals with white icing. Note: Mix cake at low speed of electric mixer or by hand. Count only actual beating time, or count beating strokes, allowing 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and beater often while mixing.

Favorite Birthday Cake

- 2 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sifted cake flour
- 3 tps. double-acting baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup shortening
- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar
- *Milk (See * below for amount)
- 1 tsp. vanilla or grated lemon rind
- 5 egg whites
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use 1 cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Beat egg whites until foamy, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar gradually, and continue beating only until mixture will hold up in soft peaks. Beat thoroughly into batter. Turn into two 8-inch layer pans which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in 350-degree oven about 30 minutes until done.

Gingerbread

- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. soda
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. double-acting baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cloves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt, and spices, and sift again. Combine molasses and water.

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together thoroughly. Add egg and beat well. Add dry ingredients, alternately with liquid, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased 8x8x2-inch pan in 375-degree oven about 35 minutes, until done. Cut in squares. Serve warm or cold.

Honey Nut Cake

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tps. double-acting baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup butter or other shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup finely cut nut meats
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly; then

add honey in thirds, beating well after each addition. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of flour and beat until smooth and well blended. Beat eggs until thick enough to pile up in bowl; add to cake mixture and beat well. Add nuts. Add remaining flour in thirds, alternately with milk in halves, beating very well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in greased 9-inch tube pan in slow oven, 325-degree, 1 hour and 5 minutes, or until done, or in a 9x5x3-inch loaf pan 1 hour and 25 minutes, or until done.

Molasses Spice Cake

- 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted cake flour
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tps. double-acting baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tps. cinnamon
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. ginger
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- *Milk (See * below for amount)
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 cup molasses

*With butter, margarine, or lard use $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk minus 2 tablespoons. With vegetable or any other shortening, use $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk.

Sift flour once, measure into sifter with baking powder, soda, salt, spices, and sugar. Have shortening at room temperature; mix or stir just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients; add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes. Add eggs and molasses and beat 1 minute longer. Turn into 10x10x2-inch pan which has been lined on bottom with paper, then greased. Bake in 350-degree oven until done, about 40 minutes. Serve warm, plain, or with apple sauce. This cake may also be baked in two 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven, 375-degrees, until done, about 25 minutes. Spread Easy Fluffy Frosting between layers and on top. Note: Mix cake by hand or at a low speed of the electric mixer. Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often while mixing.

Easy Fluffy Frosting

- 1 egg white
- Dash of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vanilla

Beat egg white with salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Pour syrup in fine stream over egg white, beating constantly about 4 minutes, or until frosting holds its shape. (Or beat about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes at high speed of electric mixer.) Add vanilla. Makes about 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups frosting, or enough to cover tops of two 8-inch or 9-inch layers, top and sides of 8x8x2-inch cake, top of 10x10x2-inch cake, or 16 large cupcakes.

Fluffy Chocolate Frosting

Use above recipe, folding in 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ squares unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled, just before spreading.

Fluffy Honey Frosting

Use above recipe, substituting honey for corn syrup. Omit vanilla.

For double the recipe, double ingredients above and proceed as directed, beating about 10 to 15 minutes, or until frosting holds its shape. Or beat about 6 minutes at high speed of electric mixer. Makes about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups frosting, or enough to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

Come and Visit Dinah Shore

(Continued from page 33)

look of the place, and the feeling of room to move, the breathtaking view, the rose garden. And the little house was enchanting . . . redwood, inside and out, completely rough and ranch-like but homelike, inviting. The brick fireplace consumed an entire wall of the big sitting room. The little kitchen shone with copper pots and pans. It was typically Californian, yet suggestive of the stability of Connecticut, the hospitality of Dinah's native Tennessee.

"But we have a house," George remonstrated, "a very nice house . . ."

"But it's in town," argued Dinah, "and it's stuffy and crowded in town."

"There's not nearly room enough," George held out. "We need at least two bedrooms."

"Why?"

"And you have to have an office."

"Yes, but . . ."

"And we need a bigger kitchen, and a dining room, and a workshop . . ."

"Why?"

"And—we hope, someday—a nursery."

This should have been the clincher, but Dinah had given her heart.

"You can build one," she said. "When we need it. Really, George," she pleaded, "you know you love it too."

"Can we buy it—here—right now?" he asked the agent.

THAT was too fast, but the lady did her best. By eleven o'clock that night—they had first laid eyes on the place at four in the afternoon—Dinah and George owned Five Oaks. It was a rugged seven hours. They didn't let the real estate agent out of their sight. They drove her back to her office, tapped their toes restlessly while she tried—in vain—to reach the owner of "their" land. They took her out to dinner. Another try on the phone brought no response from the owner's home. Dinah and George took their prisoner to a movie. At ten o'clock, the trio found their man and made the deal. At eleven o'clock the ink was drying on their check.

"How soon," Dinah asked George as they drove through the dark toward home, "do you think we can move?"

The Montgomerys moved to Five Oaks in November, into quarters which had the comfort—if not the luxury, and more charm—if not more convenience—than the city house they had sold without a qualm and were abandoning. In the year which has elapsed since then they have made shift, sleeping in a "guest cottage" converted by George from a ramshackle building the original owners of Five Oaks had used for a barn and a garage. In a welter of dust and wood shavings which seep in from the constant construction work going on they have cooked in the tiny kitchen of the original ranchhouse, sat by the fire at night in the unchanged "big room." Now, a year after they moved into the place, they can swim in their new pool, play tennis on their new championship court.

The one room "bunkhouse" rapidly is blossoming forth into a sprawling ranch house which "has everything."

Ultimately the one room will grow to eleven. Dinah and George are adding a big Dutch kitchen (the original kitchenette will become a bar), a din-

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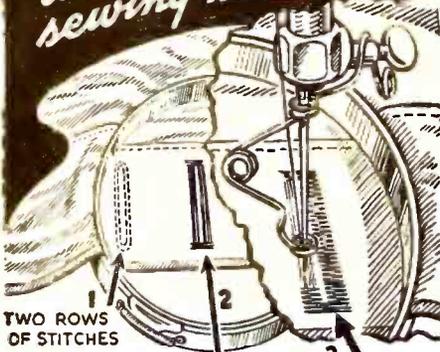
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ing room opening on an outdoor breakfast terrace, a music room and den, and the master bedroom with two dressing rooms and two baths, all on the first floor. And there will be a second story nursery.

"We have nothing constructive to offer yet," Dinah explains, "but we have plans."

The nursery will be a child's suite, really, complete with miniature kitchen and bath, a sitting room with a view of the whole broad valley, a nurse's room and bath. Also on the second floor will be an office for Dinah's secretary.

All of this is materializing with a speed which—in the present period of acute shortages—is nothing short of a miracle.

"Nobody else could get materials, or workmen," Dinah brags. "But George did."

That, of course, is Dinah's theme song. "George made it," "George did it," "George can do anything," are ever-recurrent phrases around their house.

GEORGE made most of the furniture, he built the tool house and a tractor shed—he even made a towel rack in the shape of an American Eagle, may the Good Lord forgive him (and the Lord may, since he claims it was not meant for the center of the mantelpiece where Dinah displays it, but for their ranch shack in Montana).

Step by step, George is turning the white lines on the blueprints into the wood and plaster and stone of the finished structure, partly through the help of those of his ex-GI pals who are now in the building business, but largely through his own brain and muscle.

George began, Dinah relates, by drawing up the plans himself. The big bedroom with the fireplace, two dressing rooms and two baths, was his idea. Dinah's idea of a kitchen, the cooking ell lined with copper plating, with two brick ovens and a charcoal grill was worked out by George's drafting pencil.

When they got to the point of actual building—beginning with the conversion of the garage into a guest house spacious enough to be "home" over a period of months—George had to call in help. It came in the person of Johnny Hill, an Army friend of George's, who is a builder. Johnny's crew of carpenters, plumbers and electricians was booked up for months in advance—but because George was a good guy, an ex-GI like themselves, and also because George was not above turning a hand on the job himself, they agreed to work on George's house and push up another job. Dinah's part of the lure was the chow—outdoor barbecue lunches and suppers, from steak to watermelon, were forthcoming every time the work seemed to get monotonous.

"Dinah is a wonderful cook, you know," George will tell you, getting in his two cents worth of praise.

"I have to admit it," she is quick to reply. "I am a very good cook. Very good, indeed."

"But a foul dishwasher," adds George, backing up.

The house, like Topsy, "just grew."

First, of course, came the guest house—because "we gotta have a place to sleep."

Then—because "we gotta have a place to put the cars"—a port cochere. (The Montgomerys, now that they're ranchers, have a spanking new Ford station wagon.)

Third—because "we gotta have a

place for our tools"—George's workshop. There, George and Johnny Hill and the rest of the crew keep their supplies and equipment. There, also, George builds the beautiful pieces of furniture, early American and provincial in design, intricately modeled and turned (and the towel racks which look like eagles and the picture frames etched with pine trees) which will furnish the house when it is complete.

"We got the workshop right away, you see," Dinah remarks, pointedly. "That's George's hobby. But where's my dark room? There isn't even a place in the plans for it. The basement is going to be the freeze room. Too cold. The barn is going to be full of hay. Too inflammable. The nursery is going to be full of babies—we hope. No dark room."

Dinah considers herself—with justification which shows up in her negatives, both color film and black and white—a first-class photographer. She was never so angry as the time a national magazine used her photographs of her European USO tour with Bing Crosby without the credit line, "Photographs by Dinah Shore." She fully expected the first room planned for the new house would be a scientifically designed dark room—so far they have finished one guest house, one car port, one workshop, one swimming pool, one tennis court, one barbecue house. (One towel rack—American Eagle design.) Under construction are the ten new rooms of the one-time one-room house, but not one of them is a dark room. Dinah—she pretends—is very sore.

SOMETIMES the building progresses in big leaps. When Dinah left last summer to spend five weeks in personal appearances in the East, nothing had been added to the main house but the basement. No workmen were engaged, nor material in prospect. No relief was in sight from a situation in which Dinah's priceless Meissen China was getting chipped, her copper kitchen utensils tarnished, her linens ruined, and her expensive theatrical evening gowns faded because of lack of closets.

When she returned, the whole superstructure of the house was up. George and Johnny and his crew had really pushed the job. With luck and good weather, there should be a house to live in at Five Oaks before Christmas.

Dinah hopes so. It is not that she minds roughing it. What does she care about dust and wood shavings, she says, when she can get up at six o'clock in the morning and watch the stark mountains turn red in the sunrise and feed Bantam hens their breakfast, and sit under a spreading live oak tree and purr while her handsome, brilliant (to say nothing of his being useful) husband sees to it that their paper house comes alive in sticks and stones.

Dinah could stand the mess forever—didn't George make it?—but nobody else can. Including cooks, who rebel at the cramped quarters, laundresses, who object to running a washing machine in the middle of a business office, and secretaries, who find it equally disturbing to have to file important letters in boxes on the floor, and type contractors on the top of the ironer.

"I like to cook," Dinah explains, "and I don't mind ironing."

"But," she adds, wistfully, "I hate to come indoors."

Indoors, away from the sound of hammers, from the view of the mountains. Oh, let's face it: away from George.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 45)

about tilling soil and raising crops.

We were very much in love even though we were just kids. He was 19 and I was 17 when we married. It was in the depression years and we had a hard go of it. We always planned for the day we could buy a farm of our own and have a home for the children we hoped to have. But secretly, I always longed to move to the city. Finally, after things grew worse on the farm, I did get my way and we moved to town to live.

Life was easier for me and I was well satisfied but I could tell that my husband wasn't, even though he pretended to be. We were happy though. We moved west to California after the war broke out. My husband worked at defense work until we had saved enough to buy our "dream farm" and get a good start at farming. So we went back, even though I cried bitterly at the idea. But I had to be willing for I thought it might keep my dear one from being inducted into service. It was selfish of me, I know, but how could I give him up? That's what all wives thought, I guess.

WELL, we had one busy but happy year on our farm and our second baby came during the year. It seemed we were completely happy.

Then came the call for my dear one to leave us, for the service of his country. His worry was not for himself but for me and our little boys. He wanted us to move back to town—if we sold all our livestock and chickens, with money they would bring and our allotment, we could make out while he was gone.

I had never spent a night by myself in my life and was nervous, but I heard myself saying "No, I'll stay here on the farm and take care of everything." For I thought I should, even though I dreaded it like crazy. (We do not have electricity and are a quarter-mile from a neighbor.) So it was settled and he left us here and went to serve in the Navy.

After about six weeks my husband got a short leave and came to see us. Then he was gone overseas and we didn't know if we would ever see each other again or not. War is like that; we all know.

I carried on the best I could. I fed chickens and hogs, milked cows, pumped endless gallons of water. I managed to grow a good garden and we had our milk, eggs and meat so I saved most of our allotment. I learned the value of money for once in my life. I was so tired at night, I could sleep. But there were nights when our boys would get sick and I'd be up at all hours to care for them. My nerves would be so taut, the least noise would scare me half to death. These were the times I remembered our God and asked his help, most of all.

I took time every day to write long encouraging letters to my husband. I told him things were going fine. I got encouragement from all sides and that helped me to keep going, just doing things I didn't think that I could do.

Then after two long years, our loved one was home again, safe and sound. What a happy day! That meeting I can't write about. Our baby was now a big boy of almost two and one-half years old and he knew "daddy" from the pictures we had. Our other boy

was about nine years old by now.

My husband told me "Darling, you have done even better than I dared hope you would and I'm very proud of you. Now we will sell the farm and go back to the city, for I can be happy anywhere, if you are happy." I was delighted (I thought), but as I thought it over, I felt sad. I realized I had learned to love the farm and seeing things grow. For the first time I understood my husband's love of the farm. It was so peaceful and close to nature. God is here and He has been good to us.

I told all of this to my husband and I'll never forget the love that shone in his eyes. I had won his respect in every way. That was worth all it had cost me in hard work and loneliness.

It won't always be easy. Farm life never is. We will soon get electricity though, and we got us a good car with our money. We can make a go of it. We are still in love after fourteen years.

We hear people say of some folks, "Well, the war made a man out of him," and I think "Yes, and it made a woman out of me too."

Yes, life can be beautiful. Life is beautiful, for we are together.

Mrs. P. S.

Just Aunt Beatrice

Dear Papa David:

I was married when I was seventeen to a fine boy.

We had a boy the first year. When the baby was three his daddy passed away.

I was left with no insurance, no one to turn to, and I was a very sick girl.

My husband's Aunt and Uncle offered to take my son and give him a home and education. I was never to let him know I was his real mother, until he grew to be a man.

I was just Aunt Beatrice and I stood by for years and years watching him grow in peace, but with a hurt in my heart no one shall ever know.

But as years went by I married again and moved far away. We lost track of each other and as I got older I longed for this boy by my side.

During the war I wrote a letter to the Uncle and he told me my boy was in the Navy—so I contacted the Navy only to find he had been wounded and was being sent home. I learned later that when he arrived home he found the letter I had sent the Uncle.

The fifth day of December my phone rang and a voice said, "This is Chuck McGuire." All the breath went out of me. I did not know whether to laugh or cry. I was so shocked, after all these years. He said, "I believe you are my mother." I said yes, I was. He did not speak for a while, then said, "I'll be right out. I have two days before having to go to the San Diego Naval Hospital."

When I met him at the car we both cried like babies. He said he had always loved me, and that when he had been wounded he dreamed I came one night to his bedside and held his hand.

He spent his first Christmas with us. I was so proud to show him off!

Now we have years of joy and happiness to make up for the empty ones.

Mrs. B. F.

Coleen's Love Story

Dear Papa David:

The few times I'd gone out with Bob I thought of him only as a serious,



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good-looking boy; and to him, I was just another of many girls. You see, Papa David, I'm a blonde, and the one with whom Bob was really in love had silky red hair, soft brown eyes—and a lovely plume of a tail! She was Coleen, his big Irish setter.

Bob had no family and was perfectly happy with Coleen's companionship. She was the only "folks" he had and he'd taken an apartment in the suburbs so they could roam the hills in his leisure.

One Autumn Saturday Bob took me on a hike. The setter ranged eagerly through the undergrowth, following exciting trails, and Bob swung along up one side of a mountain and down the other, extolling Coleen's merits while I hobbled miserably along the rocky trail with brambles snatching at my clothes and my skin. I thought to myself, "This is our last date, brother! For a man I wanted I might compete with another girl, but I'll never play second fiddle to a setter for his affections!"

After a few unsuccessful attempts to date me, Bob seemed to lose interest and it was two months later that he phoned. "I'm leaving for the army tomorrow, Jean," he said.

"Best of luck, Bob," I answered, "whatever will you do with Coleen?" His voice grew husky. "She wouldn't be happy in a kennel, so we're going for one last hike this afternoon, and I'll be coming back alone."

He tried to sound casual, but I sensed his heartbreak in parting with his pal. Impulsively I exclaimed, "You're doing no such thing! I'm keeping her until you get back."

After a moment's stunned silence he blurted, "Gosh, Jean—that's swell!" The next day when Coleen and I had returned from seeing Bob off, she lay with her nose to the crack of the door, waiting for him. I felt sorry for her. "Come on," I said, "let's play!" She chased the ball I threw, but after I had broken my cranberry vase, we went for a walk in the park. Before many weeks I loved her dearly.

We sent Bob our pictures and he wrote regularly. Have you ever noticed that some people can express themselves better in writing? Bob could, and through his letters I grew to understand him better and appreciate his depth of character. One day, as Coleen sat beside me and I stroked her ears, I told her "I love him too, Coleen, but you're the only woman in Bob's life!" She planted a wet kiss on my nose for that one.

When Bob was discharged, Coleen and I met the train. She saw him first, and with a wild lurch on the leash, threw herself on him joyously. As I watched their reunion there was a lump in my throat. I thought, "Bob has Coleen, and Coleen has him, but now I haven't anyone!"

When Coleen quieted down Bob strode over to me; I started to shake hands but Bob grabbed me up and kissed me. Right there I learned life can be beautiful, for he whispered, "Darling, I've learned to love you by mail, and Coleen and I both want you to marry me, Jean—how about it?"

This time I didn't resent his love for the setter, because I love them both, and now life is especially beautiful for Bob, Mrs. Bob—that's me—and our setter, Coleen!

B. J.

The Darkest Moment

Dear Papa David:

I was born of a Jewish father and a

Gentile mother. My father and mother's marriage disrupted two families. When I arrived we were still ignored. But my parents had such kind and gracious attributes, such a broad-minded attitude, that after a few years mother's relatives treated father and me as "belonging to the family." However for several more years I was the only little girl I knew of who had "relatives on just one side," her mamma's.

I heard grown ups say "Her father is dead to his people." But I wondered—how can he be dead when he eats and sleeps and walks and talks? Who are his people? What a confused world for a little girl.

My father and mother loved each other devotedly. Their love, devotion, their peaceful home life, and their innate kindness finally won over father's brothers and sisters.

During these years of growing up I fought bitter battles with my school mates. When they called me "Christ killer" I ran home weeping copious tears for I loved the little Christ child. I victoriously fought for a little "whole Jewish boy" who because of his frail constitution could not defend himself, but who was constantly abused by tongue and fists of the children.

These discriminations toward us, these taunts made me determined to excel so I concentrated on my school work and I achieved success in scholarship, both in grade and high school. By this time I had become conscious that there were good and bad attributes in all peoples and races. Some had given us science, others had given us literature, art, music, inventions, ethics but all had contributed to a higher type of living. I probably could not have realized this so readily had I not been of mixed blood.

I had hoped to make a certain sorority when I went to college. All the girls at home belonged and long before this I was just "one of the girls" in my home town. But not so at the state university—my name, not my features nor my abilities, kept me out. I was disappointed but not disheartened. Again I turned to study, to giving joy to others, forgetting selfish desires and satisfactions. I was fighting not with fists but by doing good. Within a year I was a member of the sorority and was class poet of the 1908 graduation group.

Then my hearing became impaired. I was young to wear a hearing aid and at that time a hearing aid made one very conspicuous. I had to convince myself that wearing an aid was similar to wearing glasses, a necessity. I had to compel myself not to be self-conscious. I learned that people are kind and considerate to those who are afflicted. Many times I have been given a seat near the platform so that I might better hear the speaker. I have been introduced to people whom I would not have met had my hearing been acute.

Conductors, porters, taxi drivers have been kind and gracious to me who otherwise might have been gruff to me if my hearing aid had not been noticed. Guides of tours have almost always put me at the head of the group so I might hear.



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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

In July 1942 my son went in the service. I, as all mothers felt a chill fear, but I told myself "You still have your girl and husband." On April 5, 1943 my daughter, a nurse, enlisted in the army. Again fear possessed me. Again I said, trying to reassure myself "You still have Dad." Then noon of April 8 I went to the door to greet a friend coming to lunch. Turning around I saw Dad dying on the davenport.

I believe that was the darkest moment I have ever had. All three gone. Where could I turn? What was before me but darkness? Could I in my own strength keep on? I found I could not go on alone. Day after day, night after night I asked "Why this, God?" I said "Dear Lord give me courage and strength along my way" and I added "If it be Thy will, bring my boy and girl safely home to me." God heard my prayer.

Life can be beautiful for those who cultivate happiness within, who have tolerance and love for mankind and who have a faith in God. I know.

Mrs. F. R. S.

There's a Way

Dear Papa David:

I'll start back in the summer of 1937, when I was nine and a half years old. I was stricken with infantile paralysis and I was so ill that my doctor did not think I'd live a week. It left me totally paralyzed. I didn't look on the bright side of life just then. Mother asked me to promise her I'd never say such things again. I am still keeping that promise.

I couldn't just sit with nothing at all for me to do so one day I started trying to draw and color with my mouth. I found I could do pretty well. The school children wanted to buy some of the little pictures I had made for the price of ten cents. Other people began wanting them.

I had some newspaper writeups and when I was thirteen I was surrounded with greetings, packages and letters from many places. The one I most treasure is the one written on my birthday from our late President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I have corresponded with many people. I started painting with oil when I was fourteen. I make quite a bit of pin money. One man gave me one hundred dollars for a water color picture. He saw me color and said that was one time he couldn't believe his eyes.

My only brother was overseas two years in Europe and never received a scratch. He's been home one year. You now can see how I came to know that even under some of the worst circumstances life can be beautiful if people will only have faith and believe that where there's a will there is a way.

Miss N. G. T.

Justified Faith

Dear Papa David:

I am a very heavy woman on my feet and as a result of this and my age, I have a hard time finding and keeping work. After much walking and disappointment, I finally found a job in a laundry. And was doing pretty well until the manager decided I was too heavy and clumsy at the work so he laid me off. And in a week my husband came down with one of his attacks.

This left both of us without work, and we had no other source of income. I cried myself sick over where we would get money to buy food and espe-

cially for rent; this hotel would not keep a tenant even three days behind.

When the colored maid came in to clean and inquire about my sick husband she was so nice and understanding, I told her my story, without thinking she could or would aid me. Her eyes filled with tears, and pity. She said to me: "You want to ask me to loan you money but you are afraid I'll refuse and look down on a white woman asking a negro for aid, aren't you? Well, we'll keep it a secret. I'll not loan, I am giving it to you because you have no way of paying back. Sure," she said, "I didn't know any better than to hate the white race until I grew up. But now I know people have the same feelings. Now some of my best friends are white." So she gave me twenty dollars and kept my rent paid for as long as we were without work (over a month). She also kept my secret from the other tenants in the hotel. She is married and gone from here now. But I keep in touch with her because someday I hope to justify her faith in "whites."

Mrs. E. A.

A Good, Useful Life

Dear Papa David:

Upon my graduation from high school, I entered a nurse's training school to study nursing. I had been a girl graduate only two months when I had a tragic accident.

I had left a group of my classmates who were making candy in the kitchen of the nurses' home to go and take a bath, as I had been called by the hospital to come and take charge of the operating room. When I was gone an unreasonably long period of time, the girls decided to see what had happened. And they found me in the bathtub overcome by gas. Unconscious. My right arm and leg had been scalded until the leg had to be amputated above the knee.

Through the physical and mental suffering that followed with its intermittent desire to give up, one thing stood out clearly. My father and mother had worked hard and wanted to educate me. I in turn had wanted to make that education do something for them, to lighten the physical burdens of their declining years, not alone because I felt I owed it to them, but because I loved them even as they had loved me. Now, even thus handicapped, I knew I had to make that education pay dividends—for them. I did not know how. But I knew I could not give up. I hoped and prayed that God might show me the way.

That was in 1927. I went back home and lived with my parents for one year. In the meantime I bought and mastered the use of an artificial limb. Then one day the hospital that graduated me, and that stood by me through my misfortune, called and said they had a job for me if I wanted to undertake it.

From that day until this I have worked without illness or loss of time, as their hospital buyer. I handle all the buying—drugs, kitchen and floors—with their innumerable invoices, and all the unimaginable details that go into the business management of a hospital's supply room. And though my accident kept me from ever doing the floor duty I wanted to do when I entered training, my nurse's training has benefited both the hospital and the buyer who had to turn to her mind for support when her body became incapacitated. Now I am happy. I can say I've had a good life and a useful one.

Miss S. W.



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Always on Her Way

(Continued from page 43)

So she did. She dashed into her clothes, packed a bag, and drove to Palm Springs to forget Ned—and perhaps to meet new men.

But she only stayed one day in Palm Springs, during which she brooded. At the end of it she drove hastily back to her home in Hollywood. And there, as she roared into her driveway, she saw a great many boxes piled on her front porch—florists' boxes filled with flowers wilted from waiting for her. They were peace offerings from Ned.

So what did she do? She thought, "Get going, Evie!" Then she called him up—and they flew to Reno that night and got married. But echoes of that quarrel—perhaps others—must have persisted; for right now Eve and Ned Bergen have agreed on a trial separation which may or may not be the end of their marriage.

But then Eve Arden has always been getting under way. She was born in Mill Valley, California, an only child. At the age of four she recited a poem to some friends of her mother's at tea-time, and over her supper that night she announced to her father, "When I grow up, I will be an actress," "No child of mine will be an actress!" bellowed her father.

THIS dialogue went on during the ensuing years, with no variation whatsoever. By the time Eve was seventeen, the proud owner of a diploma from Tamalpais High School, she and her father had their customary two-sentence discussion once more at the dinner table, and she ended it by telling him what was to be her life's motto: "I shall get going!" In this case, that meant she went across the bay to San Francisco, where she spent the summer with friends. They were bustling people, and when she talked of going on the stage, they said, "All right—put on your hat." She did, and they dropped her firmly in front of the Henry Duffy Theater with instructions to go inside and ask for an acting job.

It just fell into her lap—as everything was to fall into her lap the rest of her life, as long as she kept moving. She went into the theater, asked to see the director, saw him, and got a bit part. She was, all of a sudden, a professional actress—and she remained with the Duffy Theater for two and a half years. She might have been with them for many more, except that at that point she was moving again . . . she had come to Los Angeles with a Duffy play, and after the play finished its run she stayed in Los Angeles visiting friends. Her host and hostess were actors, and one actor leads to another—so Eve met a new acting company, and a vastly amusing one. It was a small traveling troupe that roved up and down California.

Naturally, Eve felt right at home; she promptly became its leading lady. The troupe carried its props, costumes, and lights in a trailer, and acted any place in a hotel that seemed suitable—the lobby, maybe, or an outdoor terrace, with the play's furniture supplied by the hotel. Also they acted in big private homes, usually in the living room. Eve loved every minute of it. When the troupe broke up, she began acting at the Pasadena Community Playhouse; then, with Tyrone Power, she did a professional play in Hollywood. Out front one night sat Lee

Shubert, searching the stage for talent for the Shubert-Ziegfeld Follies of 1935. He took one look at long-legged, acid-voiced Eve and signed her up—and she was off, at last, for Broadway and New York— theater, movies, radio.

From then on, she's commuted briskly from California to New York, alternating plays with movies. But her real interest in life is her Hollywood house and the people under its roof. She and Ned built the house themselves, and Eve alone did all the floor plans. That house has been on the cover of a famous decorating magazine; and she's been the subject of many articles advising other home-makers how to decorate.

The Arden household touch is unique. For instance, she has three raised hearth fireplaces in the house; and the window-seat in her bedroom is three and a half feet deep, and fitted with a comfortable mattress. Also, she collects early American primitive paintings of children; and locomotive engines in any form. The house is littered with locomotives. She has wooden ones, iron ones, oil paintings of them.

Into this house of an evening come a swarm of assorted friends. They're composers, writers, actors (her best friends are the Gregory Pecks, and Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan); and many school friends from the days of Tamalpais High School.

EVE is probably as famous for her stunning wardrobe as she is for her comedy roles. "What's it composed of? Heavy emphasis on two items—suits and hats," says she. Her suits she chooses carefully for good lines, and then forgets about. But her hats she never forgets—she has eighty of them, all sizes, shapes, and colors, and she wears them constantly. After all, she is always under a hat and under way.

Take her recent trip to New York City, complete with daughter Liza and a nurse. Reservations had been arranged at a famous Fifth Avenue hotel. Right on schedule, the trio appeared in the lobby and walked confidently up to the desk. "I'm Miss Arden, and I have a two-week reservation," said Eve.

"Yes, indeed," said he. "But that's made for a month from now, according to our records—and we haven't a single foot of space to offer you until then!"

He meant it, too. Eve, Liza, and the nurse began hotel-hopping—one night in a luxurious suite, the next in a broken-down hostelry where the cockroaches fought them for space. And so on for the ensuing two weeks. The only place her friends could count on seeing her was at a different theater every night, watching a different play. So, at the beginning of her two-week stay (when they realized that keeping track of her was going to be hazardous), they all wrote down her nightly theatrical plans—and whenever they wanted to reach her, they waited in the lobby of the play for that night!

Confusing, what? But not to Eve. With her theory of "Get moving!" it fits!

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 AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

He Flies Through the Air

(Continued from page 49)

attracted by the sound of Dwight's landing to come down to the dock, and he was as cordial as the guard was unfriendly. In no time, he had Dwight and Elizabeth seated in the charming library of the house he was visiting, drinking coffee and exchanging air views.

Meanwhile, the telephone kept ringing—for Dwight! The angry guard had notified medical authorities, the police, and anyone else who came to his mind about Dwight—and had identified the house into which he had gone. So Dwight spent a good hour arguing over the phone about not paying a \$25 fine for landing in the private lake, about how important he thought it was to insure his wife's life and his regardless of reservoirs. He finally settled everything fine-free, and he and Elizabeth spent the night. The next morning they left—leaving behind them a brand-new friend (the RAF pilot) and a brand-new enemy (the frustrated guard)!

THERE was also the famous time (in pre-war days, when Dwight owned a pre-war plane) when they flew to Boston to visit relatives—with baby Gretchen, then aged two and a half years, and baby Richard, who was eighteen months old. They had a full plane-load of baby bottles, blankets, and other infant paraphernalia. The relatives were astounded then, and still are now. But Dwight looks back on that time with the amusement of a man who currently flies up to Canada to fish out of the bow of his floating plane; and who often backs the "Grand Slam" up on the beach to park it for a dressing room, when there isn't a handy dock around.

"It has a reversible pitch propeller, and backs up just like a car," says Dwight. "And of course it has wheels which you let down under water. Then I can taxi it right up on the beach if necessary; or up the ramp to the hangar, when I land at Wall Street in New York City."

He was born in Palo Alto, California, the only son in a family of three daughters. His father was secretary of the YMCA, and as such was transferred right after Dwight's birth to Cleveland, Ohio. Here Dwight went to Prospect School. By the time he was ready for high school, his father became head of the Community Chest in Scranton, Pennsylvania—so again the family moved, and Dwight went to Central High School. Then he went to college at Ohio Wesleyan University . . . and inadvertently stumbled into his life work after he'd been there three years.

He was studying hard, acting diligently in college plays, and meanwhile writing a radio show for an acting-and-singing student trio, who appeared over the station WAIU in Columbus, Ohio. This was a twenty-mile trip from the campus, but Dwight often went with them and acted small parts in his own radio scripts. One night the station manager, who was brooding over the imminent departure of his best announcer, heard Dwight's voice. Instantly he rushed to Dwight's side, demanded an audition, and gave Dwight the job of permanent announcer.

Delighted, Dwight worked there eight hours a day. Meanwhile, he also drove back and forth every day, went

to his classes—and slept through most of them. He had a Phi Beta Kappa rating in his studies . . . but as his radio work went up, his college rating went down.

It was finally too much for the Dean. He called in the erring Dwight and demanded to know what had happened. "Radio has come into my life," said Dwight. Horrified, the Dean delivered a scorching speech of reprimand, winding up with the remark, "You're trading your birthright for a mess of pottage!"

The speech had no effect. Dwight continued with his radio work—and a couple of years after he had graduated from college, he noted an interesting item in a radio magazine. The Dean was now announcing at a local radio station! Dwight resisted an impulse to send the old boy a wire saying, "Hey, Dean, how's the pottage?" and continued on his way . . . via a truck-traveling little theater company and a season at the Cleveland Playhouse, New York City.

He arrived in New York in the summer of 1932, a handsome, blue-eyed, six-foot-three, brown-haired young man with nothing theatrical to recommend him. He came, furthermore, on a hunch. It had been his pleasure at parties to do impromptu and impersonations of famous people—and at one party some friend had said, "Why don't you go to New York and try to get on that new radio show, the March of Time? They use lots of actors who impersonate celebrities."

So that was exactly why he had come to New York, unbeknownst to the March of Time producers. His first three weeks in the big city he spent in a most unusual way: he attended newsreel theaters all day long, and in the evenings, in his hotel room, he imitated the celebrities he'd watched. The people up and down his hotel corridor heard an assortment of astonishing voices coming from his room: Herbert Hoover's, Franklin D. Roosevelt's, George Bernard Shaw's, Clark Gable's, many more.

BUT regardless of their astonishment, he continued, and at the end of three weeks' practice, he walked into the March of Time offices and did his stuff. He was hired on the spot . . . for a job that was to last thirteen years until the program discontinued! Inspired by this quick success, he walked into the Cavalcade of America offices—and cinched the job of narrator there for years to come, also!

Meanwhile, he had done something else surprising for a newcomer to New York: within a matter of months, he had met one Elizabeth Maxwell and had fallen in love.

It happened very unexpectedly. He was, at the end of several months, a popular member of the Greenwich Village set, and had an apartment there. One evening a friend of his invited him to an impromptu party. Dwight strolled in and caught instant sight of a small dark girl with large brown eyes. She was across the room, and she was the most vivacious girl he had ever seen. She seemed to talk completely when she talked—with the tones of her voice, her sparkling eyes, her gesturing hands. He was lost before he even knew her name, and from the night of that party they went out

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steadily seeing New York together. They had what might be called a typical Village romance—they went out to little restaurants near their homes, they often rode on the Staten Island ferry boat, they heard all the operas together, and one Sunday they even climbed the Palisades. Many quiet evenings they sat in front of his radio-victrola, listening to his collection of records. He found out that she was from Erie, that she had lived in New York for four years before meeting him, and that she was a registered nurse. But even though they were both deeply in love, they didn't get around to considering marriage—until the housing problem drove them into it.

It was, however, a far different housing problem than today's. It was simply that for some reason Dwight moved to Long Island, and Elizabeth moved to the most remote part of New York. Dwight found that he spent most of his time commuting endless distances from her place to his—and one night, exhausted from his travels, he said, "What do you say we get married?" She said "I say yes," and it was shortly accomplished, at a small chapel in Manhattan with a few close friends attending.

THAT was twelve years ago. During the years they have acquired two children, a dog, a permanent home in the country and, of course, the plane. The home was acquired with typical Weist speed. One Sunday in 1940, they were out at the Bowman Beach Club on Lake Tomahawk, guests of their friend Karl Swenson. They were enchanted by the countryside, and Karl told them idly that there was a small house for sale whose two acres of property came right down to the lake front.

"Where? I'll buy it," said Dwight after his customary two seconds of meditation. They saw the six-room house, half-fieldstone and half-clapboard, that afternoon. By the next afternoon they had bought it. And after that, he decided that the only way to live there and still work in New York was to buy a plane. He promptly bought one—a Fairchild, in 1940—and then learned how to fly! "I thought if other people could fly, so could I," he says now. It was as simple as that.

Later, of course, came the war. He spent a year flying in the Civilian Air Patrol, and meanwhile sold his plane outright to the government for training purposes. When it came to buying his post-war plane he decided on one he could moor at his doorstep. Hence the "Grand Slam."

However, all this doesn't mean that he and Elizabeth aren't land-minded, too. Both of them own bicycles, on which they pedal Saturdays and Sundays . . . often to the nearby town of Goshen, where they lunch at the Inn. They also own a car, which they reluctantly drive whenever a plane or bicycle wouldn't be practical. And Dwight spends hours with his garden power tractor, cultivating their big vegetable garden. This is a good thing, since nowhere in America is there a family which eats more healthfully than the Weists. They seriously love devouring their Weist-grown Swiss chard, kale, and spinach; and their idea of nectar is buttermilk—or eggnog.

A great deal of the children's toys and furniture are Weist-manufactured, too . . . hand-made in the woodshop Dwight has operated for eight years now on West 51st Street in New York City. He goes there to work in spare

hours between radio shows, and right now has all his power tools converging on a tri-marin boat. But his ship-building is progressing slowly because of his radio-activity.

"There's an old radio gag about rushing around so much you don't even know what show you're in," says he. "But one time it actually happened to me!" He was hard at work with a group of actors, rehearsing Big Town one morning, when a frantic stranger dodged into their CBS rehearsal room.

"Got to borrow Weist for a minute!" panted the stranger, with which he got a grip on Dwight's sleeve and pulled him down a hall, up a flight of stairs, and into a broadcasting room where several actors stood waiting around a microphone. As Dwight was dragged through the door, still bewildered, some one shoved a script in his hand. Some one else pushed him in front of the mike. Some one else pointed to the opening speech. He opened his mouth and delivered the speech before his eyes, and every time that character was supposed to talk, he talked . . . and it wasn't until one of the lines in the script revealed the words "David Harum" that he realized what show he was on.

But that was nothing to the show he wasn't on. This was several years ago, when he and his family were still New York apartment-dwellers. He had had one of his pack-jammed days full of shows, and when he strolled into his living room that night he felt tired but triumphant. Then he saw Elizabeth sewing beside the radio, which was turned on. At sight of him she gasped in astonishment—and at that moment he realized that the program she was listening to was one he should be on!

Not a word was exchanged by either of them. He silently turned, sprinted out the front door again, and ran all the way to NBC. There he dashed into the broadcasting room in time to say the closing commercial. He had simply let the program slip his mind.

BUT little else ever has. At home in the evening he sits behind a sheaf of aviation magazines, all of which he reads ardently. When he's not reading, he sits behind a typewriter—pounding out stories. He has authored two expert radio scripts already. One was "The Death of Adolph Hitler," which was done by Orson Welles on the Kate Smith hour. The other was "Evening Call," produced by the Radio Guild.

Every Tuesday evening he and Elizabeth see a play in New York, spending the night in town. Many evenings they entertain at home, seeing such radio personalities as organist Jesse Crawford (Dwight's best friend), Ed Jerome, and Nelson Case. But even when guests are present Dwight is busy—making model planes for his children. Or taking records off the air, which is a vital hobby with him.

"I guess just about the only thing I don't do is play cards," he says. "I detest cards. They should only be played if you have nothing better to do—and so far I've never had time in my life to play, even once!"

He hasn't, either. He's far too busy. Some day he wants to be busier yet—writing short stories for magazines in the country; but always with the "Grand Slam" moored near his window—so that he and his family can fly anywhere they like, whenever they want. At high speed!

Christmas Song for Jimmie

(Continued from page 29)

promised to marry Jim as soon as they'd both graduated.

In 1940 there was a war, but it was far away and unimportant to Jim and Marcie. The important things were the shiny new apartment they had, and Jim's job in the bank, and the best place in town to buy lamb chops—and each other. The curve of Marcie's lips was more meaningful to Jim than the Maginot Line, and the way Jim looked at the breakfast table, all shaved and combed and clean-shirted to go to work, interested Marcie far more than the situation in the Far East. By the middle of 1941 they had one other item to add to this list of vital matters: little Jimmie, who everyone said was the image of his daddy.

It might have been—it should have been—that way with them for always; but the war came closer and closer, and finally caught this little family up as it had caught millions of others. Not right away—it was early in 1944 before Jim was drafted, but by then he was more than ready to go.

"I'M NO hero," he told me. "I was scared, sure, and I hated like the dickens to leave Marcie and the kid. But—well, I hated even worse sticking around at home, safe, when other fellows my age were doing what had to be done."

There were the weeks in the training camp, and a home leave with Marcie, who by then had given up the apartment and was living with her parents, and then Jim went overseas. He didn't tell me much about his war experiences. He said they weren't so much, compared to some. I gathered, though, that he'd been wounded seriously enough to account for the slight limp I'd noticed when he came into my study, and to be one of the first men discharged after Japan's surrender.

He was excited about going home, more excited than he'd been about anything since his wedding day. He pictured Marcie as she'd look standing on the station platform with that blue ribbon in her hair, and holding tight to Jimmie with one hand while she waved a greeting to him with the other. And he'd get off the train and hold her close, and neither of them would say a word. They wouldn't have to.

Only—it wasn't that way at all. There was quite a delegation at the station to meet him—Marcie's parents, and his, and assorted brothers and sisters—and while he was grateful that they thought enough of him to come, he couldn't help wishing that these first few minutes could have been his and Marcie's, and no one else's. And Jimmie, while he said "Hello, Daddy," very politely, had obviously been coached to do just that, and didn't really know who he was.

Marcie had no ribbon in her hair. She looked tired, he thought, and nervous. After he'd kissed her she leaned back in his arms, looking at him as if she had forgotten him and was trying to fix his features in her mind again. Or at any rate, that was the way he interpreted her oddly questioning expression.

They went home, but it wasn't home, it was just the house which belonged to Marcie's parents. Since there wasn't a vacant house or apartment in town, the plan was for them to go on living there for awhile, along with Mr. and Mrs. Davidson and young Terry and

Madeline, Marcie's brother and sister.

"I like Marcie's folks all right," Jim said. "It was just so darned crowded. Marcie and the boy and I all slept in the same room, and Jimmie wasn't used to having me around, so he wouldn't go to sleep at night until we'd turned out the light and were in bed too. We never got a chance to talk to each other, really talk—there was always somebody around. Jimmie in our room or one of the family in the other parts of the house. It got on my nerves, I guess, and pretty soon I was yelling at Marcie for spoiling Jimmie. She'd snap back at me then, and one thing'd lead to another—you know how it is."

"Then I began wondering about Marcie. She seemed so different, somehow, not the easy, friendly, happy girl she'd been before. I couldn't help thinking that maybe something had happened while I was away. Something she hadn't told me. After all, I'd been gone a year and a half . . ."

Suspicion is the seed of an infernally hardy plant. It doesn't need much to make it grow. Little things happened, little, half-joking things were said. Coming back into the house unexpectedly one morning, for something he'd forgotten, Jim heard Marcie talking to someone on the telephone. "Yes," she said. "Yes . . . All right, I'll see you this afternoon. I can't talk any longer now." He asked her who it was, and she answered, "Abbie McNeal. We're going shopping together this afternoon. But she'd keep me on the telephone all morning if I didn't hang up on her." It was logical, but still—he wondered.

And some of the talk at the bank and in Creary's billiard parlor bothered him. "It's a good thing you boys are back. Women need their own husbands around, keep them from getting into trouble." The man who said this accompanied it with a smile, but maybe the smile had a certain hidden significance. Marcie liked to dance, she liked a good time, and the war hadn't taken all the unattached men out of town.

"FINALLY I did something I shouldn't have," Jim said, "I didn't even mean to do it—it just happened. These things were in my head, going round and round, and I couldn't get rid of them. One night Marcie and I were going out to a movie. It was my idea, and I had to talk Marcie into agreeing to leave Jimmie home with her folks. I was waiting for her on the porch and Jimmie was playing around in the yard. He stopped playing and wanted to know where we were going. I told him, and then I heard myself saying, 'Didn't Mommy ever go out at night when I was away, Jimmie?'"

"He looked up at me. He seemed to be thinking, wondering what he ought to answer. Right then, I wished he wouldn't answer anything. I'd have given anything not to have asked him in the first place. He said, 'No—only with Uncle Bert.'"

There was only one person in town, as far as Jim knew, who could be "Uncle Bert," and that was Bert Hazzard, the same Bert Hazzard who once before had been there, waiting for his chance to take Marcie over when Jim's back was turned. He recollected, too, that Bert was still a bachelor, and 4-F.

Marcie came out, and he was silent while she said good night to Jimmie. They started down the street, and had

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gone a block or so when Jim said in a strange, tight voice which he hardly recognized as his own:

"Maybe you'd rather see this movie with Uncle Bert than with me?"

Marcie had been walking easily and lightly beside him. At his words the rhythm of her steps faltered, and she turned to stare at him.

"Uncle Bert . . . ? I don't know what you mean, Jim."

"Don't you?" he said unbelievably. "It seems Jimmie has a new relative named Uncle Bert, who used to take you out when I was overseas. It wouldn't be Bert Hazzard, would it?"

"Why yes," she said. "I went out with him a few times. You knew about it—I wrote and told you."

That could have been true. Jim knew there were many letters he had never received. If it were true, it didn't help. Jimmie had still called Bert "Uncle."

"You must have been pretty friendly with him," he said, and at that Marcie stopped walking.

"What does that mean?" she demanded. "'Pretty friendly.'"

"What does it sound like?" he countered. In spite of his anger, he couldn't bring himself to say the blunt, ugly words that were in his mind.

"Do you really believe I could—" Marcie said. "Do you, Jim Kenyon?"

A wise man would have said, "No," because it would have been true, and a coward would have said "No" simply to keep the peace, but Jim was neither a coward nor very wise. He said:

"I'm not saying what I believe. I'm asking you, Marcie. I want to know. You—you aren't the same as you were when I left, and I've wondered why. Could be the reason is Bert."

Her face was very white. Without a word, she turned and began to walk back toward the house. He ran after her, caught her roughly by the arm. "Come on," he said. "Don't try to run out on me. Just answer my question."

SHE tried to pull away from him, but she couldn't. "I won't answer a question like that!" she said stormily. "You can believe whatever you please. You say I've changed—well, so have you! Nothing pleases you any more. You're jealous and suspicious and hateful." Her eyes flashed. "Take your hands off me!"

Jim let her go, and they walked back to the house in silence. When they got there, Jim went up to their room and began to pack a suitcase. She was putting on an act, he said to himself, pretending to be the injured and misunderstood wife. The main point was that she hadn't denied his accusation—and it would have been easy to deny if she were innocent.

Marcie came into the room and watched him pack, but she didn't try to stop him. He left the house and went to his own parents', and the next day he quit his job at the bank and took a train to Chicago.

"That was three months ago, almost," he said, kneading the knuckles of one hand, hard, with the thumb of the other. "I've been here ever since, and I was sure I was right until this morning. I—" He broke off, looking at me appealingly, as if ashamed to go on.

"What happened this morning?" I asked. I wanted to keep him talking, but more than that I wanted to know if this bewildered and unhappy young man had been able to find his own way out of his troubles. I hoped he had.

The only work he'd been able to find in Chicago, he told me, was as a checker for a taxicab company, working on

the night shift. That morning, on his way home from work, he'd passed a radio shop which had its loudspeaker on the sidewalk, and he'd heard a song. He stopped where he was, with the crowds jostling him, and listened. For the life of him, he couldn't have moved from there until the song was finished. And while he listened, the dirty city street faded away and all he saw was the living room of the little apartment back home where he and Marcie—and Jimmie—had lived until he went away to war.

It was a song he'd never heard before, except in that living room. Its title was "Oh, How Shall I Keep My Christmas?" and it had been one of the songs printed in a little paper-bound book a department-store Santa Claus had given Marcie and Jimmie before the Christmas of 1943.

Memory swept him back. He saw Marcie with two-year-old Jimmie on her lap, and she was flushed and pretty and laughing. "I wish we had that

HAVE YOU A STORY LIKE THIS TO TELL?

What episode in your own life was influenced by a hymn? Write us a letter telling the true story, in three hundred words or less, of how the hearing of a hymn helped you to make an important step in your life. Radio Mirror will purchase what is, in the opinion of the editors, the most interesting story, and will print it in the April issue of Radio Mirror. The name of the person writing the letter chosen will also be announced on the Hymns of All Churches program. Address your letters to Hymns of All Churches, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Space permitting, we will print others of the letters as well. All letters become the property of Radio Mirror, and will not be returned.

Santa Claus here to sing this song himself!" she said. "It's the only one Jimmie wants to hear."

Imperiously, Jimmie ordered, "Again, Mommy!"

"Oh, Jimmie!" Marcie sighed. But she sang it again, in her clear sweet voice—and again and again and again, holding Jimmie in her arms and looking—Jim remembered that he'd thought at the time—like a twentieth-century Madonna.

Jim shook his head impatiently, and began walking again along the street. But he couldn't leave his memories behind.

Marcie waking up in the morning, opening her eyes slowly and looking first of all over to his side of the double bed, to make sure that he was there—and when she saw him, smiling that wonderful crinkly smile of hers.

Marcie in the kitchen, the first year of their marriage, a dripping spoon in one hand and a cook-book in the other, trying to make a lemon meringue pie because he'd mentioned that he liked them.

And Marcie bending over her worn cloth coat, remodeling it so it would do another winter because, she said, a new suit was more important to him, working in the bank, than a new coat was to her.

"I remembered other things," he said, "too many to tell you, Dr. Bradley. The only trouble was—why should I remember them right now? Just because I happened to hear a song she used to sing—that doesn't really have anything to do with whether or not she—behaved herself, while I was away. It doesn't prove anything at all, one way or the other. Okay, so she used to be in love with me. That doesn't mean she's in love with me now. She still could've changed, fallen for Bert Hazzard. I walked along, trying to see the straight of it, and all at once I knew I couldn't figure it out alone. I was going past your church, and I decided to come in and see if I could talk to you about it. Maybe you can tell me if I'm just kidding myself because I'm lonely and want to go back to her anyhow."

"No," I said, "I don't think you are kidding yourself, and I don't think you just happened to hear that song, either. You see, Jim, God has His own ways of opening our eyes when we've willfully shut them. He has given you back your faith in Marcie. That was the only thing He had to give you, because it was all you'd ever lost. I won't go into why you lost it—maybe Marcie was right when she said you were the one that had changed, after you came back. Certainly, some way or other you had lost your faith in her, even before you accused her of infidelity. You wondered why she didn't deny the charge; but if she had, you wouldn't have believed her. You couldn't have—you didn't have the faith. Marcie knew that, and it's why she refused to answer your question—it's why she let you go away. Do you believe—now, this minute—that Marcie was ever untrue to you, even in her thoughts?"

Jim stared at me for a long silent minute; I could almost see his thoughts and confused feelings rearranging themselves, giving order back to his little world.

Slowly, he shook his head. "I was sure she had been, before—but not now."

"Still, there's no logical reason for you to change your mind. No reason at all, except that you heard a song. But God doesn't work with logic, Jim. He has other ways of making us see the truth—and I'm sure that what you believe now is the truth. I'm certain, even though I've never seen her, that Marcie never stopped loving you, not for one instant, and that if you go back to her tonight you'll find her waiting."

"You think so, Dr. Bradley?" Eager hope blazed in his face, then died. "You think she'll take me back?" he asked dubiously.

"Of course she will," I said. "Never doubt it, Jim. Women like Marcie don't hold grudges. I think, though, you'd better hurry. You want to get home in plenty of time for Christmas Eve, don't you?"

This Christmas season I will be on the radio myself, talking on the Hymns of All Churches program. I don't know what Christmas songs the choir will select. I do know that whatever songs they pick will be heard by two people living together again, in happiness and in trust. I will be thinking of these two as I, in the studio, listen to that wonderful music. I will be thinking of them and hoping that somewhere other listeners will find in the music the same healing nostalgia, the same lost memories, that brought back Jim's faith in his Marcie.

America finds a new, easy way to save

OUT of the war has come one blessing—a lesson in thrift for millions of those who never before had learned to save.

Enrolled under the Payroll Savings Plan in thousands of factories, offices, and stores, over 27 million American wage earners were purchasing "E" Bonds alone at the rate of about 6 billion dollars worth a year by the time V-J Day arrived.

With War Bond Savings automatically deducted from their wages every week, thrift was "painless" to these wage earners. At the end of the war, many who never before had bank accounts could scarcely believe the savings they held.

The moral was plain to most. Here was a new, easy way to save; one as well suited to the future as to the past. Result: Today, millions of Americans are continuing to buy, through their Payroll Savings Plan, not War Bonds, but their peacetime equivalent—U. S. Savings Bonds.



From war to peace! War Bonds are now known as U. S. Savings Bonds, bring the same high return—\$25 for every \$18.75 at maturity.



Out of pay—into nest eggs! A wage earner can choose his own figure, have it deducted regularly from earnings under Payroll Savings Plan.



New homes to own! Thousands of new homes, like this, will be partially paid for through Bonds wisely accumulated during the next five to ten years.



Keeping cost of living in check! Buying only needed plentiful goods and saving the money which would bid up prices of scarce goods keeps your cost of living from rising. *Save automatically—regularly.*

Weekly Savings	SAVINGS AND INTEREST ACCUMULATED	
	In 1 Year	In 10 Years
\$ 3.75	\$195.00	\$2,163.45
6.25	325.00	3,607.54
7.50	390.00	4,329.02
9.38	487.76	5,416.97
12.50	650.00	7,217.20
15.00	780.00	8,660.42
18.75	975.00	10,828.74

Savings chart. Plan above shows how even modest weekly savings can grow into big figures. Moral: Join your Payroll Savings Plan next payday.

**SAVE THE EASY WAY...
BUY YOUR BONDS
THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS**

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“...not a creature was stirring...”

(None, save the doctor going out on a call.)

You remember how it starts—that beloved old Christmas poem:

*'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not
even a mouse.*

Well, that isn't always true for the doctor. Sometimes there's just no rest at all for him—even on Christmas Eve. Blizzard or heat wave... December or July... night or day... near or far... no matter when you call, he comes!



According to a recent nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
Winston-Salem, N. C.



● Not a single branch of medicine was overlooked in this nationwide survey made by three leading independent research organizations. To 113,597 doctors from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific went the query—*What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?*

The brand named most was Camel.

Like anyone else, a doctor smokes for pleasure. He appreciates rich, full flavor and cool mildness just as any other smoker. If you don't happen to be a Camel smoker now, try Camels. Let your "T-Zone" give you the answer.

Camels *Costlier Tobaccos*