

MOVIE-RADIO GUIDE

AUGUST, 1943

15c
M. L. A.



BETTY GRABLE
Miss Perfect Everything
See Page 10

SCOOP PHOTO OF
THE LONE RANGER

SUMMER PROGRAMS
AND NEW LISTINGS

MELISSE GOES TO PARAMOUNT SHOWS



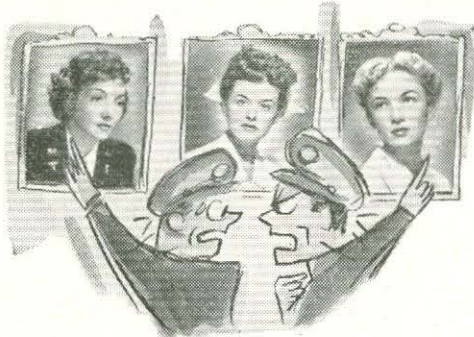
WHEE-E-E-E! here they come! I've just seen these 3 adorable girls in an advance screening of "So Proudly We Hail," and I think it's the greatest "woman's picture" ever! It's the first dramatic love story of **OUR WOMEN AT WAR** . . . makes you feel like joining the Waves, Waacs, Red Cross—anything to help destroy the enemy—Quick!



It's all about a bunch of lovely girls who are right in the thrilling thick of things at the front, and believe me you've never seen **SUCH EXCITEMENT** as these girls get into—fighting through rough 'n tough sequences black and blue.

Seeing 3 **STARS** as famous as Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake in 3 great romances in one picture certainly puts a lot of ideas in your head . . . (Stop fighting, boys—you can have the three of them—that is, for your walls!)

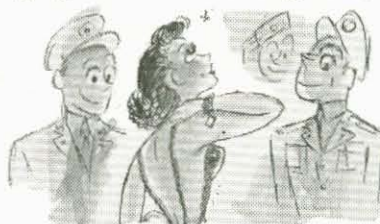
They have to snatch love on the run and there are parts and partings that will just about break your heart . . . so don't forget to bring your hankies, especially when Paulette—Boo Hoo! gulp.



That's what I call a **TER-RIFIC ROMANCE!** I mean between Claudette and George Reeves. She borrows a skirt from "Ma" McGregor to get married in—thought dungarees might be confusing. And they spend their wedding night in a fox-hole, of all things!



And Paulette—if you don't mind—goes around wearing a black sheer nightgown as an evening dress—to keep up her *Morale* she says. And watch for that scene where she and Veronica have **A REAL FIGHT**—WoW! not bad—Slap, sc-ratch . . . meoW!



Heard in the most unusual places—"What's up with Veronica?" Answer, "her hair." **THE LAKE IS WONDERFUL**—specially when she screams—"Sure I'm a nurse—an angel of mercy. But I want to kill . . . Yes, **KILL!** every blood-stained Jap I can lay my hands on!"



Now take a good look at this, girls . . . It's **Sonny Tufts**, Paramount's **NEW STAR** on the male list . . . A big, tall, good-natured guy, handsome and blond, with a very interesting chest expansion and line. Wheww . . . Wheww.

Take the part where Sonny tells Paulette "If you don't wait for me I'll break your neck!" Mmmmm, **HE'S WONDERFUL** . . . And in another scene Georgie Reeves has to be bathed by Paulette. Says George—"No female is going to bathe Me!" But Claudette teaches him different!

Director Mark Sandrich has put in loads of wonderful touches like the bit where one of the girls receives a package from home—a big picture hat trimmed with cherries . . . Not what the well-dressed warrior will wear at the battlefield! . . . But this picture is so full of interesting and exciting things I can't begin to tell them all. Just **SEE IT!**

Melisse



Claudette
COLBERT • *Paulette*
GODDARD • *Veronica*
LAKE

"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"

A **MARK SANDRICH** PRODUCTION • with George Reeves • Barbara Britton • Walter Abel
And Introducing **Sonny Tufts**

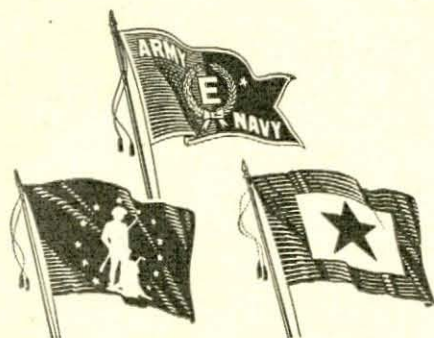
DIRECTED BY MARK SANDRICH • Written by Allan Scott • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

RADIONICS*

**“the impossible we do immediately
the miraculous takes a little longer”**

ARMY SERVICE FORCES —

The Army is . . . men . . . trained men . . . equipped and maintained. On the home front . . . in factories and on farms . . . civilians produce the armament and food and supplies. The bridge between civilians who furnish and soldiers who use . . . is . . . the Army Service Forces. Wherever the soldier is . . . whatever he does . . . the Army Service Forces are charged with seeing that he lacks no essential thing. To fulfill the task outlined in the twenty-one words above . . . literally . . . the “impossible” and the “miraculous” become daily routine with the Army Service Forces.



“AYE, AYE, SIR”

In old English, “Aye” meant “yes.”

It means far more in the Navy.

“Aye, Aye, Sir,” means that the order is understood and will be obeyed.

The Navy has given Zenith many “orders” since this war began.

Our prompt “Aye, Aye, Sir,” has, we believe, been justified by the “intelligence and initiative” (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of “firsts”—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like “child’s play.”

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the “impossible” possible and accomplished the “miraculous.”

*—mark that word “RADIONICS” (with its subdivisions—Electronics, Radar and Radio)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the “impossible” and “miraculous” categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright “tomorrow” when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH

U. S. War Savings Stamps
and Bonds

ZENITH
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LONG DISTANCE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

MOVIE-RADIO GUIDE

DOUBLES YOUR MOVIE AND RADIO ENJOYMENT

Contents

Canova Clowns.....	6
Pin-Up Girl: Ann Sheridan.....	9
Our Personal Friends: Betty Grable—Miss Perfect Everything, by Carl A. Schroeder.....	10
New Faces and Figures.....	12
Hi Ya' Kate! by Maxine Arnold.....	14
Hi-Yo Silver!.....	16
Case of the Dime-A-Dance Hall (A "Counter-Spy" Story).....	17
Sans Geronimo! by John H. Thompson.....	18
Radio Album: Cities Service Concert.....	49
Radio's Second Biggest Task.....	50
Let's Look at the Rushes of "For Whom the Bell Tolls".....	54

Departments

The Movie Front, by Margaret Gardner.....	4
The Radio Front, by Sandra Holt, Avery Thompson and Jay Allison.....	7
This Month on the Screen.....	20
Coming Events.....	22
Programs for the Month of August.....	23
Short Waves, by Charles A. Morrison.....	45
Music, by Robert Bagar.....	47
Frequency Modulation, by Dick Dorrance.....	48
What's Cooking! by Georgia Scott.....	53
Feminine Forum, by Edith Hampton.....	56
Brief Picture Guide.....	59

Natural-Color Cover Portrait by Jack Albin

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

There have been lots of good screen musicals but none with quite the quality of "Best Foot Forward." It's a monkey gland picture. It makes you young.

To the great Broadway hit, M-G-M has added a certain latakia.

BFF is a masterful achievement. It has pep, zip and all the three-letter words.

Harry James and his music makers alone are worth the price of admission.



Lucille Ball, a red-headed steam roller, plays the star who crashes the school prom and sets the campus on its ear.

William Gaxton does on the screen what he has been doing as a star of stage shows for years.

Virginia Weidler who occupies a drawing room in our leonine heart keeps moving onward and upward, carrying on where she left off in "Philadelphia Story" and "The Youngest Profession" plus music.

There's a thing called Nancy Walker we've fallen in love with. She came from the stage cast with Tommy Dix.

Both kids are something to write home about. Anybody's home at all.

Bows for June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven, Jack Jordan.

Cheers for the direction of Eddie Buzzell—at least three of them.

Irving Brecher and Freddie Finklehoffe, screen playwrights, cooked up a delightful dish from John Cecil Holm's stage ingredients.

And Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are a song team that light up the horizon.

You'll like "You're Lucky," "Alive And Kicking," "Buckle Down Winsoki," "The Three B's," "Wish I May," "I Know You By Heart," "Three Men On A Date," "What Do You Think I Am," and "Everytime."

Technicolor.

Put your best foot forward by making a date to see this gay movie.

If you're old, it makes you young. If you're young it makes you a baby.

—Leo

BEST FOOT FORWARD

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S MUSICAL HONEY!

starring

LUCILLE BALL

with

WILLIAM GAXTON
VIRGINIA WEIDLER

TOMMY DIX • NANCY WALKER • JUNE ALLYSON
KENNY BOWERS • GLORIA DeHAVEN • JACK JORDAN

HARRY JAMES

and his Music Makers

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred Finklehoffe
Book by John Cecil Holm

Music and Lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane
And Produced on the Stage by George Abbott

Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL

Produced by ARTHUR FREED

IN TECHNICOLOR



It's the picture that was picked for a WORLD PREMIERE at Broadway's famed ASTOR Theatre, scene of the screen's greatest hits!

It's a
BIG PICTURE

**BEHIND THE
SCENES IN
HOLLYWOOD**

with

*Hollywood's
Newest Sensation*

The talented new star you cheered in "Shantytown" now comes to you in her newest hit... A romantic, revealing story of the Hollywood you never knew till now... the private lives of the stars... their romances, their hopes, their yearnings... with a great cast and a flock of the season's top song hits!

Hear Mary Sing:

Blow, Gabriel, Blow!
I'm Always Chasing
Rainbows
It Had To Be You
—and more



MARY LEE
America's Little Sister in
**NOBODY'S
DARLING**
with
**LOUIS CALHERN
GLADYS GEORGE
JACKIE MORAN
LEE PATRICK
BENNIE BARTLETT
MARCIA MAE JONES**
Buy War Bonds



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

The MOVIE FRONT



By Margaret Gardner

Ration fever. Charles Reisner, director of "Meet the People," now in production at M-G-M, was a little startled when a visitor on the lot rushed up to him the other day and held forth at length on the timeliness of the picture. "Yes?" replied Mr. R., a little in the dark. "Sure," burbled the visiting fireman, "that 'Meat for the People' of yours should help a lotta folks dope out this complicated rationing business" . . .

Fourth anniversary. For their first three wedding anniversaries, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor celebrated with a dinner party, plus all the trimmings that Movietown could muster. This year Bob and Barbara spent the evening alone, closing off several rooms in their home, against the day when Bob leaves for active service in the Navy Air Force . . .

Practical joker. That's Mickey Rooney, who can never resist playing one. When the Mick found one of those "Rags for Salvage" posters, he turned it into a laugh on the set of "Girl Crazy" by tacking it on the door of comedian Rags Ragland's dressing-room . . .

Good omen—we hope! When Hedy Lamarr married John Loder she gave him a gold key to her front door as a wedding present. First time Hedy tried to use it, it wouldn't work; but when John tried the key, it turned perfectly. Hedy maintains that's a good omen for the success of their marriage. We hope so, Lady! . . .

Tip from Deanna. When Deanna
(Continued on Page 62)

Miss America In Hollywood

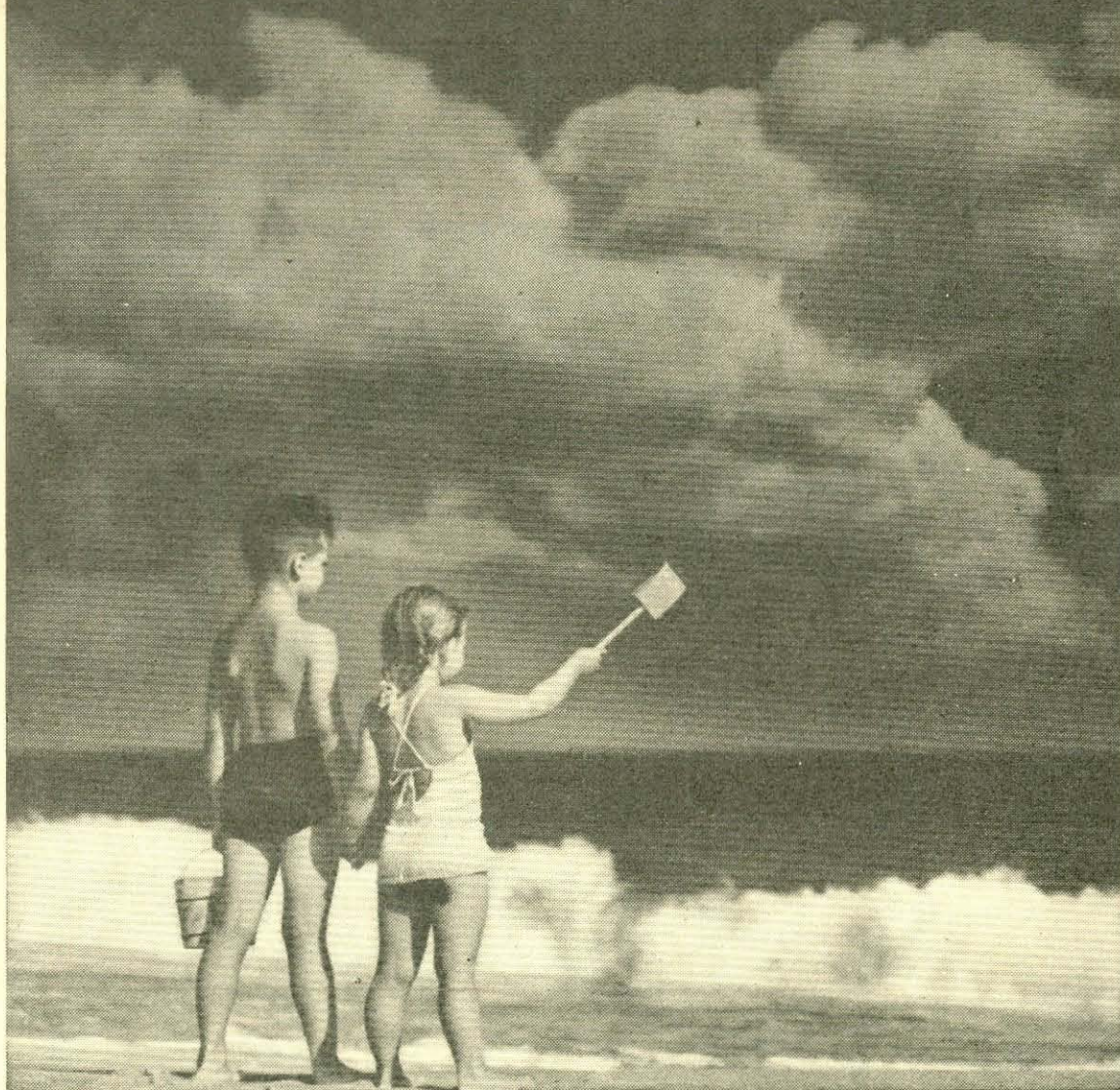
JO-CARROLL DENNISON, winner of 1942 Miss America title, is now in Hollywood with a contract at 20th Century-Fox tucked in her pocket. She's just completed a tour of Army camps and war-bond rallies. Her first picture assignment will be a role in "The Girls He Left Behind," with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda and Phil Baker. J. C. is 19, rated "A" on poise and beauty

Posy for the Missus

MARRIAGE is a wonderful institution, and how Ginger Rogers loves being an inmate! Right, she pins gift from her husband Private Jack Briggs of the U. S. Marine Corps—two fragrant gardenias—atop her shining locks. Place: Dressing-room of "Lux Radio Theater," evening Ginger did her radio stint with Ray Milland in air version of their movie hit "The Major and the Minor"



Whose Ocean?



On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers — *our* soldiers — American women and children — *our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop* a bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Let your employer set aside 10% of your pay every pay day. Each time your savings amount to \$18.75, you get a bond, worth \$25.00 in ten years.

That's the way we *Americans* will do it. We won't sit back indifferent.

We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's do it!

It's later than you think!

• • •

DO YOU KNOW?

- When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ percent more in 10 years! You get back \$4 for every \$3 you invest!
- These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semiannually!
- Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes savings easy!
- Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for War Bonds for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.
- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!
- You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.



This space is a contribution to
America's all-out war effort by
MOVIE-RADIO GUIDE

**EVERYBODY
EVERY PAY DAY 10% in War Bonds**



CANOVA CLOWNS

Place: Tunnel of Love
in Her Latest Republic
Picture "Sleepy Lagoon"

JUDY CANOVA, whose peculiar brand of hillbilly singing and humor convulse both radio and screen audiences, once studied to be an opera singer. However La Canova wasn't long in discovering that yodeling paid better dividends in so far as she was concerned. When she appeared at night-clubs later in New York and the blase big-towners treated her like a sure-enough hillbilly, she didn't mention that her dad was a well-known architect. Rudy Vallee gave Judy her first real break on the radio, but it wasn't until Republic Pictures starred her in "Scatterbrain" that she began to climb in movies. Her latest for Republic is "Sleepy Lagoon," in which she shares the honors with Dennis Day.



EXPLORING the tunnel of love, Judy has the support of clown Ernest Truex (and how he enjoys giving it) when the boat in which she is riding bumps into a skeleton that gives her the creeps. Canova's clowning for picture takes in distortion mirrors, revolving barrels, fire-spitting dragons

IMITATING a couple of excited kids at a carnival, Judy and Dennis Day, her co-star in "Sleepy Lagoon," wonder if the guard will let them try the children's slide at the fun house. They manage to get by, but Judy gets scared on the way down the slide and Dennis winds up with her piggy-back!

"The
Regiment's
Finest"



Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, New York. Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers from coast to coast.

THE RADIO FRONT

NEW YORK

By SANDRA HOLT

While dining in the nation's capital recently, newscaster Fulton Lewis, Jr., got an idea for his next program. He jotted the outline down hastily on the tablecloth. When he left the restaurant he took the cloth with him, assuring the astounded waiter it would be returned "laundered" after the program . . . P. S.: It was! . . .

According to CBS "Adventures in Science" the population of the world has increased from between four hundred and five hundred millions in 1790 to two billion in 1940. In the United States and Canada the increase has been from a few hundred thousands to one hundred and forty millions during that period. And we might add that at least half that number seems to crowd New York subways every day at the 5 p.m. rush hour . . .

If visitors to a New York studio want identification marks of some well-known airplane artists, here's a few never-fails: Jerry Wayne, singing star of "All-Time Hit Parade," always wears a red carnation in his button-hole; a man wearing a sports jacket that resembles any and all designs of linoleum will be Bob ("Thanks to the Yanks") Hawk; a maestro who conducts his orchestra seated will be David Broekman on "Here's to Romance"; if he addresses someone as "Dear Boy," that's bandleader Sammy Kaye . . .

Answering a query: The theme song heard on "Calling America" was written by the program's orchestra- and chorus-conductor, Victor Bay. It's called *I Hear America Singing* and is adapted from the Walt Whitman poem . . .

In passing: The model victory gardens sponsored by WEAJ on the grounds of the stately old Schwab mansion at 73rd and Riverside Drive are a lovely sight from the top of a bus.

HOLLYWOOD

By AVERY THOMPSON

When the "Arkansas Traveler" troupe went to Catalina Island to entertain the Navy, "Traveler" Bob Burns remarked he had never seen so many seals in all his life. Related Bob: "We passed so close to one big old seal that I shouted at him, 'What are you doin' there?' And he shouted right back, 'the same thing you are—waitin' for vaudeville to come back!'" . . .

Claire Trevor, Lionel Barrymore's new secretary on "Mayor of the Town," feels right at home in the role, after all her experience in the same chore as "Lorelei" on Edward G. Robinson's "Big Town" . . .

Airplane comic Cass Daley got an avalanche of fan mail when she was ill. One letter from a listener advised

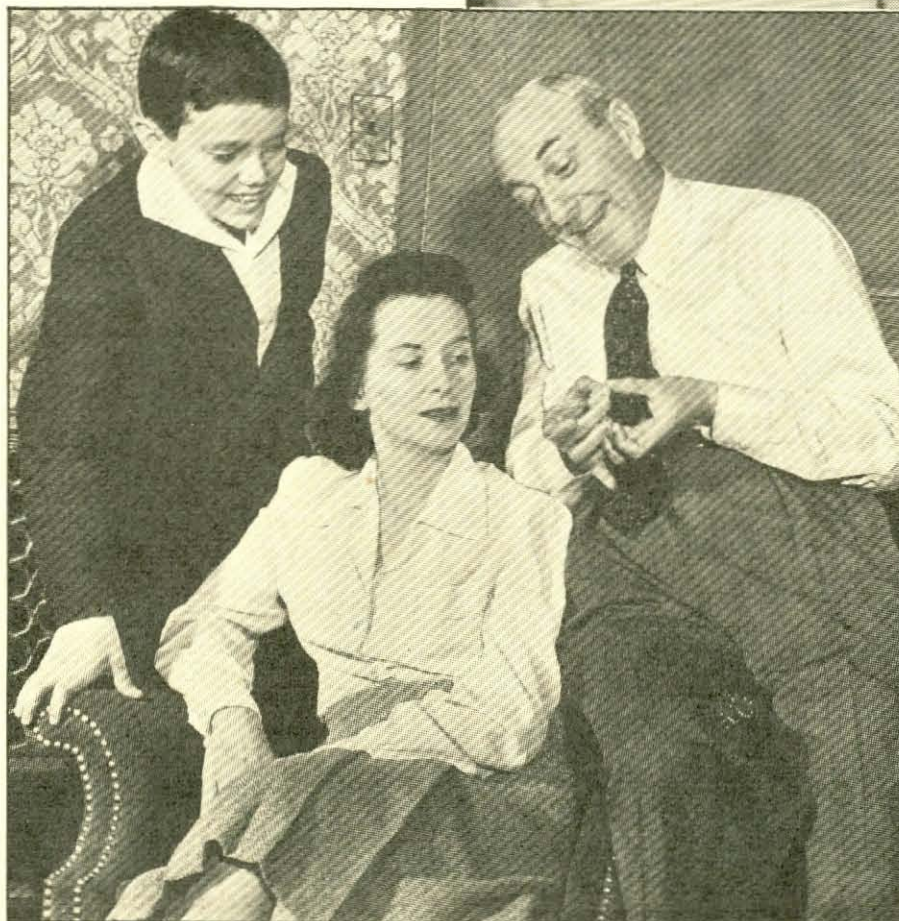
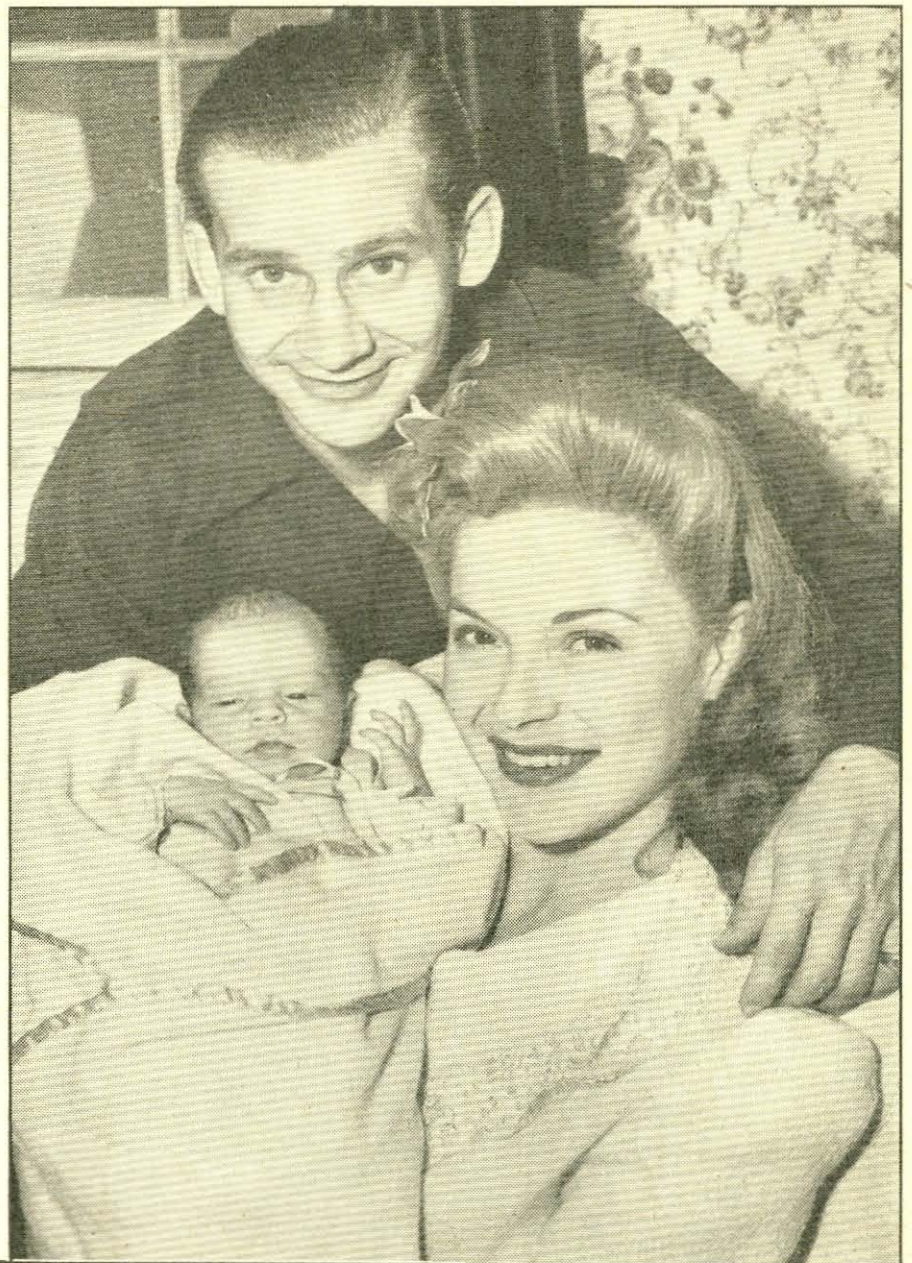
that she was sending her a bushel of choice carrots, continuing with, "I'm denying my rabbits the carrots so you may have them." Cass sent a quick reply which read: "Keep the carrots and send a rabbit" . . .

Rudy Vallee whiffed once too often when he sang the Yale "Whiffenpoof" song on his program recently. Rudy was in the middle of the piece, head back, eyes closed, when his co-workers saw him turn a light purple and begin to cough, but discreetly away from the mike. Rudy had whiffed in a wandering insect! . . .

Bob Crosby is bursting with pride these days, as he passes out business cards to friends and associates around "Kraft Music Hall." Reason: the cards read: "MAJOR AIRCRAFT FOUNDRY, Puente, California—Bob Crosby, Vice-President." The foundry makes vital airplane parts and is owned by the brothers Crosby—Bing, Everett, Larry and Bob . . .

Kay Kyser has turned song-writer, and won a prize with his very first effort, *A Star and a Rose*. Prize of twenty-five dollars was offered by Sigma Nu fraternity, of which Kay is a member . . .

Eddie Cantor and his Ida celebrated their twenty-ninth wedding anniversary recently. In Hollywood, where so many marriages crack up—that's news!



NEW DAUGHTER:

NAN GREY, star of "Those We Love," and her equally well-known jockey husband, Jackie Westrope, pose for their first family portrait with daughter Pamela Ann, who was just a month old when picture was taken

CHICAGO

By JAY ALLISON

This is war! Of the 135 students enrolled in the NBC radio institute at Northwestern University, 115 are women . . . Bill Rose, who played Chuck Ramsey in "Captain Midnight" before entering the Army, collaborated on a new infantry song with cohorts at Camp Grant . . . Dick Wells, who was announcer on "Ma Perkins," is now an Army lieutenant . . . James Goss (Uncle Jim in "Jack Armstrong"), Leo Curley and Olan Soule (Sam Ryder in "Bachelor's Children") are CPO's in the Coast Guard Auxiliary . . .

'Tis said that three movie companies are dickering on a "National Barn Dance" picture deal which may bring the whole "Barn Dance" gang to Hollywood in September . . . that Marilou Neumayer is going to give Hollywood the once-over this summer . . . that Pauline Hopkins, "That Brewster Boy" scripter and wife of producer Owen Vinson, is working on a stage version of the Brewster show . . .

(Continued on Page 61)

NEW STAR: EVER since "Vic and Sade's" son Rush (Billy Idelson) joined the Navy, author of the series Paul Rhymer has been searching for a new juvenile. Finally found one in thirteen-year-old David Whitehouse, an eighth-grader at Haven School in Evanston, Illinois. He plays the role of Russell Miller. David has four brothers in Uncle Sam's service

SONJA'S QUEEN OF THE ICE IN A MUSICAL AS MATCHLESS AS HER DAZZLING SKATING!



Spectacle on skates
 ... carnival on ice ... with rhythm and laughter and romance as sky-high as Canada's snow-clad peaks!

SONGS
 to warm your heart!
 "I Like It Here" • "Dancing In The Dawn" (Of A New Day) • "Later Tonight" • "Wintertime" • "I'm All A-Twitter Over You" • "We Always Get Our Girl" • "Drums and Dreams"

SONJA HENIE

Wintertime

Jack OAKIE

Cesar ROMERO

Carole LANDIS

and S. Z. Sakall • Cornel Wilde

WOODY HERMAN



AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Watch for these other big ones from



The Biggest figure in entertainment!

"HEAVEN CAN WAIT" • "SONG OF BERNADETTE" • "JANE EYRE"

Directed by John Brahm • Produced by William Le Baron • Screen Play by Arthur Kober, Lynn Starling and Lillie Hayward • Lyrics and Music by Leo Robin and Nacio Herb Brown • Dances Staged by James Gonzales and Carlos Romero • Musical Sequences Supervised by Fanchon



-Bert Six Photo

Pin-up Girl

UP IN Canada, at a place called Little Norway, there's an eight-by-ten-foot photograph of Ann Sheridan, the biggest pin-up picture ever made.

The men in training at Little Norway, like those portrayed in "Edge of Darkness," the Warner Bros. film in which Ann starred, are fighting Norwegians who refused to submit to the

yoke of the Nazis. "Annie," as she is known to all her co-workers on the studio lot, is the prime favorite of these men.

Between chores of picture-making, Ann spends her excess energy, of which she has plenty, on strenuous bond tours and week-end visits to Army camps, where she entertains men in various branches of the service.



AT FIFTEEN, Betty received trophies from Hollywood Art Jury naming her the "Ideal American Girl." Jury challenged Atlantic City to "produce a girl who could top her before deciding Miss America winner"



HAVING stars' most famous features imprinted in forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre is an old Hollywood custom. La Grable, assisted by servicemen, goes through ceremony of having her "million-dollar" legs cast for posterity

Our Personal Friends—

Betty Grable—Miss Perfect

By Carl A. Schroeder



BETTY was just out of her teens when she married Jackie (The Kid) Coogan, above. Reports which whispered that she divorced "The Kid" because he failed to recover fortune made in the movies were untrue

IT IS not Betty Grable's fault that she has never won a title from the women's clubs of America. We humbly suggest that girls from sixteen to sixty might nominate her as "Miss Perfect Competition." This honor would readily be seconded by the glamour girls of Hollywood, who would like to see her named "Miss Pain in the Neck."

Miss Grable, it seems, has a petrifying effect upon the American male. She achieves this without the benefit of a glamorous past, Plymouth Rock ancestors, an education beyond the knowledge she picked up as a vaudeville hooper, or false eyelashes.

She has the dubious honor of having received more blackmail threats than any other living actress. In the light of the fact that most of the demands for money aren't serious but merely a poor trick by which some youngster hopes to meet her, this is unique flattery. The FBI takes care of situations like these. Betty takes care of all others.

When she was fifteen, Betty was named "The Ideal American Girl." This was the result of an election held with himself by a publicity man. He challenged the Atlantic City gang to produce a girl as beautiful and talented as Betty before they selected a "Miss America," and hinted in inspired press-agent copy that failure to recognize Betty was little short of treason. This accomplished, he rounded up a group of people, photographed Betty with a huge loving-cup filled to the

brim with American Beauty roses. Betty, pretty happy about the whole thing, went home with the award. Next morning, bright and early, the publicity man called up to ask for the cup back. It had been borrowed from the prop department for the stunt, he explained, and publicity would be charged \$40 if it weren't returned. Pretending complete innocence, Betty sweetly replied, "Why, you can't have it back—I won it, didn't I?"

Today Betty is the nation's most popular "Pin-Up Girl," and is soon to appear in a picture of the same name—a picture, incidentally, which is all about roller-skaters. Betty is the official sweetheart of enough Marine companies to comprise a force large enough to capture Tokyo over a week-end. She is the girl whose picture the infantry would "Like Most to Have in Our Pup-Tent," "The Shore Leave Honey" of half the Navy. As if all this were not enough, she has had her legs imprinted in cement at Grauman's famous theater, and she no longer goes with George Raft.

Betty can never "go Hollywood," because she is Hollywood. When she has a romance, the world knows about it. When she pouts, she does it openly in a night-club or on a movie set. Not for publicity but because movies are her business, and Hollywood her town. She does as she pleases. After she had spent several weeks in the hospital recuperating from an operation neces-

(Continued on Page 61)



Everything



GEORGE RAFT, many years her senior, was the second love in Betty's life; but he had a wife who refused to give him his freedom. Right: Betty as "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," her latest film



—Roman Freulich Photos
FORMAL DRESS confuses Donald. Left: He has trouble with a coat-hanger. Above: Missing-link victim!
"LEAPING LENA! No party's worth all this effort," groans Donald, above, after a diligent search

New FACES



DONALD'S currently "jiving" his way into the hearts of young American movie-goers in "Mister Big," with co-star Gloria Jean, above. His next will be "Angela," with songbird Susanna Foster

DONALD O'CONNOR

Born to Carry on a Great American Tradition, He's Jumping to Screen Success via the "Jive" Route!

BORN to carry on a great American tradition — old-time vaudeville — eighteen-year-old Donald O'Connor has branched off into movies and a promising career in Hollywood. Certainly "Mister Big," his latest Universal picture, establishes him as a crack song-and-dance man in the making.

A fine trouper, Donald's special charm lies in his Puckish grin and infectious good humor. There's nothing of the smart-aleck about him, nor has stardom changed the size of his hatband. His best pal on the Universal lot is an office-boy in the publicity department. When Donald's not busy on the set, you can find him sharpening pencils, filing photos and doing other chores for his friend.

Inventive, too, is the word for Donald. Recently he bought an ancient jalopy for \$7.50, took the motor and parts from another junked car, put them all together and turned out a red streamlined racer which cost him a total of \$30.

"Hepcat," if there ever was one, Donald's idea of a large evening is to go jitterbugging at the Hollywood Palladium with his gang, and adjourn later to his own house, where they all get together and beat out "hot" tunes on im-

proved instruments. He plays the piano and drums well, and can bluff on almost any other noise-box. Rhythm is in his blood, and he's already written several songs.

Universal's "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" established Donald as a promising juvenile, and for good reason. He began in show business at the age of thirteen months, when he was added to the family vaudeville act. Chuck O'Connor, his dad, was one of the best acrobatic entertainers in the country. After his father's death, Don's mother still carried on with the show. By the time young O'Connor was three and a half, his act included tap-dancing and singing. Because he always wore tailor-made suits and spats, complete with top hat, and carried a cane, he was frequently mistaken for a midget. Bane of his life at this age was his Buster Brown haircut. Other boys razed him about it, and the result was many a bloody battle with his show pals, which earned him the title of "toughest little guy in show business."

At the moment the "jivin'" son of the O'Connor clan has two ambitions: To join the Air Forces and to become a movie director when the fighting's over.

TRUDY ERWIN

Radio's Cinderella Lass Whose Dream Came True When She Got a Chance to Sing with Bing Crosby

EIGHT years ago, when Trudy Erwin was fifteen and a student at John Marshall High School in Los Angeles, she started to dream about singing duets with Bing Crosby. Now she's doing it!

Trudy's first duet with the Bing was by proxy. She went to the San Diego Fair, and in one of the concessions there had a record of her voice made. But instead of the usual recording, the little Erwin had the engineer in charge play one of Bing's records while she sang close harmony to it.

Just before she registered at UCLA, Trudy moved a little nearer to realizing her dream when she got a chance to work as an extra in the Crosby picture "Double or Nothing."

At the university, Trudy joined a group of singers on the campus that became known eventually as the Music Maids. Their first audition was for—yes, Bing Crosby, and he hired them. But again all Trudy did was hum background harmony effects and nurse her consuming desire to sing right along with Mr. Crosby.

Later, Kay Kyser heard Trudy at the Hollywood Canteen and asked her to join his band as singer on a tour of 160 service camps. And Trudy did!

It was after this junket that her big moment came. Bing chose her as the regular songstress on his KMH program, a spot held formerly by Mary Martin and Connee Boswell.

Trudy's full name is Virginia Lee Erwin. She is five feet plus one inch tall, weighs 110 pounds, has dark-blue eyes and light-brown hair. An outdoor girl, she prefers hiking in the country to promenades along Fifth Avenue. When Trudy was in New York with Kyser's band, Dinah Shore was singing at the Waldorf-Astoria. The two used to get together on free afternoons. But did they carry on the usual femme chit-chat about beauty formulas and competitors. No, indeed! They played Bing Crosby records for hours on end.

As this is written, Trudy has visioned no further goal to attain. She's right where she dreamed of being eight years ago—top songstress on the Crosby KMH airplane show!



ALONG with several million radio listeners Trudy idolizes Bing Crosby, who gave her an opportunity to sing on his KMH show. Above: Trudy shown at program rehearsal with "Great Groaner" and maestro John Scott Trotter

and FIGURES



WORK is play for Trudy, because she loves to sing. When she wants to relax, she hies herself to the Beverly Hills Hotel pool for an hour of swimming, rests in sand afterward. An expert horsewoman, she's also a whiz at ping-pong
 —Bruce Bailey Photos



Hi Ya' Kate!

That's Servicemen's Favorite Greeting to Radio's Kate Smith

By Maxine Arnold

A WEARY young marine was just coming in from the rifle range to his barracks at Camp Matthews when he was told somebody wanted him on the phone. It was his birthday. His first since he left Ashtabula, Ohio. And he felt mighty blue.

"Hey, Mac," they yelled, "somebody wants to yap with ya."

It was the Marine Base at San Diego calling. Was this Corporal Lee? Yeah . . . yeah . . . it was.

"I'm calling for Kate Smith," a marine on the other end of the line said. "She wishes you a very happy birthday."

The corporal was too tired pulling those butts out on the rifle range. He was in no mood for jokes "Oh, yeah," he said. "Same back at you."

"Kate SMITH," repeated the voice impressively.

"Oh, YEAH," repeated Corporal Lee, of Ashtabula, Ohio. Then, as it began to dawn on him that this was the real thing, he stammered. "Gee . . . my GOSH . . ."

And backstage at the base auditorium, when told that her message had been delivered, Kate Smith folded up the telegram she'd just received from his folks and smiled, happy (Continued on Page 59)



"HI, FELLOWS!" Kate shouts back at boys stationed at the Army Ordnance Depot at Santa Anita, Calif., before she swings into the business of entertaining them. Manager Ted Collins is shown left, studying script while Kate gets boys in mood for good time



—KNX Photo
"LET'S MAKE IT PRETTY, BOYS," says Kate when asked to pose for an Army lad at Camp Haan, Calif. Her homey informality is what endears her to boys away from home. Kate really gets out and circulates among them at camps where she entertains



—KNX Photo
KATE gets ready to fire the ack-ack gun named "Mary Ann" at the U. S. Maritime Service Training Station on Catalina Island. A pretty good shot, Kate amazed boys by being "right on target" twice



—KNX Photo
PVT. Huntz Hall, former "Dead End Kid," above, left, and Corp. B. Gimpel, stationed at Camp Haan, get the latest wrinkle in potato-peeling from Kate, who explains how to avoid waste



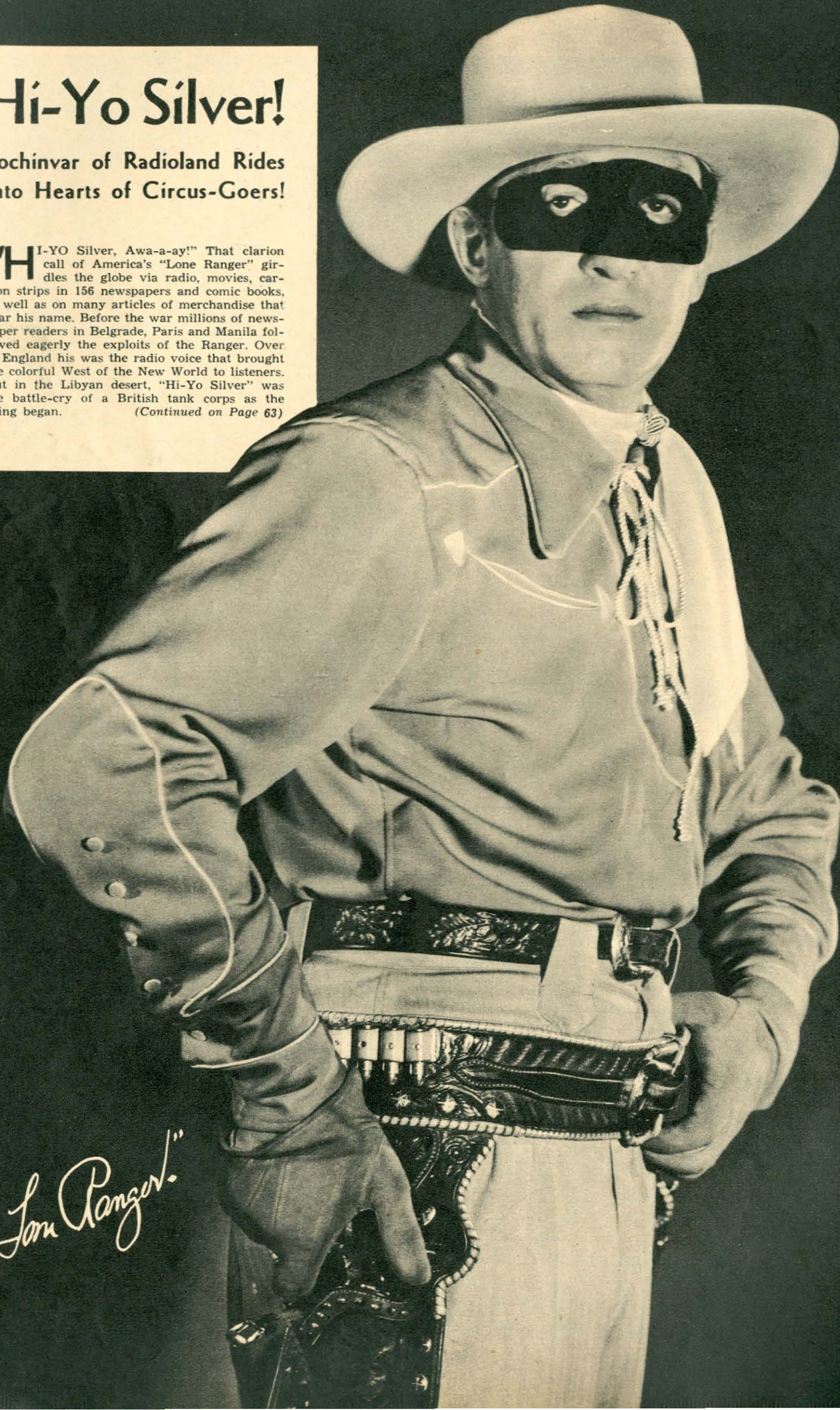
—KNX Photo
KATE admires girl friends' photos boys at Pomona, Calif., Ordnance Center show her. Opposite page: Miss Smith with "Boots," bulldog she gave to men in boot camp at San Diego Marine Corps Base



Hi-Yo Silver!

Lochinvar of Radioland Rides
Into Hearts of Circus-Goers!

"**H**I-YO Silver, Awa-a-ay!" That clarion call of America's "Lone Ranger" girdles the globe via radio, movies, cartoon strips in 156 newspapers and comic books, as well as on many articles of merchandise that bear his name. Before the war millions of newspaper readers in Belgrade, Paris and Manila followed eagerly the exploits of the Ranger. Over in England his was the radio voice that brought the colorful West of the New World to listeners. Out in the Libyan desert, "Hi-Yo Silver" was the battle-cry of a British tank corps as the firing began. (Continued on Page 63)



"The Lone Ranger"



DAVID listened intently as Lilly Bell poured out the story of her love for Sam, but he couldn't give permission to tell Sam the truth

—Gus Gale Photo



Case of the Dime-A-Dance Hall

THE CAST

NAVY GUNNER SAM DAVIS was disappointed and a little angry. He had the let-down feeling that comes when shore leave has not come up to expectations. He felt that someone should have been on hand to welcome him after his three months' stint on a North Atlantic destroyer doing convoy duty. Of all the millions in New York, there should have been at least one person who cared that he was there.

At first it was swell. He and his shipmates had stopped at the nearest tavern and downed a few quick ones in boisterous good fellowship. Then the others had melted away, going to keep special dates, visit friends. But Sam, hundreds of miles from his Middle Western home, had no friends in New York.

After a while, Sam bought a bottle. But it didn't help. He wasn't used to liquor. It had a depressing effect. Sam felt sorry for himself. His sailor's hat was pushed back on his head, exposing a mop of blond hair which made him look just what he was—a kid just off the farm. His pea jacket was open and his wide-bottomed trousers flapped against his strong legs. The Broadway theater crowd jostled him. He was lonesome . . . a little overawed by the big city . . .

He turned off Broadway and slipped

The Story of a Girl Who Had the Courage to Place Duty to Her Country Before Love

into a darkened doorway where he reached inside his jacket and pulled out what was left of his whisky. The raw liquor burned his throat and caused him to cough. He smacked the cork back with the palm of his hand and carefully placed the empty bottle in a corner. He lit a cigaret, buttoned his jacket and moved down the street until finally he halted before a large electric sign reading, "Cosmopolitan, 100 Hostesses. Dancing. 100 Hostesses."

The "Cosmopolitan" is strictly a commercial enterprise but its stock-in-trade is hospitality. Its one hundred girls are employed to dance with whomever comes in. They receive from the male customer ten cents for every time they dance with him, and, at the end of the evening, they get a cut of the money they have taken in, usually fifty percent. The "Cosmo-

politan" catered to lonely sailors just like Sam. The girls were instructed carefully in the dance hall's particular brand of phony friendship. And so Sam found welcome—of a sort.

The lonesome sailor boy was taken in tow almost instantly by a dark-haired little number with mascaraed eyes, a good-natured, painted mouth and a trim figure. She answered to the name of "Lilly Bell."

"Come on, Sailor," she said, "you and me will go over to the corner and sit at a table."

"Is that so," Sam said a little beligerently. "I'd rather dance."

Lilly Bell made a waving gesture with her hand at the heaving mass of dancers on the floor. She put her hand on Sam's arm and gave him a little shove. They moved toward the booths at the far end of the smoke-filled hall.

"It's too crowded, Sailor. Come on, do what I tell you. We'll go over to that table in the corner."

Sam felt better because a cute number had taken notice of him. He didn't really care whether he danced or not. The cute number sat down and Sam ordered soft drinks. At first he was embarrassed but the girl didn't seem to mind. She chattered on about nothing. The crowded hall was hazy with smoke and reeked of perspiration and

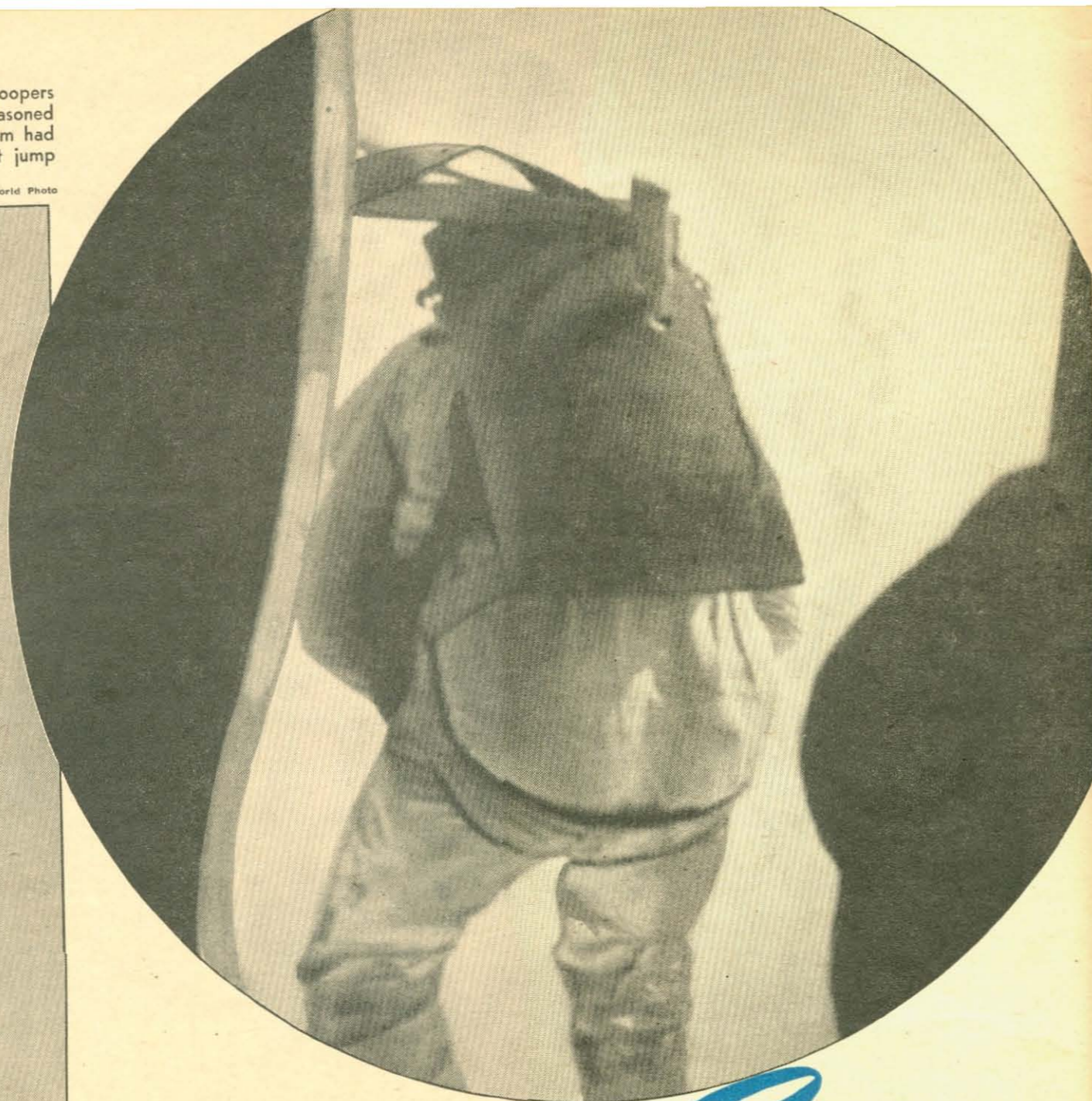
(Continued on Page 57)

The Character	The Player
David Harding.....	Don McLaughlin
Sam Davis.....	John Gibson
Lilly Bell.....	Arline Blackburn
Doctor Hargrove.....	Gene Leonard
Clerk.....	Ian Martin
Bud.....	Lawson Zerbe
Scar.....	Alan Bunce
T. L. Dutton.....	Bernard Lenrow

This story was adapted by Wiley S. Maloney from Phillips H. Lord's "Counter-Spy," which is heard each Monday night at 9 p.m. EWT, 8 p.m. CWT, 9:30 p.m. MWT, 8:30 p.m. PWT over the Blue Network under the sponsorship of the Mail Pouch Tobacco Company.

AFTER a month of arduous training ski troopers of the 503rd Parachute Battalion are seasoned para-ski soldiers, even though some of them had never seen snow before. Right: The first jump

—Wide World Photo



—Wide World Photo

U. S. Signal Corps shot, above, shows three out of eleven paratroopers hitting their target at a desert training-station, despite a strong wind which was like air from a blazing blast-furnace

DARING, the calculating sort rather than the reckless, marks John Hall (Jack) Thompson. Sent by MBS and the Chicago Tribune to augment war coverage in August of 1942, Jack toured American Army camps in North Ireland and England. While in Ulster, he became so interested in the work of American paratroopers in training that he asked permission to become a parachute correspondent. Hardy had permission been granted than he was assigned to General Eisenhower's command, and sailed to North Africa with the invasion forces. There he made several leaps with the soldiers of the sky to obtain eye-witness accounts of how Americans were fighting on the African front. Recently on leave from overseas duty, Thompson gave a series of talks on WGN and Mutual about his experiences. Listeners may now hear him in MBS news pickups from North Africa. This article tells of his first parachute jump with paratroops in active combat.

Sans

WE SAT in the cramped cabin of what had been a big Douglas airliner, now converted into an Army transport plane equipped to carry troops or freight. Nine men on one side. Nine men on the other. Seventeen hardened, highly trained soldiers and one amateur, the rankest paratroop tyro, a newspaperman silly enough to go after a story by jumping with these crack troops in combat.

For the soldiers it was somewhat of an old story. They had made numerous practise jumps in the United States and in England. And only a week before they'd parachuted onto the desert wastes near Oran as part of the spearhead of the allied invasion of North Africa. Now they were bound on another mission, fraught with dangerous uncertainty, and vitally important to the success of the campaign. It was also a mission which gave this correspondent the biggest thrill of his life, the opportunity of becoming the first reporter to jump with parachute soldiers into battle.

More than a year before I had met the paratroops for the first time while making a tour of Army camps for the Chicago Tribune. That was at Fort Benning, Georgia, where they formerly trained. They were a fine body of men, all volunteers for this specialized work, all carefully selected, all with agile, athletic bodies, and agile, intelligent minds. A good crew I thought then.

A good crew I thought last fall when I ran across some of them again in England. This outfit was only one battalion, then commanded by Lieutenant



EXPERT tutelage of veteran ski instructors made this rapid training possible. Above: Mr. Thompson with parachutists in typical foxhole



THOMPSON, above right, receives the coveted wings of a qualified paratrooper from Major Doyle W. Yardley, executive paratroop officer

Peronvino!

An Amateur Parachutist Jumps With Crack Troops in Combat!

By John H. Thompson

Colonel Edsen D. Raff, a tanned, handsome fighting man. It was one battalion but it did the work of a regiment in North Africa, and with the cooperation of some other units, equally as small, made the Germans think they were a division.

My meeting at their training-grounds in England was the result of having been sent abroad as a war correspondent by the Chicago Tribune and the Mutual Broadcasting System. I had been a newspaperman for thirteen years. This was to be my first assignment for radio.

Knowing my interest in the paratroopers, Colonel Raff (he was later promoted to full colonel and awarded the Silver Star) asked if I would like to accompany them on their first battle mission. My response was an enthusiastic "yes," but an answer that later often gave me pause to wonder about my own sanity. Approval was granted by my home office, but only if the operation was part of a major offensive and not just

a raid. However, by the time this approval came through we correspondents were being arbitrarily assigned by the Army Public Relations Office to certain units for the North African invasion. Colonel Raff put in a request for me. Unfortunately, it was acted upon too late and when the invasion fleet sailed I found myself in the rear echelon, due to land three days after the assault waves. Bitter tea indeed for a guy who thought he was going to fly in a paratroop plane.

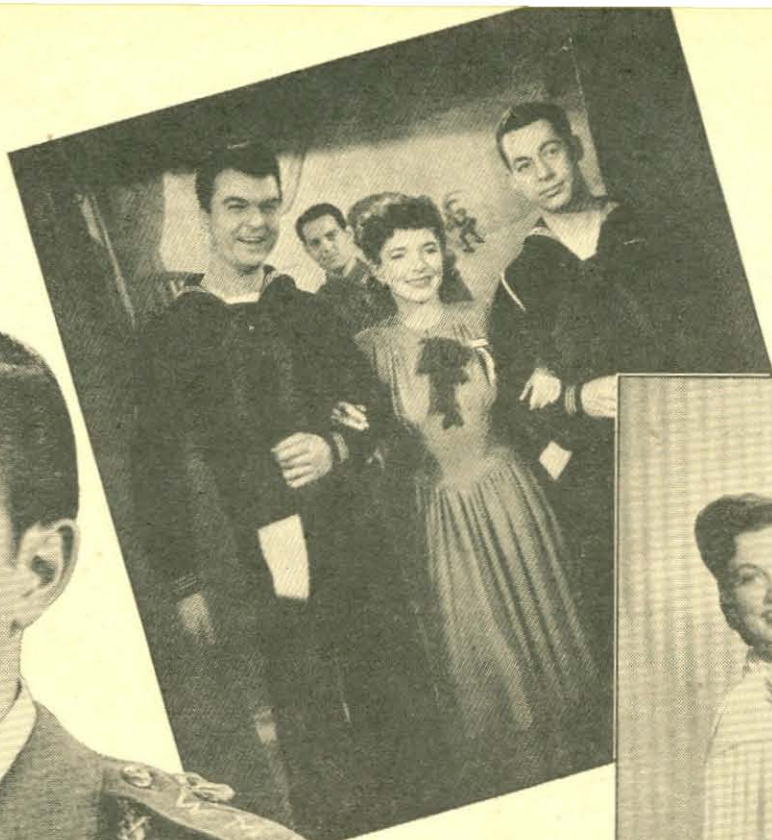
That flight of the paratroops made history. It covered some eight hundred miles, the longest aerial movement of paratroopers ever made. Mistakes, errors, and bad luck beyond their control, however, brought them down many miles from their objectives, two airdromes near Oran, and in one skirmish with the French three planes were shot up by French fighter pilots as they tried to take off from a dry salt lake where they had landed. Five paratroopers were killed and about fourteen wounded. The mission was not a conspicuous success, and by the time I joined them a week later, on November 14, Colonel Raff and his entire command were raring to go, anxious to prove what they could do.

After landing at Oran I'd picked up their trail, learned they were based at the Maison Blanche Airport, near Algiers, and hitched a ride on the next transport plane going east. We arrived in the

(Continued on Page 45)



AUTHOR Jack Thompson, MBS war correspondent, as he looked on active duty at the African front. On his first jump with paratroopers in combat, life hung literally on strength of No. 3 sewing thread



HELEN HAYES, first lady of the theater, left, in scene from "Stage Door Canteen," the picture that features a whole galaxy of Broadway stars doing canteen chores, including Lunt and Fontanne, Katharine Cornell, Ed Wynn



LUCILLE BALL in "Best Foot Forward" surprises Tommy Dix with a great big kiss for daring to invite a movie star to be his guest at the Winsocki Promenade

RED SKELTON and Eleanor Powell, above, bring some jestin', jammin', jivin' to "I Dood It," an M-G-M picture that shows a pants-presser wedded to a wilful stage star

THIS MONTH

"Best Foot Forward"

Cast: Lucille Ball, William Gaxton, Tommy Dix, Virginia Weidler, Kenny Bowers, Jack Jordan, Gloria de Haven, June Allyson, Nancy Walker, Beverly Saul, Harry James' band. An M-G-M picture in Technicolor, produced by Arthur Freed and directed by Eddie Buzzell. The screen play, adapted from the George Abbott Broadway success, was written by Irving Brecher and Fred Finklehoffe.

THE screen version of this Broadway hit brings the same sprightly music, amusing situations and five exceptionally clever kids to the film that were featured on the New York stage—plus! Lucille Ball is the publicity-eager star who visits a boys' military school at the behest of her press agent (William Gaxton), and at the request of Bud Hopper (Tommy Dix), one of the students. When Lucille arrives at the Winsocki Prep School to be queen of the prom, things—very funny things—begin to happen. Hopper (Dix) is on the verge of losing his best girl Helen (Virginia Weidler), who resents Miss Ball because she appears to be annexing her special boy friend. And Dix is on the thin edge of being expelled from school. But it all ends with Lucille guest of honor at the commencement exercises, and everything jake!

"Stage Door Canteen"

Cast: Sixty-three stars of stage, radio and screen take part in this picture. Katharine Cornell makes her screen debut. Characters in the story are: Cheryl Walker, William Terry, Marjorie Riordan, Lon McCallister, Margaret Early, Michael Harrison, Dorothea Kent, Fred Brady, Marion Shockley and Patrick O'Moore. A United Artists release, it was produced by Sol Lesser and directed by Frank Borzage. The screen play was written by Delmer Daves.

BACKGROUND for this picture is New York's famous Stage Door Canteen operated by the American Theater Wing for the entertainment of soldiers while they are in the Big Town. Here, fighting men from all over the world gather, and the stars are there to entertain them and serve them the best of food for free. Every star and every bit player in the huge cast does a grand job; but the ones we remember most vividly are Lon McCallister as "California" and Ray Bolger in a dancing act that is absolutely tops. Cheryl Walker also emerges as a girl who seems to have what it takes to reach stardom. Incidentally, it was Lon's first role in the movies and will be his last for the duration of the war. He entered the Army in real life on July 1.

"I Dood It"

Cast: Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Patricia Dane, Richard Ainley, John Hodiak, Kent Cooper and his Jumping Kospetics, Buck and Bubbles, Fourteen "I Dood It" lovelies, plus Jimmy Dorsey and his band. An M-G-M production, the picture was directed by Vincente Minnelli and produced by Jack Cummings from the original screen play by Sig Herzig and Fred Saily.

HERE'S a laugh-packed musical comedy with Red Skelton, never exactly sane in any of his movie and radio roles, at his zaniest best. Added to Red's antics are several spectacular dance numbers featuring co-star Eleanor Powell. And how Ellie does dance! Red plays a bumble-headed pants-presser named Joe who idolizes a stage star, Constance Shaw (Miss Powell). He pursues her everywhere, always attired in some of his wealthiest customers' clothes. Constance thinks Joe is a rich playboy because of his ritzy clothes and marries him to spite Larry West (Richard Ainley) who has jilted her. This lands the irrepressible Red in scrapes that range from almost ruining Connie's play to cleaning up a gang of saboteurs. In all these didoes, he is ably aided and abetted by Bob Eberly, Helen O'Connell, Buck and Bubbles.

WHAT MOVIE-GOERS CAN EXPECT: A gay round of hilarious merriment and some of the best tunes to come out of Hollywood by way of Broadway in a blue moon!

WHAT MOVIE-GOERS CAN EXPECT: The best in all-star casts and a picture that offers more than two hours of entertainment, with little actors stealing the show from big shots!

WHAT MOVIE-GOERS CAN EXPECT: Everything that spells a first-rate musical-comedy riot, fine dancing against an elaborate background, good singing, together with a breezy story

MONTY WOOLLEY, right, with Gracie Fields in "Holy Matrimony." There's a plot twist to this one that brings Monty, America's most stubborn bachelor, the closest he has ever been to the idea of marriage in past forty-five years. He protested!



—M. Marigold Photo

—RKO Photo

IRVING BERLIN'S "This Is the Army" features the well-known composer himself. Above: Scene with George Tobias, George Murphy and Alan Hale

JOAN LESLIE follows Ginger Rogers and Rita Hayworth as Fred Astaire's dancing-partner in "The Sky's the Limit." Astaire plays role of Flying Tiger



On The Screen

"This Is The Army"

Cast: Irving Berlin, Lt. Ronald Reagan, Joan Leslie, George Murphy, Charles Butterworth, Kate Smith, Frances Langford, Gertrude Niesen, Alan Hale, Una Merkel, Rosemary DeCamp, George Tobias, Dolores Costello, Dorothy Peterson, Ilka Gruning, Sgt. Julie Oshins, Corp. Herbert Anderson, Sgt. Carl Fisher, Sgt. Robert Shanley, Stanley Ridges. A Warner Bros. picture, produced by Jack L. Warner and Hal B. Wallis. Director: Michael Curtiz. Music by Irving Berlin. Screen play was written by Casey Robinson and Capt. Claude Binyon. Musical numbers were staged by Leroy Prinz and Master Sgt. Robert Sidney.

THE plot of this story is unimportant, for it serves only as a peg on which to present some super-duper production numbers, featuring more than a dozen Irving Berlin songs. Picture opens in the hectic period of 1917, traces the history of the original Berlin all-Army show, "Yip, Yip, Yaphank." A quarter-century later another group of soldiers (there are over three hundred in the cast), many of them sons of "Yip, Yip" members, get together in a second Berlin production, "This Is the Army." In addition to the regular actors in the piece, the soldiers and their clever antics add zest to the whole show.

WHAT MOVIE-GOERS CAN EXPECT: One of the finest pictures ever filmed, with superb song and production numbers, plus an enviable cast from bit players to the stars.

"Holy Matrimony"

Cast: Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields, Laird Cregar, Una O'Connor, Alan Mowbray, Melville Cooper, Franklin Pangborn, Eric Blore, George Zucco, Montagu Love, Fritz Feld, William Austin, Ethel Griffies, Geoffrey Steele, Whitner Bissell, Richard Fraser. A 20th Century-Fox production, directed by John Stahl, and produced and written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson from Arnold Bennett novel.

THE role of Pariam Farll, famous English painter who is doomed to a lifetime of adoration and flattery and determines to get away from it all, is tailor-made for Monty Woolley. For Monty, in real life, looks forward to the day when he can do exactly as he pleases—namely nothing but eat, sleep and read. Farll (Monty) comes out of his jungle retreat only at the request of England's king. When Leeks (Eric Blore), his valet, dies, Farll decides to change place with Leeks so he can live the remainder of his life in peaceful solitude. To that end, Leeks is buried with all the honors befitting Britain's greatest painter. So far, so good! Then Alice Challice (Gracie Fields) enters his life and inveigles the irascible Farll into matrimony with laughs. The inimitable Fields is a perfect match for Woolley.

WHAT MOVIE-GOERS CAN EXPECT: One of the most delightfully amusing pictures of the year with both Monty and Gracie at their best, supported by an exceptionally fine cast.

"The Sky's The Limit"

Cast: Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie, Robert Benchley, Bob Ryan, Bruce Edwards, and Mabel Paige. An RKO-Radio picture, produced by David Hempstead and directed by Edward H. Griffith. Original screen play was written by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton.

FRED ASTAIRE'S name on a theater marquee is, quite naturally, always associated with the best dancing the screen can offer. But in this picture, although the dance numbers are superb, they grow out of the story, rather than being staged as definite production pieces. Primarily a comedy, the film attempts to show how America looks through the eyes of a Flying Tiger on furlough. Pilot Fred Atwell (Astaire), after years of service with the Flying Tigers in China, prefers to take his short leave from active combat incognito instead of submitting to a cross-country tour in the role of a war hero. In New York he meets Jean Manion (Joan Leslie) and is immediately attracted to her. Unaware of his identity, Jean tries to get him a job. But Fred wants only one thing—to live his furlough as though it were his last week on earth, and do all the crazy things he always wanted to do. He has his way in a delightful manner.

WHAT MOVIE-GOERS CAN EXPECT: Sparkling comedy-drama with an undertone of seriousness. Three superb dance numbers that uphold the Astaire tradition.

COMING EVENTS

NBC Symphony Sponsored by General Motors; Leon Henderson Debuts as Radio Commentator Aug. 14

Bob Crosby, Emcee

In the new Old Gold show, Bob of the ambidextrous Crosby clan continues in the emcee role he filled to advantage while subbing for brother Bing on the KMH show. The show's titled "Bob Crosby and Company" and co-features Les Tremayne, of "First Nighter" fame, and a different femme vocalist each week.

("Bob Crosby and Company" may be heard Sundays over NBC at 10:30 p.m. EWT, 9:30 p.m. CWT, 8:30 p.m. MWT, 7:30 p.m. PWT.)

NBC Symphony Sponsored

In a deal involving almost a million dollars, General Motors has taken over sponsorship of the NBC Symphony Orchestra broadcasts starting August 1. Frank Black will continue to direct the summer concerts.

(The N.Y. Symphony Orchestra, sponsored by General Motors, may be heard Sundays over NBC at 5 p.m. EWT, 4 p.m. CWT, 3 p.m. MWT, 2 p.m. PWT.)

Bigger, Better "Basin"

The Blue Network's popular "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street" has expanded to a half-hour, taking over the spot Jimmie Fidler vacated when his show moved back to the 9:45 p.m. (EWT) slot on Sunday nights. 'Tis said the format will remain pretty much the same, except that there will be "bigger and better guests." Added will be a "musical depreciation period," during which the vagaries of musicians and composers will be subjected to ridicule in typical "Basin Street" style.

("Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street" may be heard Sundays over the Blue Network at 9:15 p.m. EWT, 8:15 p.m. CWT, 7:15 p.m. MWT, 6:15 p.m. PWT.)

Summer Chautauqua Concerts

The Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra, long a part of radio's summer musical fare, is heard again this year in a series of six concerts. The first program was on July 18 and the last will be August 22. Howard Hanson conducts on August 1 and 8.

(The Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra may be heard Sundays over the Blue Network at 4:30 p.m. EWT, 3:30 p.m. CWT, 2:30 p.m. MWT, 1:30 p.m. PWT.)

"Telephone Hour" Guests

The August edition of the "Telephone Hour's" Great Artist Series offers the following headliners: Lily Pons on August 2; Josef Hofmann, piano recital, August 9; James Melton, August 16; Grace Moore, August 23; Jascha Heifetz, August 30.

("Telephone Hour" may be heard Mondays over NBC at 9 p.m. EWT, 8 p.m. CWT, 10 p.m. MWT, 9 p.m. PWT.)

Leon Henderson's Debut

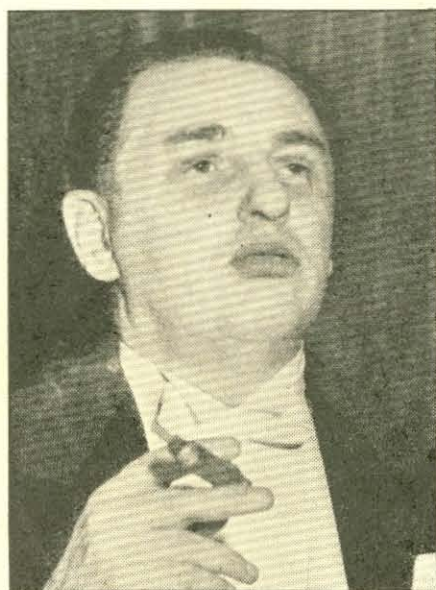
Something new in radio commentators takes to the air on August 14 when Leon Henderson, former OPA administrator, makes his debut over the Blue Network. His commentaries will originate in the capital.

(Starting August 14, Leon Henderson may be heard over the Blue Network on Saturdays at 6:45 p.m. EWT, 5:45 p.m. CWT, 9:30 p.m. MWT, 8:30 p.m. PWT.)

Philharmonic Guests

Fritz Reiner will be in the podium for New York Philharmonic-Symphony broadcasts on August 1, 8 and 15, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the August 22 and 29 concerts. Also on the August guest list are John Corigliano, violinist; Nathan Milstein, violinist, and Josef Hofmann, pianist.

(The New York Philharmonic-Symphony may be heard Sundays over CBS at 3 p.m. EWT, 2 p.m. CWT, 1 p.m. MWT, 12 noon PWT.)



HAPPY because his new Friday spot permits him to visit Army camps week-ends is Bob Hawk, above with Helen Chiotes, his girl Friday



IT'S emcee Bob Crosby in the new Old Gold program, while Matty Malneck directs the Crosby orchestra

—International News Photo
LEON HENDERSON and the ever-present stogie all set for August 14 premiere of new Blue Network series

cast. Louella Parsons and Fulton Oursler are each set to fill one of the periods.

"Vacation Serenade," featuring soprano Dorothy Kirsten, Reed Kennedy, baritone, and Wilfred Pelletier's orchestra, is filling in for "Information, Please" (NBC, Mondays), which left the air July 12 for eight weeks.

Other August Events

A new dramatic program titled "First Nights in Hollywood" premieres over a Coast-to-Coast Blue Network on August 13. The show will be a regular Friday night feature at 8:30 p.m. EWT, 7:30 p.m. CWT, 10 p.m. MWT, 9 p.m. PWT.

Bob Hawk and his "Thanks to the Yanks" quiz show now has a regular Friday night spot on CBS, taking over where "Camel Caravan" left off.

Replacing Joan Edwards, who has gone into temporary retirement to await the arrival of the stork, Bea Wain has taken over the femme vocal spot on "Your Hit Parade" (CBS, Saturdays).

The O'Cedar Corporation on August 29 assumes sponsorship of "Hot Copy," newspaper drama heard Sundays over the Blue Network at 3:30 p.m. EWT, 2:30 p.m. CWT, 1:30 p.m. MWT, 12:30 p.m. PWT.

George V. Denny, Jr., heads for England sometime this month on a special mission for the Office of War Information, leaving his "Town Meeting" post in the hands of guest moderators.

"Abie's Irish Rose" ends an eight-week summer lay-off on August 28, returning to the Saturday night NBC period vacated in June.

Gladys Swarthout returns to "Family Hour" (CBS, Sundays) sometime during latter part of August.

Vacations Begin

Walter Winchell takes a four-week rest from his airshow (Sundays, Blue Network) after the August 1 broad-

Vacations End

If Uncle Sam doesn't beckon Hal Peary in the meantime, "The Great Gildersleeve" will return to his regular Sunday night spot on NBC (6:30 p.m. EWT) on August 29. "Men at Sea," dramatized stories of the Merchant Marine, stays on till then.

Ralph Edwards' "Truth or Consequences" is scheduled to return (NBC, Saturdays) on August 28, following an eight-week vacation.

MONDAYS

CBS-Bright Horizon: WGST
WRVA WTOP WLAC WCAO
WFL

11:45 EWT A.M. 10:45 CWT
CBS-Aunt Jenny's Stories:
WRVA WTOP WCAO

AFTERNOON

12:00 EWT noon 11:00 CWT
NBC-Words & Music: WIS WMC
WTAR

12:15 EWT P.M. 11:15 CWT
CBS-Big Sister: WDAE WDOD
WBT WQAM WRVA WNOX

WCOA-In a Woman's World
WDBO-Dance Time
WFBR-Luncheon Music

12:30 EWT P.M. 11:30 CWT
MBS-Band Music: WFBR
WOL

12:45 EWT P.M. 11:45 CWT
NBC-Mirth & Madness: WPTF
BN-Victory Garden Talk: WSUN
WAGA WSM

CBS-Ma Perkins: WBT WGST
WTOP WRVA WAPI WCAO
WDBJ WLAC WREC WWL

1:00 EWT P.M. 12:00 CWT
NBC-Salon Orch.: WFLA WJDX
WTAR

1:15 EWT P.M. 12:15 CWT
NBC-Salon Orch.: WFLA WJDX
WTAR

NBC-Lonely Women: WBAL
WPTF WFBC WJAX WFLA
WIOD WBRC WJDX WALA

1:45 EWT P.M. 12:45 CWT
NBC-Carey Longmire, news:
WFBC WJAX WTAR WPTF
WFLA WIOD WIS WRC

1:50 EWT P.M. 12:50 CWT
NBC-Guiding Light: WBAL WRC
WPTF WFBC WIS WJAX

WIS-Sweet River
WJDX-State's Business
WKAT-Cascades of Melody

1:55 EWT P.M. 12:55 CWT
NBC-Cheer Up Gang: WFTL
NBC-Pepper Young's Family: WIS

1:58 EWT P.M. 12:58 CWT
NBC-Pepper Young's Family: WIS
WBC WFLA WIOD WJAX



DORIS DALTON is a femme Dan Cupid in CBS' Monday night heart-throb series, "Romance"

CBS-Joe & Ethel Turp: WBIG
WDBO WWNC WCAO WTOP
WDAE WSPA

3:30 EWT P.M. 2:30 CWT
MBS-Cheer Up Gang: WFTL
NBC-Pepper Young's Family: WIS

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY
Presents Radio's Biggest Daytime Program
"Your Home Front Reporter"
Featuring Fletcher Wiley
Mrs. America's favorite radio visitor
This new program broadcast every weekday in cooperation with the Office of War Information and other government agencies brings news from Washington of all home front war activities.
Radio's Finest Daytime Music with
FRANK PARKER ★ ELEANOR STEBER ★ DAVID BROEKMAN
Conducting a great new orchestra.
MONDAY thru FRIDAY at 4:00 P.M.—EWT—Over 118 CBS Stations

MONDAYS

MBS-Army Air Forces: WRUF WOL WMPS WSGN WPDQ WFTL
BN-Lone Ranger, sketch: WMAL
A story and a picture of the Lone Ranger may be found on page 18.

WDBO-To be announced
WDOD-Sabotage the Slacker
WIOD-The Great Gildersleeve
WIS-Concert Hall of the Air
WJDX-America Marches
★WMAZ-News; Lost & Found; Sports

BN-Counter Spy: WSUN WKAT WAGA WMPS WSIX KTHS
WMAZ WSGN WHKY
A fictional version of a "Counter Spy" drama may be found on page 17.

★MBS-Raymond Clapper, news: WSUN WKAT WAGA WMPS WSIX KTHS
WMAZ WSGN WHKY
A fictional version of a "Counter Spy" drama may be found on page 17.

★WBAL-News; Sports; Open Bible
★WBT-News; Highlights for Tomorrow; News
WCOA-Musical Tid-Bits



FRANK SINATRA'S rich tenor voice is featured on "Broadway Bandbox," Mondays over Columbia

KDKA-Uncle Sam
★KWKH-News; To be announced
WAPI-Most Honored Music
WCAU-Masterworks of Music

MORNING

7:00 EWT A.M. 6:00 CWT
★News: WMAL WRC
7:15 EWT A.M. 6:15 CWT
★News: WREC WQAM
WALA 49'ers
WPAO-Morning Music

WFLA-Reveille Roundup
WGST-Country Cousins
★WIOD-News; Today's Music
★WIS-News; Novelties
WJAX-Gospel Broadcasters

WSGN-Dixie Pioneers
WSIX-Hit Parade; Treasury Song Parade
WSM-Ernest Tubbs
WSPA-Reveille Revels

8:15 EWT A.M. 7:15 CWT
NBC-Do You Remember?: WIOD
WFLA WFBC WBRC WALA WJDX

NBC-Do You Remember?: WPTF
WMC
★News: WSM WAGA WPAO
WALAC

WAPI-Time to Shine
WPAO-Breakfast Club
WBIG-Hal Burns' Varieties
WBR-News Pictures

★WFTL-News; Workshop

TUESDAYS

★WFTL-News; Workshop

★WFTL-News; Workshop

★WFTL-News; Workshop

★WFTL-News; Workshop

★WFTL-News; Workshop

★WFTL-News; Workshop

TUESDAYS



COMPOSER Johnny Mercer, singing star and emcee of show replacing Bob Hope for the summer

(6:30 p.m. Continued)

WRC-St. John; Muscade
★WREC-Music; News
WSGN-Comic Club
WSIX-980 Club
★WSM-News; Sports
WSUN-Dr. Mel Morris
★WTAR-Sports; News
WVL-Manhattan Aires
6:45 EWT P.M. 5:45 CWT
MBS-To be announced: WMPs
WSIX
★BN-Lowell Thomas, comm.:

WBIG-Restful Music
★WDOB-News; Sports
WGST-Fifteen Minutes to Play
WKAT-Musical Comedy
★WLA-Ensemble Echoes; News
WMAL-When Day Is Done
WMAZ-Wheeler Reports; Shop-

★NBC-H. V. Kaltenborn, news:
WJAX WTAR WLW WALA
WSM WPTF WFBC WIS
WBRC WJDX WMC WCOA
WSB
KTHS-Floyd Hunter Quartet
WAGA-Moments of Music
WBIG-Studio Ensemble
WDOB-This Is Our Enemy
WFBR-Treasury Star Parade
WFLA-Dixie Harmonies
WOR-The Answer Man
WSIX-Sports
8:00 EWT P.M. 7:00 CWT
CBS-Lights Out, drama: WCAU
WBT WGST WHAS WDAE
WQAM WRVA WDBJ WTOC

★MBS-Gabriel Heatter, news:
WOL WFBR WOR WFTL
CBS-The Colonel; Colonel Stoop-

WNOX-Dance Orch.
★WOL-News
WJTS-Dance Orch.
10:30 EWT P.M. 9:30 CWT
NBC-Beat the Band; Hinegarde;
Bob Grant's Orch.: WTAR
WIS WLW WSM WJAX WIOD

★Carkness of Washington:
WFBC WJAX WTAR WPTF
WIS WSM WFLA WALA WRC
WAO WBRC WCOA
CBS-Jean Brooks, songs: WBT
WNWC WDAE WDBO WMAZ

MORNING
7:00 EWT A.M. 6:00 CWT
★News: WMAL WRC
WAGA-Hillbillies
★WALA-News & Roundtree Quar-

★WFTL-News; Workshop
★WALA-News; Drew Field Pres-

WUN-Percolator Patrol
WTAR-Tip Top Tunes
★WTOC-News; Milkman Sere-

WLAG-Little Texas Daisy
WPTF-Devotions
WSGN-Forty Niners
WSM-Milo Twins & Uncle Rufus

WDAE-Devotions
WDBO-Checkerboard Time
★WFBR-News & Make-Up Time;

WTOC-10.2.4 Ranch
WTOP-Sunshine Reporter
7:45 EWT A.M. 6:45 CWT
NBC-Reveille Roundup; Louise

WEDNESDAYS

WEDNESDAYS

CBS-Jeri Sullivan, songs: WCKY WGST WRVA WTOG WSPA KWKH WTOG WCAO WDAE MBS-Overseas Reports: WPDQ WFTL
★News: WHAS WOR WFBR WTJS WALA
★News; Sports: WSM WIS Sports: WJG WJAX WLAC

★NBC-News of the World (Alka-Seltzer); John W. Vandercook; WJAX WPTF WSB WSM WIS WTAR WJDX WCOA WBRC WRC WBAL WAPO KDKA WFLA WFBC WMC WALA KYW WIOD
See sponsor's announcement on this page.
MBS-Johnson Family; Jimmie Scribner: WRUF WOL WSIX WTJS WPDQ WFTL
WFBF-The Story Behind the Song
WHKY-Dance Orch.
★WKAT-Dispatch from Reuters
★WLW-News
WMAL-Musicale
WMPD-Sports
WOR-Confidentially Yours
★WSGN-News; Sports

BN-Lum & Abner: WAGA WMAL KTHS WMPD WSGN
WHKY-Excursions in Science
WKAT-Dick Rogers
WPDQ-Let's Learn Spanish
WRUF-Little Show
WSIX-Short Short Story
WSUN-Know Your Army
8:30 EWT P.M. 7:30 CWT
★CBS-Dr. Christian; Jean Hersholt; Helen Claire; News: WBT WWNC WTOG WQAM WDAE WRVA WGST WMBR WHAS WDBO WCKY WWL WMAZ WBIG WLAC WAPI WSPA WCAU WREC WDBJ WDOA WNOX KWKH WTOG WCAO
BN-Manhattan at Midnight; Jim Ameche: WAGA WMAL KTHS WMPD WSGN
NBC-Tommy Dorsey's Orch.: WLW WIS WFLA WSB WIOD WPTF WFBC WJAX KDKA WTAR WSM KYW WRC WALA WMC WPAO WBAL WJDX WCOA WBRC
MBS-Take a Card; Wallace Butterworth; Elsie Hitz: WSIX WRUF WOL WPDQ WFBF WOR WFTL
WHKY-Musical Salon
WKAT-Contact
★WTJS-News
8:45 EWT P.M. 7:45 CWT
★WHKY-The Jesters; News
WTJS-Let's Dance
9:00 EWT P.M. 8:00 CWT
NBC-A Date with Judy: WJAX WSM WIS WSB WLW WFBC WPTF WIOD WFLA WTAR KDKA KYW WCOA WALA WBAL WJDX WPAO WBRC WRC WMC
CBS-Mayor of the Town; Lionel Barrymore; Jack Carson; Johnny Johnston; Lud Gluskin's Orch.: WRVA WQAM WHAS WTOG WCKY WCAU WDAE WDBO WBT WSPA WMAZ WGST WAPI WCAO WBIG WREC WDBJ WDOA WNOX KWKH WTOG WLAC WNNC WWL
★MBS-Gabriel Heatter, news: WOL WFBF WOR WFTL
BN-John Freedom: WSUN WKAT WAGA WMAL KTHS WMPD WSGN WHKY WSIX
★WPDQ-News; Frank Singiser
WRUF-Blanding Bed-Check Story
WTJS-Bank Night of the Air
9:15 EWT P.M. 8:15 CWT
MBS-Dance Orch.: WCR WFBF WOL WFTL
WPDQ-Jax Hit Parade
9:30 EWT P.M. 8:30 CWT
CBS-Jack Carson Show; Johnny Richards' Orch.: WBT WTOG WCAU WMAZ WHAS WNNC WCKY WDAE WRVA WQAM WWL WSPA WDBO WGST WBIG WREC WDBJ WTOG WDOA WNOX KWKH WLAC WAPI WCAO
BN-Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands; Sports: WAGA WSUN WSIX WKAT WMAL KTHS WMPD WSGN WHKY
MBS-Soldiers With Whiskey: WFBF WOL WRUF WFTL
NBC-Mr. District Attorney; Jay Jostyn; Vicki Vola; Len Doyle; Peter Van Steeden's Orch.: KDKA WFLA WIOD WIS WLW WSB WSM WPTF WFBC WTAR WJAX WJDX WCOA WALA WBRC WRC WBAL WMC KYW WPAO
WTJS-Freedom on the Land
9:45 EWT P.M. 8:45 CWT
WTJS Sweet & Swing
10:00 EWT P.M. 9:00 CWT
★BN-Raymond Gram Swing, news: WSUN WKAT WAGA KTHS WMAL WMPD WSIX WSGN WHKY
NBC-Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge; Harry Babbitt; Sully Mason; Julie Conway; WTAR WPTF WJAX WSM WSB WIS WLW WFBC WIOD KDKA WFLA WJDX WCOA WALA WBRC WRC WBAL KYW WPAO WMC
CBS-Great Moments in Music; Jean Tennyson; Robert Weede; George Sebastian, cond.: WWL WBIG WBT WRVA WGST WCAU WSPA WCKY WHAS WDBO WNNC WDAE WTOG WREC WDBJ WDOA WNOX KWKH WTOG WAPI WMAZ WQAM WCAO
★MBS-John B. Hughes, comm.: WFBF WPDQ WOL WTJS WOR WFTL WRUF
10:15 EWT P.M. 9:15 CWT
BN-Lulu & Johnny: WSUN KTHS WSIX WSGN WHKY WKAT WAGA WMAL
MBS-Dance Orch.: WTJS WRUF WFBF
★WOL-News
WOR-The Wax Museum
WPDQ-Here Comes the Showboat

10:30 EWT P.M. 9:30 CWT (4-13/6)
CBS-Cresta Blanca Carnival; Morton Gould's Orch.: WWL WDAE WQAM WDBO WTOG WCAU WWNC WSPA WDBJ WREC KWKH WTOG WGST WHAS WCAO WDOA
★MBS-Paul Schubert, news: WOR WOL WTJS WFTL
BN-Alec Templeton Time; Nat'l Radio Forum: WSUN WKAT WAGA KTHS WMAL WSGN WHKY
WAPI-Soldiers of the Press
WBIG-China & India Speak to America
WBT-Suspense
WCKY-Miniatures
WFBF-Invitation to the Waltz
WLAC-Eye-witness News
WMAZ-Little Theater
WMPD-Popular Tunes
WNOX-Man Behind the Gun
WPDQ-Symphony Hall
WRVA-Fort Eustis Open House
WSIX-Treasury Star Parade
10:45 EWT P.M. 9:45 CWT
MBS-Dance Orch.: WMPD WFTL WFBF
WAPI-Moods in Music
WBIG-Dance Orch.
WCAU-Popular Music
★WCKY-News
WLAC-Visions in Music
WOL-Dance Orch.
WTAR-Most Honored Music
WSIX-The Swing Shift
WTJS-Evening Meditations
11:00 EWT P.M. 10:00 CWT
★NBC-News: WFLA WJAX WSUN WBRC
★MBS-Q. E. D. Comm.: WPDQ WSGN WSIX WFTL
★CBS-News: WSPA WQAM WTOG WDBO WDAE WREC WRVA WGST WMAZ WAPI WLAC WCAO WBIG WCKY
CBS-I Love a Mystery: KWKH
★News: WSB WOR WAGA WIOD WCAU WHAS WJDX WFBF WMAL WOL WPAO WDOA WLW
★News; Music: KTHS WCOA WNOX WTAR
★KDKA-News; Home Front & War Front News
★KYW-News; Valley Forge Caravan; News
★WALA-World at Large
★WBAL-News; Sports; Open Bible
★WBT-News; Highlights for Tomorrow; News
★WDBJ-News; Dance; News
★WFBC-News; Music & Moonlight
★WHKY-News; Evening Reveries
★WIS-News; Popular Music
WKAT-Uncle Sam
★WMC-News; Gen. Danielson
WMPD-Church Service
★WPTF-News; Sports
★WRC-News; Music by Moonlight
★WSM-World in Review

★WTOP-News & Wm. L. Shirer
WWL-To be announced
★WNNC-News; Organ Moods; News
11:15 EWT P.M. 10:15 CWT
★NBC-Harkness of Washington: WTAR WFBC WPTF WCOA WFLA WIS WSM WJAX WJDX WRC WPAO WBRC WALA
CBS-Joan Brooks, songs: WBT WWNC WRVA WDAE WDBO WMAZ WHAS WSPA WREC WDBJ WCKY
BN-Dance Orch.: WKAT WSUN WAGA WHKY WMAL WSIX KTHS
MBS-Dance Orch.: WFTL WPDQ
★News: WOR WSB
KDKA-Eleven-Fifteen Local KWKH-To be announced
WAPI-Melody Go Round
WBIG-Salute to Armed Forces
WCAO-Dance Orch.
WCAU-Powers Gouraud; Murdock & the Movies
WDOA-Rev. E. J. Daniels
WFBF-Tick Tock Tunes
WGST-Treasury Star Parade
WIOD-Dance Orch.
WLAC-Melody Album
WLW-Gregor Ziemer, background
WNOX-Rev. J. Basil Mull
WOL-Dance Orch.
WQAM-Dance Orch.
WSGN-Serenade
WTOC-Dance Orch.
WTOP-Arch McDonald
★WWL-News; Sports
11:30 EWT P.M. 10:30 CWT
CBS-Flashgun Casey: WDBO WSPA WNNC WQAM WMAZ WCKY WDBJ WDOA WNOX WCAO WTOG WRVA WBIG WDAE WBT WCAU WGST WAPI WHAS
★BN-Dance Orch.; News: WSIX WMPD KTHS WKAT WSUN WHKY WAGA
NBC-Author's Playhouse: WIS WFLA WSB WIOD WPAO WFBF WPTF WJAX WTAR WBRW WALA
MBS-Dance Orch.: WFBF WOL WFTL
KDKA-Uncle Sam
★KWKH-News; To be announced
WCOA-Blue Echoes
WJDX-Dance Orch.
WLAC-Swing Session
WLW-Dance Orch.
★WMC-News; Dance Orch.
WOR-Popular Music
WPDQ-Just Relax
WRC-Music You Want
★WREC-News
WSGN-Uncle Sam
WSM-America & the World
Crisis
WWL-Falstaff Hour



"THE PASSING PARADE" with John Nesbitt heard Tuesdays in "Fiber McGee's" NBC spot

11:45 EWT P.M. 10:45 CWT
★BN-Dance Orch.; News: WMAL CBS-Flashgun Casey: KWKH
★KDKA-News
WBAL-We Have Met the Enemy
WLAC-Neighborhood Call
WLW-Uncle Sam
WREC-Dance Orch.
★WSGN-610 Preview; News
WSM-Sports; Jack & Buddies
WTOP-Clair De Lune
WWL-Treasury Star Parade

12:00 EWT Mid. 11:00 CWT
BN-Dance Orch.: WKAT KTHS WSUN WMAL WAGA
MBS-Hep, Hep, Hurray: WFBF WOL WSIX
★NBC-News: Ramblings in Rhythm: WSM WIOD WJAX WTAR WBRC WMC WSB WPAO
★CBS-News; Forty Chicagoans: WNOX WCAU WQAM WDBO WBT WGST WMAZ WDAE WTOP WAPI WDBJ KWKH WREC

KDKA-Three Kings & Queen
★WBAL-News; Star Parade; News
★WBIG-News; White Azaleas Time
★WCAO-News; Nocturne
★WCKY-News; Dance Rhythms
★WDOA-News; Sports Results & Reasons
WHAS-Masterworks of Music
★WLAC-News; Night Owl Club
★WLW-News; Wally Johnson
WOR-Popular Music
★WRVA-News; Music
WSGN-Moments of Meditation
WWL-Herb Sherry's Orch.
End of Wednesday Programs

WEDNESDAY'S BEST LISTENING

Time shown is EWT; for CWT subtract one hour
See program listings for more detail and additional news programs
News and Discussion
P.M.
12:00 Boake Carter, MBS
1:00 H. R. Baukhage, BN
6:45 Lowell Thomas, BN
7:00 Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS
7:15 News of the World, NBC
7:45 H. V. Kaltenborn, NBC
8:00 Roy Porter, BN
10:00 John B. Hughes, MBS
10:00 Raymond Gram Swing, BN
10:30 National Radio Forum, BN
Classical Music
P.M.
10:00 Great Moments in Music, CBS
10:30 Cresta Blanca Carnival, CBS

Listen to John W. Vandercook and NEWS OF THE WORLD
Sponsored by ALKA-SELTZER and ONE-A-DAY (brand) VITAMIN TABLETS
P.M.
3:00 Songs by Morton Downey, BN
4:00 Your Home Front Reporter, CBS
7:00 Fred Waring in Victory Tune Time, NBC
8:00 Sammy Kaye's Orchestra, CBS
8:30 Take a Card, MBS
9:30 Jack Carson Show, CBS
9:30 Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands, BN
9:30 Soldiers with Wings, MBS
10:00 Kay Kyser's Program, NBC

Drama
P.M.
8:00 Mr. and Mrs. North, NBC
8:30 Dr. Christian, CBS
8:30 Manhattan at Midnight, BN
9:00 John Freedom, BN

THURSDAYS



★WLW-News; Doris Day
★WMAI-News
★WMC-W. C. Teague
★WNOX-News; Sports
★WPTF-Songs of the Allies;

6:30 EWT P.M. 5:30 CWT
CBS-Golden Gate Quartet: WGST
WNOX WMAZ
MBS-Overseas Reports: WRUF

FRED BRADY has star billing on show replacing Traveler Bob Burns for summer, NBC, Thursdays

(6:15 p.m. Continued)

NBC-Music by Shrednik: WBRC
WJAX
Sports: WHAS WSPA WFBR

★CBS-John B. Kennedy, news:
WCKY WBG WCAU WSPA
WDBO WBT KWKH WDBJ

WMPJ-Jam for Supper
★WOL-News; Musical Interlude
WPTF-Dedicated to You
WQAM Dinty's Dugout

6:45 EWT P.M. 5:45 CWT
MBS-To be announced: WMPJ
WNOX WMAZ
★CBS-The World Today; Meaning

7:15 EWT P.M. 6:15 CWT
MBS-Johnson Family; Jimmie
Scribner: WRUF WTJS WSIX

7:00 EWT P.M. 6:00 CWT
★MBS-Fulton Lewis, Jr., news:
WRUF WOL WSIX WFBR

★WMAZ-Sports; Lost & Found;
News
WNOX-World Events
WNOX-Agnes McCall Parker

★BN-Roy Porter, News: WMPJ
WAGA WKAT WSUN WMAL
WSIX KTHS WSGN WHKY

8:15 EWT P.M. 7:15 CWT
BN-Lum and Abner: WAGA
KTHS WMAL WMPJ WSGN

8:30 EWT P.M. 7:30 CWT
MBS-Dance Orch.: WFBR WOR
WPDQ WRUF WFTL WMPJ

8:45 EWT P.M. 7:45 CWT
★WDBJ-Texas Troubadors; News
WDDO-Dance Orch.
WMPJ-Treasure Star Parade

9:00 EWT P.M. 8:00 CWT
★MBS-Gabriel Heatter, news:
WOR WFBR WFTL
NBC-Kraft Music Hall; Bing

9:15 EWT P.M. 8:15 CWT
MBS-Dance Orch.: WFBR WFTL
WMPJ-Treasure Star Parade

9:45 EWT P.M. 8:45 CWT
MBS-Dance Orch.: WPDQ WTJS
WFTL WFBR

THURSDAY'S BEST LISTENING

Time shown is EWT; for CWT subtract one hour

See program listings for more detail and additional news programs

News and Discussion

P.M.
12:00 Boake Carter, MBS
1:00 H. R. Baukhage, BN

7:30 That's Life; Fred Brady, NBC
8:00 Charlie Ruggles; Mary Astor;
Mischa Auer, CBS

Variety

P.M.
3:00 Songs by Morton Downey, BN
4:00 Your Home Front Reporter, CBS

9:00 Major Bowes Amateur Hour,
CBS
9:00 Kraft Music Hall, NBC

Classical Music

P.M.
11:30 New World Music, NBC

THE ROMA WINE SHOW

WBT
8:00
E.W.T.
Tonight



CHARLIE RUGGLES
MARY ASTOR
MISCHA AUER
CARLOS RAMIREZ • THE SERENADERS
LUD GLUSKIN'S MUSIC
SPOTLIGHT SURPRISE

ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CALIF. CALIFORNIA WINES

ROMA WINES

CBS-I Love a Mystery: WCAU
WBT WCKY WDAE WDBO
WRVA WQAM WHAS WTOP

7:45 EWT P.M. 6:45 CWT
★NBC-H. V. Kaltenborn, news:
WIS WJAX WFBC WTAR

8:00 EWT P.M. 7:00 CWT
CBS-The Roma Show (Roma
Wines); Mary Astor; Chas.

8:30 EWT P.M. 7:30 CWT
MBS-Dance Orch.: WFBR WOR
WPDQ WRUF WFTL WMPJ

8:45 EWT P.M. 7:45 CWT
★WDBJ-Texas Troubadors; News
WDDO-Dance Orch.

9:00 EWT P.M. 8:00 CWT
★MBS-Gabriel Heatter, news:
WOR WFBR WFTL

9:15 EWT P.M. 8:15 CWT
MBS-Dance Orch.: WFBR WFTL
WMPJ-Treasure Star Parade

9:45 EWT P.M. 8:45 CWT
MBS-Dance Orch.: WPDQ WTJS
WFTL WFBR

9:45 EWT P.M. 8:45 CWT
MBS-Dance Orch.: WPDQ WTJS
WFTL WFBR

(Continued from Page 19)

SHORT WAVES

By Charles A. Morrison

PRETTY HELEN RHODES creates, rehearses and directs television programs at WRGB, the General Electric station in Schenectady, N. Y.



Fighting French on the Air with a New 50,000-Watt Short-Wave Station

THERE is supposed to be only one country where every freckle-faced youngster knows whether or not Joe Medwick struck out yesterday in the third. But actually there are many more south of the border.

Insistent demand brings Buck Canel, of NBC International, to the short-wave microphone daily with baseball scores and re-enactments of games in Spanish for our Latin neighbors. Canel's program is broadcast at 7:45 p.m. EWT (6:45 CWT; 4:45 PWT) over WNBI, WBOS, WGEO, WGEA and WRUL.

Citizens of Cuba insist upon day to day information about happenings on the great American diamonds but then Mike Gonzalez, coach of the St. Louis Cardinals, is a Cuban and so is Adolfo Luque of the New York Giants.

Every little boy of nine years or more in Venezuela keeps track of the United States' ball scores but then Alec Carrasquel, star pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletics is a Mexican, while Hi Bithorn of the Chicago Cubs is a Puerto Rican.

Soccer-football may be the game of inter-school life in the countries to the South but baseball is as universally popular as it is in the United States.

Fighting French's 50,000 Watter

It will only be after the war that the full and fascinating story of the establishment of one of the great short-wave centers of the world in the steaming jungles of Equatorial Africa can be told. Most people had never heard of "Brazzaville" in the Middle Congo until the Fighting French of General De Gaulle established their headquarters there. It slumbered in peaceful obscurity until one day a few months ago when short-wave broadcasts began to crackle from a makeshift 3,000-watt converted telegraph transmitter manned by an inexperienced but enthusiastic staff—partly native, partly

French. In a short time its importance as a source of primary and authentic information concerning the activities of General De Gaulle's followers increased by leaps and bounds. Only its low power and weak signals hampered its usefulness. But this is all past now, for a gleaming and spotless new 50,000-watt transmitter—made in an American radio factory; huge new aerial arrays, an odd contrast to their primitive jungle surroundings, speed the programs of "Radio Brazzaville" to all corners of the earth.

Wanted: Short-Wave Monitors

If you have a communications receiver (or other all-wave receiver on which frequencies can be read accu-

rately), if you are an experienced short-wave listener, and if you can give an average of one hour a day (or five or six hours a week) to cruising your dials, checking frequencies, looking for new stations and jotting down general items of interest, you can perform a valuable war-time service. If you have the above qualifications and would like to donate a little time to the war effort, write to me in care of MOVIE-RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City, including details about yourself and your receiver, and including a few items about the short-wave stations or programs that you have heard recently so that I may be able to classify your ability and qualifications.

Turn Page for Short-Wave Programs

afternoon. Colonel Raff wanted to know where in the hell I'd been. I told him—sourly, but my spirits rose when he said:

"You've come just in time. We take off in the morning on another mission. Want to come along?"

Again that irrepressible "yes" busted out before my mature judgment started to function. Raff hauled out a map. It would have looked lovely on a lamp shade, but as an operational map it was almost hopeless, and all he had. He pointed out a little pimple called Youks-les-Bains, twelve miles north of Tebessa, Algeria, near the central Tunisia frontier.

"There," said the colonel, "is an air field. It's just a landing ground, no improvements of any kind, hardly distinguishable from any other grazing land. Our mission is to jump and secure the field, denying its use to the enemy. Axis patrols have been reported within twenty-five miles. Some French troops are supposed to be around there somewhere. We don't know if they have been told we're coming. We don't even know if they're friendly. It's a bit on the sticky side. Still want to come along?"

Raff grinned. He knew what the answer would be.

One of the riggers, who pack 'chutes, was summoned to fit me with a spare. At the time, front-line living had not dented my paunch, as it did later, and the straps were too tight. Ripping out a seam of the strong canvas webbing, the rigger asked if anyone had any thread. Everyone looked blank. No thread! With great misgivings I dug into my musette bag and came up with some No. 3 sewing thread, and the rigger sewed up the parachute. My life was literally going to hang on that No. 3 thread.

After a cold night rolled up in my blankets on the hangar floor, and a light breakfast of coffee and cold "C" rations, we were ready. My musette bag, containing an extra shirt, a change of long underwear, socks, and the pictures of my wife and two children, were packed in a supply bundle. I stuffed my pockets with "K" rations, chocolate bars and a spoon. Everything else, including my typewriter, was left behind in the hangar. A few nights later Jerry plastered the field with bombs. My typewriter and the rest of my belongings went up in smoke. But I wasn't to know that until much later.

We lined up in front of our plane, the lead plane commanded by Colonel Raff, who jumps No. 1 in the entire formation. We were thirty-three transport planes, two of which were supply ships, carrying supplies and heavy equipment to be dropped by gaily colored parachutes—each color denoting the contents of the bundle. Raff gave a command, we marched into the plane, and at 7:30 a.m. we took off, escorted by a bevy of British Hurricane fighters.

The flight lasted a little better than two hours, but the time did not pass quickly. After following the sea coast east for a while, the pilot turned inland. Then we began passing over massive mountains, great craggy peaks, scrub timber, vast swatches of dun-colored land, occasionally dotted by tiny Arab farms, but most of the time over these awesome mountains. I kept thinking how pleasant a forced landing would be, and how vulnerable these "clay pigeons" were. And then I was surprised to find myself dozing as the twin motors droned on and on.

(Continued on Next Page)

later that night. It caught on, and the next day in a mass jump, they came hurtling down from the sky, crying "Geronimo!" It takes no longer to say it than it does to mutter "one thousand," and the boys liked it better.

A few minutes after the warning-bell had rung, a green light flashed over the doorway and Raff called out "Hook up!" Each of us stood up in front of our bucket-shaped seats. I reached behind with my left hand, secured the metal hook at one end of the strap attached to the parachute, and snapped it on to the static-line. This is a strong metal wire running down the length of the cabin roof. In this way when you jump the fifteen-foot webbing attached to the parachute pulls the 'chute open, the other end being fixed firmly to the static-wire.

The crew chief standing beside the open door of the plane kicked two supply bundles into space. A moment later Raff, who had been gauging the proper distance, shouted "Go!" and stepped through the door.

For a second I thought "there must be some easier way to make a living," but everything was happening too fast. As quickly as you can snap your fingers, every man followed through the door. I had walked behind the man in front of me and in another second stepped right through the door into space, the words of Bill Yarborough in my ear as he followed shouting, "Through the door, Thompy, through the door." And in all the confusion I forgot to holler "Geronimo!" Instead I began counting "One thousand, two—"

There was a hell of a tug on my shoulders and my head snapped back. I hadn't been conscious of any sensation of falling. Now I gazed up into my fully opened white canopy which was swiftly lowering me earthward. I took my hand off the emergency chute's handle and grabbed the risers, trying to steer my course down, all the while watching the soldier in front of me.

The earth seemed to be coming up very fast. A few more seconds and I hit, with a jar, like jumping off a twelve-foot height. It was a perfect landing—sheer accident—on the balls of my feet, and the next instant on the seat of my pants. Quickly I pulled in the lower risers to spill the air out of the 'chute, unstrapped the cumbersome harness, then lay flat on the mucky ground.

Yarborough crawled up beside me to find out if I was hurt. We were both safe and undamaged, but we didn't know if there was to be a fight. Peering into the distance we saw, atop a small hill, the upright figures of men. They wore the unmistakable kepi (military cap) of the French officer. Then we saw Raff mounting the hill, an American flag he carried in his pocket fluttering from his carbine.

Ten minutes later we were there too. It was a love feast. The French were hysterical with joy at seeing their American comrades. In a burst of Latin emotion they made Raff, Yarborough and myself members of their regiment, the Third Zouaves, and hung on our shoulders their red fourager of the Legion D'Honor.

Everything was fine. We had accomplished our mission. Only a few of the boys were hurt in jumping, mostly sprained ankles, although one man later died of internal injuries. But I was unhappy, for I was experiencing the typical paratrooper reaction. This jumping is like a powerful stimulant. For two hours afterward I felt like a Roman gladiator shouting, "Bring on them lions!" I felt as if I could lick the world. It was wonderful! But it only lasts two hours.



MUSIC

Wallenstein a New Convert to Popular Field; Old Recordings Return to Glory

ALFRED WALLENSTEIN'S work on the radio in the past several years has been preponderantly in the field of concert and opera music. An innovator by nature, an inquisitive, drivingly research-minded conductor, he has brought forward many unfamiliar works by the great composers, as well as works by comparatively unfamiliar ones. What he looks for, outside of novelty, however, is musical worth in a piece. "Will it stand up?" he always asks himself.

The listeners conversant with Mr. Wallenstein's labors in radio remember, of course, his several important series of performances which established marks for other batonists to shoot at. There was his important Bach Cantata Series—and where in the concert hall, today, does such a venture exist?—his Mozart Opera Series; the series of famous Lieder; the American Opera Series.

In all of these presentations the young maestro surrounded himself with the best possible artists, whether they were famous or not, his aims being to give performances of the highest musical rank. Another proud achievement of his is his active championship of American composers, which he manifested in a very concrete manner by playing their works.

All in all, one should say, Mr. Wallenstein has not been idle. Nor is he now, it develops, with his many interests, including his latter-day espousal of the so-called "popular" American music, the music of Broadway shows, the movies, Tin Pan Alley.

With characteristic elan he studied

By **ROBERT BAGAR**

the "popular" situation. He reflected long and rewardingly on the hold this music has on the public. And he decided to do something about it, to participate in it, that is, to give further impetus and scope to it. He has been doing it for a month or two now, as witness his "Firestone" program over NBC and the "Music for an Hour" offering over WOR.

It is Mr. Wallenstein's idea to bring the music of Gershwin, Kern, Rodgers, Berlin, Porter and the others to the listeners with the emphasis on authenticity. After all, he reasons, these composers have spoken through a medium which is thoroughly known to them, they have proved their ability to understand the public's wants.

For the composer of "popular" music the enrolment of Alfred Wallenstein in the cause is a signal honor. The conductor's background is impressive—on radio and in the concert hall. So let's salute Johann Sebastian Bach with one hand and the "pop" composer with the other—letting, at the same time, each hand know what the other is doing. And then with both hands, let's salute Alfred Wallenstein, new and devoted convert.

Iowa Baritone

A young, blond American took his place beside a load of steers on a cattle-train at a small town near Omaha, clenched his teeth and, perhaps, his fists and forgot everything, but the fact that some day soon that

ALFRED WALLENSTEIN made a short step from cello to podium

train would wind up at Jersey City, a place not far from New York. The young American was Walter Cassel, Metropolitan baritone. The train took him to Jersey City, from where, in a few years, he made the leap to that venerable opera house on Broadway.

Mr. Cassel, who is now starred on the CBS "Calling America" program, was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa. He was given a trumpet on one birthday and in a few years he was blowing first-class music out of the thing. When he entered Thomas Jefferson High School in Council Bluffs he joined the school band. In his last year there he also became a member of the glee club. One day, fortified by a strong belief in himself, he decided to look into a state-wide singing contest. He made good—he came off winner.

To make a long story short, he began to take voice lessons, made progress and in no time at all was singing over a local radio station. In the meantime he met, at that same station, a young woman named Nadine Blackburn, whom he married, all of which complicated the economic situation.

He had been preparing himself for a dentist's career, but he was forced to give that up, what with the new obligations. His vocal ambitions were given a leg up when Lawrence Tibbett, passing through Omaha, where the Cassels now resided, said nice things about the young man's voice. The encouragement thus given him decided him to make a big splurge. Whereupon he made arrangements to board the aforementioned cattle train.

After a few rebuffs here and there he managed to get an audition at NBC, and in a few weeks he got a feature position in one of that network's shows, "Air Breaks." Pretty soon a commercial program came along, "Hammerstein's Music Hall," with which he became associated. Later there were dates on the "Showboat," "Coca-Cola," "Ford" programs, besides others.

All during this time he continued with his vocal studies. Finally came the Metropolitan audition. And now, there he is, another American artist member of the famous company.

POPULAR MUSIC

THE James C. Petrillo ban on the making of new recordings has taught the inveterate fans something. There is, they have noticed, a huge library of old disks made by the greatest popular artists. This business of new releases every week—which used to hold in the dear (and let's not say dead) days—often made the fans forget that important fact. Now, because conditions enforce it, many of them are looking into past releases, some from as far back as the early twenties, and they are finding much that is worthy.

The recording companies have been putting out little collections of just such interesting items.

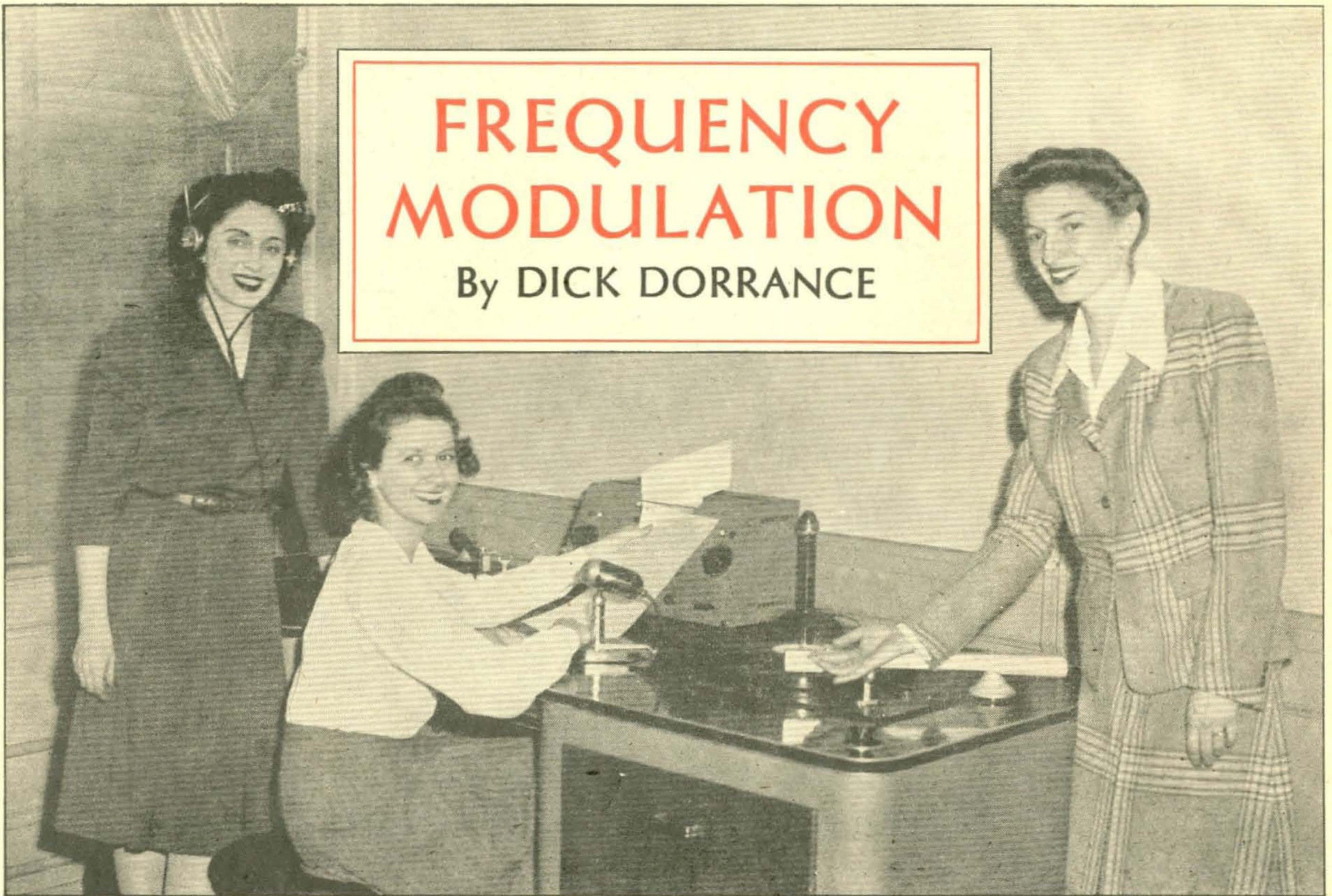
The boogie-woogie enthusiast, for instance, will find a good deal of excitement in the Brunswick album (released by Decca) of Pine Top Smith performances. Considered by a healthy number of experts as a great pianist in that particular idiom, Pine Top Smith was the man who gave boogie-woogie its earliest impetus.

Another oldie is the Red Nichols album, also a Brunswick item released through Decca. Some of the greatest jazz musicians of our day once played in Red's famous "Five Pennies" unit, including, mind, Jack Teagarden, Benny Goodman, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller and Adrian Rollini.

See Program Pages for Complete Detail and Schedule of Music Programs

FREQUENCY MODULATION

By DICK DORRANCE



ALL-GIRL TEAM! Left to right: Olive Merrill, monitor, Gladys Tomajan, announcer, and engineer Mary Lou Evans operate WIXTG at Worcester, Mass.

GROWING concern has lately been expressed by a number of leading figures in the field of FM broadcasting as to whether the number of channels now set aside for these new-type stations will be ample to meet expected post-war FM expansion.

When noise-free, full-fidelity broadcasting first began to make converts in 1940, Washington set aside a total of forty channels, down in the ultra-high frequency part of the radio spectrum, far below the short-wave bands. These channels—it was thought at the time—would be more than enough to accommodate all the FM stations likely to operate in the U. S. for a long, long while.

Subsequent growth proved this assumption had been too conservative. By the middle of 1941, in New York City alone, all but three of the eleven channels intended for that area had been assigned and there were still another dozen applicants seeking permission to build and operate stations.

Similar congestion was developing in Philadelphia, New England, Chicago and on the West Coast where there was a rush to grab up all the channels available. Considering that this spurt of activity had happened only eighteen months after FM was established as a commercial broadcasting service, one did not have to be much of a prophet to foresee that future expansion would be badly hampered for lack of enough room on the air.

Planning for Peacetime

It is not too soon to begin plan-

See Need for Bigger FM Band After the War; Leaves Absorb FM Signal If Antenna Too Low

ning for the post-war period. Such planning, however, should never be construed as a sign that radio people think the war is nearly over. It is nevertheless a good idea to have a course of future action mapped out in advance.

Recently *Broadcasting* magazine, one of the leading journals of the radio industry, wrote: "FM, now in the forty-five megacycle band, might find better service and more elbow room above one hundred megacycles. Some reports have indicated skip-distance effects in the present FM band which might be remedied higher up. Moreover, with a virtual stampede for FM facilities seen after the war, additional space unquestionably will be needed."

Some of the Problems

The formation of a national planning group, to consider many of the problems that will face post-war radio (including FM, television and facsimile), is expected shortly. Many FM experts feel there is an excellent chance more channels will be added to the present band, thus permitting a much greater number of FM stations to operate than can now be accommodated.

Others suggest that the present band be given up altogether in exchange for

a new and larger one on much shorter wavelengths—possibly above one hundred megacycles where, only a few years ago, it was thought that high-power radio transmitters could never operate satisfactorily.

The latter course, if adopted, might wreak temporary hardship upon the half-million or so people who have already purchased FM sets, simply by making these receivers obsolete. Whether this is not too great a price to pay for necessary progress . . . whether manufacturers would make suitable allowances on the trade-in of pre-war FM sets for post-war models designed to receive the new FM band . . . whether such sets could be manufactured economically in view of the more critical adjustments and exacting construction needed . . . whether FM stations themselves that are already on the air would be willing to make extensive changes in their equipment demanded by a move to a new band—all these are serious problems that will have to be considered by the post-war planners of the radio industry. Time alone can give the answer to these questions.

Trees vs. FM

FM engineers at W55M in Milwaukee, Wis., have just completed six

months of careful study which indicates that foliage on trees very noticeably affects frequency-modulation reception. They began their research last fall, following reports from several local listeners that W55M's signal strength seemed to be getting louder. At the time this was credited to several changes W55M had completed in its transmitting equipment.

This spring, however, the engineers made careful measurements at a number of points throughout the W55M service area—which extends almost seventy miles from Milwaukee and covers a large amount of Wisconsin. It was soon evident at some localities that as leaves appeared on the trees, the strength of the signal being received started to fade. This phenomenon was only noted at spots where the receiving antenna had not been mounted high and clear of surrounding trees.

It is assumed that the effect results from actual absorption of the FM signals by the foliage. Inside the metropolitan area of Milwaukee, the average reduction in signal strength on receivers whose antennas were blanketed by trees was found to be about fifteen percent. In rural areas, further away from the transmitter, it measured as much as fifty percent.

This only emphasizes, of course, the importance of mounting the FM receiving antenna (or dipole) as high as possible and keeping it clear of surrounding objects, particularly trees or shrubbery, that may absorb so much of the incoming signal that perfect reception is impossible.



LUCILLE MANNERS was born to make music, hummed nursery tunes before she could talk. Pessimistic croakings of gloomy Gerties, who said it took pull and heaps of money to become a successful singer, didn't feaze her. Like many small and fragile-looking girls, Lucille has an amazing tenacity of purpose, reached her present high place in the NBC sun by sticking to her goal



ROSS GRAHAM spent his youth on a farm near Benton, Arkansas. Four mules attached to a harrow nearly terminated his present career at the age of fourteen. His musical bent came to the fore when he assisted his father, an evangelist, in revival singing. A hard worker, Ross never displays the brand of cussedness known as temperament. Dependable describes him

—NBC Photo



DR. FRANK BLACK, NBC's general music director, is a man who should have met the author of "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day" before publication of his book. The maestro would have given him pertinent points for at least two more chapters. For Black is tireless. Besides radio duties, he is always helping other musicians to help themselves

RADIO ALBUM

Cities Service Concert

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT is the oldest network program on the airlines. First representation on radio was December 29, 1925. On that date it began an intermittent series, featuring a mixed quartet and concert orchestra with the late Graham McNamee as announcer.

February 18, 1927, marked the first concert of the present series, and it has been giving a continuous network service ever since. Perhaps the biggest reason for the success of the program through the years is fact that the keynote of its policy always has been good music. True, it has featured distinguished speakers, sports talks, and other entertainment, but music, ranging from the best in popular melodies to the classics, has remained the bulwark of the broadcasts, heard every Friday at 8 p.m. EWT.

Many outstanding artists in their fields have helped maintain the high standard set by this program. Among them are Jessica Dragonette, still one of America's most beloved airplane singers, and Edwin Franko Goldman, a starred name in the cavalcade of American conductors. Goldman directed the Cities Service orchestra the first night the concert went on the air.

On the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the program, Dr. Frank Black, the present maestro, honored Mr. Goldman by opening the broadcast with the first selection played at the first concert—Franz Schubert's "March Militaire." A stirring air, it seems to have set the fine tempo which "Cities Service Concerts" have kept in step with down through the years, and probably will for many more to come.



FORD BOND, announcer for Cities Service, is a sizable man, stands six feet two, and weighs around 200 pounds. Always a singer, he began professionally with parts in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and as an oratorio soloist, traveled widely. He started in radio as an announcer in Louisville, Kentucky. Like most men, Ford likes any chocolate-flavored dessert

—NBC Photo



—Official U. S. Army Photos

WESTERN HEADQUARTERS of the Special Service Division's radio section is located in Hollywood. Here, under direction of War Department, radio's second greatest task for victory is mapped

Radio's Second

Global in Scope, It's Providing a Necessary Weapon

RADAR, wizard offshoot of radio, which saved the little seaborne island of England from invasion in the present global conflict, is doing the biggest chore in this war. At present that story is known only to a few. The second biggest task for American radio—giving the best of entertainment for her fighting men—is one known to many, for it is the story of the birth and growth of the radio section, a branch of the Special Service Division of the U. S. War Department. It is the story of an entire industry transferred from civilian to military jurisdiction, in order to accomplish that purpose.

When the United States began to mobilize her armies, there came the realization that its soldiers had to be provided with some of the things vital to civilian life, if their morale was to be sustained. These included opportunities for educational advancement, religious worship, recreational activities, establishing of service newspapers, and provision for the best of radio entertainment.

To fill the radio need, airline experts were transferred from other branches of the service—Signal, Medical and Air Corps—and, together with competent civilians, who were brought into the Army, given the great task of establishing those necessities for the fighting forces.

To handle this vast job, and bring it under one head and one control, the special service division called in T. H. A. Lewis, vice-president in charge of radio for a nationally known advertising

agency. Lewis (now a colonel) was commissioned and put to work drawing up a comprehensive program through which the newly born radio section was to function. First step in this was to present a list of men, drawn from Army and civilian life, and with years of radio experience behind them, who would be valuable in carrying out the plans he had in mind.

Logical place for the main production unit, Washington officials decided, was Hollywood, because of its proximity to broadcasting and movie studios with their great sources of talent. To supplement operations there, a New York office was opened. In addition to handling talent drawn from the Broadway stage and the major networks, this office is vital for shipping purposes.

Right in the beginning, Colonel Lewis and his aides determined a policy, which was set through an analysis of requests and recommendations from officers in the field. In the molding of that policy, it was found that the biggest task of the radio section would be entertainment for the men in service. But it was also designed to serve as a means of education and direct information for our fighting forces. Another important phase of the radio section is the transmission to our allies—and our enemies—America's aims, her will to win, and good will.

At present the section is bringing every type of radio entertainment to our fighting forces. With the exception of commercials, which are deleted, the shows are a replica of what they heard



COMMISSIONED to head section: T. H. A. Lewis, officer in charge, left; Irving Reis, liaison officer (c.); Irving Fogel, production manager



CAPTAIN Thomas McKnight, producer who directs "Command Performance" and "Mail Call," discusses policy with Major Mann Holiner, program director. Both men have had years of civilian radio experience



MUSIC DEPARTMENT is handled by Captain Meredith Willson, who also conducts the production orchestra used on shows. Above: Willson checks master recordings with assistant



IN library and storage-room men prepare records for shipment. Shipped by quickest way possible—in most cases by plane, they travel as essential documents, are so labeled

Biggest Task

for Morale Protection Among America's Armed Forces

at home before they went to war; and what America intends they shall find upon their return.

Besides rebroadcasting via short wave most of the outstanding network commercial shows, the radio service section produces many special broadcasts for our men overseas. In this group are such programs as "Command Performance," "Mail Call," "Jubilee," "We Who Fight," "Personal Album," "Yarns for Yanks," "Grandstand Seat," "Front Line Theater," "Yank Swing Session," "Yanks' Sports Review" and "Great Music."

To these programs comes the best in religious and classical music, popular band tunes, variety shows, popular songs, drama—both comic and serious—news, anecdotes, sports broadcasts, cowboy music by top western actors; in fact anything and everything that spells America, their homeland!

None of these programs produced by the War Department's radio section is heard in the United States, except on occasion by studio audiences. They are short-waved daily from twenty-two stations over thirty-two beams to all parts of the world where American troops are stationed.

Instead of going out over the air at broadcast time, they are piped into a recording studio where a master recording is made. From this master platter all copies are made and sent to radio-section offices for shipment. Once in the shipping centers, they are packed and sent to all short-wave stations that carry the shows, both here and overseas.

To make sure that all men, no matter how small and isolated their outfit may be, have access to the broadcasts, the special service division has developed the "B" and AN/TIQ kits in the form of chests about the size of a small desk. These include a play-back for records, sets of records, a short-wave radio, and replacement parts. The kits accompany the men right into the field, and often right onto the front lines.

Of deep interest to our fighting men are the "Special Events" recorded, the World Series, Christmas and Thanksgiving programs, the Kentucky Derby, and daily news broadcasts from the home front.

And, right here, we might add that it should be of vital interest to those responsible for fomenting trouble at home as to how our fighters are reacting to the reports on strikes and petty bickering among men in high places. For, even though radio is giving a great service in entertaining our men at war, in the final analysis it is up to everyone on the home front to fight with them, not against them by slowing up production lines which put into their hands the weapons for VICTORY!



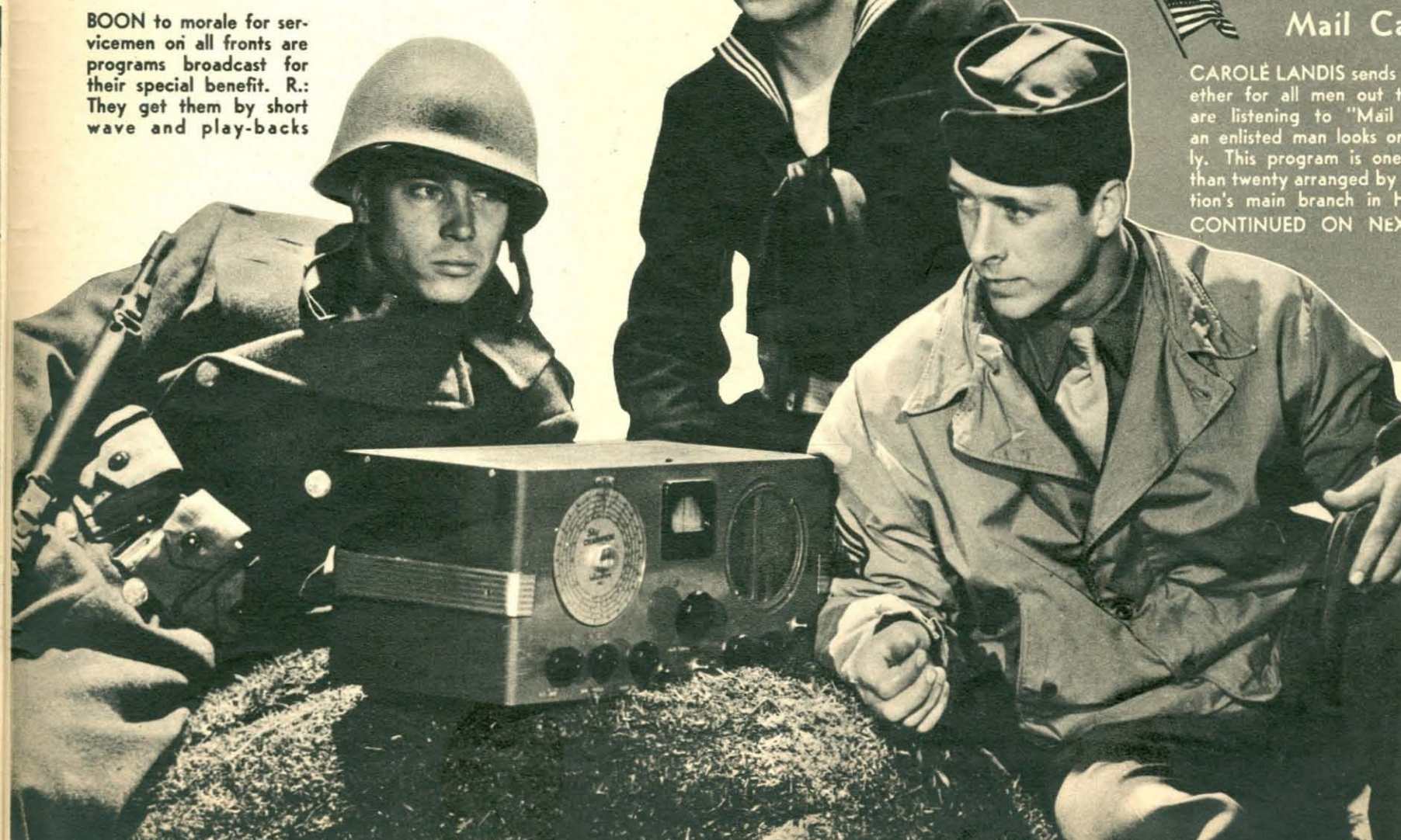
Command Performance

TO bring entertainment to men, War Department's radio section uses facilities of the major networks for rehearsals and broadcasts. Program is piped into recording studio where platters are made. Above: Lana Turner, Bob Hope on "Command Performance"



Mail Call

CAROLÉ LANDIS sends a kiss into ether for all men out there who are listening to "Mail Call" as an enlisted man looks on longingly. This program is one of more than twenty arranged by radio section's main branch in Hollywood
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BOON to morale for servicemen on all fronts are programs broadcast for their special benefit. R.: They get them by short wave and play-backs

Radio's Second Biggest Task

Continued from Preceding Page



—Photo by YANK, Official Army Newspaper



—Official U. S. Army Photo



WE WHO FIGHT

GUEST on "We Who Fight" broadcast, a program which highlights United Nations' personalities and their contributions to the war effort, was Valentina Orlikova, third mate on Soviet merchant ship, who is studying for her captaincy



—Official U. S. Army Photo



JUBILEE

"JUBILEE," a half-hour variety show, features Negro talent. It includes special novelties, along with both sweet and hot music, presented by top-notch vocalists and instrumentalists. Above: Cab Calloway and Hattie McDaniel of "Gone with the Wind" fame as they appeared on the show



—Official U. S. Army Photo



GREAT MUSIC

RICHARD CROOKS, famous American tenor, sings for a special performance of "Great Music," a fifteen-minute program of both recorded and "live" music taken from the classics. Radio service section found upon close analysis that most men in uniform enjoy it occasionally



PERSONAL ALBUM

FIFTEEN minutes of popular music, sung in its entirety by well-known vocal stars, make up the "Personal Album" program. The Andrews Sisters above do their part for our fighting men with a quarter-hour devoted to their favorite songs.



—Official U. S. Army Photo



YARNS FOR YANKS

ON "Yarns for the Yanks," movie stars narrate dramatizations of today's and yesterday's classics—De Maupassant's "The Necklace" along with many Damon Runyon tales. Frank Graham, radio's man of a thousand voices, emcees this program. Above: Olivia de Havilland delivers for the Yanks



WHAT'S
Cooking
By GEORGIA SCOTT

Mona Maris demonstrates the Thrif-T-Lid, used on empty glass coffee jars for home-canned fruits, vegetables and jellies. Below: Original composition lining is removed from screw cap with knife



HOME CANNING FOR VICTORY

EVERY newspaper or magazine article you pick up nowadays exhorts all Americans to do their share in growing foodstuffs for home consumption. The results have really been gratifying. You can walk through any countryside and see hundreds of small gardens flourishing under excellent care. But somehow or other, we can't put enough emphasis on the importance of home preserving of this year's crops. It stands to reason that if fresh foods are not used almost immediately after picking, spoilage is bound to set in.

Don't be one of these careless people; it is to your own advantage to stock up on the foods you've watched grow from infancy—incidentally, this is one form of hoarding the Government encourages.

Another boon to the home canner is the introduction of a new Thrif-T-Lid, which makes it possible to use glass coffee jars for canning. All they need is a sixty-three millimeter opening to qualify as the perfect jar.

Before you begin to preserve the many vegetables and fruits your victory garden has produced this year, there are many things you must learn to obtain favorable results. Here are some pointers to remember:

1. Use only top-quality products.
2. Pick and pack the same day—from garden to jar in two hours is the best advice.
3. Use a pressure cooker for all non-acid foods such as vegetables and meats.
4. Use the boiling water-bath method only for acid foods such as fruits, tomatoes, pickled beets and rhubarb.
5. Pack only a few jars at a time to retain maximum vitamin content.
6. Take stock of equipment that will be needed.
7. Canning vessel (for water-bath method) must be large enough to accommodate a convenient number of jars and must be deep enough to permit water to boil two inches over containers.

(Continued on Page 61)

What to do with a Victory Garden

by
BOB HOPE



1. Of course, you know what a Victory Garden is. That's a little garden where you go out and putter around for a while, and if you can straighten your back again it's a victory. It's lots of fun, though. I have a beautiful patch . . . on my right hand where the blister broke!



2. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just drop a seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright, sparkling smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.



3. After your garden has started to grow, it's very important to use Pepsodent—the film removing tooth paste. This puts a bright gleam on your teeth . . . so if the sun doesn't come out one day, you can walk around with a big broad smile and shine on your vegetables.



4. Watch out for pests. I'm not bothered with birds any more . . . since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven't time to do any damage—they're too busy brushing each other's teeth and singing, "Oh, it floats away film with the greatest of ease!"



5. Well, that's all. Just don't forget the tomatoes. I find the best way to remember them is to keep their phone numbers in a little book. You know, the same book you write in when you want to remember to buy Pepsodent . . . the only tooth paste containing Irium.



How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.



That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.



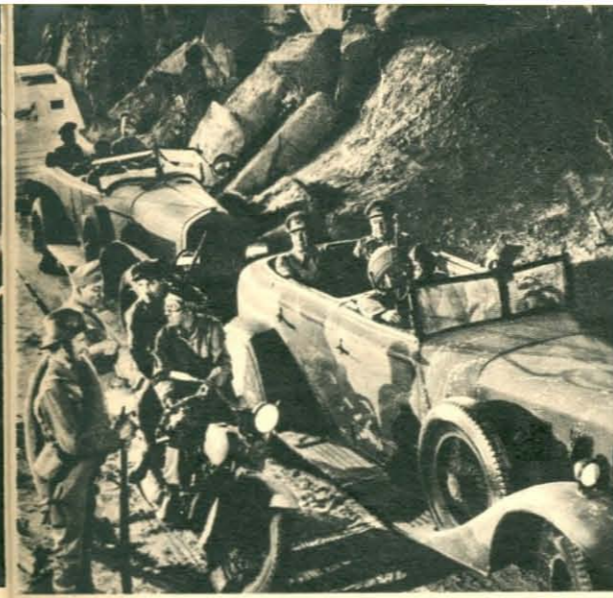
1 Robert Jordan (Gary Cooper), American dynamiter and Spanish Loyalist sympathizer, his guide Anselmo (Vladimir Sokoloff) meet Pablo (Akim Tamiroff), antagonistic leader of a guerrilla band that's roaming Spain



2 Scouting the territory for horses he needs on mission, Jordan asks help from El Sordo (Joseph Calleia), another guerrilla leader, left; Joaquin (Lilo Yarson) and Pablo's woman Pilar (Katina Paxinou)



3 Pablo, above, right, insists the bridge cannot be blown up because of falling snow, insults Maria (Ingrid Bergman), and accuses Jordan of misrepresentation. Left: Agustin (Arturo De Cordova) wants to kill Pablo



6 Huge troop movement across the bridge is sighted, and Jordan realizes impending Loyalist attack must be known to Fascists. He dispatches Andres (Eric Feldary) to warn General Golz of the enemy's knowledge



7 Pilar leads the attack on Fascists who are stationed at a sawmill, which is one of their outposts, and Pablo directs fight from road-mender's hut. Using hand grenades, rifles, Loyalists wipe out Fascist defenders



8 Sight of girders and planking shooting skyward convince Jordan that he's accomplished his task. Bridge blows up in face of armored Fascist units. His guide, Anselmo, is killed but Jordan is uninjured

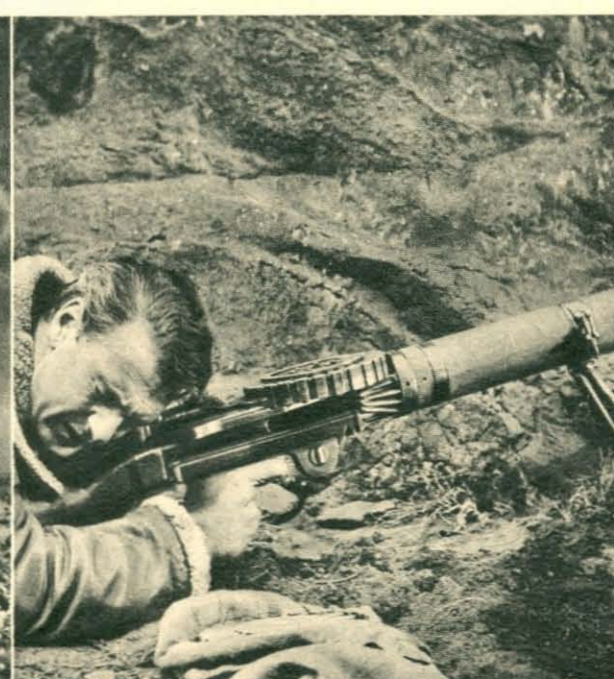


4 Despite his grim determination to let nothing interfere with duty, Jordan falls in love with Maria, whom he had first met in Pablo's hiding-place after her rescue from a dynamited train

5 When El Sordo and his band refuse to surrender, and are mercilessly wiped out by the Fascists, Pablo does a right-about-face and decides to cooperate with Jordan in common interest of his people



9 But in order to escape raking fire of enemy, Jordan and his men must run fifty yards of open space. In attempt Jordan's horse is hit, falls. Agustin and Primitivo (Victor Varconi) save him



10 Writhing in pain from a wound in his thigh received when horse fell, Jordan covers enemy with machine-gun, allows others to get away. Maria begs to stay with him, but Pilar, Pablo drag her back



Let's Look at **For Whom The Bell Tolls**—

"For Whom the Bell Tolls" Cast Ernest Hemingway's Great

Gary Cooper... Robert Jordan, a young American fighting on the Loyalist side in Spain
Ingrid Bergman... Maria, a refugee girl, sheltered by Pilar
Katina Paxinou... Pilar
Akim Tamiroff... Pablo, leader of a fierce band of guerrillas

Members of Pablo's band: Mikhail Rasumny, Fortunio Bonanova, Arturo De Cordova, Victor Varconi, Eric Feldary, Leo Bulgakoff, Feodor Chaliapin, Jr., Vladimir Sokoloff, Joseph Calleia, Lilo Yarson, Adia Kuznetzoff, Alex Granach, Leonid Snegoff, Frank Puglia, Pedro De Cordoba, Michael Visaroff, George Coulouris, Konstantine Shayne, Jack Mylong, Duncan Renaldo, Martin Garralaga and Jean Del Val.

A Paramount picture in Technicolor, it was produced and directed by Sam Wood. The screen play, based on the novel by Ernest Hemingway, was written by Dudley Nichols.

THIS \$3,000,000 production, started three years ago, is one to which the term colossal really applies. Producer-director Sam Wood fought every step of the way to film the Hemingway story, laid against the background of Spain's Civil War days, the way he thought it should be presented on the screen, and with the right stars in the principal roles. Mr. Wood overcame one of his biggest handicaps when he obtained Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman to star in the film. Weeks were spent seeking a suitable location, and months more shooting background and atmosphere scenes. When the cast was finally sent out to work on the mountain location, they had none of the

Novel Comes to the Screen

luxuries usually associated with Hollywood movie sets. They were subject to pioneer living conditions, extreme heat and cold—in fact all the exigencies of a high mountain setting.

Scenes from the picture on these pages are just a few of the rushes shown daily to Director Wood during production. Those who have seen the completed film, all readers of the Hemingway book, say that Wood has more than done justice to Hemingway's characters, and the cause for which they fought.

Robert Jordan (Gary Cooper), an American dynamiter on the side of the Loyalist troops, fights his way through a crowded cafe in war-torn Madrid to meet

General Golz. The place is bombed, and when he finally reaches Golz, Jordan is told that his next job is to blow up a bridge which is the only way reinforcements can be brought to the enemy.

In carrying out this assignment, Jordan meets Maria (Ingrid Bergman), a refugee girl, with whom he falls in love; Pablo (Akim Tamiroff), leader of a fierce band of guerrillas, and Pilar (Katina Paxinou), Pablo's woman.

Jordan's struggle to carry out General Golz' order is portrayed in a masterfully poignant manner. At the climax Jordan is seen wounded after the destruction of the bridgehead, manning a machine-gun which holds off the enemy, and gives Pablo's band a chance to escape. As the pounding of the gun dies, a great iron bell tolls, symbolizing the suffering of all humanity in a world at war.

HANDS UP

Tapered Nails are a "Must" for Winning Hands. Here Are Quick Tricks for Making Yours Lovelier

By Edith Hampton

NEXT time you visit your neighborhood theater, make it a point to watch the gracious hand motions of the feminine lead. Every movement is deliberate, yet natural looking, smooth and graceful.

Now study your own two hands. Are they smooth looking? Are your fingernails nicely manicured? And do you refrain from making needless and jerky gestures? Don't talk with your hands to make them noticeable—well-groomed hands are always admired when they are in repose.

You will notice that you have more incentive to use your hands properly and gracefully when they are lovely to look at. Don't ever go without nail polish. Don't paint coat after coat of polish one over the other, because it's too much trouble to re-do the whole job. Sloppy nail grooming is worse than none at all.

A careful manicure is a weekly "must" for all fastidious women. Those who do little handwork will note that polish lasts longer. Women whose hands are busy with housework, war work and what-have-you, may have to indulge in bi-weekly nail primping. Whichever is the case, don't be neglectful—beautiful hands are a valuable asset in every field of endeavor.

Another important factor in hand charm is hand lotion. Use after every washing, if possible. Before tackling a particularly grimy job, slather on a protective hand-saving preparation to prevent dirt from becoming imbedded in your skin.

Along with hand care, try the exercises Betty Rhodes demonstrates on these pages. They're her own favorites and partially responsible for her beautifully groomed and well-behaved hands.



Try the "paper squeezing" routine that Betty Rhodes, featured singer in Mutual's "This Is the Hour," has perfected to help hand development. She keeps crumpling paper until she has two tightly wadded fists full. Right: Betty's soft hands are the result of lots of care



—A. L. Schafer Photos

Another excellent hand limber-upper is Betty's "ball-rolling" stunt. Take any small ball and keep ball rotating from one side of your hands to the other. Then clasping fingers over top of ball, squeeze it until it's completely concealed. Betty's next pic is "Salute for Three"

Feminine Forum

CASE OF THE DIME-A-DANCE HALL

(Continued from Page 17)

cheap perfume. Sam began to feel his liquor.

"Shay," he said suddenly. "I like sitting down here with you."

"You're not bad yourself, Kid." She paused, toying with a cigaret and looking at him from under lowered mascaraed eyelashes. "How about loaning me a little dough?"

Sam was drunkenly cautious. "What for?"

Lilly Bell was direct as a top sergeant. "That's the way we girls in here make out our living. We get paid by the dance. If you're taking my time . . . you got to pay for it."

"Oh." Sam blushed and reached inside his pea jacket. "Okay—here's five."

Lilly Bell fluttered her eyelids and smiled. "That's being a sport. Now I'll sit and talk to you some more."

Sam sat in silence for a time. Then, abruptly, he said, "Say, I don't like your making money that way. Girls don't do that back home."

"Where do you come from?"

"A little town out in Nebraska. My father—he's the deacon in the Methodist church. I never was out of Nebraska till I enlisted."

Lilly Bell toyed with her glass. "What ship yer on?" she asked.

"The Dallas."

"Is that so? I knew a feller on her, but I thought she was on the West Coast."

Sam's liquor was wearing off. "Say, what yer asking questions like that for? Are you pumping me?"

"Don't be a hick." Lilly Bell frowned. "You said you hadn't been ashore in three months . . . but the Dallas was in port a month ago—"

"She weren't," Sam interrupted, "we've been on convoy duty and—" he paused and his voice became more sharp—"say, you know, Kid, you are trying to pump me."

"Oh, don't be that way." Lilly Bell took a cigaret from her case and waited until Sam held a light for her. "We don't know each other and there's nothing else to talk about. I'm just trying to make conversation."

Sam flicked out the match and looked into the girl's deep brown eyes. To him, there was something about her—something . . .

"I guess you know a lot of fellers don't yer?" he asked shyly.

"Sure," she said flicking ashes from her cigaret. "Why not?"

"Nothing." Sam looked up blushing. "Only I like you."

"Yeah, well, I've seen worse than you, too."

At that moment—it was close to midnight—a tall, big-shouldered man in a gray, well-fitting suit came up to their table. Sam looked up at him. The man wore his hair slicked down and he had a scar over his left eye. Sam didn't like him, but he didn't know what to do when Gray Suit asked Lilly Bell to dance. Sam watched them through the haze of smoke as they made their way to the floor. He tried to figure out why he should be sore about it if this—this floosy wanted to dance with someone else. But—but Lilly Bell wasn't a floosy, he told himself. He waited patiently for her to rejoin him after the dance.

"Come on, Sailor," she said, "let's go across the street to Joe's hamburger place. Get something to eat."

The "Cosmopolitan" was closing and

Sam let himself be led across the street. He didn't know just exactly why, but he felt himself attracted by the girl. At Joe's, they ordered hamburgers and drinks. Lilly Bell took her whisky neat and tossed down three in a row as though they were no stronger than root beer.

"I'm used to it." She shrugged. "I've been doing it for years."

Sam leaned across the table. "Yer know," he said, "tonight was the third time in my life I ever got tight. I was lonesome, I guess. Say, who was that big guy that danced with you?"

"Just a guy."

"Sweet on yer?"

"I don't know," said Lilly Bell shrugging again. "All the girls dance with him a lot."

Sam straightened up, hesitated with embarrassment before saying anything. "I don't like the looks of him," he said finally. "I wish you'd stay away from him." He held up his hand as Lilly Bell began to protest. "I was just thinking, yer know, perhaps we'll be seeing a lot of each other. Where do you live?"

Lilly Bell crushed out her cigaret. "A rooming-house on Forty-Eighth," she said matter-of-factly. "A lot of

the girls live there. Here's the address."

Sam blushed again. "Do you talk to all fellers like this?" he asked.

Lilly Bell began to powder her nose. "Listen, Newborn, let's get this straight. I'm not putting on no pretense. This is my life. This is the way I'm living it. I'm the kind that your father whispered to you about and told you to keep away from. If you don't like it—scram."

"No," said Sam unhappily, "I don't want to leave . . . only, I wish you were different."

(Continued on Next Page)

*You'll wind his heart around your finger
With shining hair that makes eyes linger!*

No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*




FOR PLAY IN THE SUN—make your own "halter" from two huge bandanas. Knot them together behind your neck, criss-cross in front, then tie in back at waistline. Be sure your hairdo is in keeping—simple, practical, like this lovely, new "upsweep"! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

**Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!**

Your glamour rates sky-high with a man when your hair has that lustrous, shining "live" look! But dull, dingy hair takes so much from your allure.

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Institute on this advertised product.

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

CASE OF THE DIME-A-DANCE HALL

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"Well, I ain't. I'm satisfied. I ain't criticizing you 'cause you're a hick from the sticks—well, you ain't got no right to criticize me."

"Okay, Lilly Bell, I guess you're right. Only—only, I like you an awful lot."

Sam's eyes were downcast. He didn't notice that Lilly Bell's eyes were shining when she said in a rather husky voice, "Thanks, Kid, and you wouldn't look so bad over the breakfast table yourself . . ."

About a week later and hours after the "Cosmopolitan" had closed for the night, Lilly Bell was waiting for a knock that came at her door at her Forty-Eighth Street rooming-house. She moved quickly to the door and admitted a tall, clean-cut man with a long, angular face. This man had a keen look about him—an air of command and power.

This man was David Harding, chief of Uncle Sam's counter-spies.

Harding slipped into the room with hardly a word, took a seat and waited for Lilly Bell to give him her report. Her voice and manner had changed from earlier in the evening. She had washed her face of the mascara and lipstick. Her complexion was smooth and clear and her face was changed completely in its frame of soft brown curls. Her voice, too, was different—more full, cultured.

"You were right," she told Harding. "Plenty is going on at that dance hall. There's a tall man with a scar—I don't know his name yet, but he comes in at the hall about twelve o'clock every night. The rest of the evening, he dances with the girls—the girls who've been dancing with sailors. If the girls can tell him anything about the names of Navy boats, or where they've been, or where they're going, he slips them twenty dollars while he's dancing. Some of the girls are making big money."

Harding stood up and offered the girl a cigaret and a light. "Then," he said, "we are on the right trail. Are all the girls willing to sell him information like that?"

"No, only about five or six." "All right, Lilly, go ahead dancing just as you have been. But tomorrow night, if this man comes in, or the following night, go to the hat-check girl and say—that's him."

The girl paused. "Yes, Sir, but Mr. Harding, there's one thing—a-a-please, I wish you'd let me do—"

Harding smiled and held up his hand. "I think I can guess, Lilly Bell. The sailor from the *Dallas*—you've been seeing him every night. We've already checked him. He's just a nice farm kid that comes from Fultonville, Nebraska. He's okay."

Lilly Bell stood up. "You don't miss anything, do you? Please let me tell him—that I'm not a-a-well, you understand. Sam's sweet and decent, and I don't want him to go on thinking I'm rotten. Let me tell him I'm in the service just as much as he is. Can't I tell him it's just an act I'm putting on—that I'm trying to break a case?"

Harding's voice became soft. He took the girl's hand in his. "I'm sorry, Lilly Bell," he said, "but you just can't tell anyone your secret. Particularly now. I know Sam probably wouldn't tell anyone, but his actions toward you might change. It might be noticed at the dance hall. It could even result in your death. What you've found out confirms my suspicion that there's a large ring operating in the dance halls up and down the Atlantic coast, gathering information on warships and convoy movements. You've given us our first lead and now we've got to

move in. No, Lilly Bell, you can't tell Sam, and I'm afraid you shouldn't see him as much as you have been."

Some nights later these two messages came over the short-wave radio set at Counter-spy headquarters:

The first message was from a girl: "Agent Three reporting. Man under surveillance. Checked hat: Size seven and five-eighths, expensive felt. Nothing inside of sweat-band. Hat is soft gray, worn very little. Have turned the hat-check he returned to me over to the finger-printing laboratory."

The second message was a man reporting: "Finger-print department reporting. Finger-prints those of Keil Theison, former New York member of German Bund. Whereabouts for past two years unknown. Is professional gambler of high stakes. Was arrested in connection with Hilda Kelly murder, but dismissed because of lack of evidence. Has scar over left eye."

After the messages came over, Harding managed to arrange another meeting between himself and Lilly Bell.

"This man's been missing for a year," he told her, "and we've located a false passport to Lisbon. It's in his handwriting. Now, I want you to become better acquainted with him. Try to get him to invite you out. His nickname is Scar and he's evidently in charge of gathering information from dance halls here in New York. Each city down the coast is set up the same way. All this information is sent to the Big Boss who sorts it out, pieces it together and sends it on to the submariners. What we want is the head of this ring."

The girl thought a moment. "This man you called Scar already had mentioned having a very important and wealthy friend who has a big place somewhere."

"Good," said Harding. "It's that man's name and where he lives that we want to know—" Harding paused and looked at the girl—"anything the matter, Lilly?"

She looked up. "Why?" "You seem rather low about something."

She bit her lip. Finally, she said, "Sam has sailed."

"I'm terribly sorry, Lilly," Harding's voice was almost tender. He was helpless before the girl's show of emotion.

"I know," she went on, "I know Sam wanted to ask me to marry him, but—the poor kid was all mixed up. His training, and thinking what he did of me, and—"

Harding smiled grimly. "After this case is over," he said, "you can write your man the whole truth if you want to. Chin up, Kid."

The girl wiped her tears away on a corner of her handkerchief. "I'll do my best, Mr. Harding."

LILLY'S voice on the telephone was eager, excited, tense. Harding listened with a tight smile on his lips.

"I've only got a couple of seconds," she said. "Scar is standing just outside this telephone booth. He thinks I'm calling a girl friend for his boss. I've got a date with Scar tonight. He's calling for me in his car at twelve o'clock at the dance hall. The four of us are going to have a party at his boss' home, but I don't know his name yet, or where his place is."

Harding looked at his watch. "I've got to work out a plan," he said. "I'll have the car trailed but—the Warren

Drug store is at the corner of 48th Street right near the dance hall?"

"Yes."

"When Scar picks you up in his car tell him you've got to get some cosmetics. Make him stop at Warren's. Go in and wait for a clerk—a small, rather slight fellow with sandy hair and blue eyes. Ask him for Her Majesty lipstick."—Harding paused. "Now listen, Lilly, watch yourself. This whole thing may be on the level, or he may have become suspicious and want to do away with you. Be careful."

THE sandy-haired clerk with blue eyes at the Warren Drug Store was surprised at the beauty of the girl who asked him for Her Majesty lipstick. Despite himself, he couldn't keep a note of concern from his voice as he whispered tense instructions while handing the purchase over the counter.

"At two o'clock," he instructed, "give the appearance of becoming ill." He raised his voice in normal tones as he handed her the lipstick. "Here it is." His voice dropped again to a whisper. "At two-thirty, be violently ill and insist they call a doctor. That's all."

"Thank you," the girl said as the clerk rang up the sale on the cash-register.

David Harding, dressed in a dark tweed suit and wearing a gray fedora, sat beside one of his agents as they tailed the car into which Lilly Bell had stepped after leaving the Warren Drug Store. The drive to Forest Haven had taken almost an hour from New York and forty minutes from the suburban village itself before the machine ahead had turned in at a gravel driveway of a large estate. The agent, whom Harding addressed as simply "Bud," remained on the main highway allowing plenty of time for Lilly Bell and her escort to arrive at their final destination. After about 30 minutes, Bud brought the car back to the estate and went up the gravel drive until he and Harding could see the lights of the big house. He parked the car off the road under the trees and he and the Chief Counter-spy crawled from the machine where they waited until 2:40 a.m. Then they got out of the machine again.

"If the plan is working," Harding said, "that doctor ought to be along any second."

"You seem pretty worried, Mr. Harding," said his companion.

"Habit, I guess. Things are moving a little too smoothly. I wanted this Scar to date Lilly, and he did. I wanted him to take her to his boss' home, and he did, and—"

Harding was interrupted by the sound of a car in the drive. "Here comes the Doctor's car now," Bud said.

Harding's voice became tense. "Don't take too much for granted, Bud. There's a car, but whose car it is, we don't know yet. Make a note of the license plate, the color of the machine, the color of its top and, when you can, note the tire-tread."

The car came on fast; Harding and Bud moved toward the drive. "Step back of the tree, Bud, so he'll think I'm alone. Then, in case of an emergency, you'll have the advantage over him."

Harding stepped in front of the machine, forcing it to stop. It was the doctor—Doctor Hargrove from Forest Haven. He explained that a telephone call had come in reporting a very sick girl at the Dutton home.

"But," the Doctor said, "I don't understand what this is all about."

"My name is Harding, United States counter-spy," the tall man replied. "I have credentials here if you wish to see them. The men who summoned you are Nazi spies. Do you know the man who lives in this house?"

"Only that his name is Dutton," the Doctor replied.

"Well, Doctor, I'll have to ask you to allow me to take your medical case, and I wish you to remain out here in the dark. I don't want to have them hear you start your car. I'm going in and impersonate you."

Once inside, Harding had little trouble playing his part. The owner of the home introduced himself as T. L. Dutton. He was a heavy-set man with a beetling brow, a red face and a thick neck. And he was worried. Perspiration made great beads on his wide forehead which he wiped constantly with a crumpled handkerchief. After Harding pretended to make a hurried examination of the patient in an upstairs bedroom, Dutton came over and shook hands—too cordially.

"Do you think there's any chance of her dying immediately, Doctor?" he asked. "It's not my fault she was taken ill here, and I don't want any scandal about it. You've got to do something, Doctor. She can't be found here." He wiped his forehead.

Harding frowned. "Well," he said, "I have only one suggestion. I know a private hospital—I can have a private ambulance come if you are willing to guarantee the expenses. May I use your phone, please?"

Dutton was all smiles. Hargrove, the doctor, had solved his difficulties. The "doctor" made his call and the ambulance arrived. It was an unusual ambulance because four attendants came with it! Dutton became instantly suspicious again. He was sweating profusely. Then his face became pale and he made a quick dash for an open French window. Harding was quicker. So was Bud. Dutton crashed to the floor in a cross-fire of bullets from both Bud's and Harding's guns! The master spy was dead!

Scar was covered and willing to talk. The ambulance attendants, which, of course, were other counter-spies, found a short-wave radio set concealed in a closet, a number of expensive cameras and a photographic laboratory. There was no doubt that the place was a spy nest. And Scar's story clinched the evidence.

IT WAS some time before Harding was able to talk to Lilly Bell. She appeared so pale that he began to think she really was sick.

"It's just—just that I saw this special edition of the morning paper as I left the drug store," she said. "They sunk the *Dallas* and Sam was aboard. There were no survivors. He died thinking I was cheap, rotten. Every time I think of him, I'll know what he was really thinking of me when he died—"

"You poor kid—"

"Now I'm free to tell him—" her voice broke—"but he's gone."

"Chin up," Harding said after a slight pause.

"It—it's up."

"Want a vacation?"

She looked up at the tall man and set her chin. "No," she said. "I want another case QUICK. I want to do something to help others escape a grief like mine. I want to start on another case—tonight!"

Harding's lips twisted themselves into a wry smile. He took Lilly Bell's hand and squeezed it.

"That," he said, "is why Americans will never be beaten."

HI YA' KATE!

(Continued from Page 14)

to have carried another greeting from a family lonesome for their only boy. If the Ohio corporal needed any further convincing about Kate Smith actually being there, he got it when he tuned in on the "Kate Smith Hour" from the base that evening, heard her "Hi Ya, fellows," and the lusty yell of hundreds of leather-lunged leather-necks as they came right back at her, "Hi Ya, Kate!"

Those "Hi Yases" are plenty sweet music to the Songbird of the South, who goes north, east, west and round again spreading cheer among the sons of Uncle Sam. She gets them from aviators, soldiers, sailors and marines in every accent and key.

From lonesome, homesick young warriors to whom Kate Smith means home, their own family, "Mom," and "Sis" and everything just like Grandma's... only more so. To them she's "Home Town, U. S. A." And those "Hi Yases" are mighty precious to Kate.

They're her answer, too, to the hundreds of letters she gets weekly from parents asking her to say "Hello" to their boys, and wanting, if possible, to hear their sons' voices again. "If I could just hear his voice... if you could just let him say something... if" . . . and she knows they'll be close to their radios that night trying to pick their own offspring's yell out of all those "Hi Ya, Kates."

She was thinking of one such letter as she stood before all those marines that week. One written in the childish scrawl of a little thirteen-year-old girl in Strange Creek, West Virginia, who wanted Kate to inquire about her big brother at the Marine Base. "Just ask for Pvt. Chapman," she informed Kate. "I'm afraid he will be sent overseas. He's the only brother I've got . . . if anything should happen to him . . ." and here the childish scrawl trailed off. She couldn't take that . . . anything happening to that big brother of hers.

Smiling down into an auditorium packed full of gyrenes, their medals shining like beacons against their dark greens, Kate wondered if the little girl's brother was there.

All this and more too—much more—was in her voice as she went into her own rendition of "What Makes a Marine," the poem introduced by Kate and written by Pfc. Paul Mills at Guadalcanal.

Against the strains of Jack Miller's orchestra softly playing "America," Kate's voice went on—

"It isn't his set of blues or his mirror-shined shoes;
It isn't how much he can drink or how often he's been in the clink.
"A Leatherneck is more than that—More than a medal or a campaign hat,
More than a hash-mark or a couple of stripes,
Or some idle scuttlebutt and perpetual gripes . . ."

It was so quiet you could fairly hear the "boots" breathe. And some of the leathernecks dashed furiously at their eyes as she went on—

"It's that tightening of his belt when the rations are low;
His open-eyed slumber lest 'muster' should blow.
"It's that lump in his throat that makes a marine . . ."

There were lumps in hundreds of throats as she finished, and a bigger lump in Kate's own.
Who says a marine can't cry? Just

ask Kate Smith. Or you can ask me. I was there. I'll tell you. A marine can good and cry.

Peeking out from behind the curtain backstage beside me was a "boot" from Iowa, who was doing a little dashing himself. "I tell you, when it comes to being patriotic, she's IT," he said.

They'll remember that a long time—Kate reading "What Makes a Marine."

And so will Sgt. James Jolly Plum Duff, who was in his own way wondering the same thing. Just exactly what did make a marine?

Sergeant Duff, just in case you wonder, is the big bulldog mascot at the Marine Base. Kate had brought an eighteen-month-old bulldog along with her to give to the boys in boot camp. A lady bulldog. And "Sergeant Duffy," who's ruled the base for six years now, had on his best scarlet blanket with his sergeant's gold stripes on it. He was "all out" to meet the new Lady Marine.

"Boots," as Kate named her dog, looked hopefully around her new surroundings—the parade ground—the obstacle course—the bayonet fields—the boot huts—and back at her commanding officer, "Sarge" Duffy, who'd just waddled up.

"Boots, meet Sergeant Duffy," said Kate, holding the Lady Marine's leash carefully, while one of the boys held Duffy's with the other. The lady wagged her screwed-up tail lovingly.

"Grrrrr," growled Duffy, all his stripes bristling at once.

Just what did make a marine, growled the "Sarge." Things were getting plenty tough in the corps when they took in ladies. She belonged back home in the kennels in "production" work, he growled. Boot camp was no place for a dame.

He held bulldoggedly on, and was still growling as they led "Boots" off to join a number of unnamed pin-up blondes as mascots of the Marine Base.

A little later, between broadcasts, a platoon of Virginia boots from near Kate Smith's own home town were marched up to the auditorium to meet her by their D. I. (drill instructor), who stood a little belligerently apart, trying to look completely disinterested. And failing, but badly.

"Hi, fellows," said Kate to the boys, "what's new?"

"Our haircuts," yelled the boys. Their haircuts were very new. And they kept stroking their heads a little self-consciously at meeting their idol in such a denuded state. They looked like a collection of double exposures—all exactly alike.

"Loosen up, gang, you're too stiff," kidded Kate.

"Stiff? You don't know the half of it," grinned one of them, who used to work in a creamery back in Staunton before the D. I.'s started exercising his muscles there.

SHE had them sing a chorus of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" with her just for old times' sake, and the song took on new meaning for them. The way they felt then, they knew they'd have to be carried back if they made it at all.

The boys, who believe the moon comes over the mountain just a little bit bigger in Virginia than it does anywhere else, were plenty happy to talk to Kate.

"Coming to the show, boys?" she said, getting up.

"No—er—ah—" they looked at their D. I.—"We've got things to do, I guess," they said.

"Well, maybe when I come back next time," she smiled. "You won't be boots then."

Then she sobered, thinking just where they might be then.

The moon was coming up on the double as we left the Marine Base that night and Ted Collins was hearing a familiar story. "I tell you, Ted, they're the FINEST outfit there is!" said Kate soberly.

Ted Collins grinned. This is an old story with him, this "finest outfit there is" business. He hears it every week.

"Katherine thinks they're all the finest outfit there is," he laughed. "And so do I. We leave every base thinking that."

Kate Smith's only actual tie to the service is her brother-in-law, Captain Lee J. Steene, of the Army Air Forces, but she has thousands of adopted ones and, as Ted says, thinks they're all the grandest bunch of the lot.

Take the boys at the submarine base in New London, for instance, the boys who crash-dived right into her heart and stood there surrounding her, thrilled and taut, while she autographed some torpedoes personally to Hitler and Tojo, and knew that they were going to be on their way pronto. She was crying as she said "good-by" to the boys who were taking her "calling cards" along.

"You know, Ted," she said, "this is the finest outfit there is." So it's an old, but wonderful, story to all of her troupe.

Ted Collins, president of the Kate Smith Corporation, takes the Kate Smith troupe anywhere that pack-saddles and the Office of Defense Transportation can get them. They try to play camps that get few shows. The harder to reach, the better. And some of them have been plenty hard.

Ted and Kate pay all the expenses of these trips, which average some \$6,000 a week, and in the case of the trip to the Navy Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, when they took a full orchestra along, hit the jackpot at \$9,000.

Each week finds Ted Collins worried, trying to figure out how to get sixty people on a train that doesn't have room for one. His capable aid, Sammy Schiff, worries with him. John McCartney, troupe engineer, worries about how he can get his three hundred pounds of equipment and himself on ahead of the sixty to the camp to have it all set up when they get there. Henny Youngman, Kate's crack comedian, worries about what jokes will be funniest for each bunch of guys. And Jack Miller, Kate's maestro, who's been with her ever since she's been on radio—twelve years—worryes about the orchestra he has to assemble at each place, hoping that some of the many different-toned "toots" will come out the same.

Their broadcasting studio may be a boxing-ring in a hangar in Rome, New York, a gymnasium in Fort Sheridan, Chicago, a grandstand at Santa Anita. And Kate's "dressing-room" a compact propped against one corner of a box where some soldier is assembling a machine-gun.

The "Kate Smith Hour" is the only show that does repeat broadcasts from Army camps, and the last repeat, which goes out of the East at midnight, often finds Kate and her gang wearily pulling back into New York around five in the morning. With her worried housekeeper and her equally worried cocker spaniel pup burning the midnight oil in her Park Avenue apartment, living for the day when Kate will come back home and "stay put."

Her bunks some of these nights are a far cry from the luxurious rose-and-blue Madame Dubarry canopied affair
(Continued on Next Page)

BRIEF PICTURE GUIDE

EXPLANATION: Rating of pictures are in Vs—"for Victory"—and VVVV, a four-V rating, is accorded only top-ranking, almost perfect film fare; VVV is a winner, excellent film fare; VV is average, and V, unfortunately, is below average. Natural-color films are so indicated as "in color" right after the title, and ALL films are judged as "adult," "family," or simply "juvenile" fare. —THE EDITORS.

OUTSTANDING

AIR FORCE (VVVV): Authentic drama taken from logbooks of our fighting aviators. Don't miss it!—Family.

CASABLANCA (VVV): Ingrid Bergman gathers more laurels in tale of French Morocco.—Adult.

CHINA (VVVV): Cements a better understanding between America and her Chinese allies. Alan Ladd, Loretta Young, William Bendix are fine.—Family.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE (VVVV): Laughter hodge-podge with Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan.—Family.

MY FRIEND FLICKA (VVVV): Mary O'Hara's fine novel of the West comes to the screen in Technicolor.—Family.

THE HUMAN COMEDY (VVVV): William Saroyan's story by the same title, with Mickey Rooney doing an extraordinarily fine portrayal of a boy bewildered by war.—Family.

THE MORE THE MERRIER (VVVV): Superlative comedy that mirrors—and aptly—housing problems in war-time Washington.—Family.

THIS LAND IS MINE (VVVV): Even hard-boiled customers will feel the grip of this one, starring Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara.—War-time drama for adults.

WINGS UP (VVVV): A U. S. Government picture, showing how airmen are trained. Capt. Clark Gable is the narrator.—Tops for the family.

MUSICALS

CONEY ISLAND (VVV): Tailor-made for Betty Grable, highlights her talents on all scores.—Family.

SILVER SKATES (VVV): Superb skating by Belita and good music by Kenny Baker.—Family.

COMEDIES

DU BARRY WAS A LADY (VVV): A fun parade in Technicolor led by Lucille Ball, Red Skelton.—Family.

MISTER BIG (VVV): Stars comer Donald O'Connor in juvenile fare featuring some "hot" songs and "jump" steps.—Designed for jitterbugs in family.

MR. LUCKY (VVV): Cary Grant is a bigshot gambler, teamed with debutante Laraine Day, delivers a carload of laughs.—Family.

THE YOUNGEST PROFESSION (VVV): Virginia Weidler and her chums show how autograph fiends, who pursue the stars, operate—with plenty of laughs.—Family.

OTHER FEATURES

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (VVV): Starring Humphrey Bogart. Tense drama featuring America's Merchant Marines.—Family.

AERIAL GUNNER (VVV): An accurate and tensely dramatic picture showing tactics of aerial gunners in the American Air Forces.—Family.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITANNY (VVV): Helen MacInnes' novel on espionage with newcomer Jean-Pierre Aumont.—Family.

DESTROYER (VVV): Edward G. Robinson portrays a seaman who reveres his ship, fights to save her.—Family.

EDGE OF DARKNESS (VVV): Portrays the struggle of the Norwegian people under yoke of Nazi domination.—Adult.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO (VVV): Espionage rather than battles is featured in this war film, with plenty of suspenseful thrills.—Adults.

FOREVER AND A DAY (VVV): Romance through 137 years of changing history, with 82 Hollywood stars appearing in it.—Family.

PRESENTING LILY MARS (VVV): Judy Garland gets a fine chance to display her talents in this movie version of the Booth Tarkington novel. Judy and Van Heflin make a fine twosome.—Family.

SALUTE TO THE MARINES (VVV): Exploits of Leathernecks in Philippines with Wallace Beery doing a bang-up job.—Family.

SOMEONE TO REMEMBER (reviewed under title of "The Prodigal's Mother") (VVV): Mabel Paige presents mother-love theme in a bright new dress, trimmed in humor and pathos.—Family.

SPITFIRE (VVV): Tells the life-story of the man who invented Britain's famous Spitfire planes, how his work turned the tide of conflict in the Battle of Britain in September, 1940.—Adult.

THE GREAT IMPERSONATION (VVV): A picture revealing the operations of spies and counter-spies prior to present war.—Adult.

THE MOON IS DOWN (VVV): Realism as only Steinbeck can portray it of a people humbled but unconquered in Norway.—Adult.

WATCH ON THE RHINE (VVV): Bette Davis and Paul Lukas in this Broadway stage hit by playwright Lillian Hellman. A grim picture of Nazi domination.—Adults.

WESTERNS

IDAHO (VVV): Roy Rogers in a fine western movie that combines the Old West with modern times.—Family.

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HI YA' KATE!

(Continued from Preceding Page)

in that apartment back home. She takes pot-luck now, and just bunks down anywhere the troupe happens to be. And never complains.

She feels more than repaid by that eager welcome, "Hi Ya, KATE!" that greets her in every camp.

Your reporter, who accompanied the Kate Smith convoy everywhere they went on the West Coast, can tell you that "Ambassador" Kate can well say "Mission accomplished" everywhere she goes.

Whether it be in a basketball gymnasium at March Field, the anti-aircraft training-center at Camp Haan, or doing a daily double at the Santa Anita and Pomona Army Ordnance tracks.

The show went out of the Pomona fairgrounds on a stage pitched upon rafters, with its back to the tote-board and the race-track, and the boys jamming the grandstands.

Underneath the stands, before the show, some of the boys were showing Kate Smith how to assemble a machine-gun. They asked her if she were a good shot.

"Pretty good with squirrels and chipmunks, never tried skunks," she said.

They laughed, and another group edged closer to get her to autograph everything from their G. I. helmets to their latest pictures of "Mom."

"Let me see your girl," said Kate to one of the bolder ones, a boy from Pittsburgh.

"Which one," he said. And peeled off one picture right on top of another from his wallet—a blonde from Brooklyn, a brunette from home, right on down the hit parade.

"The best gals of all move to Pomona Hall," he said.

"Don't let him kid you, Miss Smith," said one of his buddies. "They're not all his. Some of 'em are retreads. He's borrowed a few. Mine, for one," he grinned, making a dive for it.

And Kate laughed with the rest of them.

The boys don't stand in awe of her at all. They crowd around her in the P. X. where she goes to get a milkshake between each show. They all ask her questions and want to know what's cookin' back home.

Just as a gang of them from the East ganged around her as she sat in the front row of the grandstand until time for the show. Homesick lads from Brooklyn and the Bronx.

Among them was Lou Ambers, lightweight champion of the world, who fought Tony Canzoneri fifteen rounds in Madison Square Garden for the title in '37, and had just fought a wrench about the same number there in the garage that day.

Tired and bronzed, Lou was frankly homesick.

"First time I've seen you since New York," he said, taking off his helmet and sitting down beside her in the stand. He stared right on through the snow-capped peaks and orange blossoms in front of him, and was once again back in the "Garden" in that fifteenth round.

SOME of the boys who'd just come off day shift, some of them from the desert where they'd bivouacked the night before apologized to Kate for their grease-stained coveralls and dusty caps. "That's the way to come, fellows, just as you are," she said. "This is your show."

They found that out a few minutes later, when Kate had an M. P. move

a whole bunch of civic officials who'd just sat down in front seats on up to the top of the grandstand for the show.

"This is for the boys," she said. "What's cookin', anyway?"

The M. P. looked a little worried. He lived in Pomona and had an idea that before it was over what was cookin' would be him.

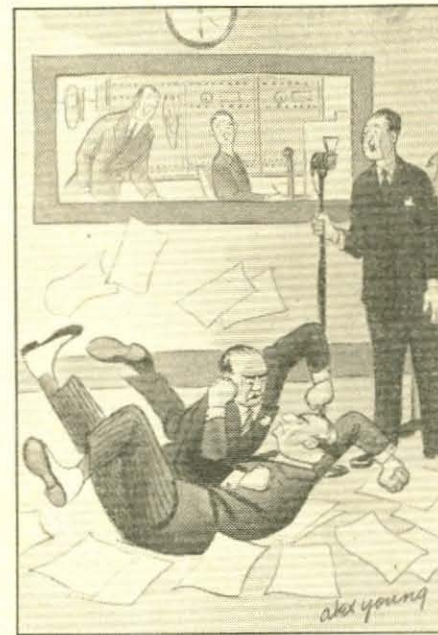
A few hours later the grandstand at swanky Santa Anita that's rung with cheers for thoroughbreds was ringing with the same familiar "Hi Ya, KATE!"

And out in the barracks, the ghosts of Seabiscuit, War Admiral and the others, hearing the ovation, stirred restlessly, wondering who the new entry was, this popular "filly" named Kate.

The most important part of the "Kate Smith Hour" is a speech that the radio audience never hears—Kate's speech to the boys after the show. She makes them feel all the love that goes with them everywhere.

"After seeing all of you, I feel that the safety of our country is in good hands," says Kate. "I know that you'll all give a good account of yourselves whatever you're called upon to do."

"And when you leave, just know



"We interrupt the political discussion to bring you a news flash!"

that the gratitude and love of the whole nation goes with you. With you, too, goes my own love and a prayer that God will keep you safe and return you to your homes and your loved ones . . ."

It's her sincerity and that "homes and loved ones" that gets them—the saltiest of them, even the boys in the Merchant Marine, stationed at the U. S. Maritime Service Training Station at Catalina Island, Kate's last stop here on the Coast.

Jamming the swanky Casino in their best "whites," and others in their dark "zoot suits" (named thus by them because of the narrow legs compared to the sailors' bell-bottomed ones), the salty sons of the Maritime Service did a little dashing at the eyes themselves, listening to her tribute to the Merchant Marines.

Kate won't forget them, either. Her entry into the harbor, with the Maritime Band on the wharf playing "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" and "Avalon." The ack-ack guns that they let her shoot out over the bay, tracer bullets blazing, two shots a direct hit. The gunnery crew asking her to autograph the gun, named by them "The Mary Ann."

"Good luck to you, Mary Ann, and your crew," wrote Kate.

The gunner patted the gun lovingly. "You've arrived now, Mary Ann," he said. Then, "If you must know, I love her better than my own wife. I can always count on her. Always know where she is," he laughed.

"And how far she'll go," a buddy said.

CATALINA ISLAND was like paradise to the Kate Smith troupe after some of the safaris they've made, and they wondered why some of the "gleeps," as the recruits are called, didn't like it.

"Huh," huffed the gleeps. "Might be a tropical paradise, all right. But it was pretty pointless—no women," they said.

The chimes pealed out from the historic tower as Kate and the gang went up to the officers' mess at the St. Catherine Hotel for dinner. The Islanders still go by the chimes, the maritime by bells. Some of the gleeps go by neither.

A few of the latter, who can't tell time, having overstayed liberty, or something, were polishing furiously on the interior of the St. Catherine as we walked in. There's a miniature ship controls and engine steering-wheel and engine right in the middle of the lobby, and they were attacking it like mad. Others were polishing on a floor already so slick that Kate Smith's party traveled at their own risk. The gleeps were about to polish the St. Catherine down to a nub.

Outside the "barracks" others pitched horseshoes, or just stood in navy-blue groups exchanging scuttlebutt out on the front lawn.

One young maritimer won't forget Kate Smith's visit for a lifetime—a messman named Woodrow, who hailed from Heber City, Utah. He'd written Kate a note marked "Personal," telling her about his wife, who was expecting a baby just about any time. They were both fans of Kate, he wrote, and he wondered if she'd do him the "honor" of talking to him. "My wife would be so happy," he said.

Kate sent for him and Woodrow was soon telling her excitedly about the baby-to-be.

"We think it'll be twins," he said excitedly. So happy then he didn't care if it were a dozen instead.

"Let me know what it is, Woodrow," said the singer.

"Sure will, Kate," he muttered, his throat filling up.

A thin sliver of a new moon was coming over Avalon Bay as Kate, Ted and the rest of us left the hotel for the last show.

We passed two recruits going along the beach. They had liberty. It was a beautiful night, and they were wondering what in the hell to do with it. No dames. One of them started a disconsolate whistling of "You Are My Sunshine, My Only Sunshine," and was a little surprised to hear some full rich tones joining in . . . "My Only Sunshine . . ." Soon the gleep and the famous singer were making it a duet.

"Not bad," he said to the other recruit, patronizingly, still not knowing who was singing the other mean half of the duet. "Not bad at all!"

Kate Smith's booming laugh rang out.

"You know, Ted," she began . . .

"Yes, I know," said Collins. "This is the finest outfit of them all."

Kate Smith may be heard Monday through Friday over CBS on "Kate Smith Speaks" at 12:00 noon EWT, 11:00 a.m. PWT, 10:00 a.m. MWT, and 9:00 a.m. PWT under the sponsorship of General Foods.

WHAT'S COOKING!

(Continued from Page 53)

8. Before using, all regular glass jars should be tested for leaks by partially filling with water, sealing and inverting.

9. Before using, wash jars along with lids in soapy water, rinse well and place in boiling water until ready to be filled.

How to Can Tomatoes

Tomatoes, like fruit, are canned the water-bath way. First, select fresh, ripe tomatoes, making certain they are free from decay. Have a kettle of boiling water and one of cold water ready. Put a few tomatoes at a time into a large strainer or piece of thin cloth and dip them in boiling water for about one minute. Then quickly dip them in cold water. Then drain, peel and quarter tomatoes. Put them into a saucepan to be heated to the boiling point.

As soon as the tomatoes are boiling hot, lift one glass jar from boiling water with a large-size fork or similar utensil. Fill jar with boiling-hot tomatoes which are seasoned with a teaspoon of salt per quart. Fill to within one-half inch from top of jar. If using Thrif-T-Lid on commercial coffee jar, wipe top of jar free from all juice, etc. Scald No. 63 Thrif-T-Lid and place on jar with sealing composition next to the glass. Place screw cap (with liner or lining composition removed) over the lid and screw it down firmly.

Filled jars are processed by arranging on a rack in a covered kettle and boiled for five minutes, then they are removed with tongs that grasp the neck (be sure not to grasp the lid or you might break the seal). Jars are set apart and cooled in upright position. After twenty-four hours, remove screw cap, but allow Thrif-T-Lid to remain.

* * *

For further information regarding canning procedure and methods, write to the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C. They will be only too glad to help you with any particular canning problem you may have. Their booklet, "Home Canning of Fruits, Vegetables and Meats, Farmers' Bulletin No. 1762," is yours for a mere ten cents.

THE RADIO FRONT

(Continued from Page 7)

Did you know that Jack Mitchell, who writes "Club Matinee" scripts, is related to famed General Billy Mitchell, and has a son named Billy who is in the Army Air Forces? . . . that David Whitehouse, who took down the "boy wanted" sign Paul Rhymer hung on the "Vic and Sade" studio, is the son of a music professor at Northwestern and the youngest of nine children? . . . that Sidney Breese, Jean Washburne and Frankie Pacelli, all of radio, are cast in "Maid in the Ozarks," hilarious hillbilly stage hit? . . . that Barry Drew (Russell in "Ma Perkins") has followed his roommate Bret Morrison to New York? . . . that Mary Castle, free-lance actress and interviewer for the Gallup poll in this area, is really Billy Idelson's sister? . . . that Naomi May, who replaced Sarajane Wells in "Jack Armstrong," is related to Betty Lou Gerson? . . . that Tom Reddy, who unseated Tobe Reed as driver of the "Fitch Bandwagon," comes from Station WHO in Des Moines, and that his real name is Tom Mulready?

Betty Grable—Miss Perfect Everything

(Continued from Page 10)

sitated by too much dancing, she went back into delayed scenes for "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," and danced herself into a state of hysterics. When the babbling subsided, she laughed and exclaimed, "Now, why didn't I wait for a dramatic scene before I collapsed. That would have given me a swell reputation around town!"

The fear of all movie producers is that their stars will begin believing their own publicity, as most of them do. When this happens, an actress is as difficult to handle as a baby with tantrums. Betty insures herself against such foolishness by not believing anything printed about her. She hasn't been taken in since a story appeared that her legs were insured for \$1,000,000. "If that had been true," she told me, "I'd have developed housemaid's knee and retired." She was hurt when newspapers indirectly accused her of walking out on Jackie Coogan a few years ago when their marriage broke up at the same time he brought suit to recover some of the money he had earned as a child star. She divorced Jackie because they weren't happy together. Money didn't have a thing to do with it. She married him when she was too young and divorced him with tears in her eyes. She meant those tears, but since then she's been dry-eyed in the face of equally difficult emotional problems.

Betty was in love with George Raft and didn't care who knew it. They quarreled often, however, presumably because George couldn't get a divorce from his long-estranged wife. Betty didn't care what people thought of her. Once she and George fought right in the middle of a dance-floor, but those who witnessed the little scene were not critical. People love her because she is so very natural and aboveboard.

Consider her attitude toward servicemen. When a soldier is taking off for parts unknown and wants a girl to kiss and say good-by to, Betty doesn't mind if he wants to kiss her, says frankly, "I feel it's the least I can do for a fellow who's going away from friends and family for a long while to come."

Betty is one of the least difficult of movie stars in the matter of doing her job. She's always on deck and never quits a set unless she's definitely under the weather. Sometimes, though, she runs into trouble, as in a recent case following a trip to Palm Springs. Betty made the mistake of taking too many sun baths and returned to the studio for work brown as a nut. It just wouldn't do for Technicolor, so the make-up man took her aside and told her confidentially that she should go home, make a weak solution of lemon juice and water, take a bath in it every hour for a week. As an alternative, a milk bath would chase the tan just as well. "Somehow," Betty says, "it seemed like something a glamorous movie queen would do, and I just couldn't bring myself to do it." Instead she put on an extra layer of powder for the camera, remarking, "Even if it doesn't look quite right, people who see the picture will understand."

It's refreshing to know one actress who talks frankly about herself and her job. These are some of Betty's more pointed quotations:

"We're all washed up," she stated when rumors were circulated that she and Jackie Coogan, now a lieutenant in the Army, might reconcile.

About money—"There are plenty of expenses in connection with film work. You've got to put up a front, but I

never spend more than seventy-five dollars a week on myself, because I don't want to wind up behind the financial eight ball."

"You have to hit producers over the head because most of them don't know what they want," she said when she left Hollywood to do a New York musical.

Then when she came back a singing and dancing sensation: "What's all the fuss about? I'm the same girl. Six months ago nobody would put me in a picture. Now I'm worth a thousand dollars a week. Somebody's kidding."

"If three years from now producers still think I need pretty legs to put myself over with the public, I'll use the legs to walk out of movies."

About her social life: "I have a reputation for doing the night-clubs all the time. It isn't true. I'll bet I spend less time in them than most Washington politicians. Anyway, I don't drink, and I'd rather spend an evening at the Hollywood Canteen than at the best night-club in town."

At twenty-six, Betty has thirteen years of movie work behind her, beginning as a dancing girl at the old Fox studio. She was two years younger than she should have been to be working without the consent of the state when she started in 1930, but nobody is going to spank her for that now. During the next few years she was a chorus girl on the stage, a singer with Jay Whidden's band, and then she played dizzy little ingenue parts endlessly. All these years haven't hardened her, but they have made her indifferent.

Uniforms "get" Betty and Betty "gets" uniform. Actual count shows that she receives not less than six hundred letters a day from servicemen, most of them from overseas. "They're so darned generous with their compliments when it should be us civilians who are writing them about how wonderful they are. Don't make any bets on it," she says, "but I'm not too sure that I won't wind up as a fighting man's bride one of these days. The only problem is to take a look at the hundreds of thousands of handsome men and decide which is the one—and then convincing him of the belief that you're the one."

Miss Perfect Everything has a job cut out for herself, but she'll make good. She hasn't failed yet.

As we go to press news-tickers throughout the country are typing out the story of Betty Grable's marriage to bandleader Harry James on July 5. The couple met in Las Vegas for the ceremony, following confirmation of James' divorce from his first wife.

Honors Heaped on Betty Earned Her Title "Miss Perfect Everything"

1. Official "Pin-Up Girl"—on vote of Army, Navy and Marines, a distinction that made it possible for Betty to have her legs imprinted in Grauman's Chinese Theatre forecourt.
2. Honorary Colonel—Fort Bragg.
3. Honorary Top Sergeant—Fort Jackson.
4. Cadet Commander—East Coast Flying Cadets.
5. Official Sweetheart of Camp Robinson.
6. "Galley Sweetheart" of cooks and bakers at U. S. Naval Station in Los Alamitos, California.
7. "Tokyo Liberty Girl"—one cadets at Nasco Navy Base would most like to spend leave with in Nip capital.
8. And topping them all, La Grable was named "Miss Measles" by the boys in a naval hospital, who broke out with a rash of them, as the girl they'd most like to have share their misery! Which just about clinches the title of "Miss Perfect Everything" for Betty!

YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID!



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Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

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Just rub it on the gums



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25 Brain-busters

(Join radio's quiz game! Try your skill at answering these radio brain-busters. For correct answers see page 64.)

From "Quiz Kids" (Blue Network, Sun., 7:30 p.m. EWT)

1. Identify these people by their middle names: (1) Agard, (2) Vories, (3) Lillis.
2. Back in Revolutionary days Molly Pitcher was awarded the rank of sergeant by George Washington. What did she do to earn it?
3. What is the difference between a marcel and a fingerwave?
4. In what opera does a husband kill his wife and in what opera does a wife kill her husband?
5. What race of people invented nothing and have been praised for it?

From "Are You a Genius?" (CBS, Mon. through Fri., 5:30 p.m. EWT)

1. Name the Presidents honored by the Mt. Rushmore memorial, from left to right.
2. Name four movie actresses whose first names begin with L and end with A.
3. What is the most popular card game in the United States today?
4. When referring to our flag, what five common names or phrases do we use?
5. How many buttons are there on the trousers of the American sailor and what do they represent?
6. Who said, "The lack of money is the root of all evil"?
7. What living creatures are confined in each of the following enclosures: (a) An aviary, (b) an apiary, (c) a sty, (d) a hutch, (e) a coop?

8. Name four boy kings whose countries are involved in the present war.

9. What fruit must be picked before it will ripen?

10. Of President Roosevelt's original cabinet, how many members remain?

From "Dr. I. Q." (NBC, Mon., 9:30 p.m. EWT)

1. Sound travels approximately 1,100 feet per second in the air. Does it travel faster, slower, or at the same rate in water?
2. What famous early American would have actually lost his head if it hadn't been for a young girl?
3. If the bridegroom wears a wedding ring, on which finger should he wear it?
4. Russia is officially the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Are there as many republics in Russia as there are states in the United States?
5. It is often said that sheep will live where cattle would starve. Can you explain why this is true?

From "Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson" (CBS, Sat., 8 p.m. EWT)

1. The names Massachusetts and Mississippi each have four s's. Name two other states that also have four letters of one kind in them. One has four a's and the other has four e's.
2. Who was the first president of the Chinese Republic?
3. What is the more popular name of Sergeant Joseph Barrow?
4. Which weighs more: a quart of water or a quart of milk?
5. Who brought down the greatest number of German airplanes during World War I—an American, a Frenchman or an Englishman?

THE MOVIE FRONT

(Continued from Page 4)

Durbin was informed that she could be fined \$500 or given the alternative of six months in jail for wearing the insignia of her ensign-husband Vaughn Paul, she neatly circumvented the barrier by having the insignia embroidered on her dresses . . .

Entertainment for free. That's what occupants of one Hollywood apartment-house get daily. Dinah Shore lives on one side, Rise Stevens on the other. In addition, there's Margo and her aunt, Carmen Castillo, who sings with Xavier Cugat's orchestra. Could anyone ask for a more varied musical menu! . . .

Report. It comes through Ken Murray by way of the Hollywood grapevine route that Adolf Hitler is writing another book—a biography of Benito Mussolini titled "Mein Chump" . . .

Vision of Loveliness. Greer Garson in a black velvet gown, posing against a soft green background for a cover still. La Garson's red hair is fantastically beautiful! . . .

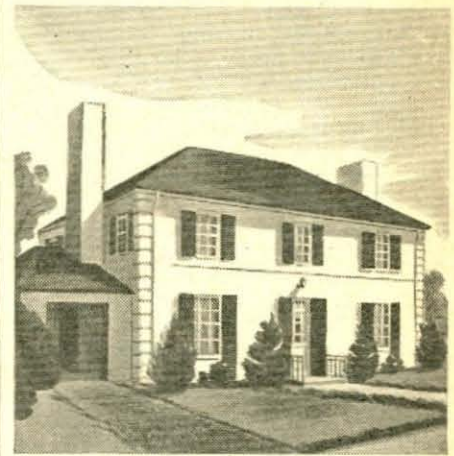
We were amused when we saw this cryptic notice on the call board at

Warner Bros.' studio: "If sun shines, we'll do a proposal scene between Ann Sheridan and Dennis Morgan on the back lot. If it's cloudy, Dennis will marry Alexis, Smith inside" . . .

Scarce as a dodo bird is a male who would balk at being kissed by Dorothy Lamour. But a five-year-old proved an exception when he got kissed by Dot on "Riding High" set. Immediately after the salute, he looked worriedly down at his new shoes and remarked, "I didn't see anything happen to the toes, did you?" When Dot said no, he flooded her by saying, "I was scared something might have, 'cause when you kissed Bop Hope in 'Road to Morocco' his shoes curled up on the ends . . .

Odd facts. James Craig, who jumped to prominence in "The Human Comedy" and who now has a fat role in "Heavenly Body," wasn't always so popular. He used to be a bill collector . . . Bette Davis has lived in sixty-seven houses in the past twenty-five years. Owns one real home—a renovated New Hampshire barn on her New England farm.

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LIKE TO OWN a new home by 1953? With land enough for a garden and a back yard for the kids? And money coming in every month to pay off the mortgage?

Sure you would. But you never will if you let the good money you're making now slip through your fingers. So start saving. Invest every cent you can spare (at least 10% of your pay) in U. S. War Savings Bonds. Regularly!

War Bonds are the best all-around investment the world has ever seen. They can't go down in price. Ten years from now, you get back \$4 for every \$3 you invest now. AND . . . money invested in War Bonds is safe, even if the bond itself is lost or stolen!

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HI-YO SILVER!

(Continued from Page 16)

In far-off Australia, General MacArthur's small son never misses a "Lone Ranger" broadcast or movie if he can help it. And that goes for Helen Hayes' whole family in New York and Shirley Temple in Hollywood. To American soldiers in lonely outposts, it brings the radio in the living-room at home a little nearer.

When after ten years on the air-planes the Lone Ranger was booked as the top attraction with the Olympia Circus in Chicago and Detroit, five hundred thousand of the twelve million persons who listen three times every week (Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 p.m. EWT) to his broadcasts over 129 stations of the Blue Network turned out to see him in person. Disappointed were close to a hundred thousand more who were turned away from the ticket-stands of the packed stadiums in both cities.

The reactions of those who saw the tall, sun-tanned Ranger astride his great horse Silver are pretty well summed up in the words of one small boy who said excitedly, "Gosh, Mom! Him and Silver look just the way they sound on the radio, don't they?" For the Lone Ranger stands six feet two inches, weighs two hundred pounds, and can ride anything that wranglers can saddle. He has blond hair, penetrating blue eyes, the slim waist of the westerner, and the broad shoulders of a long-distance swimmer. From spurs to sombrero, mask and six-shooters, small boys and girls from eight to eighty saw the exact materialization of their hero in real life.

Certainly no single figure on radio or screen has so captured the hearts and imagination of Americans as the Lone Ranger. To cliff-dwellers in the steel canyons of great cities, he stands for the romantic, adventure-filled West, described in stories they have read about the country that lies over the rim of their world, the places they dream of seeing one day. To the real westerner, who has wandered far from his native diggin's, the call of the Ranger and the beat of Silver's hoofs conjures a vivid picture of the Mesa with its background of ragged peaks that hood themselves in purple splendor at sunset. To every American, the radio and screen dramas of the "Lone Ranger," founded as they are on the law of right living and plain justice, spell something of the spirit that makes America—the spirit and way of life that Americans are fighting to keep alive in a war-torn world.

On January 23 of this year, when the "Lone Ranger" show celebrated its tenth anniversary on the air-planes, the National Safety Council bestowed a special award "for distinguished service to safety" on radioland's most famous ranger. At this time the total membership of the Lone Ranger Safety Club numbered 4,400,000 boys and girls. In his special powwow given during personal appearances at the circus, the Ranger asked members present to become American Rangers on the Home Front, to back our men on the fighting fronts. He urged them and their parents to buy more war bonds and stamps; plant victory gardens, adding, "Putting seeds in the ground means putting food into the mouths of our soldiers." He warned them, too, that loose talk can cost lives.

In May, the "Lone Ranger" series was again honored, this time by the New Jersey branch of the National Federation of Press Women. At a special-award ceremony the group named

the "Lone Ranger" the best children's program on the air-planes, because of the "valuable influence it has exerted in subtly instilling into youthful listeners' minds the principles of good citizenship, courage and high ideals."

Among some of the Masked Rider's most avid followers are those youthful mental giants of radio, the "Quiz Kids." They were agog with excitement when they were invited to be the guests of the Ranger at the circus in Chicago. Little Joel Kupperman was so elated when he went backstage to meet the Ranger that he hugged the hocks of the great horse Silver. It's pretty safe to venture that thousands of other American youngsters in Joel's place might have made the same impulsive gesture on meeting their hero and his famous horse for the first time. In fact, there are undoubtedly a million or more who would eat Korn Kix, the breakfast food his biggest sponsor, General Mills, sells, every day for a year and never complain, just for the opportunity of seeing the Ranger and his famed steed.

BUT in the final analysis, it takes more than box-tops, excellent breakfast cereals, or even a man and his horse to make a radio and screen character the hero of boys and girls the world over. In the Lone Ranger's case, we believe that his creed of living has much to do with his fabulous popularity, especially in this last stronghold of freedom that is America. Here it is:

I BELIEVE . . .

- that to have a friend, a man must be one.
- that all men are created equal, and that everyone has within himself the power to help make this a better world.
- that God put the firewood there but every man must gather and light it himself.
- in being prepared physically, mentally and morally to fight when necessary for that which is right.
- that a man should make the most of what equipment he has.
- that "This Government of the people, by the people, and for the people" shall live always.
- that men should live by the rule of what is best for the greatest number.
- that sooner or later—somewhere, somehow—we must settle with the world and make payment for what we have taken.
- that all things change but truth and that truth alone lives on forever.
- in my Creator, my country, my fellow men.

(Signed) The Lone Ranger.

The "Lone Ranger" may be heard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays over the Blue Network at 7:30 p.m. EWT, 6:30 CWT, sponsored by General Mills for Korn-Kix, and in the South by American Bakeries. On the West Coast the "Lone Ranger" may be heard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays over the Don Lee Network at 7:30 p.m. PWT, 8:30 MWT, with sponsorship divided locally.

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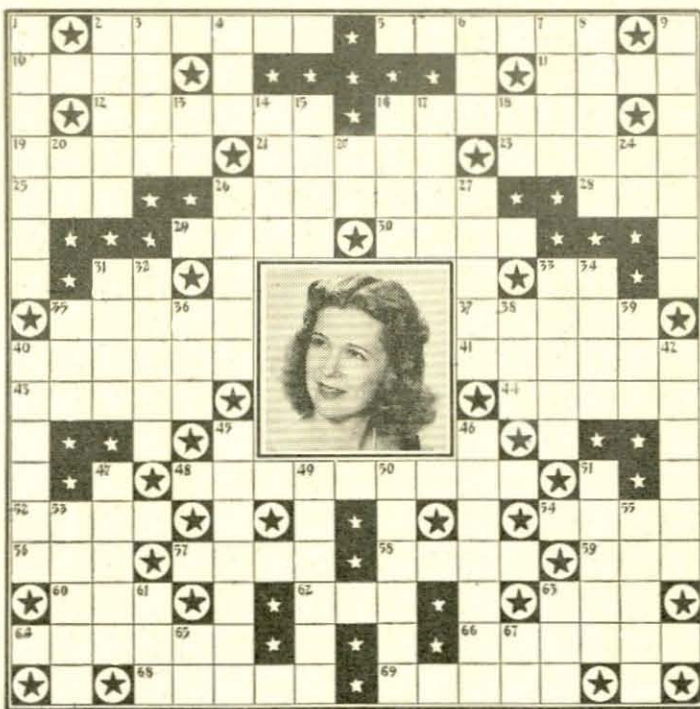
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 - To guide
 - Ireland
 - A mart or exchange
 - Plunder
 - Louise, screen star
 - A gazelle
 - Unburnt brick dried in the sun
 - Mayhew, bandleader
 - Capable of extension
 - Move swiftly
 - Hay, announcer
 - Vulgar person
 - Jolson, actor
 - Weight (abbr.)
 - The goddess of hunting
 - Pilfer
 - Harry _____, bandleader
 - Pieces of furniture
 - Hostile incursion
 - Wild animal
 - Source of origin
 - Object of worship
 - Genevieve _____, soprano
 - Small barrel
 - Smell
 - Neat, orderly
 - Fled
 - Sparks, actor
 - Extinct bird of New Zealand
 - To place
- VERTICAL**
- Gathered
 - Wilson, actress
 - Entrance to a mine
 - When sick
 - Time gone past
 - John _____ King, announcer
 - Mistake
 - Extreme
 - Anti-Aircraft (abbr.)
 - High in stature
 - The spoken word
 - Allows
 - Masculine name
 - Symbol for Tantalum
 - New York (abbr.)
 - Exists
 - Brown University (abbr.)
 - Masculine name of Finnish origin
 - Shore
 - Pains
 - At some future time
 - Henry _____, orchestra-leader
 - Birrell, screen star
 - Seymour, announcer
 - Used by fishermen
 - A shoe latchet
 - Damon, radio actor
 - Harry _____, bandleader
 - Masculine name
 - Vivian _____, radio actress
 - Motorless airplanes
 - Harry _____, bandleader
 - Cloutier, orchestra-leader
 - That which is taken in
 - Wearied
 - Jack _____, bandleader
 - Liquid
 - Payable
 - The sun
 - Donahue, bandleader
 - Pronoun

Answer to Puzzle Given Last Month



Brain-busters - Answers

- (Here are the correct answers to the twenty-five questions on page 62. Thirteen of them were answered correctly. How do you rate?)
- "Quiz Kids"**
- Henry Agard Wallace, (2) Paul Vories McNutt, (3) Harry Lillis Crosby (Bing).
 - She took over her husband's gun after he was killed during the "Battle of Monmouth" on June 28, 1778.
 - A marcel wave is applied with a hot iron. A fingerwave is applied by setting a wave with water.
 - Husband kills wife in "Otello" and "I Pagliacci." Wife kills husband in "Lucia di Lammermoor."
 - The Hindu race. They invented the zero in mathematics.
- "Are You a Genius?"**
- George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln.
 - Lana Turner, Linda Darnell, Lola Lane and Loretta Young.
 - Gin rummy.
 - (1) "The red, white and blue," (2) "the stars and stripes," (3) "Old Glory," (4) "the American flag," (5) "the star-spangled banner."
 - Thirteen. They represent our thirteen original states.
 - From G. B. Shaw's writing, "Maxims for Revolutionists."
- (a) Birds, (b) bees, (c) pigs or swine, (d) rabbits, (e) chickens.
 - (1) King Mahidol of Thailand—age sixteen, (2) King Peter of Yugoslavia—age eighteen, (3) King Michael of Roumania—age twenty, (4) King Kaisal of Iraq—age six.
 - Banana.
 - Three: Secretary of State Cordell Hull, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes and Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins.
- "Dr. I. Q."**
- Much faster: About five thousand feet per second.
 - Captain John Smith, who was saved by Pocahontas from having his head crushed in.
 - The little finger of his left hand.
 - No: Sixteen republics—forty-eight states.
 - Grass must be fairly long before cattle can eat it. Sheep, with their small mouths, can eat very close to the ground. Also sheep can go for a longer time without water than cattle.
- "Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson"**
- Alabama, four a's, and Tennessee, four e's.
 - Dr. Sun Yat-sen.
 - Joe Louis.
 - A quart of milk because of the butterfat content.
 - A Frenchman—Captain Rene-Paul Fonck. He shot down seventy-five enemy planes.

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- \$1175.00 — AGE 10**
for NATURAL or ORDINARY ACCIDENT DEATH Issued Age 10.
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Margaret Templeton, Kans.
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R. Truman, La.
Thank you for your prompt settlement for the death of my granddaughter. I will always speak a good word for Crown.
H. Camp, Ark.

Received your check in full payment. My way of saying "Thank You" is . . . will you kindly send me another application.
E. Feable, N. Y.
Received my check. Was very glad to get it.
G. Yasser, Ky.
Received my claim. Very satisfactory. If I ever want to insure any member of my family, I'll put it in your hands even though I am far away from you.
Mary Chapleskie, Pa.

TEAR OFF AND MAIL

TEAR OFF AND MAIL

SEND NO MONEY — Just this APPLICATION

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I hereby apply to the CROWN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois, for a Triple Indemnity "Victory" Life Insurance policy: ISSUED ON 10 DAY APPROVAL. It is understood I am under no obligation if the policy does not meet with my approval.

Full Name? (please print) _____
Given Name _____ Last Name _____ Race? (Give Color) _____

Home Address? (Street and Number or R.F.D.) _____

City _____ State _____ Date and Year of Birth? _____

Weight? _____ Occupation? _____ Height? _____ ft. _____ in. Age Nearest Birthday? _____

Have you ever been declined or rated up for any policy of Insurance? Answer _____

I hereby agree that the statements herein contained are the inducement for the issuance of the insurance herein applied for, and that the insurance will not take effect until the policy is issued and delivered to me during my continuance in sound health, physically and mentally.

IN THE EVENT OF MY DEATH THE BENEFITS ARE TO BE PAID TO _____ BENEFICIARY

SIGNATURE MUST BE WRITTEN, NOT PRINTED
Applicant _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

F.C.V. 20—Desk 76

AGES 10-65—NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION—NO AGENT WILL CALL

Every Question Must Be Answered

- (1) Have you consulted or received treatment from a physician within the past five years? If so, give details: _____
- (2) Are you addicted to the use of narcotics or alcoholic beverages? _____
- (3) Have you ever been confined to any hospital, sanitarium or similar institution? If so, give details: _____
- (4) Have you ever been afflicted with any mental disease or physical infirmity? _____
- (5) Have you ever been afflicted with any sickness, disease or ailment of any kind or character? If so, give details: _____

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