

"The Furious Physician" On "Storyteller" Monday

A celebrated doctor who pretended having a bad temper so as to anger a wounded soldier and thus raise emotions that saved his life, will be identified by Marvin Mueller during the Coronet Storyteller broadcast over WJZ Monday at 9:55 p. m., EWT.

Titled "The Furious Physician," the factual account will disclose details of the deception which enabled the doctor to perform a vital operation.

An artist whose command of the oil extends even into his conversation enters into the life of the Bumsteads, when "Blondie Sits for Her Portrait," on Monday, at 7:30 p. m., over Station WABC. The painter, one Sascha Botinzoff, comes to the attention of the Bumsteads when his flying body lands practically at their feet, in an eviction for non-payment of rent.

"Sweet and Lovely" should be the theme song on "Blind Date" over WJZ Monday at 8:30 p. m., EWT, when a trio of beauties will be on hand to act as dates for three of six service men competing for their company. The girls are Ruth Bond, who lends allure to the Broadway hit, "One Touch of Venus"; Grace Clement, model for the topnotch illustrators; and Jay Meredith, one of radio's prettiest actresses. A free evening of fun is provided for the winners by the sponsor and a celebrity goes along with them to act as "chaperone."

The story of a chaplain who went into battle with only spiritual weapons and won the admiration and respect of all his men is movingly told on "Cavalcade of America" Monday, over WEA, 8 p. m. EWT. Brian Donlevy plays the leading role.

Titled "My Fighting Congregation," the broadcast is based on the experiences of William C. Taggart, chaplain with the 19th Bombardier Group of the U. S. Army, as he related them in his book of the same name.

MONDAY, JUNE 12

Eastern War Time P. M. — Subtract One

God's Front Door

By KETTI FRINGS

CHAPTER I

Pinky Harrison was one of those who was sure he was not going to die. You'd watch him, after chow, at night, lying on the sand, propped on one elbow, his hair matching the flame of the desert sunset, and listen to the life he poured into that tinny harmonica and think, "Good God, how can anyone be that young." There was youth in his eyes and his freckles and in the song he played . . . and the others who sat around listening marveled, remembering that they had been that way, too, when they first came out here. He was so eager, confident: "Wait till I set eyes on my first German! Promised to send a scalp back to Martha!"

Pinky was always talking about his Martha, just as tho he were going to see her tonight, tomorrow, next day. Grinning, his eyes dancing. Playing his songs to her, reading her letters over and over. Martha was going to have a baby, any day now. "Can you heat that! A baby — me, twenty-two years old and a family man already!" He loved the idea. He bored everybody to death with it.

Not quite "bored." More realistically, it disturbed them a little. Pinky had only been here three weeks. Most of the others had been here three months. They