Publisher's Bind.
COME AND VISIT
DON McNEILL'S FAMILY
AN EXCLUSIVE HOME STORY WITH FULL COLOR PICTURES

DON McNEILL
and his sons—
DONNIE,
TOMMY
and
BOBBY
EVERY WOMAN CAN ENTER... YOU MAY WIN!

This is the season of beauty and romance and brides! To honor the June Brides of 1948, Camay is running a new kind of contest... for women only! And this contest is really five contests—you may enter every week for 5 weeks. Every week, Camay will award a $1,000 bill. And there are 2,630 prizes in all!

So easy to enter — here’s what you do!
First, try Camay. Your first cake of Camay can bring a smoother, clearer skin—if you give up careless cleansing—stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, described on the wrapper. And try Bath-Size Camay, too. Daily baths with Bath-Size Camay can make you lovelier from head to toes!

Tips that may help to make you a winner!
Discover Camay’s advantages—and enter the Contest. Finish the sentence “I like Camay because...” in 25 additional words or less, following the contest rules. Write about Camay’s mildness—it’s fragrance—any quality you prefer. You may win $1,000!

EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS

First Prize—$1,000 in Cash
25 Prizes—$100 Each in Cash
AND
500 MIRRO-MATIC PRESSURE COOKERS (4-Quart Size)

2,630 WINNERS IN ALL!

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Complete this sentence, “I like Camay because...” in 25 additional words or less. Get an official entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.
2. Mail to Camay, Dept. PM, Box 137, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to enclose the wrappers from one regular-size and one bath-size cake of Camay, or three regular-size wrappers, or six unopened wrappers, with each entry.
3. Any female resident of the continental United States and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations.
4. There will be five weekly contests, each with an identical list of prizes. Opening and closing dates—
   
   **CONTEST OPENS CLOSES**
   1st contest Mon., June 12 2nd contest Sat., June 17
   2nd contest Mon., June 15 3rd contest Sat., June 20
   3rd contest Mon., June 18 4th contest Sat., June 25
   4th contest Mon., June 21 5th contest Sat., July 2
   5th contest Mon., June 24 6th contest Sat., July 9
   6th contest Mon., June 27
   7th contest Sat., July 16
   8th contest Mon., July 20
   9th contest Sat., July 24
   10th contest Mon., July 27
   11th contest Sat., July 31
   12th contest Mon., August 3
   13th contest Sat., August 7

5. Entries received before midnight, Saturday, June 12, will be entered in the first week’s contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week’s contest as received. Entries for the final week’s contest must be postmarked before midnight, July 10 and received by July 14, 1948.
6. Prizes awarded each week will be:
   a. First Prize—$1,000.00 in cash.
   b. Second Prize—$500.00 each in cash.
   c. Third Prize—Camay’s Mirro-Matic Pressure Cooker (4-Quart size).
7. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and expressiveness of thought. Judges’ decisions will be final. Only one prize will be awarded to a person. In case of ties, the full prize tie for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, covers, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.
8. First prize winners will be announced on Camay’s radio program, “Pepper Young’s Family,” about 3 weeks after the close of each weekly contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of the last contest.
Thornton cutie Patti Marcheret of Flushing, L. I., has a smile that takes her places. C'mon along!

Going around in circles (the nicest circles!) is pert Patti Marcheret—a famous name model at 18! Patti is a teen-queen with more dates than a history book. Know why? Because the same bright 'n beautiful Ipana smile that makes her such a terrific fashion model has a devastating effect on every lad she meets. Take a leaf from her date-book—get Ipana today!

Music has charms—but even a stardust melody can't outshine the charm of Patti's smile for current escort Bill Sommer! Because Patti knows this: firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So she never skips her Ipana care!

Limber-r-r-r! Patti believes in ballet routines for keeping her figure see-worthy. And she follows this "model" dental routine for guarding her dazzling smile: regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.

Dentists recommend Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. And 9 out of 10 dentists recommend massage regularly or in special cases. (Facts from recent national survey.) Ask your dentist about massage—and follow his advice. Help him guard your smile of beauty!
29 I've by 22 BIT.TI Research by accompanied
23 by 1948, 52 by 1948, by Dick Contino 48,
73 by 18 by 327 —
327 gets into safely
327 out decaying
to And enamel
320 Dental
141 Always
341 penetrating
DENTAL
320 the
156 and
to teeth
by Ted Malone 46,
328 and

to Colgate bad breath, I recommend
Colgate Dental Cream! for scientific
tests prove that in 7 out of 10 cases,
Colgate's instantly stops bad breath
that originates in the mouth!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating
foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —
helps clean out decaying food particles—
stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause
of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishes
agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

SINCE COLGATE'S HELPED ME GET MY HUSBAND OFF THE ROCKS — AND IN THE SWIM!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date
RADIO MIRROR QUIZ

Joe Kelly, this month's Guest Quizmaster, is M.C. of NBC's Quiz Kids, Sunday 4:00 PM, EDT.

1. This screen star is radio's newest comedy hit. Who is she?
2. He's Fred Allen to his millions of fans, but what is his real name?
3. Charlie Cantor, well-known radio actor, was a college teacher. What character is he on what famous program?
4. What singing star of his own show was taught by his mother, a former concert singer?
5. On what program did Eddie Cantor and Edgar Bergen get their start in radio?

MY FAVORITE QUIZ QUESTIONS

A. Who was the first President to live in the White House?
B. Who invented the automobile?

ANSWERS:

Everybody loves SAN FRANCISCO!

Its hills, cable cars, bright sunshine and fog, bridges, cosmopolitan atmosphere, invigorating all-year climate, people, life—there is so much to like about San Francisco. Everywhere are breath-taking views. Beautiful homes cling to the hillsides. Stately buildings reveal its civic pride, educational and cultural achievements.

Here where a gay and fascinating city contributes so much to the pleasure of living, and visiting, it is natural that San Franciscans enjoy the fine flavor of—

Beech-Nut Gum

It has the flavor everyone likes

Beech-Nut BEECHIES Candy Coated Gum — good, too —

GLORIOUS CITY! As different and distinctive as Paris or old Vienna.

FISHERMEN'S WHARF! A touch of old Naples—a world apart.

CABLE CARS! CHINATOWN! Exciting parts of San Francisco's unique charm and interest.

A 4-story, 2,000 car garage is under UNION SQUARE in the heart of the city—a parking problem solved.
VERSATILE young man is WMCA's Ted Steele, the disc jockey extraordinary, whose only complaint with life is the archaic custom which limits a day to twenty-four hours. As it is, the "Golden Boy" of the air now manages to be one of the busiest men in radio and a highly successful gentleman farmer on the side by double-timing from dawn to dusk.

As a platter spinner on the New York Independent station, the one-time NBC page boy goes on the air twice daily from 11 to 11:45 A.M., and from 2 to 5 P.M. on days no baseball is scheduled. On baseball days he precedes the baseball, starting 2 P.M. He plays the latest records, coaxes sweet music from the Hammond organ and sings in a deep, rich baritone when he's not interviewing big names from the show business whirl.

From WMCA Ted hustles each night to the famous Casino-on-the-Park in the Essex House to lead his reorganized band which is attracting recognition as one of the most promising of the new musical aggregations.

But it's down on his farm at Doylestown, Pa., in the heart of celebrity-conscious Bucks County, where Farmer Ted Steele really has a chance to work at a hobby that has turned out to be almost as profitable as his entertainment endeavors.

The thirty-year-old showman grew up on a dairy farm in Belmont, Mass. He was milking cows and raising rabbits before he was six. At the age of thirteen he won a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music and farming was temporarily shelved while he pursued his musical career.

Success came fast to the handsome New Englander and just before World War II he purchased a modest farm at Pearl River, N. Y. . . . He raised thousands of white mice, guinea pigs and rabbits for wartime medical research and was awarded a special citation by the War Department.

The next stop was a modern, 150-acre farm at Doylestown. Here Steele raises pure-bred Guernsey cattle which have brought him many blue ribbons at county and state fairs. In addition, he has become the largest poultry breeder in the area.

Steele is now recognized as an authority, particularly on modern farming methods. Last year he was hired by Westinghouse as a special farm consultant. He personally answers hundreds of letters a week from farmers throughout the country.

Obviously, Ted couldn't maintain his pace of productive activity without help. And the head of the assistance department is pretty Doris Steele, his wife. Mrs. Steele, a former agent, manages her husband's business affairs, runs the farm while he's away and still finds time to raise two handsome little Steeles—Susan, six, and Sally, age five.

There's never time for a dull moment in the busy lives of this unique young family. Now if someone would only pass a bill in Congress making each day forty-eight hours long, the Steeles could accomplish twice as much.
There's a new man in her life. It's her first real date with him and she's been getting ready for it all day long. He is the one-and-only and tonight is, indeed, the night for romance.

Unfortunately it isn't going to work out that way.

Before nine o'clock he'll be wondering what he ever saw in her... Cupid will put the arrow back in his quiver... and she'll cry herself to sleep wondering whatever happened to turn his ardor into indifference.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" you say.

Nonsense! Don't waste your sympathy on her! She doesn't deserve it. No woman does who blindly takes her breath for granted... even for one night. After all, nothing puts you in such a bad light as halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Isn't it just common sense and good grooming to always rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you wish to be at your best? You go forth with a wonderful sense of assurance that your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?
EVER since Commissioner Nolan of the New York City Police Department visited us here in Dickston I've been doing a lot of thinking about some of the things he told me. I've talked it over with Stan, too, and he agrees with me that the Commissioner had some extremely stimulating things to say about the duty of women toward their own youngsters and other people's!

In what better way could any woman spend her free time than in constructive, interesting work that is of real benefit to the community in which she lives? And any community, regardless of size, Commissioner Nolan told me, can have a really active recreational program for youngsters which would be interesting and of real benefit to the town. The way to get it started? Cooperation between the women of the community and the police department, patterned after New York City's Police Athletic League. 

"Through the PAL," the Commissioner told me, "New York's policemen instill in youngsters good character, a sense of responsibility, and, so very important, a friendly attitude between the boys and girls and the police officers. The program provides an opportunity for youngsters to pursue any activity in which they're interested."

What can work in New York can work anywhere else, too. In fact there are already many police-sponsored youth programs, all over the country, giving youngsters a chance for some real fun that they'd never have if such programs hadn't been brought into being. Of course, there are already many agencies and organizations that seem to have aims and objectives very much like the PAL. Commissioner Nolan explained that the policeman's, as well as the whole town's concern should be the youngster who isn't served by any other organization—the one who needs help most of all. They won't be hard to find, those children—it's up to us to find them and offer them the opportunities they need. Through our own efforts, and with the cooperation of neighbors and friends, combined with the always-ready service of the police of our towns, we can make our own community a better place for growing up.

I'd like to pass along to you what Commissioner Nolan said, just before he left us. In answer to my thought that the main duty of a Police Department was to patrol the streets, to keep law and order, he said, "The prevention of crime, Mrs. Burton, is only one of the responsibilities of the police. There's a bigger responsibility involved—that of shaping the future of our young citizens. We must extend to every growing boy and girl a helping hand."

BY TERRY BURTON

Commissioner James B. Nolan, of the NYC Police Department, had ideas about children to offer the radio audience of The Second Mrs. Burton.
In Nation-wide test... New Woodbury Powder

Preferred on Every Beauty Count!

WINS 4 TO 1 OVER ALL LEADING BRANDS OF POWDER

The Winner! The new and overwhelming favorite of women in a recent nation-wide test is the amazing New Woodbury Powder!

4 out of 5 preferred Woodbury to the powder they had been using!

In this most exacting test of all—against a woman’s own favorite face powder—Woodbury won decisively. Actually, Woodbury won over 17 leading face powders! And women preferred New Woodbury Powder for every beauty quality!

Today see the exciting difference on your skin... the astonishing beauty that's yours in New Woodbury Powder!

NEW Woodbury Powder $1.00

Also Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢—prices plus tax 6 exciting shades

The New Secret Ingredient! New Woodbury Powder contains a secret ingredient that gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin. It gives a natural, "unpowdered" look, yet covers tiny blemishes!

New Revolutionary Process! In all cosmetic history there has never been anything like Woodbury's new blending machine. It whirls color into powder and powder into color with a force so violent a tornado would seem tame in comparison. Result: fineness of texture that's "incredible!"...richness of shade that's "unbelievable!"...freedom from streaking that "couldn't be true" before New Woodbury Powder!

Here's what women said about New Woodbury Powder:

Better, finer Texture
Clings longer
Smoother look on skin
Less "Powdery" appearance
Covers skin-flaws better.
Reminder: your “day in the sun” should be a brief five minutes each side, to start your tan!

By MARY JANE FULTON

BEING a fair-skinned, blonde, and blue-eyed girl, Lucille Norman has always had to be careful when in the sun. In fact, like all sensitive-skinned gals, she never could stay in it for any length of time without suffering a painful burn.

However, when she married actor Bruce Kellogg (Lucille stars in NBC’s Saturday night program, The Music Hour from Hollywood), they took a cute little house right on the beach at Malibu, California. Bruce has light brown hair, dark eyes, and a skin which tans to a beautiful bronze. He likes to spend hours in the sun. So Lucille decided that, to be a match for her surfboard-riding husband, she should learn how to take it, too.

She tried the suntan lotions and creams which Bruce and their friends recommended. Everyone, she discovered, has a favorite kind. Finally, she hit on one that seemed to be just right for her.

Before going to the beach, she applies it to all the exposed parts of her body. Because her figure is shapely and slender enough to wear a brief bathing suit becomingly, this means a great deal of Lucille! Into her beach bag, along with a miniature comb and brush, compact, and other beach necessities, goes her anti-burn, tan-inducing remedy. She re-applies it frequently, to keep her skin well lubricated.

Although the picture of her sitting on the beach doesn’t show her wearing sunglasses, she does. She has several pairs with different-colored frames to harmonize with the colors of various outfits, and wears them to screen her eyes from the sun’s strong glare, and to keep her from getting squint-lines and crow’s feet around the corners of her eyes.

At first she sunned herself three minutes a day, on each side. Gradually, she increased the time each day. Now, over a period of months she has become used to longer exposure, and can enjoy the sun for several hours daily. A mistake many girls make, she now knows, is trying to acquire a beautiful tan in too short a time.

Obtain one slowly, she advises, and either duck into the shade often or cover up with a beach robe. Also, wear a wide-brimmed beach hat.

A healthy look is better than a burned-to-a-crisp one. If you don’t get to a beach often enough, you can achieve an even fake tan with the aid of this season’s lovely suntan make-ups. So why risk too much sun and wind exposure? “I know from experience,” says Lucille, “that a sensitive-skinned girl is in for trouble, unless she learns how to get along with Old Sol.”
NEW! IMPROVED!
Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

From a Noted Fifth Avenue Salon

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers, it's that easy to give yourself the NEW, IMPROVED RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon. With it, you can set your hair in any style . . . from sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).

It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time
2. One-third more waving lotion . . . more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
3. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave . . . non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.
Cary Grant, recent guest on NBC Music Hall (Thurs., 9) heard some of star Al Jolson's best off-mike comments.

Dick Brown and Kay Armen sing the mystery songs on ABC's new Stop the Music!

Through Dr. Wayland Hand of UCLA, Jo Stafford establishes a Folklore Prize.

By DUKE ELLINGTON

DON'T be too surprised if Frank Sinatra blossoms out as a full-fledged movie director. You see, the big boys over at MGM are very keenly interested in a soon-to-be-made screen test of singer Beryl Davis. The big secret is that Frankie's directing the test. If it pans out successfully, Frank will receive a musical film for his first official assignment.

* * *

Now that the CBS Club 15 stint for Bob Crosby is over until the coming Fall, Bob will debut his newly organized band at the Strand Theater in New York. There'll be several of the old "Bobcats" in the new group.

* * *

So successful were Lena Horne's recent European and Mexican personal appearance tours that rumor now has her making preparations for another overseas trip this year. This time, Lena will probably visit the Scandinavian countries.

* * *

The introduction of London Records to the American public has lost England some of her best musical talent. Thus far Denny Dennis, pianist George Shearing, guitarist Dave Goldberg and drummer-vocalist Jack Parnell have arrived in America for personal appearance tours, while songstresses Vera Lynn and Anne Shelton are also scheduled to make the transatlantic crossing. And that's only
Eddie Duchin, vacationing at Sun Valley, shared his birthday cake with Mrs. Duchin and Tyrone Power (l.).

On Duke Ellington's WMCA show, guest Lena Horne spoke happily of her European tour, looked forward to another.

Martha Tilton adds her "lilin" to the Dick Haymes CBS program.

fair, what with such American talent as Danny Kaye, Mae West, Mickey Rooney, The Ink Spots, Martha Raye and Lena Horne having invaded England recently.

On Jean Sablon's recent trip to England he was signed to make an unusual soundtrack-only recording of a musical introduction to the new Gainsborough film, "Miranda." The song is the title tune, written especially for the motion picture.

Dinah Shore has a promise from Columbia Records that, just as soon as the ban on discing is over, she will be allowed to wax "Melissa," written in honor of her daughter by an Ohio fan. Those who have heard the song claim it's a real "sleeper."

Ralph "Muffit" Moffat, disc jockey on Allied Forces Network in Munich, Germany, writes that he is featuring Johnny Long records on his "Music's No Mystery" program. It's a show primarily aired for GIs in occupied Europe, but Moffat has a large audience of Europeans who appreciate good American popular music.

By this time most of the Kenton fans will know, but for the few who haven't heard, there have been some important changes in the group. Shelly Manne has turned over the drum chair to Irving Kluger and Conti Condoli is on one trumpet in place of Al Porcino.

And, speaking of the Kenton band, those who've been wondering what happened to Kai Winding, who was Stan's trombone star for a long time, take note of the following fact. Kai and be-bopper Red Rodney have a little group of their own that's doing quite well for itself in the Midwest.

We don't want to believe that a fan could do something like this but—A recent robbery of an Atlantic City record shop resulted in the loss of all the proprietor's cash and his complete stock of Sarah Vaughan records! So, if you see police hanging around Sarah's next concert appearance you'll know why they're there.

Already known as one of the best golfers in show business, Sammy Kaye is readying himself for his entry into the National Amateur Golf Championship Tournament to be held early in September at the Memphis Country Club, in Memphis, Tennessee. And readying himself is no easy job, considering that he's involved in making one of those gruelling trips of one night stands with his band.
BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that ... Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

DANCING OR LISTENING

DORIS DAY (Columbia)—Doris pairs a pseudo-hillbilly tune, "It's A Quiet Town," with a dreamy ballad, "It's The Sentimental Thing To Do." The first side includes some humorous patter and fine vocal support from the Modernaires. The reverse has possibilities as a popular favorite.

JULIA LEE (Capitol)—Julia and Her Boyfriends present "Crazy World" and "That's What I Like." Instrumental support on each of these is by a group of fine jazz musicians. Julia's piano and voice combination is tops. Oddly, though, saxist Benny Carter plays trombone on "Crazy World."

JOSEPH FUCHS (MGM)—The brilliant young violinist caresses two lovely selections, supported by Macklin Marrow's string group. The familiar "intermezzo" may be your favorite—we prefer the haunting "Lots 'n Land."

FRANKIE LAINE (Mercury)—The highly stylistic Mr. Laine is particularly effective with "That Ain't Right"—strictly 12 bar blues and well done. Reverse, "May I Never Love Again" is a melody of some merit.

FREDDY MARTIN (RCA Victor)—Who cares about technical musicianship when Freddy Martin pairs "The New Look" with "Jungle Rhumba?" The lyric on the former is inspired, and much the same can be said for Barclay Allen's piano solo on the latter.

KATE SMITH (MGM)—The perennial Kate offers "Long After Tonight" and "The Miracle Of The Bells." We much prefer the first side for its beautiful melody and restrained vocal. Smith fans will undoubtedly welcome either one.

HADDA BROOKS (Modern)—Another gal who is equally effective with a vocal or piano solo is Hadda Brooks. Her version of "Honey, Honey, Honey" is as sensuous a disc as we've ever heard. It's barreloose piano on "Hollywood House Party Boogie."

ANNE SHELTON (London)—She of the husky voice is at her very best with "Oh My Darling." We'll take it for the best she's ever done. Most will probably prefer "Love Of My Life." But even Cole Porter can be wrong sometimes.

JIMMY DURANTE (MGM)—The label says Jimmy sings. Call it what you will, it's Durante. That should be enough to tell you that "The Day I Read A Book" and "Chidabee-Chi-Chi" are happy, hokum, hoarse, hysterical and humdingers.

THE HARMONAIRES (Majestic)—A vocal group that sings with taste, vigor and vitality. David Newlin handles the solo part on "I'll Get Along Somehow," while the group presents "Runnin' Wild" as a choral classic.

EDDY HOWARD (Majestic)—"Encore, Cherie" is the tune that's been recorded by many a top artist. Eddy and his trio sparkle, however, on "Just Because." That's the side that's based on a hillbilly hit of a while ago.

ALBUM ARTISTRY


RUMBA DE CUBA (Capitol)—It's Chuy Reyes and his Hollywood Mocambo Orchestra who play this group of eight tangy and piquant Cuban rumbas. Close your eyes and you'll imagine yourself in the famous Mocambo or the Nationale in Havana—take your pick. "Blen! Blen! Blen!" and "Negra Leono" are our favorites.

FACING the MUSIC

Doris Day's Columbia record, reviewed below, has its humorous side—but the other side balances with something sentimental.
By LOUIS PRIMA

Very much as expected, this month's guest collector, Louis Prima, selected novelty songs as his topic. Louis' series of novelties recorded with his band for RCA-Victor would in themselves make a good basis for a collection.

The close race for popularity between ballads and novelties continues neck and neck. It would be interesting to know what exact percentage of fans gets the bigger kick out of such lush tunes as "Love Of My Life" or the sentimental "You Were Meant For Me," as contrasted with the zany, screwball appeal of "Three Little Fishies," "The Music Goes Round and Round" or my own recent "Oh, Florence." It's a toss-up, I'm sure. The current crop of wacky ditties, however, bears out my contention that as long as we keep our sense of humor, these inspired bits of zaz-zu-zaz will keep up the spinning. I'd just as soon start collecting with some of the more recent daffy discs.

The irrepressible Spike Jones demonstrates a frantic and imaginative technique in his riotous effect for RCA-Victor with "Down In Jungle Town," a corn treatment in the style of "way back when." The modern touch, however, includes a miniature "darkest Africa" travelogue with a "Peg O' My Heart" interpolation. But then maybe you'll prefer the coupling, "Ugga Ugga Boo Ugga Boo Ugga Ugga."

You were no doubt as surprised as I was with Ray Noble's droll rendition of "Suspicion," on Columbia, a fast patter-type of song sung by the maestro himself with an anglicized Phil Harris style of expression. Ray tells in a veddy, veddy British manner about a husband's confusion in figuring out his wife's behavior.

There's a place in my heart for that great hit, "Manana," which I believe will be one of the lasting novelties. The ingratiating manner in which Peggy Lee lets loose with the lyrics really knocks me out. Her cute accented characterization is tops.

Dorothy Shay is a gal with a way with a ditty, and her "Sample Song" is a prime example of her talent for a provocative phrase. The lyrics would call for lyrical praise from any recording artist.

If you're fond of these goofy tunes, then latch on to the ones lately made by the Prima band, "Tutti Tutti Pizzicato" and "The Bee Song." We're kind of proud of that disc. If you have as much fun listening as we did waxing, you'll make both of us happy.
Dinah Shore, chosen as favorite girl vocalist, shows her scroll to Johnny.

Radio Mirror editor Doris McFerran pays a visit to Sports Newseel to present Bill Stern, chosen favorite sports announcer, with his Award scroll.

Three top favorites get together: Don Wilson, best announcer; Jack Benny, favorite comedian, and Ralph Edwards, M.C of Truth or Consequences, best quiz.

On these two pages are pictures made during the presentation of scrolls to the winners of the first annual Radio Mirror Awards poll.


A SPECIAL network is being established within the city of Philadelphia by the Mutual Broadcasting System for its coverage of the Republican and Democratic conventions in that city during June and July. Lines are being installed within Philadelphia tying together the six hotels where the delegates and candidates will be housed, Convention Hall, Mutual affiliate WIP, political headquarters and Mutual's own control point in one of the most comprehensive political coverage plans ever made by any network. With these arrangements the entire city will be linked to Mutual's special master control unit.

The G.O.P. national convention will be meeting some stiff radio-video competition. The Louis-Walcott fight is scheduled for June 23rd, the third day of the convention.

Raised eyebrows department... We have a little item here which states that a recent visitor to the African Congo reports that once fierce African tribes have abandoned their tom-toms and are going in for record collecting. Guess whose are most popular, yet—Guy Lombardo's!

Whenever you feel a bit hopeless about the future—think of this. We're probably leaving it in pretty good hands, judging by results on MBS's Keep Up With The Kids program. To date, the kids have scored some 380 points ahead of their celebrity parents. Stage, screen and radio stars appearing on the pro-
Vote for best comedy program went to Red Skelton—a proud and happy fellow!

Bill Bivens, Jane Wilson accept best orchestra leader award from Fred Sammis, Radio Mirror's supervising editor, for vacationing Fred Waring.

Radio Mirror's Mac St. Johns presented the award to Joan Davis, and announcer Ben Gage offered congratulations to the listeners' favorite comedienne.


Walkman" stunt was the most successful of his ideas in terms of mail pulling, money received and prizes awarded. Edwards turned some 1,500,000 dollars over to the American Heart Fund.

Delayed broadcast recordings of shows to be played back to affiliated stations at the same hour in each community, regardless of differences due to daylight saving time, will be used by the ABC network through Scotch sound recording tape. The network has purchased the greatest amount of magnetic recording tape so far sold to one purchaser—2,500,000 feet. The tape is said to be a vast improvement over all other methods of recording. (Continued on page 25)
A SPECIAL network is being established within the city of Philadelphia by the Mutual Broadcasting System for its coverage of the Republican and Democratic conventions in that city during June and July. Lines are being installed within Philadelphia tying together the six hotels where the delegates and candidates will be housed. Convention Hall, Mutual affiliate WIP, Philadelphia headquarters and Mutual’s own control point in one of the most comprehensive polling coverage plans ever made by any network. With these arrangements the entire city will be linked to Mutual’s special master control unit.

The G.O.P. national convention will be meeting some stiff radio-video competition with their offspring have had their confidence shaken and their IQs shattered. For example, actor Jimmy O’Keefe’s grandson washed mamma to the tune of 50 to nothing. Walter O’Keefe’s son scored 110 to 40 over his father, while Lee Bowman’s daughter showed him up by a 140 to 10 victory. A couple of mothers have come out ahead — Batch Jenkins’ mamma made it 80-60 and Quiz Kid, or rather ex-Quiz Kid, Harve Fishman’s mother won 60-40.

The Louis-Walcott fight is scheduled for June 23rd, the third day of the convention.

Raised eyebrows department... We have a little item here which states that a recent visitor to the African Congo reports that once fierce African tribes have abandoned their tom-toms and are going in for record collecting. Guess whose are most popular, yet — Guy Lombardo’s.

Whenever you feel a bit hopeless about the future — think of this. We’re probably leaving it in pretty good hands, judging by results on MB’s Keep Up With The Kids program. To date, the kids have scored some 230 points ahead of their celebrity parents. Stars, screen and radio stars appearing on the program through...
Put life into your hair with shampoo containing Emulsified Lanolin

There's Something to Offer

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

All my life, up till the past year, I've taken for granted my lack of looks and lack of any particular talent or ability. After high school I took a job in one of the local offices and have been there these fifteen years. I've never married and while I did participate in church gatherings and small social events sponsored by our community, I was always part of the crowd.

After work one day last year, I dropped into the corner grocery to buy the week's supplies. "I wish," I told the grocer, "food wasn't so expensive. It cuts such a hole into my budget." The grocer looked at me and said, "I wish I could speak English so good as you."

I thought about the grocer all through the next day and after work I returned to the store. I was a little embarrassed as I said it, but I did manage to ask the grocer if he would like me to give him English lessons. His face lit up like a Christmas tree.

And so started my giving lessons in English to the grocer. After he had taken a few lessons, he asked if he might bring his wife. "I only," he explained, "have to teach her when I go home. She's so eager to learn, so the children won't laugh at her."

Anna, the wife, was just as eager a pupil as her husband and soon, she asked if she could bring the butcher's wife whose store was next to theirs. I agreed. This practice of spreading the class to include all the foreign born wishing to attend, continued. Soon I had about fifteen pupils.

Word got around that I was doing this, and I found people going out of their way to speak to me who never noticed me before. Also, I worked better as an employee with this new interest. My boss called me in one day, to tell me how proud he was of my homeschooled teaching and to ask if I had any suggestions about starting a public speaking class for the office.

And one day, as I was hurriedly leaving the office to prepare for my night class, I overheard some of the office workers, men and women discussing me. "There," said our most promising salesman, "goes that nice schoolteacher. Isn't she attractive!"

I felt attractive all the way home. I'm not really, but life is opening up such new vistas, since I got outside myself and tried to help others.

And while I've not been transformed from an ugly duckling into a swan, I have changed so much for the better! I hope I have made my point clear. That no matter how little we may think we have to offer, in offering it we may find it means a great deal to others.

B. K.

Following are this month's ten-dollar letters:

What Color Is Humanity?

Dear Papa David:

One night, a few years ago, my sister and I walked down to the corner ice cream parlor for a malt. All was not right with our worlds, since both our husbands were off fighting a war. A war to free the enslaved peoples of the world. A war to free the world of hate and racial prejudice. I was thinking of this very thing when we noticed a
white-haired old colored man a little way ahead of us. On either side of him were two small boys, one about six, the other about two. As we watched the grandfather was explaining something to the older of the two boys and the little one lagged behind. A few steps brought us even with him. We parted a little and he looked up with the most beautiful smile in the world on his dark little face. He held up two chubby brown hands and my sister took one, I the other. We had walked only a few steps when the white haired old gentleman noticed his small charge was not beside him, and turned to see where he was. When he saw the little fellow’s hands in ours, he stopped and called to him sharply. The little boy looked abashed. He didn’t know what he had done that was wrong, but he ran on ahead. The old negro scolded him unmercifully, then looked at us apologetically before he walked on.

The old man, in his wisdom and the experience of many years, knew that that little boy—because of his skin being dark would suffer many hurts and indignities from such as us. If he could teach him now to avoid white men, he could save him at least a part of the hurts later. He was trying to prepare him for what he would meet in just a few short years. We didn’t need to be told what was in the old man’s heart—we could read it in his eyes. He did not distrust the kindness we had shown, but he knew the little fellow wouldn’t meet much of it, and it would be easier if he learned not to expect it.

I have a son now—three years old. Like all mothers, I day dream about what he’ll be when he grows up. A doctor? A lawyer? President, maybe? And I often think of that other little boy. Yes, he can be a doctor or a lawyer—if he’s exceptionally brilliant and has an unusual amount of courage and determination. If he’s an ordinary little boy, or if he’s a little bit shy, about the best he can do is hope to be a porter, cook, bellhop, or some other servile job. My son can be almost anything he wants to be or has the ability to be, even though he is an average little boy and even if he grows up to be an average man, for this is America.

The little negro’s dad may have been fighting for (Continued on page 19)

1. “Here’s how I manage desk-to-dining dates,” says this smart career girl. “I wear a simple black linen dress to the office, with the smartest of tailored jackets. And, of course, rely on new Odorono cream to keep my clothes free from perspiration stains and odor.” One dab of Odorono in the A.M. keeps you dainty a full 24 hours.

And wait till you see how creamy-smooth Odorono stays in the jar. Never gritty (even if you leave the cap off for weeks).

2. “When date time comes, I remove the jacket, add beads and crisp white petticoat, flowers and gloves—and I’m set for a romantic evening. I’m confident of my charm all evening too, thanks to new Odorono cream.” Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

Yet stainless Odorono is so safe and gentle—you can use it even after shaving. Try Odorono yourself—and see.
Put life into your hair with shampoo containing Emulsified Lanolin

We can be Beautiful

THERE'S SOMETHING TO OFFER
Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

All my life, up till the past year, I've been taking special pride in having a beautiful face. Now that I've learned to do it properly, I'm even more proud of it.

Word got around that I was doing this, and people started coming to me to ask how I did it. I started charging a few dollars a week, and before I knew it, I was making more than I ever thought I could.

Sincerely,

Helene Curtis

A completely new kind of cream shampoo! Its CHLORIDE LANTHEM promotes growth,... leaves hair soft... radiantly glowing... slightly slender... to your touch. That's why professional barbers and beauticians use this shampoo now. Even in hard water, chlorides instantly to a silky lather. Deeply cleansing action removes dandruff. Not a soap—no lather; works as an after rinse. Helene Curtis—most famous name in hair beauty—still as good.

twice as much for your money
fire full size boxes of

full pound $1.50
family size

Helene Curtis

CREME SHAMPOO

Favorite of Beauticians

At your beauty shop, drug and department stores

SOMETHING TO OFFER

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 Each Month For Your Letters

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a lost given friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write it? We read all letters to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

Word will pay fifty dollars; far each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York, N.Y.

1. "How's he how I manage desk-to-dinner dates," says this smart career girl, "I wear a simple black linen dress to the office, with the smartest of tailored jackets. And, of course, rely on new Odorono cream to keep my clothes free from perspiration stains and odor." One dollar of Odorono in the AM begins you all day a full 24 hours.

2. "When date time comes, I remove the jacket, add beads and crisp white pears to the outfit, and then give Odorono cream to keep my clothes

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

1 P.M. MDT, 2 P.M., CST, 3 P.M. EDT
WHEN Jack Swift, editor-in-chief of KDKA’s news department, discarded his childhood ambition to become a brain surgeon and entered the radio broadcasting field, he had no idea that his action would take him back to Pittsburgh where he spent his boyhood.

After finishing his high school work, and one year at the University of Pittsburgh in the Steel City, his family moved to Florida and he thought he had left Pittsburgh forever.

It was while he was a student at the University of Florida, where he spent four years, that he got into radio. Swift, working his way through school as a waiter in the university dining room, jokingly asked a friend, associated with WRUF, the school and state broadcasting station:

“When are you going to arrange that audition?”

He got the audition and went to work as an announcer the next day. He’s been at it ever since.

Swift completed his college work in 1939 and joined the staff of WSUN in St. Petersburg, Fla. He quit WSUN to take the juvenile lead in a stock company, which he left to go to Los Angeles where he freelanced in radio for various advertising agencies.

He returned to St. Petersburg to become chief announcer at WTSP where he remained for two years when he resigned to join the staff at WSB, Atlanta (Ga.) Journal station.

Swift came to KDKA as a newscaster in 1944. He became chief editor last year.

During the war, Swift spent two years in the Navy. Highlight of his Navy days came when he interviewed “Ike” Eisenhower and broadcast his victorious homecoming at Abilene, Kansas.

Six-feet-one-and-a-half inches tall and weighing 187 pounds, Swift is interested in athletics of all kinds, but he has chosen golf as his favorite sport.

Although he has been an announcer, program manager, commercial manager and special eventer during his years in radio, Swift is best known to KDKA listeners as a newscaster. He was chosen as the mikaneman for the special broadcasts carried on all the Pittsburgh stations during the power strike which crippled the city, and he has been heard many times on the NBC World News program.

In addition to his work in the newsroom, Swift has the 7:00 A.M., 8:00 A.M. and 12 o’clock noon newscasts, and a special teen-age news feature every Saturday morning at 9:15, Youth Looks at the News.

The Youth Looks at the News program takes part once a month, in an exchange program with a broadcast which originates in Manchester, England, on BBC. Swift, as editor of the program, discusses the week’s news with two teen-agers.

Swift married Winifred Wagner of St. Petersburg soon after finishing school. They have three children, Susan Erin Swift, 6; Jack, Jr., 4; Robert Morrison Swift, 1.
LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL
(Continued from page 17)

humanity the same as millions of others. Nobody told him it would be for humanity of only one color.

How can life be beautiful for the negro—the average negro? Can’t we see it’s up to us to make it so?

A. E. B.

A GREAT LAW

Dear Papa David:

There is a business man in Seattle, Washington, who exemplifies a great spiritual law in his daily living. The curious fact is that he does so unconsciously. He is not a religious person and his education ended at the ninth grade. He hitch-hiked and rode a bicycle from the middle west to Seattle and got small jobs there. Now he has his own factory which furnishes an implement of his designing all over the world.

When earnings began to accumulate he grew troubled. He remembered his early poverty and thought gratefully of those who had befriended him. He wanted to do something about it. His first step was to build a guesthouse on his property overlooking one of Seattle’s lakes. It was completely furnished and the pantry was stocked. Invitations were sent to former friends, with transportation enclosed, to use this guesthouse for a month.

The man who delivered his laundry had a hare-lip which disfigured him shockingly. “Son,” he said one day, “would you like to get that little thing fixed up?” The man cringed and muttered that he could not afford the expensive operation and lost time. My friend put him in a fine hospital with the best plastic surgeon available and saw him triumphantly through. Another time it was a returned veteran hopelessly crippled. He was installed with his young wife in the guest-cottage while a special car was built that he could operate and a small business set up for him. These are but two of many such instances.

Still the money piled up, for every time he spent a large sum on some human sufferer, his business increased its earnings.

I first knew him when he had two sons, married and sharing in the administration of the factory’s business and profits. He had been widowed for years but had recently married an attractive woman. She told me this story: When they were married he told her that she would never be a rich woman through his death, and that she would be amply provided for always, but need expect no big diamonds and expensive fur coats while he could still find somebody who needed that money more; that he would not leave an estate for his family to quarrel over but give all that he had to certain carefully-inspected charities, such as the hospital for crippled children.

Life, which had once been so sordid and ugly, became very beautiful for this man because he stumbled on a great law: we only own that which we share, and in sharing we are invariably blessed—spiritually and materially.

N. B. M.

Mary Louise Shine, R. N., didn’t know she was qualifying as a photographer’s model when she graduated from the Georgetown University School of Nursing. But remembering her cheerful smile, former patients won’t be surprised at her selection as a Model Nurse. Her picture is appearing everywhere . . . in advertisements and on billboards . . . inspiring young Americans to join the proud nursing profession. Now a Chicago doctor’s bride, Mary Louise says the tooth paste she buys for her honeymoon apartment is the same brand she used at home—Pepsodent. Yes, her winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile!

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Mary Louise Shine knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!
Easier, Daintier, More Convenient

Greaseless Suppository Assures
Hours of Continuous Medication!

Here's a frank open message to girls and women who have long been waiting for a higher type intimate feminine cleanliness. Be sure to enjoy the 'extra' advantage of Zonitors!

Zonitors are simply ideal — so much easier, daintier and convenient to use — so powerful yet absolutely safe to the most delicate tissues.

Easy To Carry! Away From Home

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories each sealed in a separate glass vial which you can easily slip in your purse. Zonitors instantly begin to release powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours. Yet they're safe to the most delicate tissues. Positively non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous.

Leave No Tell-Tale Odor

Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually destroy it. Help guard you against Infection. They kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy Zonitors today at any drugstore.

FREE: Mall this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals Frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. 2RM-78, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

IT'S HOLLYWOOD

Dear Editor:
Kindly settle a disagreement between my friend and myself. I say that Woman in White and Today's Children are both broadcast from the West Coast, as I have heard some of the actors on Lux Theater. My friend tells me it is Chicago.


Miss M. S.

STORY TELLER

Dear Editor:
Can you give me any information about Nelson Olmsted? I have found his short stories more interesting than any other program on the air.

Mrs. M. K.
Burlington, N. C.

NBC's Nelson Olmsted (Sun. 2:00 P.M., EDT), although born in Minneapolis, spent most of his youth in Texas. He became interested in acting while attending the University of Texas where he received his Bachelor of Science degree. He broke into radio via a local Austin, Texas, station.

ON BROADWAY

Dear Editor:
Could you give me some information about the Goldbergs? They have been on radio for nearly two years. I would love to hear that favorable program again.

Miss M. H.
New York, N. Y.

It looks as though I'll be quite some time before you hear the Goldbergs on the air again as they recently opened a play based on the serial on Broadway—and it was a hit! They're playing at the Belasco theatre under the title "Me and Molly." Among the former "nobody" who learned acting in The Goldbergs and then went on to fame are John Garfield, Minerva Pious, and Selena Royle. Gertrude Berg, the originator of the serial, plays the role of Molly at the Belasco.

ONCE A MUG

Dear Editor:
One of my favorite programs is Rosamary Haines have been listening to it since the beginning. Can you tell me something about Larry Haines, the actor who takes the part of Lefty Higgins.

Miss I. M. K.
New Haven, Conn.

Larry Haines, born and educated in Mount Vernon, N. Y., got his start in radio playing hard-boiled heavies. Realizing that he was becoming type-cast as a mug, he cut down the percentage to the point where such characteristics comprise only about half his work.

OFF THE AIR

Dear Editor:
In February, a new program was introduced on the air, called Twelve Players. However, lately, I haven't been able to find it anywhere on the dial, and my family is disappointed. It was the most interesting program I've ever heard (speaking truthfully) and we've waited patiently for another of its unusual plays. Won't we ever hear it again?

Mrs. A. D.
Perth Amboy, N. J.

This show which was heard Mondays on ABC was last broadcast on March 29th. Twelve Players was a stock company composed of a dozen of Hollywood's best radio actors, and one of them was Lurene Tuttle.

FORMER BREAKFAST CLUBBER

Dear Editor:
I would appreciate any information you may be able to give me as to the whereabouts and activities of Nancy Martin, formerly of the Breakfast Club.

Mrs. L. H. Jones
Arlington, Mass.

Nancy (she is now Mrs. Sam McElroy) is in Hollywood where she frequently appears in television and where she is also engaged in voice dubbing at the picture studios. Nancy first sang on
HANK
Dear Editor:
Would you please give me some information about Hank on One Man's Family?
Miss G. J. Sedalia, Colorado

Seventeen-year-old Conrad Binyon (he plays Hank), who was born in Hollywood, joined the Family in April of 1939. And is the only member of the cast lacking a colorful theatrical background. (But he seems to be doing all right.) Conrad's greatest ambition is someday to write and produce a program like One Man's Family.

MR. D. A.'S SECRETARY
Dear Editor:
For some time I have been a regular listener of Mr. District Attorney and have become greatly interested in Vicki Vola who portrays the D. A.'s secretary Edith Miller. Recently I discovered that she is also Stacy McGill on the Christopher Welles program. What does she look like?
Miss R. R. Toledo, Ohio

As you can see, Vicki Vola still manages to look pretty despite the terrific pushing around she gets on these two programs. Although she resembles Luise Rainer, Vicki is far from Viennese—her ancestry is Spanish and French.

THEME SONGS
Dear Editor:
I listen to the radio every day, and I would like to have some information on some theme songs. Could you tell me what theme songs are used on The Romance of Helen Trent, Life Can Be Beautiful, When a Girl Marries, and Joyce Jordan, M. D.? Would like to see Les Tremayne of Joyce Jordan.
Miss A. S. New York, N. Y.

The tender "Juanita" sets the mood for The Romance of Helen Trent, and When a Girl Marries is introduced by the "Serenade" by Drigo. We weren't able to help you on the theme for Life Can Be Beautiful as it is an original piece and, so far, is untitled. "Poem" is the theme for Joyce Jordan, and here's Les Tremayne who plays the part of Dawson Blakey.

Jane was smooth.

It was the U.S. Howland HAIR DRY SWIM CAP that made the difference

Jane found out by checking on the U. S. Howland what a lot of time and money it could save her. No hot, perspiry hours in summer for Jane under the drier. She protected her hair with the swim cap that keeps hair dry. Jane had good reasons for buying it. You do, too.

1. Band of suction cups inside cap shuts water out.
2. Deep fit pulls cap closer to head.
3. Patented V-shaped reinforcing ribs that turn suction cups inward to make a perfect seal, protect ears and eliminate damp hair near ears.
4. Not just one size but three sizes—small, medium and large—makes fit more accurate.
5. Comes in good sun colors; red, yellow, blue or white.

At leading stores, throughout the country.

A PRODUCT OF

U.S. RUBBER COMPANY
THOSE two up there in the WIBG booth in Shibe Park in Philadelphia, Byrum Saam and Chuck Thompson, are a rather busy pair right now, and they’ve been mighty busy since the start of the season back in April. What’s more, they’ll stay that busy until the last out is called, come the end of next September. Take an average day with By and Chuck:

They’re up as early as you are, for they have to compile a complete set of records of yesterday’s ball games, and tie them in with the season’s totals to date, so that at a glance, they can tell you what any and every player in both the American and National Leagues has done, right to the moment.

After that, it’s a jaunt to the Phillies’ office, because the club is playing out of town today, and they have to get any inside information that headquarters can divulge about the club. If it’s a cloudy or rainy day, it’s a constant check with the A’s office to discover whether there’s a game at Shibe Park this afternoon. If that game is rained out, they go to the WIBG studios in downtown Philadelphia, where a telegrapher is stationed to bring a play-by-play wire report of the Phillies’ game from out of town. They do what is termed a reconstruction game, from his reports, sitting at a desk in a studio, without ever seeing a baseball pitched all afternoon. If the Phillies should happen to be rained out too, our wire game would come from some other city where fair weather permits the playing of a game. That’s why our records have to be compiled so perfectly every morning.

If the Cleveland pitcher fanned the Detroit baseman, the fans want to know if he’d done it before, and how many times, and when was the last time? That applies in the case of any batter against any pitcher. Those morning compilations are the background of every good baseball broadcast. That’s why they’re made, and kept so accurately. A sportscaster has an actual record of everything a player has done on the field at his fingertips, from day to day, all season long. He carries those records with him to the WIBG studio, if the game is reconstructed or to Shibe Park, if he’s to broadcast from the left field radio booth there. When he goes to the park, his first stop is the home team’s office for any information he can gather there, that would make today’s broadcast more interesting to the fans.

After the visit to the office, they stop into the dressing rooms of both the home and visiting teams to chat with the managers and players to acquire additional information that might help their broadcast. Then, they are ready to head for the booth under the roof, and set themselves up for the broadcast, arranging records on the players, line-ups, commercials and information picked up from visits to the teams. With Saam and Thompson this is practically automatic. Having worked together through several seasons, they can practically read each other’s minds, and know when and how to do what, with the least expenditure of words and action.

When the game starts it means one hundred and fifty words a minute of ad libbing for approximately two and a half hours, telling just what is happening down there on the field, in a manner that keeps the fans keenly interested every minute of the game, the same fans who say, “Those baseball broadcasters—what a cinch job they have!”
RUMOR has it that one of the reasons the three branches of our military service were combined under one Secretary was a young man named Gordon Lee Beneke. For Tex, of the United States Navy, was the man selected to lead the late Major Glenn Miller's Army Air Force Band.

It wasn't fate that put Tex in front of Glenn's post-war band. Mrs. Glenn Miller and manager Don Haynes also knew that Glenn would have wanted Tex to lead the band.

Major Miller started on a flight from England to France one morning in December, 1944. He never reached his destination. But Tex Beneke agreed to lead the band only after arranging that it would be billed as 'The Glenn Miller Orchestra.' That's how the band premiered at New York's Capitol Theater in January of 1946.

Recently, however, Mrs. Miller, Don and Tex agreed that it would be best to change over and call the band Tex Beneke and his Orchestra. Mrs. Miller, you see, is still a partner in the organization. Fact is, Glenn is still with the band. Trombonist Jerry Priddy, to whom Glenn had handed his own trombone, has never failed to carry Glenn's horn with the band's equipment. The size and instrumentation of the band are in agreement with what Glenn had told Don he wanted for his post-war aggregation. Even chief arranger Norm Leyden was first discovered by Glenn while in the Army.

More than all this, the band has carried on in the tradition of being the miracle band of the nation. Glenn always had a group that was financially on top. And now, when many orchestras are finding it difficult to keep going in the face of rising costs and fewer jobs, the Tex Beneke unit is traveling with thirty-one musicians and breaking records from coast to coast. No small reason, of course, is the series of hit discs the band has been turning out for RCA Victor. Add to that national radio programs such as the Army Air Force show on Mutual.

Most amazing of all, perhaps, is that although Glenn Miller last toured the country with his own band in 1940, the most requested tunes even now are the old Miller records such as "Kalamazoo," "In The Mood," "Little Brown Jug," "Chattanooga Choo Choo" and "Ida."

1. **ETIQUET** actually ends under-arm perspiration odor—safely—surely!
2. **ETIQUET**—made by specially patented formula—really checks under-arm perspiration!
3. **FLUFFY-LIGHT AND SOOTHING**—Etiquet goes on easily—disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!
4. **MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY**—Etiquet won't dry out in the jar!
5. **NO DAMAGE TO CLOTHING** when you use Etiquet—famous cloth-test proves!

**Etiquet**

**THE SAFE-AND-SURE DEODORANT**

**PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK**

23
CLINT BUEHLMAN is more than a disc jockey—he's an institution, but he'd be the last to admit it and the first to make a crack about that word "institution."

But a fellow can't be on the air for practically three hours a day, six days a week for something like fifteen years without becoming a daily habit. Besides, his "Hooper" consistently indicates his shows pull more listeners than all the opposition combined—and that's something.

In fact, you rarely hear the Buehlman name mentioned on his show. It's generally, 'This Is Yours Truly Buehlly,' and that's all.

Buehly is a native of Buffalo and attended schools in both Buffalo and Rochester, graduating from John Marshall High in Rochester. He is now celebrating his silver anniversary in radio, but he's not the greybeard you might think. He first broke into radio in a small way in Buffalo back in 1923 as a child actor. "Yes—I was one of those brats—don't you hate 'em?" he says.

Buehlman is a proficient pianist but confines his playing to his own living room. His one great hobby is fishing and, believe it or not, he always manages his schedule so as to take off a few days periodically to fish with his 78-year-old grandmother. He used to visit her frequently when she lived downstate in Pennsylvania, but now that is unnecessary—Grandmother lives with Clint. So does one of his favorite people—his mother-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Buehlman live in a Buffalo suburb, and have a daughter, Marcia, six years old, and a son, Mark, who is one and one-half.

Buehlman has won widespread praise from parents, pupils, teachers and the general public for his auditions for junior m.c.s. For twenty weeks this Winter and Spring he conducted a contest at a specified high school to determine the most promising radio personality in each of the four classes—freshman, sophomore, junior, senior. Every Saturday morning he auditioned the four top vote-getters and selected a boy to be his assistant for one week. Each week's winner received a $50 bond and $10 for expenses—to cover cabfare and the like—and an invaluable boost in his ambitions.

At Christmas time 1946 an association organized to aid underprivileged children in rural schools asked him to broadcast an appeal for "used" greeting cards. Any kind were wanted—to teach children color and to provide bookmarks, scrapbooks and the like. Clint made six simple, brief announcements. Then the postoffice called for help. Some 96 mailbags—more than three tons—with something like an estimated 1,500,000 cards descended on WBEN from New York State, Pennsylvania and Ontario. It was necessary to get a special freight car to transport the cards to the society's headquarters in New York City. The company decided to call a halt then and there. Later it was learned that Buffalo and Buehlman contributed more cards than the rest of the entire country solicited!
WHAT'S NEW from

COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 15)

At this writing, NBC is hoping and planning to have Fred Allen broadcast over television as well as radio, but the comic is balking, because he'd have to please three separate audiences—radio studio and video.

William Bendix, who's playing the role of the wonderful and forever remarkable King of Swat, in the forthcoming movie on the life of Babe Ruth, is being flooded with letters giving him advice on how to play the part. Incidentally, another radio performer has also been signed for that picture. Bobby Ellis, who plays Alexander on the "Blondie" show, will portray Babe Ruth as a boy.

More and more like home! San Quentin prison now has its own disc jockey. The prison has a big record library and music is carried through an intercell hook-up.

Dix Davis, who plays Randolph Foster on the Date With Judy show, has sadly turned down a summer stock bid. He'll be graduated from the University of Southern California this June and is going to get to work on winning his master's degree with some courses during the summer session. He's majoring in foreign trade, which sounds like a forward-looking idea.

There's some talk going around that radio will be handing out its own Academy Awards in the near future for outstanding work on the airlines. But the Superman outfit isn't waiting around for that to happen. For consistently outstanding performances on this series, members of the cast are getting a Superman Oscar, which consists of a tiny silver figure of Superman, to be worn on a bracelet or watch chain.

We're kind of sorry that Child's World has been shifted from the Sunday evening spot to one on Thursdays at 10 P.M. We think this rehearsed program is one of the best on the air today. Anyone with any children should listen, because the show gives you a chance to find out many things about your own children, from the mouths of other children, which you'd never be able to dig out in a million years without the help of a competent, understanding educator and psychologist like Helen Parkhurst, who runs the doings.

Well, Morton Downey's won his point. He's switched to NBC, now, and he'd have been there a long time ago, if it hadn't taken him so long to convince the bigwigs that his late time spot was the very best spot for him to be in. Downey thinks it's such a good time because he feels that after listeners have been beaten on the ears for hours by the world news—none of which is so lovely and charming these days—they're generally nervous. And that's not a state conducive to slumber. Downey plans his programs very carefully, so that they'll soothe his listeners for those fifteen minutes between 11:15 and 11:30.

There are two Billy Roses in radio. One of them, of course, is the versatile one who indulges in Pitching Horse shoes on his own show of that name. The other is a very busy and well

1 *PINEAPPLE CORN FLAKES

Here's a new "call to breakfast" that'll bring your family fast. Chill Dole Crushed overnight. Then ladle it—all creamy gold—over bowls of corn flakes or any other favorite ready-to-eat cereal. Drench with cream. New Dole cutting processes keep every bite crisp and juicy. Wonderful? Well—taste!

with a summertime air

2 *CHUNKFURTERS

Serve hot dogs with pineapple party-manners! Cut frankfurters in inch lengths. String on skewers, alternating with Dole Chunks—those plump, tender morsels of true field-ripened pineapple. Broil several minutes. Pop into toasted rolls—piping hot. A quick, delicious, home-or-picnic dish you'll like all year round.
The Most Feminine Face Powder Color Ever Created

NOW One Color is Intensely Flattering To All Types of Skin, Including YOURS!

"Bridal Pink"

Here's something wonderfully new and different in a shade of face powder! A color that is so truly feminine it not only flatters, but brings you a charm that is entirely new and completely captivating.

And my exciting new "Bridal Pink" is for you, because I have tried it on every skin-color type I could find, and without exception every girl, every woman who wore it, instantly found herself more interesting, more exciting than ever before.

IF you're Brown-Haired, with a medium skin... "Bridal Pink" will bring you the exciting lift of new femininity.

IF you're Auburn-Haired, with a pale complexion... Bridal Pink" will wake up your skin, giving it the life and warmth of real live femininity. 

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look different tomorrow! Appear with this newly beautiful, more feminine look. See how your face lights up with instant new life and warmth. Find out, as you will, how much more attractive you immediately become.

Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores in 50c and 25c sizes. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" today!

known Chicago radio actor—and no relation to the New York fellow—who's working currently on the Tom Mix stanza, portraying Tommy, the Chinese boy.

Bill Lawrence, who directs the Screen Guild Players shows, has a tip for young aspirants to radio careers. His advice is for young singers to stop trying to build themselves up as character actors with half a dozen dialects in their voice boxes. Lawrence says that the character field is very tough to crack because competition is very stiff, but every radio producer is constantly looking for new voices for straight acting parts. Actually, reading straight lines and making them convincing and dramatically effective is a pretty tough job.

Bret Morrison, of Song of the Stranger and The Shadow has been signed to star in a series of six movies to be made in New York. Versatile Bret will play the role of a killer in the psychological thriller series.

You probably know that on the Case Book of Gregory Hood, they sometimes use real characters to give the show the proper touch of realism. Once in a while, the actual person—say J. Edgar Hoover, or a Senator, or a band leader, appears as a guest and plays "himself" in the script. Usually, an actor will do an imitation of the real person. For this, the program has to get what's called a release from the individual to be portrayed. That's normal enough. But what strikes us a little bit funny is that when the script mentions a place, let's say the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington, or the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, the producers have to get releases from the places mentioned!

Eastern agency representatives in Hollywood to buy summer replacement shows reveal that their top budget figure is $5000—or about 50% below the price paid for "dog days" shows during the past two years. From the looks of things, 1948 will be the lightest commercial summer on the networks since 1940.

Pat O'Brien and Virginia Bruce will co-star in the summer dramatic series replacing Jimmy Durante this summer. Writing and direction will be in charge of Trust Boardman.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HITHER AND YON... Wired music, with sponsored commercials, goes into stores soon... Mutual's Mysterious Traveler is coming out in comic book form with a possibility of a daily cartoon strip in the offing... Hurray, hurray, sponsors have renewed contracts for Queen For a Day and Heart's Desire. Now you can relax... Ileen Woods is doing the speaking voice for Walt Disney's "Cinderella," feature length cartoon... Radio Comic Herb Shriner is working in his first Broadway musical, "Inside U.S.A."... Jack Smith has shifted from New York to Hollywood and will do most of his summer broadcasts from there... Announcer Ken Niles has named his going cruiser after one of his shows, The Life of Riley... Don McLaughlin of David Harding, Counterspy, is starring in the Broadway play, "Happy Journey"... A series starring husky-voiced Tallulah Bankhead is being readied for fall airing... CBS offered Milton Berle an executive post in television, but the comic turned it down.
Teen-age Barbara is CBS’s new Junior Miss (Saturdays at 11:30 A.M. EDT).

Barbara Whiting

Well, that sidesplitting Junior Miss of stage and screen is all set for a long, long run on the radio. You hear it these days on CBS, Saturdays at 11:30 A.M. EDT, with Barbara Whiting. The late Dick Whiting left more to posterity than a whole list of song hits, among them “Till We Meet Again,” “Beyond the Blue Horizon,” “My Ideal,” and “Sleepy Time Gal.” The success of his two talented, lovely daughters bids fair to outlive the popularity of any song. Margaret Whiting has already made her mark as a singer. Now, it looks as though her little sister Barbara is likely to take over a special comedy “Great” spot and make it all her own.

Barbara was born in Hollywood, California, almost exactly sixteen years ago. Last January she was graduated from University High School. All of which makes her being cast in the title role of Junior Miss pretty much a job of type casting. Besides, the whole pattern of the show is more or less familiar to her, since she played the part of Fuffy Adams in the screen version of Sally Benson’s play. While still at high school, she also played, in the film, “Home Sweet Home.”

Until quite recently, it was a question in the Whiting household just what Barbara would do for a career. She is very talented. She plays the piano well and is also a pretty good song stylist. In fact, she was the first to sing “Pass That Peace Pipe,” performing for friends at a party. Later, her sister, Maggie, was signed to make a recording of that song. Barbara, still listing her talents, also writes a bit.

Barbara isn’t entirely new to the radio listener. She played Mildred in the Meet Corliss Archer series. In a way, her experience on that show about adolescent girls can be considered a part of her training for her new role. And, although she looks just right and is about the right age for the role of Junior Miss, let no one think that the type casting goes all the way. Barbara is a girl with a bit of a head on her shoulders and she’ll probably not wind up the eternal sub-ingenue on the air.

SUNLIGHT WITCHERY ... for “Lustre-Creme” Dream Girls Only

Tea Dance on the terrace... the afternoon sun highlighting the glory of your soft, gleaming hair... your Best Beau’s eyes ardent with admiration.

How secure you feel when he leaves your arms. You know the memory of your clean, fragrant, glamorous hair will linger, thanks to your Lustre-Creme Shampoo. And he proves it when he pleads: “Dream Girl, may we be partners for life?”

Many a bride owes much to Lustre-Creme Shampoo for her soft, bewitching “Dream Girl” hair. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme is a dainty new, rich-lathering cream shampoo. Created by cosmetic genius Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair, to leave hair with new three-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to natural oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers instantly in hard or soft water. No special rinse needed. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a Dream Girl... a lovely “Lustre-Creme” Girl.

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor) 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 5, Ill.

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR... you’ll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO
You can say “yes” to Romance...

Because
Veto says “no” to Offending!

Veto says “no”
— to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress... exciting... new— Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use; keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly... checks perspiration effectively. You feel sure of your own daintiness.

Veto says “no”
— to harming skin and clothes!

So effective... yet so gentle—Colgate's Veto is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your finest, your most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duracetex, Colgate's exclusive new ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!
WEBSTER defines a fan as "an enthusiastic devotee of a particular diversion." Take that definition, multiply it by a couple of thousand, and you’ve got Bill Geringer, radio’s show-goer extraordinary.

Slight nineteen-year-old Bill is the little man who’s practically always there in the studio audience, smiting his palms or giving with the laughs that issue from loudspeakers coast to coast. During the past four years—since he was fifteen—young Bill has personally attended some six to seven thousand radio shows, averaging four a night on weekdays and seven or eight on Saturdays and Sundays. Week in, week out, morning, noon (he frequently skips lunch) and night, Bill haunts the studios, major networks or independents, taking in audience shows. Going to radio shows is Bill’s hobby and he is an absolute fanatic about it.

Here’s the way Bill feels about it, as he explained to his parents way back when they first showed concern over his devotion to radio:

“IT’S A HOBBy. LIKE COLLECTING STAMPS OR MATCH-COVERS OR AUTographs.”

“Yes,” his father agreed, “but what have you got to show for all the time you put in at it?”

“What,” countered Bill, with all due respect toward his father, “have you got to show for all the movies and plays you saw and books, magazines and newspapers you read?”

When his dad pointed out that these things either entertained for the moment or improved the mind, Bill just grinned meaningfully at his parents; they saw that he had something there and let him keep at it without another word of reproof, save that he keep up with his work and get home at a reasonable hour. Home is a small brownstone apartment on West End Avenue, in New York City.

It all began one summer’s day four years ago. It was a broiling hot day and Bill was idling through Radio City with little money in his pockets and much time on his hands. He noticed a long line of people filing through an entrance to the NBC studios in the RCA building. He got on line, too, and soon was seated comfortably in an air-cooled studio, awaiting he knew not what.

As luck would have it, the program was Here’s Babe Ruth, a sustaining show featuring stories about the Sultan of Swat on WEAF (now WNBC). It was just the kind of program that would entrance an impressionable fifteen-year-old, who, if the truth be known, wouldn’t have minded being in the bleachers at the Yankee Stadium, at the time.

“How long has this been going on?” Bill asked himself as he settled back in his chair and gratefully sniffed the purified atmosphere provided by NBC. At any rate, after the broadcast, he made inquiries and learned that there were many other free audience shows that afternoon. Bill took them all in and it wasn’t until dusk had cast long, cool shadows across Manhattan’s simmering sidewalks that Bill quit the building and headed for home.

The next morning, bright and early, Bill was back at the studios, perfectly willing for NBC to wise away another tedious summer’s day for him. From 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. Bill remained cloistered in the cool and colorful confines of Radio City. He had discovered a new and fascinating world and he just had no desire to venture out into the real but none too inviting one outside. He took in seven or eight programs in all that day. He doesn’t recall whether he even remembered to take time out for lunch.

The rest of that long summer vacation was more of the same thing. After a few weeks of it, however, Bill began to learn the ropes and to exercise discrimination in the shows he chose to see. He pestered ushers and receptionists at the various studios with a flock of questions. After a while the studio employees and even a few performers came (Continued on page 98)
EVERY woman who starts her day by listening to Don McNeill on the American Broadcasting Company’s Breakfast Club must, at some time or another, have wondered if his stories about Kay and the boys weren’t just too good to be true.

She must, sometime, have turned to her husband, asking, “Dear, do you suppose it really happens that way?”

She wouldn’t be human if she didn’t add, “Don’t the McNeills ever have any problems?”

Answers to the twin questions are easy.

To number one—yes, Don’s radio reporting is accurate. Daily, a goodly portion of McNeill living is passed on to the radio audience. More, in fact, than listeners realize.

To the second—sure, the McNeills have problems. They wouldn’t be the vital, interesting family you hear on the air if they didn’t have.

But Don and Kay McNeill also have that quality our grandparents used to call “character.” What they believe, what they think, what they want, shapes their lives into a pattern which today is rarely found in the families of stars.

You need to have traveled the Celebrity Circuit with big names of stage, screen and radio to

By

HELEN
BOLSTAD

Come and Visit

DON
McNEILL

The specialty of this house
How to spoil a father: Tommy, Don Jr., and Bobby wait on him hand and foot. Not often, though—usually it's "him what works, eats."

Outside, the McNeill house in Winnetka welcomes as expansively as the smiles of Kay and Don. Inside, there are more reflections of family character; Kay's "decorator touch" is evident.

Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club are heard on ABC, Monday through Friday at 9 A.M., EDT
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By HELEN BOLSTAD

The specialty of this hour is the family that makes it home

Come and Visit DON MCNEILL

How to spoil a father: Tommy, Don Jr., and Bobby wait on him hand and foot. Not often, though—usually it's "him what works, etc."

Outside, the McNeill house in Waukegan welcomes as expansively as the smiles of Kay and Don. Inside, there are more reflections of family character; Kay's "decorator touch" is evident.

Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club are heard on ABC, Monday through Friday at 9 A.M., EDT.
The limestone house is big; it had to be, for it's usually as full of friends as it is of family.

Icebox-raiding time gives the McNeill men a chance to kill two birds: they eat and they talk about life.

You need to understand just how rare it is.
You need to know how easily, when fans clamor around, you can puff up your ego like a circus balloon.
You need to feel the weariness that comes from everlasting demands on your time—demands that can wring you dry by the end of the day, with no energy left to take a normal, human interest in your family and friends, demands that leave you but a single desire—to sleep.

You need to share the tragedy of some of the show business divorces by knowing, over the years, a few of the nice young couples who battled together for success, but when it came, split apart because they couldn't save time for a private life.
To complete the picture, you should know some of the celebrities' children.
It's toughest on them. Some turn out awful brats who have learned to get their share of attention by misbehaving. Then there's the opposite kind—the frustrated, silent, sulky little ones. Both kinds discover early that when either mummy or daddy remains a spoiled child and never bothers to grow up, the youngsters get only a taste of childhood.
That probably furnishes the most im-
is kibitzed by the boys and spaniel Flag.

Don Sr. and Jr. have a hands-off agreement with Kay about the bay-window greenhouse she prizes so highly.

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Don Sr. and Jr. have a hands-off agreement with Kay about the bay-window greenhouse she prizes so highly.

At the breakfast table Don gets his briefing from the boys, who are always full of Breakfast Club ideas.
Come and Visit

DON MCNEILL

The limestone house is big; it had to be, for it's usually so full of friends, as it is of family.

understand just how rare it is.

You need to know how easily, when fans clamor around, you can pull up your ego like a circus balloon.

You need to feel the weariness that comes from everlasting demands on your time—demands that can wring you dry by the end of the day, with no energy left to take a normal, human interest in your family and friends, demands that leave you but a single desire—to sleep.

YOU need to share the tragedy of some of the show business divestors by knowing, over the years, a few of the nice young couples who battled together for success, but when it came to split apart because they couldn't save time for a private life.

To complete the picture, you should know some of the celebrities' children.

It's toughest on them. Some turn out of control, brats who have learned to get their share of attention by misbehaving. Then there's the opposite kind—the frustrated, silent, sulky little ones. Both kinds discover early that when either mummy or daddy remains a spoiled child and never bothers to grow up, the youngsters get only a taste of childhood.

That probably furnishes the most important clue to what makes the McNeills tick.

Both Don and Kay are adults. Mentally and emotionally, they have grown up. They enjoy being parents. They don't compete with their kids for a chance to be children.

You in the radio audience sense that just as keenly as their boys do.

In the 100,000 letters and cards you write Don McNeill each year, you confide your problems and share your joys. Few of you send mash notes. Instead, you realize he is a good friend who has lived enough to understand your worries and to appreciate the wonderful little things that happen in your own family. You're pleased when he, in turn, passes them on to the whole big Breakfast Club audience, all over the country.

His sons have the same attitude. If an Academy of Family Arts and Sciences existed to award "Oscars" to successful fathers, Don McNeill would be a sure winner.

Most vital factor in that success is Don's way of letting his boys know they are important to him.

If you traveled over the winding, secluded roads of Winnetka, thirty miles north of ABC's (Continued on page 91)
Covering the

Most important summer listening—the national

Elmer Davis, ABC

Martin Agronsky, ABC

Eric Severeid, CBS

Edward R. Murrow, CBS
Conventions

conventions, described by these radio newsmen

Bob Trout, NBC

Morgan Beatty, NBC

Albert Warner, MBS

William L. Shirer, MBS

Turn page for more convention pictures
Most important summer listening—the national conventions, described by these radio newsmen.
Covering the Conventions

this election year, after you've

John Daly, CBS

Gabriel Heatter, MBS

H. R. Baukhage, ABC

Henry J. Taylor, MBS

This year millions of Americans will have ring-side seats at two of the greatest shows our democracy affords. In addition to the radio broadcasts that will make play-by-play news available to everyone, both the Republican and Democratic conventions will be extensively televised.

Whether you are listening at home or watching one of the screens now installed in so many public places, it will be well to know how to interpret what you will see and hear.

There will be color, fun, excitement and a certain circus atmosphere, but behind the carnival, democracy will be soberly at work.

These conventions will chart the path our nation will take in the next four years, and the delegates know it. Beneath the froth, fun and fury will be the serious will of a free people freely choosing candidates for the presidency.

More later about how to evaluate the side shows that will be staged either as political expediens or in the American spirit of fun. First, something
You'll turn a sharper ear to your radio.

read Quincy Howe's behind-the-scenes stories of past conventions

about what to expect as you listen to the broadcasts from Philadelphia when the Republican convention starts on June 21, and the Democrats get under way on July 12.

Both conventions will follow the same pattern.

A day or so before the official opening, party delegates from all over the country will have packed the hotels. Some delegates will have positive instructions. For instance, the New York Republicans will be committed to back Governor Dewey against all comers, and the Missouri Democrats will be solidly behind President Truman. The managers of each candidate will have tried to get as many advance commitments as possible, but, since some states will not have announced definite allegiances, the hotels will see plenty of high-pressure campaigning. Of course, the opening days will be blistering hot. Political conventions and heat waves seem to go together.

The delegates and their (Continued on page 79)
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The delegates and their (Continued on page 79)
I S Lou Costello on the level?

Is his concern for the welfare of youth a headline-grabbing sham? Is the Lou Costello Junior Youth Foundation, created as a monument to his son, a fraud?

Ugly rumors are heard: It's a cheap publicity stunt. . . . It's just an act. . . . The radio comedian has been branded by a newspaper columnist as "a self-advertised friend of kids."

Since the questions have been raised, they should be examined, and answered.

If these attacks have any basis in fact, 10,280 enrolled members of the Foundation have been sold out, and many of the most august pillars of the Los Angeles community have been duped in a fabulous swindle. So let's take a look at the facts:

The Foundation has been in existence for two years.
Is Lou's Foundation run from the heart . . . or for the publicity? The answer is in the facts, and here they are.

From an opening enrollment of 2,000, its membership has swelled to 10,280 youngsters from the ages of six to nineteen, with 5,000 additional members anticipated in the forthcoming few months. There are no dues, and no conditions of membership.

Two thousand children were taught to swim last summer at the Foundation's modern swimming pool, equipped with underwater lights for night use, regulation diving boards, lounge chairs, tables, brilliantly colored umbrellas, and lockers for boys and girls.

Foundation facilities include, in addition, a softball diamond with bleachers, a 140 by 100 foot skating rink for which skates are furnished free, basketball courts, a football gridiron, badminton courts, tennis courts, ping pong tables, an outdoor barbecue, an arts and crafts room, clubrooms, workshops, classrooms, a medical clinic and a dental clinic. Both clinics are fully equipped.

Sand boxes, a wading pool, teeter-totters, a miniature merry-go-round, slides, a large room for drawing and games, a children's library, and a record player and radio are among the features of The Little People's Department, an enclosed wonderland for tots from six to eight.

These are available to the public seven days a week, from 10 A.M. until 10:15 P.M., under the pleasant, unobtrusive supervision of a paid staff of college-trained social and playground workers.

Dentists and doctors are on call free of charge for needy youngsters. Children suffering malnutrition get free vitamins. Food is distributed at a foundation snack bar that boasts a complete soda fountain.

"Costello is worshipped by (Continued on page 74)"

Abbott and Costello are heard on ABC, Wednesday at 9:00 P.M., Saturday at 11:00 A.M., EDT.
IS LOU COSTELLO ON THE LEVEL?

By WILLIAM TUSHER

Is Lou Costello on the level?

Is his concern for the welfare of youth a headline-grabbing sham? Is the Lou Costello Junior Youth Foundation, created as a monument to his son, a fraud? Ugly rumors are heard: It's a cheap publicity stunt ... It's just an act ... The radio comedian has been branded by a newspaper columnist as "a self-advertised friend of kids."

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"Costello is worshipped by (Continued on page 74)"

Behind the dignified entrance to the Costello Youth Foundation, hundreds of kids learn how to have all kinds of fun—even in the checker game, under the expert urelage of President Lou Costello and Secretary Bud Abbott.
The Vanderventers of Princeton, New Jersey, are one of the most popular families in America. Every Saturday night they play an old fashioned parlor game called Twenty Questions, but unlike other families, they don't gather in their living room with a few friends. Instead, they seat themselves comfortably in front of Mutual Network microphones where they proceed to amuse and often astound millions of American and Canadian listeners. Their skill at identifying the difficult "animal, vegetable or mineral" subjects has prompted Walter Winchell to dub them "Masters of Quizzardry."

The whole idea for the program originated with the Vanderventer's daughter, Nancy. One night they were enter-
taining a dinner guest who was discussing his idea for a new radio quiz program with Nancy's Dad, Fred Vanderventer, one of radio's top newscasters. Mom, now known to listeners as Florence Rinard, was being gracious and polite to their visitor. Nancy's brother, Bobby, was concentrating on his tomato soup. But Nancy, whose mind often seems jet propelled and who is equally quick to voice her opinions, told their guest that she thought his idea was very stale.

"If I were planning a quiz program, I'd like something different. Maybe I'd try something along the lines of the game Twenty Questions," she informed him authoritatively.

After her (Continued on page 95)
The Vanderventers of Princeton, New Jersey, are one of the most popular families in America. Every Saturday night they play an old fashioned parlor game called Twenty Questions, but unlike other families, they don't gather in their living room with a few friends. Instead, they seat themselves comfortably in front of Mutual Network microphones where they proceed to amuse and often astound millions of American and Canadian listeners. Their skill at identifying the difficult "animal, vegetable or mineral" subjects has prompted Walter Winchell to dub them "Masters of Quizzardry."

The whole idea for the program originated with the Vanderventers' daughter, Nancy. One night they were entertaining a dinner guest who was discussing his idea for a new radio quiz program with Nancy's Dad, Fred Vanderventer, one of radio's top news casters. Mom, now known to listeners as Florence Rinard, was being gracious and polite to their visitor. Nancy's brother, Bobby, was concentrating on his tomato soup. But Nancy, whose mind often seems jet propelled and who is equally quick to voice her opinions, told their guest that she thought his idea was very stale.

"If I were planning a quiz program, I'd like something different. Maybe I'd try something along the lines of the game Twenty Questions," she informed him authoritatively. After her (Continued on page 95)
When HOLLY SLOAN came to New York City from Maitland, N. Y.; she found that merely leaving her home town was not enough to make her a self-reliant "career girl." Gradually, her city experiences have made her more mature: her job, for instance, as secretary to Wilbur Ramage, brilliant producer for the NYBC radio network; her meeting with dynamic young Johnny Starr, and the attraction that blazed into love. And most of all, perhaps, Holly's character has strengthened through her own determination to forge a place for herself as a radio singer. For she understands how small her chances are, yet she continues to work hard, and to hope that luck will favor her. (Holly Sloan is played by Gale Page)

When Holly was eight, her mother died, and AUNT KETURAH came to keep house for Holly and her father, HENRY SLOAN. Through the years, Keturah, who is blind, has been mother, counselor and friend to Holly. When the family came to New York so that Dad Sloan could develop his wood-working business, Keturah was at first oppressed by the noise and restlessness of city life. But now she has LAURALEE to worry about—little Lauralee McWilliams, crippled and embittered, who became a member of the household when her mother was forced to go to a hospital. (Henry Sloan is played by Charles Seel; Keturah is played by Georgia Backus; Lauralee McWilliams is Marlene Aames)
HOLLY SLOAN

— who learns that a big city seems to exaggerate everything. Happiness, for example... or heartache.
JOHNNY STARR, attractive, charming, almost became the typical "young man about Manhattan"—except that he had too much intelligence to be forced into such a pattern. Instead, he has worked hard enough to become, at less than thirty, a vice-president of NYBC. He has successfully escaped his wealthy mother's apron strings, and is ready to defy her over his engagement to Holly Sloan, whom the despotic Mrs. Starr fears and hates. (Johnny Starr is played by Bob Bailey)

HOLLY SLOAN

CLAY BROWN is from Maitland, too—in fact, it was in search of Holly that he first came to New York. He found a friend in warm-hearted SALLY BROWN, who is no relation, but who helped when he was in trouble. But Clay is so much in love with Holly that he is blind to everything else—blind to Sally's love for him, and also to the fact of Holly's love for Johnny Starr. (Clay is played by Vic Perrin; Sally is Louise Arthur)
MILLICENT STARR’s world is composed of her wealth, her position... and Johnny. She has never understood why Johnny prefers to maintain his own New York apartment rather than live more luxuriously with her on Long Island, and she so despises Holly that she will go to any length to prevent this “country girl” from “trapping” Johnny into marriage. She uses a heart condition to keep Johnny by her side, and away from Holly Sloan. (Millicent is played by B. J. Thompson)

WILBUR RAMAGE, production manager of NYBC, is one of President PRENTISS JEFFRIES’ most brilliant aides. Wilbur can certainly help advance his secretary Holly’s radio career—if he doesn’t complicate things by falling in love with her. (Wilbur Ramage, at left, is Bob Griffin; Prentiss Jeffries is played by Joe Forte)

ADELE KINGMAN is a successful career girl. As Talent Director for NYBC, she has the respect of her co-workers, the favorable eye of President Prentiss Jeffries, and had—until Holly Sloan arrived—the particular attention of Johnny Starr. Adele loves Johnny, but she fought to overcome her resentment of Holly. (Adele is played by Helene Burke)
JOHNNY STARR attraction. Knowing alone became the typical "young man about Manhattan" except that he had too much intelligence to be lured into such a pattern. Instead, he has worked hard enough to become, at less than thirty, a vice-president of NYB. He has successfully escaped his wealthy mother's plans, and is ready to defy her over his engagement to Holly Sloan, whom the disinterested Mrs. Starr loves and hates. (Johnny Starr is played by Bob Bailey.)

CLAY BROWN is from Portland, Maine — in fact, it was in search of Holly that he first came to New York. He found a friend in warm-hearted SALLY BROWN, who, in reality, was the Butler who helped advance his secretary Holly's radio career. He doesn't complicate things by falling in love with her. (Clay is played by Va. Peters; Sally is Louise Arthur.)

WILBUR RAMAGE, production manager of WNYC, is one of President PRESTISS JEFFREY'S most brilliant aides. Wilbur can certainly help advance his secretary Holly's radio career. He doesn't complicate things by falling in love with her. (Wilbur Ramage is played by Bob Golby; President Jeffrey is played by Joe Forrester.)

MILLICENT STARR's world is composed of her wealthy, her position and Johnny. She has never understood why Johnny prefers to maintain his own New York apartment rather than live more occasionally with her on Long Island, and she despises Holly that she will go to any length to prevent this "pretty girl from St.uyvesant" from marrying Johnny into marriage. She uses a secret means to keep Johnny to her side, and away from Holly Sloan. (Millicent is played by B. J. Thompson.)

ADELE KINGSAN is a sensational Europe girl. A Talbot Bennett for NYB, she has the manner of her and the beautiful eye of President President Jeffrey, and no one could have thought the picture above of the secretaries of Johnny Starr. Adele loves Johnny, but she fought so well to keep Johnny Sloan away from Holly Sloan. (Adele is played by Helen Hukian.)
BOY WITH BIKE

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

I think he has a bicycle up there,
Just like the one he loved so much on earth.
I'm sure the angels, as they stitched and pinned
And matched new feathers, noticing the mirth
That lingered roguishly in those bright eyes,
(As if they still saw kites and tops and things
Like that) decided then and there
A boy would much prefer a bike to wings!

And so I picture those small, tireless feet,
Still in the some scuffed shoes he wore down here,
As pedaling up a gentle, blue-hazed slope
Then coasting slowly, (For the Throne Is near).
And oh, I know all Heaven understands
And smiles to hear him shout, "Look, God!
No hands!"
—Billie Morie Crobb

SANS STRINGS

I lend flour to the lady next door
Or salt or butter or bread,
I don't get them back from the lady next door
(Sometimes I borrow instead.)

I lend books to the man down the way.
He must have a dozen or more:
And dollars to people who'll never repay
Like the lad in the novelty store.

I lend paper and dresses and soap
And socks to the girl 'cross the hall.
I let them go with never a hope—
Not that it matters at all.

Then one day I offered my heart—as a gift—
To a stranger who just happened by.
And he laughed as he took it—and dropped it—and broke it
And returned it—with scarcely a sigh.
—Minna Adams

TO ONE WAYFARING

If you should reach your star
And bring it down
To set resplendent in
Your chosen crown,
O, I would join my voice
To all high praise
And show my love for you
In quiet ways
Within the radiance of
Your strength and power,
I, too, would know a little
Shining hour.
But should you fail, my love,
O, should you fail.
Returning without star
Or holy grail,
Then might my love in splendor
Show itself.
Spread like a wing upon
The heart's wide shell,
Healing your wounds of pride,
Of dark defeat,
Until, in wonderment,
You found them sweet.
—Gladys McKee

THE DIFFERENCE

Whether you like or dislike a plan,
Such as "Sharing the Wealth" is,
Depends on whether the wealth
To be shared,
Is yours or somebody else's.
—W. H. Nusbaum

TWO MEN

One man will shout his creed from a
street corner
Where crowds rush by, and yet rem-
main unheard;
While one in silence lifts the stone of
Time,
And hews upon it one immortal word.
—Rosa Zagnoni Morinoni

Browse a bit among these verses, for one of them
**BOOKTAILED TUNES**

My heart is light with singing
Skylarking, bobtailed tunes
With no more rhyme nor reason
Than fluted pantaloons.

I've soup to eat for supper
All filled with luscious stuff . . .
And butternuts are in my cake,
But that is not enough

To cause this tumbling music
My heart can not define.
I wonder dear, if it could be
The way your eyes meet mine?
—Helen Mitchel

**COMFORT**

You come with reassurance for
my grief, . . .
And teach me why I have no
cause to mourn.
Never a bough, you say, but
came to leaf
After the weight of winter
had been borne;
Never a midnight yet but came
to dawn,
And no dark dream that crept
on heavy feet
But vanished lightly after
sleep was gone.
All this I know. And laughter
still is sweet.

But if you cancel every grief
with cheer,
What of this little hollow in
my heart,
Shaped to a memory, desolate
and dear,
And for my secret teardrops
set apart?
Your calm philosophy can
hardly see
How much my tender sorrow
comforts me.
—Silence Buck Bellows

**POPULAR POET**

I find her verses quite appealing;
They leave me with a tickly
feeling;
And yet, despite the cash they
net her,
I always think my own are
better.
Though fame and fortune come
to woo her,
And editors en masse pursue her,
I dare, though ethics would
forbid it.
At times, to wonder how she did
it,
But if contrarily I question
Her methods (What a foul
suggestion!)
Or if perchance I'm over-zealous,
My conscience screams that I am
jealous.
The fact she's sometimes
mediocre,
Though insufficient to provoke
her,
Reminds me that I must be
gallant
And not reveal my hidden talent.
—Pye Chilcote Walker

**By TED MALONE**

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

**THE SKY REMEMBERS**

Woods listen still to birdsong
When all birds have flown:
The sky remembers rainbows
It has known.
—Mary Carolyn Davies

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**RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars**

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

will surely put words to your mood of the moment
Each Sunday night, Dick finds his heart in his throat—but his fingers go right on playing that winning accordion.

By Dick Contino

I CAN hardly believe all the wonderful things that have happened to me in the last six months. But there are a few million witnesses from coast to coast who have heard it as it happened. And, maybe if I tell my story, other boys and girls who have dreams like mine will be encouraged to have faith in themselves and keep trying.

A year ago I graduated from Fresno High School at seventeen and entered Fresno State College. I majored in music because that was the only thing in the world I cared about. After two weeks at college I grew restless. Just having music in the classroom wasn’t enough for me. I had to get out and make music.

I talked the matter over with my parents, and because they understood me completely, they agreed that I couldn’t be happy unless I was playing my accordion.

So, with their approval, I went over to the Fresno Musicians Union to see about out-of-town bookings. I had joined the Fresno Musicians Union two years previously, and all the men had been especially kind to me because I was their youngest member when I started at the age of fifteen.

That night there were no spectacular sky-rockets lighting the Fresno skies, but there might just as well have been for me. Be-
I've made some wonderful friends in all the places we've stopped.

dear it was the evening I bumped into one of Horace Heidt's scouts who was looking for performers to compete in the Horace Heidt National Talent Contest radio program.

He explained to me that Mr. Heidt was starting on a cross-country tour, looking for talented boys and girls in some of the smaller as well as larger towns all over the United States. Every week the Heidt scouts would gather up all prospective contestants in these towns and audition them carefully. The field would then be narrowed down to four or five acts which would appear on the Sunday night program over NBC. The winner of each week's contest would be carried over to compete against new rivals in a new town on the following week.

Thus one individual could continue to compete as long as he continued to win.

The weekly prize was two hundred and fifty dollars; the quarter-finals award was seven hundred and fifty, in addition to the chance of becoming a regular member of Mr. Heidt's troupe.

That same evening I was auditioned. After waiting around for a bewildering half-hour with my fingers turning from water to ice, I found myself standing in the middle of a bare stage, playing "Lady of Spain" with a kind of earnest desperation. (Continued on page 88)

"Mom and Dad came all the way from Fresno to New York for the quarter-finals. I knew I had to win, for them!"

"When I started out with the show, Horace Heidt told my folks I'd be well taken care of. Those weren't just words."
Each Sunday night, Dick
finds his heart in his throat—
but his fingers go right
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Not till they cut the cake did Don believe Norma was marrying him, not his brother. Below, Norma with her father, who gave her away.

Ski clothes for their honeymoon: an extra gift to Mr. and Mrs. Don Wi

"M

OST important of all, let's try to keep it always the love story of the boy and girl next door." That was how John Masterson summed up the basic idea of the Bride and Groom broadcasts, when he originated the program more than three years ago. Instead of a dreamed-up "tinsel and glamor" affair, the story of each day's couple was to be a true romance that had really happened to the kind of people we all know in our everyday life.

Not that this has meant ruling out excitement or drama. Just the opposite. Even the world's best writer of melodrama couldn't dream up plots more unusual, or exciting, or even hilarious, than the things that happened in the real-life romances of these couples.

For example, the couple who first met when the boy placed the girl under arrest (he was a traffic cop), and

The young sculptor regarded the Rose Queen
Norma and Don wanted the ski clothes for the Sun Valley honeymoon that was an important part of their Bride and Groom collection of wedding presents. Tuck, one of Sun Valley's hunting dogs, became a good friend; he skis as well as—or better than—many of the customers.

That was true of the recent appearance of just about the most beautiful bride and the most handsome groom ever to appear on our broadcasts—Norma Christopher and Donald Winton, of Pasadena, California. We weren't the first ones to be aware of Norma's unusual beauty, either. In fact, a whole city beat us to it.

Norma was attending the Pasadena City College when the events started that were to make her name and face so well known to hundreds of thousands of people everywhere. Her school was one of the two colleges from which candidates were chosen for the royal role of Queen for the famous Pasadena Tournament of Roses. A total of one hundred and fifty candidates were chosen from the colleges—on the basis of beauty, poise, and scholastic ability—and, of course, the beautiful Norma was included. But being (Continued on page 78)
THE MADE-FOR-EACH-OTHER

By JOHN NELSON

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For example, the couple who first met when the boy placed the girl under arrest (he was a traffic cop), the couple whose love story took place in the hush-hush atmosphere of the atom-bomb project—and the couples whose proposals had the various settings of a pawnshop, a locked museum, and a war-torn European city, with one proposal even being made over a trans-oceanic phone when the boy and girl had no idea if they would ever again see one another.

Yes, those of us who have listened to the hundreds of love stories of the "boy and girl next door" know that truth really is stranger than fiction. That's why unknown bridal couples have so greatly out-numbered the headline celebrities on Bride and Groom. We've had front-page names, yes—war heroes, motion picture people, writers, and artists—but in each case the couple was chosen not because they were celebrities, but because theirs was an outstanding love story.

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MRS. DIONE LUCAS'S special skill has made her WCBS-TV show, To the Queen's Taste, one of the most popular on television. Well, most everyone is interested in good food, and Mrs. Lucas is an expert on the subject. She is a graduate of L'Ecole du Cordon Bleu in Paris—which has been issuing diplomas in European cookery to graduates for centuries. She and another English alumna opened a London replica of L'Ecole 15 years ago. The venture was approved by the Paris director, who gave them permission to bestow the "Cordon Bleu" on graduates. Mrs. Lucas opened her New York restaurant-school in 1942. To date she has taught thousands of Americans to appreciate European cooking. Her television cooking lesson (Thursdays, 8:15 P.M.) comes from her "Cordon Bleu" kitchen under the same conditions enjoyed by pupils of her school.

DENNIS JAMES has built up an enthusiastic following with his Dumont sports-casting. He injects so much humor into his television sports commentary that many fans consider it the most important part of the telecast. He snaps a little gadget, when wrestlers are in a particularly tight hold, that sounds exactly like bones cracking. And he is the one who discovered and spotlighted "Hatpin Mary"—that energetic middle-aged woman who had a ringside seat at every wrestling match, and if she didn't consider the action fast enough or if the wrestlers stayed in a locked position too long, would scamper up to the ropes and jab the top man with a long hatpin.

ADRIENNE: Eighteen bachelors of Forest Hills, Long Island, have formed one of the very first fan clubs in television. It is in honor of a tall, dark, beautiful girl with a thrilling voice. Her name is Adrienne. Just Adrienne. She is seen and heard on Dumont's Champagne and Orchids.

Each week Adrienne has an attractive man-about-town as a guest. She uses a set that televisuals like a corner of a sumptuous apartment. She is always exquisitely gowned—all this plus an outstanding voice makes her program a joy.

Adrienne's mother is the famous Margaret Matzenauer, one of the greatest mezzo-sopranos ever to sing with the Metropolitan Opera. Her father, who died several years ago, was Eduardo Ferrari-Fontana, a tenor with the Metropolitan. So, logically, Adrienne was known as "The baby of the opera." Her godfathers were Caruso and Pasquale Amato. As if that weren't enough, she is a descendant of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Adrienne has done stage and radio work, but her greatest triumphs were in the top cafés in this country. The most hardened critics dig deep into their supplies of compliments to rave about her looks, voice, and technique, when she appeared at the Hotel Pierre, Rainbow Room, and the Drake in New York; the Ritz Roof in Boston; and the Walton Roof in Philadelphia, to name a few. That was perfect preparation for television, and the training is evident in the polish and charm she projects to the televiwer. Adrienne's enthusiasm helps, too—she considers television the perfect entertainment form.
LANNY ROSS needs no introduction to television audiences. As everyone knows, he has been an outstanding and popular singer on the radio for many years. Some of his best known shows were the Maxwell House Showboat, the Hit Parade, the Camel Caravan. Not as well known, but just as impressive, are his activities in the late war. Major Lanny Ross served 27 months overseas. Four battle stars, the Legion of Merit, and the Philippines Liberation ribbon are among his proudest possessions. Now television audiences can see and hear him on the Swift Show (NBT, Thurs. 8:30 P. M.).

WIN ELLIOTT's first job—announcer on WMEX in Boston—paid him fifteen dollars a week; today he is reputed to be the highest paid sportscaster in television. A tall, fast-thinking young man of thirty-two, Win spent his boyhood in Chelsea, just outside Boston. He started out studying medicine at the University of Michigan, but a post-graduate course in speech and radio convinced him to give up scalpels and concentrate on diction. Eight years in broadcasting, with jobs ranging from staff announcing and m.c.-ing to disc-jockeying and sportscasting, turned Win into a deft ad-libber with an amazing sense of timing—an essential factor in successful telecasting. Best known for County Fair, Win is presently cutting a niche for himself in television through his play-by-play accounts of professional sports over WCBS-TV.

BILL SLATER is currently the genial host of Charade Quiz, WABD, Thursdays at 8:30 P.M. One thing video work has done for him, says Bill, is force him to turn down fancy desserts. Television cameras add many pounds to the person being televised, so it's a good idea to stay slim as possible. While up to his ears in television, Bill continues with his radio shows, Luncheon at Sardi's and Twenty Questions.

ROGER FORSTER, who narrates WABD's nightly INS-INP Camera Headlines show, has had his thumb in the video pie off and on ever since he was released from the army. While in the army, he worked on a number of shows from "Radio Tokyo" and picked up some Japanese and German accents which he puts to good use in making his Camera Headlines television show more vivid and interesting. In addition to his television work for WABD, he's heard from coast-to-coast as the man with the commercials on the Horace Heidt show. He also announces Linda's First Love. Roger lives in Englewood, N. J., with his pretty southern wife and four-year-old daughter.
There's no more absorbed audience than the Peanut Gallery that views "Howdy Doody"—

—and "Howdy" himself is running for President. That's Howdy on Bob Smith's right.

At the Easter Parade, our Tele-editor Joan Lloyd, Dennis James, and Sylvie St. Clair.

NBC Television celebrated the lifting of the ban on live music shows by televising a program conducted by Maestro Toscanini.

Norman Thomas contributed to a stimulating interview by Leo Cherne on Dumont's Court of Current Issues.

I HAVE a simply sensational idea for television!
You are liable to hear that or words to that effect proclaimed by otherwise fairly self-contained citizens everywhere you turn these days. It's natural enough. Here, at long last, is a completely new entertainment industry—one that isn't all sewed up; one that might shoot newcomers to the top, and do it a great deal faster than the established and overcrowded fields of the theater, motion pictures, and radio. That television is currently drawing talent and executive personnel from those overcrowded fields does not curb any one's enthusiasm; as indeed it should not, for television must and will develop its own stars, producers, and directors.

Let's follow your brain child into the vast NBC Television workshop. The beginnings of your "sensational" idea conform pretty much to this pattern: You've seen television shows, you know you could produce or star in something better, you get the germ of a show idea, you work out the details of the format... and then you find yourself, frenzied with enthusiasm, facing a wide, high, solid brick wall. "Now what?" you ask. "Where do I go, and whom do I see?" After much confusion, you might realize that you've heard that NBC is just about the biggest video operation—why not submit your baby there? Your man there is Mr. Owen Davis, Jr. His title—and this gives you heart—is Director of Program Preparation and Procurement for NBC Television.

You write Mr. Davis a charming letter, attaching an outline of your television show. Let's say you call it "Here's How," and it is to be a demonstration, different each week, of how to play a popular parlor game. You
have worked out gimmicks for checkers, chess, parchesi, monopoly, murder, charades, post office, etc., etc., you explain how you plan to ring in comedy, information, drama, romance, and a guest star. You toss around a few words like "sure-fire," "television-wise," and "audience-builder." Then you wait nervously to be summoned. The call never comes. After what seems an interminable period, there arrives one morning a very chilly document known as a "release." A quick glance will reveal that once you affix your signature thereto you have no further claims on the National Broadcasting Company, or its affiliates, or the Radio Corporation of America, or Owen Davis, Jr.—in fact it might from that day forward be a good idea to get permission to walk through Rockefeller Plaza. However you sign and return the release, putting yourself completely in their gold-filled hands.

Upon receipt of your signed waiver, your format is read for the first time by Mr. Davis and his staff. They do not read anything before receiving a release since they may already have a similar idea on hand. The works are then sent down to the NBC Legal Department, where the day received, day read, and a brief outline of the show are recorded. At this point one of three things can happen: The whole business can be returned to you with a polite note to the effect that your idea is not deemed suitable for WNBT at this time, but they are extremely grateful for your interest—in short, no dice. Secondly they might regretfully inform you that they have on file five other programs of a similar nature known respectively as (Continued on page 100)
PERRY MASON is a criminal lawyer, one of the most feared—and admired—men in his profession. Hard work and hard fighting have helped him achieve his reputation, but he is able to build success upon success because toughness is not his only asset. Behind a hard-boiled façade Perry conceals a shrewd understanding of people, an awareness of their emotional patterns and of their relationships to each other that acts like a sixth sense when he is on a case. DELLA STREET, Perry's secretary, is in love with him. It's an almost hopeless love that never quite dies, for there is always a smile, a touch, a warm word from Perry to feed her hope that some day he will look at her and see, not an invaluable co-worker, but an attractive woman. Meanwhile, she works devotedly with him on behalf of MARY McKEEN, whose husband David has disappeared in a plane over the Caribbean, leaving her unprotected against his predatory sister, Elizabeth. (Perry Mason is played by John Larkin; Della is Joan Alexander; Mary, on the left, is Mary Jane Higby)
Perry Mason fights to protect a woman from an enemy driven by one of the most dangerous motives known to man.

ELIZABETH WREN, sister of the missing David McKeen, has taken advantage of Mary's grief-stricken collapse to have her declared an unfit mother for the one-year-old McKeen baby. Liz's aim, as always, is to gain possession of the money David controlled. In her persecution of Mary, Liz has had the help of her vicious friend, DR. KEEGAN. (Liz is played by Inge Adams; Dr. Keegan is Eric Dressler)

PAUL DRAKE is Perry's assistant, a young man highly adept at getting information out of people even when they're determined not to give it. It's Paul who does much of the "leg work" that provides evidence for the wily, ingenious cases Perry Mason is famous for developing. Liz Wren is up against an almost unbeatable combination in Perry, Paul and Della. (Paul is played by Charles Webster)
Dennis was like any other bachelor: he had his list of wife specifications.

But one day he became an exception. He met the girl who filled them!

By ROBBIN COONS

Perfect wedding: nervous groom, radiant bride, kindly Father John Conlon.

THIS is the story of some golden days in the life of Dennis Day. . . .

It's the tale of a bridegroom who did not forget the wedding ring, and of a bride whose very first biscuits were neither burned to a crisp nor stony-hard; of a wedding that was "simply beautiful" and of a honeymoon that was brief but perfect—unless you count as imperfections such minor details as the car radiator that froze in the night, the mountain lion that got away, the lamb chops that played iceberg. . . .

The story began, actually, when Boy met Girl. That was two years ago.

Margaret Ellen Almquist was the daughter of family friends of Dennis's folks, the McNultys. She lived in Lynwood, a pleasant community close to (Continued on page 82)
“Who is she?” everyone asked when Dennis Day bypassed all the career girls he’d dated and married Margaret Ellen Almquist. The answer is pure American traditional: Peggy’s the girl next door. Or almost. And as far as careers go, she’s got one: homemaking for the Dennis Days.

_A Day in the Life of Dennis Day is heard on NBC, Wed., 8 P.M. EDT._
Perfect wedding: nervous groom, radiant bride, kindly Father John Mullan

By ROBBIN COONS

Dennis was like any other bachelor: he had his list of wife-specifications.
But one day he became an exception. He met the girl who filled them!

This is the story of an even more special day in the life of Dennis Day.

It's the tale of a bridegroom who did not forget the wedding ring, and of a bride whose very first biscuits were neither burned to a crisp nor stony-hard; of a wedding that was "simply beautiful" and of a honeymoon that was brief but perfect—unless you count as imperfections such minor details as the car radiator that froze in the night, the mountain lion that got away, and the lamb chops that played iceberg . . .

The story began, actually, when Boy met Girl. That was two years ago.
Margaret Ellen Almquist was the daughter of family friends of Dennis's folks, the McNulty's. She lived in Lynwood, a pleasant community close to (Continued on page 82)
By way of the oil-scented bower of an Indian potentate's favorite dancing girl, of a lion-infested farm in the Himalayan mountains, and of a big-hearted Iowa town—that's how our "Traveler of the Month" came to us.

She's Grace Arnold, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a British aristocrat and a dark-eyed Indian dancing girl, and the true story that she told our coast-to-coast party sounded like a potpourri of Rudyard Kipling, Cecil B. DeMille and the Arabian Nights. It will be many months of travelers before I forget this pretty young lady. Also, I won't forget the family of modern pioneers who had brought Grace from India to America, and who were returning with her to the Himalayas. They are Mr. and Mrs. Max Strong and their three young children—a family that calls Atlantic, Iowa, its American home, but spends most of its time on a mission farm in India.

I'll get ahead of my story a little and tell you this: Mr. and Mrs. Strong had brought Grace to America because they feared she was going to be kidnapped in India, kidnapped by a Mohammedan brother who resented her conversion to Christianity and planned to return her, by night, to the walled, veiled world of Mohammedan women. Getting the idea that eighteen-year-old Grace had quite a story?

Grace's father was William Canning Arnold, son of Sir Edward Arnold, a British nobleman and man of letters. The younger Arnold had made his way to India, and finally to the province of Bhopal. There, in a way that Grace couldn't explain, he met an Indian woman of great beauty—the No. One dancing girl of the powerful Nwab of Bhopal.

The romance of this impetuous young Britisher and the fiery daughter of a world of harems was a brave flame, burning despite the disapproval of both Indians and Englishmen. Young Arnold married his dancing girl, and they had two children, Grace and her older brother. Grace led a happy life until her seventh year. But then Arnold was knifed and murdered in a senseless brawl, and for a time the English half of Grace Arnold also was dead.

Her mother returned to her old benefactor, the Nwab of Bhopal. As a dancing girl of beauty, as a prime favorite who glided from behind a screen to entertain the Nwab and his guests at important banquets, Grace's mother rated much comfort. She and her children had their own house and gardens near that of the Nwab, and there were servants to attend all their needs. This went on for a year, until the spirited dancing girl fell ill with malaria.

By Tommy Bartlett

This Welcome Travelers story is told for Radio Mirror by the program's M.C. Hear it daily at 12 N., EDT, on ABC.
and died despite all the care of the Nwab's physicians.

The Nwab felt kindly toward the two little orphans, and Grace and her brother stayed on with him, protected by him and tutored to take their places in the Mohamme-dan world.

In England, however, their father's family had other plans. A prim, British spinster of an aunt—parasol and all—decided that Grace was to return to Britain and enter Mayfair society. The aunt made her way to India, found Grace and tried to hide her disapproval of the girl's mode of living while inviting her to return to England. To Grace, however, this woman was an envoy from an alien world, and she wanted to stay in her own Mohammedan world. And the aunt, still clutching that parasol, returned to England alone.

Some time later, Grace told me, she was converted to Christianity. And with her conversion came a desire to leave the Nwab and live among the people whom she now called her own.

Just how Grace parted from the Nwab is not clear. Anyway, one night Grace and her brother were taken out of Bhopal and guided to a unique farm at Champawat, United Provinces, India. And at that farm she met, for the first time, the Strong family.

Let me tell you about that farm. It was founded by a missionary group to take care of the children of British fathers and Indian mothers, the children of broken homes who could find no place for themselves in the rigid caste life of India. Maxon Strong, who had been sent to India by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions as an Agricultural Engineer, ran the farm with his wife's help. Their three children were born there, in a patch of clear land encircled by jungles, by tigers and wild pigs and leopards, by mysterious night sounds from the menacing underbrush.

Here the British-Indian children worked, took Bible lessons, got academic training and prepared to take useful places in the world. Here the (Continued on page 99)
As every radio listener by this time knows, it's a far, loud cry from the old childhood game called Truth or Consequences to the version that is played Saturday nights at 8:30 EDT on NBC. There are lots of differences, and not the least of these is that the stakes you play for in the radio game are so large they stagger the imagination. You remember, for instance, Mrs. Florence Hubbard, whose story you read in June Radio Mirror ... winner of the Walking Man Contest, she walked away with almost $23,000 worth of fabulous prizes. That's one reason why Truth or Consequences contests normally arouse as much public tension as an international crisis—and much more fun! And that's why we chose this program for your front-row studio seats this month.

Well then, here you are in Hollywood, in comfort-
able, colorful NBC Radio City Studio E, close enough to the stage to see more than the average studio guest of what's going on up there. Background to the action is formed by gleaming refrigerators and other desirable odds and ends, a mere fraction of the contestant's possible winnings.

The people you see are, left to right: Al Pascal, production manager; Fred Carney, assistant production manager; Floyd Holm, supervisor of the program for the Compton Advertising Agency; Phil Davis, one of the writers; Ralph Edwards, in the midst of putting the feathered contestant through his paces; standing at right, Ed Bailey, the program's director. Sitting behind Mr. Bailey, more contestants wait their turn.

Now, which do you pick: truth, or consequences? Either way, you win!
As every radio listener by this time knows, it's a far, loud cry from the old childhood game called Truth or Consequences to the version that is played Saturday nights at 8:30 EDT on NBC. There are lots of differences, and not the least of these is that the stakes you play for in the radio game are so large they stagger the imagination. You remember, for instance, Mrs. Florence Hubbard, whose story you read in June Radio Mirror ... winner of the Walkertown Man Contest, she walked away with almost $3,000 worth of fabulous prizes. That's one reason why Truth or Consequences contests normally arouse so much public tension as an international crisis—is much more fun! And that's why we chose this program for your front-row studio seats this month.

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Now, which do you pick: Truth, or Consequences?

Either way, you win!
The secret of a cool summer for the family cook lies right in the salad bowl. Not “rabbit food,” but real food can come out of it: combine a hearty base with frilly greens, and there you are!
I am anyone who really likes to cook in hot weather. I don't, so I plan my meals to come out of the refrigerator. This only takes an hour or two of work in the morning in the kitchen. It is cool then and I get most of the day's cooking out of the way.

A big hearty salad, hot rolls or biscuits and a long cool drink often settle my supper problem. The secret of this is to make that salad a hearty one. I make it with a base of meat, cheese or fish and plenty of fresh vegetables. Fruit salads are my favorites for lunch. For the dressing I like just plain sour cream. Lots of people think that sour cream tastes sour. It doesn't really—it just has a tang that goes perfectly with all kinds of fruit. Gelatine salads, too, are good warm weather dishes. I like them because they are so versatile, you can make so many interesting and delicious dishes from them. Here are my favorite summer recipes. All of them keep the kitchen cool.

**CHEF'S SALAD BOWL**

1 cup shredded lettuce
1 cup shredded romaine
1 cup shredded cabbage
1 bunch watercress
1/2 cup luncheon meat or tongue cut in strips
4 hard cooked eggs, cut in wedges
1/4 pound American cheese, cut in strips
1/2 teaspoon dried thyme
2 tomatoes, sliced or wedged
Mayonnaise or French dressing

Combine crisp greens, add to meat, eggs, cheese and thyme. Toss together lightly. Arrange tomatoes and chill thoroughly. Serve with hot dressing and refrigerator rolls and butter. Makes 6 servings.

**FRANKFURTER POTATO SALAD**

6 medium sized potatoes, 1/2 cup minced dill pickle
peeled, cooked and diced 3 frankfurters, cooked
1/2 cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons minced onion 1 teaspoon dry mustard
6 radishes, sliced

Combine potatoes, celery, onion, radishes and pickle. Skin frankfurters, slice and add to potato mixture. Add salt, mustard and enough mayonnaise to blend. Cover and chill well. Serve on lettuce. Makes 6 servings.

**FRESH FRUIT SALAD**

1 tablespoon plain gelatine 1/4 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cups diced or sliced fresh
1 1/2 cups water 1/2 cups orange juice (do not use fresh pineapple)
3/4 cup orange juice 1/2 cup diced celery

Combine gelatine, sugar, water, orange and lemon juice in a saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling, over low heat. Stir until sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in fruit and celery. Turn into 6 individual custard cups or one large mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise. Makes 6 servings.

**GRAPEFRUIT RING FILLED WITH SHRIMP SALAD**

2 tablespoons plain gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
3 cups sweetened grapefruit juice
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 cup strained lemon juice
Watercress
2 cups shrimp salad

Combine gelatine and cold water. Add to grapefruit juice. Add the orange juice and lemon juice. Bring to boiling over low (Continued on page 103)

**By KATE SMITH**

*RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR*

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks at 12 Noon each weekday, on stations of the Mutual network.
AFTERWARD, Rosemary couldn't recall that winter, that brief and perfect season of her marriage, without remembering also the "Liebestod" filling the living room at home with the glorious, tragic love music of Tristan and Isolde... without remembering Joyce Miller's radiant face across a luncheon table.

Both Rosemary and her friend had their full share of joy that day, and both for the same reason. Nothing could touch them. The people at the tables around them, the holiday shoppers bunching their shoulders against the stinging wind outside, had no part in their private, blissful world.

"Now," said Rosemary, "tell me about it—all your wonderful news."

"It's this." Joyce hesitated, as if she were almost fearful of putting so much happiness into words. "Will you be my maid of honor?"

"So soon?" Rosemary gasped. "You're already making plans—"

Joyce nodded. "I hope it's going to be next week. Dick's final decree will come through any minute now, and then we'll wait a few days, and then Dick wants us to get married. Wants me," she finished in an awed voice, "to become Mrs. Dick Phillips."

"But next week! Oh, Joycey, I'm afraid—"

"Don't say you can't!" Joyce interrupted swiftly. "You've suffered with me through this whole thing, Rosemary, and I just couldn't get married without you."

"But I may not be here next week," Rosemary protested. "I may be in Chicago."

"Chicago! What for?"

"Because of Bill," Rosemary explained. "He's got to go up there. There's someone who wants to see him, to find out if he's a son or a brother missing in action. He made the same kind of test here at the hospital the other day. And of course he'd never seen the woman before, nor had she ever seen him. I'm sure the same thing will happen in Chicago. But there's always that chance—that slim chance—that it may be somebody who is out of his past."

It hurt, talking about Bill's past, even to as good a friend as Joyce Miller. It hurt to think that he'd had a young lifetime which she knew nothing about, which Bill himself knew nothing about. It would have been frightening, had she let herself be afraid. But because she loved him, her heart saw him whole, complete, even though her mind knew that Bill's memory went hardly further than his coming to Springdale and to the care of Dr. Jim Cotter—hardly beyond his coming to the Dawson house, where Dr. Jim had placed him.

"He's going to Chicago." Joyce repeated, "and you're going with him?"

"I want to," Rosemary answered. "I think I should. But Dr. Jim and Bill don't want me to go. They want to go alone."

"Then let them," Joyce pleaded, "so you can be here for my wedding."

Rosemary smiled at her, and yet wondered at the gap that could exist even between friends as close as Joyce and she. But then, she couldn't expect Joyce to understand how she felt about the wall that divided Bill Roberts from his past. Joyce's troubles with Dick had been entirely different. Dick's life was an open book—perhaps too open. President of the bank in Springdale, husband of Emily Phillips... No, Joyce hadn't had an easy time of it, working side by side with Dick at the bank, loving him—so hopelessly, it had seemed at first.

"Joycey," she said gently, "you know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. But I have to be near Bill. He went through a test last night at our house..." She stared at her plate, seeing instead the comfortable living room of the Cape Cod bungalow on the Newton Road, and her mother and Dr. Jim, and Bill. Hearing the tremendous and painful beauty of the "Liebestod" pouring out of the phonograph.

"We'd been window shopping that afternoon, Bill and I," she went on. "Day-dreaming about the things we'd have when we were married. Then Bill said, "We'll have a wonderful record library. My favorite is Tristan and Isolde. I love the 'Liebestod.' I love..." And then he stopped, realizing that he was remembering something out of his past—and he couldn't bring back any more of it. He remem-
went before it; all the joy of that glorious day when at last her cup of happiness brimmed full!

bered a room and a fire and a radio playing softly, and that was all. So—after we got home that night, I played the 'Liebestod.' Dr. Jim was there, and he thought it was a good idea, thought it would help Bill remember more. It didn't—but it threw him into a terrible panic. He was pale and shaking—"

Rosemary herself looked a little pale at the recollection. Joyce spoke quickly. "Then of course you have to go to Chicago with him. Rosemary, I didn't realize it was so important—"

"It's terribly important," said Rosemary slowly. "The least little thing might upset his balance, might even cause the present to blot out. And oh, Joycey, sometimes in my dreams I have nightmares when I think Bill doesn't know me. doesn't remember who I am—"

"Maybe I can put off our wedding for a few days," said Joyce. "You'll come back very soon, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," Rosemary nodded confidently. "The chances are a million to one that it'll be no one related to Bill.

In that case, we'll take the very next train back to Springdale. And I'll feel that we've put one more hurdle behind us. You see, Joycey, it's the shock of his suddenly being confronted with someone or something out of his past that I'm afraid of. I can't help feeling that he'll be all right if his memory returns gradually—as it is returning. Almost every day some little fragment of something comes to him."

"And when he does remember everything and know who he is—" Joyce smiled.

"When he does," Rosemary's laughter spilled over at the thought, "Mother and Dr. Jim and Bill himself can't have any more objections to our getting married. We're going to have the most wonderful life in the world."

"I know," Joyce's laugh echoed hers. "Oh, Rosemary, it's such fun to have you feel the same way I do, to know you can't live without a man, just as I can't live without Dick. Look at all those people on the street. Do you suppose they all feel the way we do, are as happy and as grateful as we are? I'm sure they're not. Because I had..."
"Bless This Ring"

Dr. Jim Cotter
(Charles Penman)

Mother Dawson
(Marian Baney)

such a miserable life—I never had love at all until I met Dick.”

“And it was just the opposite for me,” said Rosemary softly. “I’ve had love all my life—Mother, and Patti, and Dr. Jim, who’s been almost like a father to me. And yet, I never came alive until I met Bill.”

“We’ve found what everybody else is looking for,” Joyce said. “We’ve been so lucky. This isn’t just the everyday thing. It’s—”

“The sort of thing you read about in books but never expect to feel yourself,” Rosemary finished for her. “Oh, Joyce, I must be crazy.

They smiled at each other. They couldn’t stop smiling, not with their cup of happiness brimming full. And yet, there was more to come for Rosemary that very day.

Bill called for her in the late afternoon, when the office was deserted and the street was quiet in the blue winter twilight. Rosemary had been telephoning. She put down the receiver as he came in.

“That was Dr. Jim,” she said. “He’s coming over after dinner to give me some more reasons as to why I shouldn’t go with you to Chicago.”

Bill had put his hands on her shoulders, had been about to kiss her. Now his hands remained where they were, but his face set seriously.

“But, darling, we settled that. I told you I didn’t want you to go. As a favor to me, please wait here for me.”

“Why, Bill?” She searched his face, knowing every line of it, loving every line of it, even the lost and wistful expression that was sometimes there, even when it was set and forbidden as it was now. “Is there something special about this trip that you haven’t told me about? You said yourself last night when that music upset you—You said that having me there helped. You know you did.”

“Rosemary—” For a moment he couldn’t go on, not with her troubled, candid eyes fixed upon his. He couldn’t lie to her; neither could he stand there and see her love betrayed by telling her the truth. “Will you trust me,” he asked, “when I say I don’t want you—that I’ve my own reasons, and I’m not going to tell them to you. No matter how hard you beg nor how much you try to get around them.”

Then there is something!” Her hands came up, curled hard around his wrists. “There’s something special about this trip—why don’t you tell me what it is? You know that every little thing that happens to you is so terribly important to me—”

“I’ll tell you one thing,” he said steadily, “that I love you more than anything else on this earth, more than any other man ever loved a woman. And that I’ve counted the minutes all day until I could get here and see you and talk to you and kiss you—”

She melted against him, could no more have held herself away than she could have stopped breathing. For a little space they were one; all the fact of their love shut out everything else; all her fears for him, his own miserable inability to accept the love she offered. Then Rosemary broke away, biting her lips to still their shaking.

“You’re not going to put me off that way,” she said. “I’m not going to be sidetracked by loving to have you hold me and kiss me. Bill, tell me what it is, why you’re going—”

He made himself laugh, as if the secret were a small one, made himself say lightly, “Come on, it’s late. We’re going to dinner, we’re going to pick up our pictures, we’re going to have fun.”

“Fun? When you won’t tell me—”

“Come on. Get your coat—” Then he got it for her and she let him put it on her because his arms came with it for a moment. “Hat next. Gloves—no, never mind your other glove. I’ll put your hand in my pocket and keep it warm. We’ve got to get some place before it closes.”


He maneuvered her, laughing and protesting, out of the office, into the street. They passed a few doors, turned into a still lighted shop.

“Why it’s Smith’s,” she exclaimed. “Whatever—? Good evening, Mr. Smith.”

Pete Smith came forward, beaming at her over the cases of watches and rings. He had a special place in his heart for the Dawson girls, a very special place for their mother, Susy.

“I want a ring for Rosemary,” Bill said. “The very best and most beautiful solitaire you have?”

“Bill!” she gasped. “You mustn’t! I won’t let you—”

“Well, now—” Bill said. “Tell me the truth. I’ll be glad to show you, only it doesn’t often anyone comes in and asks for the best I have. Usually young folks are buying on a budget.”

“So are we,” said Rosemary firmly. “For that matter, I hadn’t even thought of a ring—”

“I have,” said Bill. “And we’re not on a budget, not when it comes to Rosemary’s ring.”

“Well, now—” He slid back the showcase door, closed it again, turned to the safe behind him. “I have here something very beautiful that was left with me to sell. Only thing is, the price—”

Rosemary caught her breath at the flashing stone that was set down on the square of black velvet before her. Bill was watching her closely as he asked, “Like it? It’s simply gorgeous—but not for me? Why, it must be two carats, at least!”

“I believe it is,” Mr. Smith agreed. “And it has a happy history. The lady who brought it in said she was very happy wearing it that she hoped that whoever bought it would be very happy, too.”

Bill slipped it on her finger. “It’s your ring,” he said. “It’s perfect for you. I won’t let you have any other.”

Rosemary didn’t believe it at first. She felt a little as if Bill had shown her Buckingham Palace. Profiting and had told her that he was buying it for her to live in. When she did believe it, she protested vehemently, and in vain. Bill and Mr. Smith retired to the back room to settle the business end of the sale. Rosemary was left alone with her ring.

It flashed at her through a dazzling mist. Her eyes were wet; her throat ached unendurably. That Bill cared so much for her, wanted so much for her ... and then the mist cleared. The ring meant something—it was more than an engagement ring. With it, Bill was trying to tell her something, something he couldn’t put into words. He was asking her to believe in him, to believe on all his questions, to understand that, no matter what happened, their love was as changeless as the imperishable stone.

“Bill,” she asked as they left the shop, “if for any reason you were going to stay away from me for a length of time, you’d tell me, wouldn’t you?”

“I never want to stay away from you for a single minute, Rosemary. You know that.”

He spoke soberly, and her heart quickened at the words, at the tenderness in his voice. But her question remained unanswered. She persisted.

“I know that, but you’re not answering me. Bill. Can’t you answer? Why?”

“Because I don’t know, Rosemary,” he said patiently. “I don’t know what will be the result of the trip—”

“But whatever it is, you’ll come straight back here and tell me about it, won’t you?”

“Rosemary, how can I tell how I’ll act, when I don’t know what my destiny will decide? No one but God knows what’s ahead of me—ahead of us. All I know is that I have this moment—now—to be happy with you, to forget what may or what may not come. Rosemary, I’m right now, looking down into her face under the street light. Again, I felt her trying to reach her, felt the unspeaked plea. “Help me, Rosemary,” he said, “to be happy this moment. Darling, help me to get all that I can out of right now—”

Her hand was cradled in his inside his overcoat pocket. Her thumb moved, touched the ring as she would touch a
talisman. The touch of it brought instant reassurance.

“Oh, yes, Bill,” she said. “Of course I will. And I won't beg you any more to take me with you. I won't say another word about it. We'll just be happy now, enough for all the rest of our time. You know that's what I want to do more than anything else.”

They called it their perfect night. The proofs of the pictures they'd had taken the night before at the little shop near the station so delighted them that they granted the photographers and allowed themselves to be snapped in his property automobile, with Rosemary dangling her hand over the side so that her ring would show. They took running slides, like children, on an icy patch of sidewalk, and called Rosemary, sometimes I think you just don't appreciate the finer— isn't that the telephone?

Rosemary laughed. “I don't think he looked so wistful tonight when he was throwing stones down my neck on Anderson's Hill.”

Patti gazed at her round-eyed, reproachful face. Rosemary, sometimes I think you just don't appreciate the finer— isn't that the telephone?

Rosemary listened, and swung her feet to the floor. “It is. How funny at this time of night—”

Bill and her mother had heard it, too, but Rosemary reached the telephone first. It took a moment for her to recognize the voice that came over the wire, so changed was it from when she had heard it.

“Rosemary— Rosemary.” It was Joyce. “Something terrible has happened—”

Patti waited as long as she could bear to wait. She heard her sister's shocked exclamation, but the rest of the one-sided conversation ran past her like a mist has been.

“I've got to go to her, Bill, and I think I'd better spend the night. Joyce is in a terrible state. You see, Dick didn't even tell Joyce about it as soon as it happened. He made all the arrangements to go to the Coast, had a car drive him to the junction, and didn't call Joyce until he was at the junction waiting for a train. She feels—she can't help feeling—that he's simply turned his back on her...”

Dr. Jim Cotter heard about it the next morning he dropped in for an early cup of coffee in the Dawson kitchen. He sipped his coffee and listened with somber eyes while Mrs. Dawson talked.

“You don't know any details, Susy, except that Emily was alone in the car when it happened?” he asked.

She shook her head. “No, Bill took Rosemary over to Joyce last night, and that's all he knew when he came back. Whatever you're thinking, Jim, don't say it, for Joyce's sake.”

All right, I won't—but I'll think it. Susy. Knowing how Emily felt about Dick, knowing that her life practically ended when she parted from him... .

“Call him. He's in the dining room, having breakfast with Patti.” She got up and went to the swinging door that separated the rooms and paused there, her hand on the glass panel, her head bowed. (Continued on page 85)
**Eve Young** who is heard as the singing bridesmaid on NBC's Honeymoon in New York, Mondays through Fridays at 9:00 A.M. EDT, comes from a musical family. She has two sisters and six brothers, all of whom sing and most of whom can play several instruments. Eve acquired her singing experience with Joe Reichman's Band.

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**Inside Radio**

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME

For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

**SUNDAY**

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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | World Front News | Pilgrim Hour | Texas Jim Robertson | C.F. Rolfe |
| 12:15 | Eternal Light | Lutherian Hour | On Trial | People's Platform |
| 12:30 | America United | William L. Shiner | Sam Pettengill | Doorway To Life |
| 12:45 | Chicago Round Table | Stan Luxum | National Vespers | Tell It Again |

| 1:00 | Musical Program | Army Air Force Show | This Week Around the World | CBS Is There |
| 1:15 | Robert Gerrard | Bill Cunningham | Mr. President, Dreams | E. O. Roper |
| 1:30 | Eddy Howard | Ernie Lee's Omega Show | Lassie Drama | CBS Symphony Orch. |
| 1:45 | One Man's Family | Juvenile Jury | The Almanac | Greek Revival |

| 2:00 | The Quiz Kids | House of Mystery | Speak Up America | Eileen Farrell |
| 2:15 | News Living | True Detective | Thinking Aloud |！ |
| 2:30 | Ford Show | The Shadow | Treasury Agent | Janette Divis |
| 2:45 |     | Quick As A Flash | Here's To You | Hour Of Charm |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | The Catholic Hour | Those Websters | Drew Pearson | Family Hour |
| 6:30 |     |     | Greatest Story Ever Told | Man Called X |
| 6:45 |     |     |     |     |
| 7:00 | Jack Benny | Sherlock Holmes | I Love Adventure | Gene Autry |
| 7:15 | Band Wagon | Behind The Front Page | The Clock | Blondie |
| 7:30 |     |     |     | Man Called X |
| 7:45 |     |     |     |     |
| 8:00 | Robert Shaw's Chorale | A. L. Alexander | Stop the Music | Man Called X |
| 8:15 |     | Jimmie Fidler | Rose | Man Called X |
| 8:30 | Manhattan Merry Go-Round | Meet Me At Parry's | Walter Winchell | Strike It Rich |
| 8:45 | American Album | Jim Backus Show | Leon Parson | Theatre Guild |
| 9:00 |     | Voice Of Strings | Latin American Serenade | Jimmie Fidler |
| 9:15 |     |     |     |     |
| 9:30 |     | Voice Of Strings |     |     |
| 9:45 |     |     |     |     |

**MONDAY**

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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Harkness of Washington | Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks | Welcome Travelers |
| 12:15 | Telegraph | U. S. Service Band | Victor H. Lindlar | Wendy Warren |
| 12:30 |      |     |     | Aunt Jenny |
| 12:45 |     |     |     | Helen Trent |
| 1:00 | Lunchen With Lopin | Bob McNichol | Happy Gane | Big Brother |
| 1:15 |     |       | Chuck Valve | Young Mr. Malone |
| 1:30 | Radio Show | Robert McCormick | Checkerboard Jamboree | The Guiding Light |
| 1:45 |     |       |        |        |

| 2:00 | Today's Children | Women In White | Queen For A Day | Mabel McNulty |
| 2:15 |     |       |        | Second Mrs. Burton |
| 2:30 |     |       |        | Perry Mason |
| 2:45 |     |       |        | This Is Nora Drake |
| 3:00 |     |       |        | Rose Of My Dreams |
| 3:15 |     |       |        |        |

| 3:30 |     |       |        |        |
| 3:45 |     |       |        |        |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | John Maclean | Sketches In Melody | Local Programs | Local Programs |
| 6:15 |     |       |     | Eric Severid |
| 6:30 |     |       |     | In My Opinion |
| 6:45 |     |       |     | The Chiropractic |
| 7:00 |     |       |     | Lowell Thomas |
| 7:15 |     |       |     |        |
| 7:30 |     |       |     |        |
| 7:45 |     |       |     |        |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 10:00 |     |       |     |        |
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| 10:30 |     |       |     |        |

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**Michael Raffetto** is a member of the California Bar Association and of the cast of One Man's Family.
RUSS EMERY started his singing career after graduating from high school in Pawtucket, R.I. He enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps and saw active service at Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, Guan and the Marianas. After the war he sang with Dick Stabile’s orchestra. He’s now heard on Her’s To You, Sundays, 5:15 P.M. EDT.

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| 6:30 | 6:45 | Sketches in Melody | Tark 
| 6:00 | 6:15 | Sunoco News | The Chicagoans |
| 6:30 | 6:45 | Local Programs | Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00 | 7:15 | Chesterfield Club | Seth Leonard |
| 7:30 | 7:45 | News of the World |fulton Lewis, R. |
| 7:50 | 8:00 | R Original News | Alvin Hefner |
| 7:50 | 8:00 | Sunoco News | Local Programs |
| 8:05 | 8:15 | Insiore of Sports | Headline Edition |
| 8:30 | 8:45 | Sports | Emmer Davis |
| 8:05 | 8:15 | Mysterious Traveler | Green Hurnet Drama |
| 8:30 | 8:45 | Dolores Day | Radio City |
| 8:30 | 8:45 | Oficial Detective | Jack MacVane |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | Billy Rose | Bob Crosby Show |
| 9:15 | 9:30 | Gabriel Heatter | Edward R. Murrow |
| 9:30 | 9:45 | Radio Newsreel | Old Time Radio |
| 10:00 | 10:15 | Bob Hope | Men's Life |
| 10:30 | 10:45 | Red Skelton | Big Ten |

EILEEN PALMER portrays Frances Brent on Road of Life, NBC, weekday mornings at 10:30, EDT. She won her first radio audition by being the only contestant with an uncultivated voice. Eileen has become well-known in radio for her “hard woman” characterization and has worked up a large following of fan mail writers—most of whom request that she be dropped from the program’s cast immediately.
**ROBERT SHAW—left Pomona College, California, in 1938 to direct the Fred Waring Glee Club and remained with Waring until 1945. During that period, he also directed a choral group for Billy Rose’s Aquacade at the New York World’s Fair in 1939 and 1940. He is choral director for RCA-Victor and for the Juilliard School of Music in New York. Listen to his superb Robert Shaw Chorale (30 voices) on Sundays at 8:00 P.M., EDT, on NBC.**

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### THURSDAY

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<th>M.S.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>The Trumpetmen &amp; Jack Almond Trio</td>
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<td>Honeymoon in N.Y.</td>
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<td>Clevelanders</td>
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<td>Nelson Olmsted</td>
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<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
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<td>This is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Katie’s Daughter</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>Lawrence Welk</td>
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<td>Bob Hope Show</td>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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**ARLENE FRANCIS—was reared in a stimulating family environment—her father is the well-known portrait photographer Aram Kazanjian, and her uncle is a Harvard professor. Arlene was m.c. on Phil Spitalny’s all-girl orchestra for 39 weeks. She was the first woman ever permitted to announce the name of the network at the station break. She’s on the air with Ben Grauer, Sundays at 9:00 P.M., EDT, on ABC.**
Finding a radio-phonograph combination to go into an Early American room is a bit of a problem unless you've already seen Spartan's Early American chest in mahogany veneer. Opening the doors of the Spartan Model 1003, you'll find an AM-FM radio, an automatic record player and twin matched speakers. There's also ample storage space for record albums.

Making your own records, either of your favorite radio program or your own voice, can be a fascinating hobby. A home recorder that is also combined with a record player, an AM-FM radio and a beautiful bleached mahogany cabinet, is the Recordio Towne. This set records on discs and features push button selection of program or recorder.

All-purpose Recordio Towne: about $400.

If you've been building your record collection at a fast pace, try the Peerless Visible Index Album. The titles of the records in the album are written or typed on a ruled strip so that the contents can be seen at a glance. The index is under cellophane and can be easily removed. An extra ruled strip is supplied with every album. 10-inch album is $2.00, 12-inch, $2.20. Each holds 12 records.

A modestly priced small radio that is perfect for that "extra set" use in bedroom, guest room or kitchen, is the Sentinel model 314-E. This midget is actually an AC-DC superheterodyne set with a built-in aerial. It contains a 5-inch speaker and comes in a streamlined ebony bakelite cabinet. It's quite low priced, which makes it even better.
the kids," executive director Felix Gomez told me. "His temperament is just suited for them. He seems to have as good a time as they do when he is with them. He gets out on the field and plays ball with them, goes on the merry-go-round with them, pushes them in the swings, holds them in his arms, rubs noses with them. The truth is that they never regard him as their benefactor. They look on him more as a good-natured, playful big brother."

The letterhead of the Lou Costello Junior Youth Foundation boasts mighty impressive nomenclature—Costello is there as president, and his sidekick, Bud Abbott right behind as secretary-treasurer. Judge Samuel R. Blake, who presided at many prominent cases of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, is listed as vice-president; Judge William B. McKesson, a member of the California Youth Authority and another former Juvenile Court jurist, is down as second vice-president.

Judges, police officials, educators, religious leaders, public office holders and important civic figures are on the roster as directors and advisory board members.

In spite of the attacks on Costello, they've all remained. The rumors have failed to produce one resignation from the ranks!

Two pertinent questions should be asked: How did Lou Costello get into this? What has he gotten out of it?

Costello did not conceive of the Youth Foundation, as is commonly supposed, out of grief for his son, Lou Costello, Jr., who drowned at the age of one in October 1943 in the family swimming pool in San Fernando Valley. The idea had been born before the tragedy—in a bed of pain.

In March of 1943, Lou Costello was a very sick man. Rheumatic fever confined him to bed. Hundreds of letters from young fans, many suffering the same disease, touched him. He wanted to show his appreciation. Why not open a lavish community recreation center for kids?

Seven months later—in October—Lou was well enough to get out of bed. The first time since he had been stricken. Throughout his convalescence, he had broadened plans for a youth center.

The day the barrel-bodied laughmaker left his bed was the day that his son drowned.

Many in their despair would have forsaken the youth project. Costello was never depressed, he never was. Abbott tried to comfort his partner. He suggested naming the projected foundation after Lou Costello Junior.

"It would be a living memorial to the boy," Bud said.

That's how Costello got into youth work. That's how the institution got its name.

What has he gotten out of it?

Many things. Fun, without doubt. For it is no hardship for Costello to be among kids. He loves them. Satisfaction, plenty of it. What man wouldn't surge with pride to see a grand scheme conceived in illness grow into a pulsing reality covering three city acres? Bills, loads of them. Ask the men who keep the books. Problems, too, by the dozens.

And publicity, to be sure. Without publicity no such endeavor could hope to carry on effectively. The foundation thrives on publicity, and since it carries Lou's name there is no way short of mock modesty that he can avoid sharing in it.

Six months after the vast recreation and character building center opened its doors, the Los Angeles Police Department announced a 17 per cent decrease in juvenile delinquency for the area served by the foundation.

In Hollywood recently, a national charity in no way connected with the youth foundation, held a meeting among figures prominent in the film city and called for pledges. A renowned entertainer jumped out of his seat and yelled, "I will raise a million dollars for the fund."

"I don't want to know what you're going to raise," the chairman said. "I want to know what you're going to give."

Lou Costello measures up to that blunt yardstick. He and Bud Abbott have done more than barmstorm the country raising funds for the youth foundation. They have contributed funds. Gotten them up out of their own pockets.

Seventy-five per cent of the $380,000 that erected the main building, swimming pool and playing fields of the foundation came from Abbott and Costello's own purses.

They rolled up their sleeves and laid down their greenbacks. They scoured vast Los Angeles from one end to the other for months before they found a suitable site in the teeming Hollenbeck district of the city's vast eastern side. There was where the need and the challenge were greatest. There poverty and minority identity were right above the heads of hundreds of children daily into the lists of the delinquent. There property owners were suffering the greatest damage from vandalism. There broken hearts were the greatest damage from wayward offspring.

There the cry of anguish was heard louder than anywhere else in the City of Angels. There in the squalor was a bit-and-hat-run philanthropists who sip a tape at a widely hailed dedication or dig up a shovel full of dirt at a cornerstone planting while newreel cameras grind, is given to skepticism, it cannot be blamed.

Costello was no fair weather benefactor. He came to dedicate, true, but he remained to sweat and serve and subsidize. Keeping the foundation going for the past two years has kept Costello one step ahead of the sheriff. There is no demand that he is assumed. He has had to take on such an intensive work schedule that his doctors refuse to be responsible for the consequences.

What exactly does Costello believe in the work of the foundation. He lives it, breathes it, and, no doubt, dreams it. It is out of Costello's own thinking that the following words were penned for all to see its democratic purpose:

"All who come here have been created equal, and will be given equal privileges regardless of race, color or creed."

Nor is this an empty statement of philosophy. No more polyglot group lives so harmoniously under one roof anywhere. Time and room is given strictly along lines of democratic self-government. The children enact and enforce their own rules. They run the foundation like a little city. They hold elections for posts on the junior board of directors, for mayor, common council, prosecuting attorney, city judge, business manager and treasurer.

But it has to be said that the foundation's future was in doubt. Costello's funds had run low. Financial support from the general public had been disappointing. At one time the comedian's plight, several well known organized charities offered repeatedly to take over the financial obligations of the foundation. But, out of respect for these groups pleaded with Costello that it was too much of a burden for him to bear by himself. They assured him that the operation, name and principles of the foundation were to be unchanged.

Here was an easy, honorable way out for Costello, but he rejected it flatly.

His business manager and friends tried to persuade him to reconsider. Costello blew his top. "You can all quit anytime you like." (Cont'd on page 76)
Afiss Mover bujPojvt Her lovely face speaks joyously for this charming young daughter of Wilmington's first family.

Her lovely face speaks joyously for this charming young daughter of Wilmington's first family.

**Miss Nancy du Pont**

"Your skin looks wonderful after this 'Outside-Inside' face treatment—she says"

The Inner You shining through is what makes your face something special and distinctive. But—never belittle the way a truly lovely skin sends this face of yours to meet the world with glowing charm and a happy confidence.

**A New Face Treatment**

Like a window your skin has two sides—and caring for one only is not enough. Pond's—from the constant study of the needs of facial skin—now brings you this stimulating "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of your skin at once.

From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream is the tool you use. It wraps softly around dirt, dry skin particles as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away as you tissue off.

From the Inside—this treatment stimulates skin circulation in every step. Tiny blood vessels quicken to greater activity.

At bedtime always (and for day face-cleansings, too)—give your skin Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—like this:

**Hot Stimulation**

Press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against your face—to stimulate blood flow to your skin.

**Two Creamings—to "condition" skin**

1) Cleanse... Work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face to sweep dirt from pore openings. Tissue off well.

2) Rinse... With more Pond's massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt, smooth the day's tired lines. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**

A tonic splash of cold water.

Now... see the new look in your face! Sparkling cleanliness! Velvet softness! Cheeks sweet and pink! You'll never want to skip this face treatment—because it really works!

Remember... the YOU that others see first is in your face.

It is not just vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. When you look lovely, you gain in confidence, glowing charm. Everyone you meet responds warmly. The true inner YOU is brought closer to others.
At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl...so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to produce a new wave of sweat, Arrid, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember —no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet safely as Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smoothly on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39c plus tax.

(Continued from page 74) he roared, "but I'm not quitting. I started this thing and I'm going to see it through though it if costs me my last cent."

Nobody quit.

A dream of four years—a radio program fighting juvenile delinquency by glorifying good citizenship—was realized in December, '47 when ABC donated a coast-to-coast half hour every Saturday morning for The Abbott and Costello Show. Format of this program was worked out by Lou and his bulky, good natured kid-show producer and writer, Ed Forman, four years earlier when a cigarette company was planning The Abbott and Costello Show. While the comedians were playing an Army camp in Tucson, Arizona, Lou and Forman developed the details.

Costello couldn't wait to get going. But the sponsor vetoed the package. The company did not want to court public wrath by permitting a children's program to be associated with cigarettes.

When Abbott and Costello moved over to ABC in 1947 on a cooperatively sponsored transcontinental half hour show Wednesday evenings, Costello revived the kid show idea.

Costello, Forman and ABC West Coast officials, J. Donald Wilson and Bud Edwards, met at Costello's Hollywood home. The ABC emissaries snapped up the project as a public service.

Lou came to the studios early and remained late so that he could spend more time with the children. He walked up and down the aisles, scoping infants into his arms, playing with the kids, joking with them and conversing with them, becoming all the time with unashamed pleasure. He did these things, mind you, when there was not a reporter or cameraman within miles of the studio.

Several months after the kid show made its debut, a candy company considered sponsoring the program. Abbott and Costello recorded a sample commercial with them, hoping all the time with unashamed pleasure. He did these things, mind you, when there was not a reporter or cameraman within miles of the studio.

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This was not a grandstand play. It is a standing offer.

Up to now the candy deal has not materialized. There have been other bids by sponsors, but Lou has turned them down because they have demanded changes in the format. Lou will not sell the show unless he gets contractual assurance that the two spots of particular interest to children remain intact.

These are the "Bubble or Nothing" quiz and the Lou Costello Junior Youth Foundation award for good citizenship and heroism.

To raise sorely needed funds for the foundation, and to extend its work to other cities throughout the country, the kid show launched a super-giveaway contest in February. A live baby elephant, a four-seater airplane, an automobile, a house trailer and a mink coat were among the items offered in prizes exceeding $30,000 in value which were dangled to encourage letters, with or without donations, beginning with the sentence, "I want to help fight juvenile delinquency because..."

Ed Forman was excited over the contest's fund-raising potentialities. Costello was loath to rely too much upon it.

"You'll be surprised," Forman told Costello, "at how many letters there will be with contributions of $25 and over."

Costello bit at the end of his cigar.

"I'll tell you what, Ed," he said, "you show me any contribution for $25 or more, and I'll match it."

I checked with Forman to learn if Costello had taken his promise seriously.

"As a matter of fact," Forman enlightened me, "I had forgotten about it, and I don't remember the avalanche of prizes equalling every donation of $25 or more."

Costello could live comfortably on income from testimonials and recordings alone if he did not channel these funds to the foundation.

To quote a contemporary from the public prints:

"Lou Costello... is running a Youth Foundation of his own down that is doing wonders for underprivileged kids. Lou is not running this joint for publicity. It has cost him a young fortune. As a matter of fact, the expenses are so tremendous at the moment that he cannot pack the load alone and the place is in the process of folding. If that happened it would be a disgrace to the city of this community."

It hasn't happened, and will not happen, and the community is not in disgrace. But what is possibly more significant is that these are words from the typewriter of the same columnist who turned on Lou a month later.

Is Lou Costello on the level? What do you think?
"You're beautiful!"

Esther Williams is beautiful indeed as she plays opposite Peter Lawford in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "On an Island with You".

I'm a Lux Girl"

says Esther Williams

Here's a proved complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time.

Esther Williams finds beauty facials with Lux Toilet Soap really work! She smooths the creamy lather in thoroughly, rinses and then pats with a soft towel to dry. Don't let neglect cheat you of romance! Try the gentle care screen stars use.

You want the kind of skin that's lovely to look at, thrilling to touch. For a softer, smoother complexion, try the fragrant white beauty soap lovely screen stars recommend. Lux Girls win romance!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier!
chosen as a candidate is only the first of many steps. After that comes a series of meetings before the candidate is invited to the Tournament of Roses. As the meetings progress, the number of candidates grows less and less, until finally only two remain—most intelligent girls are left.

Then comes the final elimination—for only seven of the final twenty can be chosen for the royal court, six as princesses and one for the coveted role of queen. The odds were high, but Norma’s beauty made the judges’ final decision almost a certainty—and it was she who occupied the center of attention in the Rose Queen’s throne at the Coronation Ceremony, a few days before the world-famous parade of the Tournament of Roses.

Those were busy days for Queen Norma—ruling at the Coronation Ball and other tournament ceremonies, being guest of honor at social and civic functions, riding on the Tournament of Roses float in the long and colorful parade.

When a candidate is young and beautiful, there is no lack of suitors—and Norma—accompanied by her appointed chaperone, Mrs. Maude Prickett—was soon being squired by the town’s most eligible young men. After all, what man would turn down a woman who was the center of all attention, and whose lovely face seen in newsreels was evoking admiring “ohs” and “ahs”?

There was a real Pasadena man, however, who wasn’t competing for the honor of escorting Queen Norma, even though he could have quite easily arranged an introduction. He was Donald Winton, the artist sculptor who was under commission by the Tournament of Roses to make a “portrait in clay” of the queen at each annual affair.

“I didn’t dislike queens,” explained Donald, “but I worked with girls who had been chosen for similar honors at other events, and—well, sometimes it changes them. You know, they take the role of the queen too seriously; they feel every sort of begin to think of the rest of us as peasants.”

That was in Donald’s mind the day he met Norma, in the home for some appointment that had been arranged by the tournament officials. She’d be young and beautiful, yes, which meant it would be easy for his talented fingers to mold an attractive head; but there was a good chance that she’d also be hopelessly spoiled, perhaps tempramental, or even unpleasantly conceited.

And there was another danger. Donald knew he was doing something wrong. The tournament official had said someone would call to “do her portrait”—probably an elderly artist, loaded down with easel and brushes and paints and temperaments.

But when the door opened there was no elderly artist, no sign of paints or brushes or easel. Instead, there was a tall, slender man, a young man, a strange-looking crook-topped carseat under one arm. Wait a minute—not one young man but two—and so identical that for a moment Norma wondered if the two had any family connections as queen had affected her eyes.

The young man introduced himself.

“I’m Donald Winton, and this is my twin brother, Ross.” Twin brother, it was obvious, thought Norma as she invited them inside.

Remembering that first meeting, Don says, “From the moment she greeted us, I knew she was more than a co-operated girl, but a young lady who was as lovely a person as she was charming and beautiful. I knew then that the “portrait” was to be in clay, and solved the mystery of the crock by opening it and taking out a huge lump of clay with which he was to model Norma’s head. He seemed to be out of the habit of coldly colding the first outlines. Not his twin brother, though. Ross was frankly admiring as he watched Norma turn her head this way and that at Don’s directions.

“We kid a lot,” he said to Don, “but if you can capture even one-hundredth of that beauty in a mass of clay, I’ll personally nominate you as the world’s finest artist!”

Afternoon shadows caused Don to end the first sitting, but he made arrangements for the following day. “And I’ll be with him,” Ross assured Norma.

And he was with him, not only for the second sitting, but for the third, and fourth, and fifth. It was fun hav- ing a “portrait artist” around the Norma, so completely concentrated on the sculptoring that all he ever said was, “Hold it, please,” or “Tilt your head to the right,” and he seemed a wonderful conversationalist, and before long he and I seemed like old friends. I kept noticing that Don would look at me strangely, but explained it to myself as finding it hard to keep himself in check. But not only because she was undoubtedly the most beautiful girl I had ever known, but every minute with her proved that she was also the nicest.

FINALLY, the “portrait in clay” was done—done so excellently and with such feeling that expert judges pronounced that few, if any, had ever done one of a Tournament of Roses queen.

“I thought that would be the end of our acquaintance,” said Norma, but Don wouldn’t let it go. “We could continue the sitting—he wanted to make a duplicate figure. I think that was the first hint I had that he was interested in me other than as a model for his work. And suddenly I realized something—something that I think I’d known all the time—it was Don, even as busy and silent as he had been, who had made me understand that I really loved Ross and I were wonderful friends—but somehow I knew that Don and I could be more than just friends. I tried to keep my voice casual as I told him I’d be glad to sit for another portrait in clay.”

By this time Norma and the twin brothers were on a very friendly foot-{}ing. They continued with their driving down to the nearby beaches for a swim in the Pacific. Such a drive marked the day on which Don completed the second portrait of Norma. “And a bit more than the first. But there was a change from the usual routine—the twin brother, Ross, was not with them.

“No, he’d be busy this afternoon,” explained Don, “but I thought you might accept me as a substitute.”

There wasn’t anything Norma could say to that, without revealing her feeling for Donald who, unawares, had turned their conversation into casual channels as they drove along through the late afternoon sunshine. Finally she asked, “Don, why did you ask the Tournament commission you to do only one.”

Don hesitated for a moment, then said quietly, “That second one wasn’t for the Tournament. It was for me. You know the story of the artist who made statues so beautiful that he fell in love with it . . .

Norma held her breath—then she had been interested in the story about Don! She waited for him to go on, to say what she wanted to hear him say—words that she knew she could repeat to him and mean with all her heart.

Instead, Don forced a little mirthless laugh, and said, “But don’t worry—I know it how it is with the three of us. So the fourth one of us is going to it to the man who has the right to it. I’m going to give it to Ross.”

POR a moment there drove along in silence, then Norma said very gently, “Don, do you know why your brother isn’t with us this afternoon?”

“No—he said something about another engagement and he’s gone home.”

“Yes,” Nor mal interrupted him, with an odd little note of suppressed laughter in her voice. “An appointment with a very attractive young lady. The reason I know is that for the past two weeks, he’s been asking me to coach him in what to say to that young lady so that she’d be as partial to him as he is to you.”

“You mean Ross and you aren’t.” Brakes squealed as Don pulled the convertible to a quick stop, and his hand was tense on her arm as he cried, “But the very first time I thought you and Ross . . . why, the way you always talked together . . . and the fun you had.”

“Of course we had fun, and of course we talked and laughed,” Norma told him. “I like Ross very much, and he likes me. But we’re pals, Don, not . . not what you thought.”

But Norma didn’t say anything else, and she tells about that moment. “I tried to go on explaining to Don how it had been from the first. But he interrupted—interrupted me in a way that I’d wanted him to . . . by kissing me.”

And when Norma and Don announced their engagement a few months later, it was Ross who said, “I wonder if you’d like to hear what your love story really is.” A beautiful ‘queen’ wooded and won by the artist who fell in love with the model he made of her. It’s so nice a story, I think you ought to let others share it.

It was an extra-special day at our studio, the day that Norma became Don’s bride. The beautiful broadcasting room at the Chapman Park hotel took on a whole new atmosphere, for there were movie cameramen and television men recording the ceremony and the program. As one of them said later, “If you believe in the things like love and living happily ever after when I see a bride like that. And the way those two kids look at each other—believe me, here’s a guy who’s wishing them all the happiness in the world.”
Covering the Conventions

(Continued from page 37)

alternates—more than a thousand in all—will sit on the main floor of the vast auditorium, grouped by states, each group with its own banner or placard. The speakers' platform will be spacious because it has to hold a lot of people at one time or another. A small forest of microphones will stand before the rostrum. Overlooking the speakers' platform will be the glass-enclosed control booths of the networks and stations that will broadcast reports of the big show all over the country.

Each network will have its own staff under command of its news director. This year, CBS will have, I suppose, ten or a dozen correspondents working under Wells Church, our director of news. You will hear John Daly frequently; he is a veteran at covering national political conventions.

Our Washington staff, headed by its chief correspondent, Eric Sevareid, will be at the convention in force, too. I do not know how many engineers and other technicians will be required, but the correspondents will be out-numbered several times over by the men who put and keep them on the air, and by secretaries, assistants, tabulators and special workers of many kinds. Also there will be men on the floor with mobile equipment to pick up direct comments from key people and to describe the demonstrations. Some of their reports will be relayed to the booth. Others will go directly on the air, according to the judgment of the news director.

All of the networks will have somewhat the same set-up, but each will operate in its own way.

The confusion and excitement will begin when the nominating speeches start. By tradition, the first mention of a candidate's name in the speech of nomination sets off a demonstration led by the delegates of his home state. They jump up, grab banners, blow horns and parade around the huge hall behind a blaring brass band. Delegates from other states join in. More demonstrators appear from side entrances. Speakers yell and applaud. Confetti rains down from the galleries. Everybody lets off steam.

Take these preliminary uproars with a grain of salt as part of the fun. Reporters will describe to you what is happening but they and the news analysts also will tell you whether it is the real thing or not.

Partly, these demonstrations are personal compliments to the candidates by their friends and backers. Partly they take place because the delegates and spectators have gotten tired of sitting.

Such a demonstration took place in the 1944 Republican convention when Governor (now Senator) Bricker was nominated. Everybody knew that he did not have a chance for the top place on the ticket. Governor Dewey had that sewed up. But Bricker is genial, likeable, warm-hearted, and the delegates gave him an uproarious personal send-off. Dewey got the top place on the ticket. Bricker got the vice presidential spot. But judging from the demonstration alone, it looked like the other way around.

Stranger things have happened just for fun. The "Will Rogers for President" movement started as a gag in the

THE LARGE ECONOMY PACKAGE

Fels-Naptha Soap is made and sold in just this one size . . . . millions of women agree that this big bar of mild, golden Fels-Naptha holds more cleaning energy than any laundry soap on the market.
1928s but it became almost serious by 1928 and the Bascom Timmons episode, is famous. Timmons is a tall, raw-boned, likable reporter who was representing a string of Texas newspapers in 1944. He was extremely popular with his fellow reporters, particularly with men like John Daly who had worked with him in Washington. Toward the middle of the Democratic convention they decided that since everyone else had a favorite son, the correspondents ought to have one, too. Timmons was chosen as the correspondents' candidate one evening when the reporters, in their citadel from the labors of the day. His "campaign" provided under-cover fun for several days with the high flown statements from Timmons and hot news. Murrow was "bulletin" flying back and forth. Of course not for publication or broadcast. The joke reached its climax when, in the spirit of fun, Timmons was actually nominated for the vice-presidency by someone from the Texas delegation. He got a rousing reception, too. Of course his "campaign" ended with the demonstration, but his "buckers" can't let go.

White has a fine sense of humor. It was he who was thoughtful enough to have eight bags of coal delivered to Ed Murrow at a time when the latter was sailing to Newcastle, and I think he had the idea that he was playing a good joke on me when he said, "Okay." John Daly is to be liked and should do what could happen on the floor, offered to share his policeman with a friendly gesture because a gentleman is at a disadvantage when an excited lady grabs the floor with a story. Anyway, down I went with a forty-pound pack transmitter strapped to my back. Behind me walked an engineer carrying more equipment. I felt like an African explorer with his bearer.

All of us have heard many times that the conservative Democrats forced President Roosevelt toUBL #d Wallace, and I was there, and I do not think that is true. I have no proof, but it is my conviction that Mr. Roosevelt already was thinking in terms of the 1940 election and again insist on Wallace as a running mate as he had in 1940. Roosevelt had been through the whole League of Nations tragedy with President Wilson after the first world war. He had seen a hostile Senate keep America out of the League of Nations and reject the Versailles Treaty. He knew that the Democrats had not in 1944. The convention of both conventions appears more uncertain than four years ago, and many more news men are available to cover them.

I have not been to the convention met in Chicago in 1944, the Normandy invasion had just begun, the bomb plot against Hitler had almost succeeded, news was pouring in Washington and in the Pacific. Networks had their men spread all over the world.

Those of us who did go felt as if we had talked steadily for almost a week. We have to describe the surface and background of the conventions, too, with only a few hours' sleep in the early morning and late night convention experience, but I was glad that neither convention lasted more than a week. The fun wears off and the delegates fly back. The convention deadlocks and drags along for weeks as the Democratic convention did in 1924 when Senator McAdoo and Governor Al Smith were battling for the nomination and making speeches that were interesting to us but not to many. This year, 1952, we shall be watching the reports on the floor with no little envy as they move about seeking statements from the leaders of various key states when the voting starts, because the old linear idea that the political conventions can combine serious purpose and ceremonial fun is pretty important in itself. As long as Americans do not vote for the presidential candidate, the health of our democracy remains sound.
Modess .... because
The Wife in the Life of Dennis Day

(Continued from page 59)

Los Angeles but far from the gossip columns of radio and screen. One Sunday afternoon the McNultys and a couple of their boys called on the Almquist, and Peggy was there, home from the University of California—and the McNulty boy known as Dennis Day asked for a date right then and there.

None of this was in the script Hollywood's matchmakers had laid out for the very personable and eligible Dennis. The way Hollywood doped it, Dennis Day would fall eventually for one of its own career-and-glamor girls. But Dennis, a home boy, picked Peggy, a home girl, just as those who really knew the lad had always known he would. Peggy—blue-eyed, brown-haired, cream-skinned—is as pretty and wholesome as a May morning.

So that first date led to another, and finally to the date on which, some eight months ago, Dennis asked that question and got his "Yes."

Well, as the folks all said, it was a beautiful wedding, just as Peggy and Dennis had wanted it.

"Quiet, with dignity, and just the two families and family friends," they agreed when talking it over. "because this is the only wedding we'll ever have—and we want it to be ours"

"I'll ask Betty to be my matron of honor," said Peg. (Betty — Mrs. Jerome Linenkugel—is a longtime friend of Peg's.)

On the day in the lives of Dennis and Peggy was a Thursday (January 29th), the place the beautiful old chapel of Mission San Juan Capistrano, some fifty miles from Hollywood. Here, 172 years ago California's pioneer padres dedicated this holy ground in the then pagan wilderness. The mission bells the padres heard still ring sweetly today, and the soaring gray olives and golden acacias they planted still shade the fragrant gardens they laid out.

Our Mr. Day, before the nuptial Mass began, was not the least bit nervous. Unlike the breathless, hapless young man he portrays on his own air show, unlike the meek and mild butt of Jack Benny's jokes on Sundays, Dennis was poised, calm, and collected.

"It's only the cold," he whispered to his brother and best man John McNulty, "that's making my teeth chatter and my hands shake. These thick adobe walls, you know."

"Yes, I know," John grinned sympathetically. "You want me to take the ring now?"

"No, no, no, not yet. I—I just want to keep it here in my pocket where I can check on it—myself—once in a while." Father John Conlon officiated, and Father George Gallagher sang "Panis Angelicus" and "Ave Maria," and white tapers gleamed before the carved altar of Spanish gold-leaf. And Peggy Almquist, a picture bride in white satin and veil, became Mrs. Eugene McNulty. The McNulty boy, a slender platinum band encrusted with small stones to match her dazzling engagement diamond.

There followed the wedding breakfast at nearby Balboa, at the home of Peggy's uncle Joseph Bahan, with all the padres joining their good strong voices in songs to Dennis and his bride, and Dennis and Peggy so busy kissing guests and being kissed they scarcely
had a chance to eat. The breakfast was gay, a regular family reunion with McNulty, and Alkins from miles around, and it was hours before Peggy could slip away to change to her “going away” outfit—a smartly trim tailored suit—and return to join Dennis in their “escape.” More kisses, a few affectionate tears, then the dash to Dennis’s parked gray convertible, and they were off under a shower of rice and shouted goodbyes.

“I’ve a wonderful idea, Peggy,” said Dennis suddenly as they sped along.

“Yes?”

“Let’s,” he said deadpan, “get married!”

“M-m-m. . . .” She shook her head. “Never again—because that time was for keeps!”

The honeymoon site was near Warner Hot Springs, a resort north of San Diego. Dennis and Peggy bypassed the Springs for his friend Ben Benbough’s ranch, 640 acres in a wilderness of desert-mountain country. Benbough was an overseas pal of Dennis’s, during their Navy days in the war, and his offer of the secluded ranch for the honeymoon was eagerly accepted.

Secluded? Except for the caretaker’s cottage, two miles from the ranch house, there’s not a human dwelling for miles. The house itself is of stone, with the three bedrooms in knotty pine, a stone fireplace in every room.

THE sun already was losing its warmth and the night’s chill creeping into the air when Dennis and Peggy pulled up at the door. Fires were already laid, waiting for a match, and in no time Dennis had them crackling.

“You’re beautiful, Mrs. McNulty,” he remarked solemnly. “Can you cook?”

“By some reports, m’lord,” replied Peggy.

“But, I reserve the right to do the steaks,” he warned.

That first meal was something to remember. Succulent steaks, barbecued in the Dennis manner, which means they must be marinated in a special sauce before the flames touch them. Stuffed baked potatoes, done Peggy-style with onions and cream cheese. Corn on the cob. Green salad. And biscuits, Peggy’s own, feather-light and golden brown. (“I’m here to testify,” said Dennis later, “that Peggy is a cook!”)

They ate by firelight, with the dark velvet sky framed in the windows, the stars huge and brilliant and romantic.

But there was one item Dennis had forgotten. In that country the winter days may be warm, but the nights are freezing cold. In the morning, when he suggested a sightseeing ride, he found the gray convertible balky. He had neglected to empty the radiator, and it was frozen solid.

“Well,” said Peggy helpfully. “Walking is nice, too.”

So they took a sightseeing hike instead. As Dennis remarked, they didn’t have to go anywhere. No singing lesson to take, no rehearsals to rush to, no on-the-air deadlines. Four whole days of freedom from the hectic rush of his career, and a longer honeymoon trip to anticipate later, when he would take Peggy to New York (which she had never seen) while he recorded songs for his next film, “Babes in Toyland.”

Sunday, their last day, with the car’s radiator now nicely thawed, they drove to the quaint chapel of Santa Isabel for Mass, and they delighted in the singing of the Indian worshippers. It was on the way back that they met their mountain lion—the big one that

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Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)

One Permanent Cost $15...the Toni only $2

No wonder a million women a month use Toni Home Permanent. For Toni gives you a wave that's guaranteed to look just as lovely and last just as long as a $15 beauty shop wave. But before trying Toni you will want to know—

Will Toni work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any hair that takes a permanent—including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?
No trick at all to giving yourself a Toni...just three simple steps:
1. Roll your hair up on curlers. Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
2. Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like for 2 to 3 hours.
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Can I give my little girl a Toni, too?
Sure, mothers find Toni Creme Waving Lotion is kind and gentle to children's silky-fine hair. (And the child is free to run about and play while her Toni Home Permanent is taking.)

Is Toni guaranteed?
Yes! Your Toni wave must flatter you or you get back every cent you paid. Toni can make this guarantee because the Toni Wave is laboratory controlled for uniformity and high quality.

Which Twin has the Toni?
Lovely Doris and Dorothy DuVall are TWA air hostesses. Doris, the twin at the left, says, "I gave myself a $2 Toni and Dorothy had a $15 beauty shop wave but no one on the plane could tell our permanents apart."

When Peggy got away, "Unfortunately," says Dennis. They were driving along when the cat loomed, suddenly, just ahead of the car, and Dennis had to swerve to avoid striking the animal. Peggy gasped, and Dennis thought longingly of his gun collection at home while he reached for his 22 pistol in the glove compartment. But the cat was too fast. With one leap it disappeared into a roadside thicket.

"Now," said Dennis, "I'm going to sulk. That was a fast 125 bucks that just escaped me—there's a bounty on those cats. As a married man with responsibilities, I have to think about items like that!"

Well, that honeymoon ended, too soon, when Mr. and Mrs. McNulty parked their car in the Dennis Day home garage in Hollywood's Los Feliz section and Dennis, true to tradition, carried his bride over the threshold. To hear him tell it, he did it in a walk—but "He almost dropped me," teased Peggy later.

"But, honey, you're a big girl," Dennis alibied, grinning.

Actually, Peggy is a slim young creature. And, incidentally, she meets the Day specifications for a wife as Dennis once outlined them in pre-Peggy days: "...a girl with good health and a zest for life...a sense of humor...interested in music...can cook and sew...and she must love children..."

The Day home, a two-story Mediterranean-style dwelling, has twelve rooms, enough to meet space requirements for the fulfillment of their mutual desire for small McNultys. The newlyweds are settling down there now, looking for household help but with Peggy, meanwhile, doing what Dennis calls a great job of "pushing that vacuum cleaner, cooking those meals, and washing those dishes—she washes and I dry."

PEGGY markets in the new blue Olds that was Dennis's wedding gift to her (she gave him a gold watch band) and she talks to decorators about a few changes they'll make in the home.

She's arranging display space for her collection of demi-tasse cups, and trying to decide whether to bring her pet cocker, Dink Trout. She and Dennis are working out a budget, and planning their New York trip, and how she finds time to write poetry (a secret avocation, but one which Dennis proudly reveals to her dismay) is beyond calculation.

And Dennis, when he isn't working at radio or pictures or his own song-publishing business, is laboring on the new barbeque. The bids he received for its construction were steep, and—"I've got two good hands, and friends," he explains. The friends are Pat Sullivan, a fire chief, and John Fitzgerald and John Kowser.

And—oh, yes, about those lamb chops that played iceberg...

The Days' first meal at home was somewhat less idyllic than their first brick oven meal at the desert. It seems that Peggy, newly initiated to the ways of deep-freeze units, forgot to allow those lamb chops time to thaw out before cooking. When Dennis came home to dinner that evening, the chops were still hunks of icy granite.

"We had pork and beans," reports Peggy ruefully.

"Peggy, you see," beams Dennis approvingly, "is a resourceful, all-around cook. She knows all there is to know about can-openers too!"
“Bless This Ring”  
(Continued from page 69)

“It’s just,” she said, half-aloud, “that I don’t know how Rosemary will take his being gone indefinitely…”

But deep inside she did know, that that was what Dick had decided so hard. Rosemary was like her—Susu Dawson all over again. With both of them, the heart once given could never be recalled. Susu had waited years for a man, with never a sign from him, not knowing where he was, or even if he was alive—and to go on waiting after all reason told her that all hope was gone.

Bill agreed with them that it was a good time to make the break. He had only one objection to make. “I don’t want to leave Rosemary,” he said. “I don’t want to spoil Christmas for her, and I want it to remember for myself.”

‘THAT’S what happens to a love that has a cloud hanging over it,” Susu told him. “If Dick had only faced Joyce with the truth in the very beginning—if he had only admitted to Joyce that Emily still loved him and that there had been other women in his life—all this might have been prevented. It takes time for love to grow into an all-powerful thing, Bill. That first burst of loneliness like a crocus that blooms and can disappear without too much hurt. It’s when the roots grow deep down into your heart that the loss can become almost unbearable.

“It can’t happen to Rosemary,” Bill said almost inaudibly. “It mustn’t.”

So Rosemary and Bill had their Christmas together, all that Christmas should be, and Dick and the turkey and the tree and the presents, and the day after Christmas Bill told her that he was going away. She took it well, telling herself that the sooner he went the sooner he would be coming back, telling herself that she had so much, so very much to look forward to. She rode to the station with Bill and the others and went home to find a note that Bill had hidden for her under the Christmas tree.

“My darling one, I have your picture and mine with you, not cried passionately. You are better,” and she had that, and the next day a telephone call from Bill, to say again how much he loved her. Joyce Miller, on the other hand, had nothing but her own fast-failing hope. One wire had come from Dick, saying that he was suffering from shock and would remain away for a while longer. Nothing else.

“Now will you come and stay with us?” Rosemary begged. “You’ll feel better, Joycey, than if you go on staring at the walls of that room of yours. And you can come to me company until Bill comes back.”

Joyce accepted. She had no other alternative. She clung to Rosemary.

“It’s done me all the good in the world to be with you and Patti,” she said one afternoon when they were walking home from work together. “It’s drawn me out of myself. I’m beginning to think of Dick’s side of it, to think of all he’s gone through and how hard it must be for him. I’m so grateful, Rosemary.”

“I’m grateful to you,” Rosemary replied. “I don’t know how I could have endured waiting these last few days, with no word from either Bill or Dr. Jim since that telephone call. Now that it’s almost over—”

“Almost over?”

“Yes. Rosemary quickened her already hurrying footsteps. “It’s just that time for them to be coming back. Bill will have gone through with his test by this time, and Dr. Jim has to get back to his practice.”

“Go on and talk,” Joyce smiled. “It makes me feel good to hear you, to know that two people who love each other are going to be together again. Rosemary! Isn’t that Dr. Jim’s car in front of your house?”

“It is!” Rosemary gasped. They flew down the walk, up the steps of the house. Rosemary flung open the door, crying, “Dr. Jim! Dr. Jim!”

“Rosemary, my dear—”

She was so excited to see the gravity of his expression. Her eyes were everywhere, looking for Bill. Her mother was there, and Patti … Bill must be in his room, hiding, to surprise her.

“Where’s Bill?” she cried. “Bill—Mother, is he in his room?”

“No, dear. He’s not in his room.”

“He’s not here,” said Joyce in an echoing, empty tone.

“Of course he’s here—” Rosemary said. “Isn’t he, Dr. Jim?”

“Well—”

Susu Dawson cut in mercifully, “Bill’s still in Chicago, Rosemary.”

“Chicago. Oh, no, he can’t be! You promised, Dr. Jim—”

“I promised to go with him,” said Dr. Jim uncomfortably, “I didn’t promise to stay there indefinitely. Bill has some things to attend to.”

“Jim, it’s no use,” Susu broke in. “Rosemary, Bill has made up his mind to stay away until his memory returns.”

“Oh, no—” it was a whisper.

Dr. Jim cleared his throat. “It’s the best thing, dear, believe me. There’s nothing final about this parting—”

“How do you know there isn’t?” Rosemary asked. She looked at him, so closely, so sharply, that he knew she wanted to know if he was going to be going back to her. “Rosemary,” said he, “I don’t know that months—years won’t go by, and Bill will be wandering around in a fog. And while he does, her voice broke—“while he does, the memory of me may get fainter, too. I should never have let him go alone with you, Dr. Jim, but I trusted you so—And, you, Mother—”

“I’m a little time,” Rosemary, Dr. Jim pleaded. “You’re still very young—”

“Time!” she cried. “Do you think there can be enough years in a lifetime for you to go back and spend together? What else is there in life for me but being with Bill? I’m through talking. You were staying at the Blackwood, weren’t you, Dr. Jim? Rosemary,” begged her mother, “do as Jim asks and give Bill a little time—”

“No,” Joyce spoke, and her voice was suddenly stronger and surer than anyone had ever heard it. “Every minute of his life isn’t time enough to spend with the man you love. Don’t wait, Rosemary. Go after him if you can—quick—before it’s too late.”


There was a bad moment after Joyce had got the Blackwood Hotel on the
telephone and had transferred the instrument to Rosemary. Bill had checked out only a few minutes before. No, he'd left no forwarding address.

"Have him paged," Joyce hissed. "He may still be in the hotel."

Rosemary had him paged. After a few minutes she covered the mouthpiece and turned joyously to her friend. "He's coming to the phone! They've found him!"

She sat facing Bill at a table for two in the almost deserted dining room of the Blackwood. It was a window table, and the hotel was on the Drive; below them was the wintry, glittering blue of Lake Michigan; on either side rose the white stone and marble crescent of the city. This was Rosemary's first city, and she found it wonderful, all of it, but just now she had no eyes for anything but Bill.

He was smiling, hadn't stopped smiling from the moment, a little while before, that her journey had ended in the hotel lobby. No, he hadn't wanted her to come. It was all wrong. She must go back. But he couldn't cover his gladness that she had come.

"Darling," he said now for the fiftieth time, "what made you come when I told you not to? Now it's going to be twice as hard to leave you."

"Except," said Rosemary, "you're not leaving me." She was this way now, not pleading with him, not arguing, trying to persuade him; it was really sure. There was nothing he could say or do to change her.

"I have to," he said. "I will not marry you until I know what I am, where I belong, what my background is, what . . . what involvements—"

"You mean," she said calmly, "that you're afraid you'll wake up some morning and remember that you're in love with someone else, or engaged to someone else."

"It could happen," he said. "I don't know. I can't be sure."

"But I'm sure. I've always been sure about that." She paused. "I love you, Bill, more than I know how to say. I love you with everything I am, with all my life. You love me the same way. If you didn't, I'd know it. And you couldn't love twice, not that way. I know I couldn't, and I know you couldn't."

He laughed helplessly. "What am I going to do with you?" he demanded.

"You know how much I want you. I nearly went crazy when Dr. Jim went back to Springdale, that you, and left me here. All that kept me here was thinking that I had to do it for you. You've done so much for me, helped me through so much, until I know my memory is just around the corner—"

"That's just why I'm going to stay with you."

"But, Rosemary—Oh, dearest, I don't know what to do—"

"I do," said Rosemary. "Where do we get a marriage license in Chicago?"

They got the license, had the necessary blood tests, that afternoon, and then they called the Dawson house. Patti and Joyce were overjoyed at the news. Dr. Jim gave his blessing reluctantly; Rosemary's mother gave her blessing fearfully but wholeheartedly, and said exactly what Rosemary had known she would say. "But, darling, if you must get married, can't you come home and be married here?"

Rosemary wouldn't. Even with the license in Bill's pocket, she was still afraid that something, somehow would prevent the marriage from taking place.

But finally, it was the last day.

"I can't believe it," Rosemary said over and over. "I can't believe we'll be married tomorrow. After tomorrow I—I'll be Mrs. William Roberts."

"I can't believe any of it," said Bill. "I can't believe that you really came all the way to Chicago on my account. I can't believe that I'm so happy—"

"Me, too," said Rosemary. "I'm so wonderfully, warmly, deeply happy. I—Bill, are they calling my name?"

They were. She was being paged, to answer a long distance call. She would remember the scene later, after events had made it significant—the long couch underneath the windows upon which she and Bill sat, the twilight over the lake, the warm, winking lights in the tall, white buildings. She would remember getting up to answer the call, and Bill's signalling the bellhop, getting his attention; she would remember saying, "I hope nothing's happened at home—and then stopping short, knowing that everything was all right at home. Knowing that she should not, must not, answer the call.

"Nothing's wrong at home," she said.

"I know it. I'm not going to answer, Bill."

"Not going to answer! Why, of course you are! If someone's calling you all the way from Springdale—"

"No." She shook her head. "I'm not going to take it, that's all."

In Springdale, in the Dawson house, Susy Dawson replaced the telephone, slowly, before the disapproving eyes of Patti and Joyce. She was almost relieved that Rosemary had not been in the hotel. What, after all, would she have told her? That they thought they

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had—that they might have—some concrete information about Bill's past? No, she couldn't say what it was, because she didn't know what it was, or if it might be anything at all to do with Bill. Tell her that Peter Harvey, who had once loved—who still loved—Rosemary, had telephoned hours before to say that she must not marry Bill and then had hung up and had not called back? Peter was fine; he was reliable, but Rosemary would not have listened. She would only have been upset.

Late that night when the telephone rang at the Dawson's, Susy was asleep. But Patti and Joyce were awake, and they answered.

"It's an awful hour," said Bill's voice apologetically, "but we had a message this afternoon saying that Rosemary'd had a call from Springdale. I couldn't sleep for wondering if something was wrong, and I finally decided to call and find out."

"Nothing's wrong," said Joyce, her eyes meeting Patti's. "We were just calling to—"

"To wish them happiness," Patti prompted in a whisper.

"To wish you happiness," said Joyce. "—and to say goodbye," Patti finished, seizing the telephone. "Goodbye, Bill darling. Give Rosemary our love. I love you, too. I loved you first—don't forget."

"I won't," Bill laughed. "Goodbye, little sister. We'll see you soon."

Rosemary had a clear cold day for her wedding, with the lake like blue enamel and the dazzle of sun and frost. She had Bill's white orchids on her shoulder and organ music—from a phonograph—played at the timid suggestion of the minister's shy young daughter. The parsonage was a tall old house on a side street, the parlor tall and narrow and dim. Her engagement ring flashed gloriously in the half-light; the wedding rings, hers and Bill's, gleamed dully gold.

It was pure enchantment, all of it, even the cab driver who told them with kind cynicism that they thought married life was wonderful because they hadn't had time to know anything about it. Re-registering at the hotel, so that they now occupied one room instead of two, walking into the dining room for lunch—which was really a wedding breakfast..

"I'm thinking of the Wishing Well," Bill said. "Of all the times we ate there, and I'd watch your face in the candlelight and wonder if this would ever really happen. I'd wonder if we would ever really face each other across our own table in our own house—"

"We will," Rosemary promised. "I'm sure of it. Don't you feel it, too, Bill? Don't you feel better about everything?"

"I do," he nodded slowly. "I don't know why—there isn't any reason for it—but somehow I'm not worried any more."

"I'm not, either," Rosemary said. "I feel so safe—so happy. I'm not going to worry about anything, ever again."

She really felt that she wouldn't. Upstairs in their room, in the blessed security of Bill's arms, she felt that nothing would ever hurt her again. From now on, anything could happen, and yet nothing could take away what they had now. The very worst could happen, if it would—Bill could forget her, forget this part of his life—and yet because they had each other now, belonged to each other now, they were forever one.

P.S. But don't take our word for it—test it! See if Fresh isn't more effective, creamier than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only Fresh can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you a safe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out... that really stops perspiration better.
This was the beginning of what the radio announcer on the program lavishly called my "tough battle against a championship tour" but what I considered privately to be "the miracle of the bellows."

But before I talk about that, I'd like to go back to the very beginning of my story.

From the time Dad won Mother's hand by serenading her with his accordion, that instrument has played an important role in my life. Dad came from Sicily where the accordion has always been a favorite instrument. Mother was an old fashioned girl even by today's standards. She was born in Pittsburgh, so with my maternal grandpa sitting discreetly between them on the couch, Dad had to let the accordion do most of his talking.

ARRIAGE to mother put an end to my father's role as a romantic musical vagabond. They settled down in Fresno, California and started a butcher shop. The accordion lay, gathering dust, until I was old enough to toddle around. At that point my parents were always afraid that I'd hurt myself badly if I ever attempted to pull it down on its shelf. As a kid, I was always crazy about the accordion, but when I asked for one of my own, the answer was no... in high school.

"Wait until your taller. You have to be a big boy to handle an accordion."

Finally, when my thirteenth birthday rolled around, I was tall enough. My parents proudly presented me with an accordion that was the best money could buy, and built especially to my measurements. I was almost bursting with joy. I knew that years of work and sacrifice had gone for the money it took to buy that accordion. Mom had to be a "butcher lady" by day and cook, housekeeper and guardian angel for her growing family in every other spare moment. Dad had scrimped and gone without many things too, in order to give me what I wanted. 

The next year I shot up like a weed. The iron of it all was unbearable. I had waited twelve years to be big enough to play the accordion, and yet I had saved all that time to buy it, and then I had outgrown my instrument in less than ten months. Mom and Dad grimly set their lips, gave me a look which implied that I had better not pull a stunt like that again, took my precious instrument, traded it in on a new one.

From then on, it was practice, practice, and for variety, a little more practice. When I first went to San Francisco to meet my teacher, Angelo Cagnazzo, he threw up his hands in horror at my fumbling attempts.

"You call this music?" he bellowed.

"Stop! Stop! Your technique is terrible. Here, let me show you."

And he did. He taught me everything I needed to know plus giving me that extra something that makes a great teacher more of an inspiration than a task-master. I gladly traveled the two hundred miles to San Francisco and back every weekend because there was no one else quite like Mr. Cagnazzo. He took advantage of every spark of talent I possessed. I worked an average of five hours a day, and I have spent as much as thirteen hours in one day on the accordion. But "for love or money" my efforts have been amply repaid. At the time though, I worked so hard at my music that I was beaten. One day she dragged me to the doctor.

"Can there be something wrong with Dick?" she asked the doctor anxiously.

"He never goes out and he fights like the other kids in the neighborhood. He'd rather practice or listen to music."

There was one time though when I was almost torn in two by conflicting duties. I was a diehard California fan, and in the high schools especially, a boy doesn't rate unless he's a star athlete. I'm six feet tall and weigh one hundred and ten pounds, and when I was approached to try out for the football team at Fresno High, I was only too happy to attend the first practice session. That night, after practice, my father sat down with me.

"You like football a lot, don't you?"

He asked quietly.

"I'm crazy about it," I admitted.

"Well, be careful. One football injury can ruin your hands for the accordion."

"Gee, Dad," I replied, struck by the truth of his statement. "I didn't realize that." 

The next day I went down to the coach's office and asked him to excuse me. That was the first real sacrifice I ever had to make for my music.

In addition to the morning broadcasts, I was working nights at the California Hotel in Fresno with Lou Math's orchestra. I had always planned to work with an orchestra one day, and for musicians calling Fresno "hicksville," my mother wanted me to be a soloist. She would watch me perform and say:

"When you stand up there alone, Dick, you play with your heart. I can tell."

I guess she was right. It was as a soloist that I competed on the Horace Hall program from Fresno.

That first coast to coast broadcast was very hard on my nerves. For three days before it, I couldn't eat.

"Dick, why are you so upset?" my mother chided me gently. "The broadcast will be held in Fresno. It's your home town. Everybody knows you here."

I'm quite sure the audience was filled with people I knew, but they might have been total strangers for all the confidence I had in their reception of me. Besides, there was no Georgia or Florida " neighbors" to help me. I was brought from Fresno High, setting a swift pace with his tricky, brilliant piano styling.

I knew I had just barely beaten him out, when the official judges announced that "Loris was thirty-three."

The words meant I had won.

The next day I boarded the special car that was taking Horace Heidt's band to Los Angeles. Mr. Heidt had reassured all of my folks that I would be well taken care of, but I was feeling very lonely in spite of my excitement, when I saw a small, lively boy dressed in a white
sweater and blue slacks come hurrying down the aisle of the car towards me. "Hiya," he said, grinning amiably and offering his hand. "I'm Harold Peck from Hollywood High and I think we ought to get acquainted because we're going to be roommates."

I turned out that Harold was a dancer and he had caught Mr. Heidt's eye during the Hollywood show. Harold is a little firecracker, always joking and always ready to go out on some illogical jaunt in the middle of the night, long after our shows are over. I don't think that there are many guys who would pull themselves out of bed at three a.m. to go down and eat spaghetti. But "Peppy" Peck and I get along fine.

On the second broadcast, I had to compete against students from the University of Southern California before an all-USC audience. I didn't have much hope of winning against one of the school's favorite sons.

If anything, those kids at USC leaned over backwards in their effort to give me a square deal. In spite of my extreme nervousness, once I got up to play, everything went smoothly and I won my second contest.

The third and fourth shows were given in Van Nuys and Pasadena, California. To my continuing amazement I kept winning. The more shows I won, the more tense I became. It was getting harder and harder to face the ever-present prospect of losing. Our fifth show was scheduled for Omaha, Nebraska and all the wise-guys who had never been out of New York or Hollywood before, told me:

"Omaha! You got nothing to worry about, kid. What possible talent can there be in Omaha? Probably they'll have to hunt high and low to find enough contestants for the show."

I didn't say anything to the boys then, but I had my doubts. Sure enough, when the call for talent went out, Mr. Heidt received a flood of two thousand applicants, and of course he auditioned every single one of them. Out of that group came Harold Parr and Johnny Vanna.

Johnny was a boy of fourteen who could play three instruments as well as I could play my accordion. Harold Parr, who has a deep, rich baritone voice was a graduate of the Nebraska School for the Blind. Both of them were so sensational that there was a split audience vote. It was mighty close, but the applause meter showed a small margin in my favor so I just squeaked through.

After that Omaha show I called Fresno and found that fifty members of our family had gathered to yelling their congratulations over the long distance wires. It made me realize all over again that my family was my first and best group of fans. They told me that my Uncle Dan had his garage business display window full of pictures and write-ups about me. That kind of loyalty and family pride was true of every one of my relatives and I'll always be grateful for it.

Aside from missing the folks, life on the road can sometimes be very trying. Most of my fans are wonderful friends who have helped me greatly in the success I have had so far. I'm especially proud of the fact that there are so many boys who write me letters and boost me in their home towns. But in one of the largest cities in the United States I ran across a girl who was more phony than fan and she almost got me into a lot of trouble.

She first popped into my dressing-
It could happen to her!

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(Continued from page 33)

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Though you face west, you get the impression of floods of sunshine, for the room is designed to bring dawn in early.

Walls are white, and the trim yellow.
The big, solid, modern dining table behind the little group has the rich golden tone of the white mahogany that decorators call prima vera. The deeply cushioned chairs are upholstered in a silvery shade of green that most closely matches a distant forest in the spring.

You might, some typical morning, hear Don ask, "Tommy, what are you going to do when you grow up?" He has seen that answer being lived out over thirteen years, but he wants it in his son's own words.

There's a map of old Erin on the boy's round face, and a thatch of red hair to top it.

"I think I'll be a mechanical engineer, an architect and an artist."

"Donny?"

Slight, wiry and intense, the second in line has a reply on the tip of his tongue. "I'm going to be an All-American football player."

For big Don, that's the echo of a childhood aspiration which illness blocked. One lad remains on the roll call. Though only seven, the youngest already does tricks with words. He could, eventually, repeat Don's own major in journalism.

"Bobby?"

It's an elfin grin the leprechauns themselves could have loved that the small one turns to him.

"I'm going to be an engineer on a streamliner. I'm going to take big trains over the mountains and past cowboys and Indians and soldiers. I'm going to run them faster than they've ever run before..."

He stops. His dream outdistances his voice.

Don encourages, "That's quite a job, isn't it?"

Bobby considers. "I suppose so." Then the grin breaks through again. "I know what I'll go on radio. Then I'll never have to work. I'll just talk."

They have, in a day when metropolitan living leaves many youngsters with only a vague idea of how their fathers earn the family bread and butter, an old-fashioned apprenticeship relation to work.

It's in keeping with traditions of the clan. Back in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Don trailed his father, Harry, around the family's furniture factory. Harry, in turn, had learned the business from his father, Tom.

The same father-to-son chain has been carried on in the McNeills' major

How Ignorance and Prudery can destroy a wife's happiness

Learn here the REAL TRUTH about these Intimate Physical Facts!

Often a woman's married life isn't happy simply because she hasn't proper scientific knowledge of these intimate physical facts. And she's too lazy or shy to find out. Or she may be following ignorant advice of 'supposed' girl friends.

So here's really a chance to learn scientific truth you can trust. Girls, you simply must realize how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and marriage happiness — to combat one of a woman's most embarrassing problems. And what's so very important — learn why you should put ZONITE in your douche.

Truly A Modern Miracle!

Scientists tested every generally known antiseptic and germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And NO OTHER TYPE proved so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE — the first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germicidal and deodorizing action yet absolutely harmless. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. It's positively non-irritating, non-burning, non-poisonous.

ZONITE Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist

The ZONITE principle was developed by a world-famous Surgeon and Scientist. What better assurance could you want? ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances, helps guard against infection — it's so powerfully effective it immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete douching directions come with every bottle.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-78, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
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91
LITTLE LULU

"H'm...all alike! But only Kleenex is 'just like' Kleenex!"

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why Kleenex* is America's favorite tissue. With Kleenex, you pull just one double tissue at a time—and up pops another!

@ International Cellulose Products Co.  T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Bridal shower

of facts about these

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different... stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two-piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.) All patterns made in the U.S.A.

Famous Model Reveals "Smooth Hair-do" Secret

"Any girl can have a glamour hair-do, and keep it neat all day, if she'll do what I do — par a drop or two of Nestle HAIRLAC on her finished coiffure" says June Kirby, world-famous model.

You'll be amazed at the difference HAIRLAC makes! Famous photographers and models know! HAIRLAC is delicately scented, absolutely harmless—keeps your hair smooth and glamorous all day long.

Get Nestle HAIRLAC at your drug or department store today. The 50¢ bottle lasts a long, long time.

hobby. The ancestor, Tom, working for wild-life conservation in a day when many regarded fish and game as limitless, earned a reputation as the Izaak Walton of Wisconsin. Don and his father go on fishing trips together today, and they are passing on the lore to the boys.

Don McNeill, the father, leaves Don McNeill, the star, at the studio.

Other members of the Breakfast Club cast tell you that when they get together for a party and play charades, as they frequently do, Don McNeill is the guy who turns into the curtain puller, or sits on the sidelines and constitutes a highly appreciative audience for their antics.

They also remind you that few persons realize how shy, studious and quiet he is once his daily performance is over.

Though master of his own house, he's no tyrant. He leaves the boys room to grow and tries to help them meet those special problems which face the sons of a celebrated father.

For such children do have problems. "Tommy summed it up when asked, "What's the toughest part of being Don McNeill's son?" Tommy's face was solemn and his voice serious. "People expect an awful lot of us."

13 at thirteen, he understands how every action falls under the glaring ex-aggeration of the spotlight. If a young McNeill gets a C in spelling, he's labeled stupid! If he pulls a girl's pig-tails, he's a young fiend; if he raids the neighbor's apple tree, he's a potential delinquent. Normal mischief can assume serious proportions.

Don works to meet this threat. He believes that if all youngsters had a chance to work off their surplus energy in athletics and outdoor sports, there would be no juvenile delinquents.

He finds time to join his boys in their play. Late afternoon usually finds the four of them engaged in a miniature basketball game out in that big back yard, with the housekeeper, Gladys Rockwell as referee. Gladys, in addition to being able to cook, boasts a physical education major from La-Crosse Teachers College, and one of her own sons is high school basketball star.

Don's associates at the studio will also tell you he knows more about the boys' school work than most fathers do. Notice, when listening to his shows, how easily he questions a boy or girl. Usually he seems to know exactly just what school interests a child of a certain age will have.

The boys' hobbies rated equal to Don's own great enthusiasm for fishing when the McNeills planned the remodeling of the newly purchased Winnetka house.

Don's special room is the first floor den, paneled in red burl wood which his father helped select, and furnished with red leather chairs, a curved desk and a built-in glass-topped table. Cabinets, lining one wall, provide space for fishing tackle, guns and ammunition.

Tommy's room was equipped with a desk boasting a special drawing board that swings out of the way when he wants to work on his stamp collection. Donny's room has storage space for his assortment of match-book covers. Bobby's quarters allow for orderly disposal of his collection of toy soldiers, guns, knives and locks.

Best of all, each room was given a secret compartment for the safekeeping of those special treasures every boy hoards.

It's Kay who stays at home. She earns
her right to that stardom by living for them all.

When Kay appears on the Breakfast Club, Don carries the show. At home, the roles are reversed. Kay is a born stage manager.

She'll tell you that they do little entertaining. Because of the early program, night life at the McNeills' begins with dinner at 8 P.M., and ends promptly at 10.

Their friends say, however, that when the McNeills do entertain, everyone has a magnificently good time.

Even the big housewarming was fun. Nearly a hundred guests splashed through a late fall rain, when the re-decorating of the new house finally was finished.

First house guests to initiate the new guest room were the Stanley Mornors. Don and Stan worked together in the old days. The world, however, knows Stan better as Dennis Morgan, star of many musical pictures.

When yawns finally overpowered reminiscences, Kay and Don proudly ushered them to the room she likes best.

Located just at the head of the stairs, it's a grown-up version of that pink and blue room every girl dreams up for herself.

Done by a sophisticated decorator, however, the pink has become a rose, and the blue shades to a sea green. Quilted white chintz spreads deck the Hollywood beds, the deep carpet is a soft grayed-green tone, and the drapes are the deeper sea green shade. Walls are papered in a dainty rose, gold and green design. Lamp shades blend into the motif.

Mornors and McNeills, climbing the gracefully curved staircase, couldn't help reflecting that there had been some changes made since the days they pinched pennies together. Expecting ohs and ahs as they saw the room, Don flipped a switch.

Every light in the house turned on.

That was the McNeills' introduction to a burglar alarm system former residents of the house had installed. With the decorating job just completed by Bernard Armstrong and his associate, Virginia Andrews, Don and Kay hadn't yet had time to discover all the mysteries of the house.

Neither had they found the trick for turning off the flood of light. McNeills and Mornors ran through the rooms snapping switches, one by one.

---

**What's life like in the San Fernando Valley?**

What the colorful candid pictures don't tell you, the story will . . . in AUGUST RADIO MIRROR

**Remember Easy Aces?**

There've been some changes made . . .

It's mr. ace and JANE, now.

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**new miracle FACE-BRA**

for NEW BEAUTY, NEW YOUTH

**NEW FACE LOVELINESS**

The new miracle FACE-BRA is the simplest, easiest method of preventing and controlling sagging skin, drooping facial contours, wrinkles and creasy throat. It eliminates, without skill or professional help, the fatiguing and discouraging process of spanking and massaging the face and neck. Simply wear the FACE-BRA for half an hour or more daily or wear it while sleeping.

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Maintain youthful feminine loveliness with the miracle FACE-BRA. Put it on and you will see what we mean. IT WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOU!

It eliminates expensive facial. The new miracle FACE-BRA lasts for years. Washable.

Don't wait for wrinkles, sagging chin, etc. Keep youthful by using this new miracle FACE-BRA. You'll radiate loveliness. Your skin will be vitalized and harmonized.

FACE-BRA is the newest way to make lattice yarn work for you. It is a soft yarn made of nylon, rayon and other fibers. It is soft, yet strong, and can be used in the most delicate parts of the face. The action of the starched cloth is soothing as it lifts and maintains the skin in its natural position.

Wear the miracle FACE-BRA while doing housework. Watch your husband's eyes upward when he sees your pink and white complexion afterward. Wear the FACE-BRA when you come home from the office, and you'll radiate loveliness when your best calls for you.

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...use YODORA the deodorant that is ACTUALLY SOOTHING

Wonderful! Yodora stops perspiration odor safely, quickly... yet is positively soothing to normal skin. Made with a face cream base, with no harsh acid salts to cause irritation, Yodora actually helps soften your skin, like a face cream. No other known deodorant gives this PLUS protection. Try Yodora, the soothingest deodorant. Tubes or jars, 10c, 30c, 60c. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

Do Dreams Come True?

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

LISTEN TO HEART’S DESIRE
Daytime—Monday through Friday on the Mutual Network

DRAMA HUMOR LOVE

Do you want your dream to come true? Read the HEART’S DESIRE feature in this month’s TRUE ROMANCE Magazine
Twenty Questions  
(Continued from page 41)

Dad and Mom had recovered from their anxiety about their guest’s injured feelings, they realized that Nancy had hit on quite an idea.

Van was so excited about it that he promptly took the suggestion to the Mutual Broadcasting System and they started auditions for the program immediately.

The past two years have told the rest of the story.

When they are away from the radio studio, the Vanderventers quickly forget their public life. They live in a lovely rambling ranch-type house in Princeton, New Jersey, close to Princeton University. Florence does all her own cooking. She does all her own gardening as well, but refuses to grow the green onions—scallions—that Van adores. A considerate, loving wife in every respect, she draws the line at green onions for what she thinks are pretty good reasons.

Blue-eyed, sandy-haired Bobby “McGuire” Vanderventer, now sixteen, is an average student at Princeton High School. When he is there, Bobby never mentions his radio work and is profoundly embarrassed if other students or teachers bring it up. Like most teenagers, one of Bobby’s greatest desires is to be just like all his other friends.

Although he could probably maintain a brilliant scholastic average, Bobby spends so much time on extra-curricular activities, especially with the Boy Scouts, that his grades are just average. But both his parents feel that they’re much rather have an all-around son than a quiz kid in the house, so they let Bobby lead his own, very busy life.

Nancy, their daughter, is two years older than Bob. She has substituted for him on Twenty Questions during the summers when he has been away on Boy Scout affairs. Many listeners have noticed the remarkable resemblance between Nancy’s crisp microphone personality and that of her father. She looks very much like her Dad too and has his dynamic, restless nature.

Fair-haired, petite, and attractive Florence Rinard comes from Farmlands, Indiana—that’s just sixty miles from Van’s home town of Tipton, Indiana. They didn’t meet however until Florence, then a substitute teacher for several Indiana schools, attended a High School Music Convention in Chicago.

There, a sorority sister introduced her to a dark, energetic newspaperman who was working for a prominent Chicago newspaper.

He was very anxious to take her on a tour of the city because she had never been there before. By the time their sight-seeing jaunt was over, they had forgotten about local points of interest and were concentrating on each other. Four months later Florence married the newspaperman Fred Vanderventer, and started on a life that has had its ups and downs but has never been dull.

After her marriage to Van, Florence gave up her job as a music supervisor and teacher. Things went well for a while, but by the time Bobby was born and Nancy was two years old, the nation-wide depression hit its lowest point. And so did the Vanderventers.

It is significant and typical of them that at this point Van and Florence put their heads together and came up with a scheme that had them working side

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only

COULD THIS MARRIAGE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

A. Yes . . . had the wife taken heed of her husband’s increasing coolness, known the secret of thorough feminine hygiene, kept herself lovely to love.

Q. What does feminine hygiene have to do with married happiness?

A. Far more than some women realize . . . but the wise wife has the assurance of complete daintiness when she uses “Lysol” brand disinfectant regularly in the douche.

Q. But many women use a douche only now and then . . . is regularity important?

A. Yes, indeed . . . it should be a routine procedure with every married woman, and always with “Lysol.” Because it has marvelous deodorant properties due to its proven ability to kill germs instantly on contact.

Q. How about homemade solutions, such as salt and soda?

A. They are old-fashioned and ineffectual, not to be compared with “Lysol’s” scientific formula. “Lysol” has tested efficiency in contact with organic matter. It is both effective and safe for delicate tissues when used as directed.

ALWAYS USE “LYSOL” in the douche for its efficiency in combating both germs and odors. It will help you feel you have perfect grooming, “romance appeal.”

Check with your doctor
Many doctors recommend “Lysol” in proper solution for Feminine Hygiene, because it is non-caustic, gentle, efficient. Its clean, antiseptic odor quickly disappears, carrying away all other unpleasant odors. It is so highly concentrated that it is very economical to use. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution. Have it always handy in the bathroom.

For Feminine Hygiene—always use “Lysol”
A Concentrated Germicide

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

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R. M. 887, Product of Lehn & Fink
by side in a desperate effort to keep their family going. They teamed up, making pies and cakes in their own kitchen which they marketed through local bakeries. They also made fudge at home, wrapped it in cellophane, and Van sold it to local cigar and candy stores.

For Van it was a far cry from his journalistic career; for Florence there was no music in the job but it kept them together and kept them going at a time when anything less than heroic effort would have broken up the family.

Later on, things began to pick up for the Vandexperiment. They moved to Detroit and it was there that Van started his radio newscasting. After a few years, Van was transferred to the New York studios.

The Vandexperiment started to play semi-educational games at meal times when Nancy and Bobby were both very young. They found it to be a painless way to keep the children well informed as well as to divert them while they ate their spinach. Even today they enjoy these home practice sessions. It keeps them in trim, and although they do not stress it, there is a certain amount of competition among members of the family to see who can get most answers.

Bob: Is it wearing apparel?
Master of Ceremonies Bill Slater: No.
Florence: Is it manufactured?
Bill: Yes.
Herb: Is it connected with the circus?
Bill: No.
Guest, Clown Emmet Kelly: Is it an article of clothing?
Bill: No.
Guest: You already asked whether it was wearing apparel.
Van: Is it used by man?
Bill: Yes.
Florence: Is it edible?
Bill: No.
Bobby: Is it something connected with the past?
Bill: Yes.
Van: Is it famous for the person with whom it is connected?
Bill: Yes.
Florence: Was this person with whom it is connected a man?
Bill: Yes.
Van: Was this man connected with the government?
Bill: No.
Herb: Was he in mythology?
Bill: No.
Bobby: Was he an ancient character?
Bill: Yes.
Florence: Was he biblical?
Bill: Yes.
Van: Now you're really on the right track.
Florence: Was he in the Old Testament?
Bill: Yes.
Bobby: Was it David's slingshot?
Bill: Yes. You got it!

At the beginning, Van was the only member of the family scheduled for the show. At the last minute, one of the scheduled participants wired that she would not be able to attend the audition. Florence pitched in, and has been there ever since, under her maiden name of Florence Rinard.

Bobby Vandexperiment, then thirteen, took an audition, and like his mother, clicked immediately. He, too, changed his name, and used that of his maternal grandfather, the late Bill Howard McGuire he has scored some wonderful answers and holds the all time record for the show by guessing the category, "Brooklyn Dodgers" on the very first inquiry. When the placard reading "Brooklyn Dodgers" was shown to the studio audience they let out such a roar of laughter that Bobby, as well as Van himself, took his striking guess.

Outside of the Vandexperiment, the only other permanent member of the Vandexperiment is Herb, an actor and motion picture producer. Herb is a quick man with a spontaneous joke and has continually delighted audiences with his dry wit and unexpected answers.

Ask Herbs, the tall, white-haired quiz-master Twenty Questions, is known affectionately off the air as the "Colonel." He studied at West Point and his checkered career has ranged from that of a radio sports announcer to the headmaster of an old boys' school. Bill also has his family in on the proceedings. His attractive wife prepares all his notes, and does the library research on the subjects the program covers.

It is very important for Bill to be scrupulously accurate in his answers to the panel. One wrong or even a semi-correct reply might throw them completely off the track, and though he is one of the best ad-libbers in radio, Bill is often on the spot on Twenty Questions. For example, when he was asked if the subject "The Spike on the Devil's Tail" was human he answered after a little hesitation, "Well, not quite human.

Bill likes to avoid any confusing answers for two reasons. If he leads them astray, the Vandexperiment and the panel in the broadcast and the lay the blame for missing a topic right in his lap. Then after he has quieted their incensed feelings, he reads hundreds of letters from equally angry listeners who accuse him of doing the panel an injustice.

It is pretty certain that the audience at home and the panel is pulling one hundred percent for the panel. However, in the studio the roars of approval at a good guess and the roars of disappointment are likely to sound very much alike to the harried panel members. After long experience they have learned to ignore the sounds from the audience and concentrate. "One thing is sure," says Dandy, "Concentration is the most important thing on the program.

Since the program started, two and one-half years ago, the competition has become progressively more difficult. The early subjects were fairly simple items such as "Truman's Piano," "The Atom Bomb," or "Joe DiMaggio's Bat." Now however, the subjects are more com-
plex. Typical of these is "The Golden Book in which the Angry Wrote" from the poem About Ben Adhem, or "The Thorn in the Lion's Foot" from the legend of Androcles and the Lion. All the topics are sent in by listeners. They are taken from literature, current events, proverbs, history, famous personalities or places, and just about anything else that might be fairly common knowledge.

Generally the panel prefers subjects that have a direct connection with a famous individual. If, for example, they can pin down the fact that the topic has something to do with John L. Lewis, it is very easy and logical step to the conclusion that they are after John L. Lewis' Eyebrows.

The hardest items for the panel to get are the ones they call "class categories." By this they mean subjects that have no personal, or fictional associations.

"To get a subject like the one we had recently, 'A Can Opener,' is practically impossible," says the panel to the point where we knew we were after some kitchen utensil, we were sunk. With no further clues to go on, we could have named every pot, pan, knife and fork in a typical kitchen before we reached the 'Can Opener.' These class categories are haphazard guesses to us, and the audience is always surprised when we miss them because they seem so easy."

During its two years on the air, Twenty Questions has won a number of laurels. The program has been honored by the American College Association for its educational value. The National Parent and Teachers Organization has given it top rating as recommended listening. For two years it has received a blue ribbon for excellence from the New Jersey State Fair Committee, and Fred Vanderventer has received an honorary degree as a Doctor of Letters from Ryden College in New Jersey. In addition to all of this recognition, Twenty Questions has inspired several imitators, which as the saying goes, is the sincerest form of flattery.

The British Broadcasting Company developed a popular quiz modeled after our American program. There are also radio versions of the game in France and Japan. Radio Tokyo calls its quiz Twenty Doors. All of this attention and success has left the Vanderventers' life surprisingly untouched.

Florence and Van are still as modest as they were in the days when they had to sell fudge to candy stores. They think that they have been very lucky for the most part, and the fact that their names are household words all across the country has not affected their way of life.

Usually, on Sunday afternoons, there are several of the Vanderventers' neighbors in the living room. Most guests drop in for a few minutes and end up by staying a few hours. They very rarely play games, because it would be hard to resist an invitation to play and compete with America's prime parlor professors.

Florence has gotten used to the fact that some of her precious vases and lamps are bound to be knocked around when Van's enthusiasm for the game of charades gets a little out of hand. She is also used to the rumpus in the rumpus room when Van and Bobby get together for another session in their endless ping-pong-tournament. And Nancy may bring sixteen of her "very best friends" to a tea party, but it's all in a full day at the Vanderventers.

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**AMAZING OFFER—$1400 IN YOUTHS**

For Setting Only 50 Santa Christmas Canes. Each box contains 20 bears in entirely different designer (kerchief, cap, or without cap) made of finest quality material. Send with order an accidental. Write today. It must be in to get Your Child's Care. Dept. M-N, White Plains, N.Y.
Radio's Number One Fan
(Continued from page 29)

to recognize and like the euger, but always well-behaved youngster, and to
feed him bits of news not available to the
general public.
Gratefully, Bill saved every scrap of
information. By summer's end he had
compiled a complete and up-to-the-
momute of every single audience
show originating on NBC and in New York City. He
still faithfully puts in time every week
on this compendium revising and cor-
recting it as changes occur and the
chances are that he's better informed on
events in radio than any editor.
When school re-opened in the fall,
Bill continued to attend programs in
the afternoon and evenings. On Sat-

corridors of NBC, between shows,
from 9:00 A.M. to as late as 11:00 P.M.,
polishing off his homework between
shows. And when he quit school in the
sixth term to go to work, due to strait-
ened family finances, he continued to
follow this routine.

The surprising part of it is that Bill's
interest hasn't the slightest material-
istic taint. He's no hero-worshiper or
autograph-hunter, nor is he mer-
cenarially inclined. As a matter of
fact, he has a standing quiz show,
especially those that award prizes.
With the true zeal of the simon-pure
amateur, he absorbs the "semi-pro"
characters who haunt the
studios.
Bill knows just as definitely what
he does like. His favorite forms of radio
entertainment are, in the order named:
Dramatic, Comedy, Semi-Classic
Music and a little Popular. His first
choice in dramatic shows is Studio
One, with Theater Guild On The Air a close
runner-up. Bill rates Fred Allen, Henry
Morgan and Milton Berle the best com-
\ies on the air, in that order. In the field
of semi-classical music, Bill is equally
fond of Morton Gould, Andre Kostel-
netz and Fred Waring.
Though he is too modest to make any
such pronouncement himself, Bill's
tastes reflect an admiration for proven
competence and, above all, obvious
sincerity, on the part of the radio people.
Bill never goes his present job to
radio, if only indirectly. About a year
ago, while temporarily unemployed, he
was, as usual, wandering through the
studios. In one of these
reveals that there was that his present employer
found, questioned and hired him. Bill
now is an errand boy and apprentice
photographer for Camera Associates, a
commercial photography firm which
does work for radio shows, advertising
agencies and for Radio Mirror.
You'd think after spending so much of
his time in radio studios that Bill
would be dying to get into radio. But
it just isn't so. Bill's ambitions are
centered in photography and his bosses
say that he is naturally bright and
shows a real aptitude for the camera.
Bill had a girl once who had the mak-
ings of a true radio fan, he thought.
But she insisted on dragging him
to every Frank Sinatra broadcast.
"Shirley would sit there and scream
and sigh," Bill recalls scornfully, "$ didn't
mind sitting through a Sinatra
program—he has a fair voice—but when
she had the nerve to ask me to fight my
way through a mob of crazy busi-
boy-sappers to get an autograph from The
Voice for her, that was the end!"

Freckles

Have you tried Stillman's
Freckle Cream as a beauty
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ifies the skin, giving it a
glowing radiance ... a
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OR WITH ROTENONE . . . for cats, dogs. Quickly
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Whitall Jordon Co., Dept. MWG, N.Y., 16, N.Y.
daughter of a dancing girl forgot the intrigues of the palace and learned to be happy.

Then, on the same sort of night that had hidden their flight to the farm, Grace's brother slipped out into the jungle. Grace told me that he had never forgotten his Mohammedan training, and that he made his way back to Bhopal.

Soon after that, there were reports that Grace's brother, with family pride at stake, was organizing a force to return to the Himalayas, seize Grace and take her to Bhopal.

No chances were taken, and Grace was sent to America. Shortly after that, the Strong family also came to America, to buy machinery that was needed for the farm. The Strongs met Grace in New York and took her with them to their old home at Atlantic, Iowa.

The Strongs told me that they had "no salary, or means of our own." Just how they were going to buy all the expensive farm machinery was a mystery—that is, until all of the good people back in Atlantic heard their story. Stocking that distant, mountain farm became a community project, and every last piece of needed equipment was bought.

"Just how are you going to get all of that equipment back to your farm?" I asked.

"Well," said Mrs. Strong, "we'll go right with it—can't afford to lose it—on the boat to Bombay. Once there, instead of taking a chance on the Indian railroads, we'll load the family and camp equipment in a camp trailer, hook the trailer and our new threshing machine on back of our new tractor—and drive 1,000 miles to our farm."

I looked past our ABC microphone at the Strongs, at their three blond youngsters, three, four and seven years old, at slim, reserved Grace. I tried to imagine this troupe of pioneers churning their way through 1,000 miles of bad roads, no roads, and jungle, with a patch of land, just reclaimed from the tigers, as their destination.

These indeed were travelers whom I was proud to welcome, and honored to meet.

"I'd like to ask you, Grace," I said, "if you have any plans for the future."

"Yes," she replied, with a proud smile aimed at the Strongs. "Yes, I plan to be a missionary myself, and work with other children."

I'm sure I was speaking for millions of Americans when I wished Grace Goodspeed, and said we'd never forget her.
Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 55)

"The Games the Thing," "Are you Game, "Games are Peachy," "Come into my Parlor, Why don't We Get Fun." At least then you have the cold comfort of knowing that it was a good idea. Last but not least—not likely either—they may consider it a very worthwhile idea. Anyhow, at first sight, there seems to be a good chance of being operable for NBT at this time, in fact they'd like to give it a whirl. A word of caution at this point, do not do a broken leg! And they'll be named Sally man, Lincoln Automobile showrooms, or mink coat salons—put a cold compressor on your head and repeat "I've seen too many movies" one hundred times. Mr. Davis will explain to you that they will take an option on your show and hold it for that time when they find themselves with a half hour to fill. They will push your program into that slot and see how it goes. When that happy day arrives, the show will be put into the capable hands of either Mr. Ed Sobol or Mr. Fred Cee, who will supervise all the details of actually getting it to the television screen.

It is obvious, it is not, that before you venture into television you must arm yourself with infinite patience, an indestructible nervous system, and a supplementary form of income.

The Dumont talent auditions certainly are the answer to a hopeful's prayer. Here is no brush-off, but a sincere effort to help you to help yourself into television. Anyone who is ambitious among those lines can send a description of his specialty, experience, and background—along with a picture, to: Dumont Auditions, 515 Madison Avenue, New York City. If they think you have any possibility for video you will get an audition under real broadcasting conditions—lights, cameras, director, and everything.

The sensation of the video world back in April was the overwhelming 60,000 requests for tickets which poured into WNBT for "Howdy Doody" buttons. Bob Smith's popular puppet is running for President, and if the kids had a vote he'd probably be the next occupant of the White House. This is probably the largest response to a television show yet. NBT originally ordered only 5,000 of the buttons—which have a picture of "Howdy" and proclaim "I'm for Howdy Doody.

If you notice that the men on television look very natty and well pressed these days, you can thank the men's apparel industry. This outfit decided to raise the sartorial standards of video men and they did it in a very clever way. They established a "clothes bank" to supply them with all and commentors working before the video cameras a complete wardrobe of men's apparel and accessories. Bert Babichman, men's fashion commentator who started the whole idea, stated when the bank first went into operation: "It is even more important that the man who appears on a television screen be properly dressed; for unlike other actors, he is visiting private homes.

Part of Owen Davis, Jr.'s, WNBT job is television programming and casting. Of his largest casting chores is the

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ABC, which will resume its New York telecasts and in the meantime enlarged its WNBR-AM staff in Chicago and closed a deal to exchange film programs with Radiodiffusion Francaise. In this way the best television work done in France will be made available to Chicago audiences. Deal calls for the exchange of video films covering news, entertainment, special events, etc.

Back in the May issue we told about how difficult it was to do a remote tele show because of the bushels of tape involved. We pointed out that John Reed King’s Missus Goes A-Shopping had to obtain about seven different permits each week to do the program from supermarkets. Now the New York City government is working closely with broadcasters to make it simple to carry out any and all video operations.

Television is apparently going to open up a whole new field for massters. Joan Koval, WGN-TV’s Swing Into Sports, received a letter recently from an anonymous woman, who told her how mad he was about her from watching her on her show. He instructed her to pass her hand across her hair in a special way when she first appeared on “Sports” the following week—that would be her signal to write again and set up a time and place to meet. The Dumont boys were kididdly urging Joan to do it—just to see what would develop, but Missus was very definitely kept her hands out of her hair—had hoped to keep the ardent letter writer out of it too.

It has been found that television receivers put into hotel rooms actually make money for the hotel. This is why: vacations, rooms instead of going out for fun; have friends in, and the room service charges zoom from a $25 average per room per month to $175—people who watch television order extra lights and food. The Roosevelt, Taft, and New Yorker hotels are all-out for video.

WGN-TV in Chicago is planning an extremely interesting show in cooperation with the American Medical Society—which meets at Northwestern University Dental College. NBC signed on for the June 21st through 25th. WGN-TV will televise an operation—step-by-step.

There have been a lot of jokes recently about how embarrassing it is to be televised at a dinner, parade, or sporting event when you are not aware that you are making a video debut. To avoid embarrassments, libel suits, and even divorce suits, NBC has had a special card printed, to be placed among the audience going to be televised. The card reads:

YOU ARE BEING TELEVISIONED—Portions of this program are being televised by the National Broadcasting Company and recipients of these cards are in direct range of the television camera. May we respectfully call to your attention the fact that during this broadcast you will be in full view of the television audience. Thank you.

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PURCO, 2601 Locust, Dept. H-4, St. Louis, Mo.
Green Stuff
(Continued from page 65)


CHEESE SALAD MAIN DISH
1 tablespoon plain gelatine
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash of cayenne pepper
1/2 cups milk
1/2 cups cottage cheese
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
4 tablespoons chopped chives or onion

Combine gelatine, salt, cayenne pepper and milk in a saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling over low heat. (Do not boil.) Remove from heat and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into an 8 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pan, or 8 individual molds (custard cups may be used). Chill until firm. Unmold and serve on crisp lettuce or watercress. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

BANANA CREAM
1 cup sugar
1 cup orange juice
Juice of 1 lemon
2 cups water
6 bananas
1 cup heavy cream

Combine sugar, orange juice, lemon juice and water. Bring to boiling and stir until sugar is dissolved. Force bananas through a strainer; add to juice mixture. Cool. Pour into ice cube tray and freeze until mushy. Whip cream until it holds shape and fold into partially frozen juice mixture. Stir twice during freezing. Makes 10 portions.

HONEY REFRIGERATOR COOKIES
2 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
4 cups shortening
1 cup honey
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Sift together flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Cream shortening until soft and add honey. Gradually beat in sugar. Add egg and beat until light and smooth. Add nuts and mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients and blend until smooth. Turn out onto waxed paper and roll into a long cylinder. Roll up with waxed paper and chill in refrigerator overnight or until firm. Slice thin, place on greased shallow pan and bake in hot oven (400°F) about 10 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

AMBROSIA ICE BOX CAKE
3 oranges
1/2 cup shredded coconut, firmly packed
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar

Sponge cake
Cut oranges into sections removing all the white membrane. Drain well and combine with coconut. Sweeten the whipped cream with sugar and fold into orange mixture. Line bottom of ice cube tray with slices of sponge cake. Pour orange mixture on top of cake. Chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.

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MOTHER! Your child will enjoy this tasty laxative!

Millions of mothers have learned from experience that children take Ex-Lax willingly. They love its delicious chocolate taste. Ex-Lax is not only pleasant-tasting but easy-acting.

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Three new frocks to make your heart dance!

A whole, wonderful wardrobe for what you usually spend for just one dress.

No wonder smart career gals are rushing to get all three of these all-occasion, all-beautiful dresses!

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Frosty white embroidery trims the keyhole neckline and flap pockets. With center-full shirred skirt, and cuffed cap sleeves, it comes in powder blue, aqua, pink, gray, or black with white embroidery. Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17; 10-12-14-16-18-20.

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**Lace-Lovely:**
The lace-edged apron drape is fashion's newest rage. The sweetheart neckline and cape sleeves will make you completely captivating. In butcher-like linen. Black or navy with white Venetian lace. Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17; 10-12-14-16-18-20. Also in sizes 38-40-42-44 at $6.98.

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... the only nail polish at any price containing the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient ... PLASTEEN

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Two years ago, Helen Neushaefer nail polish was unheard of ... had never been offered for sale. Today, in store after store, town after town, city after city, from coast-to-coast, it is the favorite nail-do of hundreds of thousands of women.

Unsolicited letters, which reach my desk every day, tell me why they switched to Helen Neushaefer nail polish. The big reason is PLASTEEN ... the miracle ingredient developed by my cosmetic chemists to help prevent chipping and peeling. No other nail polish at any price, their letters say, lasts as long or looks as lovely as my polish with PLASTEEN.

But PLASTEEN does far more than help prevent chipping. It makes Helen Neushaefer nail polish go on quicker, easier, more evenly, without annoying bubbles ... gives it starlike brilliance ... makes your nails look like ovals of rare porcelain.

NEU LOOK

Women constantly write me how they love the many fashionable, up-to-the-minute colors ... particularly my newest shade ... "Neu Look" ... a gorgeous, stylish pink ... as beautiful as a morning sunrise.

Miss and Mrs. America also are switching to my new lipstick with LASTEEN which I created, by popular demand, to harmonize with the lingering loveliness of my nail polish. Helen Neushaefer lipstick, too, comes in all of the day's most popular shades including the sensational summer shade ... "Neu Look."

If you would like your nails to look lovelier longer ... if you would like to be spared the aggravation of frequent chipping and patching... won't you try Helen Neushaefer nail polish with PLASTEEN. You'll find it in twelve beautiful colors at your nearest chain or drug store cosmetic counter.

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“Conversational prints”? Yes, they tell their own story of fabulous places and people.
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When A Girl Marries... Meet The Davis family, read their heart-warming story
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The Aurells came back to the bride’s home in Texas to be wed. Jolyne’s skin is smooth and fresh. She says—“My first cake of Camay brought my skin a lovelier look!”

Sunny skies smiled on the Aurells’ honeymoon in Acapulco, Mexico. And the forecast for Jolyne’s complexion is “fair and clearer,” too. She’ll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Lovely skin—lovely girl! And your skin can be softer, smoother with your first cake of Camay—if you’ll do this! Give up careless cleansing! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay’s beauty promise on scores of women. And nearly every one of those women gained a lovelier skin with one cake of Camay. The wrapper tells you how to be lovelier!
Don't let that bath-freshness fade—stay sweet to be near!

A star-spangled evening begins in your bath, it's true. You start off sweet and dainty. But what will you do to keep underarm odor from turning your dreams to dust?

After your bath washes away past perspiration, remember—Mum's the word for safer, surer protection against risk of future underarm odor.

But will you be showered with attention, Sugar?

Be a safety-first girl with Mum

**Safer for charm**—Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

**Safer for skin**—Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

**Safer for clothes**—No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn’t dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you’re dressed.
AUGUST, 1948

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This month's guest quizmaster is Todd Russell, m.c. of CBS' Strike It Rich (Sundays 9:30 P.M. EDT)

1. Oldest member of "Allen's Alley." Who is she?

2. Red Skelton was once a (a) truck driver, (b) dentist, (c) circus clown.

3. Started out as a dancer, but broke her leg. Now well-known singer. Who is she?

4. Jimmy Durante started in show business as part of a three man act. Name the other two men.

5. What famous news commentator once lived with Lawrence of Arabia?

6. What orchestra leader does not play any instrument, and does not sing?

MY FAVORITE QUIZ QUESTIONS
(a) How fast can a snail travel?
(b) Are there more dogs than radios in the United States?

ANSWERS:

1. Mrs. Nelson
2. (b) dentist
3. (b) dancer
4. (c) and (a)
5. Edward R. Murrow
6. (b) Leonard Bernstein

Breezy, bustling, big-town—that's KANSAS CITY

K. C. is a hospitable home-town—a mighty pleasant place to live. Unusually beautiful residential areas, parks, broad boulevards abound. Educational and cultural opportunities have been well planned. Civic pride runs high.

Almost smack in the middle of the U. S.—K. C. is the flourishing center of a 6-state trading area, extending as far west as Colorado and clear down into Texas. Cows, horses, hogs, mules, grain, oil, lumber flow in and out.

With the old "Show-me" spirit still alive, Kansas Citians have long enjoyed the Candy Coated Gum—

Beech-Nut Beechies
Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin—They're good!

Beech-Nut Gum in stick form—the outstanding favorite everywhere.

FAMOUS K. C. STOCKYARDS—350-acre, brick-paved "cow-hotel."

NELSON GALLERY OF ART—one of the most imposing and beautiful in America.

DOWNTOWN—and only 6 minutes away is the Municipal Airport; "one night from everywhere."

MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM—a city block square, it houses a huge Arena, Music Hall, Theatre, and Exhibition Hall.
TO metropolitan listeners, Bert Lee is the man who brings them the fastest game of baseball in radio, a 15-minute, play-by-play account of one of the two most exciting games of the day! His daily broadcast on WHN's Today's Baseball, Marty Glickman, WHN sports director does the other game. Both are heard daily from 7:00 to 7:30 P.M., EDT.

Lee creates the game from notes taken from the news ticker tape, adds the crowd noises with phonograph records and a realistic crack of the bat meeting a fast ball with the aid of a toy night club hammer and a wooden block. The result is an early evening baseball game for millions of workers who formerly got their only baseball thrills from the box scores.

Along with Today's Baseball, Bert Lee broadcasts numerous other sports programs for WHN, which puts him in class with the nation's top sportscasters. With Ward Wilson, one of the country's outstanding radio performers and sports experts, and the aforementioned Glickman, Bert also does Warm-Up Time, inside dope from the dugouts, preceding each Dodger game, and Sports Extra, immediately following the Dodger broadcasts, featuring scores and highlights from around the leagues.

Not satisfied with being a leading radio personality, Lee as Bertram Lebhar, Jr., is also sales director for WHN, who is lead in the radio sports world is due in a large measure to the combination of Lee-Lebhar.

Sportscaster-Sales Director Lebhar would seem to have little time to play the role of family man. His New Rochelle, N. Y., household includes Evelyn Lebhar, Bert's wife, and five robust, handsome children, Bert III, 18 years old and an upper freshman at Cornell University; Godfrey M. II, 14 years old and a sophomore at New Rochelle High School; 11-year-old Barbara, who is attending Roosevelt Public School; Suzanne, age 9, also at Roosevelt Public School, and the youngest, Vivienne, 8 years old.

The gathering of the Lebhar clan at the dinner table means that the crowded sports activities of the day will be discussed in knowledgeable fashion by all members of the household, from tot to teen, with dad and mom presiding. The Lebhar children fail to understand why other youngsters in the neighborhood are not conversant with current football strategy, hot stove league palaver and wrestling techniques.

The National Father's Day Committee, aware of Bert's accomplishments in both private and business life, awarded him a citation two years ago for his outstanding contribution to radio and his meritorious record as a father. The citation, presented to him on Father's Day, 1946, read: "To Bert Lee, for his supremacy as sports commentator, bridge expert and exemplary father and family man."

Bert received his college training at Cornell University and New York Law School. He changed his mind about being a lawyer and entered the radio field where he became a salesman with a record just short of fabulous.
Here is Ruth, rarin' to get up to the Cape for that gorgeous two weeks she's dreamed about all year. The wonderful boys she'll meet... the gay times she'll have... the sea, the sun, and the moonlight.

But it isn't going to be that way!

Of course she'll meet attractive men... but they'll have little time for her. Of course she'll sun herself and decorate the beach... but most of the time it will be alone. And she won't know why!*

Like many another girl, Ruth, without realizing it, is guilty of bad breath *(halitosis)* now and then. And when that happens... it's often bye-bye friendships... bye-bye romance!

When you're out to make the most of yourself isn't it just common sense to be extra careful about offending others? It's so easy when you have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic in your vacation kit. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before any date. Almost at once it leaves the breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. No wonder a lot of smart people make it part of their "passport to popularity."

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is a pretty wonderful first aid, too, when it comes to cases of minor skin infection, and insect bites and stings.

If you're vacation-bound don't forget to tuck a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic in your bag. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?
I'll wager that a lot of you, like me, are so plain tuckered out at the end of a day's work that you sometimes can't enjoy having fun. (More times than you care to admit, I'll wager.) Well, as you know, each week on the Family Counselor portion of The Second Mrs. Burton, we have a visit from a recognized authority in one of the many fields that are of interest to women. When Miss Claire Mann, the noted authority on health and beauty, came to see me, she passed on so many sensible tips that I knew you'd want to hear about them, too. In her New York studio, Claire Mann has taught thousands of men and women the science of relaxing—and if you don't think relaxing is a science, just listen to Miss Mann!

"Women of all ages and from all walks of life come to me with their problems, physical and emotional. They're tense or run-down from occupational fatigue," said Miss Mann. I interrupted to find out exactly what she meant by that term, and she explained it this way: "It's just simply this—women, housewives in particular, don't know how to relax during the day's work. That's where the trouble starts. You take a man, for instance—if he's behind a desk, he's able to find time for a cigarette between crises. A truck driver can hop out of his truck for a cup of coffee."

"Do you mean that a woman can find the same sort of relaxation in her home?" I asked.

"Yes, she can, but unfortunately most women don't know how to," admitted our Family Counselor. "As long as she is in her home, the average woman always sees things about her that need mending, or dusting, or fixing. Result is—occupational fatigue. Sometimes it takes the form of a real pain, or perhaps—and this is more common—a good case of nerves. Then over-tension follows. Occupational fatigue can creep up slowly and wear you down. In its early stages it may make you feel frustrated, tired—or just simply bored. Radio programs, such as yours, Mrs. Burton, help to alleviate some of the causes of her trouble because they help her to forget her own problems. And I find that musical therapy is a fine treatment for her condition because it brings relaxation. When you start the tedious part of your work, make it a point to turn on your favorite sort of music, Bach or boogie-woogie, whatever it may be—and let it carry you through your work.

"That's why we, in our studio, are so successful," she continued. "The simple, obvious way is the best way to cure nervous pain from lack of relaxation. If you do want some homework though, I might tell you about the following four points that have proved helpful for so many housewives: First: Empty your mind. Second: Breathe deeply with long, smooth exhalations. Third: Relax the muscles so that they become heavy. Fourth: Follow the music and learn to absorb it. What could be more simple?" By the time the interview was over, I felt completely relaxed!

If you have a problem that you would like to hear discussed, won't you send it along to me, in care of Radio Mirror?

By TERRY BURTON

Health and beauty advice from authority Claire Mann (r.) to Second Mrs. Burton and her radio audience.

Every Wednesday, The Second Mrs. Burton (played by Patsy Campbell) is visited by an authority on some phase of women's-world interest. Through this department, Terry Burton shares some of these visits with Radio Mirror readers. The Second Mrs. Burton may be heard each Monday through Friday at 2 P.M., EDT, on CBS stations.
Are you in the know?

Would a smart "red head" wear—

- Pink
- Orange
- Coral

So you're tired of "traditional" colors. You crave a change to—(sigh!) pink—but you've heard it's taboo for red heads. Well, wear that dreamy pink confection. With beauty experts' blessing! Any pale pink with a subtle gold tone; like a very delicate flesh or coral. It's smart to be sure your choice is right. And for problem days, you're smart to choose exactly the right napkin. Try all 3 sizes of Kotex! Find the one for you.

What's your winning weapon?

- Sharp chatter
- Samba know-how
- That stary-eyed look

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But to set him mooning, try that stary-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, as well, if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex—for the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. Your secret weapon against secret woes!

If delayed beyond your deadline—

- Bunk at Katie's house
- Call the family
- Head home without 'phoning

H'm . . . later than you thought! Do you cringe before a phone booth? Dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting up for you, anyway.) Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry; soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save yourself, at certain times, with Kotex. For who could guess . . . with those flat pressed ends to guard you from tell-tale outlines?

When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

- Fair play
- All's fair in love
- Leave the field to Sue

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's snarable . . . even if the pressure's terrific . . . don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-softness of new Kotex. The kind of softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! Did you know? Or have you already discovered this new, softer napkin? (Poise, also, comes in the package labelled Kotex!)

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE three pretty girls lending beauty to this page are Patsy Lee, charming and petite nineteen-year-old songstress on Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club, and Charlotte Manson and Mercedes McCambridge, who are both featured on This Is Nora Drake. Charlotte and Mercedes also play on Theater of Today. If you’re a real radio fan, you have heard Mercedes’ voice on Grand Central Station and Studio One, too.

Radio work is fascinating fun, all three enthusiastically agree. But it can be, and is, hard work—especially in the heat of the summer. For, even as you and I, who also have to keep on working (except on our vacations, of course), they can’t help wishing that they could spend more time just trying to keep cool. The best way they’ve found to keep their minds off the heat is to concentrate on bringing you good entertainment. In so doing, for the time being they can forget about how warm they feel, which proves a point—that if you don’t dwell on something unpleasant, it won’t bother you.

Despite the heat, however, Patsy, Charlotte, and Mercedes feel that it’s important to look their prettiest—not alone for their pride’s sake, but also because it matters very much to them what others think of their appearance. Every woman understands this. But not every woman knows how to keep cool and dainty-looking in warm weather. So, we asked them for their special beauty hints.

Patsy takes two lukewarm scented tub baths daily—morning and late afternoon, and does clean underwear each time. After every wearing, she rinses out her underthings immediately. She alternates between using cologne, toilet water, deodorant cologne, or deodorant perfume, which has been chilled in the refrigerator. Their light floral fragrances match or blend with the scent of the fresh flowers she frequently wears in her hair, or pinned at her waist on a dainty cotton frock. In humid weather she shampoos her hair more often, so that it always looks as bright and clean as she is, and brushes it a lot. The home permanent wave Patsy has learned to give herself keeps her hair nicely in curl—in soft, natural-looking waves.

Charlotte takes no chances on offending; she uses an underarm deodorant and perspiration check. A face mask makes her skin feel and look refreshed. Bath powder, dusted on her body after bathing, lets her girdle slide on easily, and the heat emphasizes the powder’s fragrance.

Like Patsy and Charlotte, Mercedes feels that daintiness is never so important as it is in warm weather. She, too, follows the same beauty rituals. But, in addition, she pays special attention to her feet. She gives them frequent foot baths to relieve soreness and swelling, dusts them with an antiseptic and deodorizing foot powder, and also sprinkles some of it in her shoes.
In the most dramatic beauty test ever made:

NEW WOODBURY POWDER

WINS 4 to 1

over all leading brands of powder!

TWICE NEW!
— A new Secret Ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin. It gives a natural, "uppowdered" look... yet covers tiny blemishes.

New Revolutionary Blending!
In all cosmetic history there has never been anything like Woodbury’s new “Super-Blender.” It whirls color and powder together with the force of a tornado. Result: fineness of texture that’s “incredible!”... richness of shade that’s “unbelievable!”... freedom from streaking that “couldn’t be true” before New Woodbury Powder!

Preferred for Every Beauty Quality!
And women preferred New Woodbury Powder for every beauty quality! Today—see for yourself that “Woodbury gives a smoother look to skin... “Covers skin flaws better”... that Woodbury is, literally, the world’s finest face powder!

6 exciting shades!... Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new “Venus” box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size $1.00. Medium and “Purse” sizes 30¢ and 15¢. (plus tax.)
This month, we've decided to stick to good news—a column full of items that make me happy. First off, I'm happy to be back at work after an operation at Manhattan Hospital. Thanks, too, to Tex Benecke and the others who subbed for me on my disc-jockey show over WMCA, WSBC, WWDC, KVOC and all the others.

I liked the news that Joe Mooney fans have been so persistent that Decca has consented to release all eight Mooney discs in one album. The sides are as follows: "Lazy Countryside," "Stars In You Eyes," "Warm Kiss And A Cold Heart," "Tea For Two," "Just A Gigolo," "September Song," "Meet Me At No Special Place," and "I Can't Get Up The Nerve To Kiss You."

Perry Como is still in Hollywood, where he is working on the musical "Words And Music." It's a film based on the lives of Rodgers and Hart. The lovely Lena Horne, you know, also has a featured role in it.

Here's an item of special interest to jazz fans. Count Basie and Illinois Jacquet exchanged drummers recently, Shadow Wilson joining the Basie Band, while the veteran Jo Jones switched to the Jacquet crew.

It was wonderful hearing that delightful Dinah Shore, who hails from Nashville, received the title of "The Most Popular Woman In The South" which is awarded annually by the Southeastern Women's Exposition.

Among the record favorites on my disc jockey show you'll be interested in knowing that I've been getting lots of requests lately for platters by Nancy's Daddy. Frankie's versions of "I Went Down To Virginia" and "I've Got A Crush On You" are just fine. Ethel Smith's "Blame It On The Samba" is another popular platter.

Listening to the new Raymond Scott Quintet is a treat for sore ears. Ray, you know, is Mark Warnow's
From composer eden ahbez himself, Frank Sinatra got coaching in his version of the record-breaking "Nature Boy."

Eunice Podis, young American pianist, told Margaret Arlen (left) and Harry Marble about plans for her coming New York concert, in an interview on Miss Arlen's CBS program. (Mon.-Sat. 8:30 A.M.)

Sam Spade's secretary at home: Lurene Tuttle (above, r.) is both mother and friend of teen-age Barbara.

Sam Spade's secretary at home: Lurene Tuttle (above, r.) is both mother and friend of teen-age Barbara.

brother and a truly original composer and arranger. His new small group is playing the same type of unusual composition that made him so popular a few years back.

Vaughn Monroe now is the possessor of a Lockheed Lodestar thirteen passenger plane. Vaughn will have both a pilot and co-pilot for use on one-nighters. The man flies his own personal plane, too!

New York's famed 52nd Street has really been jumping of late. In recent weeks the various night spots have been presenting to the public such fine talent as Errol Garner, Art Tatum, Harry The Hipster, J. C. Heard, Charlie Parker, George Shearing, Oscar Pettiford, Ella Fitzgerald and Lucky Thompson.

Practicing the forbidden cornet in the chicken coop instead of playing his violin in the front parlor started Salvador Camarata on his career as composer, conductor and arranger. Parental objections were overcome, however, when a retired circus musician neighbor convinced the Camarata clan that Salvador, or "Tutti" as he was called, was a born cornetist.

Tutti Camarata's jazz career started when he switched from cornet and made his name as the youthful first trumpet player in such bands as Frank Dailey's, Joe Mooney's, Charlie Barnet's and Jimmy Dorsey's. It was with the Dorsey aggregation that Tutti showed his capabilities as an arranger. He left the horn-tooting to others and devoted his efforts to scoring such hit discs for the band as "Green Eyes," "Amapola," "The Breeze and I," and "My Prayer." When the band was selected to play for Bing Crosby on the Music Hall, Tutti was given the job of writing two special (Continued on page 82)
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to freely gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamagen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39c plus tax.

(Advertisement)

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

Here's Cugat by Cugat, who is a capable caricaturist when he's not conducting. For Nougats by Cugat, see review below.

DANCING OR LISTENING

COUNT BASIE (RCA Victor)—Any time the Count makes a record you can be sure that the "beat is there." No exception, this Jimmy Rushing sings "Money Is Honey" and the band rocks on "Guest In A Nest."

TEX WILLIAMS (Capitol)—Believe it or not, this is a Western band with a real beat, too. A Kentonish introduction on "Flo From St. Joe, Mo." and a clever novelty lyric on "Suspicion" make this a recommended disc.

THELONIOUS MONK (Blue Note)—Basic requirements for a bebop collection are four sides by the "genius of bop." In the order of our own preference, it's "Suburban Eyes," "Well You Needn't," "Round About Midnight" and "Thelonious."

XAVIER CUGAT (Columbia)—Not authentic Latin-American music, but both listenable and danceable are "Cugat's Nougats" and "The Mexican Shuffle."

RAY McKINLEY (RCA Victor)—"A Man Could Be A Wonderful Thing" is a wonderful thing the way Ray does it. Marcy Lutes, the new gal vocalist, is fine. Backing is Ray again singing "Tambourine."

ART LUND (MGM)—Irving Berlin's "It Only Happens When I Dance With You" is well sung by Art and well played by Johnny Thompson's band. "Muy I Still Hold You," the reverse, isn't nearly as pretty a melody.

BOB CROSBY—JERRY GRAY (Bullet)—Good as Bob is, be is made to sound better by the Jerry Gray orchestral background and some tasteful choral background by the Crew Chiefs. It's the old "You're My Everything" and the new "It's Got To Be."

SCAT MAN CROITHERS (Capitol)—As the Scat Man himself might say, this is neat, reet but not so sweet. It's as weird a pairing as we've ever hoped to hear. Lots of fun listening to "The Thing" and "Dead Man's Blues."

ALBUM ARTISTRY

STORMY MONDAY BLUES (RCA Victor)—A set of eight sides of Earl Hines and his orchestra with vocals by Billy Eckstine makes a fine package. Recorded from 1940 to 1942, this group of selections is of interest to Hines, Eckstine, blues, piano or jazz collectors.

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—Jo sings American folk songs with full orchestral accompaniment instead of the usual guitar background. "Barbara Allen," "Black Is The Colour" and "He's Gone Away" are outstanding. Paul Weston's backings are excellent.

FRANZ LEHAR WALTZES (London)—A very unusual package from the Continent, this. It features the composer himself conducting the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra in waltzes from "Eva" and the "Count of Luxembourg" and the "Gold And Silver Waltz."

STAN KENTON (Capitol)—Whether or not you like the Kenton school of progressive jazz, this is of particular interest for its attempts at emotional portrayal in the modern musical form. "Lonely Woman" is haunting, "Monotony" is unusual.

FACING the MUSIC
Collector's Corner

By ELLIOT LAWRENCE

(This month's guest collector is Elliot Lawrence, youngest of the nation's big name band leaders. Before batonning a dance band, Elliot studied at the University of Pennsylvania and was later musical director of WCAU in Philadelphia. In addition to touring and recording for Columbia, Elliot is currently finishing the score of a musical comedy. Some of his serious compositions have been performed by symphony groups.)

Regardless of age or personal preference, no record collection is really complete without some of the wonderful music that has come from Broadway shows of yesterday and today. There are show tunes to conjure up or meet the needs of most any mood, be it romantic, gay or dramatic. Many are excellent for dancing—all are tops for listening.

Just as with any other category of discs, the best way to start a collection of show tunes is to gather up about a dozen singles or albums that are representative of the best. It is well to keep in mind that the composer is just as important as the artist. Here goes, then, for a basic list:

From Cole Porter's "Jubilee," the Artie Shaw version of "Begin The Beguine" (RCA Victor).
Frank Sinatra's singing "All The Things You Are," from "Very Warm For May," by Jerome Kern (Columbia).
The complete album of "Oklahoma," sung by the original cast of the Rodgers and Hammerstein show (Decca).
"Falling In Love With Love," from Rodgers and Hart's "Boys From Syracuse" recorded by Andre Kostelanetz (Columbia).
From "Bandwagon," the Arthur Schwartz musical, "Dancing In The Dark" by the Fred Waring choir and band (RCA Victor).
Ethel Merman, Ray Middleton and the rest of the cast of Irving Berlin's "Annie Get Your Gun" between the covers of one album (Decca).
The immortal Bunny Berigan's version of "Can't Get Started," a Vernon Duke tune from "Ziegfeld Follies" (RCA Victor).
The complete "Finian's Rainbow" album, with the witty score by Harbury, Burton and Lane (Columbia).
Perry Como's vocal version of "More Than You Know" from Vincent Youman's "Great Day" (RCA Victor).

Last, but among the very best, the complete album of "Porgy and Bess" by the great George Gershwin (Decca).

New! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

Take Only One* Hour Waving Time for Your Permanent

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers...it's that easy to give yourself the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for luxurious, softer, lovelier waves. With it, you can set your hair in any style...from a sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30c Federal Tax). *depending on texture and condition of hair—follow instructions.

It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. One-third more waving lotion...more penetrating, but gentle on hair.
3. Longer, stronger end-popers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave...non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.
When the circus was in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Herlihy had their work cut out for them by Donald, four and Jeanne, seven.

Even before they got to the eat. Dad Herlihy crossed many a palm with silver. He's host on NBC's Honeymoon in New York.

NBC photographer Ike Selby caught Donald urging clown Lou Jacobs to come home with him.

The more we see and hear, the more convinced we become that the folks who are trying so hard to cling to the status quo are hanging on to something that "ain't." The conscientious parent under the status quo did all in his power to be able to send his son, or daughter, to college. But look here, now. If current NBC plans go through, that won't be necessary. Fellows and gals will be able to study via the network. NBC has set up an ambitious "University of the Air" plan and is now in the process of asking several universities to join in. Listeners would enroll in the universities for a home study course (for a nominal fee), and, at the end of a specified period, would take an exam. On passing, the student would receive a joint certificate from the school and the University of the Air.

Some things just don't make very good sense to us. All around there's talk about retrenchments, with plenty of sponsors holding out on re-signing talent until it takes a substantial cut. On the other hand comes an announcement from CBS that it netted better than a million and a half in the first quarter of 1948, which tops last year's high for that network. You figure it out.

Former stage and screen star Muriel Angelus has turned down a meaty Hollywood offer, for two good reasons ... her daughter and her husband. In private life, Muriel is Mrs. Paul Lavalle, wife of radio's baton wielder. While she could conceivably take the nine-months-old baby to the Coast, Paul couldn't leave New York because of his radio commitments. Rather than leave him...
Orthodox Jonathan ate his cotton candy from the top down. It paved the way for the popcorn and ice cream that followed.

When Clyde Beatty's circus hit L. A., Mariba Tilton's Jonathan, five, met Clyde himself.

By the time they saw the sword swallower, Jon said he knew just how she felt. Except that her sword didn't taste so good.

alone, wife Muriel turned down the offer.

Pops Whiteman will never stop. Now he's been elected by the board of directors of ABC to be a vice-president. It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy, we say.

Odd data ... Bob Novak, who directs Mutual's weekday Newsreel series, is a magician for relaxation. He's a former president of the New York chapter of the International Brotherhood of Magicians and, for two years, trouped around the world for the Army, entertaining hospitalized GIs with his feats of magic.

By this time in radio history, whenever you hear a couple of radio comics feuding on their programs you're fairly sure that they're bosom buddies and pay their script writers a tidy piece of change to keep the air war going. Now, there's the makings of a real feud in the biz. Fred Allen is still burning because Bing Crosby canceled out a guest shot on the comic's show. The thing that really makes Allen sore is that all this took place after Fred had already cut the recording of his appearance on the Groaner's stanza.

One of the shortest vacationers is the Beulah Show, which returns to the air about the middle of August. We have to hand it to the writers who took over the scripting assignment on this series after the death of Marlin Hurt, its originator and creator. They've done a consistently good job of retaining all (Continued on page 17)
The vocalists on KDKA's Memory Time. In the foreground: Elaine Beverley, Buzz Aston, Ev Neill (at the piano), Florence Berg and announcer Bill Sutherland. In the back row, the quartet, Dick Fisher, Bob Hughes, Bernie Markwell and Ray Griffin.

As Musical Director of Memory Time, Al's on an endless search for those half-remembered songs which are so often requested under wrong titles.

BUILDING any kind of a radio show is no easy job, but when it comes to preparing a show like KDKA's Memory Time, half hour musical which features the tunes of other years every Thursday night on the Pittsburgh station, there's a real task involved.

Don't take anybody's word for it. Just ask Al Marsico, famed Pittsburgh musician who is the musical director of the production. He says he doesn't even take time out to say hello when he meets his friends. Invariably it's: "Say, tell me where I can get the words and music of . . ."

Currently he's looking for a copy of "She Sleeps in the Valley by Request." If you can help him out, he'll certainly appreciate it.

Al started out as a violinist in Millvale High School and began his career as a member of Ralph Harrison's orchestra. He bought his own baton in 1928 when he went to Pittsburgh's Enright Theater as musical director. One of his first duties was to teach a young singer, Dick Powell, how to m.c. a show. Marsico made a lot of other famous friends at the Enright, folks like the Ritz Brothers, Tom Mix, Burns and Allen, Olive Borden and Joe Penner.

Al began a round of night club work in 1932 when he played the old Plaza Restaurant. In 1937, he went to the Show Boat and in 1939 he became the musical director at Pittsburgh's famous Nixon Restaurant. And he's still there.

He was selected to take over the musical chores on Memory Time in 1943. He's been at it ever since, working in close harmony with the producer, Ronnie Taylor, writer Les Stern and arranger, Chauncey Lively. With its 18-piece orchestra and singing stars, Memory Time has given Pittsburgh a show of network quality.

Between his work at the Nixon and at KDKA, Al figures he devotes 60 hours a week to music.

He worked overtime just recently during construction of his cottage at Ligonier, western Pennsylvania mountain resort. Marsico and seven other musicians bought a 35-acre tract there, complete with well-stocked lake and swimming pool. Al's cottage is a 34x34 stone and timber structure overlooking the lake.
all the show’s comic potentials without sacrificing the dignity and natural wit and intelligence of the central character as she was first conceived. Marlin Hurt never intended Beulah to be a stereotype comedy Negro and she hasn’t become one, although the job of avoiding clichés in situations and gags must be a heavy one, now that the show is on five times a week.

Elvia Allman, who plays Mrs. Buff-Orpington on the Blondie show, is very pleased with the results of an idea she had back in the Spring. There’s a large and, formerly, unsightly vacant lot next to Elvia’s home. Last Spring, when Elvia and her husband were working to re-landscape their garden, they wound up with some plants and shoots and seeds left over. They planted their left-overs in the vacant lot and now it’s a pleasure to see the eyesore changed into a beauty spot.

One thousand guests, including all the stars who have contributed their performances to the Screen Guild Players radio show, recently attended the dedication of the hospital built with funds from the proceeds of the Screen Guild Players series. The 40-bed hospital, which cost $1,300,000, adjoins the famous Motion Picture Country House, a Motion Picture Relief Fund project which takes care of anyone who has worked in the film industry for 20 years and who is no longer able to support himself. Jean Hersholt, president of the Fund, presided over the ceremonies and the program featured Dinah Shore, Robert Montgomery, Ronald Reagan, Shirley Temple and The King’s Men.

When Groucho Marx arrived in New York awhile ago, everybody was even happier than usual to see him because he was sporting a real mustache, which makes him look really like Groucho Marx, if you get what we mean.

John Loveton, producer-director of Mr. and Mrs. North, had his hands full a couple of weeks ago. Linda Watkins, a nice young lady who specializes in gun molls on the program, is a cat fancier and owns six felines. One of them had to be taken to a vet, so Linda brought it to the studio with her to save having to pick it up after the show. She put the cat in the control room to keep it out of the way during-air time. But cats aren’t crazy about strange places and this one got excited in the middle of the show and started acting up with the controls and director Loveton. John was a very tired and irritated man when he came out of that control booth after the show went off the air. And Linda has promised to keep her business and her hobby strictly apart from here on.

Bet you’ll never guess what profession is represented most often by contestants who appear on Sammy Kaye’s So You Want To Lead a Band? program. Believe it or not—undertakers.

There are many reasons why there’s no business (Continued on page 98)
WHEN Edmund Dawes, generally addressed as "Skipper," graduated from Swarthmore College in 1932, he formed an orchestra of former college students, spotting himself where he could do the most good—at the piano. The group soon had a job with the Holland-America steamship line.

Skip saw no future in entertaining tourists, so he became, successively, a cheese salesman and then an insurance investigator. Neither job held much promise either, so Skip went back to school. In 1938 Temple University gave him a master's degree in music education. He became music supervisor in Bangor, Pennsylvania, and then supervisor of elementary school music in Haverford Township.

In August, 1942, the father of one of his pupils named Skip for a WFIL opening. Inside of one month's time, Mr. Dawes had gotten himself a new job, a new house, and a new baby.

One of his first assignments was to record a short program to be replayed in Philadelphia schools to stimulate a scrap metal drive. It was good enough to move Dr. Philip A. Boyer of the Board of Education to suggest that WFIL start a series of educational programs for classroom use.

The idea caught, and with Skip at the helm, WFIL began broadcasting Quaker City Scrappers, the first radio program designed for in-school listening produced by a Philadelphia station. With Skip as educational director for the station, that single program grew to five programs a week—the most popular of all Philadelphia's school series.

In 1943, Skip began the Magic Lady programs, which were designed chiefly to appeal to children. In that same year, Skip formed an all-teen-age-girls chorus, The Choraleens, and the 22-voice group became ABC network stars, broadcasting a series of weekly programs coast-to-coast. That same chorus forms the backbone of another Dawes' production, Teen Age Time, broadcast Saturdays at 9:00 A.M. in Philadelphia. Skip directs The Choraleens in two other weekly broadcasts and handles a weekly television program in addition.

His wife, Betty, and his two sons, Edmund, 12, and Robert, 6, think he's a pretty clever guy.

The Skipper pours for Candy, Eddie and Angie.
CATHY MacGREGOR was born in New York City and she was slated for the theater from the day she was born, for her whole family was in it. And her uncle, Edgar MacGregor, was one of the most successful musical directors of his time.

Uncle Edgar always said, "Have a happy, carefree childhood, dear, and when you are ready come to me." So Cathy went to school, appeared in every play the schools put on.

In 1939, Cathy was graduated from Curtis High School on Staten Island. And she went to her Uncle Edgar. She was ready. But Uncle Edgar said, "Well, it isn't as easy as all that, dear." So Cathy decided she'd better learn how to make a living. She bought a book and learned stenography and typing in one month.

On her first secretarial job she met a girl who was connected with the Little Theater at the YWCA. After office hours, the two girls worked in the Little Theater and during the summer caught a 5 o'clock train for Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, every day, to work in summer stock. They had a wonderful time and, by the end of the summer, both of them had pernicious anemia.

Through a friend, Cathy got an audition with Bob and Betty White on the People's Playhouse show. The Whites were very enthusiastic about her acting and advised her to give up everything else and stick to radio. And suddenly she began to get jobs in radio, in very unusual ways. For instance, unknown though she was, she insisted on reading for a part in Studio One's production of "King's Row," and so impressed director Fletcher Markle that he gave her the part and pointedly introduced her to the audience as one of the most brilliant actresses to come his way. Then she got a running comedy part on the Perry Mason series, because she ran into Arthur Hanna, the director then, on a furiously cold day on 89th Street and impressed him on him by being able to joke about the cold which made him so miserable. The writers on the Dick Tracy program also found themselves writing the part of Joan Ashland into the script more often than they'd originally planned, after Cathy started playing it.

Catherine MacGregor is on her way up, now. She's found her way at attracting attention, initially by her sparkling good humor which infects everyone, then by her really compelling performances. Watch for her, because she's moving very fast.

It Whispers Lovely Things About You

Evening in Paris

Perfume 75c to $12.50
Eau de Cologne 65c to $1.50
Bath Powder $1.25
All Prices Plus Tax

More swiftly than the eye, more clearly than the spoken word, this sweet and gentle fragrance tells the story of your charm. None can forget its haunting perfume... nor resist the appeal of the one who wears it.

BOURJOSI
BACK in the early 30's when Ralph Hubbell was breaking into Buffalo radio, he had a daily poetry program, in addition to his nightly sportscast. One day he received a glowing letter from the rugged Jimmy Slattery, of Buffalo, then the lightweight champion of the world.

"Please," wrote Jimmy, "send me a copy of the verse you read on the air today. It was swell."

This letter—from an athlete who wrote not about sports but about poetry—illustrates the wide appeal of the Hubbell voice and helps to explain why the WBEN sports director makes more than 100 personal appearances annually, in addition to his 12 weekly sportscasts.

The youthful dean of Buffalo sportscasters has broadcast every sport from badminton to wrestling in his 17 years in radio. He has always loved his job and is even more enthusiastic now that WBEN-TV has added television.

"I had to learn when not to talk in television," the smiling sportscaster said, "because the fan has the picture of the action in front of him. Of course, in a wrestling match the sportscaster helps by explaining the various holds and adds facts on formations when telecasting football."

Ralph is an athlete himself—he broke 80 in golf last year—and won several varsity letters at Brooklyn's Flatbush High. When he graduated from Flatbush in 1930, it marked the 14th school he had attended in six different states.

After his mother died in 1910, the sportscaster was raised by a maiden aunt, a teacher who taught in schools from New York to Florida. She took Ralph with her wherever she went and he acquired a remarkable knowledge of the habits of peoples.

Ralph was once a director of boys' work at a settlement school in the rough-and-ready Red Hook section of Brooklyn. This practical experience served him in good stead and he is an outspoken advocate of the value of boys clubs' activities.

On his way up to his present post, Ralph has worked in various capacities on all other Buffalo stations, which is somewhat of a record in itself. He came to WBEN from WGR on February 29, 1948.

When Ralph makes any kind of prediction in sports, he is certain to have at least two faithful fans who are about to double-check him on the reasons why. They are his two sons—Peter, 11, and Philip, 8.

Hubbell broadcasts over WBEN every weekday evening at 6:15, Monday through Friday nights at 11:25 and every Sunday evening at 6:45.
ON THE RADIO I heard a haunting song about a new shampoo: "Dream Girl... beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl." Since I was no "dream" in Jim’s eyes, it gave me new hope for my dull-looking, unruly hair!

HAPPY ME! A noted hairdresser gave me a Lustre-Creme shampoo with magic results. "Use it at home, too," he said, "it’s not a soap, not a liquid, but a dainty, new cream shampoo with lanolin. It glamorizes hair!"

Lonely "bachelor-girl" becomes a "LUSTRE-CREME" Dream Girl

A POPULAR American notion is that people who make good in show business come from small-tomidgin'-towns, migrate to New York or Hollywood, storm the gates and zoom to the top. This notion is probably what leads hundreds of hopefuls each year to these two Meccas of success. And these hundreds of outlanders are what make it so difficult and so rare that a born New Yorker, or Californian, even makes a hit in the home town. But Joan Tompkins, who plays the leading role in This Is Nora Drake (CBS, Monday through Friday at 2:30 p.m., EDT), came through with flying colors.

Not exactly a New York City native, Joan was born in Mount Vernon, N. Y., which is a hamlet about 20 minutes from Manhattan. She’s been in the theatre practically all her life, having made her first professional appearance in a local production at the age of five. She spoke one line in that play—but in Italian. She went to school like every other American child, but she trained herself for her future, by working in summer stock year after year.

In 1933, she tackled Broadway and without too much difficulty landed a part in "Fly Away Home". That led to roles in "Pride and Prejudice," "Golden Journey," "Saint’s Husband" and "My Sister Ellen." It was during the run of this last play that Joan met an actor named Bruce MacFarlane—and later, married him. In those years, Joan went on the road, too.

Joan is a radio veteran of over 10 years. At first, it looks as though she broke into radio in a strictly routine manner, applying for an audition, reading for some directors and getting a job on a series called Snow Village Sketches. But the twist is that five whole years passed after this break, before someone at the studio dug her file card out of the dusty files again. Oddly enough, when she was summoned after this five-year lapse, it wasn’t for a small bit. It was for the lead in Your Family and Mine. And, since then, there have been no lapses whatsoever. In fact, sometimes, Joan wishes there were more than 24 hours a day, because besides her lead in This Is Nora Drake, Joan has prominent roles in David Harum, Young Widder Brown, the lead for two years on Lora Lawton and Call the Police.

Nora Drake, CBS
Mon.-Fri., 2:30 p.m., EDT

YOU, TOO... can have soft, glamorous "Dream Girl" hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo, created by Kay Daunit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oil in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. No special rinse needed. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girl! 1-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 9¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it today!

You can say “yes” to Romance

because

Veto says “no” to Offending!

Veto says “no”
— to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate’s wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says “no”
— to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate’s lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate’s exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

Trust always to Veto
if you value your charm!
Cuban radio executive Gaor Mestre wanted a Cuban counterpart of our Radio City. Pearl Carrington wanted to fly. They'd never heard of each other before—but when his dream came true, hers did too, in a truly miraculous way.

Miracle in Cuba

You know those people who sometimes call you up and ask you what radio program you’re listening to? Well, take a little advice from me. Whenever they call be very, very polite to them. It may be just an ordinary radio poll but it may be... well, I’m getting ahead of my story.

It all began when I was at home alone one night. I have a daughter and a son, both of them married. Until they went away I was one of the busiest women alive. I kept house, did all the sewing, baked the bread—partly to save money and partly because we all liked home-made bread. I even made the slip covers and draperies and curtains for the house and did all my own carpentry work.

Then I found myself fairly idle for the first time, with the children gone. Of course, I still sewed for my daughter and daughter-in-law but that did not fill the days. I read a lot and listened a lot to the radio, which I had not had time for before.

This night, just after supper, the telephone rang and a man asked me if I had my radio on and what I was hearing. This has happened to me several times and usually those are the only two questions asked. But that night the man was more inquisitive. He wanted to know a lot of things about me—how much I listened to the radio, what programs I liked, what ones I didn’t like.

He asked me if I liked the disc jockeys. At first I thought he meant those lovely recorded musical programs but when he explained I said, “Oh, you mean those men who play popular records late at night and giggle in between.”

He seemed to think this was funny and then he started to get very personal. He asked me how old I was and what family I had. He had a pleasant voice and seemed nice so I told him what he wanted to know and thought no more about it.

Then the miracle happened! A week later he called again and asked me if I would like to fly to Cuba to participate in the opening of Cuba’s Radio City—all expenses paid. At first I could not believe it. Well, would you? If it had happened to you?

The funny thing is that one of my dreams has been to take a long air trip, but I had never had the time or the money. And Cuba was a place I had always wanted to see. When I was a girl I had spent some time in Mexico and my father had once been the Texas correspondent to a Cuban newspaper. And now here was a strange man asking me if I would like to fly to Cuba. Would I? Wouldn’t I just!

I don’t know how I sounded when he convinced me it wasn’t a joke. And that I wasn’t dreaming. I wasn’t sure until the letter came which explained everything. I had been selected as a typical American radio listener and was invited to join a group of radio (Continued on page 97)
Summing up the Georges: past—dark with hardship; future—bright with promise. And the present? Sheer, delirious happiness!

I'll never forget that look on Art Linkletter's face when I gave my answer to the "Big Chief Windbag" riddle. He seemed so shocked that I was sure I had failed!

It was the People Are Funny NBC program. The contest had been going on for months . . . and this Friday I was the lucky candidate who had been chosen to appear and see if I could guess the city—a big city—the name of which was buried in the "Big Chief Windbag" riddle:

"Big Chief Windbag, gloomy and gay
I'm one over others that lie in decay
Where may I be found? Upon low ground
That's all . . . That's all I will say."

So there I was. And when Art had asked me: "Well, Mrs. George—there's the riddle and you have only one guess. Listen carefully." He repeated it again. "Mrs. George, what city do you say is Big Chief Windbag?"

"Cairo, Egypt," I managed to whisper.

That was when he got that peculiar, shocked expression on his face. (Of course, now I realize that Art Linkletter is a natural-born tease, and that he couldn't resist keeping both me and the audience in suspense just a little bit longer.)

But I didn't realize it then. And in the ten seconds it took him to speak, I died ten thousand deaths.

Then it came.

"That ends the contest. YOU ARE THE WINNER!"

I hope I never come closer to fainting again in my life. There was a kind of roaring in my ears that was only partly due to the pandemonium from the studio audience, and I was genuinely in need of the bottle of smelling salts that Art Linkletter pulled out of his pocket and shoved under my nose. He did it as a gag—but it was no gag to me.

Imagine! . . . I had written a letter—just a brief simple letter of two paragraphs, expressing my hope and sympathy to a family in Europe from my husband and myself. This had earned me—when Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson selected mine out of the thousands sent in—the right to appear on the People Are Funny show. Then, just two words—two words, mind you!—Cairo, Egypt—had won for me prizes such as you could only dream about in an Arabian Nights tale.

A completely furnished, brand new home—two bedrooms, den, living room, dining room alcove, kitchen and service porch. And when I say furnished, I mean beautifully! From lovely sofas and

By
Mrs.
WARD
GEORGE

WINNER OF
PEOPLE ARE
FUNNY
"BRIGHT
FUTURE"
CONTEST

People Are Funny is heard Fridays 9 P.M. on NBC.
WON OUR FUTURE

chair to an electric dishwasher, electric stove, refrigerator—oh, everything! And a 1948 Kaiser four-door sedan. And if Ward and I wanted to move to Los Angeles, a job guaranteed for both of us, in whatever field we were interested in.

This is the bright, lovely future that People Are Funny have given me. To remember what was the Past, before that lucky Friday night, I'll take you back to the preceding Monday of that same week.

It was a Monday in the small town of Lebanon, Oregon, where the first day of the week is a workday for the men, and wash-day for the housewives. But I was doing neither. A headache had kept me home from my part-time job in the plant nursery, and that same headache made me turn from the laundry basket with distaste. Instead, while I cooked my lunch over the electric hot plate that served us as a stove, my mind went back to its favorite pastime. Wondering about the "Big Chief Windbag" riddle.

Weeks ago I had written my letter, and enclosed ten cents to the family in Europe. Believe me, ten cents was all I could spare! When you are living, as we two were, in an eight hundred and fifty dollar, mail order, imitation paper brick house on which you still owe six hundred dollars, ten cents is a lot of money. (Continued on page 80)
There’s Jane on the air . . . and
there’s Jane at home. It takes a
very perceptive husband to draw
the line that separates these ladies

JANE reads quite a lot. Reads novels. Reads the
fadion magazines, A few whodunits. But she is
not interested, I’m afraid, in the American Scene.
A little confused, let me put it that way, about politics.
You say to Jane, “The domestic situation is tough.”
“Yes,” she agrees. “Help is hard to get.”
The other evening some friends dropped by and
we got to talking about Stalin and Molotov. “Know
what I think?” Jane asked us, “I think they are—
Communists!”
I am often asked to describe the difference, if any,
between Jane Ace and Jane Sherwood—whether, that is,
Jane at home and Jane on the air are “alikes.”
“Do you,” an acquaintance recently inquired of me,
“play straight man to Jane at home?”
No. No, I do not. Away from the mike, I am not
a straight man. There is no need for me to be since
Jane is not a comedienne off stage. She doesn’t try
to be funny. She hates funny women who tell jokes.
She doesn’t gab all the time, although she does, now
and again, give you all the details. Nor do I try to be
witty with her. She knows all the answers.
The way it is with Jane Ace (as with Jane Sher-
wood) she doesn’t listen very closely to what’s going
on. What she does get of what’s going on, her mind is
ahead of you. You run into Jane Ace downtown and
“What are you doing downtown?” you ask. The an-
swer is “Just fine!” Or you say to Jane Ace, “That’s a
lovely dress you’re wearing,” and she says, “You do!”
Income tax baffles her. Completely. Come the Ides
of last March and our income tax was, according to
Jane, too high—she really believed the auditor was
splitting it with the Government. “The auditor couldn’t
be doing all this,” she said, “and getting nothing but
$500 for it!”
And bills. Our bills, Jane laments, are something
made up by a writer for the pulps. All the bills that
come in—“our” bills—I suggest to her, are from
Milgrim, Bergdorf, Saks-Fifth Avenue, coiffeurs. To
which she replies, “Well, never mind. . . .”
But this doesn’t make Jane any different from, let’s
face it, other women. Almost every man I run into
says of Jane (on the air), “My wife is just like that.”

Unless you find a very erudite woman, a writer, per-
haps, or a female doctor or lawyer, women are like
that; are like Jane Sherwood. So, no less and not so
very much more, is Jane Ace.
It was accidental, our going on the air. That is, it
was accidental that Jane went on the air.
To begin at the beguine, as Jane would put it, I was
born in Kansas City, Mo., on January 15, 1900. Jane
was also born in Kansas City, Mo., on—well, even her
CBS biography leaves this blank. “To mention a
lady’s age,” Jane would be sure to say, “I think it’s
abdominal!”
My first job was with the old Kansas City Journal-
Post. I wrote a comedy column every day. I was the
motion picture critic. I wrote dramatic criticism—and
anything else they had around the place.
I stayed with it for twelve years before breaking
into radio—meanwhile marrying Jane, who had been
my girl-friend through grade (Continued on page 77)
The value of radio? Entertainment

is one answer, education another. And Father

Patrick Peyton can prove that there's a third

A young Irish-born priest cherished a
memory, a dream, and a faith.

And through the radio program these
inspired, he has proved that miracles—even in
this materialistic age of ours—can happen in
men's hearts. They are miracles wrought by
family prayer, the cause to which The Family
Theater, presenting first-rate drama with star-
studded casts, is dedicated.

The program has received thousands of let-
ters attesting that the memory, the dream, the
faith are bearing fruit. The Family Theater,
combining prime entertainment with spiritual
values and omitting preachments, is helping to
restore prayer as a vital force in listeners' homes and lives.

Father Patrick Peyton, C. S. C., remembered
his old home in Ireland, where family prayer
was "as normal as suppertime" and shed its
beneficent glow on his growing-up.

He dreamed of reaching millions with the
message of the power of prayer—prayer which

is not merely a Sunday thing for inside churches
but also an every-day habit inside the heart and
home, as much a part of daily life as eating,
sleeping, working.

He believed, with a sublime faith strengthened by his own experience, that such prayer
could lighten human burdens, uplift men's
hearts, save tottering homes, forestall adult as
well as juvenile delinquency.

And so, through his efforts, was born The
Family Theater, heard over Mutual on Thurs-
days at 10 P. M. (EDT).

This, then, is the inspiring story of Father Pat
and his phenomenally successful program
which, unsponsored and non-commercial, com-
mands the services of Hollywood's greatest stars
to sell a spiritual commodity, the power of
prayer.

As virtually anyone who's tried can tell you,
it is essential to know the ropes if you would
make your place in radio. The beginner's path
is strewn with thorns, nails, ground glass and
It couldn’t be done, till Father Peyton did it: stars whose time is measured in gold give it, for nothing, to the dramatic productions of Father Peyton’s Family Theater. Mutual contributes the time—Thurs., 10 P.M. EDT.

carloads of hard commercial facts, and heartless hucksters lie in ambush at every turn.

You wish, for instance, to persuade Bing Crosby to take the air for you. You’ve half lost already. Bing’s a busy fellow. He has movies to think about, and his own radio show, and benefits, and his ranch, and his family. “Oh, you couldn’t possibly get Bing,” you’ll be assured.

Father Pat in his zeal didn’t think about all this. He is a huge broth of a man, six feet four, 207 pounds, now aged forty years, sandy-haired, pink-faced, and by some accounts naïve.

To begin near the beginning, one day in 1945 Bing Crosby took a telephone call from New York.

“Bing,” said the voice, “I’m a Catholic priest from Albany and I want you to do something for Our Lady.”

“Certainly, Father,” said Bing.

And on Mother’s Day that year, at 7 A.M., Bing Crosby went (Continued on page 86)
The value of radio? Entertainment
is one answer, education another. And Father
Patrick Peyton can prove that there's a third

By ROBBIN COONS

A YOUNG Irish-born priest cherished a
memory, a dream, and a faith.
And through the radio program these
inspired, he has proved that miracles—even in
this materialistic age of ours—can happen in
men's hearts. They are miracles wrought by
family prayer, the cause to which The Family
Theater, presenting first-rate drama with star-
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He believed, with a sublime faith strength-
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And so, through his efforts, was born The
Family Theater, heard over Mutual on Thurs-
days at 10 P. M. (EDT).

This, then, is the inspiring story of Father Pat
and his phenomenally successful program
which, unsponsored and non-commercial, com-
mands the services of Hollywood's greatest stars
to sell a spiritual commodity, the power of
prayer.

As virtually anyone who's tried can tell you,
it is essential to know the ropes if you would
make your place in radio. The beginner's path
is strewn with thorns, nails, ground glass and
carloads of hard commercial facts, and heartless
hucksters lie in ambush at every turn.

You wish, for instance, to persuade Bing
Crosby to take the air for you. You've half lost
already. Bing's a busy fellow. He has movies
to think about, and his own radio show, and
benefits, and his ranch, and his family. "Oh,
you couldn't possibly get Bing," you'll be ass-
sured.

Father Pat in his zeal didn't think about all
this. He is a huge host of a man, six feet four,
207 pounds, now aged forty years, sandy-haired,
pink-faced, and by some accounts native.
To begin near the beginning, one day in 1945
Bing Crosby took a telephone call from New
York.

"Bing," said the voice, "I'm a Catholic priest
from Albany and I want you to do something for
Our Lady."

"Certainly, Father," said Bing.
And on Mother's Day that year, at 7 A.M.,
Bing Crosby went (Continued on page 80)
THERE was a time when native Californians believed that no one but the most frugal (and probably demented to boot) truck farmers would ever try to eke out a living in that flat, hot, very dusty part of the world known as the San Fernando Valley. If you had to go to San Fernando, you figured that Dante, who seemed to be a fellow who knew his way around the Inferno, ought to go hand in hand with you.

Then, a few years ago, something happened. All of a sudden you couldn't buy a
John Scott Trotter says he wants to sell his ranch. But suppose he gets an offer?

Radio announcer Wendell Niles has exchanged his animal, a horse, for a new swimming pool.

postage stamp with a tree on it for under ten thousand dollars in what had mysteriously, over night, become “the ultra smart San Fernando Valley.” If gold had been discovered, there couldn’t have been a greater rush, and sixteen-cylinder conestoga wagons whizzed madly up and down Cahuenga Pass, which connects Hollywood and the Valley, by day and by night. The big land grab was on.

There is a certain wondrous madness, politely labeled eccentricity, common to all
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valley dwellers. Remember the old song that went Oh, they keep the pig in the parlor, they keep the pig in the parlor? At the present writing there are no pigs in the parlors (no parlors, either, in grandma's sense of the word) but Gene Autry's horse does live in the Autry house, Dinah Shore hides a banty rooster in the living room, Penny Singleton gives shelter to a pair of rabbits in her private sitting room—all in the now-fabulous acreage known simply as "The Valley" to the initiated.

Lionel Barrymore, who started the trek and became the first of the famous to dwell in the Valley, maintains testily that the most expensive and eccentric farming ever done was by two elderly ladies who kept a pair of cows on 34th Street, New York City, while the metropolis (and the taxes) mounted round them. These ladies, however, have long since gone to graze their cattle in a happier land, leaving the Valley dwellers in sole possession of a privilege which may or may not be desirable—to farm as farming is known nowhere else on the face of the earth.

To begin with, the Valley comprises some two hundred and twelve square miles of rich, sun-drenched land to the north of Los Angeles. It nestles between the Coast Range on one side and the majestic, snow-capped Sierra Nevadas on the other. It is reached through Cahuenga Pass, or one of several other winding passes through the Coast Range—Cold Water Canyon, or Laurel Canyon. The would-be farmer can make up his own mind how far from Hollywood his acres are to be. The communities, which are really little more than shopping centers boasting a branch of the Los Angeles City Hall, string themselves along Route 99 on the road to San Francisco. Van Nuys, Tarzana, Sherman Oaks, Canoga Park, Chatsworth and the rest—but to
Lassie bought trainer Rudd Weatherwax a nice big piece of the Valley.

Dinah and George Montgomery frown on "gentleman farming." They attend to their ranch duties themselves.

the Valley's attraction for homesteaders.

For him to return to the soil where his forefathers undoubtedly herded sheep, he has to supplement his weekly ABC program with all the movies he can lay paws on. This provides him with a cow and with chickens which produce about two dozen eggs a day at approximately five dollars the dozen. Of course it also enables him to take the air on his own private prairie, away from the hustle and noise of the city, and to entertain as non-paying guests some twenty-four canine friends, assorted ducks, pigeons, horses, and his favorite white cat. According to owner-trainer Rudd Weatherwax, who works the ranch, Lassie is entitled to his fair share of the good things of this world. Just the same, it's the most expensive Noah's Ark on record!

Jovial Tom Breneman, a Valley resident at the time of his death, was a chicken-raiser, as a man with breakfast on his mind might well be. (Continued on page 84)
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The people who live there are a hardy race. They work themselves thin making movies or broadcasting coast to coast for the doubtful joy of racing some thirty-five to fifty miles home each night to milk a cow who, for the price, ought to give pink champagne, or tend a flock of chickens that should lay golden eggs—and don't.

Take the case of Gale Page. She confided to Bill Broida, who's been a Valley dweller for a couple of years, that she wanted to buy a ranch. "Then you'd better grab off a radio show to support it," said farmwise Bill. Gale bought the ranch—and accepted a radio offer when the feed hills began rolling in.

Then there's Lassie, that hard-working collie farmer.
MRS. IRIS BLAKELEY is wealthy, socially powerful, devoted to her attractive son DAWSON. She bitterly resents the love between Dawson and Joyce, but knows she is indebted to Joyce's skill as a surgeon for Dawson's being able to walk. A recent plane crash had crippled Dawson, and there seemed no hope for him, until Joyce performed her magnificent operation. (Mrs. Blakely is Elizabeth Watts; Dawson is Les Tremayne)

JOYCE JORDAN'S brilliant career as a surgeon has not prevented her from developing into a desirable, vital woman. She came to New York recently from Centerfield, and built up a private practice. Joyce made both her office and her home in one of the city's old, quiet brownstone neighborhoods. (Played by Gertrude Warner)

ERNEST EDEN is Joyce's 14-year-old foster son, child of a man who loved Joyce, and who died in China. Ernest and the friendly, warm-hearted maid Celia are now the whole of Joyce's family. (Ernest is played by Larry Robinson; Celia is played by Amanda Randolph)
Diane Ogdens, wife of Centerfield minister Rev. Gregory Ogdens, was sincerely anxious to be a credit to her husband. But fun-loving, clothes-conscious Diane was not the town's idea of a proper clergyman's wife, and she was too inexperienced to handle the suspicious dislike of her critics. Lonely, discouraged, Diane was delighted to see her cousin Edgar Jarvis, who paid an unexpected visit to Centerfield one day when Gregory happened to be out of town. When Diane said goodbye to Edgar at the airport, she felt for the first time in months that she was not completely friendless. But talkative Leah Bartel, who witnessed the leave-taking, knew only that she had seen the minister's wife kissing a handsome young man. She lost no time in spreading the news around. The town heard Leah's description with satisfied nods. Speculation pressed so hard against the private lives of the Ogdens that Gregory felt it was hopeless to go on. He prepared to resign his Centerfield parish, leave town forever. But Diane was no weakling. All at once her native courage and sense of fair play asserted themselves. She spoke to Leah Bartel, making a plea for herself that was at the same time an attack on Centerfield narrowness. Somehow she found words to explain how her youth and inexperience had created a false impression—and how the town had failed in tolerance.
So Gregory was spared heartbreak—he kept his church. With Leah's attitude so changed that she became a close friend, Diane was able to make other friends in Centerfield, and the Ogdens took their place as leading, respected members of the community. To add to their happiness, one day Dr. Joyce Jordan delivered Diane of a baby son. (Gregory Ogden is played by Boyd Crawford; Diane Ogden is played by Virginia Dwyer; Edgar Jarvis is James Monks; Leah Bartel is Ida Heinemann.)
BARGAIN
It was a timid lad who came to sell
A pail of string beans at my kitchen door.
I do no canning, but I bought the beans,
And said: "How nice; do give me two pails more!"
I knew that they were stringy, tough, and scorched
By the drought-sun that flamed the Ozark skies—
And now, I sit and stare at all the beans
I bought, to see success in a child's eyes.
—Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

WHEN YOU HAVE NO CHOICE
Why must you be so pitiless O heart
That has so pitifully brief an hour
To beat, to ease this raw and bitter smart,
To lean austerely from your narrow tower
And comfort the lost wanderer?
Share now Your fire; take that chilled hand in your own
And let love place his kiss upon your brow.
This life is so precarious a loan.
Soon, soon you will lie still in endless night,
Forever undisturbed by my despair
Although I beat your gate with reckless might
And cry your name on the unanswered air.
You will be deaf to the most vibrant voice,
Cold and unmoving—when you have no choice.
—Ethel Jacobson

VERSUS TO STIR THE SURFACE OF YOUR MIND AS GENTLY AS A SUMMER

AUTHENTIC CALENDAR
How shall I know that I'm growing old
If time leaves no tell-tale trace?
If no silver gleams in my dusky hair
And no furrows indent my face?
I shall know at last that I'm growing old,
Though no record of years I keep:
When I weep at things that once made me smile
And smile at what made me weep.
—Anastasio Thomas
STUDIES IN GEOMETRY

When I was small—
Oh, five or four—
My world was a circle,
Nothing more.
I, standing at center,
Could not sense
Beyond the bright
Circumference;
All things were good
But ‘in degree
As they brought happiness
To me.
I’ve seen the small
Bright circle change
To geometric
Figures, strange
And awesome;
I have found my place
At apex, corner,
Or at base.
Today I cannot
Quite define
The shape of world
I now call mine;
And for my
Location in it,
That shifts about
With every minute ...
At last I count it
Very grand
When I find any
Place to stand!
—B. Y. Williams

PRAYER FOR ANY WIFE

Lord, let my golden store
Of laughter, as I pour
It from its pitcher, be
Replenished, so that he
May always have it when
He wishes it—for men
Need it from women’s lips.
And if the pitcher tips
With difficulty now
And then, Lord, show me how
In the face of fear or doubt,
To get good laughter out.
—Elaine V. Emans

EXOTIC

I’ve tried so many heavenly scents,
But alas for my noble experiments!
Comes romantic dusk, my husband prefers
The fragrance of onions and hamburgers!
—May Richstone

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

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

By TED MALONE

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

LAST LAP

“How you have grown, my son! I swan.
When you were just a little chap
You often liked to sit upon
My lap!”

“You, too, have grown since days remote,
For, Dad, the lap I sat upon
When just a little chap, I note
Is gone!”

—Addison H. Hallock
AUTHENTIC CALENDAR

"How shall I know that I'm growing old if time leaves no reliable trace?"
If no silver plaques in my dusky hair
And no furrows indent my face?
I shall know at least that I'm growing old,
Though no record of years I keep:
When I weep at things that once made me weep.
And smile at what made me weep.
—Anastasia Thomas

WHEN YOU HAVE NO CHOICE

Why must you be so pitiful O bow!
That has so pitifully bore an hour
To bear, to ease this raw and bitter sore?
To lean wistfully from your narrow tower
And comfort the lost wanderer?
Share now your fire; take that chilled hand in your own
And let love place his kiss upon your brow.
This life is so precocious a loan.
Soon, soon you will lie still in endless night.
Forever unembellished by despair
Although I bear your gate with reckless might.
And cry your name on the unseasoning air.
You will be deaf to the more vibrant voices.
Cold and unmoving—when you have no choice.
—Ethel Jacobson

BARGAIN

It was a timid lad who came so well
A pail of string beans at my kitchen door.
I do no canning, but I bought the beans,
And said: "How nice, do give me two pails more!"

I know that they were stringy, tough, and acerbic
By the drought-skin that fanes the Ozark skies—
And now, I sit and stare at all the beans.
I bought, to see success in a child's eye.
—Rosa Zagroni Marconi

LAST SUN

Rose Milo's Poem Tweet

Never again will his soft feet follow
The posture-pond that was round and shallow.
Yet somehow, suddenly, he walks there still.
Swinging his leg—ribbon of flame
Throwing the dolls; and I call his name!
But only my echo always looks from the sill.
Only grey shreds drift up from the chambers.
Yet still, I say, I can see his shadow.
Oh, always is spirit he'll cross this land;
And only a mother can see him pass.
Bending the boughs of bracted grass,
The years' light locked in his young brown hand!
—Pauline Howard

STUDIES IN GEOMETRY

When I was small—
Oh, for or less
My world was a circle,
Nothing more.
Looking at center,
Could not see
Beyond the bright circumference.
All things were good
But in degree
As they brought happiness to me.
I've seen the small
Bright circle change
To geometric
Figures, strange
And awesome;
I have found its place
At apex, corner,
Or at base.
Today I cannot
Quite define
The shape of world
I saw tell others;
And as for my
Location in it,
That shifts about
With every minute...
At last I count it
Very grand.
When I find any
Place to stand...
—B. Y. Williams

PRAYER FOR ANY WIFE

Lord, let my golden straw
Of laughter, as I pour
It from my pitcher, he
Replenished, so that he
May always have it when
He wishes—yes, as we
Need it from women's lips.
And if the pitcher tips
With difficulty now
And then, Lord, show me how
In the face of fear or doubt,
To get good laughter out.
—Elnora Y. Kenvor

LAST LAY

"How you have grown, my soul! I see!
When you were just a little chap
You often died to all upon
My lap!"

"Yes, yes, have grown since days remote,
Fast, Dad, the days I cut upon
When just a little chap, I note
Is gone!"
—Addison H. Hallock

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used manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase
poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

EXOTIC

I've tried so many heavenly scents,
But also for my noble experiments
Come nectarous dish; my husband prefers
The fragrance of onions and embroidery
—Mary Esthorne
Mrs. Andy Russell, Andy, Sammy, Jo Stafford and Sammy's manager Mike Nidorf when Jo's summer vacation began—Sammy took over her week-night dates on the NBC Supper Club (Monday through Friday, 7 P.M. EDT).

1947 Lead a Band winner was 17-year-old Rodney Andrews, of Dayton, Ohio. He'll invest his prize in a musical education.
Sammy Kaye suspected that lots of people would welcome

the chance to lead a band. Here's the story of how right he was

By DAVID O. ALBER
Sammy Kaye's Press Agent

SAMMY KAYE has been surprising me for eleven years.

He surprised me with the originality of his music the first time I heard it, which was on the radio and from an out-of-town station. And he surprised me the first time I saw him a year later.

His dreamy, melodic style had led me to expect a somewhat romantic personality. The last thing I was prepared for was a tawny-haired, blue-eyed young man, slender but with an athlete's build. At that time I did not know that he had won his letters at Ohio State University in football, baseball, basketball and track. In fact, I did not know anything about him except that I thought his music was wonderful and that I had picked him for a client a year before.

Now, what was somewhat more important, he was at last considering engaging me as his press agent.

I had my fingers crossed, hoping that our first interview would go well enough to lead to further discussions and that, before long, I would add him to my list.

I had more than just a professional interest in his band.

I am a band fan—always have been. It was pleasure for me, as well as business, to listen to all of the new bands that were coming along.

I was crazy about Sammy’s style from the first time I heard him. I liked the distinctive tricks he used. I liked his vocalists, and I liked his slogan, “Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye.” So I wrote to Jim Peppe—who was then Kaye’s manager, and is now associated with Mike Nedorf in his management—outlining what publicity services my office could offer.

Nothing came of it, but I ran around town raving about Sammy Kaye’s band, anyway, telling everybody to listen to him and watch him become a star before he ever had a play date in New York—a thing that almost never happens to a band.

Sammy gave me another surprise that first morning.

We talked for twenty minutes or so about what was required in the way of publicity for his first New York engagement, and I was hired! (Continued on page 90)
Never mix business with pleasure—
that's a rule. But rules, after all, are
made to be broken. Especially by people in love

By JOHN NELSON
M.C. of Bride and Groom, heard Monday through Friday at 2:30 EDT on ABC, tells this story from the program's files for Radio Mirror.
WHENEVER we are being interviewed about the program, the interviewer invariably gets around to saying, “Sure, it all sounds wonderful. But what about after the honeymoon? How many Bride and Groom couples really stick together?”

Love that question! It gives us another chance to brag up a set of figures that we’re really proud of—figures showing that the divorce rate for Bride and Groom marriages is so much lower than the national rate as to be practically non-existent!

The interviewer’s next question, of course, is always, “How does that happen? Why should your couples turn out to be more sincere than the average couple when they make their vows about ‘. . . till death do us part?’ ”

We’ve asked ourselves that question, and we think we’ve come up with the two most important answers. First, and most obvious, is the fact that our board of judges is mighty careful when it comes to approving a couple’s appearance on the broadcast. Each application (and we receive several hundred a month) is judged not only for the dramatic and human interest of the couple’s love story, but also for the couple’s attitude towards marriage. Do they realize that it’s an adult job they’re taking on—and that marriage usually includes times that aren’t all laughter and glamor and romance?

Their answer must be a decided affirmative to that, as well as to the important question of “Are you truly and happily in love?” before the judges will write “Approved” on their application.

We’ve decided that the second reason, to explain the unusual record of lasting happiness among Bride and Groom couples, is a simple one—we’ve been just plain lucky in the kind of people who have been married in connection with our program.

A wonderful example of this was a very recent couple—Rheba LaVene Smith and Patrick B. Raymond. In fact, Rheba and Pat were such an unusually swell couple, and their love story so special and interesting, that we arranged for them to have a really super-honeymoon. To explain how that came about, I’ll have to explain first a little about the three co-owners of the Bride and Groom program.

To start with, all three of us have one thing in common—our first names are “John.” First, is John Masterson. He originated the idea of the program, and is sort of our director-in-chief (in addition to being managing-partner of the Breakfast in Hollywood program). Then there’s John Reddy, our manager, who not only handles the administrative and executive chores, but who also arranges for the more than half million dollars

A DOUBLE PARTNERSHIP
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worth of gifts awarded to Bride and Groom couples each year. Finally, there's myself, John Nelson.

The three of us got together during college days, at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. (Gonzaga was also the alma mater of another fellow you may have heard in radio—a fellow named Bing Crosby.) Those were swell days and, as a result, we've never stopped being boosters for the State of Washington.

THAT was how it happened that the application of Rheba Smith and Pat Raymond, after being approved by the judges, was brought to our special attention. For Pat, in explaining why he wanted to be married in connection with Bride and Groom, had written: "Ever since I first met Rheba, I've been enthusing about Washington as being the best and most beautiful state in the union. A Bride and Groom honeymoon would make it possible for me to show her that I wasn't exaggerating!"

That was all it took. Masterson, Reddy, and I started sending wires and making long-distance calls to everyone we knew in Spokane—"You've got to back us up in all the praise we've heaped on Washington, by showing this couple the best time any newlyweds ever had on any honeymoon!"

Before the honeymoon, of course, there was the broadcast, which means the love story. Pat and Rheba's love story started a little more than a year ago, right here in Hollywood. Pat was then working as a literary agent with the Rosalie Stewart Agency. "Stories and writers were my specialty," he explained, "but, of course, I was always on the lookout for any talented person who might be interested in having the agency represent them. In fact, I'd asked my friends to let me know if they ran across anyone who looked promising."

But, being a good agent in Hollywood means being not too naive about glowing praise of unknown hopefuls. Hollywood Boulevard, the Sunset Strip—pick any street in Hollywood and you're pretty apt to find it crowded with people looking for a break in the movies or in radio. Unfortunately, too many of them aren't equipped with the talent needed to earn and hold such a break.

So, when Pat's own mother called him one day to talk about a "wonderfully talented girl" who lived right around the corner from her, Pat was polite but skeptical. "But you've got to arrange an audition for this girl," his mother insisted. "Why, the whole neighborhood is talking about her wonderful singing."

"But, Mother," Pat protested, "there's a big difference between a voice that happens to be sweet enough to entertain neighborhood friends, and a voice well-trained enough to interest hard-boiled producers who are used to top-ranking professionally trained singers."

Finally, to please his mother, rather than with any hope of discovering a new star, Pat telephoned Rheba and suggested that she send him a couple of pictures of herself, along with a recording of her voice. "Only someone who's been in the same position will know how excited I was about that call," Rheba explains now. "And to make it worse, I didn't have any
At Grand Coulee dam: awesome machinery . . .

recording. I was afraid to tell Pat that—he sounded so professional over the phone—afraid that he’d dismiss me as a completely hopeless amateur.”

However, Pat did have pictures of herself, so took a chance and sent them to Pat without a recording. “I found myself paying a lot more attention to those pictures than an agent usually does to pictures of a possible client,” Pat admitted later. “I’d seen a lot of beautiful girls in Hollywood, but there was something about Rheba’s picture that should have told me I’d finally found The Girl.”

Instead, Pat finally put the pictures away, telling himself that it would be Rheba’s voice, not her attractiveness, that would tell the story. But he wasn’t given a chance to forget her—in the next few days he received phone calls from at least six of the women in his mother’s neighborhood, each one singing the praises of Rheba and her voice. “It all began to sound like the old story of someone trying to get attention by having friends and relatives pose as admiring fans. Usually, that sort of thing is done by some spoiled brat with little (Continued on page 88)
worth of gifts awarded to Bride and Groom couples each year. Finally, there’s myself, John Nelson. The three of us got together during college days, at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. (Gonzaga was also the alma mater of another fellow you may have heard in radio—a fellow named Bing Crosby.) Those were swell days and, as a result, we’ve never stopped being boosters for the State of Washington.

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So, when Pat’s own mother called him one day to talk about a “wonderfully talented girl” who lived right around the corner from her, Pat was polite but skeptical. “But you’ve got to arrange an audition for this girl,” her mother insisted. “Why, the whole neighborhood is talking about her wonderful singing.”

“Mother,” Pat protested, “there’s a big difference between a voice that happens to be sweet enough to entertain neighborhood friends, and a voice well trained enough to interest hard-boiled producers who are used to top-ranking professionally trained singers.”

Finally, to please his mother, rather than with any hope of discovering a new star, Pat telephoned Rheba and suggested that she send him a couple of pictures of herself, along with a recording of her voice. “Only someone who’s been in the same position will know how excited I was about that call,” Rheba explains now. “And to make it worse, I didn’t have any recording. I was afraid to tell Pat that—he sounded so professional over the phone—afraid that he’d dismiss me as a completely hopeless amateur.”

However, Pat did have pictures of herself, so took a chance and sent them to Pat without a recording. “I found myself paying a lot more attention to those pictures than an agent usually does to pictures of a possible client,” Pat admitted later. “I’d seen a lot of beautiful girls in Hollywood, but there was something about Rheba’s picture that should have told me I’d finally found The Girl.”

Instead, Pat finally put the pictures away, telling himself that it would be Rheba’s voice, not her attractiveness, that would tell the story. But he wasn’t given a chance to forget her—in the next few days he received phone calls from at least six of the women in his mother’s neighborhood, each one sing- ing the praises of Rheba and her voice. “It all began to sound like the old story of someone trying to get attention by having friends and relatives pose as admiring fans. Usually, that sort of thing is done by some spoiled brat with little (Continued on page 48).
IN RADIO errors can be covered up with no all-seeing camera eye to worry about; and in Hollywood if something goes wrong they merely stop and do the scene over again. But in television once the action has begun, nothing can stop it. A classic example is the time they were doing a dramatic skit at WNBT in Radio City. When they came to the place in the script where a marriage was to take place in a tiny weather station in Alaska, everyone was grouped about in heavy furs, the happy couple and the minister were ready, and the best man crossed to the old-fashioned Victrola that was to play “The Wedding March.” As he placed the arm to the record, the needle fell out and disappeared! The bride and bridegroom frantically ad-libbed while other members of the cast got down on hands and knees to search for the missing needle; for the cameras just had to keep grading. The needle was found and the action continued with the actors perspiring a little more than usual.

With the baseball season at its height—let’s take a look behind the scenes at how a game is televised. The televising requires as finely co-ordinated team work as the winning of a big-league match. To do a video broadcast also requires more men than are on a ball team. The list includes the announcer, his spotter,
two cameramen, program director, audio engineer, two video control technicians, a switch technician and a transmitter supervisor. When doubleheaders are played two crews are used, except for the announcer and his spotter, because of the fatiguing concentration required. The two television cameras that are used to telecast a baseball game are located in a camera booth hung from the upper tier behind home plate. In the same booth are the announcer and his spotter. While two cameras continuously follow the action of the baseball game and catch different views, only one of them is sent out over the air. The program director decides which view is broadcast. He and his crew are housed in a television control room under the stands. In front of the director are two screens—one for each camera. It is his task to decide instantly which view is the better and order it transmitted.

NEWSREELS are proving to be extremely popular on television; and why not—pictures of news and special events reach the televiwer as quickly as the day they occur. The Camel Newsreel Theater, for example, which is seen at 7:50 every week-day evening over the NBC network—and the films are flown to other video stations throughout the country—shows Fox-Movietone newsreels days before they can be shown in theaters. And the theaters are getting nervous.

Word comes from France that despite limited budgets, television there is forging ahead. Radiodiffusion Francais executive Jacques Armand told recently of plans for a video station complete with a large swimming pool to be used for underwater scenes!

Television courses have been given in Eastern colleges for several years—but only for the technical side of the medium. However, North Texas Agricultural College, at Arlington, Texas, will offer advanced speech courses tailored to the television industry in the Fall.

(Continued on page 79)
JOHNNY DESMOND is half of the singing team of CBS-TV's Face the Music. Mon. and Wed. 7:15 P.M. Johnny began as a boy soprano in Detroit. When his voice dropped, he made a switch to radioacting, and was heard in Lone Ranger, Green Hornet, and other Detroit programs. Then he came of age, and went back to singing with Bob Crosby, Gene Krupa and eventually Glenn Miller. With the Miller Band, Johnny sang all over Europe, including a couple of performances for royalty. Johnny is as telelegenic as his partner on Face the Music, Shaye Cogan, which makes their team an attractive offering to watch. They are backed by the Tony Metelski Trio.

GRACE GOE is known as "Aunt Grace" to the thousands of youngsters who see and hear her Birthday Party television show every Thursday night at 7 P.M. on WABC, the New York station. "Aunt Grace" was born Grace Catherine Gie, in 1921, in Brooklyn, and still lives there. She received her early education in St. Angela Hall Academy and followed this up by graduating Marymount College in 1943 in Tarrytown, New York. Grace handles the whole Party show from auditioning the youngsters to acting as moderator and master of ceremonies.

KYLE MACDONELL stars in High Hat Your Pleasure, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, and then rushes to Broadway for her part in "Make Mine Manhattan," in which she has tall blonde beauty and appealing voice win rave claps. Kyle was a Conover Model before her first Broadway job in "Park Ave."

GENE O'DONNELL is Barney Blake, Police Reporter (Thurs. 9:30 P.M. NBC). He broke into acting via summer stock, and after an Army tour returned to the stage and television. Born in Des Moines, Gene made Hollywood his home town long enough to be seen in many movies and heard in Lux Theater, Big Town, Sherlock Holmes.

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(Continued on page 79)
**Here is no reason why the woman with a television set should not be well dressed. Each Friday at 8:00, Adelaide Hawley brings her a complete fashion show, on Dumont’s WABD.**

That Adelaide Hawley is qualified to do that is proven by the letters of praise that pour into the program each week and by a quick glance at Miss Hawley’s background—which includes more than ten years as a radio commentator on things feminine, and ten years as an editor and narrator for MGM’s “News of the Day” newsreel. All this experience made Adelaide the natural choice when producer Leon Roth and director Raymond Nelson wanted someone to coordinate and narrate their Television Fashions on Parade.

However, Miss Hawley is quick to point out that no amount of experience in other media prepared her for the merry-go-round she rides each week. Of course early in the week she meets with the department store representatives and they go down to the wholesale market to select the clothes for Friday’s show. She sometimes has a little difficulty with said representatives, until she has proven to them what things televise well and what would be completely lost on video. For instance, Miss Hawley will select a string of pearls with a rather large bead; the department store representative will protest that the beads are too large to be really smart. Miss Hawley will patiently explain that when the tele cameras get through with them the pearls will just be noticeable, and women will ask for the usual size pearl when they come to buy. On broadcast (or telecast) day, the models are called for 12 noon and are put through three complete rehearsals. Since Television Fashions on Parade is really a musical comedy with clothes, rather than a fashion show with music, a great deal of integration is needed among the story, music and fashion groups. Miss Hawley is off in a booth to do her commentary. She wears headphones so she can hear the director’s instructions and watches a television receiver so she can check that everything she is describing is actually being photographed at the same time. That set-up is certainly one of the greatest tests of coordination ever devised; but Miss Hawley is equal to it.
HAPPY Felton has been making radio audiences laugh for a good many years, but one glance at his generous 300-pound girth and jolly face proves that Happy was built for television.

Producer Ray Harvey thought so, too, and when he decided to put an audience participation show on video, he got together with Happy Felton and cooked up School Days which is now seen and heard on WABD every Wednesday at 8:00 P.M. Participants are chosen from the studio audience. Prizes go to the students with the highest grades.

Producer Harvey doesn't believe that the stunt program can be lifted right out of radio and put on television as is. "It's one thing to see a man hit with a pie way up on a stage or hear it over the radio; it's quite another thing to see a man so treated right in your own living room. It's my opinion that the video audience participation show cannot go in for broad slapstick. The medium is too intimate," declares Mr. Harvey.

On a participation show, contestants and m.c. share in importance. Mr. Harvey is an expert at choosing participants who will speak up in clear voices and will be able to take a joke. The Master-of-Ceremonies carries a burden in television that makes a similar radio stint seem like play. Once the show begins, he is constantly on camera, and completely on his own. In radio he can be given all manner of cues, directions, and even have notes slipped to him. In video, however, the viewer sees all the action there is.
There’s a strong connection between a young man from St. Louis named Melvin Maginn and WLW’s ace newscaster Peter Grant. In fact, you can trace Melvin’s career through its soda clerk, tree surgeon, bus driver and law student phases right up to the radio-announcing phase in which he became Peter Grant.

During the bus-driving days in St. Louis in 1924, Melvin used to combine an informative sight-seeing spiel with the maneuvering of his vehicle. One of his passengers, much impressed, told him he ought to be “on the radio.” “I laughed and laughed,” Peter says, “because I knew I was going to be a lawyer.” This was the goal on which he kept his eye all through George Washington University and law school. He reached it, unfortunately, in 1930, when he graduated—right into the middle of the recession. At that point, of necessity, he took his eye off it and looked around for something that would feed him. A bright friend urged him on to Station KMOX, feeling that Peter’s active undergraduate background in amateur theatricals might qualify him for radio acting. It did; gradually he did less acting and more announcing, and in 1932 transferred to WLW to become chief announcer. Except for four Army years which took him to Hawaii and sent him back a Major, Peter’s been at WLW ever since, building in the midwest his solid reputation for crisp, understandable news delivery. He has also announced major network programs, Famous Jury Trials and the Red Skelton Show among them.

Listeners approve of what Peter calls the “25% British” in his diction. It’s in character, for Peter is a horse-and-dog man. He lives a comfortable bachelor life with his father and mother, hunts with the Camargo Hunt Club and has a closet full—naturally—of tweeds.

Portrait of a squire: WLW newscaster Peter Grant is a horse-and-hound, pipe-and-tweeds man
Cordially
Pete Gaus
1. Financier Walter Stevens hires Ted Marshall to kill a man named Victor Brown, and make the murder look like suicide. Ted agrees on a price of $2500 and asks no questions . . . but makes up his mind to find out what Brown has on Stevens.

2. At local FBI field office Agents Grant and Taylor begin a search for promoter Walter Jones, who went bankrupt a year before, shortly after his bookkeeper disappeared. Hikers have found the bookkeeper's decomposing, murdered body.

JERRY DEVINE produces This Is Your FBI, the dramatic presentation of cases from the Federal Bureau of Investigation files. Here, as you heard them on the air, are: Frank Albertson as Stevens; Tony Barrett as Ted; Woodrow Williams as Victor Brown; Peggy Webber as June; Stacy Harris as Taylor; Ira Grossel as Grant; Rita Lynn as the secretary. Listen Fridays to ABC, 8:30 P.M. EDT.

5. Despondent and broke, Brown killed himself, but Ted demands his half from Stevens because no matter how the man died, Stevens' purpose is accomplished. When the promoter refuses, Ted threatens to make collection with a gun.
3. Ted and his girl June contact Victor Brown. He is drinking heavily, confides he worked as bookkeeper for Stevens when latter recently promoted a stock issue. Ted glimpses Stevens' "angle," decides to wait before killing Brown.

4. Ted accuses Stevens of planning to go bankrupt and frame things to look as though Brown, guilty of misappropriation, has killed himself. Ted raises his fee to half of Stevens' "take," goes back to Brown . . . and finds him dead.

6. Meanwhile, the vast FBI network has traced Walter Jones to Walter Stevens. One of Stevens' investors, Mr. Pine, calls to say he has a suicide note from Victor Brown, containing explanation and proof of Stevens' carefully arranged bankruptcy.

7. It's a big haul for the FBI. They get to Stevens' apartment in time to hear Ted convict himself of conspiracy in Stevens' affairs by trying to collect what he claims is due him. And June also is asked to "come along, please," by the FBI men.
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ONE evening back in 1925, a hole suddenly developed in the program schedule of WSM, Nashville, and that's when Grand Ole Opry was born. A production executive, called on "Uncle Jimmy" Thompson to fill the empty time, and "Uncle Jimmy" fiddled so many telegrams and phone calls into the studios from mountain music-hungry listeners that WSM decided he was there to stay.

Companionable southerners didn't let Uncle Jimmy solo for long. Pretty soon everyone who twanged a guitar, blew on a jug or could handle a zither swarmed over to WSM and offered to help out. Opry personnel expanded; nowadays, it is made up of farmers and ranchers recruited from the bayous, canebrakes and tobacco fields. Some are

Minnie is really from Grinder's Switch.

Red ensembles with the Cumberland Boys.

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Your ticket to GRAND

Down to the Opry House in Nashville there's a party.
small shopkeepers. On Saturday nights they head for the Opry House, transform themselves with outsize shoes, flour-sack dresses and Uncle Sam beards, and trample out before the Old Barn backdrop. Rehearsals are a matter of inspiration; five minutes is all it takes to break in a new member.

Grand Ole. Opry's national hook-up dates from 1938. To accommodate the 4000 folks who come from near and far to see it, an old tabernacle, the Ryman Auditorium, was bought. What you hear on the air (NBC, Saturday nights at 10:30 P.M. EDT) is only a fraction of the show. It actually starts at 8, goes on till 12, with the stomping, singing audience very much a part of the proceedings.
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**Your ticket to GRAND OLE OPRY**

Down to the Opry House in Nashville there's a party.

Friday nights—and Radio Mirror is taking you along.

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The stone-paved old back stoop provides an excellent place in the sun for Donald and his pretty wife Dorothy—for purposes of painting, labeling or—very seldom—just resting.

When city people go back to nature, they are likely to do it on a full-time scale.

That was the ambition of Donald and Dorothy Dame from the first time they laid eyes on the beautiful farm home which they purchased near Tanglewood, New York—and they’re busy living in that pattern now.

Of course, Donald Dame has a weekly singing stint; he’s the tenor star of the American Album of Familiar Music, heard at 9:30, EDT on NBC, Sunday nights. But on weekdays he’s a farmer, heart and soul.

Donald and Dorothy—she was studying voice when they met at the Berkshire Music Festival—have been married eight years. The farm is their home, but they have an apartment in New York City for the worst of the winter weather so that there’ll be no possibility of Donald’s missing a program.

The Dames do most of the chores on the farm themselves, preserving and canning their crops for the winter. They raise everything suitable to the climate and soil of their part of the country, and they have the usual assortment of farm animals, too. (Donald says that there’s nothing like musical training to get you in shape for hog-calling!)
It isn't all sowing and garnering. You need a touch of the stonemason and the plumber in you as well!

Rest comes with evening—practice for Donald, crocheting for Dorothy. A radiator hides in that decommissioned stove so it won't spoil the farm's Early American flavor.

It's no joke to say that farm work keeps Donald's nose to the grindstone.

Fetch-and-carry is part of the rural living scheme of things.
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LONG cool drinks always hit the spot in hot weather. The ones shown in the picture are all old-fashioned lemonade. Try this little trick for making them colorful. Pour any left-over juice from the maraschino cherries into a freezing tray of the refrigerator. Freeze it until it is solid ice. Do the same with grape juice—the result will be a deep red-purple ice cube. Freeze leftover lemonade or limeade for yellow and green cubes. Delicious chunks of orange ice can be made by freezing fresh orange juice. Try it with grapefruit, raspberry, strawberry or apple juice. These fruit flavor combinations will make your lemonade look and taste “out of this world.”

Here are favorite summer coolers from my recipe file. They will do double duty for any party or outdoor refreshment this time of year. And I’ve suggested some new ways to serve our old favorite ice cream. Included are a couple of recipes for homemade ice cream, too. You can mix them in the morning, go to the beach all day, come home and find them ready to eat.

**Old Fashioned Lemonade**

6 lemons (about 1 cup juice)  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 cup hot water  
3 1/2 cups cold water

Squeeze juice from lemons; strain if desired. Combine sugar and hot water. Heat and stir until sugar is dissolved. Cool and add to lemon juice. Add the cold water. Add more sugar if you like it sweeter. Pour over cracked ice in a tall glass. Garnish with a few mint leaves if you have some growing in the yard. Nice for garnish also, is a slice of orange, lemon, fresh berries or a stick of fresh pineapple. Makes 6 tall glasses.

**Iced Coffee**

Prepare coffee making it twice as strong as usual. Pour the hot coffee over cracked ice in tall glasses or over a large piece of ice in a large pitcher. Serve it plain or with cream, or whipped cream and sugar, or serve it black. Left-over coffee may be frozen and used as ice cubes, if you like your iced coffee strong.

**Iced Tea**

Prepare strong tea, using 1 1/2 teaspoons of tea leaves for each cup of water. Boil the water and pour it over the tea leaves; allow to stand 5 minutes. Strain and discard the leaves. Pour the hot tea over cracked ice in tall glasses. Iced tea, cooled quickly, is clearer and more sparkling than tea which is cooled slowly. Garnish each glass with a slice of lemon or orange. Left-over iced tea may be frozen into cubes and used in the iced tea instead of plain ice.

**Fruit Fizzes**

Combine an equal amount of fruit juice and ginger ale or soda water. Add sugar if necessary. Add the soda or ginger ale just before serving and pour over ice cubes.

**Orange Milk Shake**

3 1/2 cups orange juice  
1 1/2 cups grapefruit juice  
1 cup evaporated milk  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon almond extract  
1/2 cup sugar

Combine all ingredients and stir well. Chill; serve over cracked ice in six tall glasses. (Continued on page 76)

By **KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR**

Listen each Monday through Friday at 12 Noon when Kate Smith Speaks, on the Mutual network.
When a girl marries . . .

there are two faces to the

silver coin in her

slipper. One face is love;

the other may be tragedy

The sun rose red and hot over the
fields of Beechwood. Scarcely a
breath of air stirred; the land was
still under its burden of heat. Even the
corn, waxing fat and rich in the Davis
field, stood with drooping leaves, look-
ing deceptively lifeless.

Inside the old white farmhouse, Lilly
applied the back of her hand to her
moist mahogany brow, and groaned
as she started up the stairs in search of
young Sammy.

"Lord save us," she muttered, "but
this is sure goin' to be a scorcher. I'm
most dead on my feet, and I ain't even
started yet. Burned my bread, broke a
dish, upset the coffee—and now that
boy don't come when I call him. If
that ain't enough things to make me
sure the evil spirits has taken over these
diggin's, my name ain't Lilly. Sammy!"

She raised her voice, calling.

Sammy's door was closed. There
wasn't a sound from within. "Sammy!"
Lilly called once more, and opened the
door.

Sammy was sitting on the floor, his
paint book before him. He turned upon
Lilly a look of elaborate surprise. "Did
you call me, Lilly?"

"Call you!" Lilly exploded. "I should
think I been callin' you! What you
doin', Sammy Davis, sittin' there on the
floor when you know it's breakfast
time—"

"I'm painting," said Sammy.

"I see that," Lilly retorted. "But
how come you has lost interest in
breakfast? You come right downstairs
get your cereal and cream—"

His shoulders moved uncertainly, but
he remained where he was. Lilly
started for him, and stopped as the tele-
phone rang downstairs. She groaned.
"Land sakes, now the phone's startin'
Reunion at Beechwood: Baby Hope and little Sammy with Harry Davis (played by John Raby) and Joan (played by Mary Jane Higby).

in.—"Aren't you going to answer it, Lilly?" asked Sammy hopefully.

"Course," said Lilly, turning. "And you make tracks for your breakfast—"

"I've got it, Lilly," Mother Davis' voice floated up the stairs.

"All right, Mrs. Davis. See—" Lilly said accusingly to Sammy, "you keep me from my work and make your poor grandma run to answer the phone on a hot morning like this. Now, is you coming or is you ain't?"

She reached for him, and he rose slowly, his eyes fixed on her face. Lilly glanced. "Sammy Davis!"

"I spilled it," Sammy explained.

"I sees you did. But what—" She touched a plump brown fingertip to the sticky mess on the rug. "That ain't plain water paint, Sammy Davis. It's something you mixed up."

"I mixed some paint I found in the barn with mine," said Sammy helpfully, "I wanted it to stick. It spilled under me. It was an accident, Lilly, an'—an' you said accidents can happen."

"I ain't believin' that," said Lilly. "But you don't have to sit in it, does you? Sammy Davis, sometimes I think you is just a bad boy!"

Sammy's lips quivered, and Lilly felt an answering contraction in her own heart. "I didn't mean to, Lilly—on a stack of Bibles."

Lilly caught her breath. Her arms went around him, and now there was paint not only on the floor and on Sammy's pants, but on her clean apron as well. She couldn't stand it, hearing the little boy repeat the phrase he'd picked up when he'd testified at his father's trial. It wasn't right for a child to have to remember a thing like that; it just proved a saying her own mamma used to have about the big black bird of trouble throwing his shadow before and behind.

Lilly knew all about the black bird of trouble. Seemed like, lately, he'd made the Davis farm at Beechwood his regular roosting place. Holding little Sammy tightly in her arms, Lilly let her mind go back over the past few months. First there had been Betty MacDonald, Mr. Harry's secretary—the whole mess of trouble had begun, Lilly reminded herself, when that Betty had fallen in love with Mr. Harry. She was the wilful kind of girl who wouldn't take no for an answer, and she'd done her best to wreck the marriage of Miss Joan and Mr. Harry and ruin the lives of their best friends, too. Why, Miss Joan had even packed up her things and taken herself and little Sammy back to her mother's place in Stanwood!

Poor Irma Cameron, Miss Joan's best friend who lived down the road a piece—everything had been going fine in her life, too, until Betty MacDonald appeared on the scene. Seemed like everything that woman touched turned out terrible. Miss Irma was in love with Steve Skidmore—had been for goodness knows how long. And then didn't Steve go and fall in love with that MacDonald hussy, and didn't she marry him, just so's she could be near Mr. Harry! Miss Irma's heart was like to break, Lilly recalled, shaking her head dolefully.

Just about the only good thing Betty MacDonald ever did was the very last thing she did. She'd given her life for young Sammy—snatched him from the path of a truck, and been killed doing it. For that one piece of goodness, Lilly was grateful to her. She hugged Sammy tighter, remembering.

Well, then, it looked like things were going to settle down and be peaceable—and then what happened? Just as if Betty MacDonald's ghost had come back from the grave to haunt them all, that's what it seemed like—because didn't her cousin Betty Scofield turn up in Beechwood, and wasn't she the dead spit and image of the first Betty, both in her looks and in her heart! That was right about the time Sammy's sister, Hope, was born, and Miss Joan in the hospital and all.

Good, kind Mr. Harry, always ready to believe the best of everyone, always willing to lend a hand to people, tried to help Betty Scofield, who told him she was in trouble. And what did he get for his goodness? He got himself charged with murdering her, that's what! Lilly shuddered, remembering that awful day when the police had found Betty, strangled, in the Davises' barn, and the worse days that followed, when Mr. Harry was on trial for his life.

Finally, Steve Skidmore had confessed to the murder, in time to save Mr. Harry. But not in time to keep Miss Joan from risking her life. Trying to help Mr. Harry, she'd tracked down a man Betty had known, and that man, hoping to keep Miss Joan from making public the things she'd found out about him, had kidnapped her. The car in which he was taking her away had been in an accident, and Miss Joan had landed up in the hospital again.

If there wasn't a potful of trouble for you, Lilly wanted to know what you did call trouble. But now things were straightening out, at least a little, and Lilly had her fingers tightly crossed.

Mr. Harry was safe, free of the murder.
Dr. Wiggan says that I can leave the minute you're ready to take me—

"Good," said Harry. "I've good news for you, too. Dr. Wiggan, I'd like to talk with her alone, if you don't mind. You'll hear all about it later.

"Go ahead," the doctor smiled. "Only take it easy. Remember, this girl's had some shocks—"

This one will do her good," Harry promised. The doctor left, and Harry led Joan to the deep chair near the window, drew another chair up for himself. "Joan, dear, it's about Steve and Irma—"

"Oh, Harry," said Joan bleakly. "I forgot about them in our own happiness. What are we going to do for them—"

"Take them home," said Harry. "Take them home? How can we, when—when Steve—"

"Steve didn't kill Betty, Joan."

"Didn't kill her?" But she believed it instantly. If she had been asked, back in the terrible days when Harry had been on trial, if Steve had killed Betty Scofield, she would have answered yes. Reason would not have let her do otherwise. Steve had been on the scene at the time. Sick in body and mind, he had confessed Betty Scofield with his dead wife, Betty, and when Betty had laughed at him, he had leaped at her . . . and had run to Irma Cameron, babbling madly that he had just killed his wife in Harry Davis' barn. But all the while—yes, all the while Joan had been begging Irma to surrender Steve, to bring him out of hiding and persuade him to give himself up—she had found it difficult in her heart to believe that Steve Skidmore could kill anyone. She had believed it at all only on the grounds that Steve was out of his mind and that Betty had made his life a living hell.

"Steve didn't kill her," she repeated. "Then who—"

"Robert Nobel," said Harry, hating to mention the name. "That's what they called me out to tell. He's just finished his confession."

"But it's impossible," said Joan.

"Steve told him that he'd never heard of Nobel before, when—"

"It's one of those things you hear of once in a lifetime," said Harry. "Robert Nobel had followed Betty to Beechwood because he felt she had come to me to squeal about his stolen-car racket. She'd been delivering his cars for him—that's how she happened to be picked up in one. He was hiding behind the barn when Steve struck her, she fell to the ground—and Nobel finished the job. Joan—"

He put his hands on her shoulders, steadying her. She was trembling too badly to stand, and he put his arm around her. "He would have done the same to me," she whispered. "I know it now."

"Darling, you've got to forget all that."

She shook her head blankly. "He would have, Harry. He killed his partner, you know—upstairs in that old house he used for an office. And I was right downstairs."

"Darling, I do know," said Harry gently. "We found the man when we were searching for you. And that's why Nobel confessed to killing Betty. He knew that they'd get him for the murder of his partner. Anyway, he's put away for good, now."

Slowly Joan returned to the present, and he could feel the cold sweat on her cheeks. "Does Steve know?" she asked.

"No, dear. He wasn't expected to live, you know. He went on quickly, "But the lieutenant of Police locked to the prison hospital just a few minutes ago, and there's a good chance that he'll get well."

"He's get to," Joan breathed.

"I'll say he has," Harry agreed, "because the authorities are going to let you tell him he's a free man—that is, if you want to."

"If I want to! Oh, Harry, more than anything else. Nothing—now you're safe—would make me happier. Why are you looking at me like that?"

But even as he spoke, couldn't put all he felt into words. He himself held nothing against Steve and Irma for the part they had played in tainting his life, but Joan was different. She had suffered more than anyone, and at a time when she was still weak and tired after Hope's birth. Besides, it was always easier to forgive an injury to one's self than to someone else.

No, if it had been Joan who'd sat in prison while Steve refused to give himself up and Irma refused to reveal his whereabouts.

"Because," he said huskily, and took her hand and touched it to his lips, "even if you weren't my wife, even if I didn't love you so much, I can't say—"

"I still think you the most wonderful person in the world."

There was a celebration at the Field's that night. It was a small celebration—just Mrs. Field and Joan's gay and lively younger sister, Sylvia, and Phil Stanley, who had accompanied Harry on the frantic search following Joan's kidnapping—shoplifting—but it was a miracle to Joan. Moonlight flooded the terrace outside the dining room of the lovely old house on the Ridge; fragments of the country club danced down the flowered lawn and the little waves and the silver and the linen, and Nettie stepping softly about, serving—all of these things were merged into a scene that she was seeing—Harry in prison, the torment of his trial, the ugliness of her own recent experience with Robert Nobel.

She had heard, her eyes glowing and blue as the mound of cornflowers on the center of the table. "You know," she said to all of them, "I'm so happy that I feel as though I'm going to explode."

"Please don't," begged Phil, "you're much too attractive as you are.

Mother Davis (Marian Barne)
“I GIVE MY TRUTH”

“Besides,” Sylvia chimed in, “we’ve just got you back all in one piece, haven’t we, Mr. Field?”

Mrs. Field’s normally petulant mouth thinned disapprovingly. She had never forgiven Joan for turning down Phil Stanley, whose own big house stood next door to Mr. Field’s, for an understanding that nothing anybody like Harry Davis. And although in her heart she wanted Joan’s happiness as much as her own, she couldn’t understand why that would be more rewarding if only, just once, her own dire predictions in regard to Harry Davis would come true.

“As I see it, Sylvia,” she reproved her daughter. “I’d rather not joke about the thing that happened to Joan.”

“Mrs. Field’s very right,” said Harry. “It’s too close an incident, and too terrifying.”

“Thank you, Harry,” said Joan’s mother with dignity. “I’m guilty,” Phil pleaded. “I’m afraid I started all this line of talk. It was carried away—it’s something to see the two beautiful and popular Field girls together again.”

Joan glanced at Harry. He was laughing; he knew about this and at least—but did this kind of talk still make him feel shut out, a little bit? He hadn’t been one of the fortunate lads who had beard the Field girls’ circle of friends, but the fortunate days, when he’d called to take them dancing at the country club, who’d come to parties at the house. In fact, in those days Harry had been at the house only once—and that was when he’d come to ask her father for a job in his law office, and had blundered into the party celebrating Joan’s engagement to Phil. That was the night, too, when she’d known she could never marry Phil, dear as he was to her, could never marry anyone but Harry Davis.

“I’m afraid,” she said, “that it’s Sylvia who takes the honors for popularity at this point. I’m just a very contented wife with two children, a handsome husband she’s very much in love with, and the most wonderful farm in this whole, wide world.”

Mrs. Field suddenly looked a little deaf. Sylvia laughingly protested: “I’m not anything near the butterfly you insinuate, am I, Phil?”

“Well!” said Phil dubiously, and everyone, even Mrs. Field, laughed.

“Oh, you meanie,” mourned Sylvia. “Haven’t I a friend in the world?”

Joan laughed. “You most certainly have, darling,” she said pointedly.

“And no one,” said her mother, “knows that better than I. I wish the telephone ringing every minute of the day.”

Sylvia pouted. “I think you’re all terrible to pick on a poor lonely girl when her husband isn’t here to defend her. I’ll have you know, I, too, am a devoted wife and mother.”

“We all know it, Sylvia,” Phil consoled her. “The trouble is, you don’t look it in the least.”

In a lifetime, Joan thought, there were moments as perfect as this. She was with Harry and her family and her devoted friend, Phil; in the calendar of the future there were only two notations, and those happy ones—going home to Sammy and Hope and Billy, and going to see Irma and Steve. There was at the moment nothing more to wish for, nothing more to be desired.

“You know what I’d like,” she said dreamily, looking out at the moonlit terrace. “I’d like coffee on the terrace.”

Sylvia shot a glance at Phil, and clapped her hands delightedly. “It’s exactly what we planned, isn’t it, Mama?”

Mrs. Field nodded, but could not refrain from adding, “Only if Joan is sure she isn’t doing it.”

“I never felt better in my life,” Joan assured her. “Come on, Harry.”

They strolled out to the terrace. Mrs. Field remained behind to speak to Nettie. Sylvia and Phil paused just inside the dining room door, whispering and laughing under their breath.

“Now what are you two up to?” Joan called. “Aren’t you going to have your coffee?”

“In a minute,” Sylvia answered. “We’ll be right back.” And she disappeared with Phil into another part of the house.

“What do you suppose—?” Harry began. Joan’s hand closed upon his, carried it to her cheek for an instant.

“I don’t know,” she said. “At this moment I don’t know anything but that I’m sitting right here beside you, that I can reach out and touch you any time I want to, that there won’t be any more days of going to Summerville and just seeing you for a few minutes and then having to face the awful emptiness of going home alone... It’s awful to be so much loved by your husband.

“It would be awful for me if you weren’t,” he said soberly.

“Do you suppose we’ll always be this way?” she asked, and he said severely, “You’d better not change, young lady.

“It would be nice if I didn’t,” said Joan. “I mean, Harry, think how ter-

mible it will be when I get old and decrepit and constantly lose my eye-

glasses.”

“Don’t think what you’ll have to put up with in me,” he teased. “I’ll have got, which will mean canes and irrita-

bility. I’ll probably be as bald as a billiard ball—

“And you,” said Harry, keeping his own voice light with difficulty, “will have to take out an out-size powder puff to keep it from shining like that moon up there. We’re going to be a beautiful pair of ruins, my dear.”

“Just,” she said with a catch in her breath, “so that we’re ruins together, my dear. Oh, my darling—”

They heard her mother and Nettie in the other room. Harry hurried quickly around before leaning over to kiss her.

“I feel wicked, kissing you under the moon,” he said. “Like a school boy. One mustn’t do that before you speak.”

It began as a light kis, a romantic kiss, compounded of moonlight and summer and the music from the orchestra at the country club and the people there on the terrace’s edge. Then suddenly Joan was aware that the pounding of her own heart had shut out everything else; she moved her head and pinioned her breath, spoke with her lips almost upon his.

“My darling—do you realize how long we’ve been separated?”

“I realize, Joan.”

“Put the service here, please, Nettie,” said Mrs. Field, coming through the double doors. Joan and Harry sat back as if hands had reached out and parted them. Joan, Davie Brower at the said irreverently, “Now where in the world are Sylvia and Phil? Where do you suppose they could have gone?”

“They’re up to some of their foolishness,” Joan said. “What do you mean?” asked Joan, and Harry said, sounding suddenly like a most responsible young lady. “You’re a little too quiet to suit me, Phil.”

“I am not,” said Phil with dignity. Sylvia giggled again, clapped a hand over her mouth.

The music at the club had stopped. Now it started again a little louder so that the strains reached them clearly and true.

“For the love of Pete,” said Harry softly, and Joan straightened.

“Oh, Harry—I Adore You. It’s our song, the one you wrote for me.”

“We’d like the club to play it for you,” Sylvia explained in a stage whisper. “Not that he minded. It’s a beautiful song.”

Mrs. Field sighed with relief. “Thank heaven it doesn’t scare one out of a year’s growth.”

“How about it, Joan?” said Phil softly. “It’s a perfect, setting. Moonlight and honeysuckle, you know.”

“I can’t,” said Joan. “I can’t sing it now.”

It was wonder enough that she could speak, so swollen was her heart with happiness and content and love. “I wish you could,” said Harry, and she found that she had a voice after all. She lifted her head; the words that came fortuitously upon her heart poured out on the melody whole and true and haunting.

Watching his wife, Harry was conscious of a constriction in his chest, a sudden, almost fear-
FRANKIE CARLE—whose program, Carle Comes Calling, is summer listening on CBS, Sundays at 5:30 P.M., EDT, began to lead a dance band when he was only fifteen. He played next with Mal Ballew, then with Horace Heidt; then started an orchestra of his own. He has made many recordings, the latest of which is a composition of his own, "I Don't Want To Meet Any More People—I'm Satisfied With You!"

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**Inside Radio**

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME

For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>Robert Shaw's Choral</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Chorale</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Manhattan Mystery Round</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>American Album</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Suino News</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>Civialcade of America</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Voice of Firestone</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Charlie Chan</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Telephone Hour</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Doctor Heister</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Radio Newsport</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Quiet Please</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Contended Program</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Fishing and Hunting Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Dance Orch.</td>
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**MAGGIE McNELLS**—who always looks as well as she listens when she interviews her ABC luncheon celebrities.
**TUESDAY**

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<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>The Trumpeters Songs By Bob Aitcher</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America</td>
<td>Barnyard Follies</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon In N. Y.</td>
<td>Editor's Diary</td>
<td>Ozark Valley Folks</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>This is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>Nora Drake's Daughter</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Lora Lawton</td>
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<td></td>
<td>My True Story</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Harkness of Washington | Kate Smith Speaks | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren |
| 12:15 | Words and Music | Victor H. Lindsey | Aunt Jenny | Helen Trent |
| 12:30 | Service Band | | Our Gal Sunday | |
| 12:45 | Cedric Foster | Backstage | Double or Nothing | |
| 1:00 | Janet Damarre | Happy Gang | Ladies Be Seated | Double or Nothing |
| 1:15 | Robert McCormick |Checkerboard Jamboree | Paul Whitman Club | House Party |
| 1:30 | Robert Ripley | | | |
| 1:45 | Cedric Foster | Nancy Craig | | |
| 2:00 | Double or Nothing | Maggie McNelly | Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason | Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason |
| 2:15 | Story of Hilly Sloan | Martin Block Show | Bride and Groom | First Mrs. Drake Elenor Winters |
| 2:30 | Light of the World | | | Double or Nothing |
| 2:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Red Hook 31 | Paul Whitman Club | House Party |
| 3:00 | Ma Perkins | | | Double or Nothing |
| 3:15 | Pepper Young | | | Double or Nothing |
| 3:30 | Right to Happiness | Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family | Treasury Band Show | Winner Take All |
| 3:45 | Young Winder Brown | | | |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family | | |
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas | John Adrain Trio | | |
| 4:30 | Lorena Jones | | | |
| 4:45 | Young Winder Brown | | | |
| 5:00 | When A Girl Marries | Adventure Parade | Dick Tracy | Robert Q. Lewis |
| 5:15 | Portia Faces Life | | | Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner |
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill | | | |
| 5:45 | Front Page Farrell | | | |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | John MacVane | John MacVane | Eric Sevareid | Bill Nye |
| 6:15 | Sketches in Melody | John MacVane | The Chicagoans | Lowell Thomas |
| 6:30 | Sanoo News | John MacVane | The Chicagoans | Lowell Thomas |
| 6:45 | Local Programs | John MacVane | The Chicagoans | Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club | | Headline Edition | Headline Edition |
| 7:15 | News of the World | | Elmer Davis | Elmer Davis |
| 7:30 | Lonnie Herman Quartet | | Dave Rosen | Dave Rosen |
| 7:45 | H. V. Kaltenborn | | Inside of Sports | Inside of Sports |
| 8:00 | Dinah Shore, Harry James, and Johnny Mercer | Mysterious Travelers | Youth Aids the Government | Big Town |
| 8:15 | Carmen Cavallaro | Official Detective | | Mr. and Mrs. North |
| 8:30 | | Silly Rose | | We, The People |
| 8:45 | Adventures of the Thin Man | Gabriel Heath | | |
| 9:00 | Call the Police | Radio Nuns | | |
| 9:15 | | Gregory Hoo | | |
| 9:30 | | Berkshire Music Festival | | |
| 9:45 | Meet Corrsk Anchor | Public Defender | | |
| 10:00 | | | | |
| 10:15 | | | | |
| 10:30 | | | | |

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**SANTOS ORTEGA**—whom you have heard variously as Charlie Chan, Nero Wolfe, Perry Mason, Bulldog Drummond, Inspector Queen and Commissioner West, has now added Roger Kellogg, Public Defender, to his gallery of criminologists and is heard on MBS's program of that name, Tuesday nights at 10:30, EDT. New York-born Ortega had to fake a Latin accent to get his first radio role, twelve years ago.
**THURSDAY**

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<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>The Trumpeters</td>
<td>Songs By Bob Atcher</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td>Editor's Diary</td>
<td>正文Ozark Valley Folks</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>正文Music for You</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
<td>Billy Crocker, Maga-</td>
<td>正文azine of the Air</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlarh | Welcome Travelers |正文Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny |
| 12:15 | Harkness of Washington Words and Music | U. S. Service Band |正文Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00 | Art Van Damme Quartet | Cedric Foster Happy Gang | 正文Bill Barksdale Nancy Craig |
| 2:00 | Double or Nothing | Queen for a Day | 双女主Mrs. Burton Perry Nixon |
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Ladies Be Seated | 正文Paul Whiteman Club House Party |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family | 正文Winner Take All |
| 5:00 | When a Girl Marries | Adventure Parade | 正文Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong |
| 6:00 | Sketches in Melody Local Program | Local Programs | 正文Eric Severaid On Men and Books The Chicagoans Lowel Thomas |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club | Headline Edition | 正文Beulah Elmer Davis Henry Morgan Show |
| 8:00 | Local Programs Local Programs | Local Programs | 正文The F.B.I. in Peace and War Mr. Keen |
| 9:00 | Nelson Eddy-Dorothy Kern | (Continue Here) | 正文Wanda Jackson Billie Rose |
| 10:00 | Bob Hawk Show | Family Theatre | 正文Boxing Bouts Reader's Digest Radio Edition The First Nighter |

**FLETCHER MARKLE**—is producer, director and frequently a featured actor on CBS's Studio One series. Tuesdays at 10:00 P.M., EDT. This twenty-seven-year-old Canadian has recently been spending his spare evenings and weekends directing his first American movie, "The Vicious Circle," starring Franchot Tone. His initial American radio work was three scripts for Columbia Workshop, two of which he directed.

**FRIDAY**

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<th>A.M.</th>
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<td>8:45</td>
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<td>Songs By Bob Atcher</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
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<td>Editor's Diary</td>
<td>正文Ozark Valley Folks</td>
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<td>正文azine of the Air</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlarh | Welcome Travelers |正文Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny |
| 12:15 | Harkness of Washington Words and Music | U. S. Service Band |正文Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00 | U. S. Marine Band | Cedric Foster Happy Gang | 正文Bill Barksdale Nancy Craig |
| 2:00 | Double or Nothing | Queen for a Day | 双女主Mrs. Burton Perry Nixon |
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Ladies Be Seated | 正文Paul Whiteman Club House Party |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family | 正文Winner Take All |
| 5:00 | When a Girl Marries | Adventure Parade | 正文Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong |
| 6:00 | Sketches in Melody Local Program | Local Programs | 正文Eric Severaid Report from the United Nations Songs By Jean McKernow Lowel Thomas |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club | Headline Edition | 正文Beulah Elmer Davis Henry Morgan Show |
| 8:00 | Local Programs Local Programs | Local Programs | 正文The F.B.I. in Peace and War Mr. Keen |
| 9:00 | Nelson Eddy-Dorothy Kern | (Continue Here) | 正文Wanda Jackson Billie Rose |
| 10:00 | Bob Hawk Show | Family Theatre | 正文Boxing Bouts Reader's Digest Radio Edition The First Nighter |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club | Headline Edition | 正文Beulah Elmer Davis Henry Morgan Show |
| 8:00 | Local Programs Local Programs | Local Programs | 正文The F.B.I. in Peace and War Mr. Keen |
| 9:00 | Nelson Eddy-Dorothy Kern | (Continue Here) | 正文Wanda Jackson Billie Rose |
| 10:00 | Bob Hawk Show | Family Theatre | 正文Boxing Bouts Reader's Digest Radio Edition The First Nighter |

**DORIS McWHIRT**—was eight when she first broadcast, down in Oklahoma. At fourteen, she understudied Luise Rainer in the Washington, D. C., Civic Theatre's production of "St. Joan." Now, twenty-two, a veteran of many daytime serials and evening dramatic programs, she's heard on True Detective Mysteries, over Mutual, Sundays at 4:30 P.M., EDT, and proves she's still Texan by wearing high-heeled boots!
**SATURDAY**

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<tr>
<td>9:05</td>
<td>Story Shop</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Robert Hrytleigh</td>
<td>Robert Hrytleigh</td>
<td>Shapero Special</td>
<td>CBS News of America</td>
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<td>9:35</td>
<td>Practical Gardener</td>
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<td>Rentree Valley Folks</td>
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<td>Frank Merton</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Billie Holiday</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Ozark Valley Folks</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Meet the Meeks</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>Movie Matinee</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Smokey Ed McNeely</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>Teen Time's Club</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:30 | Arthur Barnard | Mis. Programs | This Week in Washington | Junior Junction |
| 12:45 | Coffee With Congress |       | Philharmonic Quartet | American Farmer |
| 1:00 | Nat'l Farm Home |       |       |       |
| 1:15 | Alan Lomax | Dance Orch. |       |       |
| 1:30 | Edmond Tomlinson | Report From Europe |       |       |
| 2:00 | Music For the |       |       |       |
| 2:15 | Moment |       |       |       |
| 2:30 | Battle of Veterans |       |       |       |
| 3:00 | Dance Orch. |       |       |       |
| 3:30 | Local Programs |       |       |       |
| 3:45 | Sports Parade |       |       |       |
| 4:00 | Doctors Today |       |       |       |
| 4:15 | Horse Race |       |       |       |
| 4:30 | First Piano Quartet |       |       |       |
| 4:45 | First Church of |       |       |       |
| 5:00 | Christ Science |       |       |       |
| 5:15 | Swann River Boys |       |       |       |
| 5:30 | Dr. L. Q., Jr. |       |       |       |
| 5:45 | King Cole Trio |       |       |       |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | Peter Roberts | Dance Orchestra | Vagabonds' Quartet | News from Washington |
| 6:15 | Art of Living |       |       | In My Opinion |
| 6:30 | NBC Symphony |       |       | Red Barber Sports Show |
| 6:45 |       |       |       |       |
| 7:00 | Life of Riley |       |       |       |
| 7:15 | Curtain Time |       |       |       |
| 7:30 | What's the Name of That Song |       |       |       |
| 7:45 | Challenge of the Yukon |       |       |       |
| 8:00 | Battle of Veterans |       |       |       |
| 8:15 | Truth or Consequences |       |       |       |
| 8:30 | Stop Me If You've Heard This One |       |       |       |
| 8:45 | Ross Delmar, Detective |       |       |       |
| 9:00 | Keeping Up With the Kids |       |       |       |
| 9:15 | Lionel Hampton |       |       |       |
| 9:30 | Radio City Playhouse |       |       |       |
| 9:45 | Stephen Foster |       |       |       |
| 10:00 | Radio City Playhouse |       |       |       |
| 10:15 | Theater of the Air |       |       |       |
| 10:30 | Grand Ole Opry |       |       |       |

**HOUSE JAMESON**—transferred to Columbia from University of Texas to be nearer the stage. After appearing in several Broadway successes and in stock, in Toronto, he tried radio, as an announcer, in 1934. His first real radio success was in Renfrew, in Renfrew of the Mounted, but he's best known as Mr. Aldrich, heard with his Family, over NBC, Thursday evenings at 8:00, EDT.

**ANOTHER in the new group of table-models is Philco Model 472.** It's a moderately-priced set in a streamlined plastic cabinet and comes in either brown or ivory. Approximate dimensions are 10" x 16" x 8". Of interest, too, is the built-in dual AM-FM aerial system.

When talk gets around to small radios it must, of necessity, get around to the new "Personal" line of receivers built by RCA Victor. It's a battery-operated portable that weights only three and a half pounds, and features a lid switch which automatically turns the radio on when the lid is opened. It's small enough to fit in a pocket, measuring only 3 1/4" x 4 1/4" x 6 1/4". This set retails for about $33 and comes in red, brown, black and ivory.

**Philco 472: built-in AM-FM.**

Tele-tone: 26 sq.in. image, all-channel tuning.

And still the price of television sets keeps going down. Tele-tone boasts of a set tagged at only $149.95. The screen furnishes an image of 26 square inches and the set is in a genuine mahogany cabinet. This set, by the way, does include All Channel tuning. You can pick up telecasts from all stations in your area. For the record, it's Model 149.

Since there's plenty of vacation weather ahead, you may be looking for a portable radio that will give you reception no matter where you go. A good suggestion would be to look over the Crosley model 9-302. It's a three-way set that will operate in AC or DC current as well as on batteries. This portable comes in an alligator-grain brown leatherette case with metal trim.

**Another portable using alligator grain is the RCA Victor model 8BX5.** Contrasting effect is obtained by balancing the simulated leather with maroon plastic. This set is also three-way—Battery, AC and DC.

**RCA 8BX5: battery, AC and DC.**
Dear Papa David:

When a neighbor, a housewife and mother whose child was in kindergarten with mine, shot and killed herself and her two children, I thought there was no virtue left in life. The news of her tragedy raised ugly fears and suspicions in millions of people.

Because she and her husband were of different religious faiths, members of each group looked at the other and thought, "It was because of the religion." Husbands, reading of it in the paper, looked at their own wives with new dread: "Might she do it, too, if things got tough?"

But what we mothers feared most was what it would do to the children. With the radio, the headlines, and the village talk, it was impossible for them not to know. Would their tender faces wear a new and fearful gravity? Would their baby eyes show terror? Had they felt that gun, pointed at their heads? Did they see their baby sisters, lifeless in the bassinet? Over the week-end, the burden of it was cruel.

I waited with the other mothers, Monday noon, outside the kindergarten, where she had waited with us only last week. At last the children came in their bright snowsuits—not tumbling noisily, as usual, but in an orderly line. One by one, they joined the mothers, quietly, obediently. "Oh God," I prayed, "let them shout! Let them push and shove! Let them show that they trust us!"

My girl could not wait to step into the car before she told me solemnly, "Joey is dead. He has gone to live with God." She waited for my comment. "Oh," I said. I knew very well that the children knew what Joey's mother had done. She didn't want to tell me that she knew. She was accusing me, silently.

"With trembling hands, I set the car in motion. My girl was still, ominously still, it seemed to me, withdrawn into herself. Some thought lay deep in her little mind, troubling her. We were almost home when she said with dignity, "I can't tell you something, Mommy."

My heart took a frantic leap. As she resumed her silence, her rosy little lips twitched. Would she burst into tears—show a grief which I could comfort? But suddenly, to my utter astonishment, instead of crying, she was laughing.

"It's a secret what we made today!" she declared with her usual shrill enthusiasm. "You can guess, but I can't tell! We made—we made—" Her blue eyes sparkled with the excitement of trying to keep a secret, but it was impossible. "We made Valentines for our mothers!"

It isn't safe to drive with tear-filled eyes, so I stopped the car while I hugged her. Our children still loved and trusted us!

Of course, I knew that their faith had remained perfect because they had not wholly understood the awfulness of the crime. Holding my warm and squirming child, I thought: Because each of us is, in a sense, a little child, unable to comprehend everything, we are able to turn our thoughts from sorrow, to go on loving and believing in one another, to do the day-to-day things that make life beautiful. One of the wonders (Continued on page 74)

1 Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard Mon.-Fri., at 12 Noon, PDT; 1 P.M., MDT; 2 P.M., CDT; 3 P.M., EDT, on NBC.
NEW...the beautiful Duo-Therm Sheraton heater

CUTS FUEL OIL COSTS UP TO 25% WITH POWER-AIR!

This is it—an amazingly efficient upright heater with all the beauty of fine period furniture!

It's the gorgeous, brand new Duo-Therm Sheraton, designed by master furniture stylists.

You've got to see it with your own eyes to appreciate it. See its fluted columns and recessed panels that duplicate the costly look of fine cabinet work. See its mellow duo-tone mahogany finish (a Duo-Therm exclusive!). See how it adds charm and distinction to any room!

And its working heart is all Duo-Therm! Here's just a rough idea of what that means to you:

**Power-Air saves up to 1 gallon of oil out of every 4**

This is a fact, proved by severe tests in a cold Northern climate. The Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air Blower actually cuts fuel bills as much as 25%.

Because it is a blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets more heat into every corner...keeps floors much warmer...gives you more heat at the living level. Only Duo-Therm heaters have Power-Air, the Blower that can save enough to pay for the cost of a Duo-Therm!

You save on oil with Duo-Therm’s exclusive Burner, too!

Because it is a blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets more heat into every corner...keeps floors much warmer...gives you more heat at the living level. Only Duo-Therm heaters have Power-Air, the Blower that can save enough to pay for the cost of a Duo-Therm!

In addition to Power-Air fuel savings, the exclusive Duo-Therm Burner gets more heat out of every drop of oil. That’s because it mixes air and oil in 6 stages (only the Duo-Therm Burner does this!) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame.

Its full-bodied, mushroom type flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber...hugs the chamber walls...transfers more heat to your home quicker.

There are no moving parts, so there's nothing to get out of order. And it's completely silent!

You tend the fire by turning a simple dial!

On the first cold day you strike a match and light your Duo-Therm heater. Then tend the fire all winter by turning a dial. No work, no dirt, no ashes, no worry!

And when you decide on a Duo-Therm heater you have a complete selection to choose from. There's a model for every purse and purpose.

**Free 12-page, full-color catalog**

Shows the complete Duo-Therm line in real room settings (two full pages of pictures and facts on the new Sheraton alone!). Tells you all you'll want to know before you invest in a Duo-Therm. Mail the handy coupon below and get your free copy now. And this week, visit your local Duo-Therm dealer.

MORE THAN A MILLION SATISFIED USERS!

**Duo-Therm**

ALWAYS THE LEADER...

**Duo-Therm** is a registered trade mark of Motor Wheel Corp., Copyright 1948

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**Duo-Therm Division of Motor Wheel Corp., Dept. RM-S1, Lansing 3, Mich.**

Please send me absolutely free your catalog on the

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- [ ] Duo-Therm Automatic Gas Water Heaters
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Why sit on the beach and envy other women who are luckier than you about their 'days'? Try the Tampax method of monthly sanitary protection and then you can swim any day of the month without anyone's being the wiser.

The secret of Tampax is simple—it is worn internally! Hence there is nothing that can possibly "show through" a snug swim suit, whether wet or dry.

Tampax is the scientific answer to the feminine monthly hygienic problem. Invented by a doctor, it has only 1/15 the bulk of older kinds. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed within dainty applicators (for easy insertion). No belts or pins are required—and no sanitary deodorant, for Tampax causes no odor.

Quick to change; easy to dispose of. Can be worn in tub or shower bath.

Buy Tampax now at drug or notion counters. Three absorbency-sizes to suit varying needs: Regular, Super, Junior. An average monthly supply will go into your purse . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Field might well have read Harry's thoughts. Proud as she was of Joan's voice, she would have been better pleased if Harry had not written the song, if Joan had not sung it with her eyes upon her husband's face. She had pointedly, "Joan, you never did anything about your voice. But of course—"

"I'll leave that to my children, Mother," Joan interrupted untypically. "But of course." Her mother went on as if she had not heard, "one word from you makes me do exactly as you please. There was so much you could have—" But Joan—"No! It's a shame you never did anything about your voice.

But of course—"

"I wish you would," said Harry. "It's probably about Steve."

"Yes, mother broke in, "don't get excited. You know Dr. Wiggan warned you—"

"I'm all right," said Joan impatiently over her shoulder. "I couldn't possibly feel better."

The young lieutenant of police was waiting for them in the foyer. He refused their invitation to join them for coffee, complimented Joan upon her appearance. "You certainly look different from the last time I saw you, Mrs. Davis," he said, "—lying at the side of a county road."

A tacitless opening, Harry thought, but Joan took it serenely. "I feel different," she smiled. "Have you any more news of Steve?"

"That's what I came to tell you," the lieutenant answered. "I've talked to the prison hospital again, and he is definitely improved. Of course, with his heart condition you never know, but the doctor told me that the improvement in his condition after his confusion, after he told the truth about his part in Betty Scofield's death, was unbelievable. And the veterinarian says also that the knowledge that he will no longer be responsible for keeping Mrs. Cameron in jail might put him right on his feet."

"But it will be a shock," said Joan. "Mightn't the excitement—"

"I only know what the doctor believes," said the lieutenant, "and that is, it will help him. And, Mrs. Davis, you don't want to trouble you if you'd rather not, but we all feel that you're the one to tell him he's cleared . . . you and Mr. Davis. He's torturing himself over the part he played in your lives. And if he learns that you don't hold it against him, it will help that much toward helping him recover."

"It's all up to Mrs. Davis," said Harry. "Joan—"

"Oh, I want to," said Joan. "I talked it over with Dr. Wiggan before I left the hospital—told him that you wanted me to tell you. Oh, I could do it, I think. I could do it, I could do it, provided I felt able. And—well, I do feel able to do it. In fact, I couldn't bear not to. I'm as anxious as Mr. Skidmore and Mrs. Cameron to have our old relationship re-established."

"Good," said the lieutenant. "It will have to be done tomorrow. We can't delay it any longer—"

"Joan and Harry nodded. "We'll be there tomorrow."

"Then we'll set it up for three o'clock at the Sommerville Hospital," said the lieutenant. "We'll have Mrs. Cameron there as well. And in the meantime, we'll go ahead with the plan."

"The plan?" asked Harry.

"Why, yes, Mr. Davis—didn't I tell you? The court has decided to be lenient in Mr. Skidmore's case and to overlook his part in the Scofield girl's death. He's being paroled in the care of Mrs. Cameron."

"She's all right?"

"Joan and Harry looked at each other. "In Irma's care!" Harry ejaculated.

That's wonderful!" Joan cried. "There isn't anything else in the world Irma wants—and nothing that could be better for Steve. How did you even think of it?"

"It's the result of the thinking you and Mr. Davis started us on, Mrs. Davis, when you told us all Mrs. Cameron had done for Mr. Skidmore in the past—and for him, back when he was able. Now we think that she can help him come back from this experience he's been through."

"Oh, she will," Joan breathed. "His life hasn't been easy, Lieutenant. He isn't weak—his weakness was never in himself, but in the woman he loved, a woman he wasn't in love with."

Mrs. Cameron. She destroyed him—deliberately—because she was in love with—" she hesitated slightly, without looking at Harry—"with someone else. She hated him before him, told him that she'd only married him to be near the other man. It drove him insane, seeing this beautiful girl laughing at him, seeing the love he had for her, found all the world—Irma knows all about it; she understands and loves him as no one else does. I know she can help him—"

"There isn't a finer farmer in the state," Harry put in. "The dairy's never been the same since they let Steve go. I know he could get his old job back."

The lieutenant nodded. "You're very
probably right. But just now the whole thing is up to you two—telling him what's happened, that he's a free man once more, seeing that he realizes that there's nothing but friendship and understanding on your part."

"We'll do everything we can," Joan promised.

"I know you will," said the lieutenant. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Davis. We'll be seeing you tomorrow at three. And oh—in the meantime, we'll have Mrs. Cameron officially released, and we'll have told her of our plans for Mr. Skidmore."

"Good idea," Harry approved. "It will give her time to get adjusted. It's going to be a shock for her, too."

When the lieutenant had gone, Joan turned a radiant face to her husband. "Oh, Harry," she said, "could anything be more wonderful—could things possibly be better for everyone? Back there on the terrace, when they were playing our song, I didn't think there could be any more happiness in the world. But now—things have not only come right for us, but they're going to be right for Steve and Irma, too. I know it, Harry. I know they're really going to find happiness at last."

She felt differently the next afternoon, when she stood with Harry in front of the grim gray stone prison in Summerville.

"Harry," she said, "I'm afraid. Suppose the shock is too much for Steve after all? The doctor can't know everything, and if things should go wrong—""

"It's this place, darling," said Harry. "You came here too many other times on unhappy errands. Don't let it get you down.

"I'm afraid it does," Joan admitted. "You've no idea how I hate it, how I hate setting foot inside of it—"

"My dear—" He touched her arm, and as if the contact gave her strength, she started up the steps... She was standing in the same gray corridor on the same stone floor, where she had so often waited to be permitted to see Harry. Harry had gone to the information desk; she saw the receptionist's gesture, saw Harry go on to the superintendent's office."

"Dear God," she prayed, "let nothing have gone wrong. Let Steve be all right—"

And then Harry was coming back, his face grave and set.

"Darling, do you think you can go through it alone? Irma's with Steve now, preparing him, telling him we're waiting to see him. But he's very weak, and both the doctor and the lieutenant feel that you'd better see him alone."

"With Irma?" Joan asked.

"Of course with Irma," he reassured her. "But don't, darling, if you think it will be too much for you—"

She shook her head, mutely, and then she was walking down the gray corridor to the superintendent's office; conscious only to the tension within her, of the desperate knowledge that every word she said, every inflection of her voice, must be right. Then there was the white glare of the hospital room, and Steve. And Irma.

The women's eyes met. Irma's lips moved soundlessly, and finally the word came out. "Joan—"

"Irma—" And then, somehow, there was no need to say more. The past was understood, forgotten, done with; there remained only the task to be accomplished for the still figure on the bed.

Steve couldn't see her, but he must have known that she was there. He said weakly, "questioningly, "Joan? And..."
Suddenly Joan knew that she could do what she had come here to do. Steve—why Steve might have been little Sammy lying there, in need of comfort and reassurance.

"I'm here, Steve dear," she said. "See—right here beside you—"

He turned his eyes toward her, and she saw her now; she was sure that there was recognition in his eyes. She took his hand. "Steve, we're all going to be happy. Don't, Steve—Listen to me—"

"Joan—" His voice broke, and then somehow he found the strength to check himself. "I only want you to forgive me," he said steadily, "forgive me for what I did to you and Harry."

"There's nothing to forgive, Steve. Don't you know that?"

His head moved in slight negation. "Steve's gone away, Joan—and you and Harry paid the price for it." "STEVE, listen." Her hand tightened on his. "There isn't any of us in this life, not a living soul, who hasn't been wrong at some time or another, who hasn't hurt someone. Steve, you remember what I did to Harry some time ago—you know as well as I do that Harry was never faithless to me, and I knew it then as I know it now, but that one moment of decision came—and I packed my things and left him. I knew when it happened that I shouldn't have, but I left him. And now that it's all over, Steve, it hasn't made any difference between us. It's only made us closer because of that mistake. Steve, I love Harry more today than I ever did before in my life—and that's the way we both feel about you, Steve. You're dearer to us now than you've ever been, both you and Irma."

"Joan, dear—" Irma broke in, her voice shaking. "You mean it?" Steve asked. "And Harry—does he mean it? Does he believe it as you do?"

"We both feel exactly the same way, Steve."

His head turned ever so slightly toward Irma. "Then, Irma, it's all right. Everything's going to be all right—"

She mustn't cry now, Joan thought desperately. Not now, with the crisis still ahead. "Now," she said, swallowing hard, "I want to tell you the news I've brought—"

Steve's eyes closed. "Nothing else is important, Joan dear. Now that I know how you and Harry feel, nothing and no one is important but Irma and her family."

"Steve—" and in spite of herself tension crept into her voice—"this is important to us all."

"You promised, Steve," Irma broke in, "that you wouldn't get excited—"

His hand moved, and hers went into it. "I'm all right, Irma."

"Steve—" Joan drew a deep breath, spoke as she would to a confused child. "You didn't kill Betty Scofield. Do you hear me, Steve? Another man has confessed—Robert Nobel, the man who captivated me so much trouble the man whose name I found in Betty Scofield's address book. He was a dealer in stolen cars, Steve, and Betty had been working for him, and he was afraid that she would give him away. Steve—"

Her heart failed her. Steve hadn't moved. Only his eyelids had closed again, and he lay as still as death. Her eyes, terrified, met Irma's—and saw that Irma's eyes were calm. Irma still held his hand. "Dearest—" Irma leaned close to him, whispering, "do you understand? You didn't kill her. You didn't kill Betty Scofield."

"Both you and Irma are free," said Joan.

Irma's mouth was shaking wildly; tears were running down her face. "Steve—you're free, free to go as you please—you can go home—" She could go no further. She put her hand to her mouth, bit hard upon the clenched knuckles. Joan leaned forward, but before she could try again Steve's lips moved.

"Thank God," he said, very quietly, very clearly, "Thank God—now you're free."

"It's you that's important, Steve—only you—"

"No, Irma. My heart is free of fear now. That's a small, trifling trouble I brought into your life has disappeared. That's what I care about most."

Joan left them, then, very quietly, without another word. Her mission was completed, and neither of them needed her now. Harry and the lieutenant were waiting for her in the corridor. Harry went quickly to her and put his arms around her, supporting her. "Joan, you look torn to pieces—"

"I'm all right, Harry—but you should have seen Steve. He looks so terrible—there's nothing left of him. But when I told him—you should have seen him. He didn't move, but it was as if something had changed inside him. I know he's going to get well, now, Harry. I know he will."

"I think so, too, dear," he said, very gently. "But right now, I want to get you out to the car—and home. You look pretty shaky yourself, Lieutenant. What do we do about Mrs. Cameron?"

"Leave her with him for the time being," the lieutenant answered. "There are a few formalities to go through, and then she's free to go wherever her heart desires. I think perhaps Mr. Skidmore will stay here until he's well enough to be moved, but Mrs. Cameron can go tomorrow."

"WILL come for her," said Joan. "Will you tell her that, Lieutenant? Tell her that we'll be here tomorrow to take her home."

A few minutes later she and Harry were riding home, rolling along the Northport road, past the familiar countryside, the farms. "I'm glad we went to Summerville to see Steve before we went on home," Joan said. "Now we know we're really going home. Harry. For the first time in so long—together, and to home as it used to be, only better, because I think things will be better for Steve and Irma here on. ever get over it if all of this trouble had come between Steve and Irma—and us. I mean, I was so afraid that they would never quite believe in our forgiveness if you would tell them that because I never did feel there was anything to forgive. But I was afraid they might never quite believe that we wanted to go on being friends. Now I know it's all right. I knew it the moment I saw Irma look up at me from Steve's bedside. Everything's going to be all right."

"Thanks to you," said Harry. "To me? You mean because I went after Robert Nobel?"

"No," she answered, "but I meant something else more. Your spirit, Joan, your understanding of why Irma and Steve did what they did—"

She laughed softly. "That's simple,
Harry. I understand Irma because she feels about Steve as I feel about you. He's the living core of her life, and everything else stems from him. And Steve—well, I've always felt especially close to Steve because there's something in him that's like you. It's a sort of alone and against the world attitude that comes of your both having the same kind of start in life. You both felt the responsibility of a family years before you should have taken on that sort of burden—

"Joan, a lot of people have to carry that kind of responsibility—"

"And I'd like to give everyone of them some of the ease and playtime I was brought up in," said Joan. "It would make them less tense, less sensitive to hurt, more elastic when trouble comes. Steve had a hard life, a grim life; he lost his head over Betty MacDonald because she was a bright, pretty thing—the kind of thing he'd never known. He'd never had the least of luxuries, never had the chance to do all the playing he should have—and you haven't, either. You don't know what that side of life is all about."

"Oh, I don't know," said Harry defensively. "I think I do."

"But how do you know it, Harry?" she asked quickly, and answered her own question. "You saw it when you were caddying at the country club... and wanted toiving a club yourself, only you couldn't take that much time away from your courses or your studies. You were always on the outside looking in."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"Joan, you're fabulous—"

"No, I'm not," she said serenely. "I'm just married to a guy I love—a man who hasn't a grain of sense so far as the laughing of life is concerned. And—oh, I guess what I'm trying to say is that because I love you so much, it's easy to love and understand anyone who is the slightest bit like you. Harry, look out!"

The car swayed as he reached for her. Prudently, he turned off the road and stopped the motor before he gathered her into his arms.

"Sorry, darling," he said huskily, "but I shouldn't even try to drive when you're sitting that close beside me, saying things that make me feel I'm everything in the world to you, that our love explains everything to you—"

"Aren't you?" Joan asked, her eyes very steady upon his face. "And doesn't it?"

"I guess it does. I— It's a funny thing, Joan, but when I was in prison, wishing I'd never come into your life because I'd brought you so much misery... I still felt closer to you, more—Oh, I can't explain—"

"You don't have to," she said softly. "I know, because I felt it, too. Nothing mattered, really, but that we loved each other. Not being separated. Not even death. It's—why, Harry, it's knowing a kind of immortality... and don't you dare laugh at me."

He didn't laugh. He couldn't. He could only hold her closer—and yet never close enough—while the peace of the afternoon deepened around them.

P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn't more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out... that really stops perspiration better. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.
of life is its everydayness, its humdrumness, which prevents us from seeing tragedy at every turn. Mothers may violate the trust of their families, faction may turn against faction with intolerance, and we grieve; but every day children go to school, mothers make the beds and wash the dishes, fathers sit at work. In the monotony, the regularity, the ordinariness of life, we find relief from its violence and passion; from its tragedy which, fully understood, would require of man the vast compassion of God.

E. L. C.

The letters that follow have earned this month's ten-dollar checks:

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS

Dear Papa David:

So many single women face the future with secret fears of missing all happiness without marriage. I am a spinster past 50 years of age, and I know life can be beautiful and richly satisfying, regardless of single blessedness. I learned it from a maiden aunt who taught school twenty years before she married at thirty-eight. During the formative years of my girlhood, she had more time, money and fun than anyone I knew. She loved children and always had nephews and nieces in her home; she played with them and took them on trips. There was never the slightest stigma attached to the term "old maid" in our family.

And so I have never felt apologetic for being an "old maid" or resented being called one. I have missed marriage but I have not missed happiness. One by one I acquired three motherless children, whom I have reared and educated, and I know they are as dear to me as if they were my own flesh and blood. I now have five "grandchildren" and no blood grandmother has more satisfaction in her children's children than I have in the little ones who call me "aunt" just as their fathers did. It is love, devotion, self-sacrifice and hard work which fashion family bonds, and while I am single, I am not a "lonely woman."

It was not always easy to hold a job and to make a home for children. Many of my friends were not sympathetic, saying my sacrifices would not be appreciated—that I should provide for my own future. I honestly think I have as much financial security today as I would have had if I had used all of my earnings for myself.

I am thankful to make life beautiful—for others—I have found is a guaranteed way of making it beautiful for myself. No one needs to be deterred because of lack of money. Sympathy, understanding and a willingness to help are far scarcer to find than money.

I am thankful I learned from my maiden aunt not to carry the handicap that so many single women do—feeling sorry for themselves. For happiness is not dependent on marriage or any other circumstance—it is something each must create for himself.

M. M.

LET BEAUTY SOAK IN!

Dear Papa David:

I suppose that I was about seven years old that spring morning when Grandmother Ellen was cleaning house. The tucked-down carpets had been taken up and hung over the line for their annual beating; the rising-sun and prairie-rose quilts, the fat featherbeds and pillows were hung in the shade to air. Grandmother stepped heavily from the kitchen looked reproachfully at Grandfather who had dropped down in the barrel-stave hacked and was breathing deeply of the May morning fragrance—the smell of spring—all mixed up with fresh ploughed loam, burning brush, and bursting apple-blossoms.

Grandfather smiled apostolically. "Dirt will keep, Ellen, but apple-blossoms last such a little while. I like to take time to let them soak in."

"Grandfather's philosophy, take time for the beautiful while it lasts, has been made into a slogan that has been handed down through three generations of his descendants.

I have a clump of iris blooming at my backdoor. Not fancy-named bulbs; just the old-fashioned purple that will grow anywhere for anybody. Every time I carry out waste-baskets or garbage I look at the silky royal blooms, then up at the sky with a swift "Thank You, God." That humble clump of common iris is my prayer-rug and my spirit is lifted, even as the soul of the psalmist was lifted when he said: "Let the beauty of the Lord, our God, be upon us."

E. B. M.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.
NEW GRAND SLAM
IN LIPSTICK SHADES...
'TANGEE'S PINK OF PERFECTION
"PINK QUEEN"

Tangee's new "Pink Queen" is Leap Year's "come hither" color—but definitely! It's bright. It's light. It's fashion right. And, of course, like all Tangee super-shades, it goes on easier...stays on longer. Yes, that summer romance is in the cards with "Pink Queen"—Tangee's pink of perfection!

Seven Super-Shades
by Tangee

RED MAJESTY
GAY-RED
RED-RED
PINK QUEEN

Tangee
THE WORLD'S NO. 1 LIPSTICK
Tall and Handsome
(Continued from page 59)
Ways to Serve Ice Cream

Peel a cantaloupe and cut into 1-inch thick slices. Fill the center of each slice with a scoop of ice cream and top with your favorite sauce.
Slice a small loaf cake in half crosswise. Cover the bottom half with ice cream, replace the top layer. Cut the loaf in thick slices. Cover with sauce or sweetened berries.

Banana Splits
For each serving: Place a portion of each of vanilla, chocolate and strawberry ice cream on individual plates. Split a banana lengthwise and place the halves on either side of the ice cream. Top the ice cream with strawberry sauce, chopped nuts, and maraschino cherries.

Peanut Ice-Cream Bar, Fudge Sauce
1 7-ounce package semi-sweet chocolate pieces
3 tablespoons hot water
3/4 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 pint bricks vanilla ice cream, firmly frozen
2 cups unsalted peanuts, coarsely chopped

Melt chocolate pieces over boiling water. Add 3 tablespoons hot water and stir until smooth. Stir in milk. Remove from heat and add salt and vanilla. Working with one pint at a time, cut ice cream crosswise into three pieces. Roll each piece in chopped peanuts, pressing nuts into ice cream firmly. Store the bars in freezing tray of refrigerator until ready to serve. Then pour the fudge sauce, warm or cold, over each serving. Serves six.

Lemon Ice Cream
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 cup light corn syrup
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1/4 cup lemon juice
1 cup milk
1 cup light cream or evaporated milk

Add sugar gradually to eggs, beating constantly until thick. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into deep freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze until mixture is frozen 1” from edges of tray. Turn into chilled bowl; beat with chilled beater until mixture is smooth but not melted. Return to tray immediately and continue freezing until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Orange Velvet
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup corn syrup
3/4 cup water
1 package orange flavored gelatin
1 cup orange juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 cups milk

Combine sugar, corn syrup and water; boil for 2 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in hot liquid. Add fruit juices. Pour into deep tray of refrigerator and freeze with control set at coldest point. When partially frozen, pour into chilled bowl and beat with a rotary beater. Add milk and beat until blended. Return to tray and continue freezing until firm. Makes 8 to 10 servings.
My Wife Jane

(Continued from page 26)

and high school. "A fact largely," Jane would tell you, "unknown to me." Known to her, I hope, but can't be sure, is the fact that we were married in 1929, "two weeks all heels," Jane Sherwood says. So it does. You just wait and see—all heels really get it. I emphasize this point to show you that one thing about Jane's malaprops is that they contain, always, a sturdy stalk of commonsense, a tale of truth growing among the corn.

Twelve years as newspaperman and Station KVER in Kansas City gave me my first radio work which, under the title of The Movie Man, consisted of doing a radio version of my own newspaper columns on the air (something that had never, at the time, been done before) reviewing plays and pictures and etcetera. Everything was for ten dollars. No matter what you did—read the funnies, commented on the political bit. reviewed play or film, got an idea—ten dollars.

FLASHBACK now to an evening in the year 1930. The Movie Man was just finishing his stint when it became apparent that the talent for the next fifteen minutes was still to be found in the show, had canceled out. So I had to talk on for the next fifteen minutes, substituting for the missing talent which was, by the way, the late Heywood Broun.

Waiting for me outside the studio on this fateful night was spouse Jane. Jane had never been on the air. Her new marriage was so strange, we thought, her career. But we'd been doing a lot of kiding around the house and, the night before, had played a game of bridge over which, when I attempted to show Jane how not to trump Ace's aces, she'd snapped "Tell it to the morons!"

So I called Jane to the mike and for fifteen minutes we ad libbed. We played a comedy hand of bridge. We bore down rather heavily on the bridge. Jane started to do some malaprops along the line of "I like my eggs, Jane, all alone on the air" and "Be it ever so hovel, there's no place like home" line. And after we'd been on the air for fifteen minutes and were signing off, "Is that going on the air?" Jane asked (and, guess what, meant?) "When are we going on the air?"

The result of that fifteen minutes of (Mr. Broun's) ad libbed time was a sack full of mail. And Easy Aces was born.

The show acquired a sponsor. Jane got the ten dollars. I, because I wrote the show and continued to write it for its lifetime of fourteen years, got thirty. A lapse of time, and very little of that, and $500 was put into a big sponsor. The sponsor coughed up the extra fifty and Easy Aces, feeling on Easy Street (although I, a cautious one, still held on to my column in the old, old, familiar manner.

When a Chicago sponsor, happening to hear our show, asked us how we'd like to bring Easy Aces to Chicago, we were dazzled. But not for long. The sponsor would pay expenses for the move but, it developed, "Can't guarantee much else." Crossing my fingers and drawing a bead on the moon, I countered the offer of "not much else" by saying we'd go for $500 a week. It was (young men-on-the-make, take heed!) a deal.

Still not one to dynamite my bridges behind me, I continued to write my column—"au gratin," to borrow from Jane—for free, that means, every day, seven days a week. During the show's first thirteen-week network run.

When our first option was picked up, I felt more confident but not exactly reckless, and curtailed my communications efforts to three a week. Another option snatched up and I was doing one a week—a Sunday column for the home-town sheet. During our second year in radio, I figured Easy Aces was riding easily enough, and high enough, for me to drop column concocting altogether.

We would stay in radio, Jane and I, and agreed between us, only for a short time. "When we get $25,000 under the mattress," I said, "we quit." I wanted to do some good (not radio) writing. My salary and were set in literature. But I was to be the one to say "When we get $50,000, we quit." We didn't.

In August, 1946, I was appointed Supervisor of CBS Comedy and Variety programs—a post created (I take pride in this commercial!) especially for me.

But in January, 1948, I called Jane, who was at home (a small place, our suite in the Minnehaha, but we call it home) to the mike again.

The urge to return to active broadcasting rather than continue as a "desk" jockey, was upon me. To have Jane along with me during working, as well as leisure hours was, I must uxiously confess, an even stronger urge. I missed my Mrs. Malaprop. The house without her were a vacuum. Nature abhors a vacuum. So does Goodman Ace. Result: Jane got a script, took an hour out to study and rehearse it and Ace and Jane, currently to be heard over CBS, every Friday, 7:00 to 7:30 P.M. (I take pride in this commercial, too!) was on the air.

Jane's only reservation about being on the air again is the hour at which we broadcast. "Seven o'clock," she sighs, "spoil's the whole evening—to late for cocktails, too early for dinner."

So she goes without either and is rewarded by the wolf cries evoked by a figure weighing in at 103 pounds, two and one quarter ounces.

As in Easy Aces days, I write, produce and direct the new show and, as in Easy Aces days, I portray the dour husband to whom everything happens, shows up at the well-meaning or, at least, well-mannered hands of wife Jane, who very much sums up the situation and our relationship when she says, "I have him in the hollow of my head."

On the air, the Aces disagree about practically everything. Away from the mike, Jane and I manage to agree more often than we disagree; manage to like

Helene Curtis

creme shampoo

for the whole family

More for your money big for 60c

ful pound $1.50

Helene Curtis

creme shampoo

Used most by professional beauticians . . . Oceans of foam even in hard water . . . leaves hair soft . . . manageable no soap film

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Uses of full pound $1.50

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and what is perhaps more important, also to dislike the same places, people and pets. But there are some exceptions.

Jane doesn't like sitting around Lindy's, for instance, or Toots Shaw's—"Talking to actors," as she puts it. I do.

Jane doesn't like to play cards. I do.

A couple of nights a week, we have a few couples over for poker or bridge. On these nights, Jane usually manages to snaffle off one of the other wives to "sit around from four until eight." During this time, with hellzapoppin from Berchtesgaden to Broadway, "Let's sit around and talk," Jane suggested, one evening, to the wife of one of the men who had come along. She talked about what? the w.o.o.t.m., inquired. "Well, I guess there's nothing," Jane agreed, reflectively, "to talk about.

I like to go to bed along around nine or nine-thirty. Jane goes to bed at 10:30—not before. It makes her nervous, she says, if she goes to bed earlier. It gives her insomnia, she says. "Insomnia," I told her, "is just a matter of mind over matter." (She used it on the air but not in so to speak, private practice.)

Jane's biggest daily emotion is the weather, because the weather determines what she will wear. "Going to be sunny tomorrow—mid 60's," is her main shout. Even after she's listened to the weather man on the eight-o'clock news. (Though not exactly in agreement on the bedtime hour, we get up at eight, sharp, both of us, making one simultaneous twist of the dial and on our feet!) Jane likes city life or roughing it, very luxuriously, in a plush hotel. She seems to have a "Rain, Pain, fall-ing softly outside." But she always has a friend who bought a place in the country, gave it some Spanish name for "blue Heaven" and sold it the next year!

We used to take a place in the country each summer—in Deal Beach, New Jersey—but this year we're moving. Since Jane has become a baseball fan, to the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds. Jane has a box at both places and we'll summer there...

Meanwhile, we have our all-year-round-apartment at the Ritz Towers and have had for twelve years and "When we get old, next year, we'll go back to the land," Jane says.

Jane has a maid she's had for a long time. The maid gets breakfast for us. She used to get dinner for us, too, but during the winter, our dog, Blackie, ate up all our heat coming out of the habit of eating at home. Now we use Room Service or eat in drugstores to which we can take Blackie.

is a white dog so Jane named him Blackie.

Jane's biggest extravagance is clothes. She likes to design clothes. And she does a lot of sewing. She is now at the "hem" stage. All I hear when I'm at home is, "Is it long enough?" Currently, she is "letting out" a raincoat. She's good at it, too, at sewing. And quite the housewife. She keeps the candy jars filled. The flower boxes. And feeds Blackie. She really did take "Domestic Silence" at school.

Jane rather dislikes jewelry—diamonds, that is. She goes in for gold things—a big gold charm bracelet with little gold gimmicks dangling from it, that's her pride. But her real extravagance is clothes. She loves to shop. After all, why not? Jane is five-feet-two, has hazel eyes and blonde hair, weighs what I told you she weighs and Mainbocher becomes her so... Some people think Jane and Mary Benny are look-alikes. Whether or no, Jane most markedly resembles excepted Mary Benny's Jack as a comedian. Vin Delmar and Pearl S. Buck are her favorite authors and Louis Alter, mainly because he wrote our show's theme song, "Manhattan Serenade," is her favorite composer.

Jane's husband, speaking for himself, is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, has blue eyes, needing a dye job, reddish blond hair needing the same. He smokes cigars incessantly and among his fellow entertainers he most admires Fred Allen, Burns and Allen and Jack Benny. He likes to think of himself as, to borrow back the words he put in Jane's mouth, "A human domino."

Except for the things we disagree on. Jane and I are, so to speak, unanimous. We like to go to the movies. Not fans, exactly, we have no favorites and never mind or, indeed, quite know what movie we are seeing. We just go to the movies to be comfortable. Jane says she doesn't "mind" any picture, "So long as it's in Technicolor."

We're agreed on our pet hate, which is of phonies. Jane doesn't want to live in Hollywood. "Too many phonies" she says. I tell her "But there are phonies in New York, too." Yes, she agrees. "But real phonies."

We're both punctual people, very punctual. Make a date with us for 5:30 and we're there at 5:25. "We've got to tell them to be here fifteen minutes early because if we don't they'll get here," Jane points out, "five minutes late." On the subject of punctuality. Jane Sherwood's malaprop is "I hate phonies that are impromptu."

The line between Jane Ace and Jane Sherwood sometimes—have I made it clear?—waivers and grows thin...
Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 47)

The newest television gadget to be announced is pretty difficult for even the most enthusiastic video fan to visualize. Eugene F. McDonald, fabulous president of Zenith, Inc., has assured dealers he will market the Phonevision this year. The Phonevision would only cost about $5 to attach to your television set and through an arrangement with the telephone company and the motion picture industry, it will enable you to phone any night and ask for a certain movie to be piped to you via your tele set. The cost for each private showing would be about one dollar! Well—lots of people never thought the Wright Brothers would get off the ground at Kitty Hawk; and the two media used for Phonevision—the telephone and television—are so miraculous themselves, that we might as well believe this will work too.

* * *

John Steinbeck, the famous novelist, and Robert Capa, the wizard photog- rapher, have combined their unusual talents to form World Video—a television package house. They should turn out some terrific shows.

* * *

We like to point out how television can be of help in the community. Last month we told about the police lineup telecasts; now NBC teamed up with the Veterans Administration and put on a show called Operation Success which displayed the abilities and skills of jobless disabled vets. Two hours after the broadcast, 300 employers came through with jobs; final total was close to 800!

* * *

Everybody remembers Dizzy Dean, one of the most famous and colorful of the baseball greats. Well, Dizzy is now doing baseball commentary over KSD-TV in St. Louis. Dizzy supplied many a baseball announcer with plenty of material in his day.

* * *

Rudy Vallee has formed a company he calls Vallee-Video, Inc. Vallee has its headquarters in the Nassau Studios in Hollywood. Rudy is doing a comedy series called “College Life” which headlines himself and gravel-voiced Lionel Stander. He has already completed a number of telefilm shorts which tell the story of popular songs. These combine live talent and cartoon sketches.

* * *

If you or anyone you know is interested in studying the technical side of television with an eye to becoming an installation or repair man, beware the phonies schools that purport to turn out skilled technicians, but are staffed by inadequately qualified instructors. A survey conducted by the New York State Employment Service found that: “There are practically no skilled television repairmen out of work” but “There is a large supply of veterans” who are graduates of television schools, and who “find it impossible to get employment.” When the RCA Service ran large ads in the New York papers for installation technicians, they had 2,000 applicants, but less than 200 were acceptable!

* * *

There will be a tele station in Erie, Pennsylvania, with the call letters WICU. Once a station gets going everyone drops the initial letter when referring to it; ergo, the station will be called “I-see-you.”

G is for your Grin, Honey

And, for those good-tasting foods that bring forth happy grins at breakfast, lunch and supper. Because G stands for Gerber’s, too—the foods so many babies go for—right from the start.

Eating’s really fun for small folks if every meal has tempting surprises. 38 delicious Gerber’s help make baby’s menus varied and vitamin-full. Your doctor knows which of Gerber’s Fruits, Vegetables, Meat-combinations, Desserts, and Cereals your baby can enjoy right now.

Get more smiles per spoonful! Thousands of mothers do— with Gerber’s! So always look for the Gerber baby on a wide variety of foods baby likes and needs. Gerber’s Strained and Junior Foods come in the same size container— for less leftovers. Same low price, too.

FREE—samples of 3 special baby cereals. Write to Gerber’s Dept. W.S.S, Fremont, Mich.
We Won Our Future
(Continued from page 25)

Our walls weren't even finished—just the bare boards with the studding showing. We had a nice davenport and bed, but linoleum and wallpaper and curtains—not to mention stoves and such—we wore all things in the future when we could squeeze them out of our checks.

Just the week before we had had a celebration. We finally had our own well—instead of having to bring water out our rural route from the center of Lebanon, nearly a mile away.

Sixteen feet by twenty feet, our house was. You can certainly understand why I was so happy, night and day, by the wonderful prizes offered to the winner of the People Are Funny contest.

When I had sent in my letter I had, of course, hit on an answer. But was it the right one?

Big Chief Windbag—that could mean the "air" in Cairo. And Cairo was a city built upon the ruins of others, so that could answer the second line "I'm one over others that lie in decay." Then I had looked up Cairo in the World Almanac (even for small towns, and a rural route is familiar with the pages of the World Almanac) and found the city was one of the lowest in the world, according to sea level. That would be the "upon low ground." But the recurring phrase "that's all... that's all I will say" had me worried, until I remembered that air corps pilots, when they're wanted for air force plans and conversations signed off by saying "thirty-thirty." And "thirty-thirty" meant the same as "that's all... that's all!" Sure enough, the latitude and longitude of Cairo, Egypt was 30-30.

(I found out, afterwards, that my memory hadn't been so good. It was true that 30-30 was a sign-off, but not for air corps pilots. It's an old newspaper phrase, that I had heard but confused with the other.)

Suddenly, someone banged on my door. Someone was calling my name.

"Mrs. George! You're wanted down at the store. It's a long-distance telephone call—from Los Angeles!"

I raced the three blocks to the store. People stopped their store-buying it and listen, shamelessly. They knew about the contest—and that I was being called by the radio program. Mr. Myler kindly turned off his refrigerating system, so the humming noise it made wouldn't keep me from hearing over the phone. My hands were shaking.

It was a man's voice. He introduced himself as John Guisial, producer of the show. He told me my letter had been picked as the best, the most genuinely sympathetic, for the week—by none other than contest judge and ex-member of the NBC airways. Agriculture Anderson, himself. I was to be flown down Thursday to Los Angeles by TWA plane and there would be a hotel room reserved for me right in the heart of Hollywood. After the show on Friday I would be flown home.

All this was wonderful. Then—first, cautiously reminding me that he didn't know the answer, let alone my answer to the riddle.

I told him. His "Oh, I see" was absolutely noncommittal. We might have been talking about the weather. But afterwards I found out they were making a wire recording of our telephone conversation, so that they could prove there had been no funny business, and that I had guessed the answer correctly while I was still a thousand miles away, and not after I arrived in Hollywood where it might be conceivable that I could be tipped off. In contests such as this they spare no pains or expense to be sure that everything is on the level.)

Then he hung up.

When I told everyone in the store, the work was as excited as I was. Poor Mr. Myler even forgot to turn on his refrigerator again, and all his frozen food for that day was spoiled!

Ward, my husband, was a little disappointed at not having a chance to hear the news. He was thrilled I was going to have the trip and the doors in Hollywood—but he was afraid I wasn't going to be high. After all, having a winning letter for the week was only the first step. That only enabled me to get on the program. I didn't mean I would guess the correct answer, and I would definitely actually win the Bright Future that the People Are Funny show was promising.

We looked around our little box of a home and realized how nice it was. I thought how wonderful it would be if I would actually win. But we had learned, through tough experience, that dreams are not easy to realize.

When we had married in April 1941, on the campus of the Oregon State Agricultural College, everything good had seemed possible. We were young and in love and we had a lovely future planned, together. I was majoring in Science and Ward in Education—to become a teacher. But we hadn't counted on a war.

During the war we still dreamed our dreams, through our letters. I had a job with the Civil Service Air Corps in Eugene, Oregon, and Ward was with the Indian Service off New Guinea. We could still hope.

But after the war it was much harder to hope or even to dream. Ward was a disabled veteran again in the best profession that the Veterans' Administration could recommend for his malaria and his battle-fatigued condition. Instead of becoming a teacher, Ward was a rancher. We raised shrubs and plants in a Lebanon nursery where the VA had placed him. The housing shortage had driven us to our mail order house. I did part-time work to help out. Our windows were curtainless and cheerless; our walls and floors were bare boards. We had practically nothing to spend for fun.

It would hardly be called comfortable living.

And now all this is changed. Because of two words I spoke on the People Are Funny show.

To Ward, sitting alone in our Lebanon house, listening to the program that night, and to me in the broadcast studio when it was written it meant the same thing. A crazy, impossible, glorious dream come true.

I didn't go back right away. Ward flew down to Hollywood to join me. We spent a week, mostly just wandering around—showing our eyes on all the things that are actually ours, now. Ward's job was arranged for—a good job in a Nursery close to our home. We bought back to Oregon in our brand-new car. We said goodbye to our friends and settled up our affairs.

As I told Art Linkletter—"Maybe people are funny, but to me, people are kind. To me, you have been Santa Claus."
TOM WILLIAMS, the Old Dirt Dobber of CBS's Garden Gate, started early to make gardens and gardening his hobby. When he was five years old, his mother gave him some blue iris bulbs, and watching his very own plants sprout and flower proved so fascinating that there was no stopping him after that. Now, heard on the CBS network Saturday mornings — consult your newspapers for the exact time in your area — he is widely known as a horticultural expert.

Williams was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on July 12, 1891. His father, a minister in the Church of Christ, editor and book reviewer, bestowed the "gift of gab" on his son. Correct use of the spoken word was impressed on the Williams children and quiz programs were conducted at every meal. Tom shone whenever the questions were about birds, flowers and trees.

After being graduated from high school and taking special courses in art and at trade schools, Williams accepted a position with the National Highways Association in Washington, D.C. During the first World War, Tom joined the Army and served as a sergeant instructor at Charlotte, N.C.

At one period in his life, Williams took to the road, working for insurance companies. During his travels, he pursued his gardening hobby on the premises of local nurserymen and florists. All through his youth, Tom cultivated his flowers so well that there are now thousands of offshoot bulbs in beds bordering his gardens at Brentwood, a suburb of Nashville, and many more thousands are scattered throughout the country, gifts to his many friends.

Williams married in 1927. Mrs. Williams laid out the gardens of their Brentwood home, and they have bloomed so great a beauty that they have attracted visitors from every state.

It was this constant stream of visitors that made J. T. Ward, owner of Station WLAC in Nashville, think a radio program about gardening might be a good idea. That was in 1933. Williams is still on the job, although printing remains his main business interest. Five years ago, the Dirt Dobber's program began to go out nationwide on Saturday mornings over CBS and has been gaining in popularity ever since.

Tom Williams has a daughter, Peggy Jean Williams, who is well on the way to becoming a horticultural expert herself.

**Richard Hudnut enriched creme SHAMPOO**

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

Y**ES, you can thank the plain, old-fashioned hen for making Richard Hudnut Shampoo soothing, caressing, kind-to-your-hair. Because this grand new shampoo contains real egg in powdered form! Now — a shampoo that acts gently to reveal extra hair beauty. Now — a new kind of shampoo created for patrons of Hudnut's Fifth Avenue Salon . . . and for you!**

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

**LIQUID CREME**

...so smooth to use!

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 11)

arrangements each week—one for the band and one for Bing.
Camarata's insatiable desire to learn more about music led to further school-
http://www.ebay.com
http://www.ebay.com
http://www.ebay.com

When it comes to boxing you can in-
clude the Three Suns out, as Morty
Nevins has discovered. Morty, who
plays the accordion in the musical trio,
started taking boxing lessons as a
way of keeping fit and flat waisted.
He was doing all right until Lloyds
of London laid down the law. The boys
had recently insured their hands for
a total of $500,000 and, since boxing is
considered "undue risk to the fingers,"
Lloyds said no boxing or no policy.
Morty'll have to do push-ups.

Frank De Vol's no fool. Barbers are
always offering him tonics and punc-
ta for his baldness, but Frank turns
them all down. "With hair," says the
maestro, "I'd be just another orchestra
leader—and with a great deal less value
in comedy."

Meredith Willson's supporting cast
for his new show is all signed for an
ABC run starting in September. It
includes Pauline Carter, piano prodigy.
Josef Marais and Miranda, African folk
singers, and the famous "Talking
People."

People are talking about the amazing
rise of Illinois Jacquet. A little over a
year ago he was with Count Basie, and
this year he'll gross a million dollars
with his own band.

If you like folk music, don't miss
Alan Lomax's new ballad book, Folk
Songs, U.S.A. Lomax has dedicated
the volume . . . "To ballad-makers, long
dead and nameless; to the jockey boys
who smiles are dust; to the singers of
the lumberwoods, the cattle train, the
chain gang, the kitchen; to fiddlers in
buckskin; to banjo pickers; to lonesome
harmonica blowers; and to the horse-
handed, hospitable, generous, honest
and inspired folk-artists who carved
these songs out of the rock of their
lives, we dedicate this, their own book."
Which makes Lomax somewhat of a
writing artist, too, or something.

The Jerry Wayne Show with Alvy
West, which Columbia put on the air
in a five a week musical series, the
early part of June, is rounding up a
series of outstanding vocalists and
instrumentalists, as if Jerry's voice and
Alvy's Little Band hadn't enough ad-

Me is one of them. It has a great
lineup of vocalists, instrumentalists,
and songwriters. The show is aired on
Tuesday nights at 8 P.M., and is car-
ried in most of the major cities.

Pretty Patti Clayton has been bitten
by the quiz bug and is now part of the
cast of Sing It Again, the intricate hour-
long program which calls for twice-
sung old favorites, telephone calls and
a Mystery Voice.

Come to a Party
ALICE REINHEART and LES TREMAYNE are having a few friends
to dinner in their New York apartment—and you'll be there, too,
with the September RADIO MIRROR on sale August 11th
FALLING in love to the songs of Hoagy Carmichael is practically a national habit. Now that Hoagy is singing those songs, and others, on the CBS air, everyone wants to know more about "the fellow who wrote Stardust." And more is what we find out when we move in on the Carmichael family in our September issue. Come and visit with us!

Mary Noble, Backstage Wife, relives some of the highlights of her life with Larry in a four-page picture feature, with a color-portrait of the Nobles that will make a most attractive addition to your collection. From the Betty Crocker program comes a husband-and-wife story to make you laugh, cry, and stand up and cheer—a true story, straight from the loving hearts of a couple who know what marriage should be.

Another September special—very special indeed—is a friend's-eye view of a man whose private life doesn't often appear in the public press: Lowell Thomas. It's an exciting tale, the background of this man whose name conjures up far places, romantic adventure and, to those who know him, baseball! It's illustrated, with color, too, to bring you an intimate glimpse of the Thomases at home.

Thousands of you have been waiting for the memorial to Tom Breneman that appears in September. And the regular panel of Radio Mirror features is, we think, one of the best we've planned. So check your newsdealer on Wednesday, August 11th—that's when September Radio Mirror goes on sale.

What Is Your HEART'S DESIRE?
No matter what it may be, your dream can come true.

Listen to "Heart's Desire," every day Monday thru Friday on your Mutual station.
Read about this amazing show, rich in heart appeal, humor and love in this month's True Romance Magazine

Is your daughter ashamed to ask about these Intimate Physical Facts?

Before She Marries — Make Sure She Learns
The REAL TRUTH!

Mother! Your daughter has a right to know how necessary vaginal douching often is to cleanliness, health, marriage happiness, to combat odor, and after menstrual periods. In fact, today it's not a question of douching but rather what to put in the douche.

And certainly both you and your daughter should realize no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet so SAFE to tissues as ZONITE. Scientific tests have proved this to be so!

Developed By A World-Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Pity the old-fashioned woman who, from ignorant advice passed along by friends, still uses salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. Foolish girl! Doesn't she realize these 'kitchen makeshifts' are NOT germicides in the douche—that they never in the world can assure you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE?

Some day you'll realize the importance of using a germicide intended for vaginal douching. So why not benefit by ZONITE now? Buy it today.

A Modern Miracle

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury, no harsh acids—over-strong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of mucous glands. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. ZONITE is absolutely non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-burning.

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing, clinging waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete douching directions with every bottle. Any drugstore.

FREE! NEW!
For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-88, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
nationally famous
STYLE #100
"GOOD BEHAVIOR"
SLIP

"I'll Make the San Fernando Valley My Home"
(Continued from page 33)

As M.C. of ABC's Breakfast in Hollywood, Tom had to keep farmer's hours anyway, and it was a toss-up whether he woke the hens or the hens woke him. Orders at his Hollywood nest had to be, made, always, that his own hens' products found their way to the boss's plate. "It isn't that I don't trust boughten eggs," he used to say. "It's just that I know what my hens are doing. I know they busy. And there's nothing like a nice fresh yolk to start off each day."

NBC has a female contender for the chicken crown. Judy Canova complains; however, that her thirty hens have too much temperament, too expensive appetites, and too long pedigrees–especially when you consider that they absolutely refuse, under any circumstances, to lay eggs! So, until she finds a way to get them back on a producing basis, Judy has friends buy eggs for her on the sly at a neighborhood supermarket.

John Scott Trotter is trying valiantly to throw in the sponge. Several years of living all alone with 22 acres of avocados, lemons, apricots, walnuts and pomegranates, not to mention compliments. And he's been forced to make some aristocratic types of oranges, have done him in.

HE INSISTS that it is the machine age that got him. He could have tended the crops by himself if he had ever been able to master the gadgets and sheds of modern equipment he owns. But when, after a whole year of practice, he and his tractor still cannot turn out a straight furrow, he concedes he isn't a farmer.

So, does he put an ad in the "Farms For Sale" Column of the local daily, the Valley Times? Ah, dear me no! This ranching San Fernando! He hires a firm to make color movies and dozens of stills of his bit of earth, and these Hollywood presentations will be shown to prospective buyers from coast to coast.

There's something solid behind that un- mowed bit of hay on friend Jerry Colonna's upper lip. Jerry and his pal, Monte Montana, whose farm is "up the road a piece", both used to make the nags break even by riding industriously in round-ups, rodeos, and parades. Unfortunately, when Jerry is in the prize ring he can't do anything at all she be blue ribbons (non-edible and non-convertible). So Colonna bought a donkey.

Now if he can teach the donkey a hatful of proper rodeo tricks he's home. The great Colonna hasn't given in—however, at present, neither has the donkey.

When they do give up, they do it in true Hollywood style. Wendell Niles of the Hope show swapped his oat burner, Andeear, for a plastic lined swimming pool. Jerry's having or will be having some breeding of race horses to the Vanderbits and the Howards who, he explains, have more "time on their hands" than ABC's Point Sublime, frustrated and furious at the gophers who destroyed his careful planting in equally careful rotation, sunk a genuine 100% concrete swimming pool and challenged them to "sharpen their teeth on that awhile." But the fevers abated and he is now muttering gigantic plans about stocking the pool with trout in the winter months and the commercial value of the lowly water-lily.

The basic difficulty between the amateur farmer and his livestock has been carefully worked out by ABC's Mayor of the Town.

"It is," says Lionel Barrymore, "a bloody business. You have to be a real hard-hearted Hannah. The chickens are going to die. The steer are going to be killed. Everything on a farm seems to be raised to slaughter. The young bull calves have to be taken away from their mother..."

So Lionel raises cats. Whether he likes it or no. At any time there are from seven to seventeen felonies provoking the Barrymore ancestral acres paying due homage to the great man's special and infant kitty, Puke.

After careful scrutiny of his first water bill, Lionel decided to leave all types of farming to farmers. But by the sweat of his brow via the air waves and the flocks he has managed to keep all that is best in the life of a farmer. He has a few gooseberry bushes, a few peach trees, and a reasonably healthy crop of radishes on his twenty-five acres. "What the birds don't eat, we get," is his motto. "Whether one has quiet, room to breathe, a brook, and a fast moving feud with an elderly neighbor which keeps both of them sharp. What more could a farmer ask?"

Producer Robert Sparks discovered that his good wife, Penny Singleton, was not of the hard-hearted stuff that makes good farmers either. She turned the three-year old house pets, the household pets, giving them loving shelter when they were pronounced ready for table. She sneaks liver and other choice tidbits to the cats so that they have no interest in mice and cheerfully accepted a "dear little puppy" from her friend, Maureen O'Hara, which grew and grew into an outsized Great Dane.

ANOTHER wife who has much to answer for is Gale Page. She is currently trying to make it up to husband, Count Aldo de Solis, concert pianist, for using their fertile acres for eighty-six roses (non-edible), ten camellia bushes and a dozen pedigreed cats who won't sing. She has planted twenty-six varieties of grapes. She maintains that grape jelly will provide a fine source of income to offset the cost to the cats so that they have no interest in mice and cheerfully accepted a "dear little puppy" from her friend, Maureen O'Hara, which grew and grew into an outsized Great Dane.

All this without mentioning the pigeons. This is a very sore subject around the de Solis barnyard. It started when Gloria and Leopold Stokowski gave them a happy pigeon pair, Peles and Melsande, who started a dynasty when no one was looking. Now there are twelve pigeon families who either have had or want to have more pigeons. The tragedy of all this being that a pigeon, farmer-wise, is simply a fancy squash masquerading under a lot of feathers and is no more valuable than the current market price of squash, no one has the courage to tell the enchanted Gale what her precious pigeons would be if they were properly denuded and beheaded.

The ranch home of Dinah Shore and George Montgomery is a success story. But when George is not an amateur, he was raised on a ranch and, says his wife proudly, "If you want to make a place
pay you have to work it yourself." George does. And Dinah is catching on very fast.

They started with six acres on the border between Rincón and Tarzana which had once been an old Spanish fiesta ground. They built themselves a charming house around the old barn. They have chickens, guinea hens and pheasants for their table. When the price of feed gets too high they pop all the chicks into the deep freeze. They have two young steer purchased from Joel McCrea during the drought which graze in their alfalfa pasture in company with another which they are boarding for owner Niven Bush. They raise hay and furthermore, they sell it. For money.

To crown all this, Dinah actually does most of the canning for their own use and George, from a lowly A in manual training at high school, has become the ace Valley furniture maker. He completely furnished their house, sold pieces to Dottie Lamour, the McCreas, the Alan Laddis, and now has gone pro and built himself a factory close by the ranch. His reproductions of Colonial American pieces are carefully and beautifully executed—Ramo Mirion showed some in May with the story of Missy, the Montgomery's new baby.

The earthy touch is completed by The Duke, a banty rooster who has won Dinah's heart and has raised on the ranch, has distinguished himself by sitting seventy-three children, and his life is saved constantly by the quick thinking of his beautiful protectress. "The day," Dinah says, "that anything happens to The Duke, George will be a single man again."

DEFINITELY in the pro class comes Gene Autry with his 390-acre "Melody Ranch"! Here he has the grazing pasture for his horses and acres of citrus fruit which he markets at a healthy profit. "Melody Ranch" has several cousins in Arizona and Oklahoma where Gene keeps his chickens. However, I can't say how the other pros in Texas and New Mexico would react to having a horse in the house. Champ, Gene's famous movie mount, occupies the full right wing of the ranch dwelling. It took persuasion, money and ingenuity to perfect the system of sound-proofing, air conditioning, and special drainage which permits this luxury, but all Gene has to do is whistle and Champ leaves his front door and waltzes in the twilight in the patio of the house.

It is natural enough that since the Valley is running the boys ragged they should see what they can do about running the Valley. Andy Devine is Mayor of Van Nuys. Abbott and Costello have sewed up the community of Sherman Oaks by becoming Mayor and Chief of Police respectively. Bud Abbott lobbied cross-country to get a branch bank for his township in the hopes that the farmers would stash away their nickels before someone sold them a herd of purple cows or a hatful of beans for a beanstalk.

But, by and large, the most envied man in the Valley is the anonymous gent who sails serenely around in a dilapidated station wagon bearing the large legend on his door: No Tango Rancho. The "hayes" regard this "have-not" with melancholy wonder.

"He has no Rancho," they mutter. "Lucky fellow."

Then they dash into town to tell their agents to hit someone for a raise. They want to buy an additional ten acres. They are going to plant it in hops...
Avoid underarm irritation...  

E & J Folding WHEEL CHAIRS  
LIGHTEST and STRONGEST  

FOLDS TO 10 INCHES  

Ideal for TRAVEL, WORK, PLAY  
Lightweight, Beautifully Designed  
Chromium Plated  

EVEREST & JENNINGS Dept. 2  
7748 Santa Monica Boulevard  
Los Angeles 46, California

**The Family That Prays Together**  
(Continued from page 29)

alone to a broadcasting room at Hollywood’s KHJ to participate in Father Pat’s first network Rosary program. On the same half hour, speaking from the East, appeared Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, and Midland Mrs. Thomas F. Sullivan of Iowa, parents of the five Sullivan brothers who went down with the cruiser Juneau.

Pat and Father Pat, who had engineered free network time on his promise to produce a major star, found it a thrilling thing and undertook to investigate the possibilities further.

He learned, early in the quest, that free air time dedicated to prayer was virtually unthinkable. But if he could procure free stars—who knows? Armed with permission from his supervisor, Father Peyton boarded a train and headed west. In Los Angeles he asked to be directed to the church nearest the Union Station, and so reported to Msgr. John J. Cawley at St. vibiana’s.

The Monsignor was sympathetic. He arranged for Father Pat to speak at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, where many Hollywood stars worship. Shortly Father Pat was talking personally to Loretta Young, and had her promise to cooperate. Joseph Cotten, Maureen O’Hara, Ruth Hussey, Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, Pat O’Brien, Maurice Béjart, Don Ameche, George Murphy, Rosalind Russell, Ethel Barrymore, Irene Dunne,—the stars no sooner met the padre and heard his “little story” than they agreed to take part.

Within six weeks he had thirty-one stellar names, and he had even remembered—a detail he overlooked at first! To get their written signatures to contracts.

The idea by now had grown. Instead of a strictly Catholic Rosary hour, the idea now was to involve the people of all faiths, to Protestants and Jews and Catholics alike, with its emphasis on the power of prayer. Especially in these troubled times, with nations quarreling and homes breaking and the souls of men assailed by the complexities and strains of modern life, especially now could this power extert its saving force.

Radio advertising men—Tom Lewis, Robert Longenecker, Al Scalpone—pitched in along with the stars. On February 15, 1947, the first Family Theater, starring Loretta Young, James Stewart and Don Ameche, went on the air.

Since then about 150 different stars have appeared, in simple uplifting dramas all bringing home the message: “The family that prays together stays together.”

But the real beginning of Family Theater goes back a number of years to the little town of Carracasdale, County Mayo, Ireland, where a small boy named Patrick Peyton grew up, fifth in a family of eleven children.

“From the time I attained the age of reason,” Father Pat recalls today, “I had a beautiful picture of my mother and my father on their knees together, saying the Rosary. For nineteen years of my growing up those daily ten minutes of devotion, all of us taking part, were as normal as suppertime. We were a poor family, but spiritually my father’s house was the home of a millionaire. We children grew up knowing that there might be a thousand little annoyances on a home’s surface and yet—where there was family prayer—a rich unity at bottom that nothing could assail.”

Pat and his older brother Tom were among those children. Tom, who came to Scranton, Pa., in 1928, trying to find work in the coal mines. Tom became a miner, but Pat worked as janitor at St. Joe’s Catholic Church, and here the urge to join the priesthood rose in him. Soon Tom came from the mines with the same ambition. The two boys, Pat, nineteen and Tom, twenty-one, received special study at South Bend, Ind. They were graduated together, served their novitiate together, and after four years at Notre Dame, Pat was ordained in 1937. They became American citizens, and were sent to Washington for further study.

Near the end of their long preparation for the priesthood, robust, healthy Pat fell victim to tuberculosis and his hopes were dashed. He had a faith, however—and a family—equal to the struggle.

“I believe in Our Lady as a human person,” he testifies now. “I believe in her as somebody’s daughter, Who has not forgotten what it is to be human, Who has not forgotten me when I needed Her. I prayed, and—”

His mother, back in Ireland, prayed likewise, offering her life. His sister Nellie, from Scranton, offered a vow of perpetual virginity, and her life, if Pat and Tom might be ordained together. The mother is dead now. Nellie is dead. Pat, fully ordained, and Tom were ordained at Notre Dame on the same day in June, 1941.

**In Gratitude to Our Lady, in Gratitude** for “beautiful memories of family prayer,” Father Pat conceived the plan of a Rosary by radio. This began modestly in his charge at Albany, N.Y., in 1944, where he told his listeners to cover their heads over a local station’s air. But Father Pat dreamed of greater tribute to the Virgin, of a wider audience for the message of prayer. This dream found fruition in the Mother’s Day program by Bing Crosby, Cardinal Spellman and the Sullivans. Father Pat dreamed bigger, and worked on...

From these beginnings today, Father Pat’s Family Theater, dedicated to the cause of prayer and to home life, in America and wherever it is heard.

How effectively it is serving its high purpose is attested by the mail. Letters of commendation and appreciation have come from people prominent in national and community life, men like Henry Ford II, F.R.C. chief J. Edgar Hoover, Eric Johnston, and other leaders in industry, law enforcement, education, and public welfare. Church men and women, regardless of denomination, have sent their praise, and the response from the general public has been equally gratifying.

“It sweetens the air,” wrote a Los Angeles business man, and the hundreds of letters echo a St. Louis listener who wrote “...if we had more such entertainment... this old world of ours would be much the better place to live in.” A Wisconsin lawyer who had seen “the results of broken homes and family ties” wrote glowingly. From every state, from Canada and Hawaii comes the mail—from housewives, farmers, factory and shop workers,
store clerks, office employees and managers, soldiers and sailors and Marinet, flyers and seamen, banks and bank clerks, day laborers and judges, people in all stations of life.

And very frequently come the touching heart-warming and intimate testimonial of men and women, grieving perplexed and sorely tried, who have found new hope and comfort in the program. Such letters Father Pat treats as confidential, but the tenor of a few may be given.

"I had given up all hope," one woman wrote, "but after listening ... I started to pray again. Now the greatest prayer of my life has been answered, and I am happy."

Another woman, her husband being lost to drink, heard a program and as a result fell back on prayer. "He doesn't drink any more," she wrote, "and now he also prays.

Typical of many was this: 'Our marriage was foundering, we were talking about divorce. Then we heard 'I Give You Maggie' (a divorce story) and it brought us to our senses. We're making a go of our marriage now ...'

A mother whose son had just been killed in an airplane crash in the Pacific: 'I heard your 'Stolen Symphony,' with Robert Ryan—such a comfort ...'

A young wife who had just lost her second, much-wanted baby: "I was ... so full of sorrow and rebellion ... about to desert when I listened to your Triumphant Hour (special Easter program) ... God's grace seemed to penetrate my heart and give me peace ..."

The Family Theater, with offices in Hollywood, has Mark Kearney as executive producer and David Young as director. The Family Rosary Crusade (for Catholic homes) has headquarters in Albany, N.Y. Between the two projects Father Pat travels assiduously, by train and plane, raising funds to defray production costs of some $1,700 a week, mostly for music. Stars performing receive the Guild minimum of $97, generally turning it back to the show. Three times a year—Christmas, Easter, Mother's Day—a special hour-long program is given.

With mutual donating Family Theater's regular half hour, Father Pat meets other expenses with contributions from industrial and business firms and individuals throughout the country. His winning way, when he solicits for the cause, is becoming famous. The man is practically irresistible. "Everybody," as Ethel Barrymore once remarked, "adopts Father Pat. Numerous contributions, in small amounts, are from grateful listeners. In several cities, advertising firms have donated billboard space.

Father Pat, unassuming and shy except when working on behalf of Family Theater, believes that through the radio work he is "paying a debt to a grand Person, so wonderful, so kind, so human —and the Mother of God."

"And," he says, "we are selling wares as real as coffee, tires, radios or cars when we sell the power of prayer. In an age when homes are dying, we ask that people of all faiths let God have the chance to save homes. We ask that people realize, through the power of prayer, that peace comes from the inside out!"

And with radio bringing this simple message into millions of homes, the full result—as a housewife in St. Paul, Minn., wrote fervently—"will never be known this side of heaven."
for really beautiful hair...add lustre

add Color

Lovalon is a must after washing your hair. It rinses gorgeous rich color into your hair, gives it sparkling highlights, leaves it nice and soft and manageable.
Lovalon comes in 12 flattering shades...in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes...at drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

WINNER...on all counts!

Lovalon beauty Rinse

Bride and Groom
(Continued from page 45)

if any real talent—although I couldn’t really reconcile that thought with Rheba’s picture.

But Pat did keep from showing any interest when Rheba finally called his office that afternoon, a day, actually, Pat would have liked to talk on the phone, but the telephone was busy.

Rheba’s call was made at Pat’s mother’s house, who was in the office. Listening to Pat’s part of the telephone conversation, his mother interrupted him by taking the phone and saying, “I think Pat has finally decided that recording Pat is so interested in. He and I will be over tonight to hear it on your record-player.”

Vainly Pat protested that things weren’t handled that way in the agency business. “Nonsense,” his mother sniffed. “That girl is talented—it’s worth going to her house to hear her.”

“And it was worth it!” Pat is now the first one to admit. Rheba turned out to be anything but a “spoiled darling with little or no talent.” Instead, she had charm and she had brains. Rhea was an attractive, lovely and a voice lovely enough to excite even Hollywood’s most blase talent-agent.

“I GUESS both of us were surprised that first night,” Rheba told us. “You know what Pat expected to see—well, I’d had a mental picture of a little fat cigar-smoking agent, like those buried in experience. Instead, Pat was friendly and likeable; not to mention his being as handsome as he is!”

There were other meetings during the next few days, but all were strictly business. Even their first date bore the same platonic tag. It happened after Pat had escorted Rheba to an audition for a radio commercial, Pat arranged that they would have dinner together and then drove slowly along the beach. “It was such a perfect night,” Rheba sighed, “but it must have been raining her looks, and a voice lovely enough to excite even Hollywood’s most blase talent-agent.

It was like that for the next three months, with neither of them ever dropping for even a moment the pretense that it was business and business alone, that was responsible for their spending every possible hour together.

“I wasn’t fooling myself,” Pat explained. “I knew I was falling head over heels in love with her. But I didn’t dare say anything. There were those moments when I wanted to talk to her, to discuss ideas about Hollywood agents, and I didn’t want her to think I was trying to take any advantage of a business s-up.”

Rheba, meanwhile, was facing a similar problem. “In my heart, I knew it wasn’t ‘strictly business’ that kept me so excited at each thought of seeing Pat again—but I couldn’t hold the girls who tried to substitute coy flirting for talent in trying to get a break. I couldn’t have stood it if Pat had thought I was doing that.”

Not that even the strictly-business dates weren’t a lot of fun. For instance, there was the afternoon when Pat and Rheba had been at the NBC Studios, where she was rehearsing for a singing role he had obtained for her. Leaving via the artists’ entrance, they were met at the sidewalk by a group of autograph seekers. Pat was sure it was Rheba’s dark glasses that had made her a celebrity, Pat laughed. “Anyway, they all started showing autograph-books and pencils at her. But the surprising thing was that Rheba didn’t wait for one of them to look at the autograph and ask ‘Who’s Rheba Smith’ but there wasn’t a peep from any of them—just a lot of excited thanks as the fans identified each other the latest addition to their autograph collection.”

When they were safely out of earshot, Rheba solved the mystery. “I signed my own name, but I carefully wrote it so illegally that none of them knows whether I’m Lana Turner or Greer Garson.”

It took a lot more dates—and an accident—before they found out that neither of them was alone in being completely in love with the other. The accident occurred when Pat promised to meet with a friend, George Byron Easton, who had completed a wonderful song melody. Pat promised as a talented writer, had agreed to try to compose words for the melody. But the meeting proved fruitless, and Pat started to drive Rheba home.

As they cruised slowly along, Pat’s mind was still working on the problem of words for the song. Finally a phrase, suggested by one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s "Sonnets From The Portuguese" came to his mind. Perhaps that could be the theme around which the lyrics could be built.

He tried the phrase out loud, forgetting for a moment that Rheba was sitting silently beside him. Rheba, not knowing that he was still working on the problem of the song, suddenly heard Pat saying softly, "How do I love you?"

"Love me," she echoed. "Oh, Pat, you’ve never told me before. I was afraid you never would tell me—and I’ve been in love with you ever so long.”

"RHEBA! But I was just saying the words . . ." Pat broke off and pulled the car to a stop. He turned to Rheba then, his eyes mirroring the same happiness that was so evident in her upturned face. What was he saying—those weren’t just words of a song, they were words for Rheba . . . words he had wanted to say so many weeks now.

But now it didn’t take words. It took only two people, deeply in love, holding each other closely as though to make up for all the time they hadn’t known each other in love.

Yes, it took that happy misunderstanding to bring Pat and Rheba together—a misunderstanding that turned words of a song into words of love.

(Incidentally, the song, "How Do I Love You," with Pat’s lyrics, has been published. It’s sure of being always the top tune in the Mr. and Mrs. Pat Raymond household.)

And it took Pat’s letter to us about a honeymoon in the state of Washington to start us planning one of the top honeymoons ever enjoyed by a Bride and Groom couple. We enlisted the aid of Al Williams, who had formerly been on the program’s staff, and who is now vice president of the investment com.
WILL
SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S
BABY
BECOME AN ACTRESS?

Little Susan Agar already has her mother's dimpled grin . . . and a personality that captivates. She's blue-eyed and bewitching. What's more—both Susan's mother and dad are actors. Doesn't it seem almost inevitable, then, that the next few years will bring us a second "Miss Twinkletoes"? But see what Shirley has to say about her daughter's future—in the new August PHOTOPLAY. Louella Parsons brings you an intimate glimpse into the Agar household—revealing Shirley Temple in a new and surprising role.

And August PHOTOPLAY tells you all about that "sweet guy" Gable . . . Bing Crosby, the social lion . . . that talented tyke June Haver . . . Errol Flynn as a homebody . . . Cary Grant's "great love" for Myrna Loy . . . Ava Gardner of the Venus form . . . and many other film favorites.

PLUS full-color portraits of
Irene Dunne
Clark Gable
June Haver
Bing Crosby
Dana Andrews

AUGUST PHOTOPLAY
IS ON SALE
NOW
GET YOUR
COPY
TODAY

LISTEN Every Saturday Morning to "Holly-
wood Headlines," starring Photoplay's editor
Adele Whitely Fletcher. Over ABC stations.

pany that, among other things, operates
the beautiful Desert Hotel in Spokane,
Washington.

The hotel was chosen for their honey-
moon spot, and they were flown to
Spokane immediately after the broad-
cast. From then on, as Pat and Rheba
described it, "The whole City of Spo-
kane went to work on showing us a
wonderful and exciting time."

They were even presented the tra-
ditional key to the city. For once, the
huge aluminum key really opened
every door. So many doors, in fact, that
separate days had to be allotted to all
the groups and organizations that were
bent on showing the honeymooners
the time of their lives. The Chamber of
Commerce, The Mount Spokane Ski
Club, the famous Athletic Round Table,
the University Club—these were only
a few of their hosts during the Cin-
delphia week of their stay in Spo-
kane. The bridal suite at the hotel . . .
skiing on picturesque mountain slopes . . .
conducted tours to Grand Coulee
Dam . . . dancing parties . . . dinners.

Now back in Hollywood, Rheba is
continuing her career—and gaining rec-
ognition that justifies all the dreams she
had about singing. Pat, of course, is
still her manager, in addition to carry-
ning on his regular agency work.

But, even now, their part in the Bride
and Groom picture isn't ended. Remem-
ber what I said about our being just
plain lucky in the kind of people who
appear on our broadcasts? Well, proof
of that is the Bride and Groom club
that Pat and Rheba have just organized.

Composed of couples who have been
married in connection with the pro-
gram, the club has a real and human
purpose. "It's going to be a sort of co-
operative thing in which all of us will
help each other. For instance, we'll
trade baby-sitting dates with each
other. We'll act as a clearing-house of
information about such things as doc-
tors, and markets, and the best places
to find the things that newlyweds need
when setting up housekeeping. And
we'll help each other on housing prob-
lems—when any of us hears of a house
or apartment, the club's secretary will
be notified."

"Yes," Rheba added to Pat's explana-
tion. "Being Bride and Groom couples,
all of us will have started marriage
with happiness—we're going to work to
keep that same happiness alive for all
the years to come."

Perhaps in those words, better than
in any words I could possibly write,
Rheba has shown why we think we've
been so lucky in our Bride and Groom
couples . . . and why those young
people are establishing such a record
in proving that a modern boy and girl
can be married and still "live happily
forever after."

They all talk about these:

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowl and
handles of most
used spoons and
forks make this
silverplate finer
different . . . say
lovelier longer.
Fifty-two piece
set $68.50 with
chest. (No Fed-
eral Tax.) All
patterns made in
the U.S.A.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE


"Every Girl loves pretty curls" so hurry mother, buy

Nestle BABY HAIR TREATMENT

- this gentle lotion is created especially for
babies' fine hair
- helps to give silky curls and ringlets
- also makes hair look thicker — more
luxuriant
- used for over 30 years by thousands of
mothers
- has received the famous Seal of Commen-
tation from Parents' Magazine

At drug, dept. stores, baby and beauty shops. If unable to buy locally . . .

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Name
City
State
Zip

Nestle origins of permanent waving, Meriden, Conn.
(Send me (to and postage prepaid) bottle of Nestle Baby Hair Treatment and your FREE book-
et "Curls for your Baby". I'm enclosing $1.00.

Name
Address
City
State
Zip

IN CANADA send coupon to Nestle-LaBour Co., Canada Ltd.,
Toronto, Ontario.
They All Want to Lead the Band

(Continued from page 41)

No thinking it over, no fooling around, no "I’ll let you know later." Sammy always has been quickly and quietly decisive. I was still bursting with promotional ideas and hoping that my sales talk would lead to another conference when he looked at Peppe and raised his eyebrows. Both men nodded at the same time.

"This is it," said Sammy. "This is it for me," said his manager, and he shook hands on a deal. I have been with him ever since.

The fourth surprise followed immediately.

In spite of the fact that he had the confidence and the initiative to organize his own band in college, promote dates for it, open and run the Varsity Inn, and, after graduation, arrange bookings into increasingly high-powered club and hotel dates, the man was shy! There was no reason for it. He had a gracious personality and an engaging appearance. He had been an outstanding success at everything he touched. People liked him. the minute they saw him. But he was definitely not happy when called on to do anything more conspicuous than wave his baton or play his clarinet.

He knew that band leaders do not stay successful on music alone and that mannerisms and personality are an extremely important item in outstanding popularity. He knew he had to do something about the showmanship angle of his career, but he disliked the whole idea of it.

It is hard to believe it today, watching his complete ease with all kinds of people in his ad-lib shows on Monday nights, but in those days he really hated making a radio appearance unless he had rehearsed every word he was expected to say. There was little evidence of the easy give-and-take so characteristic of his shows today.

It was murder for him to go through with it, but he instructed me to make all the dates I could for unrehearsed personal appearances so that he could break down his natural reticence by constant practice. I used to be secretly touched and amused when I saw him brace himself for one of them. His jaw would set, and he would have all of the look of a player going in there to make a touchdown if it killed him and the entire opposing team, too.

Part of his shyness came from a curiosity that was astounded today by his phenomenal memory for names. He is now famous for remembering instantly, names of chance acquaintances he has not seen in years. But in those days names slipped out of his mind five minutes after he met them. No one knew better than Sammy how embarrassing it would be if, right in the middle of an interview, he could not remember the name of a columnist who had been nice enough to come over and get material for a story on him.

Chance came to our rescue in this matter.

We read an article about a system of memory control and Sammy decided to try it. The system was based on the association of ideas. The trick was to find a familiar word and associate it with the new name. You were not supposed to concentrate on the name. All you were supposed to remember was the key word, and the name would suddenly pop into your mind. At least that is what the article said. We did not have too much faith in it. On the surface, it looked as if we would just have two things to remember in stead of one. But we tried it out on Ben Gross of the Daily News.

He was not as famous a columnist then as he is now, so his name was new to Sammy. We chose 144 as the key to remind Sammy that he was talking to Mr. Gross, and it worked! He never did say, "Well, it was this way, Mr. 144," either. The name always came out Gross. It was like a charm.

There are 144 articles in a gross, as you no doubt know, so that was an obvious association. Nick Kenny's key word was "Santa Claus." Santa Claus—St. Nick—Nick Kenny.

Some of his key words were a little macabre in overtone. There was a nice theater man named Ralph Danbury. His key word was "cemetry." Everyday Sammy saw him he thought: "Cemetry—bury Dan—" and would be able to say instantly, "Hello, Mr. Danbury. I am going out. I am feeling a little low. I have been hearing a lot of stories today that were in the cemetry today.

All of the columnists were interested in Sammy before he came into New York for two reasons. First, they had heard him on the radio and knew that he had something original to offer. Second, he was booked to follow Benny Goodman into the Paramount Theater. This was the toughest assignment any
Has a New Love

Brunette Suzy Mulligan, glamorous Con- over model famous for her petal-fresh complexion, has fallen in love with the magic of Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. You, too, will love the way your tired face responds to the quick pick-up of this white clay. And it’s so easy to use. Simply smooth on bit-by-bit and even children can be a help cat.

So it was a big question in everybody’s mind what the reaction to the当成my swing and away music would be. If he went over the Paramount and his first engagement at the Com- more Hotel followed. From that time on, he was set. Sales on his recordings pyramids. He was in constant demand for hotel and club dates. Newspapers and magazines were driving me crazy for new stories and new angles for articles, and I was hard-pressed to keep them supplied because nothing was happening except that thousands of people were buying tickets, and that is hardly tempting page-one news to an editor. To make my job even harder, Sammy issued stringent orders that no circumstances of his personal life was to be used for publicity.

In 1939 he had married one of the most charming women I have ever known—sweet, petite, with dark hair and blue-gray eyes. She traveled with him except when he was doing one night stands. They were very happy and still are. They have an apartment on Park Avenue in New York and a house in Cleveland—home town for both of them. She was a widow with a little boy. Stories about their romance, wedding and home life would have rated space all over the country, but Sammy would have none of it.

I pointed out that the day had long passed when stars kept their home lives secret, but Sammy was firm.

“My marriage is a personal matter and I don’t want it played up in the papers,” he said.

So I stopped on the good news angle available at that moment, and still am, as a matter of fact. The nearest she has ever come to his professional life is the dedication “To Ruth” of his fabulous popular Sunday Serenade Book of Poetry.

Outside of that, we have never had a disagreement. He has made me feel like a member of the family, and every- time I add an important client like Kate Smith, Perry Como, Truth or Consequences, Superman, or Duntel Television, for instance, Sammy seems to feel as happy as I do because he is proud that my agency has kept pace with his own success.

He turned into my press agent when I was engaged to handle Eleanor Roosevelt’s radio program. He was really proud of that and he went all over town saying:

“Guess who my press agent works for?” Mrs. Roosevelt.

In spite of his popularity, it was tough getting the proper amount of publicity breaks for Sammy in the first band could have that year. If you think back ten years, you will remember that sweet bands were having tough sledding. Swing was king and Goodman was undisputed leader in that field. He had broken all house records at the Paramount. For weeks, people had been lining up hours before the theater opened to make sure of getting in to hear that clarinet. The youngsters had been jitter-bugging in the aisles, screaming and fainting when Benny hit these old notes. It was fashionable to be a hop cat.

A wonderful, secret formula creates romantic, beautiful lips. So smooth, so creamy, so easy to apply... no blotting... no smearing... stays on all day. SO-FISTIK—the alluring answer to budget beauty!

59¢ at leading S & D Drug Stores & Supermarkets 29¢ plus tax

Austin-Greene, Inc.

11 West 25th Street  *  New York 10, N. Y.

keep legs hair-free longer

IMRA

odorless

Hair Remover Cream

3 WAYS DIFFERENT FROM A RAZOR

1. Keeps legs hair-free longer.
2. Prevents stubby regrowth.
3. No possible cuts or nicks.

IMRA, snowy-white cosmetic cream, safely, painlessly, quickly removes hair below the skin line. Keeps legs and arms hair-free longer than a razor. Smooth on... rinse off. One application does the trick. In tubes: $1.10, also 65¢, plus tax.

ARTAK, Dept. A1, Diamond, N. C.

Enclosed is $1.00 to cover handling of trial tube of IMRA.

Name

Address
two years until, in 1940, he handed me one of the happiest surprises I have ever had. I was just about in despair about new angles for him when one of the biggest things that ever happened in show business turned up. It started on a night just like any other night when Sammy was playing one of his many return engagements at the Commodore Hotel.

One of the dancers, fascinated by Sammy's technique, had been hovering in front of the bandstand all evening going around and around in a little circle, never taking his eyes off the bandstand. Finally he caught Sammy's eye. Sammy grinned.

"You seem to like it," he said.

"I'd give anything in the world if you could lead that band just once," the boy answered.

Sammy knew exactly how he felt. He had felt that way himself about good bands before he got his own. Sammy loves to do things for people. He could not resist giving the boy a thrill. On impulse he said, "I'll make a deal with you. You can lead the band if you'll let me have a dance with your girl."

The boy and girl were both tickled to death. While Sammy swung off around the floor with her, the boy took the baton and gave a firm downbeat. The band entered into the spirit of the thing and gave him all they had. He was in heaven. He made the band go fast. He made it go slow. He stopped it for one whole beat. He started it again. His face was something to see.

The other dancers crowded around the bandstand, almost as pleased as he was. Sammy had just seemed to have a secret longing to lead a band. It gave everyone a feeling of excitement to see the wish come true for someone right before their eyes.

Sammy is never slow when a good idea comes along.

Maybe this is the gimmick we have been looking for," he said.

And that is the way "So You Want to Lead a Band" started. Since then, over 50,000 people have taken over Sammy's baton and the stunt has grown to be one of the most popular entertainment features ever invented as well as one of the greatest gimmicks a press agent could hope for.

Let me tell you what a gimmick is in publicity and what it means to a press agent. As a matter of fact, let me tell you what a press agent is.

The profession of publicity seems to be shrouded in mystery to most people.

I am forever hearing, "You have a soft life!"

When I ask why it seems soft the answer usually is, "Spending all your life in night-clubs and shows and traveling with famous people—that is really soft!"

It would be, indeed, except that nothing could be farther from the fact. A press agent spends most of his time in his office at his typewriter and his telephone, hard at work performing the responsibilities of a business service for as long as a manager or agent. He works all day and frequently all night when news breaks that he has to keep his client's name before the public. He has to have legitimate news to accomplish this. The day has long since passed when you can get space with a phony jewel robbery. A real news story always rates space, like the announcement that Sammy Kaye was to replace Perry Como and Jo Stafford on the Chesterfield Supper Club stage for his first appearance.

As soon as the deal was made, I gave the story to all the newspapers, trade papers, wire services, columnists, magazines with radio and record departments, complete with such facts as that the show is heard Monday through Friday over NBC stations at 7 P.M. EDT. This announcement went by telegram to all of Sammy's friends, advertisers, and others, which meant a big job of mimeographing and mailing because about 400 editors must be notified all on the same day.

There is no trouble about getting a news story like that in print, but from then on, the press agent has to think up what is called "angle" stories. That is where the gimmick is so useful.

The basic idea of "So You Want to Lead a Band" is an ideal gimmick because it involves people, wish fulfillment and Sammy at the same time stories of intense human interest. If a mayor leads a band it is news. If a grandfather or little boy or the mother of nine children leads the band it is a success story to a lot of other grandmothers, little boys and married women. It is a press agent's dream of heaven.

Don't for a minute get the idea that publicity people have anything to do with stories of intense human interest. A mayor leads a band it is news. If a grandfather or little boy or the mother of nine children leads the band it is a success story to a lot of other grandmothers, little boys and married women. It is a press agent's dream of heaven.

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great press campaign is possible for any sustained length of time.

That was why I was so delighted when Sammy wasted no time in working out his new idea. He started turning over his baton every night to someone in the audience. It was such a sensation with the fans that he started doing it twice a night. Now four Amateur leaders are selected at each performance, according to performance, and everyone in the audience is invited to come to Sammy's house and see him at his hotel.

When he went on the air last year every Monday night, the four Amateur leaders were selected at each performance, and everyone in the audience was invited to come to Sammy's house and see him at his hotel.
And they hospitals. "1946, ohotos. "negativ. COW.

AFTER nose, INCLUDES animals, form, East YOU, 8 Fascinating returned groups, NO xlO 

FORTUNE, "today Platters Plasters full of hot landscapes, plain life or 

a go a "YOUR can go on PAPER "remodel" or the HOUSE, Book just amazing &废话, each - & 

Fascinating book shows How YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A BEAUTIFUL NOSE 

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BE A DETECTIVE ... without leaving your radio every Sunday afternoon on TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Now you can get all the thrills, all the excitement of being a detective without leaving your favorite armchair. TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES" takes you with the police as they investigate a crime. You're at the scene, collecting clues, questioning witnesses. You're there as they check alibis, test theories. And finally, you're in the squad car as they close in on the killer. There's pulse-pounding action when the pages of True Detective Magazine come to life, every Sunday afternoon on "TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES" All Mutual Stations

$500 REWARD for information on wanted criminals. Tune in for details.
Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 17)
like show business. Take the little thing Chet Lauck and Norris Gott did when their music backgrounds, organist Emerson died suddenly. Lum 'n' Abner not only gave the musical job to Elsie Mae Emerson, the man's widow, but actively helped and encouraged her through her first rather nervous performance on the air, spotting cues for her and silently applauding as she played each bridge.

Ken Niles is celebrating his twentieth year on the air. It was in 1928 that a local station in Seattle, Washington, hired Ken as a singer-announcer. He'd made his initial "debut" in radio in 1927, as a member of a U. of Washington quartet, but that time was a single and unpaid appearance and he doesn't consider it a part of his professional career. Niles worked for several Seattle stations and for KV (Tacoma) before moving to Hollywood in 1931. Today he announces four major coast-to-coast shows and asters as emcee on his own CBS Pacific network audience participation program, Paddy Cell. He's also slated for television come cold weather.

Lionel Hampton is one of the jazz greats starred in the film, "A Song Is Born," along with luminaries Benny Goodman, Charlie Barnette, Tommy Dorsey and Louis Armstrong. Hampton is also a Saturday regular on Mutual.

Evelyn Knight is reading the scripts for two Broadway musicals which she's been offered the leads. Both are for Fall production and Evelyn is trying to find a way to accept one of them, which means working out her radio schedules in the right way.

It seems as though practical jokers just can't stay away from a program like Truth or Consequences. Remember the gal who lived two weeks in the lap of luxury by claiming she was "Miss Hush" and the program would pay her expenses? Now a new trick has come up. A number of clowns with a warped sense of humor have taken to phoning their friends and saying, "This is Ralph Edwards—you have just won $25,000."
The recipients of these calls telephone to Hollywood just to make sure, and the secretaries at NBC Hollywood are getting a little annoyed with their unpleasant job of telling them the disappointing truth.

Thanksgiving and Christmas are still months off, but NBC announces that it has snatched those big, two-hour, all-star holiday shows from CBS, which has been broadcasting them for a watch sponsor all these years. Well, they say that competition is the life blood of free enterprise. Even if a lot of it is spoiled?

On radio you have to be extra careful, especially about gags. Seems Fibber McGee absent-mindedly made a wisecrack about "Klondike Kate." Trouble is that there is real Klondike Kate and she objected to Fibber's gag. So now there's a lawsuit.

Television is bringing out the ingenuity in advertisers. There was a thing about getting sponsors for baseball telecasts because, unlike football, where there is time for commercials between periods, there weren't any time gaps in baseball games. The problem has been solved beautifully by one sponsor, who is bankrolling telecasts...
of N.Y. Giant games and getting almost continual plugs—through the simple expedient of buying up every inch of display advertising space on the Polo Grounds fences.

Penny Singleton recently bought another of Lassie's offspring. Now each of Penny's two daughters has her own Lassie descendant for a pet.

Gene Autry is no longer the only cowboy star who doubles in radio station operations. Tex Ritter, horse opera film star and recording artist of albums for kids, has been granted an FCC license to operate a San Antonio radio station.

Dick Chevillat and Ray Singer, script writers for the Phil Harris-Alice Faye show, are spending the summer doing the book for a Broadway musical. The score is by Julie Styne and Sammy Cahn. They hope to get the show on its way before radio duties call them back.

It is rumored that the two major political parties will pour an estimated eight million dollars into radio and television campaigns in the coming election. They both want win badly.

Another rumor whispering around radio row have it that Henry Luce, owner of Time-Life-Fortune, is interested in buying station WOR, New York outlet of the Mutual chain, to get in on the television scramble. Life on the air?

Jack Barry, Juvenile Jury m.c. has been widening his scope this season. No content with radio, television, and the movies, Jack's been producing plays for a stock company on Long Island this straw hat season.

George O'Hanlon, who plays the title role in Warner Brothers' "Joe McDoakes" short subjects, has been set to star on a new comedy show scheduled to open over Mutual in September.

Lots of people have been wondering whether Arnold Stang, "Gerard" on the Henry Morgan show, looks anything like the way he claims. The answer is yes and more listeners are likely to be able to check that for themselves soon, because chances are Morgan will work Stang in on his video star.

Maybe the success of radio performers in the film "Naked City" will bring the ice for air actors in Hollywood. As a rule, movie producers stay away from radio when looking for talent for the flickers. But when "Naked City" hits, all prominent parts were played by New York radio actors and actresses, outstanding performances being given by such radio favorites as House Jameson, Howard Duff, Anne Sargent, Adelia Klein, Grover Burgess, Tom Pedi, Enid Markay, Frank Conroy, Hester Sondergaard and Ted DeCorsia. Of all of these, only Howard Duff is really known to the movie goers. But they all proved that talent isn't usually limited to one medium and a good actor on the air is a good actor to see, too. Anyway, it's an idea for the talent scouts.

John Brown, who plays Father Foster, on the Date With Judy show, is living proof that you should never let anything get you down. Years ago, after working in several Broadway shows, Brown, who directed some 7,500 times, the number of radio appearances he's made since that first audition.

Cute note...Have you noticed that the same sparkling water outfit that used to sponsor Information Please, the show to wreck the experts' brains, now sponsors It Pays To Be Ignorant?

GOSSIP AND STUFF...Paul White, ex-news chief of CBS, is writing a novel which promises to be "The Hucksters" of the radio world...MGM is talking to Ozzie and Harriet about starring in a series of pictures based on their radio adventures...Alan Young is making a book out of essays and stories he wrote for Canadian publications while he was still in Toronto radio...Howard Duff will soon be seen in a Western movie, in which he'll be a hero, not a villain...Looks like Max Baer is set for a radio series...Phil Harris-Alice Faye stanza has been bought by a new sponsor, the one which has dropped Jimmy Durante...Date With Judy, which looked as if it might fall by the retrenchment wayside has been renewed for the same old stand come autumn...Elia Pizzolato has been signed to play four weeks in London this September...One of the new shows you're likely to hear is an Alan Young-Dorothy Lamour combination...Reports have it that a major film studio is interested in buying one of the major networks.

**LISTEN TO**
the radio program everyone's talking about...**let's talk hollywood**

FEATURING **GEORGE MURPHY**
**EDDIE BRACKEN**

leading Hollywood columnists and famous Hollywood guest stars every Sunday on ABC

7 PM, EDT. 5 PM, MDT. 6 PM, CDT. 4 PM, PDT.

Listen to "Let's Talk Hollywood" this Sunday, and learn how you can win a GOLD PASS for one year to your favorite theater and a free vacation subscription to Photoplay Magazine.
Miracle in Cuba
(Continued from page 23)
columnists and advertising people on this trip to Cuba. The latter was signed "Goar Mestre"—a name I'd never heard before.

Well, I told my son about it and I wrote my daughter and they were as amazed as I was. While I was making a new dress to wear and re-modeling a hat that had once belonged to my daughter, I had to keep telling myself over and over again that I was going to fly. That's as far as I could get in my mind. After that, I didn’t know.

The flight, I felt, would be my biggest thrill and it was, indeed, exciting. But other things happened that were just as wonderful as the flight.

I loved every minute I spent in the air—even when we hit some head winds over Florida and it looked like a bronco. What I couldn’t understand was how the rest of the people in the plane—the newspaper and magazine people and the advertising men—and all of us were so thrilled. After all, I don’t know why I’m here. I don’t know who Goar Mestre is but I’m here. It was wonderful.

Of course I met Goar Mestre very soon, along with his beautiful Argentinian wife. He is thirty-five years old and a fourth-generation Cuban. He was not graduated, in fact, for quite a while he had the controlling interest in the Cuban network CMQ. Then he decided that he would like to have a wonderful thing like radio in Cuba and he built a plane comparable to our Radio City. He did just that. It’s called Radiocentro and it’s one of the most beautiful and modern buildings you ever saw. It cost three million dollars.

In the building is a big movie theater, all the CMQ studios—there are eleven of them—two restaurants, a roof top club, a bank, and offices of various kinds, an auto showroom and seven floors of offices.

I found out that the reason the man who had first talked to me on the telephone had laughed when I told him what I thought of disc jockeys was that Mr. Mestre was determined there would be no disc jockeys on his Cuban network. My God! I should not have been so foolish as to have been got me chosen as a typical American radio listener.

No, there are no disc jockeys on CMQ but, and I think you know what the Cubans and the Mexicans and the South Americans (CMQ is heard all over the Latin American countries) love are the dramatics. About sixty percent of the eighteen-hour day of radio is devoted to these dramatic shows. They’re in Spanish, of course, and they’re like our Joyce and Laura and others except with a difference. The plots are more torrid than ours and there is much more love. That’s the Cuban temperament.

If you’ve ever been to a radio broadcast in the United States (I have several times) you’ll remember that the sponsor’s booth, which you can see from the place where the spectators sit, is a small both seating only ten or fifteen people. But that’s not how it is in Cuba. The sponsor’s booth seats a hundred because a Cuban sponsor likes to bring his entire family and the family’s friends.

There is a private entrance to the booth so all these people won’t have to go through the studio. And here’s the reason for that. Cubans are notorious for being late and Mr. Mestre can’t have anyone in the air—especially if they have bought a spot on the air—trailing through the studio while a program is going on.

While I’m on the subject of the Cubans, after I had a little time I’d like to tell you about the Stock Clock or Radio Reloj, as it is called down there. This is a broadcast in a separate studio and it goes for the eighteen hours a day that there are on the air. It’s a mechanical device and it sounds like the ticking of a metronome. It’s been in the studio constantly because they wanted to try it for a period of twenty seconds each. And each twenty seconds is then divided into five seconds of news, five seconds of commercials and five seconds for the Stock Clock.

Mr. Mestre said, "In this way we hope the Cubans will be on time for their appointments." But I’m afraid that’s just a dream for the four hour day and it’s not going to happen for anything anywhere, Radio Reloj or not!

These Latin Americans may be late but they certainly are not lazy. I learned later that we had arrived a day before we were expected, due to some trouble getting about the plane. So that first day when we saw Radiocentro it was still under construction and there were there with greenery and plants and small trees but no planting at all had been done. Goodness knows what happened but the next day when we arrived for the official dedication ceremony the grounds around the beautiful building were green and growing. Those men must have worked all night. This is the kind of the work in the United States but not in Cuba.

THE entire building and the studios are as up-to-date as any radio station anywhere. The doors are three-and-a-half inches thick of solid mahogany and I remember a good carpenter and who said that it would be a wonderful thing to have offices like that picture, beautifully decorated in chartreuse, with white leather chairs and desks of native wood in satin finish. The control rooms are as big as the National Broadcasting Company in the United States.

Mr. Mestre’s architects planned the lobby and all the studios so that everybody else could see everybody else. Cubans practically demand this. They just won’t come to a suite unless they can see and be seen.

Well, I’m going to tell you about the programs I heard and the kind of things the Cubans like—besides drama. There were wonderful choral groups. There was a great Argentinian singer named Mestre—the same name, of course—and he supposed, would be Cuban blue songs.

Then there was Greta Menzel, a Cuban girl, who sang, if you can imagine it, Viennese songs. She was very good indeed. Ernesto Lecuona played the piano. He’s the composer of such lovely numbers as "Siboney" and "Malguenia." Cuba is full of music, it seemed to me, and full of rhythm.
EYE-GENE
Relieves TIRED EYES in SECONDS!

Wear, irritated one minute...
Relieved, rested, cleared the next!

SAFETY AND GUARANTEED

By a leading ophthalmologist.

AS ANGECANDY MANUFACTURER

If you have any trouble with our EYE-GENE, return it for a prompt refund.

MADE IN U.S.A.

LADIES!

LATES! Thing In Fashion
Hand-Made EARRINGS, BROOCH & BRACELET to match that New Outfit. Colors: Red, Blue, Pink, Rose, Orchid, Yellow, Brown, Gray, Green, etc. From $5 to $50. Sterling Silver backs—$2.48; BROOCH—$2.99; BRACELET—$3.99. Prices include Tax & Postage. K. M. ROLLINS, 324 METROPOLITAN AVE., ROSLINDE, MASS.

Ingrown NAIL
Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL relieve soreness, pain. Softens embedded part of nail for easy removal. Get a bottle today. Sold everywhere.

STOP Scratching
Mosquito-Other Insect Bites

HALO INGLISH

Many English words can be picked up on the international radio. Be ready for them.

HORACE HEIDT CENTER

HORACE HEIDT and his orchestra are among the top shows on radio where they are heard four times daily, seven days a week. The group that thrilled me most were the Afro-Cubans. I've always liked our American hillbillies on the air; these are Cuban hillbillies. They beat the drums they had made themselves, played the native instruments and sang. It can make some of us see, this most primitive music in that highly functional, utterly modern studio. It was the old world meeting the new.

And things were arranged so that we really saw Cuba, including some "night life.

One night we were having supper at a cafe with a couple of men from CMQ. One of them asked me what I wanted most to see in Cuba.

I said, "I'd like to go to a typical Cuban night club." (And I'll tell you a secret which I didn't tell them. I've never been to a night club in the United States.) "I want to see them play the maracas," I said, "and do the native Cuban dances.

One of the men—and I think he was a technician at the network—pointed out the Cuban maracas any way, said, "There is the greatest maraca player in Cuba."

With that he began to beat our own maracas on his palm using two knives and fork as sticks. It was simply wonderful and I urged him to go on. By the way, that was the first night I aired my Spanish and they were all happy and surprised that I could speak their language.

Well, sir, that fellow went wound up. He took all the water glasses around the table and tuned them to a scale. He played on them, making beautiful Spanish music.

He asked me where I was staying and I told him at the National Hotel. Then he asked, "Do you have a balcony?"

I said, "Of course."

He said, "I will serenade you tonight."

He didn't, of course, and I knew he wouldn't but I thought it was cute of him even to suggest it.

Since a miracle had happened to me just my birthday, I felt God was on my side. He certainly was when I met the President of Cuba. Yes, I did that, too. I did everything. And I don't know what possessed me to do what I did except that God was looking after me. This is what happened:

The President of Cuba, Raymond Grau e San Martin, dedicated Radio-centro with a speech over CMQ at twelve noon. We all heard it and loved it. Afterwards he and his staff returned to one of the big studios and all of the Americans who had come down on the plane lined up to be introduced to him. How many of you have of those people filling past the President. How do you know what to do?

When it came my turn to meet him I did the same they had taught him to shake his. Instead I just bowed and said, in Spanish, "Honored." How thankful I was that I had done just that and only that.

For the person directly behind me started to shake hands with him and his aide, who stood behind him, said, "The president does not shake hands."

At first I thought he must be some Cuban custom. But I remembered from my days in Mexico that the Latins are great ones for shaking hands. Later I learned about President Grau. He is greatly loved in Cuba but for several years he was in exile and when, at last, he came back the people were so glad to see him that they shook his hand so much they crippled it.

Now to pick up the loose ends and to tell you the other things I did. On Thursday we had lunch at the Colony Club and later that day we had a dinner at the Jockey Club that night we witnessed a Jai-alai game.

On Friday, Radiocentro was blessed by Cardinal Manuel Arteaga and all the employees and the talent of CMQ were present. Then the president spoke and, as I've told you, received everyone.

Saturday there was a wonderful luncheon at the Vedado Tennis Club and more radio programs to be seen and heard. Then we went to the Havana Yacht Club.

On Sunday we were on the constellation flying back to the United States. When we took off from Cuba the sky above us was like blue satin and the bay below us looked like blue satin, too. I kept back the story to my friends and my son and daughter-in-law. I am going to Washington to tell it to my daughter and her husband. It is an experience that will live in my memory forever and it makes me believe that if you want something enough, if you dream about it enough, it can and will happen.
"I tried to commit Suicide!"

Police Thwart Song Stylist Suicide Try

Pretty 26-year old Bobbie Allen, musician, was prevented from jumping into the Chicago River.

You will want to read every story in the August issue of TRUE EXPERIENCE

the magazine written by men and women you have read about in the newspapers...the magazine that reveals the untold human emotions and conflicts behind these dramatic TRUE EXPERIENCES.

Ten Year Vigil Ends at Altar
“I Married Tarzan”
by Allene Weismuller

Mother Put in Jail—Tells Her Story
“I Gave Away My Children”
by Rovilla Fenton

Couple Defy KKK; Arm to Shoot It Out
“We Fought the KKK”
by Bertha Bowland

This is Bobbie Allen—saved from destroying the talent that made her life a torture. You will understand and sympathize with the motives that drove this lovely young musician to the brink of suicide.

GET TRUE Experience AUG.
AND 10 OTHER FEATURE STORIES 15¢
On sale at your newstand NOW!

The Magazine of FACT, not Fiction
RETRACTION

Dear Editor:
In a recent issue of your magazine (April) the Information Booth made the statement that Norma Jean Nilson was the youngest member of AFRA. I believe that Norma Jean is a few months older than Anne Whitfield who will be ten in August, and who has been a member of AFRA for several years. Anne appears on the Band Wagon program and as Penny in One Man's Family. She is also heard frequently in many of the other "big name" shows.

Mrs. J. M.
Birmingham, Ala.
You're very right, and we gladly print your retraction. Norma Jean, who was born on January 1, 1938, is seven months older than Anne Whitfield who was born on August 27, 1938.

NEWSREELS, YES

Dear Editor:
One of my favorite programs is Honeymoon in New York, mainly because of the host, "Big" Ed Herlihy. Is he the voice that is often heard in some of the newsreels? I've often wondered about this because his name appears at the beginning of the news showing.

Mrs. M. E. S.
Northampton, Pa.
Yes is the answer. Tall, husky Ed is known to movie-goers as "the voice of Universal Newsreels." You're also heard his friendly voice on news broadcasts, and special events programs on NBC.

HOLLAIRE CAN SING, TOO

Dear Editor:
I have listened to the Saturday Night Serenade ever since young Vic Damone started singing on the program last year. I'm a devoted fan of Vic's and as such I just naturally know quite a bit about him. However, I know nothing about lovely Hollace Shaw who also is a featured singer on the same program. She has one of the finest voices I have ever heard—it's wonderful! I'm writing to request some information about Miss Shaw. Where and when was she born, her height, and the color of her hair and eyes.

Miss M. V.
Ridgewood, N. J.
Born in Fresno, California, not so long ago, Hollace is 5'8" tall, and as you must have noticed in our Saturday Night Serenade Broadcast spread (May issue) she is a blue-eyed blonde. Just in case you missed that issue, here's another picture, this time a closeup.

BROADCAST TICKETS

Dear Editor:
My girl friend and I are visiting New York late this summer and we would like to see some radio programs but don't know how to get tickets. Would appreciate any information you could give us.

Miss M. M.
Pine Bluff, Ark.
For tickets to shows broadcast from ABC, address your requests at least three weeks in advance to Guest Relations, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Follow the same procedure for NBC programs, same address. Requests for tickets from CBS should be sent to Broadcast Ticket Division, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, at least three or four weeks in advance. You out-of-towners get a break—guest courtesy cards can be secured from your local CBS outlet entitling you to a visit to any two CBS programs. Some tickets are available at the CBS and NBC buildings for programs on the same day.

IN THE FAMILY?

Dear Editor:
Who is this Errol Twing who's heard on the Charley McCarthy Show?
Mr. C. M. Woodbury, N. J.
Don't let this picture fool you. Patrick (he's Errol) is really a rugged, handsome man, not the scatter-brained professor, as pictured here, on the Charley McCarthy Show. (This show has been summer-replaced by the Robert Shaw Chorade Sundays, NBC stations.) In Strawberry Point, Iowa, Pat is still best remembered as Errol Kirkpatrick—a stage-struck youth who ran away from home at sixteen to join a circus. In the years since, he has traveled up and down the land appearing in circuses, the Chautauqua circuit, stock companies and night clubs as well as radio. Many people have asked Pat if the character Errol Twing is based on a real person. Pat's answer is that, "He's a little like my father, I think, and a great deal like my brother who teaches school in a little town in New York state." What Pat's father and brother think about this, we don't know.

HILDEGARDE

Dear Editor:
Where, oh where is Hildegarde? I haven't been able at all this past season and we miss her.

E. E. L.
Memphis, Tenn.
Hildegarde didn't have a regular spot this past season. However, she has appeared occasionally as a guest artist on some of the network programs. Currently, Hildegarde is making a personal appearance tour in various parts of the country.
Lovely Dresses Given to You!

and earn up to $23.00 WEEKLY
BESIDES

If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics such as those shown on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Fall dresses, without paying a penny of cost? That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, INC., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. We need new representatives right away to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you are married or single —

WEAR IT with and without the dickey—a classic with a double life.

SUIT YOURSELF in soft, frost-striped COHAMA suitings—neat, trim, and tricky!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
DESK A2039, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

housewife or employed—you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—dresses that will not cost you a penny. In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to $23 and $25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to $3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot.

NO CANVASSING—NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Don't think you need experience. Every dress carries the famous seal of Good Housekeeping Magazine, and is sold on a Money Back Guarantee. When women see these exclusive styles—so different from run-of-the-mill dresses—so easy to buy without going to crowded stores—they just can't help but order 2 and 3 at a time! Women can't resist the alluring new fashions created especially by Constance Bennett, glamorous movie star and "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." Miss Bennett's name alone makes orders so easy, about all you have to do is write them down. What a pleasant way to take in steady cash earnings week after week! Can't you use a handy extra income—especially with Christmas coming on? And wouldn't you like your own lovely dresses without cost? Here's your chance. Just mail the coupon below!

START EARNING RIGHT AWAY!

So many women are taking this easy way to make money, there aren't too many openings left. So don't put it off. Get started earning extra money for the things you want. Your Style Portfolio—with samples of America's finest fabrics—is absolutely free. Make up your mind right now—then send the coupon. There's no obligation, nothing to pay. Paste the coupon on a postcard, and mail it today!

Constance
Bennett

...fascinating star of stage, screen, and radio. One of the world's ten best-dressed women. Designer for Fashion Frocks.

"My designs for these lovely Fashion Frocks were inspired by the $200 to $300 dresses that drew so many compliments when I wore them myself. I'm so proud to offer them at a tiny fraction of that cost."

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—mail now!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk A2039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Yes—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Reserve my Free Portfolio and send me full information, without obligation.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City____________________Zone____State_____
Age_________Dress Size_________
DOROTHY COX, shown here in her salon, developed her keen color sense, her regard for detail, through the study of portrait painting. Now she lavishes all her talents on day-in, day-out, typically American fashions. Outstanding achievement? That classic favorite, the shirtwaist dress as tailored by McMullen!

Palest grey chambray is beguilingly feminine in this gently styled shirtwaist dress with its immaculate white tucked bosom and subtly flared skirt.

Palestinian and Domestic Blend Cigarettes

City or country, at work or at play — wherever you turn, you'll find more and more people smoking Camels. Why? Let your "T-Zone" tell you. (That's T for Taste and T for Throat.) Let your taste tell you about Camel's marvelous flavor. Let your throat discover that wonderful Camel mildness and coolness. See why, with smokers who have tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "choice of experience."

DOROTHY COX makes this sun-seek ing dress with shoulder kerchief. Notice how beachcomber plaid cotton becomes a formal fabric in this undecorated style!

"Of all the different brands of cigarettes I've tried and compared, cool, mild Camels suit me best!" says Dorothy Cox

More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste...
T for Throat...
that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three leading independent research organizations asked one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel.
BACKSTAGE WIFE
Complete story in pictures

REMEMBERING TOM BRENEMAN
by Garry Moore
SHOW THE WORLD
A LOVELIER SKIN!

BIGGER—LOTS BIGGER!

DELICATE,
FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

SAME FINE,
SMOOTH TEXTURE!

BE LOVELIER—
HEAD TO TOE!

BEVIES OF BEAUTIES
ARE SINGING
ITS PRAISES!

Making a Sensational Splash!

Everybody’s talking about the new Bath-Size Camay. Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it every day of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe. And you’ll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

CAMAY
NOW IN 2 SIZES!

Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.

Bath-Size Camay
FOR YOUR
CAMAY BEAUTY BATH
"Dates are such Fun!"

says this sparkling junior model

And cover-girl Louise Hyde's crowded
date-life owes plenty to her Ipana smile!

Having a high time is no novelty for
luscious New Yorker, Louise Hyde. A
radiant personality with a radiant Ipana
smile, 20-year-old Louise is a top-flight
Thornton model. And as for dates—
Louise has a calendarful. Her smile is a
magnet for the lads! For a date-winning
smile of your own, follow Louise's
"model" dental routine: Regular brush-
ing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle
gum massage. Get a tube of Ipana today!

Under the spell of Louise's enchanting smile,
her handsome date, Bill Loock, dreams as he
drives. Clever Louise—to guard that date-bait
smile with Ipana! For more dentists recommend
and use Ipana than any other tooth paste, a
recent national survey shows.

Ipana Tooth Paste
for your Smile of Beauty
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood, many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the sebaceous glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and carries an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl...so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Cramoogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.
Coming
Next
Month

FOR a change of pace and a change of scene, Grand Slam listeners are invited to Come and Visit Irene Beasley in October. Change of pace—Irene's very active life and very heavy schedule contrast with the more leisurely Hollywood pace of recent "come and visits." Change of scene—this time it's apartment life in New York: no swimming pools, no vast acres, no vistas except that of Central Park, but in contrast there's Irene's cabana in Connecticut, with the whole of the Atlantic Ocean for her swimming pool.

Double portion of Arthur Godfrey coming up—an extra-special cover of Godfrey which all the editorial staff agreed was "the best picture we've ever seen of him, anywhere, anytime!" (For good measure, Janette Davis and Tony Marvin are on that cover, too.) Second half of double portion: October's Radio Mirror Reader Bonus depart from daytime serial stories for a change, and you'll find instead a full-length life story of Godfrey. That, alone, is worth the price of admission!

As a companion piece to the September issue memorial to Tom Breneman, written by Garry Moore, October Radio Mirror carries a story about Garry Moore. With this, a full page, four-color portrait—the keep-and-frame kind—of Garry Moore, one of the busiest men in the business since he took over Take It Or Leave It, and one of the most-watched of the younger comics.

Remember when a little street waif who called herself Chichi broke into Papa David's Slightly Read Book Shop one night years ago? That was the beginning of Life Can Be Beautiful, and that's where Radio Mirror carries, too, to tell the story of Life Can Be Beautiful from that first day up to the present moment. Four pages of story-in-pictures—and two of those pages in full color!

More, too: Dwight Weist, M.C. of We The People, tells the story of Joe White. Perhaps you remember him better as the Silver-Masked Tenor of radio's earlier days... John Nelson brings readers another heart-warming Bride and Groom true love story... An "it happened to me" story by one of the big winners on the grass roots quiz, R.F.D. America... Tommy Bartlett introduces to readers another of the journeying Americans whom he meets on Welcome Travelers... and that's, as they say, not the half of it. All in October Radio Mirror Magazine, on sale Friday, September 10.

Young, proud and still pioneering—
that's OKLAHOMA!

You'll look far and wide to find thundering herds, cowboys and Indians in Oklahoma. But—not so hard to find what makes it tick. It's the people! The pioneer spirit lingers on, in their hearts, in their actions and efforts to build a sound state.

Blessed in its natural resources—oil down under, crops and livestock on top—Oklahoma has come a long way since statehood only forty years ago.

Living in a land of rich harvests, Oklahomans relish the fine flavor of—

Beech-Nut Gum

It has the flavor you like

Beech-Nut
BEECHIES
Candy Coated Gum—good too

WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL at Claremore. Shrine and tomb of Oklahoma's beloved cowboy-humorist and native son.

IN Frankie Frisch, the erstwhile Fordham Flash who holds a place of honor in baseball’s Hall of Fame, newcomer Maury Farrell, and Steve Ellis, WMCA has a triumvirate of outstanding sports announcers. Frisch and Farrell handle the WMCA play-by-play broadcasts of all Giant games while Ellis provides the commentary for the televised games from the Polo Grounds and conducts the nightly sports show, Giant Jottings, over WMCA.

Frisch’s colorful background as a player and manager—he’s been in baseball since 1919—makes the 50-year-old squire of New Rochelle the best informed mike-man in the sport. Captain of the baseball, football and basketball teams at Fordham, Frisch joined the Giants after being graduated and remained with the New York team through the 1926 season when he was traded to the St. Louis Cardinals for Rogers Hornsby. He played with the rampaging Gas House Gang that included the fabulous Dizzy and Daffy Dean, Pepper Martin, Joe Medwick and Leo “The Lip” Durocher for the next decade and was manager from 1933 to 1938. Frisch donned mufti for the 1938 season and became a baseball broadcaster in Boston for one season. The following year he took over the command of the Pittsburgh Pirates and remained at the helm through the 1946 campaign. Last year he returned to the Polo Grounds—where he played his first major league game—as the chief man in the broadcasting booth. During his 10 years as an active player, Frisch batted .316, played in eight World Series and was named to two All Star teams.

Farrell is a native New Yorker who went South for his “minor league” training. A graduate of the University of Miami, his first radio experience was gained as an announcer at WQAM in Miami in 1936. Two years later he became director of sports and special events at WAPI in Birmingham.

Ellis, in a comparatively short time, has established himself as one of the country’s top flight sports broadcasters. Born in Philadelphia, Steve attended school there and later worked his way through Miami University—as a fight manager, of all things! Later he joined the staff of the Miami Daily News as a sports reporter. He’s been identified with New York Giant broadcasts for several years. Steve broke his “partnership” with Frisch to take over the television assignment this season.

The Giants’ home run champion, Johnny Mize, admires the batting stances of the three broadcasters who furnish the team’s “air power”—Maury Farrell, Steve Ellis and Frankie Frisch.
What Did This Bewitching Queen Really Want...

the doctor's cure or...the DOCTOR?

Wos she really sick... or did she just want to be alone with the handsome new court physician? Here's one of the many enjoyable situations in Edgar Maas' sensational new best seller, THE QUEEN'S PHYSICIAN—the story of a passion that raised a commoner to power over a kingdom. It's yours for a 3c stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

What did she really want of him—the court physician—and a commoner? How could she dare to read her mind, with his reputation and his personal safety at stake?

Neither Caroline nor Johann knew that their entire future—and the future of their country—hung in the balance at that moment.

Set against the glittering background of the royal court of 18th century Denmark, "The Queen's Physician" is a romantic and thrilling novel. It is yours for just a 3-cent stamp with membership in the Dollar Book Club.

THE ONLY Book Club That Brings You Best-Sellers for only $1

No other book club brings you popular current books by famous authors for only $1.00 each. You save 60 to 75 per cent from regular retail prices!

Yet membership in the Dollar Book Club is free and requires no dues of any kind. You do not even have to take a book every month; the purchase of as few as six books a year fulfills your membership requirement. In fact, for convenience, members prefer to have their books shipped and pay for them every other month.

More Than 700,000 Families Buy Books This Money-Saving Way! Think of it! With book-manufacturing costs at an all-time high; with most popular current fiction selling for $2.75 and $3.00 in the publishers' editions at retail, the Dollar Book Club continues to bring its members the cream of the books for only $1.00 each! And in attractive, full-size library editions, bound in a format exclusive for members.

Start Enjoying Membership Now

Upon receipt of the attached coupon with a 3 cent stamp, you will be sent a copy of Edgar Maas' exciting new romance, "The Queen's Physician." You also will receive as your first selection for $1.00 your choice of any of the best sellers described in the next column:

SEND NO MONEY

Simply Mail Coupon with Stamp

When you see your copy of "The Queen's Physician"—which you get for 3-cents—and your first $1.00 selection; when you consider these are typical values you receive for $1.00, you will be more than happy to have joined the Club.

Mail This Coupon

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once "The Queen's Physician" for the enclosed 3c stamp. Also send me as my first selection for $1.00 the book I have checked below:

☐ The Golden Hawk ☐ Come a Cavalier

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered at $1.00 each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month — only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss

Address

City, Zone & State

If under 21, Occupation

Age, please...

*Same Price in Canada: 102 Bond St., Toronto 2
YOU'RE going to have a baby,” I was so excited and thrilled when I heard those words! But there were so many questions in my mind, I just didn’t know where to start. Here was a real job for a Family Counselor. When Mrs. Lillian Dretzin of Lane Bryant appeared as my guest, she completely straightened out my confused thinking. (Lane Bryant, Inc., are the stores known country-wide for maternity and infant apparel, you know.)

The first thing Mrs. Dretzin told me was “Start with yourself, Mrs. Burton—don’t make the mistake so many other prospective mothers do—that of immediately running out and buying the baby’s layette with no thought for yourself.” After looking forward and planning for my baby’s clothes, this was quite a disappointment to me. But then Mrs. Dretzin hastened to explain that there would be plenty of time to plan for the baby’s outfits, but that it was important to prepare myself physically for the months ahead. (This was right after I had had my accident, as you may remember.)

Then she went on to say: “And remember, Mrs. Burton, it’s no longer necessary for an expecting mother to feel self-conscious of her appearance. A modern mother is proud of herself, especially since today’s maternity fashions are designed to make you look so pert and pretty.”

Of course, I know all about those lovely clothes, but Stan and I have been watching expenses so closely that I didn’t feel we could afford to buy a wardrobe that I wouldn’t be able to wear again.

Then Mrs. Dretzin came forth with some good news. “Believe it or not, Mrs. Burton, you can have the ‘new look’ in maternity clothes and stay within your budget” she said. “Designers are most conscious of that fact and their prices fit your pocketbook. And don’t forget, the new styles are readily adaptable. You’ll be wearing the same ballerina skirts and smart box suits and coats long after the baby has arrived.”

But that was enough about me! I was so anxious to find out about the layette that I practically begged our Family Counselor for information.

“Well, Mrs. Burton, the first things to consider are the essentials such as diapers and shirts,” Mrs. Dretzin said. I guess my disappointment must have shown in my face, for she laughed a bit and continued, “Every young mother wants to buy fancy baby things, but the layette should be made up primarily of a few and simple things. Remember, you can focus your attention on the baby’s real needs and still have a charming layette. Don’t worry, the trimmings come later.

“Remember, the layette should be designed to keep the infant clean, comfortable and safe. In no way should the garments interfere with the baby’s freedom. It is tiny for such a short time that you don’t want to accumulate a lot of unnecessary things.

Then, as the Family Counselor drew to a close, Mrs. Dretzin showed me a series of seven pamphlets, prepared by the Maternity Center Association. All that Mrs. Dretzin had been telling me and much more was included in the daily illustrated series. It is something every young mother will want to have—it has so many helpful hints and advice. I asked our Family Counselor if we couldn’t offer it to you.

Result: if you send a postal card addressed to Lane Bryant, Inc., 782 East Market Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, you’ll get your free copy of “Stork Facts.”

With the Family Counselor portion of The Second Mrs. Burton, we want to include topics that are of interest to you. If you have a problem that you would like to hear discussed, won’t you send it along to me, c/o Radio Mirror?

By TERRY BURTON
"Better than my own favorite face powder!"...that's how enthusiastic women from Coast to Coast rated the amazing New Woodbury Powder. 4 out of 5 preferred Woodbury to the powder they were using! And Woodbury won on an average of 4 to 1 over all leading brands of powder.

Actually women preferred Woodbury for every beauty quality! They raved about its "satin-smoothness on the skin"...loved its richness of shade that gives a warmer, livelier color-glow!

Discover now that New Woodbury Powder makes the most dramatic difference on your skin...that it is literally the world's finest face powder.

6 exciting shades

“NUMBER PLEASE”

Radio Mirror’s Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

When Mother sent me to a famous hospital, desperately hoping that some miracle of surgery could correct my faulty sight, I dreamed of the great things I’d do if a successful operation could be performed. But when three veteran specialists quietly shook their heads, my dream castle was swept away. I came home knowing that I could never see well, and in from six to nine years, total darkness must overtake me.

“What do you plan to do, Will?” Mother asked one evening.

“I don’t know, Mother,” I replied. “I think I may try for a job as timekeeper at the limestone quarry. Uncle Jed said there may be an opening there any day. It isn’t far away, I know many of the men, and I could look at my time books as closely as I wish.”

Feeling a bit timid and uncertain about the whole thing, I applied for the job. Fortunately, I knew Mr. Burk, the foreman.

“Our timekeeper is quitting,” I was informed. “You shall have first consideration.”

A week later—on my sixteenth birthday—I went to work for the first time in my life. How proud I was of the bright new pencils, the timebook with its leather cover, and the clean white time-sheets! For eight months everything went along in splendid fashion. But with stunning suddenness came the day when I slowly walked home and told Mother the bad news—the quarry was going to be under new management, with a new foreman, and all employees would have to wear little numbered badges on their caps. I’d never be able to read those numbers! I can’t tell you a thing—but come to work tomorrow morning—I’ll be there to help the new foreman get started,” Mr. Burk had said, his voice carrying a tone of sympathy.

On the following morning, with dread in my heart, I faced the new foreman. He was big and brawny, with a stern, ruddy face. When he saw my timebook he said, “It’ll be numbers instead of names from now on, kid. Understand?”

I was trying to gather enough courage to explain about my eyes when Mr. Burk called the new foreman to his side. They talked for a brief moment. The new foreman walked to the front of the rambling tool shed and signaled the workers to be quiet.

“Men,” he said, “I want you all to understand that the new management has an important new ruling, effective immediately. Every employee must know his number and call it out when the timekeeper says ‘Number please.’ Now, if that is clear, we’ll go to work.”

A lump swelled in my throat as I hugged the big brown timebook. Days later, when I had proved that I could handle the work the foreman approached me and, smiling, sat down beside me. When he said, “I think we’re going to hit it off together pretty well, kid,” I instantly saw in my future—even after blindness arrives—a span of happy years that shall hold only brightness and joyous contentment and beauty, for my brawny comrade went on to say, “I’m going to see to it, kid, that you stay here just as long as you can say, ‘Number please.’”

K.D.S.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone’s life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasureing such a memory, won’t you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Letter Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.
You can say "yes" to Romance

This month's ten-dollar letters follow:

PRICELESS GIFTS

Dear Papa David:
I worked for two years before my husband died, after a long illness. When he passed away my two boys, Mike and Jerry, were four and five, and my little girl, Patsy, seven.

Patsy was a great help to me. One day while she was at a neighbor's the boys, Mike and Jerry, decided they wanted to do something nice for me. While trying to wash and put away the dishes, they managed to turn over the cabinet and broke every dish in the house. That evening they met me. They both started talking at once each saying how sorry he was and that it was his fault. Each was holding out to me his prize possession. Jerry's teddy bear, with a fresh ribbon around his neck. And Mike's little handful of Mexican coins his father had given him. I took them in my arms, and felt as if I were the richest, most blessed woman in the world.

J. M.

MOST PRECIOUS YEARS

Dear Papa David:
When my four children were small I sometimes felt their responsibility and the countless household duties a heavy burden.

I had at this time to take our oldest child to a specialist in Minneapolis. On the way home we sat up all night and shared our seat with a young priest. We visited about little things and then talked of life. I said that I thought high school days particularly were the happiest days.

He answered, "It depends on what you mean by being happy. I'd think right now while you're being useful, your life would be at its happiest."

With sudden clarity I saw my senseless immaturity. I saw how useful and blessed I was, because four joyous lives were entrusted to me; I was shaping their ideals. These, I have remembered ever since, are the precious, beautiful years.

A. H.

Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress... exciting... new—Veto is
Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day!
Veto stops underarm odor instantly... checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath!
You feel confident... sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes!

So effective... yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics.
For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!
So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bitby and Don Becker, is heard Monday through Friday on NBC stations at 12 noon, PDT; 1 P.M., MDT; 2 P.M., CDT; 3 P.M., EDT.

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!
By DUKE ELLINGTON

Irene Woods, of Jack Carson's show, is the singing "Cinderella" of Disney's film.

Both Crosbys started in the Bel Air tournament, but only Bob was in at the finish.

Duke Ellington's interview with Charlie Spivak was heard on CKLW, WHAM, XLX, among others.

At the start of the annual golf tournament staged by the swank Bel Air Country Club in Hollywood it was Bing Crosby who attracted most of the cameras and the gallery—but a few days later it was brother Bob Crosby who played against Randolph Scott for the championship. Bob is ranked by many experts as one of the top amateur golfers in the country.

Johnny Long's latest Signature disc, "Poor Butterfly," looks like another hit in the long-chain of best-sellers for the left-handed bandleader. Fact is it's doing so well that Johnny's 1941 discing of that same song for another company was re-released. Imagine—competing with yourself on two different record labels!

That Anita Gordon-Ray Noble platter of "It's A Most Unusual Day" has started Columbia executives thinking more seriously of their little starlet. Anita, by the way, was the cute and unbilled voice on the Buddy Clark records of "Linda" and "I'll Dance At Your Wedding."

You should be seeing a super-fine Jimmy Dorsey band in the Monogram film tentatively titled "Manhattan Folk Song." Those of us who've heard JD's new group think it's the best he's ever had and pretty much the best anyone could have. Many a band leader drools at the thought...
of Jimmy having corralled such stars as Ray Bauduc, Nappy Lamare, Arnold Ross, Joe Mondragon, Art Lyons, Al Pelligrini and Art Rando.

RKO Radio has purchased the screen rights to "Nature Boy," and will feature it in "The Boy With Green Hair." Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan, Barbara Hale and Dean Stockwell star in the film.

The High School Fellowship Club of Philadelphia presented a citation to Benny Goodman for his leadership in breaking down racial discrimination in music.

Dick Haymes bought "The Big Sky," to produce independently as a musical movie. Dick may forsake the Cinema City this Fall to star in Gordon Jenkins' Broadway musical, "Manhattan Towers."

In the few months jazz pianist George Shearing has been in this country (he's English), he's appeared on the Paul Whiteman Show, won the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts audition program, won raves at the Onyx Club and the Three Deuces. Not bad at all—he's only 28 years old and completely blind.

Andy Russell will play the title role in "Cisco Kid" for Inter-American Studios.

Star Jo Stafford and arranger Paul Weston rehearse with one of the NBC Supper Club's last—and best—guests of the season: Nat "King" Cole.

Andy Russell, building up a background for his title role in a new "Cisco Kid" movie soon to be filmed, made friends with a burro. Joan Davis and Mrs. Russell smoothed the occasion along.
Patricia Wolcott's smile wins leading role in Little Theater play—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Patricia Wolcott, Young Matron, made Little Theater history in Scarsdale, N. Y., recently when she was awarded the leading role in the Fort Hill Players' production, "Years Ago." A newcomer to the amateur stage, she stole the show during tryouts for the part of the beautiful heroine. But Patricia's favorite role is wife and mother. And her smile, so dazzling behind the footlights, sparkles in this real-life role, too. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I've always depended on Pepsodent Tooth Paste to keep my teeth bright," she says. "Besides, I love its taste!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

Like Patricia Wolcott, people all over America prefer New Pepsodent with Irium for brighter smiles. Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

Facing the Music
Johnny Mercer

ID you know, statistically speaking that Johnny Mercer has composed more than 500 songs, has had more than 250 of them published and has scored hits with nearly 60? Among the hits of course, was his Academic Award-winning set of lyrics for "Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe."

"Born at Savannah, Georgia, in November of 1908, Johnny wrote his first song, "Sister Susie Strut Your Stuff," when he was only 15. A little while later, deciding to be an actor instead of a tunesmith, Johnny applied for an audition for the Theater Guild's Garrick Gaieties, but ended up writing a song entitled, "Out Of Breath And Scared To Death Of You." That song served a triple purpose. It was sung by a lad named Sterling Holloway and proved to be a fair success; it introduced Johnny to Ginger Meekin of the show's dancing cast, whom he married a year later; and it made Johnny decide to concentrate on song writing.

Then he became a singer for "Pops" Whiteman, and began to write more and more songs like "Here Come The British With A Bang" and "Goody Goody." Whiteman also introduced Johnny to Hoagy Carmichael. That meeting resulted in a smash hit known as "Lazybones." Johnny joined Benny Goodman's Camel Caravan and was soon called to Hollywood as a writer of songs for the films. Among the list of hits to his credit are "Blues In The Night," "That Old Black Magic," "Tangerine," "Acenochutae The Positive," "Dream," "Skyline," "GI Jive," and "I'm An Old Cowhand.

Johnny's writing methods vary, but he invariably gets amazing results. Usually, he says, a title or a simple idea comes first, and then the rest of the words fall into place. When he does both tune and lyrics, he writes a few words, pounds out melody with one finger and then finishes the words. His hunt-and-peck pianists haven't affected his ability to discover talent for Capitol records. Johnny had a major part in the discovery of the King Cole Trio, Hal Derwin, Peggy Lee, Jo Stafford and Margaret Whiting.

At home, Johnny concentrates on the fatherly talent of enjoying himself with his wife and two children, young John and Amanda, who was the inspiration for the song "Mandy Is Two," which her dad wrote for her second birthday.
Here's your opportunity to win one of twenty-five big prizes. All you have to do is take the clues given in these questions and pair them with your knowledge of American waltzes. You can win a Zenette radio, MGM record albums, and movie passes to your local Loew's Theater. Below are eight musical charades. The answers you get should be titles of the records in the new MGM album, Harry Horlick's American Waltzes. Guess the titles and send them to Facing the Music along with your reaction to the American Waltz Album in twenty-six words or less.

To make it really simple, you need only go to your nearest record shop, get the album and pair the titles with the charades.

1) What would you think of certain piano-playing President's favorite waltz might be?
2) If you were a Buckeye, you'd probably waltz to this tune.
3) If you had a dream girl, when would you see her?
4) They say that love is blind, but if you've been in love, you think your sweetheart was pretty nice too.
5) We don't believe it, but they say there are some things people are too old to do.
6) If you head West at the right time of the year, you'll know exactly what this tune is.
7) If you'd like to rid yourself of someone, you won't mind singing this if you're in love, that's another story.
8) This is a popular tune most of us know real well, but it's nothing you'd sing to just anyone at all. Sticks and stones may break people's bones, but this name would never hurt anyone.

Are you in the know?

Should the lady be seated—
- Opposite the other girl
- At her left
- At her right

If you've ever bedevilled by this doubt... listen. Table etiquette decrees that ladies be seated opposite each other. Knowing for certain will de-panic you, next time.

What's a jilted jane to do?
- Let his memory linger on
- Pursue him by mail
- Get herself a hobby

If last summer's knight beams at someone else this season—no use toting the torch. Now is the hour to get yourself a hobby. Something fun and worthwhile—that keeps your brain, or hands, or tootsies (why not learn to tap dance?) active. Fight off "calendar" blues, too, with the self-assurance Kotex brings. You see, there's extra protection in that exclusive safety center of Kotex: a feature you'll find in all 3 Kotex sizes. Regular, Junior or Super helps preserve your peace of mind!

In business, must she begin with—
- Good follow-through
- All the answers
- A promising career

Your first job—and you're all a-jitter? The boss won't expect you to be a quiz kid. But he does demand dependability. Don't be a promiser. Finish what you start. Good follow-through is a business must. Don't try the vacant chair routine on "those" days. No excuse, with the new, softer Kotex! For dependable is definitely the word for such miracle-softness that holds its shape. You can stay on the job in comfort, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

More women choose Kotex* than all other sanitary napkins

*F. W. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Pat O'Brien found Keeping Up With Kids too difficult; his son beat him in the parent-vs-child quiz of which Benay Venuta is m.c. (Mutual, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M., EDT.)

By DALE BANKS

Ronald Colman's Favorite Story transcribes great literature; schools are interested.

WHAT'S NEW

THE Federal Communications Commission reports almost one hundred withdrawn bids and cancelled permits for AM and FM stations in the past five months. Uncertain economic conditions and, maybe, commercial interest in television, are believed responsible.

Out Hollywood way the radio-wise are convinced that much of the summer buying of radio shows was done with an eye to signing the shows to Fall contracts. More than half the shows lined up as “summer replacements” are expected to go their merry, low-budget way into 1949.

It's not beyond the realm of possibility that Henry Morgan and Fred Allen may co-star in a movie. Morgan has made two guest appearances on the Allen program and the critics put on such raves that Hollywood perked up its ears.

Kate Smith is an Honorary Member of the Army Nurse Corps. She's Colonel Kate Smith, now, the rank having been bestowed upon her in recognition of her wartime contributions to patients in Army hospitals and her support of the Army's campaign to have young girls take up nursing as a career. It's not such a far-fetched thing, either, considering that Kate was a student nurse at the George Washington University Hospital before she became a singer.

This new Mutual show, Three For the Money, just about tops everything in the matter of giving away that lovely green stuff. If the jackpot isn't won before the end of the year, it will have accumulated some $50,000 for some extra-lucky radio fan.

Rise Stevens will not be back on the Prudential Hour show in the Fall. It is rumored that the glamorous songstress refused to take a cut in salary.

That Ronald Colman Favorite Story program is now available to the public school system in New York. Schools are taking advantage of the fact that the world's great literature, vividly dramatized, is accessible to them for study purposes, via transcriptions. It's a good idea and maybe some other schools, outside New York, might like to avail themselves of this opportunity.
Una Merkel is Hal Peary’s new Gildersleeve girl friend; the Judge (Earle Ross, l.) is jealous.

Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake may do a Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead series on television.

Eddie Anderson, signed for one show by Jack Benny, is now in his eleventh year.

**FROM COAST TO COAST**

Recently, Bill Lawrence, director of the Screen Guild Players show, held a “worst broadcast” party at his home. He featured recordings of various shows on which classic and hilarious fluffs were made. He’s been collecting such records for years.

* * *

Another unique, “collector’s item” recording was made right after the last broadcast of the season by the cast of My Friend Irma. Cathy Lewis and Marie Wilson did a recording, for producer Cy Howard and the cast only, in which they did a screaming burlesque of the regular program.

* * *

Eddie Anderson—Rochester will probably identify him better to you—was originally signed by Jack Benny for a one-shot appearance. This year, the gravel-voiced comedian celebrated his eleventh anniversary as a mainstay of the Benny program. Remarkable, considering that Rochester, as a character, has never bowed before the convention of the stereotype Negro in radio.

* * *

It’s like father, like daughter in the case of the Whitemans. Pops Whiteman’s talented daughter, Margo, has started to carve out a radio career for herself with that teen age talent show called Tomorrow’s Tops. In fact, Margo almost seemed to be shoving Pops over, since her show took over the Monday evening spot of On Stage, America, which was one of Paul’s babies.

* * *

This is a big year for Bobby Ellis, talented radio juvenile actor in Hollywood. Soon after being selected to play Babe Ruth as a youngster in the flickers, Bobby was asked to do a disc jockey series for teen-agers and to m.c. a televised quiz show with bright children of leading movie stars in the regular panel.

* * *

You know Una Merkel as a comedienne on stage, screen and radio. But Una got her start as a tragedy queen when she first arrived in New York to make a break for herself in show business. Parts weren’t too easy to get, so Una helped herself along by being a photographer’s model, most of her jobs being to pose for illustrations for confession magazine stories. “I had long hair,” she (Continued on page 17)
KDKA's Richard Karp is a musician of engaging personality and all-around ability who is contributing much to advancing the cause of music in the Pittsburgh district.

He was born in Vienna in 1902. His mother, a concert pianist, won the gold state medal of the Vienna Conservatory at 17, and his grandfather, a newspaper editor, was prominent as a tenor.

Mr. Karp studied violin, viola composition and conducting in Vienna and Dresden and graduated with honor from the Dresden Conservatory. At 18, he conducted a stock opera company and later became musical and state assistant at the Dresden State Opera.

His success as a conductor won him the post of conductor of the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra, in 1923, as well as that of musical director of the Dalcroze Festival in Hellerau where he led the Dresden State Orchestra in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" performances.

From September, 1925, until 1932, Mr. Karp was associated with the Dusseldorf Opera, and during 1931 he also guest-conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra concert in Bonn. The following year he was appointed general music director of Bonn's Municipal Symphony and Opera. In 1933 he went to Prague as conductor of the Prague Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Karp came to the United States in 1937 and was first introduced to the American music world in 1938 when he went on a transcontinental tour with the Canadian Hart House String Quartet. Late the same year he went to Pittsburgh to become a member of the Pittsburgh Symphony.

He joined the Pittsburgh Opera Society in May, 1941, as stage director and assistant musical director. When Vladimir Bakaleinikoff resigned as musical director in March, 1942, Mr. Karp became his successor. Retaining the direction of the Pittsburgh Opera, Mr. Karp joined the staff at KDKA in 1944 as producer and musical adviser.

Ilse Karp, his wife is a well-trained musician in her own right, having graduated from the Berlin Music Hochschule. She teaches piano, clarinet and theory.

In addition to his many duties both at KDKA and with the Pittsburgh Opera, Mr. Karp also finds time each summer to conduct the Adirondack Symphony Orchestra at Saranac Lake and at Lake Placid.
relates, "and was always pictured as the ruined woman in every story." Which shows you what kind of type casting they do for photographs.

You’ll be hearing two of Hollywood’s top comedians, Elvia Allman and Bea Benadaret, costarring in a new situation comedy show, “The Simpson Twins,” come the cool weather.

Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake are wanted for a West Coast television series which, if rights can be cleared and negotiations jell, will be called “Mr. and Mrs. Bunstead,” and find them discussing in good Mr. and Mrs. fashion such humorous items as they find in the day’s news.

On the fall agenda for Vox Pop is a tour around the world, with programs to originate from the sites of the Seven Wonders of the World—not the Seven Wonders of Antiquity, but the Middle Ages—including the Coliseum at Rome, the Great Wall of China, Leaning Tower of Pisa, Catacombs of Alexandria, Druidic Temple at Stonehenge, England, Mosque Tower at St. Sophia in Constantinople and the Octagon Pagoda of Nanking.

In a dog-eat-dog business like the band business, it’s always nice to come across a story of real friendship. One of the longest and closest friendships in the music fields is that between Guy Lombardo and Tommy Dorsey. They even carry it to the lengths of sharing the same office in New York. Latest data on this Damon and Pythias routine is that Tommy Dorsey asked the Music Corporation of America to get his band a booking in Detroit for the Labor Day weekend. The reason—Guy will be there racing for the Gold Cup and Tommy doesn’t want to miss seeing that.

In July Radio Mirror’s story on Twenty Questions, Ruby Sheppard’s picture was accidentally omitted. It’s Ruby who, by holding up a silent placard, lets the studio audience in on the words that the Twenty Questions players are trying to guess. We hasten to repair our error: see picture below.

A new Hollywood television firm headed by Joseph Cotten, movie star, has finished the first in a series of fifteen-minute (Continued on page 19)

Try Lizabeth Scott’s DEEP-CLEANSE FACIALS

"You’re lovelier—in seconds," promises Lizabeth. “Smooth on Woodbury Cold Cream... its rich oils cleanse deep. Tissue, and film on more Woodbury—four special softening ingredients smooth dryness! Tissue again—add a cold water splash for rosy color. See, your skin glows clear-clean, silky-soft... Woodbury-wonderful!”
UNCLE TO 50,000

WIBG's Uncle Jim has more nieces and nephews than he can count.

UNCLE TO over 50,000 children in five years. That's the story of Uncle Jim Willard of WIBG in Philadelphia.

Back in 1943, Snellenburg's Philadelphia department store decided to sponsor Uncle Jim Willard who has been a conductor of children's radio programs, for 23 years. They then had a combined membership of 2,185 children registered in their Superman Tim Club for boys, and their Joan and Ginger Club for girls.

Today, there are 28,770 boys registered in the Superman Tim Club and 23,772 girls in the Joan and Ginger organization.

How did he do it?

Years of radio experience have given Uncle Jim the knowledge that makes for programs that appeal to children, and adults as well. His 5:15 to 5:30 P.M. daily program on WIBG includes a Stamp Club that fosters correspondence with youngsters in other countries; it includes entertainment by youthful performers of all ages, as soloists, as well as in groups. He frequently fills WIBG's Studio 'A' with entire school classes, with glee clubs, with juvenile orchestras and dramatic units to bring listeners in the Philadelphia area an idea of what the younger generation is doing about radio. Talent ranges from four to eighteen years of age, and features everything from recitations to performances on the zither. There are certain memberships in the club which children don't care to obtain, but into which they're entered by their parents. These are the 'Thumb Suckers' Union'—the 'Nail Biters' Association' and the

"I Won't Club." Enrollment in these groups invariably breaks the bad habit, and results in disenrollment, which is the entire idea.

Willard is also a visual educator for the Women's Pennsylvania SPCA, in which position he visits many schools throughout eastern Pennsylvania, with special programs. On his visits, he often comes upon talent at school assemblies which add additional entertainment value to his programs.

His animal stories, both off and on the air, are requested by adult groups as well as by children, which accounts for additional lectures before parent-teacher, Rotarian and other organizations. Willard himself, when asked his age, usually replies that he was a hundred and three, several years ago, but he isn't sure how many. And backs it up by stating "I'd have to be at least that old to have over 50,000 nephews and nieces," But regardless of age, he's spry as many of the youngsters who call him Uncle. Three flights of stairs mean nothing to him, and he proves that by running up the stairs in the WIBG Building, rather than using the elevators. His nightly signoff "Don't forget to wash your face and hands, clean your teeth, and say your prayers" has worked far more than the admonitions of anxious parents in many homes, and because they've told him so, it has been in use ever since the first time he aired it, almost 20 years ago.

His whole theory of broadcasting is summed up in the words "I never worry about whether or not the program is good—all I ask is that it do some good."
WHAT'S NEW from
COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 17)

video shows on film for a cost of $2,000, which is claimed to be some $5,000 under the current tab.

This is one for the oldsters. Have you noticed that Francis X. Bushman, who used to send the hearts of ladies fluttering back in the days after the first World War, has been appearing more and more often on radio? Latest stunt we heard was his playing a small part as a ship's captain on one of the My Friend Irma programs.

Look for Mutual to start grooming a new singing star. Nineteen year old Delores Marshall was a typist in the script department of Mutual's Chicago outlet, WGN, until this past Spring, when she sought and won an audition as a singer, and so impressed execs with her voice that they promptly assigned her to a guest shot on a feature called Voices of Strings.

Did you know that Rudd Weatherwax came into possession of wonder dog Lassie when the former owner gave her up in lieu of paying a ten-dollar board bill for the dog?

As if Elliott Lewis weren't busy enough now, he's got another prospective show in the works. It's a burlesque on radio "who dunits," called "The Misadventures of Marcus O'Connor," and at this writing the program is on the front burner with a New York agency. If the deal goes through, you'll be hearing it this autumn.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER... Professor Quiz is turning author with a new tome tentatively titled "Ask Me Another"... Hollywood expects ABC and the Samuel Goldwyn studios to hold hands on television in the immediate future. A new dramatic series, The Wanderer, starring Alfred Drake, is due to hit the airlines soon... The Jack Smith show will move to the west coast this fall to give the singer an opportunity to do film work... Helen Hayes returning to radio, after a long absence, in a new dramatic series now titled Electric Theater... Any radio work for comediene Cass Daley will have to wait until next year, since she's expecting the stork in November... Can You Top This will probably not return to the air this year... John Brown signed to play his Digger O'Dell role in the film version of "Life of Riley"... New contracts have been handed The Beulah Show, Judy Canova.

1. "Here's how I manage those desk-to-dancing dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a bright cotton suit and dark tailored blouse to the office. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odor a full 24 hours."

You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics... protects clothes from stains and rotting! And Odorono stays so creamy-smooth too... even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "When date time comes I change to a light peasant blouse, tie on a big dark sash, and I'm set for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because the Hal'gene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known."

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula... even gentler, even more effective than ever before... all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.)
Joe Wesp once toured northern New York in a stagecoach, for fun. His tour of Poland was strictly for serious reporting.

"Well, this is great stuff," said Joe Wesp. "I've interviewed the big ones and the little ones—in Europe and America—but this is one of the few times anyone has ever interviewed me. I like it. It gives me an excuse to talk about myself."

All of which is ironic of the Ironic Reporter because from this point on it took an elephantine amount of wheedling, cajoling and coering to bring forth salient facts about Joe Wesp. For seventeen years now Joe Wesp has been a nightly feature on WBEN and he has been sponsored all that time, with the exception of a brief few months. It's something of a local—if not a national—record. The present sage of Buffalo's suburban Clarence was born Milford Wesp, in Buffalo, spent his boyhood in nearby Hamburg but came back to Buffalo at the age of 17 to get a job as copy boy at The Buffalo Evening News.

He held this position long enough to learn to type, whereupon he walked across the street and told the city editor of the now-extinct Buffalo Times that he was a reporter. He became one immediately—the youngest reporter in Buffalo.

At that time he was fresh from the farm and admits it. "Why, I didn't even have the hay out of my socks yet. We didn't get to town very often. When I got the job I didn't even know where City Hall was." On his 18th birthday, he enlisted in the Army in World War I. Mustered out a drill sergeant, Joe plunged into newspapering again. His list of alma maters included the Buffalo papers mentioned and three others. He was managing editor of the Syracuse American at 23 and one time night art editor of the Boston Advertiser.

While Joe Wesp obviously majored in newspaper work he at least minored in radio work, creeping in when no one was looking, so to speak, in 1930. This was because he had an incurable desire to talk to people without giving them a chance to talk back.

"At that time," he explains, "newscasters were talking as sweet as sugar. I got sick of honeyed news reports, so I tried a new angle. I went out on a limb—analyzing and predicting. But now I've had to change all that. People are worried all day long by the serious trend of news events so I give them the funny side."

The robust reporter checks several papers daily for items on which to comment—can spend all day batting out a script or can do it in half an hour, as he did once.

Among his most memorable newspaper experiences were his tour of Poland in 1929 and his horse-and-buggy trip through Western New York in 1933. He traveled the length and breadth of Poland and wrote 50 daily articles for The Buffalo Evening News. His work won him the Golden Cross of Merit from the Polish Government. He wrote daily articles for The Buffalo Evening News about his horse-and-buggy trip and also about his tour of the country around Buffalo in a stagecoach.

Joe can't understand how his mother came to name him Milford but during his Syracuse newspaper days, he roomed with three other reporters and all four called each other "Joe." The name stuck to Wesp.

His hobbies are hunting and fishing with his wife, who's a swell sport, according to Joe. The two regularly spend vacations together at fishing spots in Canada or New York State.

Joe Wesp is heard on WBEN Mondays through Fridays for 10 minutes, starting at 11:15 P.M.
In 1925, immediately following his graduation from Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, William Lawrence Shirer shipped as a cable boat crewman to Europe just for the summer. Twenty years passed before he was ready to resettle in the United States.

Upon arrival in France in 1925, he joined the staff of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, thus beginning his career as a journalist. He stayed with the Herald Tribune until 1932 as European correspondent, working in Paris, London, Switzerland, and Vienna, and in the Near East and India as well. Shirer remembers two years in India with Gandhi as his greatest experience. He was there to cover the first great "civil disobedience movement" against the British, and counts the late Mahatma as one of his most interesting friends.

In 1934, Shirer became chief of the Berlin bureau of the Universal News Service. At the same time he began broadcasting for network listeners in the U.S., and keeping the daily journal which became the basis for his bestselling Berlin Diary and End of the Berlin Diary. For the next five years he wandered about Europe covering stories on the preparations of the Nazis for World War II.

Shirer returned to the United States in 1940 to assemble Berlin Diary. He went back to Europe on assignments in 1943, '44, and '45. His experiences as war correspondent, particularly at the war guilt trials at Nuremberg, were compiled from his journal and published as End of the Berlin Diary.

Although Shirer was commentator for many war-time movie shorts, Hollywood will probably never be able to lure him away from New York. He thinks the people in the film industry are "nice but a little crazy," basing his opinion on two weekends when he was flown to the film capital to act as advisor on a film. His total working time amounted to one and a half hours, plus travel time and sightseeing time of course, and for this he was paid $10,000. "And the film was never produced," says Shirer.

The Chicago-born commentator is married to the former Theresa Stiberitz of Vienna. They make their home now in New York City with their two daughters, Eileen Inga and Linda Elizabeth. Mr. Shirer still writes a syndicated news column in addition to his fiction work. His weekly news broadcast heard over the Mutual Network on Sunday afternoon gives him sufficient free time for writing.

From Hayride to Honeymoon for a "LUSTRE-CREME" Dream Girl

HOPEFULLY, I consulted a leading hairdresser. After a shampoo with Lustre-Creme, my hair revealed new loveliness. "It's not a soap, not a liquid," he said, "but a rich-lathering cream shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too!"

ROMANCE SMILED on me after I discovered Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Don met me at a dance. "Golly...," said he, "it must have been dark the other night. I didn't know your hair is so lovely." He whispered, his lips brushing my Lustre-Creme tresses, "You are a dream girl... my Dream Girl."

YOU, TOO... can have soft, glamorous "Dream Girl" hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Dannott, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:
1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. No special rinse needed. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girl. 4-oz. jar, $1; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 95¢ and 25¢.

At all cosmetic counters. Try it today!
Dorian
creates a washable-starchable hause-coat of great distinction, soon to be seen at the leading fashion shops. "For this and all washables," says Dorian, "we recommend LINIT Starch. This finest of starches restores original finish and freshness."

Such a versatile garment! — a practical breakfast-time, too— the ideal starch for men's shirts, bed and table things, curtains, lingerie... LINIT makes cottons look and feel like linen, keeps them resistant to muss and sail. Ask your grocer for LINIT.

MISS MINNIE PEARL.

MISS MINNIE PEARL, queen of the mountaineer comedienne, who is heard on Saturdays at 10-30 P.M., EDT, on NBC's Grand Ole Opry, was born down in South Carolina way back in 1938—almost ten years ago. But Miss Sarah Ophelia Colley, whose personality has been practically usurped by the madcap character, was born at Grinder's Switch, Tennessee, near the quiet little town of Centerville, "... too long back to laugh about.

Ophelia, and the only one who still calls her that is her mother, because all her friends have taken to calling her Minnie Pearl, created her comedy character entirely by accident. "Did you ever wish you had the nerve to say exactly what you wanted to, at any time, or act any way you wished, without worrying about what people thought?" Miss Colley asked.

"Well, Minnie Pearl gives me a chance to do just that. I know it's corny, but it's fun."

Ophelia Colley first appeared in public as Minnie Pearl, costume and all, at a very fancy, gay, social function held at a fashionable hotel in a South Carolina resort town. She'd been there once before, while she was a coach for amateur talent shows, and had been asked to help out on this benefit. Her 89-cent organdy dress, lisle stockings, big, flat-heeled shoes and beflowered and fruited straw sailor hat created a riot of laughter among the evening garbed socialites as she walked through them to the platform that evening.

But her public appearances date back even farther than that. She was the youngest of five sisters and her sisters all played with her through her babyhood as though she were one of their dolls. The result—her sisters had her performing for the family and friends by the time she was able to walk.

When she finished high school, her parents decided to send her to Ward-Belmont, a leading Southern finishing school. She majored in elocution and dramatics, telescoped four years' work into two and returned to Centerville to teach in the local school.

But one day in 1940, the Tennessee Bankers Association had an all day session near Centerville and Minnie Pearl was engaged to help liven up the program. News of her unique and humorous act was carried back to Nashville and a week or two later she was hired by station WSM for a local show on the "Saturday night Grand Ole Opry. In 1942 she went on the NBC network, where her antics have become a beloved part of the program.

* LINIT is a registered trade-mark distinguishing this product of Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y.
F

One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

Such deep luxurious waves. So soft, so natural-looking. You’ll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive salon wave. But before trying Toni, you’ll want the answers to these questions:

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

Can I do it myself?
Sure. Every day thousands of women give themselves Toni Home Permanents. It’s easy as rolling your hair up on curlers.

Will TONI save me time?
Definitely. The Toni wave puts a half-day back in your life. You don’t have to spend hours away from home. While your Toni wave is “taking” you can go about your housework or do whatever you like.

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $13 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

Tune in "Give and Take" 2 p. m., Eastern Time, Saturday, CBS Network
At last! A dazzling luxury polish—at a dazzling new, low price!

Nail Brilliance
by Cutex
Only 25¢

Yours for a song! Yours for the most fabulous finger tips that ever twinkled! Nail Brilliance—the utterly, excitingly new kind of polish.

Here’s luxury unsurpassed by the highest-priced polishes. Yet it costs a mere 25¢.

New . . . the luxury bottle! Exquisite as a fine perfume bottle. Steady-based too. And you’ll “paint” like a genius with that beautifully balanced artist-type brush with camel hair tip.

New . . . the miracle wear! It’s simply fantastic how long Nail Brilliance stays perfect! Like flawless jewels gleaming on your hands!

New . . . the heavenly purity! Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use lovely Nail Brilliance with perfect safety. It’s the only luxury polish that gives you this protection “extra.”

New . . . such ravishing beauty! Ten tantalizing shades for every fashion, every need. Nail Brilliance stays brilliant too—never turns “cloudy.” So dazzle yourself and your audience. Get Nail Brilliance today!

NEW! COLOR-KEYED Cutex LIPSTICK! Creamy, luscious, clinging—created for perfect color harmony with Nail Brilliance shades. Only 49¢, plus tax. Try it!
CHARLIE and I were working the Chez Paree in Chicago, but we wanted to get into radio. The quickest way I figured it, was to interest advertising agencies. So I sent out a batch of telegrams modestly worded: "Come and see my act at the Chez Paree if you want a man with ten years' successful experience in vaudeville and nightclubs, who can write comedy and play it."

Nothing happened.

So I went to call on them, in person.

The first interview was a little disconcerting. "You write your own stuff? We have dozens of people who write good comedy."

"Ventriloquist?" shrugged the second. "It's probably all right to be one, but not on radio."

"You work with an audience? That's no good, another uttered his pronunciation. "I disagree, I ventured timidly. So I was out.

Then somebody pulled some wires and the really big chance came. Charlie was goggle-eyed. I was practically speechless—which went for both of us, of course! A fellow in charge of new talent at NBC was going to give us an audition. We sent our pants out to be pressed, got haircuts (at least, Charlie did), and presented ourselves promptly at the appointed hour. We did our stuff.

"That act will never go on radio," Mr. Big said bluntly. "The jokes aren't funny. The voice isn't right. The diction is dreadful."

"Nuts to you," muttered Charlie, and he held his thumb in the region of his nose as we turned and went, we thought forever.

But forever is a long time. In this case, it turned out to be a little less than six months. By then we were back in New York, doing our act in the Rainbow Room at Radio City, and when Elsa Maxwell threw one of her famous "400" parties for Noel Coward, Charlie and I "entertained." Then Elsa went on Rudy Vallee's radio show and when she began to talk about the way she lined up her party talent, Rudy suggested she introduce us on one of her NBC radio parties.

They asked us to come back a second week, and a third.

"Maybe we should get a little more money," I suggested mildly, at this point.

"Maybe," Charlie broke in. "Positively. Or I quit the act, and then Bergen will have to do all the talking."

It wasn't until we had been on the Vallee broadcasts about four months that I woke up to what was happening. A letter came addressed merely "Edgar Bergen, New York"—and I got it.

"We're famous, Bergen," Charlie chortled.

"Don't be silly, Charlie," I squelched him. But I was feeling pretty good myself. We'd done it, at last.

And Mr. Big, who gave us the brush-off on our First Audition—what became of him? Why, he got to be a Vice President, of course!
Please note these old familiar words: The sentiments herein expressed are not necessarily those of the editors. Now, what about the sentiments of our readers?

NOT so long ago, on a program called House Party, Art Linkletter conducted a week-long search for "the most recent mother." It was a modest stunt, but it demonstrated with frightening clarity just how far people will go to participate in radio's current give-away craze.

First day's tour of the studio audience uncovered a woman whose baby was a month old. Next day, it was a mother with a baby three weeks old. Every day, Art found the baby a little younger, the mother a little paler. On Friday, final day of the search, a young woman arrived at the studio in a wheel chair with a nurse in attendance. She had just left the hospital. Her husband had gone on home with the red, wrinkled infant. To this dauntless lady went the shiny, tomb-sized refrigerator.

And across the land, many a housewife looked at her outmoded, too-small ice chest and assured herself, "I'd have done the same thing—for a new refrigerator!"

A decade ago the average American dreamed (but never dared hope) that he might someday inherit $10,000 from his long-lost uncle in Australia. Today, the dream has grander proportions. And the uncle in Australia has been replaced by any one of 20 national programs that give away a king's ransom in treasure.

Specifically, radio is now giving away seven million dollars per season in cash and merchandise Network prizes alone average $84,000 a week. Out-of-town stations, with their own local give-aways, bring the jackpot up to $165,000.

Since this list was compiled, the Mutual Network has leaped into the fray with a program whose jackpot will be $50,000. "It's all a bribe," sputter the critics of radio. "Only way they can get listeners is to give away things!"

This, we know, isn't strictly true. A few audience participation shows are first-rate entertainment in themselves. And they'd have a healthy Hooper rating if they gave away nothing but old box-tops.

Alas, too many others have no entertainment merit whatsoever. They lure listeners with promises of grand prizes, but let weeks and weeks drag on before the only worthwhile ones, such as a car and a piano, are actually given away.

Moreover, one needn't show a gram of intelligence to win all on some of these sessions. Much depends on luck, the prompting of the studio audience and whether or not the quizmaster takes a fancy to you. Sometimes the hints are so broad it's a wonder the FCC doe-n't come down in wrath and take away the station's license.
For the law specifically bars programs that bear any resemblance to a lottery. If a contestant wins a prize without a show of skill or intelligence, couldn’t it be said that he won by chance? And games of chance are forbidden. So there you are.

It's no wonder that comedians have taken to satirizing the whole give-away business. "Did you folks like the $1,000 bills you found on your seats when you came in?" Fred Allen asked his studio guests recently. Truly, it wasn't a far-fetched query. Not as radio goes these days.

However, take the stunts on Truth or Consequences. They are handled with taste and showmanship. There is never a huge give-away, such as the Miss Hush contest or the Walking Man stunt, that doesn't have a charity angle. Ralph Edwards has raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for cancer research, for the heart fund and the March of Dimes. Ralph would give listeners a good show whether he had anything to give away or not. This puts Truth or Consequences in the minority among give-away programs. Most of them are, at best, mediocre.

It was thought for a time last year that give-away shows were on the wane. That their day was mercifully over and we could go back to entertainment for its own sweet sake.

Then ABC came along with Stop the Music! It combined the flashier features of the juke box, the slot machine, bingo and an old program called The Pot o' Gold. It had a "mystery tune" for added excitement, and the grand prize winners were not the studio guests but people on The Great Outside who were called on the telephone.

In less than a month rival networks had programs on the air that were almost carbon copies. All used the telephone as a fulcrum. All suffered from the same noisiness. All were guilty of radio's newest sin: bribing listeners. Offering prize bait instead of entertainment. Unfortunately, it's a trend that will abate only when listeners shove their dials away from these bargain basements and tune in a half hour of good music or drama.

Though at least six programs now use the telephone gimmick, statistics show that the average family is listening against tremendous odds. Precisely, the chances are one in 22 million that you will be called by a jolly quizmaster who wants to know how many feet make a biped. A radio statistician figured that out simply by counting the phones in the USA.

People who (Continued on page 96)
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It's no wonder that comedians have taken to satirizing the whole give-away business. "Did you folks like the $2,000 bills you found on your seats when you came in?" Fred Allen asked his studio guests recently. Truly, it wasn't a far-fetched query. Not as radio goes these days.

However, take the stunts on Truth or Consequences. They are handled with taste and showmanship. There are no huge give-away, such as the Miss Hush contest or the Walking Man stunt that doesn't have a shifty angle.

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People who...
Remembering

TOM BRENEMAN

By GARRY MOORE

WHEN RADIO MIRROR first asked that I write about Tom Breneman, I was a little afraid to tackle it. "There's nobody I'd rather talk about," I said, "but after all, I was never fortunate enough to be among Tom's intimate circle. I'd feel presumptuous...."

But even as I was speaking, it came to me suddenly that I did know Tom very well indeed, that in a strange and wonderful way I had been becoming better acquainted with him day by day.

And it is this that I'll try, humbly and gratefully, to tell you about...how I, one among his millions of admirers, know that the spirit of Tom Breneman lives and his soul goes laughing on.

The world of radio, as you know, is a busy place, ruled by the clock. For a long time my acquaintance with Tom was mostly that of an interested listener to his phenomenal Breakfast in Hollywood. Very few performers who worked my late-at-night hours enjoyed the privilege of frequent contact with a man whose work hauled him from bed before dawn, sent him back shortly after twilight. When Tom was hitting the pillow out at his Encino home, most of us were warming up for our own encounters with the mike.

I listened, when I could, to Tom's show. Who didn't? It was the talk of show business. Here was a guy who, as Hedda Hopper once put it so neatly, had "parlayed a dame's hat, a hothouse orchid, and a gift of gab into a national institution." Radio's wiseacres had said, almost to a man, that the idea hadn't a chance. But there it was, heading the list of daytime shows for nationwide popularity, tops on the polls, first in the hearts of the nation's housewives old and young, and rating high with the male population as well. Skeptics, who couldn't believe it at first, began to listen tentatively and then became Breneman "converts." Like my friend Durante, he had a million of 'em—plus other millions who never needed "converting."

My actual meetings with Tom, when I look back on them, tell me why this had to be so. What he gave on the air was more than fun, zaniness, and laughter. It was warm, human sympathy. It was friendliness. And he gave you that in person, too.

I first met him backstage at some benefit show a few years ago. A big fellow he was, with distinguished silverying hair, saddish eyes that still carried a twinkle in their depths, and a rather tired expression. Tired, that is, until he smiled, which he did often and freely. "Hiya, Garry," he said, as if we'd known each other a long time. "Say, I like your show."

Words like that are always sweet music to a performer, especially when they're said with Tom's sincerity by such a veteran as he was. Whenever we ran across each other after that, it was "Hiya, Garry" and "Hiya, Tom," easy and friendly.

The last time I talked to him it was by telephone. Tom was going away with the lovely Mrs. Breneman to Arizona for a badly needed rest, and I was among those who were to "guest" for him during his absence. But I had fallen ill, and my illness had become worse. Now it looked as if I'd not only be unable to "sub" for Tom but would have to ask help (Continued on page 89)

The people who work in radio, and those who listen to it, will long remember Tom Breneman. For he gave away generously some of the world's most precious goods: kindness, friendship, laughter.
I WAS THE Wife of the Week

By MRS. FRANK S. PILLION

I HAVE just finished three days in New York as the guest of The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air, and, because the whole thing has been such fun, I think that maybe all of those who follow Betty Crocker's broadcasts every weekday morning would like to know exactly what happens when you are chosen the Homemaker of the Week and are invited to come to New York and appear on her Wednesday broadcast.

For those who are not familiar with the show, I had better explain that the Homemaker of the Week is chosen on the basis of letters about their wives written to Betty Crocker by husbands in her audience. In my case, I did not know what was in Frank's letter until he read it on the air. I did not even know that he had written it until one afternoon there was a ring at the door of our home in Lackawanna, New York, and a nice-looking young man identified himself as a representative of the Betty Crocker show.

I thought he was making some kind of an audience survey until he asked if I had any objection to going on the air. Then I realized that Frank must have written a prize-winning letter, without saying a word to me about it. I couldn't wait for him to get home so I could find out what he had said about me.

But he wouldn't tell me. He just laughed and said,

From a husband's tribute to his wife.

Special pan for Mrs. Pillion's noodles was designed by her husband, but they explained to Magazine of the Air's Susan Adams (c.) that it's just an "extra."

Less than two hours after leaving Lackawanna, N. Y., the Pillions were at La Guardia, ready for the dining-out, theater-going holiday the Betty Crocker program had planned.
After Frank Pillion's winning letter was read, Mrs. Pillion demonstrated her chicken-and-noodle recipe step by step before the hungry eyes of M.C. Win Elliot, Mr. Pillion, home economist Elsie Buxman, (r) and the studio audience at Betty Crocker's Magazine of the Air. (Program time is Monday through Friday, 10:30 A.M. EDT, on ABC stations.)

"I've forgotten. You told me to write to Betty Crocker, so, being the properly obliging husband that I am, I did it."

"I never did tell you to write to Betty Crocker!" I protested. "I wouldn't be so conceited!"

Then I remembered.

Frank is extremely fond of a "Chicken Paprikash" that I make. He went on about it so enthusiastically the last time I served it that I said,

"Don't tell this to me—tell it to Betty Crocker, so she can tell the world."

It was just something you say in fun, but it gave him an idea. He wrote the letter at his office, dropped it in the mail and said nothing whatever about it. And I thought my husband had no secrets from me!

The next thing that happened was a long distance call from New York. A nice voice asked if I would be at home at 4:30 to talk with Bill Doughten.

"You have the wrong number," I said firmly. "I do not know a Mr. Doughten."

When they insisted that they had the right number, it flashed through my mind that it might be one of my husband's army friends, so I said,

"Would you mind telling me who Mr. Doughten is? He may want Mr. Pillion, not Mrs. Pillion."

"It's Mr. Doughten, Program Supervisor of the Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air," they said. "Can you talk at 4:30?"

With that I woke up.

"By all means!" I said because I suspected that they would not be calling all the way from New York unless they were going to ask us to go on the air.

I was delighted. We had been at home quite closely since Frank came out of the army. We were ready for a holiday, and what could be more entertaining than going to New York and meeting the people I had been listening to on the air? Everyone always wonders what the people on favorite programs really are like. Besides, I always had been curious to know if Betty Crocker had a real kitchen in front of her microphone or if they were just acting out that part of the program.

I called Frank right away.

"Try to get here," I asked him. "And bring that letter! Now I have to see it."

The call came through on the dot. Mr. Doughten wanted to know if it would be convenient for both of us to be their guests in about two weeks. That gave us easy time to arrange Frank's business so he could be away, and the date was set and three other nice voices came on the line: Susan (Continued on page 79)
In his special corner of
New York State, world-wanderer
Thomas is really "at home"

By WELLS CHURCH
Director of News Broadcasts on CBS, on which
Lowell Thomas is heard Mon.-Fri., 6:45 P.M. EDT.

There are a lot of things I remember
about Lowell Thomas, and one of the
most vivid is the first taxi-ride I had
with him. It was a dark night and we
were on a dark corner. We got into
the first taxi that came along and
Lowell said, "Take us to the station.
please." There was an instant reaction
from the driver. Without turning
around he announced, "I'd know that
voice anywhere. You're Lowell
Thomas."

"Happens all the time," Thomas
grinned at me. "Proves one thing: I'll
never commit a crime—I couldn't stay
hidden for ten minutes!"

Walking around with Lowell in the
daytime, I've noticed his face is recog-
nized almost as fast as his voice—

From a completely-equipped studio behind the garage, Thomas can
broadcast as conveniently as though he were at CBS in New York.
Announcer Nelson Case (center) comes up to Hammersley Hill to be
on hand for both broadcasts (6:45 and 11 P.M.). Electra Ward, one
of Thomas's secretaries, times the show, keeps material straight.
2,000 acres of Dutchess County, in upper New York State, go with "Hammersley Hill," which Thomas purchased two years ago.

LOWELL THOMAS

The barn is HQ for a wild kitten club.

Thomas makes his outdoor "office" on the dock at private Quaker Lake, which sparkles over 90 acres of Hammersley Hill. At Quaker Hill Country Club (right) Thomas introduces a student group to the "History of Civilization Fireplace," which when complete will represent all ages of man with archaeological finds given by Thomas and many of his explorer friends.
In his special corner of New York State, world-wanderer Thomas is really "at home"  

By WELLS CHURCH

There are a lot of things I remember about Lowell Thomas, and one of the most vivid is the first taxi-ride I had with him. It was a dark night and we were on a dark corner. We got into the first taxi that came along and Lowell said, "Take us to the station please." There was an instant reaction from the driver. Without turning around he announced, "I'd know that voice anywhere. You're Lowell Thomas." "Happens all the time," Thomas grinned at me. "Proves one thing: I'll never commit a crime—I couldn't stay hidden for ten minutes!"

Walking around with Lowell in the daytime, I've noticed his face is recognized almost as fast as his voice—

From a completely-equipped studio behind the garage, Thomas can broadcast as conveniently as though he were at CBS in New York. Announcer Nelson Case (center) comes up to Hammersley Hill to be on hand for both broadcasts (6:45 and 11 P.M.). Electra Ward, one of Thomas's secretaries, times the show, keeps material straight.

Thomas makes his outdoor "office" on the dock at private Quaker Lake, which sparkles over 90 acres of Hammersley Hill. At Quaker Hill Country Club (right) Thomas introduces a student group to the "History of Civilization Fireplaces," which when complete will represent all ages of man with archaeological finds given by Thomas and many of his explorer friends.
Mrs. Thomas lifts Winkie out of reach of poodle Boots and spaniel Roger—though of course they’re all friends!

Both Lowells, Jr. and Sr., keep 16 mm. movie records of all their trips, which adds up to quite a film library.

thanks to a dozen years of having it on every Fox Movietone Newsreel. “Gosh, Lowell Thomas looks worried today—think he’s heard some new war rumors?” strangers mutter to each other as they pass him on the street. Or else they gloat, “Hey, look how happy Thomas looks today. There’ll be good news tonight!”

All of this is the natural result of the longest continual record in radio history: eighteen years of broadcasting, five days a week, at the same exact time (6:45-7:00 PM, EDT. No vacations, no holidays—when he goes anywhere, a microphone goes with him. Some of it comes also from twice-a-week newsreel commentary, and from hundreds of travel shorts and commercial movies which Thomas also narrates. Yes, his name and voice are known everywhere. I should know—as a friend of his, I spend half my time answering questions about him. I finally decided to get him down on paper for posterity—and to settle a few wrong guesses while I’m at it!

For instance, you think, don’t you, that Thomas is a stuffed shirt—because his voice is so superbly modulated? Wrong. The only shirts he cares about are loud and raucous sports ones, of which he has a bigger collection than Bing Crosby. You think, also, that Thomas lives next door to CBS—and that all he does is face a mike? Wrong again. He lives two hours from New York City in a sprawling colossus of a country house
Thomas is very active in community affairs in the Quaker Hill section where Hammersley Hill is located; he lectures frequently at the Country Club to students, teachers and friends.

with his wife and son—and with his own private broadcasting studio 200 yards from his front porch. You think that he's an authority on just one thing, radio? Wrong once more—Mr. T., is a famous explorer of Africa and India, a traveler who has seen every corner of the world, the author of forty books, a ski expert... and in his past he has been everything from a gold miner to a college professor. He's also had a prodigious number of “firsts”—first man to broadcast from an airplane, from a ship at sea, from a submarine, and from a helicopter. Further, he's the first commentator who appeared on television. Convinced?

But you'd be convinced of anything if you visited his 2000-acre estate called “Hammersley Hill,” where he lives and works. Certainly I was convinced when I first visited there, about a year ago. To start with, I will never forget my astonishment when I walked into his living room for the first time to meet my fellow guests—who were ex-President Herbert Hoover, General Jimmy Doolittle, and the famous explorer Roy Chapman Andrews! I might add that I was further astounded by Lowell's twenty-four-year-old son Lowell Jr., who is no mean explorer himself. He was home from Dartmouth College that weekend, and he sat around matching notes with General Doolittle and Mr. Andrews on such diverse places as Brazil, Alaska, and Turkey the way you and I would match notes on the corner drug store. Pretty Mrs. Thomas joined in a lot too, because she's been around the world several times with her busy husband.

But fascinated as I was by the unusual guests and conversation, I was just as dumbfounded over the estate itself—most of whose 2000 acres Lowell showed me from horseback the next morning. “I'm always outdoors and exercising every morning, winter or summer,” he told me as we rode. “I discovered long ago that there's no such thing as bad weather if you're dressed for it!”

So, mounted on Lowell's horses, we trotted up to a ski lift and a ski chalet. “Yes, they're my own,” he admitted. “I built them because I love skiing—and now all my friends are up here skiing as much as I am.” My jaw was still hanging at the idea of a private ski lift and chalet when Lowell guided me to a sparkling ninety-acre lake. “And this is my own lake, where I swim every morning in summer—along with all my friends,” he said with the pride of ownership.

We spent the whole morning looking at the endless buildings and woods on his beautiful place. In the afternoon neither I nor anyone else in the household saw Lowell at all. He was hard at work in his four-room studio building, abetted by his four secretaries, a switchboard, a film-cutting room and a projection room for showing movies—these last two for his news-reel and travelogue film activities. Later (Continued on page 97)
When Mary came to New York from Iowa, she was a stranger in the city, lonely and confused. She tried unsuccessfully to get work as an actress, but without contacts or experience the way was so difficult that she finally accepted a stenographic job in a theatrical agent's office. It was, for the time being, the closest she could get to her dream. And she was never sorry, for it was here that, one day, she met Larry Noble, one of America's handsomest actors, idol of a million women.
The love of Mary and Larry Noble glows more brightly than the make-believe glamor of the theater that is part of their lives.

Instantly attracted by Mary's prettiness and charm, Larry invited her to see the play in which he was starring. And later, at supper in one of New York's glamorous restaurants, the young actor and the shy Iowa girl realized breathlessly that they had fallen in love. Then and there, Larry proposed marriage—and was accepted.

Larry's love lifted Mary into a world of happiness where fear and loneliness had no place. Quietly, in a picturesque Connecticut church, they were married. Because of Larry's nightly appearances in his successful play on Broadway, they had no honeymoon—and needed none. They could not have been happier on the moon.

IN Radio Mirror's backward look at important moments in the life of Backstage Wife are the following actors, just as you hear them on the air:

Mary Noble is played by Claire Niesen
Larry Noble by James Meighan
Regina Rawlings by Anne Burr
Maude Marlowe by Ethel Wilson
Tom Bryson by Charles S. Webster
Margot by Dorothy Sands
4. Larry's success enabled the Nobles to buy a pretty little house in Rosehaven, a Long Island suburb half an hour away from the city. And Larry Jr. was born—born into a world over which threatening war clouds finally broke. Larry Sr. became a lieutenant in the Coast Guard.

5. Larry saw much active duty in the South Pacific, and Mary, though busy with her own acting career on which she embarked during his absence, went through days and nights of heartache. But two devoted friends cheered the little house in Rosehaven: Tom Bryson, Larry's former manager, and actress Maude Marlowe.

8. But luck changed: Tom Bryson returned from Hollywood with a play to be produced by wealthy, glamorous Regina Rawlings, in which there was an excellent part for Larry. The play was an immediate success—and so, in another way, was Larry, for imperious Regina fell in love with him and directed all her considerable charm toward winning him away from Mary.

9. As Larry continued impervious to her overtures, Regina became increasingly determined to make him conscious of her as a woman. Deciding that with Mary out of the way her chances would be far greater, she and her maid Margot worked out a series of lies and schemes which resulted in Mary's being sent away, with Larry's consent, for a "rest cure" in Connecticut.
6. Then came the day the world waited for: the war was over. Larry, reunited with his wife and son, planned a return to the stage. But financial trouble overtook the Nobles as time stretched out and Larry, in spite of his talent and experience, did not seem able to find a suitable, promising part.

7. Finally, famous playwright Eric Jackson, who remembered Larry’s outstanding work, said he had written a play especially for Larry. Larry, eager to accept, suddenly realized that Jackson was infatuated with Mary. Mary, greatly upset, persuaded Larry to reject the part, though it meant hardship.

10. Mary’s enforced “rest cure,” which of course she did not need, was valuable because it gave her the time and perspective to see what was happening to her and Larry. She understood how—and why—Regina was plotting to separate her from Larry, and she saw that the best thing she could do was to return home at once. Suddenly, one day, she packed and went.

11. Larry, Larry Jr., Maude and Tom were overjoyed at Mary’s return home. But her troubles with Regina were far from ended. Armed with a talent for scheming and the strong will to win any game she played, Regina countered Mary’s return by flaunting the estate she had bought, right near the Noble home in Rosehaven. Here she was closer than ever to Larry.
Rodio Mirror's Prize Poem

THE NINTH MONTH

September is a stallion
with a flowing, tawny mane,
who has never known a bridle,
nor a rider, nor a rein:
a steed of bronze and amber
whose bright hooves strike the ground
with a shrill, staccato rhythm
and an icy, ringing sound.
September is a mustang
from wild, untamed skies
who gallops down the earthways
with wind-enchanted eyes.
—Virginia Moran Evans

TO A LITTLE GIRL GROWING UP
(On Having Her Dress Let Down)

This dress has faded pinkish-white
Like laurel long exposed to light—
Its hem, let down, has left a streak,
As pink as this or that plump cheek.
Around the skirt, it's that you mind—
Not fadiness? Why, how unkind—
For that pink streak will serve to show
All those who really couldn't know,
When it was new, your dress
Was all rose-loveliness!
Isn't the story you like best—
Better than "Snow White" and the rest—
The one that I begin: "When I was small like
you?"
Well, that's a pink streak, too,
Or so it seems.
In the much duller stuff of dreams
My grown-up self must wear—
So there!
And, really, if one didn't grow
And hems were kept hemmed up just so
In gowns and selves, their dawn-color gone,
Each time we quietly slipped them on,
There wouldn't even be—just think—
One gay, remembering streak of pink!
—Violet Alleyn Storey

REGRESSION

I have drawn back the silver veil of years
And found the happy town, the laughing street
That knew me as a child. Oh, I have stood
Once more in the familiar doorway where the sweet
Clear scent of lilacs rides astride the breeze
To call and reawaken memories
Long lost in dust. Oh, I have walked
The garden paths again and I have talked
To old acquaintances and frequented
The gay familiar haunts of long ago
And yet I am an alien—alone—
A stranger in my native land. I know
Man may retrace the steps of any Climb,
Descent, or Distance—anything but Time.
—Pegasus Buchanan

THE BOOK

The world's a book to small boys running
Past streams where solemn frogs are sunning;
Through fields where yellow king-cups shout:
"What's the hurry all about?"
So much to read in earth's thick book,
So little time to stop and look
At all the wonders printed deep
Upon the day. Too soon will sleep
Make reluctant prisoners
Of these quick-heeled geographers,
These small philosophers and sages
Who turn earth's multi-colored pages.
—Pauline Havard
SONG FOR AN OPEN DOOR

An open door is beautiful to me
As anything in houses, whether it be,
When the pattern of it lies lamp-lit,
Along the velvet grass, or when I see the morning sun flow in to gild a floor.

An open door is somehow made for laughter,
And song to drift through, and one looks back after
Leave-taking, glad to see an unshut door.
I know they will be lovely down the years
To me as now, all opened doors, but none
Can be so fair as that one which appears
In sweet remembrance when, my journey done,
Or school, I see again my Mother stand,
Smiling at me, and holding out her hand.

—Elaine V. Emons

EPITAPH FOR A PASS(TM) TIME

In the bygone days when a man could glide
Through a waltz or two and a daring dip,
Or a fox trot paired with a one-two-slide
At a sweetly easy and dreamy clip;
When a man could figure on ample space
For his gal and self to meander in.
The art of dancing was subtle grace . . .
And you'd find me out for a trial spin.

But I learned my lesson with much to spare
On my first good crack at the modern floor,
When they finally dragged me away by the hair
From beneath the feet of some forty-score;
I was jittered and jived into black and blue
And wrestled around in a vicious whirl
Till I lost all track of the time and view,
And—oh, where are you now, dear?—even my—girl!

Take the boogie-woogie and jumpin' jive,
Those who will dare. I'll just stay alive.

—S. H. Dewhurst

CHILD SWINGING

Firm his feet on the swing-board end;
Sure his knees in their stretch and bend.
Far up he goes; his body one
With sky and wind, and cloud and sun.
Down he comes with reluctant space
Pulling hard at his hair and face.
He steps in effervescent mirth
And stagger on the steady earth.

—Elene Chamberlin

VACATION

This is a photograph of you,
Warm and laughing, lean and browned;
This I have, and a ticket stub,
And a rusty ring from a merry-go-round.

With no regrets for the kiss we shared,
Nor the tears I shed when we came to part,
I have decided it's just as well
That I had no room to pack your heart.

—Harriet Scott
Radio Mirror's Prize Poem
THE NINTH MONTH
September in a station
with a flying, funny name
who has never known a bride,
not a bride, nor a nun.
And under the moon,
the bright, lovely moon,
above the cloud of mist
who gleams down in the snow
with wind-swept signs.
—Virginia Menas Evans

TO A LITTLE GIRL GROWING UP
(On Having Her Dress Let Down)
This dress has faded pinkish-white
like burnt cork; long exposed to light.
Its hem, set low, has fell in drape.
As pink as this or that plump cheek.
Around the skirt, it's that you mind—
Not faded! Why, how unnatural.
For that pink dress will serve to show
All those who really couldn't know.
When it was new, your dress
Was all rose-blossomness!
Isn't the story you like best—
Better than "Snow White" and the rest.—
The one that began: "When I was small-like you"—
—Well, that's a pink dress, too.
Or so it seems.
In the much droller stuff of dreams
My grown-up self must wear—
—So there!
And, remember, if one didn't grow
And baste was kept hemmed up just so
in gowns and suites, their dowdy color gone.
Each tone we quietly slipped them on.
There wouldn't be even but just dapple—
One gray, remembering shock of pink
—Violet Alleyn Storey

THE BOOK
The world's a book to small boys running
Past streams where salmon frogs are running
Through fields where yellow bluebells grow
"What is the hurry all about?"
So much to read in earth's thick book.
So little time to stop and look.
At all the wonders printed deep.
Upon the day, too soon will sleep
Make relented princes
Of those quick-in-between geographers,
Those small philosophers and epics
Who turn earth's uneventful pages.
—F. L. Howard

REVERSION
I have drawn back the silver veil of years
And found the happy town, the laughing street
That knew me as a child. Oh, I have stood
Once more in its familiar doorway where
the sweet

Clear scent of lilacs rides outside the breeze
To call and reveal memories
Long held in trust. Oh, I have walked
The golden paths again and I have talked
To old acquaintances and frequented
The gay familiar haunts of long ago
And yet I am no elusive—alone.
A stranger in my native land. I know
Man may return the stage of any Climh,
Fourth, or Distance—anything but Time.
—Frederick Hawthorne

SONG FOR AN OPEN DOOR
An open door is beautiful to me
As anything in houses, whether it
Be when the pattern of a line, long or short,
Along the velvet door, or when we rise
The morning sun flows in to fill a floor.
An open door is somewhere made for laughter
And songs to drift through, and one looks back after
Leaves-taking, glad to see an unshed door.
I know they will be lovely down the years
to me as new, all opened doors, but now
Can be so fair as that one in sweet remembrance when, my journey done,
Or school, I saw again my mother stand,
Smiling at me, and holding out her hand.
—Alice V. Brown

CHILD SWINGING
Firm his feet on the swing-board and
Saw his knees in his stretch and bend.
For as he goes his body one
With sky and wind, and cloud and sun.
Down he goes with widening smile
Pulling at his hair and face
His steps in afternoon warmth
And stagger's on the steady earth.
—Emily Charnell

EPITAPH FOR A PASSTIME
In the bygone days when a man could glide
Through a walk or two and a dashing dip,
Or a fine true pair, paired with a one-two-slide
At a swiftly easy and dreamy dip;
When a man could figure an ample space
And pull his gal and self tomeasure in,
The art of dancing was subtle grace...
And you'd find me out for a trial spin.
But I learned my lesson with each to spare
On my first good crack at the modern floor,
When they finally dragged me away by the hair
From beneath the feet of some fortunate; I was trounced and jived into black and blue.
And withied around in a vicious whirl
Till I lost all track of the tunes and view.
And—oh, where are you now, dear,—when my—girl
Take the tourist-woogie and jumpin' five,
Those who will dare. I'll just stay alive.
—A. M. Doherty

VACATION
This is a photograph of you.
Wearing and laughing, free and honest:
This I know, and a ticket stub.
And a dusty rag from my journey round.
With no regrets for the fun we shared,
Now the tears I shed when we came to part,
I have decided it's just as well
That I can no room to perk your heart.
—Harriet Scott
Thor, the colossal Great Dane, was a sidewalk superintendent as Les, maid Mary Hermanoski and Alice turned out the food.

Come on over—Alice Reinheart and Les Tremayne

The apartment shortage kept the Tremaynes in one room until recently; that's why parties in their big new place are such fun.

Actress Ethel Owen's new white hat got a big ovation from Alice, while Les greeted Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kohl (Arthur is Archie Andrews' radio father; Ethel Owen is heard in many daytime drama roles).

There's a whole room for Les's hobby—cameras, Alice Frost (radio's Mrs. North) and her husband, ad-executive Bill Tuttle, were impressed by Les's work and equipment—both excellent.

Alice Reinheart is Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful, on
are having some friends in for an informal party. They're all people you know

Les's hot swing records, which alternate on the library shelves with Alice's classical albums, proved too much for Hal and Gloria Peary, as Les, Alice, the Kohls and actor Ron Rawson looked on, enviously.

The ensemble: Alice's piano (covered with a family treasure, a priest's robe 200 years old); Arthur, Gloria, Hal, Mrs. Kohl, Les. But those are not the names the neighbors called them, the next day!

Any party, whether it be on Park Avenue in New York City (as this one was) or on Main Street in Medicine Hat, has one higher-than-high point: the eats. Light from the candlesticks (a gift from Ramon Novarro) falls on Alice's prized Wedgwood china, and on the handsome cloth that was hand-made by a devoted radio listener. And Mary decides she'll need that extra platterful, for the company, locust-wise, is clearing the table; left to right are Ron, Les, Ethel, Alice, the Tuttles, the Pearys, the Kohls.

NBC; Les Tremayne is heard in Adventures of The Falcon (MBS, Mon. nights at 8 P. M. EDT) and in Romance (CBS, Mon., 10:30 P. M. EDT).
People in love must have

a mutual interest, Charlene had heard. So with a very little, a very white lie, she invented one!

WHEN Bride and Groom first went on the air, we thought it would be interesting to arrange a set of master-files on the various phases of courtship, based on actual experiences of engaged couples. For instance, how do the average boy and girl meet? What is the usual reason for their falling in love? How, and under what circumstances, does the boy usually propose?

Since then, we've interviewed several thousand couples, on and off the air, but we still don't have those master-files. Instead, we have a separate file for each couple, and a thorough conviction that real-life love stories just can't be arranged into classifications.

The way in which boy meets girl, for example. How would you classify a meeting that took place because of a mouse and a five-dollar bill? It happened when Monroe Martin was paying his breakfast check at the restaurant where Marjorie DeShazo was cashier. The mouse chose that moment to stroll nonchalantly onto the scene and, before the uproar was ended, Marjorie and Monroe were in a financial argument. Monroe insisted that he had given her a ten-dollar bill, while Marjorie was just as certain that it had been only a five-dollar bill.

To prove it, Marjorie indignantly checked her cash-drawer—and discovered she was exactly five dollars over. At the same time, Monroe checked his wallet—and discovered he still had his ten-dollar bill! They never did figure out where the extra five dollars came from, but they compromised by using it to finance their first date together—which led eventually to their sharing a wedding date on (Continued on page 74)
It all began when Charlene was enrolled in a school for models and Ed was attending a school of photography. And it came to the best of possible conclusions some months later, with the help of Bride and Groom and the good offices of Pastor George J. Robertson.

and a trout named Pappy

Coeur D'Alene had its fun with this "magnificent honeymoon suite" but more than made up for the joke later.

A special plane, "Just Married" blazoned on the side, carried Ed and Charlene to nearby points of interest.
People in love must have a mutual interest, Charlene had heard. So with a very little, a very white lie, she invented one!

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The best way to fall in
love is not to know it's coming.

Then all at once, there you are—and (if you're as lucky as
Betty and George) it's wonderful!

The life we've found together is really pretty special—and so peculiarly ours, I'm wondering how to talk about it...

I'm also afraid to remember how close we came to never finding our love at all. Or, correction, how close I, who was allergic to love, came to passing it by.

George's story is that the instant he first set eyes on me, he said, "That's for me!" I tell him I don't believe him. How can I believe him when he describes what I was wearing all wrong—proving, doesn't it, that he didn't really see me at all? He insists that I was wearing a brown suit with, of all repulsive combinations, a black and white checked coat and, I'm quoting him, "The most vile hat!"—when actually I had on a beige wool dress, what I thought was a pretty wonderful hat and no coat at all!

We met, strangely enough, in the studio at CBS, the day George auditioned for the part of Bill Roberts in our Rosemary show—the part he got and, as our fans and friends know, still has.

Nothing could have been more unpropitious for falling in love, so far as I was concerned, than to meet another young man auditioning for the part of Bill. We had been auditioning young men and not-so-young men all week long and I was young-men happy. To me, George was just another young man, another young man in uniform (this was 1945 and George, still in the Army—just back, in fact, from overseas) so, barely glancing at him I said, ruffling the pages of the script, "Okay, let's go..."

But when we started to read together I realized that with this young man there was a mature interpretation of the script—and, for me, there was something more. There was a fine point, here, of relationship in acting.

In good acting, in proper acting, when you read a script with someone, you establish a relationship with him. Usually, however, actors are so nervous while auditioning that they are thinking only of their lines, only of themselves and not at all of you. But with George, it was different. It was the difference between making contact and not making contact. In other words, I felt that George related to me and I, to him.

...but only as Rosemary and Bill.

After the audition, I congratulated him and we went our separate ways. If I'd thought about him at all, which I didn't, I'd have said that young Mr. Keane's lack of interest in me matched, nicely, my lack of interest in him. He didn't even say he hoped he'd see me again "some day." He'll tell you now, "I didn't try. I didn't even try. I just bided my time."

That he did.

"I kissed her in a taxicab on Thanksgiving Day, 1945" is George's line-a-day in his diary for Thanksgiving Day of 1945.

So he did.

We had been working together, by that time, for about two months and never an "ask" for a date; never a gleam in George's eyes. Then, suddenly, after the
Thanksgiving broadcast, “Let’s go around the corner and have something to eat,” said George to me—and to Dodi Yeats, who was the director of our show at that time. At Louis and Armand’s, the little restaurant around the corner from CBS, we had a holiday eggnog. Then Dodie had to leave us. I was going on for dinner at the Millard Lampell’s (Millard, as you know, wrote The Long Way Home) and after a bit of talk which, for all the personal touch it had, might have been broadcast over the networks, George put me in a cab. Just as the cab started to pull away, he quickly leaned in—and kissed me.

It made me feel very warm and nice, that kiss—very nice and warm but nothing more. I know, now, that I underestimated its significance, but at the time—well, after all, it was a holiday and men who had been overseas were pretty sentimental, I knew, about holidays. So it didn’t particularly surprise me. Putting it down as just one of those things, I quickly dismissed it from my mind. It was, as I recall it, another two months before George again indicated that I was in his (Continued on page 92)

By

BETTY WINKLER

Betty Winkler and George Keane are heard in Rosemary, Mon.-Fri. at 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS stations.

“After the weekend we spent with Elaine Carrington, she married us in the script!”
Tex McCrary and his wife, Jinx Falkenburg, run Tex-Jinx Productions in N.Y. In Manhasset, they just live.

In THE East Sixties in New York there is a brownstone house that has been converted into handsome offices. You go up two flights of stairs, carpeted in emerald green, and come to a door that says, in very small print, “Tex-Jinx Productions.” Inside is a set of rooms done in the most attractive modern style. The first is studded with four little desks of blond wood, deep leather chairs, and stunning drapes. The main room is outstanding for its use of color and the fact that it is built around a fabulous television set in a custom-made cabinet. Off this is a small private office done in cocoa brown but dominated by a cherry-red sofa—one of those long, flat jobs in heavy weave material.

All this gives a picture of the workshop in which is conducted one of the most successful partnerships today—Mr. and Mrs. Tex McCrary—successful in marriage, family, radio and television, they go at a dizzy pace, so they are very grateful for their office-haven. Their home is out in Manhasset, Long Island, and they manage to keep it completely free from business.

Although they are doing seven radio shows a week—their early morning show six times and, of course, they are the summer replacement for Duffy's Tavern every Wednesday night, it was television we wanted to talk about, and Tex was only too happy to comply. Jinx lets him do most of the talking—displaying a great deal more wifeliness than most less glamorous, less famous fraus.

To the all-important question about what was wrong with television today, Tex answered a surprising, “Nothing.” But then he went on to say he meant nothing that some real showmanship wouldn’t cure. According to Tex,
television is now being run mainly by engineers, salesmen, and advertising agencies. His big hope is that people like Rogers and Hammerstein, George Abbot, David Selznick, Irving Berlin, Sam Goldwyn and other famous showmen will come into the field and do for it what they've done for the theater, radio, and movies.

"I think one of the best things that could happen to video is to have Bing Crosby produce a show of his own—built around himself—on film. In short, do in television what he did in radio."

Did that mean that in his opinion only big names like Crosby would shine on tele? What about new talent—did he think there would be opportunities for them?

"Enormous opportunities for new people—I mention Crosby because he could do so much for the medium, but he is an exception. There are only a few big name stars who could afford to go into it. You have to be at the very top, have reserve capital, and a tax situation which not only permits but almost demands that you operate something at a loss. Despite their big salaries there are mighty few big name stars in that position."

Tex is cooking up an extremely interesting tele show that promises much good televiewing. It is a visual newspaper—an hour show with Tex as Editor-in-Chief; Dave Sherman—former editor of life magazine's "Speaking of Pictures"—as managing editor; and Barry Lohman as woman's page editor. Jinx will be a reporter assigned to Miss Lohman and a camera will follow her while she gets her story. Fifty percent of every show will be on film. When I cautiously suggested that that was expensive, Tex looked pleased with himself and said he had a way of getting around that. He is even planning a "Junior Edition" built around the McCrary-Falkenburg son, two-year-old Paddy. They want to do this show at 9:00 o'clock on Sunday mornings. It would feature all kinds of entertainment aimed at the very young, plus a view of the reactions of Paddy and his little friends.

Tex was getting so enthusiastic about video that I popped the $64 question, to wit: "Are you interested in television to a point that you will exclude all radio broadcasting eventually?"

"Absolutely—as soon as we really get going in television, we'll devote ourselves (Continued on page 83)
“HEIGH-HO, Everybody”—that greeting will go down as one of the most famous in the history of radio. For twenty years radio fans recognized those words as meaning that Rudy Vallee was on the air, and they were going to be entertained! Twenty years ago, Rudy stepped before a microphone in the smart and expensive night spot, the Heigh-Ho Club, in New York, and there was born the greeting of the same name and a fabulous radio career. Since that night back in February of 1928, Vallee has become something of an American phenomenon in the field of entertainment. Singers, comedians and actors have flared into fame and then fallen by the wayside, but Vallee goes on and on.

So, when the almost legendary Rudy Vallee announces that he will henceforth devote himself to television, that bears investigation. Rudy is now busily engaged in the production of a series of half-hour comedy-dramas written, directed, enacted and photographed (he'll put everything on film) exclusively for TV. The first, a satire on the importance of college football, titled “College Days,” has been completed for several months. Vallee, producer, director and star of the TV picture, has studded the cast with such well known laugh getters as Charlie Cantor, Lionel Stander and Maurice Cass. And for a touch of glamor, Vallee has co-starred Lorry Raine, a new singing discovery. The company has started its third half-hour film already and present plans call for the making of a series of twenty-five of these half-hour video programs. (Continued on page 84)
A S MANY viewers of the stations of the WABD network already know, Radio and Television Mirror in the person of its television editor, Joan Murphy Lloyd, has begun a new and more active interest in television—cooperation in the production of WABD’s Doorway to Fame program and its search for new television talent.

The hand, which, so to speak, opens the Doorway to Fame each Monday night at seven on Dumont Network stations, is Johnny Olsen’s. Radio listeners remember him as “that wonderful m.c. on Ladies Be Seated, who laughs with you, not at you!”

Johnny made his radio debut at seventeen as the “Buttermilk Kid” on a Madison, Wisconsin, station, and at eighteen achieved the distinction of being the youngest radio station manager in the country. His next move was to organize a dance band. Soon afterward Chicago radio beckoned; then Hollywood, then New York and Ladies Be Seated.

Johnny is the youngest of ten children in a Minnesota family—and perhaps its that big family which accounts for his generous understanding of people, his kindliness and sympathy toward contestants on his programs. He’s happily married to that same “Penny” whom radio audiences knew as his assistant for many years. He stands five feet ten, has blue eyes, dark brown hair, and is stockily built. His hobby is recording, and in the Olson household you’ll always find, according to that happy Scandinavian custom, the coffee pot bubbling merrily on the stove.

At the present time, Johnny is a show business triple-threat man, entertaining radio, stage and television audiences. His MBS Movie Matinee is heard every afternoon direct from the stage of the Palace Theater in New York; his ABC Rumpus Room for stay-up-laters is heard six nights a week; and he is seen and heard on Doorway to Fame, which presents to television viewers talented people who have made their mark in other fields, but who are new to television audiences.

Seen and heard with him nowadays on Doorway to Fame is Joan Murphy Lloyd, for Dumont Television and Radio and Television Mirror have combined efforts, through the program, to conduct a large-scale search for new and better talent for video viewers. Next month, this department will reveal plans for a new kind of talent hunt, in which the readers of the magazine and the audience of the program will be asked to participate. Be watching for it!
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PICTURE of a very good guy: a bachelor at thirty-five, a lawyer (though he doesn’t work at it), a fellow whose favorite cuss words are “Dad Gum,” whose height of vituperation is “I could spit!”, whose greatest loves are baseball and his two-year-old niece and baseball and seafood and baseball and movies and baseball and more baseball!

That’s Mel Allen, the Voice of the New York Yankees, whose broadcasts of Yankee home and road baseball games over Radio Station WINS have won him the designation of the Nation’s Number One Sports Broadcaster.

Mel’s first participation in big league ball was a passive one. At the age of thirteen he managed to get himself a job as a soft-drink butcher at the ball park in Detroit. But the job didn’t last long—Mel was much too interested in watching the Tigers to be a howling success at peddling soda pop, and he was fired.

Born in Alabama, Mel spent most of his life there, with the exception of that year in Detroit, another in Toledo, and three years in the pay of Uncle Sam, until, in 1937, he was called to CBS in New York for an audition, and became a member of the announcing staff there. Broadcasting experience prior to that had been play-by-play descriptions of the University of Alabama and Auburn football games. That job had been a normal follow-up to Mel’s college days, for before graduating from the U. of Alabama Law School in 1935, he was sports editor of the university newspaper and annual, and manager of the baseball team.

Allen lives with his mother and father in Fieldston, at the northern tip of the island of Manhattan, where there’s still a lot of country left. He’s the sort of stay-up-late addict who gets into his pajamas at ten o’clock, announces, “Well, I need a good night’s sleep,” and is still awake and going strong at 3 A.M. The neighborhood movies—his mother is his favorite date—take up a good deal of his time, and if there’s a double feature playing, so much the better. Apple of his eye is his next-favorite date, Risa, very young daughter of Mel’s sister, Esther. Brother Larry, who also lives at home, is Mel’s statistician, and works with Allen and Russ Hodges at the WINS microphone during Yankee games.

It’s Russ Hodges, who knows Mel so well from long and close association at these games, who can give the best insight into the Allen personality, for Mel himself is reserved on the subject of personal data.

“Allen?” says Hodges. “As grand a man to work with, to be associated with, to know, as you will find from one Portland to the other!”

Of course, Yankee games don’t take all Mel’s time, especially out of season. There are World Series games, too, and, in the winter, his own disc jockey show on WINS as well, to keep him a busy guy the whole year around.

Soda vendor at the ball

park to “The Nation’s Number One

Sportscaster”—with time

out in between to get his degree

in law! That’s the Allen story
YOUNG David Leadinghouse wastes no dreaming time on buried gold and pirate treasure. Strictly 1948 in his approach to high adventure, the fifteen-year-old student follows the contests.

Because he does, his lovely mother, Florence—Mrs. William John Leadinghouse—became our Traveler of the Month and winner of Procter and Gamble's Hidden City prize that makes a miser's hoard seem small change.

Although it was Florence who carried the $25,000 check home to their five-room apartment at 1429 Edgewater Avenue, Chicago, her husband Bill, and her sons David and Jack all had a part of winning it. For the Leadinghouse family has a habit of doing things together. When

By TOMMY BARTLETT

From the files of Welcome Travelers (12 Noon, 54
their varied interests keep them from home at dinner time, Florence doesn't fuss too much. She's a bit more tolerant than the average wife and mother about the touchy subject of serving meals on time. She knows it won't be long until one of her menfolk comes in shouting "Let's play golf," "Let's go fishing," or "Let's work a contest."

At fifty, Florence Leadinghouse is the kind of woman who fits into that active life. Smoothly coifed gray hair frames her unlined, youthful face. Her quiet reserve scarcely masks a bubbling sense of humor.

With both her husband and her sons, she's the girl they best like having around, for she maintains a fine balance of femininity and independence. She may expect them to bait her hook when they fish, but she can also sock a golf ball down the fairway with such accuracy that she keeps the family foursome interesting.

For Florence, this pattern of zestful living began in a big, rambling house in Morgan Park, a suburb of Chicago. Her father, George Sjoerdsma, a landscape artist, was once one of the country's largest importers of Holland bulbs, and Florence, as a child, helped care for the acres of tulips which flanked their home.

Much as she loved her family, she had the Hollander's desire to stand on her own two feet. Being independent was part of growing up. Florence became a secretary in a Loop office, and in the early twenties moved to Chicago where she shared the giggling gaiety of the group of career girls who roomed at a widow's home.

Every night was date night for some one in the crowd. Girlish boasts about a couple of "just wonderful young men" piqued her curiosity. Frankly admitting she, too, wanted to see them, Florence donned a maid's uniform and answered the door. But her disguise scarcely lasted through the first meeting, for one was a lad from Ohio, just starting a radio and sporting goods store. It wasn't long before he became her best beau. In 1926, Florence Sjoerdsma and William John Leadinghouse were married.

Because they didn't want their son to carry a life-long tag of "Junior", the young couple reversed the order of the father's names—called their first-born John William, and promptly shortened it to Jack.

When their second boy arrived five years later, Jack had a voice in family conferences. He adored a Milt Gross comic strip character called Dave and demanded his parents name the baby for his hero. Florence and Bill laughed at first, then realized David was a good, solid Biblical name a boy could live with. Jack had his way. He named his brother David.

Jack, now twenty, has a couple of terms of Northwestern University journalism classes to his academic credit, some short stories started, and draws his paycheck from Kemper Insurance Company.

At fifteen, David wants to be a big league baseball player, and already shows signs of being a good provider. He likes to do the family shopping at the Hollywood IGA Food Market where his friend Henry Jung keeps Jr. informed of both the best food buys and the current contests sponsored by manufacturers.

Says Florence, "We kid Dave about bringing home entry blanks, but we all end up having fun working them out. If I happen to have the products in the house, we tear off a label and send in our (Continued on page 70)
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Ruth and Hoagy's off-again, on-again romance worried columnists till Winchell formally "engaged" them on the air.

Hoagy is "Sawdust"—nobody knows why—to Randy Bob, seven, and Hoagy Bix, nine. He's also a big help when one of the "Small Fry" machines gives out.

Hoagy's still got Indiana in his soul. "But

By PAULINE

A NEW television station opened in Hollywood the other day and the top stars of screen and radio were on hand to participate in the dedication ceremonies.

Along about midway in the gala three hour program, the master of ceremonies drew a long breath and announced:

"Comes now one of the most versatile young stars in Hollywood—song writer, recording artist, star of his own radio show, now a comedy sensation in the movies—Hoagy Carmichael!"

"Man," Hoagy said, ambling to the microphone, "that introduction makes me feel old."

The first of the five thousand times he had heard himself described as versatile, he explained
The fellow who wrote Star Dust is entitled to hang out his shingle as a lawyer. He's still surprised about that.

Hoagy wore himself out trying to keep up with his energetic sons, finally hired a physical trainer named "Skeeter" to help wear them out.

Beverly Hills isn't bad, as a substitute.

Later, was twenty years ago when he surprised everyone—including himself—by passing the bar and hanging out a shingle as a lawyer.

This business of studying law was never Hoagy's idea, but his father's. The elder Carmichael—an electrician—had held out for a "respectable" profession for his day-dreaming son long after it was apparent that Hoagy's real interest was in music.

That Hoagy spent more time mooning over the piano in the Book Nook, the Indiana University student hang-out, than in the library over his law books, didn't alarm his father so long as his son made passing marks in his "serious" studies. Hoagy's dance band, which was an Indiana in-
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The internal workings of Stardust House are managed by the Carmichael's English housekeeper, Ada Dockery.

Friends never telephone: they just come. "It's a party,"

stuition, was acceptable to the home folks because it helped to pay the freight for an expensive legal education. As for the songs he was already beginning to put down on paper—well, his parents said, it's always nice to have a hobby.

Hoagy's college pals—and his professors—were more realistic about what was a hobby with the boy. It was only when he passed the bar that they tagged him as versatile.

He was a little surprised himself. So surprised that he snooted a remarkably flattering offer—for a non-pro—to come to New York as staff composer for a big song publishing house, and set himself up instead in a law office in West Palm Beach, Florida.

For a year and a half he played lawyer, "with a straight face," he recalls. He made a good enough living, taking on civil damage suits on a percentage basis. But he was bored.

One spring-fever day he leaned out of his open office window for a whiff of air, and heard a tune—strangely familiar—coming from the music store across the street. He put on his hat, locked the office and went over there. The tune was familiar—it was his own "Washboard Blues," newly recorded by the top band of the day, Red Nichols and his Five Pennies.

"I'll buy that," Hoagy said, meaning the record, and more.

If his stuff was good enough for Red Nichols, he
knew he was wasting his time in West Palm Beach. He took the night train for New York, and the music business.

It would be a shorter story if one could say here that from this point everything was clover. It wasn't. Hoagy had the songs, but important ears weren't ready to hear them.

He made his first trip to Hollywood in 1929, to try to interest Paul Whiteman—who was about to film "King of Jazz"—in two of his new numbers. He couldn't sell either one of them: "Old Rockin' Chair," and "Star Dust."

"Star Dust" had come out of a sentimental pilgrimage to the Indiana campus the summer after he turned his back on the law. He had wandered into the Book Nook—quiet, uncrowded now, his old friends all gone—and had sat down at the piano on which every scar was familiar.

Idly, he played a few notes ... there they were again.

He pushed the bench back, began to stroll away. As he walked he whistled. It was the rest of the tune. He went back to the piano and scribbled the whole thing down.

As everybody knows, Paul Whiteman missed a bet with that one.

Among the old college pals Hoagy ran into at jam sessions that summer in Indiana was Helen Menardi.

Helen had written a few (Continued on page 85)
Stardust

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The spread in Hoagy’s otherwise tailored room, his mother has embroidered the opening bars of "Star Dust."

The concert grand in the living room, Hoagy explains, is for “fun.” Work is something else, and is done in the workroom on a portable studio upright.

Friends never telephone; they just come. "It's a pity," Hoagy says—and it is, when he's around.
WHEN I am tired, a big fruit salad just seems to hit the spot. I don't seem to want a lot of heavy food—or a lot of heavy work. So I buy an assortment of fruits, cut them up, and dunk them in citrus fruit juice to keep them from darkening. Then I chill them thoroughly, pile on crisp lettuce—and it's as pretty as a picture!

I have several special dressings I like to serve with my fruit salads. French dressing and mayonnaise are always good, but so is variety. Several of my favorites are included here. They'll give salads a "new look" and a new taste.

Since I make it a rule never to let a meal go by without serving at least one warm food, my choice is hot biscuits or popovers. Here are my special cheese and watercress biscuits too.

Cheese Biscuits

2 cups sifted all purpose flour
3 tablespoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup grated American cheese
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup milk

Sift together dry ingredients, stir in cheese. Cut in shortening until well mixed. Add milk, stirring quickly until a soft but not sticky dough is formed. Turn out on lightly floured board. Shape into a smooth ball; roll lightly or pat out to 1-inch thick. Cut out rounds with a floured biscuit cutter. Place on lightly greased baking sheet 1/2 inch apart if you like a biscuit with crusty sides. Put them close together for a tall soft-sided biscuit. Bake in a very hot oven (450°F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 12 two-inch biscuits.

Watercress Biscuits

Add 1/2 cup finely chopped watercress to flour-shortening mixture, instead of the cheese. Serve with salads and meat stews.

Warm weather is light-eating weather. Fruit salads fill the bill; they're crisp and cool and picture-pretty.
THE WAY the Barbours live," said Teddy, "and the other Americans equally fortunate—is a fairy story, a beautiful dream, a gorgeous, gilded, story-book existence.

"That's the way I felt about all of America when I first came to the United States," said Nicolette. "When I saw all the good things, I became a citizen—poof!—quick like that!"

"It's a by-product," said Paul, smiling at Teddy across Nicolette. "The way of living of the average American family is as much a by-product of our kind of life as are automobiles and radios and this very plane."

They were on their way home. The roar of the big plane was in their ears, so that they had to speak through it, shaping their words clearly. Below them was the Atlantic; behind them, Germany. In the rear of the plane was the sleeping, blanket-wrapped form of Patricia Baldwin, who had been the object of Paul and Nicolette's secret, government-ordered search in Germany. Teddy had helped them find her; now Teddy was returning with them to care for Patricia on the trip and thereafter to take a vacation from her work as a Red Cross nurse. Paul and Nicolette were well pleased with the arrangement; only Teddy was reluctant—strangely so, for a girl who had been so long away from home.

"All I know is," she went on through the roar of the motors, "I get a tremendous satisfaction out of stuffing food into starving babies, shooting vitamins into under-fed mothers . . . the kind of uplifting satisfaction I never had at home, taking the pulse of Mrs. Goldbottom, in the hospital with a 'liver' after having stuffed herself like a holiday goose. Or Mr. Business Executive who's got ulcers from making too much money—"

"More likely he got them trying to save some of it from a predatory government," Paul interrupted lightly. But there was no stopping Teddy.

"Okay," she agreed. "so he got them worrying over taxes. I'd like him a lot better if he got his ulcers worrying because Palestine may die in the agony of being born, because the face of Western Europe is going through some plastic surgery which could easily change its former friendly expression."

Paul turned to Nicolette, palms upturned helplessly. "Well, Nicolette, you see the kind of daughter I raised."
"For which you should be very proud," said Nicolette warmly. "A thinking, responsible, loving daughter—"

Paul chose to take it personally. "No," he said, thinking of Teddy's determination to return to her work in Germany as soon as possible, "I don't think she cares much for us any more."

If he had slapped Teddy, the result could not have been more electric. She gasped and went pale, and her eyes widened as if to hold back tears. "Paul," she said in a low, thick voice, "I—I think that's the worst thing you've ever said to me. I—excuse me—I've got to see how Patricia Baldwin is resting—"

Paul started up and would have followed her, but Nicolette put her hand on his arm. "Let her go," she said softly. "Let her find self-control by herself."

Paul sat down, and stared at her in bewilderment. "But what did I say?" he demanded to know.

Nicolette laughed. "You are stupid, aren't you? All men are stupid about women. I think. Teddy loves you."

"Of course she loves me," he snapped. "I adopted her when she was eight years old. I've been a father to her—"

"I didn't mean that she loves you as a father."

Paul looked at her, and away, and back again, still unbelieving. "Nicolette are you crazy?" he burst out. "First Teddy tells me you're in love with me—oh, yes she did, while we were waiting for you that last day in that cottage in Nurnberg. Then she tells me that I'm in love with you... and now you tell me Teddy's in love with me—"

Nicolette was unruffled. "Why else has she never married another man? Surely she's had the opportunity. Why else did she leave you—the Barbour—roof and devote her life to serving humanity? Why all that—if it wasn't to find an outlet, a relief in physical effort for the passionate devotion she has for you?"

He believed her now, and immediately she felt terribly sorry for him. He looked stricken. "Never in my most secret thinking... Nicolette, I swear to you that Teddy has never been anything but a daughter to me—"
Paul and Nicolette

"Do not you think I know that?" she said gently. "Paul, it is only when a man does not love a woman that he is so blind he cannot see the woman's affection. She'll probably not thank me for telling you, but I couldn't let you go on being so blind—hurting her, and not knowing. You think about it." She rose, touching him lightly on the shoulder. "I'm going back and see if I can be of help with Patricia Baldwin—and perhaps help Teddy herself."

She made her way to the rear of the plane, found Teddy crouched beside her charge, for all the world like an animal that had crept away to lick its wounds in secret.

"Still sleeping," she said in response to Nicolette's inquiring look. "She's so exhausted she still doesn't know that she's on a plane within six or seven hours of New York. Nicolette, will the facts of her rescue ever be made public?"

"No more than the facts of her kidnapping will ever be made public," Nicolette shook her head. "Ah, she is a pretty child—such a gentle, good, wholesome face—"

Teddy said bitterly, "The face of all America once upon a time. Before all the world began to— She stopped short on a greater bitterness. "Teddy, stop it! You sound like an idiot schoolgirl bemoaning the fact that she doesn't have a date for Saturday night. Nicolette, I'm sorry—I made an awful fool of myself out there in front of you and Paul."

"Don't be sorry," said Nicolette. "Teddy, I wish you would stop hurting yourself this way. Don't keep whipping yourself. I know you feel that you are Paul's daughter, but you don't love him as a daughter, and that makes you feel that you must be something terribly unhealthy in yourself. Well, look at it this way—you're not his daughter. Circumstances made it possible and necessary for him to give you a father's care, but he's no more related to you actually than he is to me."

"No, Chvy says—" Teddy began.

"The law says you must not marry, but believe me, Teddy, if there had never been any adoption papers signed, the law would have no objection at all to your marrying Paul. And you see, when I am thinking of your love and your love is a signature at the bottom of a piece of paper. Is that anything for a girl to commit herself with? So you can't marry him—but you enjoy him, enjoy yourself; you can love him completely, wholeheartedly, without feeling this terrible guilt you've piled on yourself."

Teddy's eyes were fixed upon her face. There was hope in them now, and admiration. How could she know so much? Teddy wondered—this woman with the wise eyes and the quick smile and the delicately accented speech? She was like Paul; she understood more of you than you understood yourself.

"Nicolette, you—you make me feel—I feel free, almost human. And then, this whole with her anxiety to have everything clear between them, she cried, "Oh, I hope you didn't think I was ever resentful of you and Paul! I never felt that way. I—I'm glad you're in love with each other."

Laughter welled up in Nicolette; she stifled it quickly. The girl was so deadly earnest, so genuinely troubled. "Teddy," she said as earnestly, "let me tell you something. I love and I have never once in our entire relationship discussed the subject of love, of our feelings toward each other. I do not know about Paul, but for certain, if you know that I'm in love with him, you know more than I know. Now let's go back to him and put him at his ease by letting him see that you are really all right."

Teddy shook her head, but smiled reassuringly at Nicolette. "In a little while. You go ahead."

Minetta Ellen and J. Anthony Smythe played husband-and-wife in Oakland stock company productions before becoming Mother and Father Barbour of the Family. of the world, in the best meaning of the words. Nicolette, born in Central Europe, had seen her husband shot down in the course of a political assassination. Paul had lost his World War One bride of two weeks in an epidemic that swept through the little French hospital like fire in a field, and after that there had never been anyone else for him . . . until now.

They had to wake up to themselves, Teddy thought. They must be made to see all they had, and could so easily lose. The opportunity lay directly ahead. Paul had invited Nicolette to stay with him at the family house at Sea Cliff until her next government orders came through, and she had accepted. Never mind the ache in Teddy's own heart. Never mind the feeling that an axe hung by a thread over her, and that the kindest thing she could do for herself would be to cut the thread.

They reached San Francisco late on a cold and dreary Saturday afternoon. "Good enough," said Paul, speaking of the day and the weather. "Even the kids ought to be on hand to welcome us on a day like this. We'll surprise them—take a taxi and be home in no time." At the word 'home' the three exchanged secret, sober smiles. This was America. Cold didn't matter here, as it had in the frigid cottage in Nurnberg. There was plenty of fuel for furnaces, plenty of wood for the hearth-fires at Sea Cliff.

On the way out Paul and Teddy briefed Nicolette on the family, although she had heard much about them and had met Claudia and Clifford the summer before at Sky Ranch. First there were Father and Mother Barbour, whose big house was the gathering point of their children and grandchildren. Then there was Hazel, oldest of the children next to Paul, and her husband, Dan Murray, and her teen-age boys, Hank and Pinky, and her young daughter, Margaret, Father Barbour's favorite grandchild. There was Claudia, beautiful wife of Nicholas Lacey and mother of fifteen-year-old Joan and young Penelope, and, at present, foster-mother of her widowed brother Clifford's young Skippy. Youngest of the Barbour children was Jack, whose family was composed of his wife, Betty, and their three small daughters, born so close together that they were like steps. Paul proved to be an accurate prophet. With the exception of Clifford and Claudia, who were at Sky Ranch, most of the family was at the Barbour house. Those who were near by, in their neighboring houses, were quickly
summoned. The reunion was explosive. It would have been enough to see Paul alone, but that Teddy should be with him after her long absence seemed little short of a miracle.

Through it all, Teddy stayed close to Nicolette, anxious to see that she wasn't forgotten in the excitement. She need not have worried; Nicolette was at home anywhere, and everyone liked her on sight. Everyone, that is, but Father Barbour.

He embraced Teddy and Paul with tears in his eyes, but clearly, he thought that this ought to be a family reunion, with no outsiders included. "Nicolette?" he inquired testily. "Have I heard that name before?"

"You may have, father," Hazel answered. "She's been Paul's traveling companion in South America, the African Gold Coast, and Central Europe."

"Traveling companion!" he ejaculated in a voice quite loud enough for Nicolette to hear. And when they were introduced, he stared suspiciously at her from under his heavy brows and barked, "Eh? Are you speaking with a dialect?"

Nicolette laughed. "Yes," she agreed, "I'm afraid that is just what I am doing."

"Um," he grunted. "Well—very happy to meet you. I'm afraid I had to say this for the sake of manners. But he was not at all happy. "Nicolette," he muttered, when Hazel had taken her upstairs to her room. "Nicolette Moore—how does the 'Moore' fit in, anyway? Teddy, that woman's a foreigner!"

"But, Father Barbour, such an attractive foreigner! — And she's a friend of the Harlans. Paul met her last spring at Sky Ranch when he was staying with the Harlans on King Mountain. Her effort to cast a reassuring local color over Nicolette was wasted. Father Barbour simply ignored her."

"Traveling over the face of the earth as Paul's companion! How'd she manage that, anyway?"

"She didn't," Teddy protested. "The government sent her. They didn't even know they were on the same mission until they met at the airport. There was no fingaling involved."

But the old man had the last word.

"A foreigner?" he repeated. "A foreigner! Somehow, if it isn’t one thing, it’s another! What’s Paul thinking of, anyway?"

Paul himself didn’t know, Teddy could have answered, but she meant to see that he did know, as soon as possible. The next morning, dressed not in her uniform, but in one of her own dresses taken from a scented hanger in her own closet, she reached into that same closet, drew out a length of soft scarlet wool, a pair of mules that were just strips of gold at the instep. To these she added a bottle of her most precious cologne, and went softly down the hall to Nicolette’s room.

Nicolette was up; her eyes widened as Teddy shook out the scarlet negligee, waved the bottle of cologne under her nose.

"Potent," she said. "It should make a man’s head reel. It even makes me dizzy."

"Then use it," said Teddy. "And put on the mules and the negligee. It was brand new when I left home and hasn’t been touched since. We’ll go up to Paul’s studio and give him the thrill of a lifetime."

Nicolette laughed, but her eyebrows rose. "But, Teddy?"

"Oh, but yes, Nicolette! When he wakes up, I want him to see you standing there in my prettiest negligee. Then—well?"

Some of the laughter faded from Nicolette’s eyes, but she spoke lightly. "Teddy, you’re a very wicked young woman."

"No," said Teddy, "just a very practical nurse. Now come on—press up, and let me do your hair."

It was Nicolette who felt like a nurse, giving in. There was a quality so urgent about Teddy’s insistence that it seemed best to humor her. But when Teddy knocked on Paul’s door and received no answer, Nicolette balked. "You see, Teddy, he’s still asleep."

"Of course," Teddy chuckled, turning the knob. "Come on."

"But, Teddy, to enter a sleeping man’s room—"

"Done every day in this house," Teddy assured her. She led Nicolette across the big studio room which was Paul’s top-floor retreat, to the alcove which housed his bed. "There now," she said, "you stand right there at the foot of the bed. Oh—is he deep in a beautiful dream?"

"Teddy," said Nicolette, "are you sure you know what you’re doing?"

Teddy gave an odd little laugh. "You’re not afraid, are you?"

Nicolette almost said yes, though not for a reason that Teddy would have clearly understood. "Well," she equivocated, "I certainly don’t belong in Paul Barbour’s bedroom."

"You belong in somebody’s bedroom," Teddy retorted, "looking as enchanting as you do, and smelling as assumption—"

Paul interrupted sleepily, without opening his eyes, "Is that Nicolette I smell?"

"He’s awake—" Nicolette sighed with relief. She felt that she could not have whispering over the sleeping man moment longer. It was a silly, schoolgirl prank, but it was something else, too, something she hesitated to name.

"He’s been awake all the while," said Teddy. "Paul, you old fraud, open your eyes and see what I’ve brought you."

"Something nice?" mumbled Paul. "Tell you what—come back and see me in an hour."

"Let him sleep—" Nicolette started to back away, but Teddy caught her wrist and held her.

"Paul," she wheedled, "there’s a glass of water on your bedside table—"

"Help yourself," said Paul politely, and buried his face in the pillow.


"Teddy, you’ve drowned me! Oh—uh, good morning, Nicolette."

There was just one way to carry it off, Nicolette thought—as a joke. "So!" she exclaimed in pretended indignation, "I’ve been standing here for ten minutes, and you say good morning, Nicolette! only now!"

"My humblest apologies—" He rubbed his eyes and groaned. "I’ll bet I’m a handsome brute at this hour! Need a shave, hair on—" Then he opened his eyes wide, and his jaw dropped. "Nicolette, what happened to you?"

She colored faintly. "To me?" she asked innocently. "Yes—are I seeing things, or have you shrunk? You’re smaller—you—I’ve always thought of you as being a solid, sturdy, aggressive young woman, and here you are looking small and dainty and excessively feminine. Teddy, what did you do to her?"

Teddy laughed triumphantly. "Just made her hair different, put her in some yummy clothes. Remember, you’re used to seeing her in her working clothes, sub-zero working clothes, at that. Now do you like what you see?"

"Teddy—" Nicolette stirred uneasily, and then a knock on the door saved her. "Paul, are you awake?" It was Father Barbour’s voice. "Just a minute, Dad," Paul called. Teddy gasped and seized Nicolette’s arm. "Through the side door, she whispered, "into my room—"

They made it just in time. Father Barbour entered the studio by one door a split-second after they’d left by another. From Teddy’s (Continued on page 100)
### SUNDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>Timely Topics</td>
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<td>America United</td>
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<td>Chicago Round Table Music</td>
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<td>First Piano Quartet Army Air Force Show</td>
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<td>Robert Merrill</td>
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<td>Bill Cunningham</td>
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<td>Veteran's Information</td>
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<td>Edith Howard</td>
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<td>Charlie's House</td>
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<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>Life Begins at 80</td>
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<td>The Quiz Kids</td>
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<td>News</td>
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<td>Living—1948</td>
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<td>Jane Pickens</td>
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<td>Under Arrest</td>
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<td>What Makes You Tick?</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>The Peas that Refreshes on the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Robert Shaw's Choral Society</td>
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<td>A. L. Alexander</td>
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<td>Jimmie Fidler</td>
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<td>Twin View of News</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Manhattan Go-Round American Album</td>
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<td>Meet Me at Parky's</td>
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<td>It's A Living</td>
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<td>Take It or Leave It Voice of Strings</td>
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<td>Clary's Gazette</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in New York</td>
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<td>Gleanvillaires</td>
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<td>Nelson Olmsted</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>We Love and Learn</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Bench</td>
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<td>Nora Laxton</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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**MARGO WHITEMAN**—the mistress of ceremonies on Tomorrow’s Tops, new ABC teen-age talent program, heard Mondays at 9:00 P.M., EDT. Margo is seventeen herself; a student at Marymount; an ardent horsewoman; has more right than anyone else to call Paul Whiteman by his nickname—“Pops” is her father. She made her radio debut when she substituted for him at the mike because he had a cold.

---

**JACKSON BECK**—unmarried native New Yorker now heard as Philo Vance and on many other network shows.
**TUESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeyoom in N. Y.</td>
<td>Editor's Diary</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America Ban Warn Follies</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Ozark Valley Folks</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Nelson Olmsted</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>Say it With Music</td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Club Time</td>
<td>Music For You</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>This is Nora Drake</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>We Love And Learn</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:20</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
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**WEDNESDAY**

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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>Words and Music</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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**MARY MARTHA BRINEY** leaves her home in Caracaspolish Heights, near Pittsburgh, where she is Mrs. R. A. Martin, and enters for New York each Wednesday to appear as soprano star of Your Song and Mine, heard on CBS at 9:00 P.M. EDT. Her singing career began in 1937. She has played leading roles in musical comedy and operetta and sang in concert but this is her first important radio appearance.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
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<td>9:00 Story Shop</td>
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<td>10:00 Frank Merriwitl</td>
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<td>10:15 Archie Andrews</td>
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<td>11:00 Meet the Masks</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Arthur Barraclait | Campus Capers | Junior Junction | Theatre of Today |
| 12:15 | Public Affairs | This Week in Washington | American Farmer | Stairs Over Hollywood |
| 12:30 | Coffee With Congress | | | |
| 12:45 | | | | |
| 1:00 | Nat'l Farm Home | Alan Lomax | Maggy McNellis, Herb Sheldon | Grand Central Sta. |
| 1:15 | | | | County Fair |
| 1:30 | Edmund Tomlinson's Report From Europe | | | |
| 2:00 | Music For The Moment | Woody Herman's Orchestra | Fascinating Rhythm | Give and Take |
| 2:15 | | | Hitching Post Variety | Country Journal |
| 2:30 | Salute to Veterans | Bands For Bonds | | |
| 2:45 | | | | |
| 3:00 | Dance Orch. | Piano Playhouse | Report from Overseas Adventures in Science | |
| 3:15 | | ABC Symphony Orchestra | | Cross-Section U.S.A. |
| 3:30 | Local Programs | | | |
| 3:45 | | | | |
| 4:00 | Local Programs | Charlie Slocum Home Race | Racing | Dave Stephen Orch. |
| 4:15 | | | | Brooklyn Handicap Race |
| 4:30 | Local Programs | First Church of Christ Science | | |
| 4:45 | | | | |
| 5:00 | Dizzy Dean Sports-cast | Take A Number | Treasury Band Show | Make Way For Youth |
| 5:15 | Lesie Show | True or False | Melodies to Remember | Saturday at the Clashe |
| 5:30 | Dr. I. Q. Jr. | | | |
| 5:45 | | | | |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | Peter Roberts | Dance Orchestra | Ernie Felice Quartet | News from Washington |
| 6:15 | Art of Living | | Profits of Prayer | In My Opinion |
| 6:30 | NBC Symphony | | Harry Wramer | Red Barber Sports Show |
| 6:45 | | | Jack Beal | Larry Lesueur |
| 7:00 | Curtain Time | Hawaii Calls | Challenge of the Yukon | St. Louis Municipal |
| 7:15 | | | Famous Jury Trials | Opened Saturday Night |
| 7:30 | | | | Serenade |
| 8:00 | Life of Riley | Twenty Questions | Ross Delan, Detective | Sing It Again |
| 8:15 | | | The Amazing Mr. Malone | |
| 8:30 | Truth or Consequences | Stop Me If You Have Heard This One | Joan Davis Time | It Pays To Be Ignorant |
| 8:45 | | | | |
| 9:00 | Your Hit Parade | Three For the Money | Gangsters | |
| 9:15 | | | What's My Name | |
| 9:30 | Can You Top This | | | |
| 9:45 | | | | |
| 10:00 | Radio City Playhouse | Theater of the Air | Professor Quiz | Let's Dance, America |
| 10:15 | Grand Ole Opry | | Haylof Hoodson | |
| 10:30 | | | | |

**JANE PICKENS**—back on the airwaves after two years’ absence and heard Sundays, 5:30 P.M., EDT, over NBC. Jane began her radio career in a trio formed with her sisters, Patti and Helen, but Helen, then Patti married and left radio. Jane went on as soloist in musical comedies, revues and nightclubs and has her own radio program, American Melody Hour.
entries. Once we won a whole two dollars!

Our fabulous Hidden City contest supplied more than the usual amount of amusement for the Leadinghouse family. To identify the contest, for one week on the twenty radio programs they pored over geography books to find latitude and longitude, and made a game of trying to outguess each other. Florence, the housekeeper, added the important twenty-five words. They stripped four box tops, dropped their entries into the mail, and forgot them. They had not a scruple to think about, for Florence was worried, seriously worried.

HER FATHER, now retired to Phoenix, Arizona, had developed a serious heart ailment which brought with it costs exceeding his income. Bill's Up-town Sports and Radio shop at 4803 Broadway comfortably supplies the needs of the Leadinghouse family, but there's a limit to how far its revenue will stretch.

It was a problem, Florence decided. She wanted to help her father, but she did not want either to burden her husband or risk denying her sons things they should have but could solve it only by going back to work.

She planned to start her job hunt as soon as overdue decorators finished work on her apartment. It would be wise, too, she thought, to invest in a new permanent while she still had free time.

She followed her beauty shop appointment by having dinner with a woman friend. Now it was almost 10 P.M. when she returned home.

David, who has a theoretical 9 P.M. bedtime, was still awake. What’s more, he was jumping up and down with excitement. His “Hey, Mom!” started as soon as she turned her key in the door.

“There was a man here looking for you. He phoned. Then he came out here.”

With the air of a favor as she could muster, Florence demanded, “David, why aren’t you in bed?”

“Honest, Mom, the man was here. He says you won something. And you better be up by 7:30 tomorrow morning, because he’s coming back then.”

“Nonsense. You just thought up a new excuse for not being in bed. Get going.”

David was indignant. “He was too, here. And he’s coming back.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“Wanna bet? Wanna bet?”

“I bet.”

“How much you bet, Mom?”

For fast settling, Florence said, “I bet you a quarter. Get to bed.”

Breakfast the next day was no production number at the Leadinghouse menage. Bill, who had been at the store until his noon and all the television programs went off the air, was still asleep. Jack would dive from covers to clothes in time to get to work. Mrs. Leadinghouse, who is a petulantly hungry age. Wrapped in a bathtub, Florence was getting his breakfast when the doorbell rang.

“It’s Jack! Oh, it’s Jack!”

Gags in the Leadinghouse family take elaborate staging. Florence thought her son had cooked this one up with a friend from down the street.

Unperturbed, she answered, “Tell him to come right to the kitchen.”

In walked H. E. Purcell, Proctor and Gamble's manager for Chicago.

Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 55)

Florence confided to use later. “I certainly wasn’t dressed for company. The kitchen was, though. You would have thought we set the stage. Standing in plain sight, right under the sink where he might catch a glimpse of it—Mrs. Leadinghouse, were four different P&G products.”

Fussed by having Dave’s jokes turned real, the crowd unseriously stated her early morning caller’s statement that she was being considered for one of the minor prizes in the Hidden City contest.

Because some of the Travellers wanted our College Inn and radio audience to hear what happens when a person is handed a sudden fortune, no one told Mrs. Leadinghouse what she actually was pledged to that “minor prize” line, and invited her to appear.

Getting down to Hotel Sherman that day turned into such a problem for her that she came close to asking us to mail the check. The decorators were at work in her apartment and she felt she should be home. Shy about appearing before the audience, she dreaded arriving alone. Her only other friend, her best friend Mrs. Lillian Smith, would be in Augustana Hospital having a major operation just at the time Mrs. Leadinghouse would go on the air.

The boys, reminding her they had a share in the prize, wanted to come along, but Florence vetoed the idea. David, and the others in the morning, should return to classes as quickly as possible. Jack had an insurance examination. Particularly since none of them knew exactly what the prize would be, the kids protested they couldn’t stand the suspense.

Florence compromised. “If it’s a hundred dollars,” she told them, “you can come along to help me spend it.”

Her grocer, too, had been kept in the dark and told only that one of his customers had won an award, and that he, too, would receive a prize.

OUR CROWD in the College Inn sensed something was in the air. They seemed more excited than she when I announced over the yard sedan she had won. She presumed, she answered, that since it was a minor prize it would be a hundred dollars.

“Could you use some extra money?” I asked.

She flashed a tremulous smile. “Of course I could. My father is ill.”

I brought out the check, keeping my thumb over the number of the bank.

“Here’s the check, made out to you. Read it.”

“I have to get my glasses.”

She had dropped in her purse. By that time, the paper trembled in my hand.

“Specs in place, she still hesitated.

“What is the name of the bank?” I promptly asked.

“ Guaranty Trust Company of New York.” She seemed puzzled.

I began to wonder if I could stand the suspense. I, personally, am a neophyte in this sort of money. Mrs. Florence Leadinghouse, 1429 Edgewater Avenue, Chicago . . .

“Now the amount. See if the hundred dollars looks right and read the figure.”

I lifted my thumb.

“Mrs. Leadinghouse drew a breath. As though hypnotized, she started to read.

“Twenty—five—three—four—eighteen—four—nineteen.

Her face drained dead white. We had been afraid she might faint. We had a doctor and nurse standing by.

Still unbelieving, her lips moved to say, “Twenty-five thousand dollars.”

But the words had no sound.

Tears rolled down her cheeks. Laughing and crying at once, she flung her arms around me and kissed me. The news photographers closed in. The crowd went wild.

When both of us got our voices back, I asked her if she had any suggestions about what she would do with the money.

Her father came first. As soon as possible, she would go to Phoenix to see him. Later, I learned that he had heard the show and shared the thrill.

FLORENCE LEADINGHOUSE’s real concern in that joyous moment was for her husband and her boys. Bill would have heard the program at his store. David, she suspected, had an ear glued to the family radio, but Jack didn’t know. She phoned his office.

We heard a bit of a bit of drama had been going on at Kemper Insurance company. Jack was writing his examination, but two of his friends had brought the portable receiver and snapped off to the living room listen.

Hearing the fabulous award, they rushed to find him. When people tell him his mother was white as a sheet, Jack, you know, says, “You should have seen those guys.”

“Those guys” had also been known to concoct involved practical jokes. When the news came to Jack, he entered their excited shrieks with the flat statement, “You’re kidding.”

“But it’s twenty-five thousand dollars!”

Jack still didn’t believe it. The excitement spread. A breathless crowd had gathered around his desk when the phone rang. When Mrs. Leadinghouse confirmed the report, it was her six-footers turn to consider fainting.

Mrs. Leadinghouse’s first expenditure out of her $25,000 was twenty-five cents. That was her gas tax.

Henry Jung, her grocer, who came to the broadcast expecting to receive two tickets to a stage show, drove home his point.

Mr. Leadinghouse has gone on no spending sprees. Her major concerns after receiving the fortune were to get the house back in order after the decaying and to help her friend, Mrs. Smith, through those crucial days which follow a major operation.

Besieged by telephone calls from persons who wanted to talk to her and congratulate her, she turned for advice to Mrs. Florence Hubbard, the department store saleswoman who won the Walking Besieged Draw. And women of the year liked each other instantly, and immediately plotted a joint open house for their friends.

The Leadinghouse family wasn’t planned much. Perhaps the family will celebrate by purchasing a lakeside cottage. The only thing the Leadinghouse family likes better than a lake is a lake.

The really wonderful thing to Florence is that she will now be able to give her father the little luxuries she wants him to have. David, the lad who follows contests, and who has always been certain the family would win a big one, has a graphic answer. “Change it all into one giant bill and try to spend it on a lake.”

Then you’ll believe it. Twenty-five thousand dollars is an awful bale of money!”
Just as you picture
a duchess to be—An incandescent, star quality
in the Duchess of Leinster's face
sends her loveliness out to you—makes you feel
the graciousness that is her inmost self.

Your face is the keynote of your inner self. It
is expressing You every minute—your spirit, your
disposition, your habits. Help it then to reveal
you clearly—as you want to be.

I have an unbreakable rule
for fresh, soft skin says Rafaelle,
Duchess of Leinster

"I have an unbreakable rule for fresh, soft skin—Pond's Cold Cream," this lovely Duchess says. Follow her rule—and work magic on your face today. See how Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment brings your skin new loveliness. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with comfortably hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream
—lots of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's
creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, aglow. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic
cold water splash.

Now . . . see your new face! It's alive!
Rosy! Clean! Soft! It has a cleanliness
that you can feel as well as see.

You'll want to give your face this new rewarding Pond's treatment every single day (and of course always at bedtime). It literally works on both sides of your skin at once.

From the Outside—soft, cool Pond's Cold Cream wraps itself around the surface dirt and make-up, as you massage—sweeps all cleanly away, as you tissue off. From the Inside—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation—speeds tiny blood vessels in their work of bringing in skin-cell food, and carrying away skin-cell waste.

Skin loveliness takes
renewing every day. Bring your skin fresh loveliness this rewarding Pond's way. It is beauty care you'll never want to skip.

Don't wait one more day to do it.
It takes the Nurses to lead the way!

Tampax is "a different kind" of monthly sanitary protection because it is worn internally. Yet notwithstanding this radical difference, a recent survey among registered nurses shows 45% have already adopted Tampax for their own use... Invented by a doctor, the hygienic features of Tampax are outstanding—no odor, no chafing, easy disposal.

College girls too... Count the college girls in, whenever improved modern methods are offered. Tampax sales actually soar in women’s college towns. And no wonder! No belts or pins for Tampax means no bulges or ridges under a girl’s sleek formal. And you can’t even feel the Tampax!

...the young married set
Another recent survey shows the young married group “leading the way” for Tampax... Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in slim applicators, Tampax is dainty to use and a month’s supply will slip into purse. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

RELAX, BOYS

Dear Editor:
Could you please tell me who played “Hotbreath Hoolihan” on the Jimmy Durante program? I would also appreciate your printing a picture of her in your magazine. To tell the truth I always waited to hear her come on the show and say, “Relax boys, it’s Hootbreath Hoolihan.” Could you also tell me if she is heard on any other program?

Mr. G. K.
Boston, Mass.

Yes—Florence Halop, alias Hootbreath Hoolihan, is also Miss Duffy on Duffy’s Tavern which will return to the air on October 6th. Miss Halop’s Brooklynese jargon comes easily as she was born in Brooklyn and is the sister of one of the original Dead End Kids.

FLORENCE HALOP

PHIL BAKER’S BACK

Dear Editor:
Will you please inform me as to the night and station of Phil Baker’s new show on the air. We know he’s on the air again but don’t know when.

Mrs. C. B.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

After a too-long absence from radio, Phil Baker returned last spring with a show called Everybody Wins. Tune in on Fridays at 10:00 P.M., EDT on the CBS network.

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR

Dear Editor:
Would like very much to know if Evelyn Knight is on the air. She is by far the favorite songstress in our family.

Miss D. D.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

You’ll be happy to hear that Evelyn can be heard Wednesdays on the Texaco Star Theatre (10:30 P.M., EST, ABC) on which she co-stars with Gordon MacRae.

EVELYN KNIGHT

SHE’S PEGGY

Dear Editor:
Pepper Young’s family is my favorite serial. Does the girl who plays Peggy Young look like a saint as she sounds?

Miss M. D.
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

She certainly does! And here’s a picture of Betty Wragge (she’s Peggy) to prove it. Betty made her radio debut in a children’s program way back in 1927 and since then has followed a long succession of juicy parts in shows such as March of Time, Lux Radio Theatre, We The People, and Texaco Star Theatre with frequent outings for Broadway roles. In 1936 when the sponsors of a new serial called Red Davis (later, the title was changed to Pepper Young’s Family) were looking for a typical American girl for a featured role, Betty won the audition and has played the role of Peggy ever since.

Betty Wragge

RFD AMERICA

Dear Editor:
There is a farm program which I think originates in Chicago—a quiz program for farm families. Could you tell me about this program—also the time and station?

Mrs. E. L. M.
Keene, N. H.

RFD America (Sundays, NBC, 2:00 P.M. EDT) is what you have in mind—and a lively program it is, too. The contestants are farmers who compete for awards which sometimes include a ten-year supply of overall and wire fencing. The winner is dubbed “Master Farmer of the Week” and returns the following week to defend his title against three new contestants, 41-year-old Ed Bottcher, whose only previous radio experience was as an eight-time winner on the same show, is the M. C. Ed commutes to Chicago weekly from his 153-acre farm near Hanceville, Ala., for broadcasts.

Ed Bottcher
AVA GARDNER is adorable indeed as she plays opposite ROBERT WALKER in Universal-International's "ONE TOUCH OF VENUS"

"I'm a Lux Girl" says AVA GARDNER

This is a beauty care that works! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time.

"Smooth the fragrant lather well in," says Ava Gardner. "Rinse with warm water, then cold. As you pat gently with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Hollywood's tip!

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at, thrilling to touch. For a softer, smoother complexion, try the fragrant white beauty soap lovely screen stars recommend. Lux Girls win romance!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier!
Bride and Groom

(Continued from page 45)

our Bride and Groom radio program.

Methods of proposal, also, refuse to fall into any pattern.

But it's in the department of "Reasons For Falling in Love" that we've found the greatest variation. I remember the first time Charlene Koroske of Lansing, Michigan, and Edmond Read, Jr. of Glendale, California, came to our program-studio to see about being matched with me in connection with the broadcast. When I asked Charlene how she and Edmond had fallen in love with each other, she laughed and said, "Well, I guess it was half of a banana and an ange, half a banana—plus a huge trout named 'Pappy'!"

NOT even three years of talking daily with engaged couples and newlyweds had prepared me for that; but Charlene and Edmond assured me there was a logical story that went with it—a story which turned out to be one of the most intriguing romances ever told on Bride and Groom.

It had begun many months before in Los Angeles, where Ed was attending a school of photography and Charlene was enrolled in a school for models. To provide practical experience, the two schools made arrangements for the girls to model some formal gowns while the photography-students took pictures.

"I was lucky enough to draw Edmond as my photographer," explained Charlene, "and liked him from the first, the kind of thought he liked me, too. For one thing, even though the other photographers left the minute they finished their assignments, Edmond remained in the studio. But he was too bashful to talk to me—instead, he started discussing fishing with a group of fellows.

"That might have ended the story right there, but Charlene very femininely decided to end the impasse by entering into the discussion of what was obviously Ed's favorite sport. "I thought she used some funny lines for a girl who was supposed to be a fishing-fan," Ed laughed, "but she seemed so sincerely interested that I thought 'Ah, a reorder girl—as well as a photography student.'"

Charlene enjoyed their talk, except for two things. First, she had never been fishing in her life and didn't think she'd like it if she did go. Second, it was now late afternoon and Charlene hadn't eaten a bite since breakfast. But how could a girl bring up the subject of mere food, while listening to Ed's story about a fabulous trout named Pappy?

It seemed the trout had become almost a legend at Ed's favorite fishing spot, not only for its unusual size but also for its skill in pulling huge fish, and its uncanny ability to attract other fishermen.

Every fisherman in the district was after Pappy, and the one who landed him would be the recognized champion.

"And I'm going to get the one," Ed was saying enthusiastically. "I've got a brand-new fly that'll fool even Pappy. Why, I'd rather fish than eat!"

Perhaps the word reminded him of Charlene, and he suddenly invited her to join him in his fishing."

Charlene brightened immediately—now she was sure she liked Ed. And how lucky that they'd met here at the photography studio, only a block or two from the studio. They could have lunch at the Sunset Strichat Pianova-Antiques, a small table at one of the exclusive cafes, she said, "I'd love to. But let's choose some quiet place, so we can go on talking about fishing!"

The next moment she realized she'd overplayed the role, for Ed grinned happily and said, "Swell; I brought a lunch from home, we can sit in the park and eat our lunch there!"

Charlene still laughs at the remembrance of that first "lunch-date" with Edmond. "It was my own fault—I'd published a fish story in connection with an ardently ambitious angler, that Ed just took it for granted that it didn't matter where or what we ate, long as we could discuss fishing! By that time, I was so hungry that it didn't matter what it was, either—just so we ate."

They ate something, all right. The lunch, a small package carried casually in Ed's side pocket, consisted of one sandwich (half an orange, and one banana! Ed carefully divided each item in half, explaining, "I didn't expect company, or I'd have brought more. You see, I'm on a diet."

"Even then, I still thought he was just about the nicest person I'd ever met," Charlene said, "but when he asked me for a date for later that week, I made up my mind to eat a hearty lunch before I went!"

Ed made up for that first lunch by taking her to one of the nicest restaurants in the Sunset Strip, and making it happen on the menu. But fishing was still the sole topic of conversation. "Several times that evening Ed would look at me sort of admiringly, and start to say something, then switch the conversation right back to discussion of bait."

"It was because she'd thoroughly convinced me that she was the world's greatest fishing expert; she kept wanting to talk about all the things that go with falling head-over-heels in love; but I thought she was interested in me only because I liked to fish, too!"

O ther dates followed—including Sunday trips to the beautiful Mojave Desert, covering photographic assignments for the newspapers—and finally Ed and Charlene got around to discussing some of the "things that go with falling head-over-heels in love". Charlene did not want any casual friendship, and liking Ed more and more with each meeting, tried to summon up enough courage to admit that she was a fraud as far as being a fishing-fan was concerned. But Ed chose that moment to invite her on an extra-special date.

"We'll drive up to Big Bear Lake Sunday—that's where Pappy, the trout, is!"

It was the final accolade—a fisherman inviting a girl to his special fishing spot.

Charlene was genuinely impressed, instead of thinking of a date to "get away"; she spent the week reading up on "How To Fish," and buying a rod and reel.

Sunday was a perfect day, and the drive up the Rim O' The World highway, past Lake Arrowhead, to Big Bear Lake, was a perfect setting for a boy and a girl in love. But just as they drove up to the entrance of Big Bear Lake, clouds obscured the sun, a cold wind started blowing across the water—they were in for a storm.

Ed told Charlene to keep from shivering, as we got into the boat, and Ed started rowing for the place where he'd seen the big trout." Charlene said, "I kept wondering he'd wanted to get in out of the rain and into a warm place, but I knew fishermen didn't."

"And I was (Continued on page 76)
Slash fuel oil costs up to 25% with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-air!

You’re not getting everything your money should buy in a heater for your home unless you get all these:
- Real oil economy...clean, workless heat...fine period furniture styling.
- But only a Duo-Therm heater gives you all three. Here’s how and why:

Power-Air saves up to 1 out of every 4 gallons of oil!

Actual tests in a cold Northern climate prove that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air cuts fuel costs up to 25%. (This saving alone can pay for the cost of your Duo-Therm.) Only the Duo-Therm heater has Power-Air Blower.

Being a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air really moves the heat, too...gets heat into hard-to-heat corners...keeps floors much warmer...gives you more heat and more comfort at the living level.

Save on oil with Duo-Therm’s exclusive Burner

The Duo-Therm Burner is a fuel-miser, too. It mixes air and oil in 6 stages (a Duo-Therm exclusive) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame—gets more heat out of every drop of oil.

The Duo-Therm Burner transfers more heat to your home quicker, because its full-bodied, mushroom type flame floats in the lightweight steel heat chamber...hugs the chamber walls. There are no moving parts—nothing to wear out. And it’s utterly silent!

And it’s so easy to heat with a Duo-Therm. Light your Duo-Therm on the first cool day. Then tend the fire all winter by turning a handy dial.

Your eyes tell you, too, that no other heater at any price can equal a Duo-Therm for beauty. That’s because Every Duo-Therm’s a fine piece of furniture

Yes, Duo-Therm is the only heater with genuine period furniture styling. And only Duo-Therm heaters have the magnificent new duo-tone mahogany finish—a new Duo-Therm development!

There’s a Duo-Therm heater to fit your needs because Duo-Therm makes a complete line of heaters—offers a model for every purpose and pocketbook.

Clip and mail the coupon now!
See the complete line of Duo-Therm heaters at your local dealer’s now. Meanwhile, send for the free, 12-page Duo-Therm heater catalog that shows the whole line in full color.

MORE THAN A MILLION SATISFIED USERS!

Duo-Therm

ALWAYS THE LEADER...

Duo-Therm Division of Motor Wheel Corp., Dept. RM-92
Lansing 3, Michigan

Please send me absolutely free your catalog on the

- Duo-Therm Fuel Oil Home Heaters
- Duo-Therm Automatic Gas Water Heaters
- Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Water Heaters
- Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Furnaces

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(Continued from page 74) thinking the same thing," Ed laughed, "But I was afraid to suggest it."

When they got to the fishing spot, Ed started casting, while Charlene tried to figure out the mystery of how to prepare her rod, tie on a fly, and all the other intricate things that any self-respecting fisherman would have known.

"I kept getting it more and more tangled up," she said. "I noticed Ed was watching me sort of puzzledly, so I decided to make my cast whether I was ready or not."

Her cast probably set a new world's record for awkwardness. First, she almost upset the boat; second, her hook just missed embedding itself in the dodging Edmond; and third, despite all the vigor she had put into the effort, her fly landed two feet from the boat.

Ed's look of puzzlement was getting more pronounced by ever, and Charlene faced the inevitable—she would have to confess that she knew nothing about fishing and cared less. But just as she opened her mouth, a trout at least a foot and a half in length lunged through the water in front of her, grabbed her tackle, and raced away.

It was Pappy! On the very first cast of her life, Charlene had hooked the champion trout! Her reel screamed as the huge trout raced away with her line. "Play him! Give him slack!" Ed was calling, beside himself with excitement.

It was too late—all the line was out, and the improperly-tied knot was no match for the express-like speed of the trout. The fly parted, and Pappy was gone as quickly as he had come. For a moment, the boy and the girl just stared at each other, then Ed said, "You... you let him get away."

Sudden warm tears joined the cold raindrops on Charlene's cheeks, and later reserve was gone as she sobbed, "I couldn't help it! I don't know how to fish! I've never done it before in my life—I always hated the idea!"

It seemed to be the end of everything. "From the first, I'd taken it for granted that it was only my pretended interest in fishing that had attracted Edmond," said Charlene, "I never thought I'd know how to fish."

"Edmond was a good fellow. He knew I didn't know, and hadn't cared, anything about the sport that seemed to be so important to him."

"Imagine how I felt," Ed said. "Here I'd been talking fishing to her every time we met. Partly, of course, because it is my favorite sport; but also because I thought it was the one thing in which she was interested. What a dope I must have seemed!"

But suddenly a thought came to him—"If Charlene had pretended about liking fish, knowing it was his hobby, then that must mean she... He didn't finish the sentence in his mind; instead, the boat was wobbling dangerously again as he drew her into his arms.

"All the fishing in the world isn't one-millionth as important as this one moment with you," he said softly. Charlene's lips trembled, but she tried to meet his kiss, in a kiss that said all the things mere words can never say.

But it was to turn out even more perfectly. When Edmond finally said, "Let's get out of this rain, and forget about fishing," Charlene shook her head.

"No," she said. "I told you I hated fishing; but that was before I had ever done anything of the sort."

"Now, Charlene," Ed said, "just remember what I said."

The whole town of Coeur d'Alene took part in making it a week always to be remembered. As a gag, merchants and various clubs had set up an outdoor "Honeymoon Suite," furnished with a decrepit cast-iron stove, a broken-down bed, and an ancient dresser—in hilarious contrast to the costly and shining gifts given them at the broadcast. (The town made up for it later, though, by enouncing Ed and Charlene in the bridal suite of the beautiful Desert Hotel, and by loading them down with countless gifts—new, this time—of silver, china, and household furnishings.)

There was even a special Honeymoon Plane at their disposal for trips to nearby points of interest; and a trim craft with a dozen sailboats for the all-day fishing trips, and for leisurely evenings of sailing through the moonlight.

We've found out that life can really be exciting, said Charlene happily. "And that all your dreams can really come true—even if they start out with only half a sandwich, half an orange, half a banana, and a trout named Pappy!"

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Name
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City and State
Lazy Day Dinners
(Continued from page 61)

Condensed Milk Mayonnaise

\(\frac{1}{4}\) cup vinegar or lemon juice
\(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon salt
\(\frac{1}{2}\) cup salad oil
1 teaspoon dry mustard
dash of cayenne
condensed milk

Measure ingredients into a pint jar in order listed, cover tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. Store in refrigerator. Will thicken on standing. Serve with fruit salads. Makes 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) cups dressing.

Lemon Honey Dressing

1 egg, beaten
\(\frac{1}{4}\) cup lemon juice
\(\frac{1}{2}\) cup honey
3 tablespoons milk
1 cup cottage cheese
dash of salt
dash of mace

Combine egg, lemon juice and honey in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cool. Stir milk into cottage cheese, beat until smooth. Add salt and mace and blend with cooked mixture. Makes 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) cups.

Jellied Ginger Pear Salad

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup water
1 cup gingerale
\(\frac{1}{2}\) cup seedless, halved grapes
1 cup diced fresh pears
\(\frac{1}{2}\) cup chopped nuts
2 tablespoons chopped crystallized ginger
lettuce and mayonnaise

Combine the gelatin and water. Place over low heat and bring to boiling, stir until dissolved. Add gingerale and chill. When slightly thickened fold in fruit, nuts and half the ginger. Turn into individual custard cups or molds; chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce, garnish with mayonnaise and remaining ginger. Makes 6 servings.

Popovers

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
\(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
3 eggs
1 cup milk or \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup evaporated milk plus
\(\frac{1}{2}\) cup water
1 tablespoon melted shortening

Before starting to mix the popovers, heat the oven to very hot (450° F.). Then grease heat-proof glass custard cups or muffin pans and place in the oven to heat. Sift flour, salt and sugar together. Beat eggs until frothy. Add flour mixture and half of the milk, and beat with a rotary beater until ingredients are combined. Add remaining milk and shortening and beat until smooth. Fill hot, greased cups \(\frac{1}{2}\) full and bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes. Then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and continue baking 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 9 popovers.

Orange and Black Olive Salad

4 navel oranges, peeled and sliced
2 onions, thinly sliced; lettuce
\(\frac{1}{2}\) cup ripe olives, sliced

Arrange oranges and onions on lettuce. Sprinkle with olives; serve with French dressing. Makes 6 servings.
Wife of the Week
(Continued from page 31)

Adams, the food editor, with some questions about my "Paprikash" recipe; Virginia Stewart, an associate editor, with questions about our personal background; and Georgette Kohler who wanted to know if we preferred plane or train.

We took a big four-motored plane early Tuesday morning that brought us into LaGuardia Field in less than two hours.

Mrs. Adams was waiting for us, and she was so gay and such fun that we felt that we had arrived at a party. After we were settled and brushed up, she took us over to The Drake to meet Miss Stewart for lunch and to talk about the script that was to be written that afternoon while we were having fun going sightseeing and shopping in New York.

One of the first things Miss Stewart said was, “Aren’t you proud of the letter your husband wrote about you?” and I had to admit that, for the first time in his life he was being really mean to me, and that I had not seen it yet.

Tickets for that evening had been provided for the hit musical, “Annie Get Your Gun.” Because the seats had been gotten at the last moment, I did not think they could possibly be very good, so I took along my opera glasses. But someone had a lot of pull. They were in the fifth row! But Frank used the opera glasses, anyway, on a pretty brunette in the chorus.

“Don’t complain,” he said. “I said in my letter that you were never jealous.”

“What else did you say?” I whispered, but he just laughed and kept on looking at the brunette.

A table had been reserved in The Warwick’s Raleigh Room for the supper show, so we danced and felt very gay.

The next morning at nine we went just a few blocks to Radio City for rehearsals and to meet Betty Crocker. She is a delightful person, just as pretty and friendly as her voice on the air, and the minute you meet her you feel that you have known her always.

Win Elliot, the master of ceremonies, is tall, thin and gives you the impression that he is having a lot of fun all of the time.

We ran through the program once with Ted Corday, the director, and he was so easy and amusing that we were not nervous at all when time came to go on the air, both because we felt that we knew everybody and because we knew exactly what was going to be asked us.

There is no curtain, but otherwise the studio looks like a luxurious little theater seating about fifty people. On the stage there’s a sink, an electric stove, a table and chairs in front of a yellow tile background. Frank’s special noodle pan was in place over the pot of boiling water.

This pan is a gadget that Frank had made especially for us. How good the dish tastes has nothing to do with the shape of the noodles—but this gadget makes them come out in a shape we like. It is an ordinary light-weight eight-inch frying pan with about twenty holes, each half an inch in diameter bored in the bottom. One firm swipe of a spoon forces the dough into little almond shapes through the holes and into the boiling water below.

All of this kept us busy so I had no time to get nervous and before I knew it we were on the air and at last I was hear...
"Dear Betty Crocker: I wrote so many letters while I was in service that I thought I would never willingly write another letter again, but after hearing your program I felt I had to write you. I am a home maker; my wife has been the staff of my life and who has kept me going many times when the way seemed too rough to go on. We eloped eighteen years ago, shortly after finishing college, and announced this world-shattering event to our families and friends fourteen months later. That was during the depression, but we were young and had no idea of the value of a dollar so we spent practically every cent we had on a West Indies cruise. What a rude awakening until I began to see how I had when we settled in our own flat and I discovered that I could not stretch my bank teller’s salary to cover our expenses!

The studio faded out as I listened, and my memory drifted back to the first time I met my husband and both of us were in love at first sight. It all started when I walked into a corridor at the University of Buffalo, my current best beau introduced us! We had no idea of marrying until we had finished college. I went down to Frank and began to talk about getting a job. Both families approved the match but were firm against a quick marriage. They thought we were entirely too young and should wait until Frank was graduated and established. But we were so much in love that we thought a secret marriage would be romantic.

"Our parents were right," Frank was reading into the microphone. "I couldn’t support a wife but I wouldn’t admit it to them."

Thinking back, I am so glad that he wouldn’t! It was a great temptation to accept help, but because we needed so many things. But we didn’t. If you are ever going to make a success of your business—and your homemaking is your business—your very first obligation is to get along on what your husband makes. Of course our families did love and take care of us, like giving us some furniture and little treats, but we positively refused any real assistance. This gave us a glorious feeling, but the fact remained that between my experience and Frank’s generosity, we were always running out of money.

"I explained the situation to my bride," Frank was reading, "and I decided to let her take over and see what she could do. She did well, and got us through that and an even worse period when the bank where I was employed went on a part-time basis and I brought home $15 a week. You will admit this was a feat, especially for an only child whose parents were only too happy to give her anything she wanted. In fact she did so well she has been the financial manager ever since."

"Poor Frank," I thought. "How sweet of him to be grateful after what I did to him?" I think that when a woman is made responsible for the family money she is apt to be more careful than a man to start with, but I squeezed every nickel so hard that I bet those Indians never recovered. We went on an iron-clad budget. Frank, who had always been used to money, was cut down to $2.50 a week.

"She enjoyed keeping house and cooking (though frankly I had to teach her practically everything) until now she has built up a reputation as a home maker. She devotes herself to enjoying a home maker and can’t understand why it bores so many women, because to her way of thinking it combines more activities than any other job."

That’s true. I can’t think of anything that is more enjoyable than making a comfortable pleasant home for the one man I’ve walked for the right person in the world to you. At the start I spent all day shining up my house. Frank was certainly right in saying that I had a lot of work to do. I began to manage the money that it occurred to me to do any of the washing myself, for instance.

"I think I better get a washing machine," I said to Frank’s mother.

So she gave me twenty dollars as a present to start my laundry fund, and I started to save. We never have bought anything else, and I think it is an excellent rule.

I was terribly glad that we were not involved in time payments when that money blow fell, and Frank was put on half-time with a salary of $15 a week. I thought he was unbalanced by the shock when he told me and then added, “Let’s take a vacation in Florida. If I’m going to work harder, I’d rather worry in comfort in the sun.”

He wasn’t kidding, either. We took the meager savings we had been accumulating for a vacation, drove down with some friends of the family and did our worrying in Miami! As a matter of fact, Frank had been working hard and could use the break then, instead of at normal vacation time.

Things picked up slowly. Frank went back to work at the bank, eventually at full salary. It was still small but we saved a little each week, not for any special purpose but just as a matter of policy, and I was very glad that we did later. We might never have attempted building a house if we had not had enough saved to buy a lot. When my father became ill and we wanted him with us we were worried because our flat was small. We didn’t know the answer until one evening a friend said, "Why don’t you build? I’ll give you a mortgage."

It was a brand new idea. We got out paper and pencils as if it were a game, but with the drawing of the first line we were off in full cry on a wonderful new enterprise.

"The spoiled little girl I married became a fine woman who took care of both of her parents during their last lingering illness, though at the time she was far from well herself. She also nursed her grandmother until she passed on, too. Then I was very nervous and had a hard time finding a job as good as the one I had left to go into service, so for a whole year I did nothing. Many women would have complained bitterly over this seemingly wasted time but my wife said nothing and just let me alone until I got on my feet by myself. Any veteran who has gone through such a miserable period of adjustment will appreciate what I mean."

I felt like crying when I heard Frank tell the whole country about this
period of our lives because, while it was a difficult time for me, it was a dreadfully hard one for him in more ways than one. When he went into uniform, he was a very well-established and prominent member of our community. He had been the president of the Lackawanna Food Merchants Association for nine years, was former president of the Chamber of Commerce and was then serving as treasurer. He held the sales promotion managership of the largest independent bakery in Lackawanna. We had two cars, two saddle horses and our own home, so it was hard for him to adjust to the orders and general kicking around that a younger private may not mind, but that an older man finds hard to take. Then he went through the landing at Oran, spent months in Africa all through those tough campaigns. He weighed 215 when he went in, and 167 when he came out.

Frank was very nervous during the first months at home. He didn't want to go anywhere or see anybody. He just wanted to sit around the house—so I sat with him, talked when he wanted to talk, kept still when he wanted to be silent.

To have him thank me in his letter and over the air for doing what any loving wife would do made a lump come into my throat. I thought I would never be able to say what was expected of me, but Betty Crocker caught my eye, gave me a sort of a gay little smile, and I was all right again.

"Now I am in business and my wife continues to give me encouragement and support. She gets up at 5:30 to give me a good breakfast and has lunch and dinner ready for me whenever I have a chance to get home to eat. I show up anywhere between 6 and 8 o'clock and somehow or other she always has a delicious hot meal ready for me. By the time she finishes the dishes it is generally too late to go out, but she always finds something to occupy her time and never reproaches me."

"What would you reproach you for?" I thought. Frank is putting in twelve hours a day hard work for me as much as for himself. He had decided to go into business for himself, and when the opportunity to buy the Gerstung Dairy came along, and he showed his old eagerness and enthusiasm, I knew that he had done the right thing to put the effects of his war years completely in his past.

"If only I could make you see what a comfortable, liveable home my wife has made for the two of us who could so easily become dull and stuffy! You know, Betty Crocker, I think it is harder to make a real home for two than for a family. My wife has succeeded in this and it isn't just my opinion. Many of our friends comment on the peaceful, cozy atmosphere of our home. Believe me, after twelve hours of work and worry it is my haven of peace. Don't get the idea that my wife is stuffy because she spends so much time making me comfortable. She is a red-head and you know you can always depend on a red-head to make life interesting. I am sure she deserves to be made one of your Homemakers of the Week, and I'll be waiting to hear an announcement over WKBW any day. Very truly yours,

Frank S. Pillion"
Now you know what a prize-winning letter sounds like. Win Elliot pinched a beautiful orchid on my shoulder, but I felt that Frank had laid down a carpet of orchids from coast to coast for me to walk on, first by feeling the way he did and second by saying it so beautifully.

The whole thing made me feel like a bride. Particularly our presents—a pressure cooker and an iron, a set of hollow ground carving knives in a red-wood case, a blanket wardrobe and a very sizable shipment of the products of Betty Crocker’s sponsor.

Thursday morning we went back to see the Magazine of the Air again, and by this time Frank was a veteran radio performer and covered himself with glory in the Homemaker’s Quiz part of the program. The show is run like a magazine. It features on home care, beauty, food, interviews with famous people . . . something different every day. Thursday is the day when the guest is like a true story, and Allen Funt, the man who is known for his adventures with a Candid Microphone, was there to tell how he worked.

We said goodbye with the feeling that we had had the most novel holiday, got back on the plane and were home Thursday night.

Home always has looked wonderful to me, but it seemed doubly so because I was seeing it as my husband had described it to millions of people who were listening. I felt proud of it, and proud of what we had done together in building it, but most of all I felt proud of him.

Mrs. Pillion’s Recipe for Noodles

(serves two)

2 cups of Gold Medal flour
one half teaspoon of salt
one egg
one cup of water

Beat the egg in the water and add to the salt and flour. Stir until smooth. Then cut small pieces of the dough into rapidly boiling salted water. Let them cook until they rise to the top. Drain, rinse, drain again and then add them to the chicken prepared as follows:

Mrs. Pillion’s Chicken Paprika

Have the butcher cut up a four- to six-pound roasting chicken in serving pieces. It is essential to have a kettle with a tight cover so that no steam can escape. We use a Dutch oven. In the kettle brown lightly two medium sliced onions in about two tablespoons of fat. Then brown the chicken in the same fat, adding a tablespoon of salt and a quarter of a teaspoon of black pepper, a teaspoon of paprika, one big bay leaf and a couple of shakes of cayenne pepper.

When the chicken is browned, add a cup of water, cover, turn down the heat and cook for about an hour until the chicken is tender.

Then add one half pint of sour cream and more salt, pepper and paprika, according to taste. We like it very highly salted because the noodles are bland and can stand a highly seasoned gravy.

Add the noodles and let them marinate with chicken and gravy for about 15 minutes.

This amount of chicken will serve many more than two, so expand the noodle recipe according to the number of guests. Use a cup of flour for each person because everyone loves the noodles.

With this, all we ever serve is a green salad. We have served extra vegetables on occasion, but no one seems to want them.

P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn’t more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you’ve ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn’t dry out . . . that really stops perspiration better. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.
to it. That was the real plan behind Tex-Jinx Productions.

What about color television, I wanted to know? How long before that would be here, and were they interested?

"I can't say how long before color television will be here—I doubt that anyone would want to give you even an approximate time, but we are definitely interested in color—in fact this room was planned for a color television show to originate here." He waved a hand in the general direction of the luscious greens, yellows, and prints of the room.

"Yes," Jinx put in. "Our presentations start out in black and white and toward the end of the portfolio, they go into color." (In case you don't know, a presentation is the very elaborate outline of a proposed radio or television program that is "presented" for the consideration of an agency or network.)

Tex believes that there won't be much daylight tele for a while—except baseball and special events, of course—but he does think that very soon the 8:00 to 9:00 A.M. hour will become important on television—catching just about everyone at breakfast somewhere within the hour.

He is unconditionally against televising regularly scheduled radio shows per se. Thinks the classic remark that "television cannot be radio with a peephole" covers that situation. There simply isn't enough visual interest in people, no matter how talented, standing before microphones reading scripts.

I was personally very interested to know what he thought about Hollywood. So far the film capital has been extremely uncooperative as far as video is concerned. There is an absolute "Verboten sign on the tele rights to any good Hollywood picture.

"I think you'll find a relaxation of restrictions very shortly," Tex said, "and even better than that, actual cooperation. I've been talking with Mr. Paul Reyburn, of Paramount Pictures, and he stands for full cooperation with video."

We all had some iced coffee at this point, and the McCrays started interviewing me. How did I like being a television editor? What all did it entail? How was my husband, etc., etc. As we talked I realized that here was a manifestation of one of the nice things about Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrory—no matter how busy or important they get, they always seem to be interested in you; and that surely is the secret of a stimulating and happy way of life.
Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only

WHAT SINGLE MISTAKE THREATENS HER ONCE HAPPY MARRIAGE?

A. This foolish wife failed to take one of the first steps usually important to marital compatibility.

Q. What is that first step so vital to continual marital congeniality?

A. A wise wife practices sound, safe feminine hygiene to safeguard her daintiness with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching ... "Lysol" in proper solution.

Q. Aren't salt or soda effective enough?

A. No, indeed! Homemade "makeshift" solutions can't compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. "Lysol" is gentle to sensitive membranes, yet powerful against germs and odors ... effective in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Kills germs on contact — stops objectionable odors.

Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?

A. Many leading doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. Safe to use as often as you want. No greasy after-effect. Three times as many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene as all other liquid products combined!

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember — no other product for feminine hygiene is safer than "Lysol." ... no other product is more effective!

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Easy to use ... economical
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Heigh-Ho Video

(Continued from page 50)

Incidentally, if Vallee's magic touch applies to TV as it did to radio, the aforementioned Miss Raine has a bright future. Rudy is credited with giving the initial break to many of today's top performers, such as Edgar Bergen, Bob Burns, Joan Davis, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Larry Adler, and many more. There is reason, therefore, to suppose that he will discover future television greats. Rudy has never been reluctant to share the spotlight with new and promising talent. He still remembers his own start, and how much a little help meant.

Rudy began his trek up show business road by giving out with the taps on a drum in his high school band. With the aid of a saxophone he paid for his college education. During the summer following his graduation from Yale, he toured New England with a small dance band. That fall he counted his money and decided the time had come for him to try his luck in New York. His first job there was a one-night engagement with Vincent Lopez at a benefit for the Hebrew Orphan Asylum on December 4, 1927. Several widely spaced one-night jobs followed with Lopez and with the late Ben Bernie's band.

Deciding that it would be just as easy to be an unemployed band leader as it was to be an unemployed saxophonist, Vallee organized his own group. Don Dickerman, a well-known night club impresario, booked the new orchestra into the Heigh-Ho Club and the rest is history. From 1928 until he enlisted in the U.S. Coast Guard in World War II, Rudy was a top radio personality and had also established himself as a fine comedian in motion pictures. His most recent chore is the wonderful characterization in "I Remember Mama."

Everyone who is interested in television is cheered by the fact that Rudy is bringing his showmanship and experience to the new field. Vallee-Video, Inc. (which is what Rudy calls his new company) is as hopeful an infant as the television industry itself. He says, "We of Vallee-Video are doing it for the fun, for the thrill and the challenge that the making of films for television presents to us. We've embarked upon this project of preparing and making as many of these Video-films as possible for the voracious demand that is sure to come."

Alan Ladd

as

Dan Holiday

of

MBS's BOX 13 is more than a match for a criminal (as usual) in OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR'S exciting picture story
Hoagy Carmichael
(Continued from page 59)

songs too, and she and Hoagy proceeded to do one or two more together.

When they met again in New York at Hoagy's midtown apartment Helen's
kid sister, Ruth, was along.

"I didn't pay much attention," Hoagy confesses.

And Ruth—Mrs. Carmichael since 1936—adds that he was "the rudest man
I ever met. But I knew right away I wanted to marry him."

"I was a smart aleck," Hoagy teases
her, "but adorable."

Their romance was one of those on-
again, off-again things which drive the
gossip columnists crazy. At one point,
Ruthie, after one "last" blow-up, took
a boat to England, through with Hoagy
for good.

As soon as she was gone, Hoagy says,
he knew he shouldn't have let her out
of his sight. He went half-way to meet
her homecoming ship—although he
swears he had always hankered for a
vacation in Barbados—and when they
heard Winchell announce their "en-
gagement" a few days later over the
ship's radio, Hoagy gallantly remarked:
"Well, now I'm really stuck."

But he didn't mean it.

The Cartmichael wedding
was an occasion which the hepers in
New York still recall with nostalgia.
The ceremony at five in the afternoon
drew more musicians into the Fifth
Avenue Presbyterian church than had
ever been at church in their lives, and
the reception later—with the hottest
band in New York, Bunny Berigan,
Eddie Condon, all of the "boys"—drew
even more.

The bride almost didn't make the re-
ception. The horse-drawn carriage
which the best man had hired sen-
timentally to bring the wedding couple
from the church to the party, stopped
at the curb in front of Hoagy's
apartment hotel and the bridegroom
hopped out. He held up a hand to help
down his bride—but the horse, car-
riage, and bride were half a block
away, Ruthie screaming back for some-
body to stop them. Ruth swears—but
not too seriously—that the horse
started to run away before Hoagy
jumped out.

It was quite a party. George Gersh-
win played—as a preview—the entire
score for a new show he had just writ-
ten, "Porgy and Bess." After which
Hoagy's father, having recovered from
his suspicions of the music world,
moved in and said, "Now George, I
want you to hear some real piano play-
ing." He meant by his lawyer-son.

The Carmichaels came to Hollywood
wrapped in the aura of that now-
famous party. Probably that accounts
for the fact that whatever they do now
takes on the aspects of a jam session.

All of his success and his responsi-
bilities—which now include two sons—
have failed to change the basically
irrepressible little-boy core of Hoagy.
Life at the Carmichaels' house in the
swankiest section of Beverly Hills
carries over a good many of the easy-
going aspects of life in the Book Nook
back in good old Indiana.

The intercommunication phone rings
in the "big house," and Ada Dockery,
the Carmichaels' cheerful English
housekeeper, crosses the room to an-
swer it. The voice of Hoagy Bix (for
the one and only Bix Beiderbecke,
Hoagy's early friend and mentor), who
New! Improved!

Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

New Short Haircut Salon-Sleek!

Give your smart new short coiffure just enough wave for body...just enough curl on the ends to keep it a sleek, close cap...with the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent. Right at home...as easily as you put your hair up in curlers...you can give yourself this soft, salon-type permanent. You use the same type of preparations and the same improved cold wave process used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for expensive permanents. Save money and tedious hours at the hairdresser...try this glorious home wave today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30c Federal Tax).

It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Serves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. One-third more waving lotion...more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
3. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer makes wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave...non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning cream rinse.

is nine and the older of the Carmichaels' two sons, roars distinctly into the room.

"Is Sawdust home yet?"

"No reverence," draws Sawdust himself, ambling to the telephone. "What's up, man?" he says into the receiver.

The boys can spare their father some time, it turns out, if he can shake the visitors and come on down to their house. They thought maybe a little tether ball...

"Can't Skeeter take it?"

Skeeter is Seaton Grant, the ex-pro baseball player and current physical education major at U.C.L.A., whom the Carmichaels have engaged to live with the small fry and rub off the top layer of their energy. Unrubbed, they're too much for Hoagy. Under Skeeter's tutelage they've become such expert swimmers, tennis players, tether ball players and all-round muscle men that Hoagy is thinking of hiring a physical trainer of his own to get even.

"I'll be down," Hoagy promises.

"Down" is across the garden, past the swimming pool to the little bungalow which originally was the guest house at the lavish hilltop estate which the Carmichaels bought six years ago. Now a small boys' idea of heaven, the cottage houses Hoagy Bix, Randy Bob (for Randolph Scott and Bob Montgomery), who is seven, Skeeter and assorted athletic equipment.

WHEN the boys are feeling particularly affable—or when, like today, Skeeter is otherwise engaged—Hoagy is invited down for a work-out.

Invitations to the grown-ups to visit Small Fry house are much harder come by than bids in the other direction. Hoagy Bix and Randy mingle at their convenience with the parade of visitors who come and go from the big house—no rules in this family about children's visiting hours—but when their parents are invited to the cottage it is usually a special occasion.

"On my birthday," their father reports gratefully, "they let me take them to the circus."

The life-with-father theme is played out in reverse at the Carmichaels, although at the big house itself it must be said that signs are more frequent that the master is a fellow of some consequence.

In Hoagy's study and workroom, his desk is waiting for him, a model of orderliness—mail here, papers here, checks here. Perhaps next week he will get around to looking them over. This top letter—what's this?—oh, just an offer.

"Anybody ever hear of the Golden night club in Cleveland?"

Better ask his agent, Hoagy decides, and forgets it.

He gravitates to the work piano. It's a studio upright, unimpressive piece of machinery to have turned out so many hits. "I have a concert grand in the living room, Hoagy explains, "but that's for fun."

He runs through the first bars of the song he's working on now:

"I'm from Dallas, Texas!"

(Its sung with emphasis on the Southern accent)

"But you can't tell Cause I don't talk that way—ee"

At this point Hoagy breaks himself up laughing.

This one probably won't land in the leather bound volume entitled in gold leaf "Non-Commercial." This book which Ruth Carmichael had made up
for Hoagy is a collection of his tunes which did not make the Hit Parade. "Some of my favorites, too," Hoagy says of them, ruefully.

The phone rings—the outside phone this time, and Hoagy grabs for it. Someone wants him to go on the radio, not his regular Saturday night CBS session this time, but an ad lib go on Leave It to the Girls.

Hoagy shies away frantically. "I'm not bright enough for that sort of thing," he says, meaning it, "not funny enough. I don't think fast enough on my feet." He listens for a minute, but he isn't moved. "No, look," he says, at last. "I can't do it. I have an irritating voice . . ."

Everyone in the room, aware that Hoagy's "irritating" voice has made him a fortune, gets a big laugh at this.

But he couldn't be more serious.

"You have to have something special—a sense of humor or something," he says after hanging up, "to get away with that."

At this point, he thinks it's time for "Mrs. C." to show us around the house.

Ruthie Carmichael has never hung out a shingle as an interior decorator, but she could. She really has worked something of a miracle with "Stardust House."

Built in a sprawling U around a beautiful swimming pool, looking out across a vista of terraced gardens, the house could very easily have been formidable. But with a sagacious blending of modern comfort (in the upholstered pieces) and style (in the fine English antiques) and with a bold hand with colored fabrics, Mrs. Carmichael has achieved an effect which is casual and informal.

The large blue and rose living room is so inviting that you have to look twice to realize that it is also appropriately (for the Indiana boy who made good) expensive. The series of Dresden figurines of the composers which are arranged along the mantelpiece and the impressive collection of white ironstone are—to use a Hollywood colloquialism—"thrown away."

You are much more apt to notice the McClelland Barclay portrait in oils of Ruth's handsome sister, Helen, or the kids' new television outfit set up, for want of a better place, on a rare old English table.

HOMEY touches supplied by Hoagy's mother, Mrs. Lyda Carmichael, are here, as everywhere in the house, importantly in evidence. The Old Indiana rocker, with its needlepoint cushion, the needlepoint cover on Hoagy's piano chair—brown on beige showing the opening bars of "Stardust"—are Grandma's contributions. The elder Mrs. Carmichael emblazoned the entire score of "Stardust" on Hoagy's bedspread, a resplendent touch in an otherwise severely tailored room. Ruthie's bedroom, contrariwise, is frilly and feminine with a huge white-canopied four-poster, eyelet cotton drawn back with black velvet at the windows, and a collection of old family photographs in silver frames on the wall.

Except for the children, there are no contemporary family photos about. In the living room McClelland Barclay's—he's an old friend—line drawings of Hoagy and Ruth are prominently displayed, along with some good modern watercolors. One, a snow scene, is an original by Johnny Mercer. Another, a seascape, characteristically unsigned, is the work of the Hoagy Carmichael, a Sunday painter himself of enthusiasm and some talent.
WIVES THRILLED over extra advantage of this higher type

Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier, Daintier,
More Convenient
Yet one of the Most Effective Methods

Greaseless Suppository Assures Continuous Medication For Hours

Here it is, girls! A higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness for which you've long been waiting. One that would be easier, daintier, more convenient and less embarrassing to use—one that would be powerfully germicidal yet absolutely safe to tissues.

So be sure to enjoy the 'extra' advantage of Zonitors!

Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories—each sealed in a dainty glass vial you can easily slip in your purse. Zonitors instantly begin to release powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours. Positively non-irritating, non-burning, non-poisonous.

Leave No Embarrassing Odor

Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually destroy it. Help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy Zonitors today!

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FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-88, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name

Address

City State

"Of course I'm a better barber," he says, "or was, before Ruth sold my barber chair."

There just wasn't room for it. Mrs. Carmichael insists. Besides, Hoagy took to cutting hair at parties instead of using the piano bench. And it wasn't half as much fun.

"It was for me," Hoagy laments. Hoagy just stumbled into his talent for barbering—like his talent for painting or singing or composing.

He points out that he studied law at the University of Indiana, under Paul McBeth, adding dryly, "that's probably where I learned to be an accountant."

This is not quite true. Hoagy did some acting at Indiana; played the part of a monkey, in false nose and long underwear complete with tail, in the senior class play. But the real chance came when his friend, Slim Hawks, came by the house one day and found him in faded blue jeans and several lines of dirt prunings the roses.

"What a character," she muttered to herself, making a mental note to tell her husband, Director Howard Hawks, that she had found a movie natural. Hoagy's hit part in "To Have and Have Not" resulted, and a whole new phase of his career.

Hoagy loves puttering in his garden, and not, he insists, just because he was "discovered" there. He worries about the wooly aphis along with the rest of Beverly Hills gardeners. He loves and claims that despite its blight, his roses are the biggest and the best in the neighborhood.

The wisteria vine trained over a latticework arch—monument to Hoagy's nostalgia for springtime in Indiana—is his pride, and he is furious that it has bloomed and faded for three seasons now without his having recorded its lavender and green wonder on color film. Next year, he swears, he will go on strike at wisteria season.

Hoagy's gardening proceeds without handicap now that Rags is no longer around. Rags, a "dirty white" dog, half poodle and half Yorkshire terrier, used to tear up planking beds as fast as Hoagy could plant them.

She disappeared one day. The family didn't worry for forty-eight hours—Rags had customarily taken an occasional two-day sabbatical—but when three days went by and she didn't show up, the boys and Hoagy were frantic.

Hoagy put an ad in the Beverly Hills paper: "Dog, sort of white; brown tail and ears; tick scar under left eye." But no luck. No Rags. Hoagy finds it satisfying to think that whoever kid-napped the puppy is having a terrible time keeping his pawsies planted.

Hoagy is so fond of his garden that Ruth surprised him on his last birthday by giving him a party there.

"Really went Hollywood," Hoagy recalls, still pleased at the whole idea. "Big tent, orchestra, catering by Romanoff's—the works!"

The Carmichaels seldom entertain so lavishly. They say they don't entertain a ball, but actually they never stop entertaining. Even Hoagy's working hours are entertainment—he loves his work, and so do the lucky auditors. There are always people around—sitting at umbrella-covered tables around the pool, hiding from the sun in the plant-filled lanai, or perched on the handsome ebony-inlaid English bank teller's chairs at the brown and white gingham-lined bar.

"It's a party," Hoagy says, sticking his head out of his workroom.

It's always a party, if Hoagy is at home—even he can't be sure when the work ends and the fun begins. Supper for six—or even ten or twelve—is no trouble for the staff of three waiters. The dining room is ready without so much as an extra leaf.

Their friends—the inner circle, at least the part of it that changes from year to year. The Hawkses, the Bob Montgomery's, the Lee Bowmans, the Alexander Halls, the Victor Flemings. They know they don't have to telephone—the latch is always open.

The guest room nearly always is occupied too, by Hoagy's mother, or one of his sisters, or Ruth's sister on one of her frequent treks from her home in Maine. "Always a bulge in the house, seems like," Hoagy says.

Wherever "Sawdust" is at home, people hang around. And why not? Isn't it a party?

It's a party when Hoagy's on the air. William Paley, big boss at CBS, has decided that it should be a thirty minute instead of a fifteen minute party, and Hoagy has cut audition records of that length for all consideration.

It's a party in any movie set where Hoagy works. Ethel Barrymore herself, who "adored" working with Hoagy in "Night Song," is only one of the authorities for that. And as for his real love—the song-writing business—the party is apt to go on for a long, long time.

Hoagy has a hatful of new tunes—"Sad Cowboy" probably will hit first. Hoagy is more than versatile, it is apparent after a good long look. He is inexhaustible.
Remembering
Tom Breneman
(Continued from page 39)

on my own Take it or Leave it. I had just heard from Ralph Edwards of Truth or Consequences that he would over for me—when the telephone rang. It was Tom.

"Say, Garry," he said. "I hear you need somebody to pinch hit on your program. If I can help, I don't need to go on this trip right away. Billie and I could leave later just as well."

That was Tom. The ultimate sad event a few weeks later proved how desperately he did need that rest, but there he was, offering to postpone his vacation to "help out" somebody else.

When I recovered, I went to my home town, Baltimore, to visit my parents. It was there that I heard the shocking news of Tom's sudden passing. With millions of others, I said "No! It can't be!" when I heard the message on the air. Later, trying to tell my folks about Tom, I paid him what is probably one performer's most sincere tribute to another: "Gee, I'd hate to be the guy who has to try to fill his shoes!"

Ironically, three days later in New York I received a call from the sponsors of Breakfast in Hollywood. They asked me to step into Tom's program. You can imagine my feelings. I tried to put them into words in a pre-broadcast talk just before facing the studio audience that first time.

What I said then still goes: "I know that I cannot fill the shoes of Tom Breneman for he was a man of unique mold. . . . I cannot promise you that I will be good at the job. Nobody knows that, least of all myself. But I can promise you that I will try to bring to the job the things that Tom treasured most highly—friendliness and love of his fellow man. . . . The wheel of life continues to revolve. There is no way of turning it back. . . . The crowd is waiting in the next studio. So let's go in there together and hope that this is the beginning of a good friendship."

And I think, that from that moment on, I began really to know Tom Breneman. For some of the kindness that he had dispensed through his work while he lived—dispensed to you—began to fall around me like a warm bright light, reflected back from you. Your letters, expressing your grief and yet wishing me well, showed that you shared Tom's spirit of friendship.

Through you and your letters, then, I began really to know Tom. And in another wonderful way I came to know him. This was through working with the fine people who had worked with him, through hearing their tales of Tom as they saw him. Tales of the man, the human being.

In these tales, not at all strangely, the accent is usually on laughter—as it was with Tom. Laughter was one of his great gifts. Once you heard it, could you ever forget that laugh of his? That deep-down, mellow, infectious and irresistible geyser of mirth that fairly shook the air?

You must have noticed the frequency with which Tom turned that laughter on himself. On the air, of course, that could be regarded as merely good showmanship. Every professional funny man knows that to be on the receiving end of a gag puts him in a good light, while dishing it out can make him appear smart-aleck or worse. As a show-
There was a young lady named Grace
Whose window shades were a disgrace.

Till one sunny day
She found she could pay
Pennies to smarten her place.

"Cause window shades made
by Clopay
Cost pennies, yet look bright and gay

They work like a breeze
Are certain to please,
Discover these bargains today!

Clopay Window Shades won't crack or pinhole. Complete with plastic screw button, from—22¢

Clopay Washable Window Shades clean easy. Just wipe oil finish with damp cloth. From—39¢

Clopay De Luxe Shades with smart, new velvety "corduroy" effect. Washable. From—55¢

(On rollers—all shades about 20¢ more)

CLOPAY
Remember it will pay
To use Clopay
At your favorite variety, department or neighborhood store
Home prices slightly higher Denver and West

man, Tom doted on every one of those famous "insulting" introductions by John Nelson. You haven't how they went: "... to all you ladies who want the latest dope, here he is—Tom Breneman!" "... in this day (of airplanes) we forget in what kind of thing man flies to the stars in the sad state of a busi-

balloon. A big bag filled with hot air,
which reminds me that here's—Tom Breneman!" Cracks like that, every day. And the loudest, most appreci-

arate you heard was always Tom's. He loved it.

But he was that way off the air, too, there was no showing off both you... His favorite stories (as the gang retels them) were always those in which Tom himself was the butt of the gag, caught without a comeback, stumped.

In A SHOW like his—all ad lib, just "gabbing with the gals," as he termed it—anything could happen. Roaming among the guests, with his tried and true mike, asking folksy questions, spoofing the ladies' zany hats, no matter what he did, Tom was the old master of the quick reply. And always, as it related, not the many times he wowed them with a fast one, but the rare oc-

casions he himself was left speechless.

The time, for instance, he asked a young housewife and many children she had. "One—and one on the way," was the answer, at which Tom beat a quick retreat to another table. She called after him, in a voice that car-

ried over the nation, "Don't be afraid—
it's not catching!"

And the time, quizzing a sweet old lady, he asked a certain question to and then quickly corrected himself: "Oh, I shouldn't have asked—I make it a point never to get personal on this pro-

gram." She fairly bowed him over (he admired it later) when she heard up, "I know differently. I listen to you often and most of the time you're pretty nosy!"

And there was another sweetheart, all of eighty-seven, who missed out on the "oldest guest" orchid by only a few months. "Shucks, Tom," she said, "I don't mind my not getting the orchid, but I came here for your joke. That's what I'm sore about!"

Tom, in his most chivalrous manner, planted his second kiss of the day on her cheek. "My," she sighed, but her eyes twinkled mischievously. "Why didn't I meet you when I was a girl? Betcha we'd have had a lot o' fun!"

I like the story of the beginnings and early struggles of Breakfast in Holly-

wood. Its beginnings, indirectly, can be traced to Tom's constant brightening the surrounding atmo-

sphere—in making people happier. In the program's birth struggles there was Tom, with his associates, putting up a good show. And I'm sure he must have spent his whole allotted forty-seven years in the school of the human heart.

Chet recalled this a few days later about his restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, along with Ray-

mond R. Morgan, head of the radio-

advertising agency, and Dave Covey,
the restaurant's owner. It seems they were discussing the state of busi-

ness. Sardi's wasn't doing well. Chet, who was then selling radio time to sponsors, had his troubles too. Ray Morgan suggested cheerfully that they should join worries.

"Just figure out a radio show that will help the restaurant business," he said. "This and solve all our problems!"

Chet remembered that snapped-off radio—and Tom Breneman's comment. He told about it. Ray Morgan, list-

ening, began to envision something. Dave's restaurant could be their studio. Chet could line up sponsors, Tom Breneman could be M. C., ad libbing over ham and eggs. Why not?

Tom thought up of answers to that question before Breakfast at Sardi's finally hit the air, unsponsored, over one local station, KFWB, on January 13, 1954. "Breakfast at Sardi's," as it was later called when Tom moved to his own restaurant on Vine Street, did not spring full-blown into hit status. It wobbled along for weeks and months, just another "crazy idea" of a show, had really arrived.

But after that, there were diehards who admitted the success but mar-

veled at it. What was funny, they de-

manded, about a guy trying on ladies' hats—when the vast radio audience couldn't see it even if it were funny? The experts were stunned by that one, but the fans continued to howl with glee just the same. Maybe it was like it was with that fellow Bergen who wanted to air an ad with a wooden dummy named McCarthy—who dial-

ers couldn't "see" either.

Well, you can't hear all the tales about Tom and Morgan, of that he deserved everything he won: the fame, the fortune, the devotion of millions of human beings. Building up to these, he had had thirty years of hard school-

ing on Broadway. And I'm sure he must have spent his whole allotted forty-seven years in the school of the human heart.

Tom, along with laughter, his program so often glowing with hushed moments, tender and inspiring in their revelation of the goodness, the hopes, the dreams of everyday people. Through Tom, and his "most elderly guests" and his "Good, Good Neighbors" and his Wishing Rings, America knew many such moments along with the fun of the restaurant.

Who could ever forget the little crippled girl who wanted "just once to walk like other kids." Or the woman, who with her own earnings, sent weekly cartons of cigarettes to service-

men overseas during the war? Or the
women who, in their own communities, set shining examples of helpful service? Or the woman who wished that “all the lonesome little puppies and all the lonesome little boys” could be given to each other?

Building the unique niche he ultimately won, Tom had kicked around vaudeville and radio for years. He began in radio back in the twenties, when it was still a strident and disorganized infant of the show world. It was before the era of vast networks, and a sponsor on one station was an actor’s delight. Tom knew good times—as singer, comedian, M. C., studio executive—and he knew bad. He survived that near-fatal freak accident—the iron curtain rod which fell and struck him down at his desk—which nearly cost him the permanent use of his normal voice. There was one week, in the period after a seeming miracle restored his speech, that Tom for all his talents could find only two roles—a “newsboy calling in the distance” and “a wailing banshee.”

All the large troubles and the varying triumphs, shared by his devoted wife and later by their children, went into the making of his eventual great success. (Mrs. Breneman and the children plan to do, now that Tom is gone, exactly what he would have most liked them to do—continue their lives as nearly as possible as if he were still with them. Mrs. Breneman will still be an Encino housewife; Gloria is to continue her studies in music, and Tom, Jr., will, of course, finish school.)

Many people, including at least one famed psychiatrist, have tried to explain Tom’s success. What did he “do”? What “tricks” did he use? One of his pals, after a nostalgic session with a few of Tom’s transcriptions, gave as good an answer as any: “Tom didn’t ‘do’ anything—and he did it beautifully. He hadn’t any ‘tricks,’ he hadn’t any script, and he hadn’t any set pieces of business. What did it was his personality—the man himself. The way he treated people, the sympathy and warmth he felt—and showed.”

I’ll go along with that. Tom was a great showman, but showmanship was only a small part of it. It was showmanship plus his ability to project himself over the air.

And what Tom had to project was something rare indeed—Tom Breneman.

---

Is Old-Fashioned Advice Ruining Your Married Happiness?

Then learn here Scientific Truth you can trust about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

The very women who brag they know about this intimate subject are often the ones who are the most ignorant. So, for the sake of your marriage happiness—stop listening to unsound information and “old wives’ tales.” You owe it to your husband and self to learn here scientific truth you can trust.

Gals won’t you please realize how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness—to combat one of woman’s most serious deodorant problems? And what’s so very important—always put Zonite in the douche!

No other type liquid Antiseptic-Germicide tested is so POWERFUL yet so SAFE to tissues as ZONITE—the first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a great germicidal and deodorizing action yet, absolutely harmless. ZONITE is positively non-irritating, non-poisonous. You can use it as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

Zonite principle developed by famous Surgeon and Scientist ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It’s so powerfully effective—it immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can feel confident ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Scientific douching instruction comes with every bottle.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-98, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
"The Love We Found"
(Continued from page 47)

thoughts, off the air, as on, by inviting me to go to the symphony with him. Later, George was to explain to me why, feeling as he sweared he did about me, he was so slow. He was, he said, "very involved." He was still an officer in the Army. He was still working for the Army by day and, also, by night. He was able to do the Rosemary show only by courtesy of his commanding officer who gave him a couple of hours leave of absence each day. He was trying to get back in the theater. He was trying to find an apartment. "And," he concluded his defense of himself as a laggard in love, "you were a very popular girl—men calling for you at the studio and all that. I was too involved to get in there and cope. And," he added, "too scared."

George had been in love before. He'd come out of it, with scars.

We went to the symphony and George held my hand and it was nice. Even nicer was the fact that George revealed to me a side of himself I'd had no opportunity to know in the studio ... his knowledge of music, for one thing, which is good, is fine. His appreciation, both warm and intellectual, of all the Arts. That evening I realized for the first time, how much we have in common. It disturbed me.

I had no desire to become involved with anyone. I had been in love, too (or that's what I called it) a long time since and it was misery. So I, too, was afraid of love. Very afraid of getting married.

So here we were, two people afraid of falling in love—and if that isn't being impaled on the horns of a dilemma, what in the world of lovers and their problems, is it?

I attempted to escape by telling myself flatly that what I felt for George Keane was nothing more than the friendly affection natural between two young people who work together every day, Monday through Friday. I told myself, "We act well together—Simply that and nothing more."

Nothing more?

Then why when, shortly after our evening at the symphony, George went to Fort Dix to get his discharge from the Army and there was a chance he might have to stay there several weeks; might, as a consequence, lose his job on the Rosemary show—why did I feel so violently that he must not lose the job? Why was I so embattled, so up in arms at the mere mention of another Bill?

I knew why.

Shortly after George got back from Dix—this was in April of 1945—what he describes as "a great event in our lives" befell us: George got a car. In the car, taking long drives, going for week-end visits with friends in the country, this was how we really got to know each other; got to know how curiously one we are, in our interests, in our reactions, our senses of humor; in what we like and what we like to do. The sun, for instance, we both love the sun, love the beach, the sea. We found out, too, how extraordinarily sensitive we are to each other, so sensitive that one never unknowingly hurts or insults the other because of knowing, as we do, what would hurt, insult.

In the car we used often to drive
down for week-ends with Elaine Car-
ington, who writes our Rosemary show (and how many others!) at her lovely Bridgehampton, Long Island, home. Elaine, realizing immediately, how right we are together, how close we were—closer, to her seeing eye, than even we really tried, we suspect, to push our relationship along. "Trudy," my foot! After the very first week-end we spent with her, she married us in the script!

In real life, it took us a year longer to get married. A year in love—there was no larger nor any shadow of a doubt about that—but for me, at least, a year in fear, too.

Fear, that, as I look back on it now, has about as much substance and reality as the bogie-men that beset neurotic children.

I had never "gone with" an actor. In my home-town of Berwick, Pa., and later in Akron, Ohio, I grew up with a prejudice against marrying an actor. I was afraid of marriage to anyone but the prescribed "solid older business man." Later, I was afraid of marriage, period.

But solid older business men do not, alas, share your interests—not if you are me, they don't! They do not share your sense of humor, your fights and fevers and fervors whereas, George ... George is an actor, yes, George is an artist, yes—but George, I reminded myself, is very interested in politics as well as in plays and play-acting; is interested in the production end of the theater, in music, in travel and books and people and life. George has dimensions all this and the heaven of the fun he is, too!

JUST as these reflections were building props for my courage and I was close to capitulating, came a crisis in our affairs: George got a job on the stage—his part in the musical comedy "Park Avenue" whereupon, except for our morning broadcasts and our Sundays together, we practically didn't meet.

This panicked me. What kind of a marriage, I asked myself, newly fearful, would this be? Which proved to be another false fear because George is still in the theater, playing the comedy lead in "Brigadoon" and, after eight months, what a wonderful marriage ours is!

During this year-of-fear George proposed to me in, he insists, every advantageous and disadvantageous spot in, and within driving distance of New York.

According to his story: "First proposed to you in the studio at CBS, with the lights burning brightly and an engineer, smoking a big black cigar, the smoke curling from his unlovely lips, kibitzing. I kept on proposing to you—in the movies, on Bridgeham-
ton Beach, on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, at the Museum of Modern Art, in Grant's Tomb, in Elaine Carrington's garden, also in Elaine's kitchen, in the subway, in a thunder storm, in my mother's presence, in your mother's presence, while fixing a flat tire on a country road, while you were under the dryer in a beauty parlor, in swimming, on roller-skates. And you kept on saying no."

Incredible as it seems to me now, so did I.

Then suddenly, one day, the one day he didn't ask me, I said "Yes."

Immediatly I said it, the doubts, the fears, the reservations and all the vestiges thereof simply dis-solved, like
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G E O R G E ' S sister and brother-in-law, driving in from Long Island in a blizzard, had hamburgers in hand, having had no time to eat on the road. Hamburgers obviously called for an accompaniment of hot coffee which, five minutes before George was due to arrive for me, I patently perked!

As we left the house my maid called out the window that I'd forgotten my purse and my "Something borrowed, something blue . . ."

On the drive to Jersey, we got stuck in traffic. George and his brother literally put their shoulders to the wheel for a good half hour before we were on our way again!

Having left the telephone number of the Judge who was calling us with the Registry, in case the air-line should call us about our reservations for Havana, two calls for radio jobs came in. We answered but George said, "I won't do it!"

Back in New York, in our apartment which, during our absence had been transformed (George's orders!) into a hothouse of the white flowers I love, we had a champagne supper and then my bridgegroom left to report back to work.

The next day, the honeymoon . . .

In the late afternoon of the day the honeymoon began, George had a limousine from American Airlines pick me up at the apartment. On the way to the airport, we stopped at the theater where "Brigadoon" is playing and George, in full make-up (and on a week's leave of absence from the show) got in. Removing his make-up en route to L. Guardia, we made the plane and took off on what George calls "The highest honeymoon ever spent," for Havana.

When we came down in Havana, two photographers, neither of whom spoke English, were there to meet us and accompanied us, snapping like mad, to the Nacional where we were staying. "Two to one," I said to George, "they have no idea who we are." A bet I collected when, the next day, the pictures came out in the papers, captioned "Mr. and Mrs. menu!"

Since George didn't know how to rhumba, and neither did I, and both of us wanted to rhumba in Havana, we went down, in all innocence, to take a lesson from the teacher recommended by the hotel as teaching the
"original Cuban rhumba." Teaching the "original Cuban rhumba" was this New Yorker—and at twenty dollars the lesson! George, once in a while, protests that he can never remember the steps; I merely say to George "Twelve dollars" and George remembers the steps!

But it's a dreamy place to honeymoon, Havana... We swam a lot, in the La Nacional's beautiful, beautiful pool. We danced the rhumba—the "original Cuban rhumba," yes, sree, at Havana's fabulous night-clubs. We wandered around the streets, watching the people as, wherever we are, we like to do. We were in love, in Havana; we were honeymooning, in Havana...

...doesn't Havana mean Heaven?

It should.

We sat well together. (I'd like to do a play with George someday.) We live together well, too. We live very much for each other. With us, with both of us, the other person's interest does come first. We indulge each other.

For instance, I'm fairly extravagant about clothes; George is fairly extravagant about books and records. We indulge each other's extravagances. George likes me to have nice things. I like George to have the things he wants.

That our interests are varied, as they are, brings richness to our relationship. I am interested in child psychology. I once took a course in anthropology at the New School, in New York. I love interior decorating. I like to paint materials. I like warmth in rooms—and in people.

I'm on the Board of Directors of New Stages, which brought "The Respectful Prostitute" to "Broadway. George is one of the Elia Kazan-Booby Lees group, now working on producing "The Sea Gull." His ambition in the theater is to be a director.

WE had no lovers' quarrels, while we were courting, because we didn't have time for them—We have no married quarrels because, if an argument arises, we talk it out at the time, thus preventing a long period of time in which to be angry. We both know, that, in an argument, the only impossible thing is when people stop talking. We do not stop talking until one or the other gives in or until, by mutual agreement, an agreement which settles the point in question is reached.

We lead very simple lives, at home; not part of any big show business crowd. We walk and drive and swim, and like our friends and want to travel and hope to have children and, eventually, a house in the country, a house in the sun, a house by the sea... In our marriage, Time is my only rival; is George's only rival—or ever will be. Our working time being different, I mean, our lack of time together. Only on our radio show in the morning are we together during the day, then our paths separate until dinner time and then, with George going on for the evening performance and with me to my classes in nursing (which I adore) we separate again until bedtime.

But whether we are together, such time as we have together, or whether we are apart, for the first time in our lives, we really know the meaning of love. The love you find when you're mature. A different kind of love than ever we knew (and feared) before. A love more rich, more real—in short, the love we found and, I hope and pray, "finding's keepings!"
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I saw his broadcasting room, and the only word that came to my mind was "impressive." One long wall is a mass of books; the other is a complete map of the world which Lowell faces while he announces the news every evening.

After his evening broadcast, Lowell rejoined us for a talk-filled dinner and for a couple of leisurely hours afterwards. Then, a little before 11:00 P.M., he vanished again—to do his repeat broadcast for the West. After that, he stayed out in his studio working until about 2 A.M., writing a set of books that he's been preparing for the past two years. They are the history of mankind, told in the short biographies of famous people from the beginning of history until now—350 such biographies. By this coming fall, we'll be able to read them.

It's a hard-working life he leads, but certainly a fabulous one. The estate on which he leads it was bought only two years ago—for half a million dollars. Not bad for a man who started life without a cent, and who spent his boyhood in a Colorado mining town. Lowell has his own theory about his success story—but let me tell my theory first. I say he's the greatest salesman I have ever met. Let me give sure-fire proof with a story I forced out of him only recently, at his own dinner table:

MANY years back, long before he'd ever faced a radio mike or dreamed of having any money, he was an unknown young man who wanted to write a book on a world trip he had just made. Driving with his wife and baby son along a country road in Dutchess County, New York State, he suddenly saw a charming house on a hilltop. He told his wife, "Frances, there's the house where I want to live while I write this book!"

"But somebody already lives in it—look at the curtains at the windows," objected his wife. Then she added, "Lowell, why are you driving into the driveway?" "Then, being his wife and used to such surprises, she sat back and said nothing further. Her husband stopped the car in front of the strange house, rang the doorbell, and said to the elderly lady who opened the door, "I love your house; I am a struggling writer, and my family and I would like to live here while I write a book."

The owner of the house was naturally startled. But what happened? After five minutes of fast talk from Lowell, she invited him and his wife and baby to stay with her a year—which they did! Furthermore, at the end of the year she offered to sell them the house. The figure she named was sky-high. Mrs. Thomas shook her head when she heard it.

"Too bad, Lowell," she said. "We haven't a cent, thanks to your financing those expeditions into India this year—we can never hope to afford it!"

"We'll own it in a week," contradicted her husband. He rushed off to see Doubleday Doran, the book publishers. There he outlined two books—verbally—and got the biggest advance yet heard of in the publishing business. Within a week, they owned the charming house—which was their home for many years until Lowell purchased their present one, two years ago.

See what I mean about Lowell's being a salesman. However, neither his success nor his salesmanship could have
been predicted in his youth. Lowell was born in Woodington, Ohio, fifty-six years back. His father was Dr. Harry Thomas, a surgeon who moved his wife and son to Cripple Creek, Colorado, right after Lowell was born. Lowell lived there for the next fourteen years—an altitude of 9,000 feet—and for nearly all of those years he was Cripple Creek’s star speaker. Not because he wanted to be, however. “Oh, no,” Lowell told me, “that was my father’s idea.”

His father, you see, was one of those men you can’t help calling a “character”—and a wonderful one. “My father, far from being a fool, was fascinated by everything in the world,” Lowell has told me. “We always had a telescope in our home through which I peered for an hour or so every evening. My father taught me astrology, botany, zoology, geology. He read me the Bible and all of Shakespeare. Before I was twelve I knew all about comparative religions. And by the time I was fourteen I had made more public speeches than a Presidential candidate. To whom? To the Elks, Kiwanis, the miners, and anyone else who’d listen. And how I hated it!”

What he hated most was the discipline his father had forced on him—independence on correct pronunciation, on never sounding nasals, on reciting dialect poems in practice of every expression. “I hated all of my father’s lessons so much that I decided never to speak in public again,” Lowell said. “But a year after that decision something happened that completely changed my mind.”

He went East to a new school. He was a stranger to the thousands of students, who all seemed to know each other. Among them he was silent and lonely. Then one morning came a school crisis: the speaker for the assembly that day was sick. Who would take his place in announcing the school program? “I could,” offered Lowell, and did. That one speech changed his whole life at school. He saw in astonishment that after that morning everyone said hello to him—and later on he was even elected captain of the football team.

That was the转折点, Lowell told me. “From then on, all my life, things have showered on me—just a direct result of my father’s teachings when I was a child.”

He went through four different colleges like a meteor—and earned his own living on the side. At the University of Chicago he was asked to pinch-hit for a sick professor in the forensic

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book based on it, "With Lawrence in Arabia."

It was after that that Lowell became a world traveler. His wife always went with him, and he concentrated on writing up his own adventures and other men's—into forty books. Among them were such best-sellers as Count Luckner the Sea Devil, India, Land of the Black Pagoda, and Beyond Khyber Pass. Radio! He'd never thought of it. By 1930 he was an established travel writer who lived in that house on a hill top and never came into New York. That is, until a wealthy Philadelphian named William Paley bought into CBS and began searching for a radio newscaster. At that time Floyd Gibbons was the only news commentator in radio; he signed up with the Literary Digest panel. After Paley's big rival NBC. Three things happened: Literary Digest dropped Gibbons; then they moved over to CBS; and then Paley began scouting up and down the streets of New York. "Where is a man who can announce news for the Literary Digest?"

SOMEBODY shouted back "Lowell Thomas!" Lowell found himself hauled out of his quiet house in the country. After, when the Digest failed, an oil company put all his stories—they sold the air at the same hour for a six-year period. Now, with his soap sponsor, Thomas has hit the eighteen-year record—with no interruptions. He manages, he says, "by salesmanship, to get in long skiing trips: he talks his sponsors into letting him broadcast from wherever ski lodge he goes to in Canada, Vermont, or New Hampshire. Radio experts set up all he needs in his hotel room. On his world tours he broadcasts from wherever he stands on the globe. Thanks to his voice and his selling ability, Thomas lives ten lives instead of one.

But the most prominent of these lives is his family one. His wife Frances long ago made the rule. "We won't have our house look like a museum"—so all of Lowell's travel trophies, from African masks to Hindu robes, are kept in an enormous third-floor rumpus room. Their son Lowell Jr. is a collection of his own—for in his twenty-four years Lowell Jr. has built up a travel history almost as big as his old man's. At fifteen, he was a cameraman for Admiral Byrd on a trip around South America; at sixteen, he and his camera went on an Alaskan expedition; at seventeen, he was mountain-climbing in British Columbia; at eighteen, he was a flier in the war. Bikini's atom bomb tests found Lowell Jr. piloting an observation plane.

Next to his wife and son, Lowell's affection goes to the Quaker Hill community where he lives. It's Lowell who arranges for all the famous speakers who talk at the Quaker Hill Community Center—which is, say, the country club. It's also Lowell who organizes, every summer, his "Nine Old Men" baseball team—the most unprofessional ball players in the history of sports. Some of the Thomas henchmen have been Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Eddie Rickenbacker, Ed Thorgerson, Robert Montgomery, Gene Tunney, Babe Ruth, Ted Husing, and Lanny Ross. They play against any challenger—last summer's big threat being opera singer Janis Martin's "team," "The Ancient Spark Pluggers." To explain: these are men who, like Melton, collect antique automobiles—and who drove doggedly in them to the baseball diamond without which Hammersley Hill would not be Lowell's estate!
Paul and Nicolette
(Continued from page 65)

room. Nicolette went on into the hall, and then downstairs to her own room. There she collapsed into a small upholstered chaise, her knees shaking, her breath coming fast and unevenly.

She had been a fool to go with Teddy in the first place, she scolded herself. It was all over now—the pretense that her visit was a casual one. Not simply because Paul's eyes had told her that she was beautiful—they had told her that before, under conditions she trusted. But now, she had been tired and drawn from lack of sleep, and dirty because there was no water in which to bathe, and pinched and blue with cold. Now had it been the intimacy of the incident—in a sense they had lived more intimately before, in the weeks they had worked together. She had watched over his sleeping face on trains and trains and in the native hut where she had nursed him through the injuries he'd received in Africa—and in the freezing Nurnberg turrets, they had climbed in their separate cocoons of blankets, they had shared the same room for the sake of safety and the feeble warmth of a tiny charcoal fire.

But it had been a different intimacy. The mission that bound them together had also kept them apart; with their eyes flung upon their goal, there had been little for looking at each other. Here, Paul was a man in his own home, and she was—what? Somewhere more than a visitor, certainly, but just what? Selfishly, she had seen the question in the eyes of the family, but she herself had not thought it needed an answer—until now. Now she realized that she herself needed to know the answer. She must have a talk with Paul at the first opportunity.

The opportunity came some time later, and under shocking circumstances. A few days after their arrival in San Francisco, she and Paul went to Sky Ranch to visit Claudia and Clifford. Paul asked Teddy to accompany them. Claudia refused emphatically. Nicolette gathered, and with something of her old bitterness. Nicolette was not present at the scene, but Paul told her a little about it, and his distress and uncertainty as to what to do about Teddy told her a great deal more. She was not surprised, then, when upon their return from the ranch they were met with the news that Teddy had packed her bags and gone back to her job, leaving no word except that she positively did not wish to be followed or to return. Paul was stunned. He had come back from the ranch rested and with high hopes that a solution could be found for Teddy—and now this!

"I don't understand," she said to Paul. He'd said over and over again to Nicolette, "Why?"

"I think I understand," said Nicolette. "It's an old pattern, isn't it? Anyone who's Paul is interested."

"But she threw me up together! She wanted it, from the first time she met us in Nurnberg—"

Men, thought Nicolette pityingly. Even Paul, in all his wisdom, to whom the whole family turned for advice and aid in their most delicate problems, was helpless when it became a matter of the devious methods of a woman who had set her heart upon him.

"That was different," said Nicolette. "That was Germany. There she had..."
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tween an elderly man who finds fault with everything and everyone and a man who is really antagonistic.”

"Yes!" She said. "Our moment."

Then he asked, "Is—is that why you have not married sooner?"

"No!"

She waited, finally probed gently, "Do you mind saying why?"

"No!" His voice was flat, deliberate. "Because there was no one worse than the girl I married and lost with whom I had any desire to spend the rest of my future."

The boxer fell like a stone into the pool of silence and stillness which seemed suddenly to have filled her. "But now is not?" she thought, and closed her lips tight. She would ask no more questions for she knew no answer was forthcoming. No, it was perhaps
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better to go, to leave this house, and to return to her own life, as Teddy had done.

BUT she did not leave, for a reason as old as family life itself. She was needed. Children and grandchildren came to the house, and in groups at all hours, and the amount of work they made for Mother Barbour was incredible. Hazel and Betty and Cheryl were all loved, but they had their own houses and their own families; they were glad to turn the work over to others.

The day came when Father Barbour made his peace with her, over a pared apple.

He went up to Paul’s studio one afternoon, and found Nicolette there before him, comfortably curled up in the deep chair across from Paul’s. He was testy about it until Nicolette quartered an apple for him, shoving the peel off tissue-thin.

“To your taste?” she asked, handing it to him and smiling a little.

“Yes,” he grunted. “Um—yes. Why, even Fanny Tindall would not do so sharply.”

Paul grinned. “One of Nicolette’s habits from early training. Waste nothing—”

“If you think that is something,” put in Nicolette, “you should see me with a potato. In fact, it makes me feel bad to throw the jibbutz potato. In my childhood days they were always eaten down to the last crumb.”

“I abhor waste,” said Father Barbour positively, “and the glance he gave her from under his brows was not so sharp as formerly.

Nicolette’s eyes sparkled. Now, she thought, is the time... Rising, she said, “If you will want to write me, I will write often. And if you think I am too much in Paul’s studio... there must be talk enough that I am in the house all the time.”

“Talk! Why should there be talk? Why shouldn’t you be here?”

“After all,” she reminded him, “it is you and I were on a mission together. There is only our word for our integrity; there is only our word for what goes on in this house.”

Father Barbour rose majestically. Miss Moore,” he thundered, “let me put you straight on one subject! So long as our confidence in Paul is secure, which I guarantee you is just as, you have nothing to concern yourself about within the confines of the Barbour clan. What other people may say or think is a matter over which I have no control nor wish to, a matter about which I have not the slightest concern! Um—won’t you have a piece of this apple?”

Nicolette took the apple and left them, exchanging a dancing glance with Paul as she went. Then Paul turned to his father, still grinning.

“Trying to read something in my face, Dad?”

“No more,” said the old man, “than you’re trying to read in mine.”

“Oh, I know what you’re thinking,” Paul replied, turning to himself, “I won’t be a fool. Don’t let this one get away from you.”

“That’s all you know?” returned his father. “I was thinking any such thing, I was thinking... “By George, if I were forty years younger and a single man...”"

AND then, after weeks, months, of Nicolette’s being a part of the family, the letter came from Washington, asking her to attend by for a new assignment, and to be ready to leave within

WHEN
A BAD
SKIN
Ruin's your
Beauty

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Coarse Pores or Other
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Nicolet bit her lips. After all this time, she had been searching for something to cling to. She tempered her impulse toward kindness. "I could very well be," she said. "After all, there is nothing to indicate that we won't be on the other side of the world."

"The other side of—Nicolete, there's no need for you to have anything more to do with that sort of life. Stay here. There's need for you here. You're wanted. Stay here, and—"

"And what?"

He hesitated, and plunged. "Marry me."

She smiled sadly, shaking her head. "Ah—you finally said it, didn't you? But it was so hard! And now, I'd feel like a part of a great picture if I had any intention of accepting what you offer—"

"But if I hadn't meant it—"

"No, Paul, it isn't the time or the place for you and me to talk of marriage. I would never marry anyone in a moment of haste or panic. That is out of the way—"

"But you once leave us—"

She leaned forward, and he thought that he must have been mad not to have asked her before. Never had she seemed so lovely, so in earnest, so right.

"Paul—if our relationship is so ephemeral that three or even six months' separation will dissolve our interest, then it is a poor thing indeed. This is what I suggest: I will accept this assignment. It will not be less than three months, I know that. When it is finished, I will come back to you. I will come back here. Then perhaps all of us will know better what we want."

"I know now," Paul insisted. "Nicolete, I mean it. The idea of your leaving is pure destiny to me here. Marry me. Make your home—"

Still she shook her head. "Hush, Paul! Say those words to me when I come back again—then perhaps I will believe them."

With that, he had to be content. Nicolete would not move an inch from her stance, not with all the pressure of the family upon her. Until the final, confirming telegram had arrived and she was actually packing. Then she considered it unfair that Paul came upon her unprepared and announced except for a tap on her door.

"Come in," she called without turning from the suitcase she had opened on the bed. "I now to much time—you will excuse me if I go ahead with what I have to do?"

"YES," Paul agreed in a hollow voice, and looked at his watch. The five gifts for his plane leaves, and it's two-forty-five right now. Nicolete—wire Washington you're not coming."

She stiffened, facing him. "And what would I say in such a wire, please?"
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"Dear Washington," said Paul promptly, "unexpectedly detained by matrimony. Please drop my name from your list of available agents." She bent low over her packing. "Don't make it any harder," she whispered.

"Nicolete, look at me—" When she turned her face aside, he got up, came around the bed and turned her toward him, his hand hard upon her arms. "Nicolete! You've been crying—"

She tried to pull away. "Do you think it's fun for me?" she flung at him. "To leave a house where I've put down such roots, where I've had the best time in my whole life—"

He shook her a little. "Don't fight it, Nicolete. Did it ever occur to you that sometimes being strong is not strength at all, but only a defiance, a weapon against fear?"

He'd hit home. Her eyes were enormous, pleading with him. "Don't say that," she begged. "It is difficult enough, and now you would turn me against myself."

"Not against yourself." He spoke softly, but some of the joy and triumph that filled him escaped into his voice. "I only want you to stop fighting yourself. Standing there, with your head up and your fists clenched, you look exactly like a person before a firing squad—there's nothing left but to stand and take it."

She went limp suddenly, sagging against him. And the tears came, a steady stream, all the more terrifying because no sound accompanied them.

He let her go, stricken at what he had done—to her, and to his own cause. The firing squad, he thought; her husband . . . Of all the clumsy, blundering—

"Nicolete, forgive me," he pleaded. "I felt like a great big thick-skulled oaf—"

"Please don't." She shook her head, managed a wavery smile. "It would not have affected me this way if I weren't already so emotional over leaving all of you. Now please help me to pack; help me to get away as gracefully and easily as I can."

In the hall Paul encountered his father, who was on his way upstairs to join Mother Barbour in the radio. The two men hesitated, stopped; then Father Barbour asked heavily, "Soon?"

"In about half an hour," Paul answered. "I'll take us an hour to get to the airport. She'd like to see us all before she leaves."

Paul went on downstairs to telephone. Father Barbour made his way to the studio, where his wife sat fingering through her button box, a treasure trove collected over a lifetime.

"Betty asked me for a pearl sunburst the other day," she greeted him absentely, "and I'm sure I have one—"

"Buttons!" snorted Father Barbour. "Fanny, what are we going to do about that boy? Nicolete's leaving in half an hour, and Paul—well, for all he's so capable in settling other people's problems, apparently he's unable to solve his own."

"Oh, no, Henry." She smiled up at him over the buttons. Fanny Barbour had her own reserves of strength. She had had her moment of panic over Nicolete's leaving; then she had thought it through and had arrived at her own comforting conclusions.

"Nicolete's no problem," she said confidently. "The solution to that one will come as easily and naturally as breathing. There's a very satisfactory ending to the story of Paul and Nicolete. You wait and see."
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the patterns these artists
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out—your set's wear-areas
are heavily reinforced with
solid silver. So, set the
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three times a day! Constant
use just makes this silver-
ware lovelier! Choose your
pattern, and an easy-payment
plan today. 5-piece place
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1881

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RADIO MIRROR QUIZ

Bill Cullen, Guest Quizmaster, is M.C. of Winner Take All Mondays Through Fridays, 5:30 P.M., EST and Hit the Jackpot, Tuesday, 9:30 P. M., EST, on CBS

1. Favorite friend of Charlie McCarthy. Who is she?

2. Judy Canova started out to be (a) an opera singer (b) a ventriloquist (c) a model.

3. Jack Benny was born in (a) Waukegan (b) St. Joe (c) Chicago.

4. What famous radio singing star started his career as a cantor?

5. Walter Winchell was once (a) a printer (b) singing usher (c) criminal investigator.

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(a) Who was William Shakespeare's wife? (b) Which travels faster—a bullet or sound?

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Sid defines the “new sounds in music” as “ultimate modern jazz.”

It’s a long way from Stravinsky to be-bop—or is it? “Not if you’re real gone,” says Symphony Sid (Sid Torin), that wonderful, wonderful hep character whose new WMCA all-night, all-frantic show is the most serious threat to sleep since the discovery of insomnia.

Technically speaking, be-bop has been described as often-dissonant, staccato music which seldom follows a formal pattern. In other words, be-boppers aren’t concerned with playing it “straight.” And Stravinsky, a real “gone” composer to the followers of the latest rhythm rage, hates musical regimentation too.

Equipped with a battery of twelve telephones requiring two extra all-night operators, Sid handles an average of 2000 requests for records each night on his Midnight to Dawn patrol.

“We’re peddling modern jazz,” explains Symphony Sid, “not that synthetic commercial stuff.” He means the music of Thelonious Monk (sometimes called the father of be-bop), the “wonderful” Dizzy Gillespie, Tad Dameron, Sarah Vaughan and Illinois Jacquet, the great jazzman who recently composed a “real gone side” called “Symphony In Sid.”

Sid, a handsome New Yorker, has been in radio for more than thirteen years although he’s still in his early thirties. Born and brought up on New York’s East Side, he became a salesman in record shops after graduating from Thomas Jefferson High School.

Soon he owned his own record shop on 42nd Street. He called his place the Symphony Shop, and one of his best customers was Station WBNX in the Bronx. One day the general manager offered Torin a fifteen-minute spot for a recorded jazz session. Two weeks later Sid sold the record shop.

After three and a half years on WBNX, Sid moved to WHOM in Jersey City where he gained thousands of rabid followers in a decade of broadcasting. Now he’s in the “big time” with his all-night stint on America’s leading independent station.

In addition to his radio activities, Symphony Sid is M.C. at the Royal Roost, Broadway’s “Bop-era” House.
Never Again!

THIS IS HER FIRST DATE with him . . . and it will be her last. When the picture is over he is going to hustle her home faster than jet propulsion. And she won't know why!*

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Choose a schedule wisely, as Jo Stafford did, to whittle your figure...not merely your menu

One who knows how difficult it is to carry a reducing plan through to a successful finish is Jo Stafford, lovely feminine singing star of NBC's Supper Club program. She stands 5' 7" tall in her stocking feet. A couple of years ago she weighed 180 pounds. Now she tips the scales at a neat 143 pounds.

Her incentive for losing weight was necessity. In spite of her lovely contralto voice, every time she sang before an audience she felt self-conscious about her appearance. Psychologically Jo says, this wasn't good for her, any more than it would be for you when attention is directed your way. For instead of thinking about how she looked, she should have been giving all her attention to her singing. So she went to her doctor.

In six months, by following his instructions, she acquired a lovely figure. Now, she is happy to say, she receives a real ovation, and an occasional whistle when she appears on stage, instead of the former polite applause.

After giving her a complete physical examination, Jo's doctor put her on a high protein diet. This meant cutting down on sweets, starches and fats, and eating more meat, eggs, fish, fresh vegetables and fruits. She had been used to eating two meals a day, and any foods she wanted. When on the diet, she had to eat three meals daily. But they were the right foods to take off weight and keep her healthy. Because of an outright dislike for them, she asked her doctor not to insist that she also do exercises. Jo told him she preferred to get her exercise by walking, swimming, and playing badminton. Usually, you know, some form of exercise is required, along with dieting, so that the muscles don't become flabby. And as Jo was getting hers in her own way, this was, apparently, all right with her wise doctor.

Before you decide to reduce, have your physician give you a thorough examination. He will then prescribe for you, just as Jo's doctor did for her. There are other ways to reduce. You can enroll in a salon course. A good home course by mail outlines a diet, pictures suggestions for fixing tempting dishes within diet requirements. And there are good books telling how to whittle off inches here and there. If you'd like to reduce by one of these methods, confide your wish to your physician.

Jo points out that eating is just a habit. She has always been a great bread eater. Rich foods tasted good to her, and she indulged in them more than she should. Now she's formed the new habit of not wanting them, except occasionally. It was just as hard for her to make up her mind to stick to her dieting, as it would be for you. But, once you do make up your mind, you've acquired a willpower that will win out over temptation. You'll find that you enjoy being a martyr for a very good cause—yourself!
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TWICE NEW!

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6 exciting shades—Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new "Venus" box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size $1.00. Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. (plus tax)
LIKE SO many others in the field, Anice Ives—who's been on the air for seventeen years—got her radio start by accident rather than design. Her successful record over almost two decades of broadcasting proves that the WFIL star has made the most of the opportunity! The dean of Philadelphia women commentators was born in upstate New York. She became a Philadelphian when she married Louis Ancker, one of the legitimate theater's busiest and most capable people. Miss Ives joined her husband in a swing of the nation's theaters, acting in the stock companies managed by him.

In 1931, the Anckers returned to Philadelphia, where Mr. Ancker became program director and special announcer for a Quaker City radio station. When that station's home economist suddenly was taken ill, Miss Ives drew the assignment of replacing her.

Aside from having done one dramatic bit opposite her husband, Miss Ives had had no previous radio experience. She did have one thing, however—the successful broadcaster's stock in trade, a truly beautiful speaking voice. With her theatrical background and that soft, intimate voice, the result of the experiment was a foregone conclusion. Miss Ives was in radio to stay. The Ives radio story since then has been a saga of success.

One of her first acts in her role as substitute home economist—a job that became permanent—was to take the program out of the kitchen and put it in the living room. As she explains it, "People need food for their souls as much as they need food for their stomachs." She began to read poems on the show and to chat informally about things of interest to women. She soft-pedalled home economics and placed the accent on social affairs. In her first year of broadcasting, she formed her Everywoman's Hour—the first "social club of the air" in radio, and a program that has proved to be a very popular feature with Philadelphia women ever since.

Miss Ives gained national recognition when she was selected by a manufacturer of soaps and cosmetics to do all their commercials and to act as beauty consultant on the firm's radio programs. For seven years she handled that phase of the sponsor's programs, appearing with Paul Whiteman, Shep Fields and other stars on coast-to-coast broadcasts, commuting between New York and Philadelphia, where she still broadcast her own local program. New York newspapers immediately recognized her talent, calling her voice "one of the five best feminine voices on the air" and crediting her as "one of the few women who have advanced the art of announcing and commenting for their sex."

Currently, Miss Ives broadcasts her Everywoman's Hour on station WFIL, Philadelphia, five afternoons a week. She is now in her eighth year of broadcasting for the station. Officer or member of eleven different women's clubs, she heads her own radio club which numbers well over 40,000 registered members. Her annual luncheons attract thousands of Philadelphia women.

Busy as she is, Miss Ives still finds time to pursue her chief avocation—helping underprivileged children. She has received numerous citations for her work in promoting various endeavors dedicated to helping unfortunate children in this country and abroad.
the spotlight is on the

Bride and Groom

specially designed gift watches... 49.75 up...
inspired by the "Bride and Groom" Radio Program

They'll dance at their wedding, and the spotlight will shine brightly on them! This is their happiest hour—their hour to remember! To help you honor the wedding couple in your family or circle of friends, Gruen presents the specially-designed "Bride" and the "Groom," two handsome gift watches, priced from $49.75 up. Gruen, America's Choice since 1874, Official timepiece of Pan American World Airways. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, Ohio. In Canada: Toronto, Ont. For cherished gifts, consult your dealer.

Tune in on the "Bride and Groom" Radio Program broadcast over the ABC Network—Monday thru Friday.
By DUKE ELLINGTON

Disc-jockey Ellington of WESX, Salem, Mass., KING, Seattle, Wash., and WBNY, Buffalo, N. Y.

His plane's fine points are demonstrated to Tony Lane by licensed pilot Vaughn Monroe.

Buddy Clark dropped in for a chat when Guy Lombardo opened at N. Y.'s Hotel Roosevelt.

Jo Stafford's first N. Y. broadcast in

When Sarah Vaughan embarks upon her nationwide concert tour during the fall, her itinerary will include a date in Mexico City for which she'll receive a minimum of $2000 plus a percentage of the total receipts during her appearance. That, to me, seems to be as good a reason as I've ever heard for keeping up with your vocal lessons.

In answer to the many requests from his fans, Rex Stewart, who used to play quite a bit of trumpet in my own band, is now playing U. S. Army Service Clubs in Germany.

Handsome young Gordon MacRae seems destined for top honors in all fields of the entertainment business. His first movie for Warner Bros., "The Big Punch," has received lavish praise from all the critics. And he sings, too!

Just about this time ten years ago, constant radio listening would have bombarded your ears with a song called "Joseph Joseph." Remember?
When Sammy Kaye was presented with an honorary membership in Sigma Nu recently, it marked the fourteenth college fraternity he has joined. In addition to Theta Chi, to which he belonged at Ohio State University, Sammy is now an honorary member in thirteen other similar organizations. Who said that being a bandleader is easy living? Think of all those initiation ceremonies.

Ella Mae Morse, the songstress famous as the "Cow-Cow Boogie" gal, is now on Guam in the far reaches of the South Pacific, where her husband, a Navy medical officer is on active duty. Needless to say, Ella Mae's musical career has come to a temporary halt—at least we hope it's temporary.

There's only one non-musical member of Guy Lombardo's family. It's Joseph, who's an interior decorator. Practical, too—every year he drags in the green stuff by doing over the homes of his brothers, sisters and parents!

Another Vaughn Monroe hobby is collecting typographical errors, especially those in local papers which he reads while touring. One of his favorites was a social-events report which ended, "The evening was spent in an informal (read informal) way, a television program being the main diversion."

Bing Crosby's experiment can be credited for this. Der Bingle proved that recording with Scotch sound recording tape provides the highest fidelity. Now Capitol Records is going to experiment with it, too, reasoning that it will allow backlog recordings on tape, eliminating storage space for masters; the tape can be kept without danger of injuring recorded matter or its fidelity; it will cut down on the difficulty of editing and patchwork; and it will save the loss of throwing away bad recordings, since tape can be erased and used over again.

Barry Wood is giving up all his radio assignments, except The Barry Wood Show, transcribed series he does with Margaret Whiting, to join CBS Television as a producer-director-performer. His first job is to build a musical talent series for video. Barry is quite a fellow, ready to take on all kinds of jobs—master of ceremonies, baritone, saxophonist, recording artist and even small town judge.
New! Improved!

Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

This New Home Wave Keeps Your New Short Haircut Salon-Sleek!

Give your smart new short coiffure just enough wave for body...just enough curl on the ends to keep it a sleek, close cap...with the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent. Right at home...as easily as you put your hair up in curlers...you can give yourself this soft, salon-type permanent. You use the same type of preparations and the same improved cold wave process used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for expensive permanents. Save money and tedious hours at the hairdresser...try this glorious home wave today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).

It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. One-third more waving lotion...more penetrating, but gentle on hair.
3. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave...non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.

FACING THE MUSIC

Harry Wightman

ABC's Music Librarian oversees 21,000 discs.

There is one man in the ABC network who almost wishes that the Stop The Music program had never gotten in front of a microphone. Nothing disrespectful in that thought, mind you; but keeping track of a library of over 21,000 records, 200 record labels, an uncounted number of musical manuscripts and two small sons is job enough for any one. The hundreds of requests coming in each day for the names of the various mystery tunes is getting close to the bone for Harry F. Wightman, Music Librarian for ABC.

What makes a music librarian? Harry Wightman attended Bucknell University and studied business administration, but all his extra-curricular activities centered around music. He played a trumpet for about eight years and French horn for four years. After graduation he got the radio "bug" and took a job as a page boy at NBC. Seven months later he was assigned to duties in the music library. In 1939, Harry received a call to organize and set up the library for ABC.

What does a librarian do? The best answer is to quote Harry: "Not very long ago in the ABC Music Library, the phone rang and a distant female voice asked how many symphonies Haydn had composed. At the same time there was a man standing at our counter asking for a honky-tonk background for a mystery program; another wanted the accomplishment for an aria, while on the way to a studio were 3,695 orchestral parts for just one rehearsal for one single program. There were music to file, records to catalogue, a part misplaced, the second page of the bassoon score torn, returned records for filing and the inevitable question, 'What's The Mystery Tune?'"

Listening to every record issued by every company has spoiled Harry Wightman for many types of songs, artists and orchestras; but his favorites are still the classical composers. His personal record collection consists of over 500 discs, all either symphonic or classical; he is undecided between Shostakovich's Fifth or Stravinsky's Petroushka.
Collector's Corner

By Thelonious Monk

(This month’s guest collector, Thelonious Monk, is certainly the most controversial personality to have come upon the musical scene in the last decade. Credited by most critics as the man who started the new style of music known as “be-bop,” Thelonious Monk has been both praised and pilloried as the “Genius of Bop.” No one, however, has been able to deny that “be-bop” is making a tremendous contribution to modern music.)

These days any sincere devotee of jazz can hardly call his record collection well-rounded if he has overlooked the most recent and radical form of “modern progressive music” which has come to be known as “be-bop.”

Not new to musicians, “be-bop” has taken nine years to get any attention of the general public. It all seems to have started back in 1939 when some of the local musicians were playing with me at Minton’s Playhouse in New York. We unconsciously created a new form and style which seems to have influenced every progressive band and group in the country today. Chiefly through records, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker were instrumental in bringing this new music to the public. More recently, even Claude Thornhill’s fine dance band recorded an excellent version of “Anthropology” for Columbia.

Fine examples of the Gillespie groups can be heard on his recordings of “I Can’t Get Started,” “Groovin’ High,” and “Hot House.” Charlie Parker shines on such platters as “Yardbird Suite,” “Bird Lore” and “Billie Bounce.”

The “be-bop” influence soon spread to the vocalists, too. Look for recordings made by Babs’ Three Bips And A Bop. That vocal group was outstanding on “Oop-Bop-A-Da” and “Dob-Bla-Bli.”

The great Sarah Vaughan went to “be-bop” for inspiration on “You’re Not The Kind” and “If You Could See Me Now.”

For my own contributions to your wax collection, there are four sides that have been issued by Blue Note records. The tunes are all original and titled “Thelonious,” “Suburban Eyes,” “Round About Midnight,” and “Well You Needn’t.” Listen for the beat in these four discs. The rhythm section is the backbone of my group. If the beat is right, then the horns can’t help but play the music right.

And if any of these records will further your interest in the new “be-bop” form, then it won’t be long before they add another “B” to Barrellhouse, Boogie-Woogie and Blues. Make room for Be-Bop.
Bride and Groom's "three Johns" add up to quite a family—Michael Masterson, 1; producer John Masterson; Chris Nelson, 2; M.C. John Nelson; Greg Nelson, also 2 (they're twins); John Reddy, Jr., 1; writer John Reddy; Suzy Reddy, 5.

HERE'S news for the young folks. The Borden Company, through its County Fair program on CBS and the CBS network, will sponsor 163 teen-age owned and operated County Fair Corporations under the Junior Achievement youth business training program.

This program calls for the setting up of County Fair Junior Achievement Companies in all areas served by CBS. Each of these companies, made up of boys and girls between the ages of 15 and 19, is to put on a fair during the week of October 23-30. Financed through their own efforts and run as a business, the companies will compete against each other for valuable merchandise awards. The winning company will get a grand award—the County Fair program brought from New York to originate in their own city. The young people can use the program to promote a community project, for any local or national charity, or for any similar purpose.

CBS stations working with Borden Company representatives will take the lead in forming these companies. The miniature enterprises are to be organized in September. Groups will average 15 members, will sell stock to finance their "business" and do everything in strict accordance with business practices. "County Fair Week," October 23-30, is the period during which the Fairs are to take place.

Guest Robert Young rehearses for a Studio One broadcast with producer Fletcher Markle, actress Mercedes McCambridge.
Hi Jinx at breakfast-time: Jinx Falkenburg interviews Lucille Ball on the NBC morning Falkenburg-McCrary show.

Dan Dailey (left) and Babe Ru.h, appearing on Louella Parsons’ ABC show, offered a masculine viewpoint on makeup.

Recent co-stars on the Screen Guild Players, (CBS) were two who take their acting seriously: Ida Lupino, Charles Boyer.

COAST to COAST

Reports from the groups must be received by the committee of judges by November 13. Judging begins on November 20 and the winning groups are to be announced on the County Fair broadcast of November 27. On December 11, County Fair will be broadcast from the city which has provided the winning Junior Achievement group. Get busy, kids.

NBC has come up with its own competition to the CBS Studio One stanza. Radio City Playhouse, under the skillful handling of a newcomer to American radio, Harry W. Junkin, bids fair to keep Fletcher Markle on his toes, too. NBC started out with the intention of making this show a real theater of the air and it looks as though that's what it will be. The quality of the plays is high and so is that of the acting. Maybe that's because the policy behind the show is that anyone can submit plays and they are brought on merit, not on the basis of the author's reputation. The same goes for the actors; they have to be good, not necessarily glamorous names. If you like your drama honest and good, listen to NBC, Saturdays at 10 P.M. If you like what you hear, take the trouble to let the network know about it.

The buying season (Continued on page 17)

By DALE BANKS
Jeanne's favorite charity is the Old News Boys' Fund for the children's Hospital of Pittsburgh. Here she attends a benefit, accompanied by Bernie Armstrong, Bill Hinds.

Pittsburgh and KDKA spell home to Jeanne Baxter; no offer is tempting enough to lure her away.

The gal with the network voice—and a hometown complex—that's Jeanne Galbraith Baxter, KDKA's popular song stylist.

Gifted with a resonant, dulcet voice, Jeanne has been singing since her high school days, and today she's a radio veteran of fifteen years as a vocalist at KDKA and other Pittsburgh stations. She also sang on the NBC and Columbia networks. All of which explains why Miss Baxter, year in and year out, has been one of Pittsburgh radio's foremost girl singers of popular songs. Her extensive repertoire of current and old time favorites not only helps her in her radio work, but it has created a constant demand for personal appearances through KDKA's vast listening area.

Jeanne started singing professionally with her two sisters. Their father is a musician and it was under his tutelage that the three girls took to the airways. She became a soloist when her sisters married and retired from professional life. Though she is now married too—she's the wife of Fred Baxter of the W. Earl Bothwell Advertising Agency and the mother of a son—she has continued as an active entertainer.

Jeanne has been featured on many KDKA programs and currently is the feminine star of Bernie Armstrong's Friday night Duquense Show. Though she has sung in New York and has had many offers to join famed name bands, she prefers to stay in Pittsburgh so that she can be near her family. She has sung with Phil Spitalny and his orchestra and made recordings with Bernie Armstrong, KDKA's musical director.

Since she and her husband moved into their new home in Pittsburgh's suburban Rolling Hills, Jeanne has developed a flair for community activity and has been closely identified with educational and civic programs. She has also taken an active part in the social life of Rolling Hills and its neighboring communities.

And she has great plans for her son, Chipper, who at the age of four warbles away in great style. Some day, she hopes, there'll be another Baxter among Pittsburgh radio favorites.
for fall radio programs has been very late this year. Usually fall shows are signed, sealed and delivered by July 15, but this summer many shows weren't taken off the hook until way in August. Seems there was a tussle between economy-minded agencies and talent which was holding out for high prices.

Hey! In the midst of all the talk about retrenchment a new sponsor has created a furore by asking a top radio writer to block out a program idea and do an audition script on a show with a weekly budget of $50,000!

Out of the mouths of babes—Not long ago, Ralph Edwards had a birthday. One of the guests at the party asked six-year-old Christine Edwards who was her favorite radio star. The Truth or Consequences m.c.'s daughter answered, "Gene Autry." The question was reworded, trying to get the child to name her daddy. Finally, someone else asked, "What does your daddy do?" To which Chris replied, "I really don't know. I think he plays games." * * *

Talking about games, here's a new twist on the "giveaway" shows. Over a local station in New York, WNEW, Jack Barry, who handles Mutual's Juvenile Jury and Life Begins at 80 programs, has launched a show called You Can Lose Your Shirt. On this show contestants can't win a penny and can lose a hundred dollars. They pay an entry fee of $100 and have to answer four questions correctly to get their hundred bucks back. The money goes to charity and should the contestant answer all questions correctly he gets his money back and the program's sponsor dishes out the $100. Barry is also donating his salary to charity. So nobody wins.

If present plans materialize, Stop the Music will be televised next season. Other plans in the making include a syndicated column, a motion picture, a record album, and a touring road show, all based on the radio stanza. Spreading it all over the place, aren't they?

Radio's ten- (Continued on page 19)
Look at the Records

By Joe Martin

Spike Jones’ latest disc, like all the others, has a pair of comical labels.

DANCING OR LISTENING

BUDDY CLARK (Columbia)—Riding higher than ever after teaming with Doris Day for a hit “Love Somebody,” Buddy comes through again with a fine job on a truly beautiful ballad, “Where the Flamingoes Fly.” Mitchell Ayres’ background consists of trumpet, clarinet, flute and strings. The reverse side is “On The Waterfall.”

ALBERT AMMONS (Mercury)—This platter is proof that boogie-woogie wasn’t a fad. Though the eight-to-the-bar craze is not what it used to be, Albert Ammons’ versions of “Bear Den Boogie” and “Tuxedo Boogie” will give you much pleasure.

GENE KRUPA (Columbia)—Much like the Goodman Trio of old, this is called the Gene Krupa Jazz Trio. Geney, of the light brown drumsticks, excels on “Body and Soul” and “Stompin’ At The Savoy.”

CHUBBY JACKSON (MGM)—To the initiated, Chubby plays bass, wears a beard and is known as the “monster.” On this platter, “L’Ana” is bebopish in style, while the frivolous bit on the reverse is titled—“The Happy Monster.” Both are fine jazz.

BARCLAY ALLEN (Capitol)—Another Freddy Martin graduate, Mr. Allen maintains the style he used so successfully when with the Martin band. Backed by a rhythm section, he plays “It Began In Havana” and “Nola.”

TOMMY DORSEY (RCA Victor)—This disc is one of the best TD has made in quite some time. We prefer “Let Me Call You Sweetheart” with a Stuart Foster and chorus vocal. You may prefer listening to Gordon Polk sing “Walk It Off.”

RAY BAUDUC (Capitol)—If you are not familiar with the Dixieland or two-beat school of jazz, then get to hear this one. If you are familiar with the style, then the best recommendation for this record is the following list of musicians who made the disc with Ray: Eddie Miller, Nate Kazebier, Matty Matlock, Brad Gowans, Stan Wrightsman, Nappy Lamare and Morty Corb.

JOHNNY DESMOND (MGM)—A recent addition to this label, Johnny makes an auspicious debut with “P. S. I Love You” and “I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight.” The former, you are right, is the oldie that you remember way back when.

SPIKE JONES (RCA Victor)—Your favorite disc-jockey has probably worn out three records playing this one, by this time you’ve heard and laughed with it many a time. but it’s almost as much fun buying a Spike Jones record just to read the label as there is in listening. This label says that “I’m Getting Sentimental Over You” has a vocal refrain by “The Barefooted Pennsylvanians; credits: Sir Frederick Gas, Dick Morgan and George Rock.” “I Kiss Your Hand Madame,” insists that the vocal is by Paul Judson and the Ben Ghost Singers.

ALBUM ARTISTRY

AMBROSE HORS D’OEUVRES (London)—Bert Ambrose had to go to England many years ago before the American public began to realize his talents. This album contains a collection of eight of the most famous and most admired Ambrose selections. You’ll particularly like the title tune and “B’Wana.”

ANDRE PREVIN AT THE PIANO (RCA Victor)—The 19-year-old Frenchman, who is writing musical scores for Hollywood films, is one of the very best piano technicians around. This set contains such fine songs as “But Not For Me,” “Mad About The Boy,” “Just One Of Those Things,” and “Should I.”

Facing the Music

18
year-old Norma Jean Nilson, who plays "Cookie Bumstead" on the Blondie program, has been a lucky charm for the King Brothers, well-known Hollywood independent producers. She's had a part in every picture they've made in the past five years. The King brothers feel sure that Norma Jean is their good fairy, because right from the beginning every picture she was in has paid off.

The night before Sammy Kaye's singer and saxophonist, Chubby Silvers, left Los Angeles for New York, his auto license plates were stolen. In a rush to reach New York, Chubby left without getting new plates. On his way across the country, he was stopped more than 50 times for driving without plates and only credentials proving he was an honorary member of the Los Angeles Police Department saved him from stiff fines. The payoff lies in the fact that Chubby had been made a volunteer L.A. cop only two days before he left the West Coast.

Have you noticed how the midwest seems to be "the lucky area" as far as radio's biggest prizes are concerned? It was a Chicago woman who won the "Walking Man" contest. Now a Cleveland, Ohio, youngster named Kenneth Friedley has won thousands of dollars in prizes by identifying Cheyenne as the city which changed its name to "Lone Ranger Frontier Town" in observance of the Lone Ranger's fifteenth and widely-celebrated radio anniversary.

When Bill Lawrence worked as dialogue director for Republic's "The Plunderers," he used an old radio technique and recorded all speeches on tape, which permitted playbacks for criticism and correction before filming. Now, other producers are seriously thinking of taking up this technique because it cuts production time and cost.

Reports indicate that Philip Morris, contrary to the current trend in radio, will increase its spending this fall. And, happy day, they will skip the giveaway gimmick for straight entertainment.

Plucky Susan Peters, who made her movie comeback in a wheelchair, is now branching out in radio. She's cut an audition platter for a half-hour show called "Book Store Girl."

If present plans materialize for the Front Page show, starring Dick Powell, to be televised, Producer Don Sharpe will take the show to New York, where the city room of one of the Manhattan newspapers will be used as background.

Shades of the Past! You know there's been a lot of turning back, recently. Movie companies are re-releasing a lot of oldies, magazines and newspapers here and there are reprinting the stories of famous writers like O. Henry and Ring Lardner. Now, radio's at it. Chandy, which was first heard on the Pacific Coast back in the days of crystal (Continued on Page 91)
VERSATILE is the word for maestro Max Miller, musical director of WBEN, Buffalo. The black-haired violinist, who really looks like a musician, is accomplished in the various fields of symphony, concert, radio, night club, and theater music.

He directs the orchestra on the WBEN Bandbox show five evenings a week. He plays the violin with the trio on the Early Date at Hengerer's show five mornings a week. He is concertmaster of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra. He also has appeared as concert soloist with the Philharmonic and has directed several of its pop concerts. Max also features his "gypsy" violin on the air during the Bandbox program a few evenings a week.

Max was a boy prodigy on the violin and won many city and state honors while in grade school. At the age of nine, he began his radio career with his own solo program on Buffalo stations, and at thirteen he won the national gold medal awarded by the National Federation of Music Clubs. A native Buffalonian, he won scholarships to the Eastman School of Music at Rochester and Curtis Institute at Philadelphia.

While attending East High School, Buffalo, Max was forced to make a difficult decision. "I always loved sports almost as well as music," as he tells the story, "and I had the idea that a musician should protect his hands. So I decided to go light on sports."

Max's big love was baseball, and although he reluctantly gave up the opportunity to pitch for the high school nine, he did pitch indoor baseball with one of the outstanding teams in the American Legion-Buffalo Evening News leagues. He gained the reputation of being one of the best indoor baseball pitchers in the Buffalo area.

After leaving high school, Max was featured for ten years as violin soloist in Shea's Buffalo Theater orchestra. He also found time to tour the East as soloist in recitals and frequently directed orchestras in night clubs. While at the theater, he also pitched for the orchestra's indoor baseball team in a musicians' league.

His younger brother, Harry, is the staff pianist in the WBEN orchestra and also has appeared as soloist on the station. Their father, who was born in Russia, was an expert in native Russian dances and the boys inherited his great love of rhythm.

Max's most recent serious venture was as conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic at one of its summer pop concerts. He is best-known nationally as the orchestra director on the recent NBC network program titled, "Your Host is Buffalo."

Max's wife Sylvia is an accomplished singer, although she prefers to let the professional spotlight fall on her talented husband. They have a daughter, Sharon Lynn, five years old, and a son, Jeffrey David, ten months old. Max is teaching Sharon the violin and says she shows great musical promise.
"Fashion Plate"
Cream Wafer Face Make-Up by REVLON

IT'S GOING PLACES...
in the smartest handbags!
It's designed to keep the
poreless-as-porcelain perfection
of the "Fashion Plate" complexion
at your fingertips... always.

JUST FINGER-STROKE IT ON...
Not a cake, "Fashion Plate"
needs no water or sponge. It ends
the old-fashioned, dry, mask-y
look! Choose from exclusive
fashion-genius colors.

The great new fashion in make-up! New vanity-case size 1.00 plus tax.
New, for you! A fabulous luxury polish—at a way-below-luxury price!

Nail Brilliance by Cutex

Only 25¢ plus tax.

NEWLY, TRULY LUXURIOUS! That's wondrous Nail Brilliance! And once you use it, how you'll marvel... that this exciting new kind of polish could offer so many luxuries for an unbelievable 25¢, plus tax.

Dream-lovely bottle! Steady base... camel-hair tipped brush, gleaming plastic handle, that makes you an artist to your finger tips.

Beyond-belief wear! Nail Brilliance stays perfect longer than you dreamed possible!

Heavenly purity! Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use Nail Brilliance with perfect safety!

Glamour-wise shades! Ten of them—for every fashion, every need. Shades that stay brilliant—never turn foggy or dull.

COLOR-KEYED CUTEX LIPSTICKS, TOO!

Whether you choose Nail Brilliance in a delicate or a vivid shade, there's a Cutex Lipstick to harmonize! Creamy and clinging... swift, subtle glamour for your lips. Both polish and lipstick available in a special dressing table package. Large-size Lipstick alone, 49¢, plus tax.
LAST year at this time, Radio Mirror Magazine inaugurated an entirely new kind of radio poll—the Radio Mirror Awards—designed to discover the preferences of the nation’s radio listening public.

Frankly, it was an experiment. In proof that it was a successful one, we announce the Second Annual Radio Mirror Awards, no longer an experiment but an established institution, a regular part—and a very important one—of the yearly schedule of our magazine.

We know now what last year we had only hoped to be the case: that radio listeners throughout the country are grateful for this, their only opportunity on a nationwide basis, to make known their likes and dislikes, interests and tastes, in radio listening fare.

There is no other institution like the Radio Mirror Awards. Each year there are many radio polls—polls of radio editors, columnists, critics. But only through the Radio Mirror Awards may the listeners themselves, who have no interest at heart but the interest of good listening, have their say. Radio Mirror believes that the listeners are the most important people in the whole of the very big business of radio; through the Awards, listeners are invited to voice their opinions—the opinions which have the best right of all to be heard.

In the coming November issue, the first ballot in the Radio Mirror Awards for 1948 will be printed, on which reader-listeners will be asked to vote for their favorite radio personalities. In the December issue will appear the second ballot, offering listeners the opportunity to vote for their favorite radio programs. When these two sets of ballots have been counted, the resulting tabulation will form the basis for the Radio Mirror Awards for 1948, to be presented to the top-ranking performers and programs next Spring.

The November and December issues of Radio Mirror Magazine will be, then, the most important issues of the year to you, the radio listener who, rather than simply applauding your favorite programs and criticizing those you don’t like, really want to do something about getting from radio the kind and quality of program you enjoy. The thing you can do is to cast your votes for your favorites on the ballots in the next two issues of Radio Mirror. Make your voice heard!

The Editor
HEY all come onto the stage of the CBS playhouse where we broadcast We, the People every Tuesday night. The famous and the obscure, the rich and the poor—prizefighters, shoe-shine boys, actors and actresses, generals, judges, doctors, panhandlers from city streets, gamblers, waitresses, opera stars, salesmen, miners, elevator operators, every sort of person you can imagine. That's why it is such fun to be this show's master of ceremonies, as I am. It is one job of which the old saying is true: "You meet such interesting people."

But every now and then one face stands out from this parade of personalities; one story strikes right down to the bottom of your heart. This is that kind of story—a story of success and failure, of hope lost and then found again.

Perhaps you were listening a few weeks ago when two of the guests on We, the People were a man named Joe White and his son Bobby. Perhaps you heard what Joe said on the air. That was part of his story, but it wasn't all, because Joe is not the sort of man who willingly looks backward to the dark times that have passed. Joe's eyes are fixed unwaveringly on the future now, and it would have been physically impossible for him to re-live, for the listening millions on a nationwide network, the fear and discouragement he lived through a few years ago. It would have seemed to him like asking for sympathy, for pity—and Joe never did need those. On the contrary!

It isn't likely you recognize the name of Joe White unless you were listening to We, the People, on the night he was its guest. You might—if you were old enough to be a radio fan in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties—know him better as The Silver-Masked Tenor. Under that name, Joe was one of the first of radio's great singers of popular songs. A muscular, handsome young Irishman, he had a tenor voice of magic sweetness and appeal, and every week that voice was heard on millions of sets tuned in from Maine to California. Even then, in those early days of radio, he was a radio

Remember the

By DWIGHT

Bobby, shown below with Msgr. Fulton Sheen, is a student at St. Jerome's Parochial School, keeps his averages high.

It's legend in the White family that each generation's fifth child will sing. Both Joe and Bobby were No. 5.
veteran. He'd made his first broadcast in 1921, into a "tomato-can" microphone in a Newark studio where a sheet of plate-glass separated the performers from any onlookers who might come into the studio for curiosity's sake. He had become fascinated by this new thing, radio, and he sang over the New York stations WJZ, WEAF, and WOR at a time when the networks of which they were to be the key stations were just beginning to be dreamed about.

The silver mask was an accident. At WEAF, Joe had just finished a program and was on his way home when a distracted program director rushed out of another studio. The star of his show hadn't appeared, and the program was about to go on the air. He grabbed Joe's arm and hustled him into the studio. "Sing, Joe, sing!" were the only instructions he had time to give. But they were all Joe needed. He sang.

After his number the announcer stepped to the mike. The producer had neglected to tell him Joe's name, but he had to say something. He (Continued on page 75)

Spotlighted by We, the People: Joe White, whose singing son may reach the heights on which, in radio's early days, the Silver-Masked Tenor dwelt

SILVER-MASKED TENOR?

WEIST

When Bobby and his father appeared on We, the People, Dwight Weist introduced them to actress Margaret O'Brien, a fellow guest.
A man named

Garry Moore thought radio was waiting for him. It took him a while to

By HOWARD SHARPE

THE day had been typical of all the days Garry Moore had spent since he'd decided to take his Take It Or Leave It show to New York. He had come in at four in the morning after a long session at Eddie Condon's Village Dixieland bistro, had a cold shower and a pot of black coffee, kept three appointments in the forenoon, one at lunch, two in the afternoon, and now was preparing to meet a USO gang for a trip to a veterans' hospital. The phone rang in his Gotham Hotel suite.

It was the Coast calling. There was only one person in the radio field, the NBC executive at the other end said, who could take over the Tom Breneman show, Breakfast In Hollywood. Did Garry feel he wanted to tackle it?

In Radio Minor last month, Garry himself described his flattered—and frightened—reaction.

Tom Breneman, until his death a few months ago, was one of the most beloved figures in radio, and one of the most popular. To attempt to step into his shoes would be a monumental task.

On the plane flying West the next evening Garry said to Nell, his wife, "Well, why should I step into Breneman's shoes? He had a personality uniquely his own, and I think people would resent my trying to ape him even if I were ham enough to do it. It certainly wouldn't be fair to Tom and his memory, and I don't propose to submerge my own character, which heaven knows is the antithesis of his. I've got to work it some other way."

"But the Breneman show," Nell pointed out, "follows a pattern that everyone's used to. All the ladies show up at the restaurant, you kid them along, everyone stooges for everyone else, and the laughs are on the house. All very, very homey. Will they let you change that?"

With a sudden gleam in his eye Garry asked, "Do you remember Club Matinee?"

"Could I forget it?" Club Matinee, over the Blue Network some years ago, was a sustaining show originated, produced and written by Garry and was pointed to with considerable pride by the network as their contribution to the higher sort of humor and entertainment in the field of radio.

"I am thinking," said Garry, "that very gradually—but not too gradually—the mood of Breakfast In Hollywood might change its personality to match the personality of its new m.c. And that a kind of merger of the Breneman idea and the Club Matinee idea might not be a bad thing..."

Garry Moore has been thinking a little too hard and too fast for the good of his blood pressure since he was a kid in Baltimore and decided that man was now ready to listen to the radio. During his last year in high school his busy, fertile mind conceived the idea of giving listeners a little delicious horror over the airlines every evening, and a local station took him on. By the time he was nineteen he figured he was ready for New York and the big time.

So he went to the metropolis and, no piker he, auditioned for the guest spot on the Fred Allen show. They said, "We'll call you when we need you." He thought they meant it. For three days he did not leave his hotel room (on a shaft) at the Shelton. Then he called the station and asked what the delay was all about.

"Look, Buster," they began—and gave him the facts of life.

After he had called Baltimore long distance, and ascertained that—with a few reservations—the station would take him back, Garry lay in his bed at the hotel and tried to sleep. Sleep evaded him. The picture of the next day's auditions was in his mind, and since it was a brash young nineteen-year-old mind it refused to give up.

Two and a half hours later he leaped out of bed. He dressed in three minutes flat and went charging out of the hotel. On Third Avenue, under the L, he piled up a manhole cover and took it back to his room, thoughtless of the taxis, dogs and children who might stumble into the uncovered sewer; thereafter, until four in the morning and from eight until noon, he was very busy collecting things.

At 2:30 P.M., unabashed as only youth can be in such circumstances, he arrived at the audition bearing a step-ladder, a sledge hammer, a coil of rope, the manhole cover and (Continued on page 78)
learn the facts—and by then it was!

Biggest thrill of all was being asked to take Tom Breneman's place. It was the biggest problem, too. Garry solved it, as always, by instinct plus intelligence.
Every time Mrs. Copperthite’s radio says: “We now switch you...” she looks nervously behind her. For, one unforgettable day, the rest of that sentence turned out to be her own living room in Washington, D. C.

16-year-old Andrew was in on the plans, but kept them all secret from his mother—“so she’d have a perfect surprise.”

It Happened On

BY MARJORIE

MINE, ALL MINE! A brand new Ford V-8 deluxe sedan... except that, six hours after winning the handsome car via CBS’s Hint Hunt jingle contest, I sold it and earmarked the proceeds for medical treatment so that one day, God willing, I may no longer need this wheel-chair.

Despite the shadow cast over our household by my affliction, which struck without warning in 1936, we who occupy this Washington, D. C. apartment usually manage to keep in fairly good spirits. More often than not there’s hearty laughter resounding through these four rooms... laughter sparked by the naturally buoyant humor of my husky 16-year-old son, Andrew.

However, a new high in happy atmosphere and excitement was reached on the lucky day, not many weeks ago. I’m really thankful that a weak heart isn’t part of my ailment, for that momentous Monday was keynoted by suspense.

Actually, the suspense set in three days earlier, on Friday, when my mother, Mrs. Eunice Crittenden, was away working at her Hint Hunt is heard on the CBS network.
office in downtown Washington. Andrew was attending school and only my great-aunt, Mrs. Josephine Whitecraft, who is the fourth member of our household, was at home with me. I had not yet risen . . . in fact, rarely do I leave my specially-rigged invalid's bed until about noon-time. The door buzzer sounded and Aunt Josephine answered it. I heard muffled voices in the living room. Presently Aunt Josephine came in, her lovable, normally calm features wrinkled in an expression of puzzlement.

"Marjorie," she whispered, "there's a Mr. John Meyer out there. Says he's the Washington representative of Armour and Company."

For a moment my expression must have appeared quite as puzzled as Aunty's . . . then I remembered the jingles I'd submitted to Hint Hunt not three weeks previous. With lively visions of a cash prize—maybe even the fifty-dollar one—being ceremonously handed to me, I tidied up in record time and, helped by Aunt Josephine, switched from bed to wheel-chair.

My caller was a genial gentleman; portly, dignified—and cryptic! After a few preliminary questions aimed at verifying that I was really the Marjorie Copperthite who submitted the jingles, Mr. Meyer smiled and said, "I don't want to get you all up in the air, Mrs. Copperthite, but I have an idea you've won a prize."

As to how much of a prize, the emissary from Hint Hunt would drop nary a hint. After he'd left us, Aunt Josephine fairly babbled over all the possibilities. This was no mere five or ten dollar prize, I argued. This time, I'd hit the jackpot with fifty dollars . . . else why would they send a personal representative?

In the midst of our conjectures, another development unfolded. I received a post-card in the morning's mail. It came from an old friend who proudly wrote that she had won a fifty-dollar prize from Hint Hunt. Spurred by curiosity, I picked up the telephone and called the lucky gal. When I inquired whether she, too, had received a personal visit from the sponsors of that program, she replied, "Gosh, no. The check for fifty came by mail."

I wondered: why this special treatment? Why didn't they just mail (Continued on page 73)
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By Marjorie Copperthite

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I wondered: why this special treatment? Why didn’t they just mail? (Continued on page 73)
Like most New Yorkers, Irene comes from somewhere else. But she has made herself a home among the skyscrapers.

**By LLEWELLYN MILLER**

"THIS IS ridiculous!" said Irene Beasley. "Spring fever in the spring is only to be expected. But spring fever in August—in October—in January—what is wrong with me?"

Something was very wrong. There was no denying that. Not with her career. It had been a happy succession of engagements ever since Victor had brought her to New York to make recordings of southern songs. She had plenty of friends, lots of beaux and a pretty apartment that looked north over the dramatic towers of Manhattan from the smart midtown east side.

"Aren't you lucky to have a lease on this perfect place!" her friends said enviously.

"Yes ..." Irene answered without conviction.
Coffee for three—Irene pours for Dwight Weist, who's part of Grand Slam, and Mrs. Weist—in the living room, where deep green walls make a perfect frame for the small, quiet conversational parties Irene likes to give.

At first Irene couldn't find a place in the sun—her apartment faced north. But a quick change gave her southern exposure, and with Anna (opposite page) in charge, the place is a haven of comfort for Irene and her apartment-mate Janis André.

because every time she went home to that supremely desirable apartment she found herself in the grip of an impulse to get away from it as quickly as she could. And she found herself entertaining the wildly impractical thought, "If I could only turn this building around . . . ."

This emotional problem was solved, not by visits to a psychiatrist, but by the simpler expedient of moving to the south side of the building where floods of sunlight poured in all day long.

Sunlight and air are a passion with the girl who has made a star of herself under show business's synthetic suns. She is completely happy at work in the spotlights of night clubs, of vaudeville and musical comedy, and in the brilliant flood of
indirect light that bathes her radio theater. But, once away from her professional enterprises, she seeks sun and air—at home, in her car, or at the beach club that is home away from home for her during summer weekends.

Janis André, the dancer and radio actress, shares the apartment in town and is responsible for its decoration. She also is from the south, and the families were friends though the girls did not know each other well until both were booked on the same vaudeville tour. They joined forces when they returned to New York.

"We wanted two bedrooms when I moved, but there was not a chance with the way the housing situation is in New York. I was lucky to be able to switch to the sunny side," says Irene. "So Janis concentrated on giving the rooms we had the feeling of space."

Wedgewood green—a deep quiet shade—on living room and foyer walls makes the heart of the house a cool, airy cave high above the hot town in the summer, and a spacious, sun-splashed retreat in the winter.

The kitchen, domain of Anna who has ruled it for the last four years, is cheerful white—no competition from color there to the perfect beige of the crust of her famous biscuits, the pale gold of her southern chicken, the rich brown of her incomparable Swiss Steak. (Anna's Swiss Steak recipe is on page 87.)

Sprigged wallpaper in the bedroom, four-poster beds, ruffled curtains and a hand-knitted counterpane worthy of a museum are a contrast to the more formal living room and add to the effect of easy, comfortable space. A closet-lined corridor, an alcove with a desk that doubles as office and sideboard, and a formal little foyer complete the background for the two actresses and for a colony of canaries numbering four at the last census.

"Bease," as her friends call her, is quite the last person in all of radio who might be expected to keep canaries. Somehow bird-watching does not go with the tall, chic, vivid, vivacious beauty whose executive abilities have made her producer, director, star and master of ceremonies of her own program.

Bease is the first to admit that she was vastly taken aback two Christmases ago when the doorbell rang and one small perfect yellow bird was delivered in a minute golden cage. Her program, Grand Slam, was barely three months old, and she was working ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day to get it under control. In addition there was the usual stream of friends who wanted to give parties to celebrate her success, beaux who wanted to share theater tickets. Every spare moment was beleaguered by a dozen demands on her attention.

"This is all I need—a bird to take care of!" she thought, depositing Pete's cage on the sunny window-sill without any out-pouring of affection whatever.

He was automatically named "Pete" because all of her pets when she was a child shared that name, but before she quite knew how it happened he had won for himself the name of "Petie," was sporting
around in a new and far more commodious cage, and was getting fresh water in the morning before Irene had her own coffee.

Today she speaks of him in the unabashed language of love.

"Watching Petie and his gang has been my salvation a hundred times when I was too tired to speak," she says. "So much goes on, and on such a high emotional level!"

The first thing that went on was that Petie moulted and lost his song. Irene rushed delicacies to him which he ate in morose silence. He grew sleek and quite stout, but music was no longer in him.

"He is lonesome," decided Irene, and she found him an enchanting little bride of just the right color for $2.98. "Females are inexpensive—when it comes to birds," she explains.

Patsy fell wildly in love with Petie at first sight, but Petie hated her from the start. While Patsy occupied herself with building a nest as a delicate hint that she was willing, Petie ruffled his feathers and endured her blandishments in stony silence.

"Little Patsy and her nest were too pathetic," says Irene. "There was nothing for me, who hadn't wanted any canaries in the first place, but to go back to the pet shop and get her a husband—name of Schmoe. Pretty soon Patsy had four eggs and was wearing the settled look of the happily married. And when the babies hatched, Petie burst into song! He instantly became the indulgent uncle, and could not do enough for them. We kept one—Trilby—and Petie leads him in song the minute Anna turns on my show. I do not flatter myself that it is my voice he likes. It is just the music. But he does not sing all the way through any other show!"

If you were to visit Irene at about 7:30 A.M. (which would be very unwise of you—"Woe betide anyone who calls me before I have my coffee," she says)—you would find her sitting in the sun on the combination steps and stool in her kitchen sipping coffee and knocking down the challenges of the day like so many tenpins in her mind.

"That is the time I get my clearest thinking done," she says. "Things that worried me the night before seem to have found their answers during the night, and I am all set by the time I start for the studio."

If the weather is good, she strolls the few blocks across town to the shining plate glass and chromium entrance to CBS where the staff is ready for full rehearsal of songs and features of the show that is to go on at 11:30 EST.

The theater fills to capacity half an hour before she goes on the air, and this warm-up period is a show in itself. After a light lunch, Irene goes back to the office to crowd the full day's work, usually done by a producer, into the afternoon. She finishes about seven. By that time she is happily tired and likes best of all to go home to Anna's cooking. Frequently there are guests but rarely more than three. She hates big parties. When she dines out she likes the quieter cafes where fine food and low music are the rule.

Her hours of work and those of Janis André do not coincide, but they make (Continued on page 85)
AND ALL'S WRONG

2. Here is the shop—dark, crowded, somehow sinister for the clocks that fill it are all very old. And presently Dan cocks an ear and hears... only silence. All of the clocks are set at nine o'clock, and all of them have stopped! How in the world is he to decide which of the clocks his letter-writing client wants picked up?

3. With nobody around to answer his questions, Dan characteristically decides to investigate. Cautiously—for Dan is too experienced not to realize that he has been lured into a threatening situation—he begins to explore the dusty stockrooms at the back of the mysterious shop.

A DVENTURE wanted. Will go any place, do anything. Write to Box 13"... This ad runs regularly in the classified section of the Star-Times, and brings to the desk of writer Dan Holiday exactly what he is looking for—adventure. Intelligent, capable and curious, Dan's excursions into other people's troubles have many times brought him close to danger; but he knows how to take care of himself. If, occasionally, he finds himself slightly involved with the police—well, Dan's always on the right side of that situation, as Lieutenant Kling well knows!

Box 13, starring Alan Ladd as Dan Holiday, is heard Wednesday nights at 9:30 on WOR, and on local stations from coast to coast. Sylvia Picker plays Suzy.
4. Suddenly he stumbles, and draws back. At his feet is the crumpled-up body of an elderly man, from whose hand Dan gently takes a scrap of paper. Pondering the paper's message—"nine o'clock"—Dan is off guard long enough for a heavy antique candlestick to do its crushing work.

5. When Dan revives, he faces a stranger who introduces himself as the owner of the shop. "But I thought he was the owner," Dan says. "Who?" asks the man, and Dan turns to find that the body has vanished. He is suspicious of the stranger, but cannot be sure the man is an imposter.

7. With the "owner," Dan re-investigates the shop, only to find that now all the clocks are running—and all show different times. None of them shows nine o'clock. However, on one of the dusty counters Dan finds a round, clean spot. Something that stood there has been recently removed. Perhaps . . . the clock?

8. Dan raises his eyes from his discovery—and finds himself facing the "owner's" gun. But a quick maneuver changes the picture, puts the gun in Dan's hand with the cowering imposter at his mercy. Now Dan knows the missing clock must be valuable, for by giving up his search the man might have escaped.
6. Still, Dan decides, no bona fide dealer in valuable curios would leave his shop unattended and unlocked. Picking up an enameled vase, he remarks “This is a handsome piece; 16th-century Florentine, isn’t it?” “Why, yes,” says the stranger. Then Dan turns it in his hand and says coolly, “Maybe not, though. It looks more like 18th-century French.” Confused, the stranger turns away from the accusing look in Dan’s eyes.

9. Dan deduces, from the fact that the bogus owner remained on the premises after murdering the real owner and striking Dan, that the clock must still be there too. After strenuous search, he finds it... and finds, too, a fortune of jewels hidden inside it. That’s why it had been worth murder to the fake owner!

10. To a bewildered Suzy, Dan explains: two people knew of the fortune in the clock: his client and the bogus “owner.” Dan arrived too late to prevent the murder of the real owner, too soon to allow the fake owner to get away with the jewels. Now, the criminals have lost out.
To let the neighbors know how the youngest Lynch boy—that's Christopher—is getting on.

I never kissed the Blarney Stone, but I think I'm the luckiest Irishman I know. I'm the "Minstrel Boy" on your fine American program the Voice of Firestone Hour and on Columbia Concerts—and I've just bought a house in America for my family and me—and after two short years in your country, I'm beginning to feel quite a bit American!

Not that you'd ever guess it if you listened outside our house at Valley Stream, Long Island, near New York City. Of course the house looks American: it's of stone and wood, two stories high and with a deeply eaved roof. But the sounds coming out of it are pure Irish... since I practice five hours every day, at almost any time you could hear me roaring out my two favorite tunes, "Down by the Glenside," or "All in an April Evening." If you saw me through the windows you might get quite a shock—for I'm afraid I don't look like the classic Irish tenor of tradition at all.

No, I stand in the music room behind my accompanist, facing the great picture I have of Ireland's fine singer John McCormack—whose protege, I am proud to say, I am. But you'd probably be quite dejected once you shifted your attention from Mr. McCormack's fine face to me. For I usually practice with my collar off—I wear detachable ones—and I gesture with a coke bottle which I drink from in between bars. Or else I wave the core of an apple I just finished eating. As a matter of fact, a piece of apple is usually tucked in my cheek while I sing!

However, if this picture of a tenor is saddening, a peek into the living room next door to the music room would cheer you up no end. For there are the three lights of my life: my lovely Irish wife Dympna, my handsome laddie Brian, and my tiny lass Marese—together with the Irish nurse Miss Fitzgerald, who is still so befuddled by America that she won't take a day off. (Whenever she does, she gets lost!) Yes, it's a nice family scene, and in a nice setting. We bought the furniture with the house, but our own mementoes are around to make it Irish—the crucifix that has been in my wife's

Hear Christopher Lynch on the Voice of Firestone, Monday nights at 8:30 EST, on stations of the NBC network.
family for years, and the firearms and pictures of horses that I brought with me from Ireland. You’d think, looking at all this, that we’d adjusted ourselves well to America. And so we have. But less than two years ago, when we arrived, things were far different!

I’ll never forget my first Christmas in your enormous country. That was Christmas almost two years ago, and Dympna and I had only arrived three months earlier. We were then staying in a New York hotel, so when Christmas time came I forced myself to go out and be buffeted around in the pack of people on Fifth Avenue. But only for a couple of hours. I couldn’t get near a counter for the crowds, and the more stores I went into the further away I was from buying my wife’s Christmas present. So I finally thought, “Ah! The corner drug store near our hotel! American drug stores have everything one would want, anyway!”

All invigorated by (Continued on page 88)
WHENEVER and wherever there's a Brooklyn Dodgers' baseball game, Red Barber and Connie Desmond are on hand to bring radio listening fans at home a play-by-play description. And whenever and wherever there's Red and Connie, the Barber and Desmond wives and children are on hand, too—no baseball widows and orphans they!

During the season the Desmonds and the Barbers eat, breathe and live baseball, and when there's no game to give them a common interest, a warm friendship serves just as well. The women are friends of long standing—they shop together, are frequent visitors at each other's homes, act as unofficial godmothers to each other's children—which often means unexpected presents for Kathy and Jim Desmond and Sarah Barber. The children have as active an interest in baseball as their parents. That picture of Sarah Barber practicing piano, for instance: it's deceptive. She's probably wondering how soon she can get away and resume baseball practice with the neighborhood boys!

Of course, the Barbers and the Desmonds are all interested in other sports as well, just as the heads of the families are—especially the Barbers, for Red is year-around Director of Sports for CBS.

Sarah Barber practices with Mother, but her thoughts are definitely elsewhere.

Mother's reading is fine with the young Desmonds—when there's no baseball!
Will it go foul? Baseball’s serious, if your name is Desmond or Barber!

The day’s big thrill—autographs all around from Dodger star Hermanski.

Interest shifts—for a moment—to refreshments.

Snack at the Press Club.
Tired of baseball? Not the Barber and Desmond families! It's as much a part, as important a part, of their lives as eating.

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Radio Mirror's Best Poem of the Month

MY WISH FOR YOU

The best I wish for you is not the wealth
That men may store against a rainy day;
Time is a thief most cunning in his stealth
Who will but doom your riches to decay.

I would not wish for you the proudest name
That man can cry aloud, to curse or bless,
Nor would I wish you any meed of fame
Lest fame departing leave you loneliness.

This is my deepest wish—that you may know
The warm, true comradeship that satisfies
The seeking heart and sets the mind aglow—
A bright communion, eloquent and wise.

The best I wish you is a steadfast friend
To walk beside you till the journey's end.
—Sydney King Russell

SHH... HH...

She looks beneath her bed before retiring,
Draws all the shades and closes tight the house,
Makes certain the shotgun is cocked for firing
And sets a trap for some intruding mouse.

Then, turning out all lights, and snuffing candles,
(her breath held in as if afraid to sneeze),
She walks to a dark room on padded sandals
And listens to the program: "Quiet Please..."
—Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

TO W.

Oh, long ago I put your love away
As though it were a jewel, lost to sight
Deep in a hidden corner of my heart,
And yet the memory is warm and bright.

All through the long green days of Spring
It lies in wraithlike mist... obscure...
remote...
But when October flames, I lift it out
And wear its scarlet splendor at my throat.
—Jean Walter

Verses for October, to catch the last brilliant...
flaring of color before the world turns white
FARM WIFE

There are so many things that I’ve been saying. If you could hear my heart, it’d say: "I love you, but you’re driving me crazy."

By TED MALONE

He sure to listen to Ted Malone’s program. Monday through Friday mornings at 11:45 EST on ABC Radio.

SHOCK

In all of life’s emergencies
One should be prepared
The time the local plumber comes
The day he said he would.
—Helen K. Bauchum

AUTUMN NIGHT

In spinning light,
A heightened spirit,
Shimmers the stillness.
Along the road,
The woods grow high,
Where our path once led;
The orchard is barren—
The trees are gone;
But my thoughts of you
Are living things—
Shining seeds,
With stored wings,
Bearing a pathway;
Of keener, white light
Through the shortest hours
Of an autumn night.
—Rowena Cheney

IN BOLD RELIEF

Sundays, from other days, are different,
They seem to stand out on the calendar,
Bolder than weekdays, and more slowly passing.
As things of value usually are.
At first this was the day when I could wear my "best downs," and could go to Sunday school.
And here it was welcomed, felt or fair.
As holiday, head of school’s idea.
That this first row of numbers seemed to shout
"This is the day he comes to see us"...

There is no reason why they should stand out
From any hum-drum week-day, yet somehow
Because of other days and months and years
All Sundays shine a bit on calendars.
—Rex Pochell Richardson

I HAD FORGOTTEN

I had forgotten it could be like this;
A poet’s drams... self-spoken words that sing
Of silken, shadowed... a breath
Less kiss...
A night that whispers with remembering;
I had forgotten that my heart could beat
Like dark man’s drum beneath a restless moon,
And then you came and breathed a dream complete.
With stars and laughter dropped with madness, soon
Again I shall know audible music.
How... and peace, like rain, dry
Upon my soul. A clear light, vagabond
Reflection shimmering and the poem
Of love becomes the cycle of a sigh.
I said I had forgotten, but had I?
—Teddy Doby

APOLLOYSIS IN AUTUMN

Forgive my heart for so much golden weather,
For moon-mist and a river full of stars,
For small leaf-secrets and a reddening feather.
A Daysy camp and fiddles and gussets.
Forgive my heart for so much Indian
For fields moldered with pumpkins and squashes;
For listening to the whispering bitters
While walking you in rain without umbrellas.
Forgive my heart for so much autumn bingeing
(I love you but I love the season too). For feeling gayer, fiddler and younger
Then I have any right or reason to
Forgive me and I promise to be sober
And sing and sweet again—after October.
—Constance Middendorf

TO W.

Oh, long ago I put your love away
As thought it were a jewel lost to sight;
Deep in a hidden corner of my heart.
And yet the memory is worn and bright.
All through the long green days of Spring
A hue in wattled-like mist... obscure... remote...
But when October comes, I lift it out
And wear its scarlet splendor at my breast.
—Jean Walter

SHH... HHI.

She looks beneath her bed before retiring.
Draws all the shades and closes tight the house.
Makers certain the chimes is cocked for striking
And sets a trap for some intruding mouse.
Then, turning out all lights, and sliding candles,
(her breath held in as if afraid to sneeze.)
She walks to a dark room on padded soles.
And listens to the program: "Quiet Please..."—Rose Zangwill Mansfield

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $50
for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 85 lines, and address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 295 E. 47, N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror’s Bookends pages.

Verses for October, to catch the last brilliant
flaring of color before the world turns white

Radio Mirror’s 1938 Forum of the Month

MY WISH FOR YOU

The best I wish for you is not the wealth
That man may store against a rainy day:
Time is a thing most precious to his stores.
Who will not do your children to debase?
I would not wish for you the grounded sense
That man can cry aloud, to curse or bless.
Nor would I wish you any need of time
Last from departing leaves you intelligence.
This is my deepest wish—that you may know
The warm, true companionship that satisfies
The aching heart and sets the mind agle.
A bright companionship, eloquent and wise.
The best I wish you in a steadfast friend
To walk beside you till the journey’s end.
—Sydney King Russell
OTHER members of Elsie Voight's family grow roots. They own houses, rear children, establish bank accounts and identify themselves with a single community, says our Traveler of the Month.

But Elsie Voight calls the world her home, her skill as a linguist, accountant and stenographer her wealth, and the people of every land her brothers.

We were flattered when she made Welcome Travelers her first stop on returning from a trip which had taken her to China as field auditor for UNRRA, and which had circled the globe before it ended. She was bound for her parents' residence at Homewood, Illinois.

There was a temptation, that day, to spend the whole program interviewing Elsie, for her addresses during the past twenty years have read like the index to an atlas. Bogota . . . Chungking . . . Johannesburg . . . Peiping . . . Quito . . . Zambesi River.

Driven by a burning desire to know the face of the earth as others know a small town, she stays in one city only long enough to earn passage to the next destination. She fills two bags with a suit, a pair of slacks, a lot of blouses, two sweaters, a long-sleeved black street dress, a short-sleeved black afternoon dress and a black lace formal, and she's ready for anything from crossing a jungle on foot to presiding as hostess at the captain's table on a big liner.

What's more, she has that gift, usually found only among the top wire service correspondents, of arriving in a city just at the moment it becomes important in world news.

Slender, soft-voiced Elsie Voight told me, "Tommy, it was the depression that turned me into a world traveler. I couldn't find a job here, so I went abroad."

She started at the beginning, and told me her springboard to adventure had been a trip to Minneapolis—500 miles away—just after she was graduated from Chicago's Hyde Park high school. She had once had a vacation job as bookkeeper at the YMCA college and camp at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, so on arrival at Minneapolis, it was natural she should ask the Y for work. To explore the area thoroughly, she also worked at the St. Paul Y. Next jump was San Francisco and Los Angeles. She had her eye on Honolulu, but her family objected and she returned home.

The boom of the twenties was well under way, and Elsie soon saw it from the vantage point of one of the nation's leading law firms located at the corner of Nassau and Wall Street, in the heart of New York's financial section. Big-name clients made news every day on the stock market. Elsie liked being backstage at the greatest drama of that decade.

She spent every leisure moment sightseeing. After a year, she felt she knew New York well enough, and more sights lay beyond its harbor. She went to Bermuda first, then to England, Belgium, Holland, Germany and France.

Returning to Chicago, she stayed long enough to add Northwestern University credits to those she had previously acquired at the University of Chicago, University of California, and New York University, taking a bachelor's degree in accounting in 1928.

Then came the crash. "That deflated the market value of my new diploma just as surely as it burst the bubble of the real
estate firm for which I worked," Elsie explained. "I scrambled for jobs. Annual cuts replaced annual raises, and I could see no reason for remaining in Chicago."

There were those in our Welcome Travelers audience who knew exactly what she meant. You could tell by their expressions they remembered those days too well.

Elsie started saving money for passage. Since her regular position paid eight dollars a week, she found an additional evening job to increase her income. When her little hoard of dollars equalled the price of a one-way ticket to Honolulu, she set out. She had many jobs during her two years in Hawaii. She recalls that when she applied for one, a man inquired, "Why did you leave the States?"

"Because there was a depression," Elsie replied promptly.

"What," asked the man, "do you think we're having here?"

But depression or no depression, Elsie found firms that needed letters written and books kept. Salaries were small, but eventually she saved enough for a one-way fare to Manila. She wanted to go to China, but with only sufficient money for one-way passage, she had to buy her ticket to an American port to obtain a visa.

That visa, however, permitted her to stop off at Japan. It was a fairyland place in those days, she remembers. A little island, little people and small prices when one toured the country third class and stopped at native inns. And their ferocious dream of world power was covered up by tidy little manners.

Best of all, it was just a short distance to Shanghai where she became secretary to the president of the (Continued on page 92)
COAST to COAST

Shaye Cogan and Johnny Desmond in a dressy number for Face the Music, their Mon. through Fri. CBS-TV show, 7:15 P.M. EST.

On Swing Into Sports (WABD, Mondays at 8 P.M. EST), Chuck Tranum and Johnny Farrell okay Wendy Barrie’s follow through.

Playing Rube Goldberg’s Drawing Game, along with the video

DUMONT is conducting an interesting show over WABD in New York and WNHC-TV in New Haven, Connecticut. It’s called Key to Missing Persons and is aired on Sundays from 6 to 6:30 P.M. The star of the program is Archdale J. Jones, expert in the work of re-uniting people long separated. Most of the cases dealt with on the series do not involve crime or felony, and are not the kind which normally come under police jurisdiction.

Colonel Stoopnagle, long a radio favorite, made his television debut with a show called Colonel Stoopnagle’s Stoop. Said stoop gave the irrepressible Colonel a meeting place for a wide variety of characters with whom he could exchange his peculiar brand of wacky chatter. Television gives him the opportunity to demonstrate his famous “inventions” as well as talk about them.

Anyone who doubts that 1948 was television’s year to howl—take note that on October 1st premium time (6 to 10:30 at night) will be $1,000 an
hour over the NBC television network. It was only $400 an hour a year ago!

Credit Adelaide Hawley (whom we wrote about in the August issue) and her Fashions on Parade video show for bringing Procter and Gamble, one of the five largest advertisers in America, to television. P & G signed a 49-week contract to start at the end of July, and have been advertising Prell and Ivory Snow. Video needs more companies that have large advertising budgets, so that programs can improve more rapidly.

One exciting television possibility, still in the experimental stage, is "Stratovision" or television relayed from an airplane—five miles up. The plane circles and picks up a program transmitted from a ground station; it then relays that program to televiewers on the ground within an area 400 miles in diameter. Since television now can only be thrown 50 miles, stratovision is revolutionary.

Elsa Maxwell, world- (Continued on page 97)
UMONT is conducting an interesting show over WABD in New York and WNHC-TV in New Haven, Connecticut. It's called Key to Mystery and is aired on Sundays from 6 to 6:30 P.M. The star of the program is Archdale J. Jones, expert in the work of re-uniting people long separated. Most of the cases dealt with on the series do not involve crime or felony, and are not the kind which normally come under police jurisdiction.

Colonel Stoopnagle, long a radio favorite, made his television debut with a show called Colonel Stoopnagle's Stoop. Said Stoop gave the impossible Colonel a meeting place for a wide variety of characters with whom he could exchange his peculiar brand of wacko chatter. Television gives him the opportunity to demonstrate his famous inventions as well as talk about them.

Anyone who doubts that 1948 was television's year to bow—take note that on October 1st premium time (6 to 10:30 at night) will be $1,000 an hour over the NBC television network. It was only $40 an hour a year ago!

Credit Adelaide Hawley (whom we wrote about in the August issue) and her Fashions on Parade video show for bringing Procter and Gamble, one of the five largest advertisers in America, to television. P & G signed a 49-week contract to start at the end of July, and have been advertising Peil and Putney Snow. Video needs more companies that have large advertising budgets, so that programs can improve more rapidly.

One exciting television possibility, still in the experimental stage, is "Stratovision" or television relayed from an airplane—five miles up. The plane circles and picks up a program transmitted from a ground station; it then relays that program to television on the ground within an area 100 miles in diameter. Since television now can only be thrown 30 miles, stratovision is revolutionary.

Ala Maxwell, world—(Continued on page 97)
Now it can be seen—Leave It To the Girls, whose permanent panel of lovely, lovely ladies makes it one of the most video-worthy of programs.

1. Luncheon at Lucey's in Hollywood preceded teledebut on Mutual of "Leave It." Constance Bennett and fluffy Miss Prudence sat between guest Walter O'Keefe and (r.) MBS exec. Lewis Allen Weiss.

2. Seated far left, Robin Chandler, a permanent "Girl"; far right, Constance Moore. Standing, psychoanalyst Dr. J. W. Gregory; Vanessa Brown; Charles Korvin; Ann Rutherford; Ruth Warrick.

5. As female guest-of-the-day Ann Rutherford prepares for her ordeal by television, she's watched critically by Don Lee makeup expert J. Grant Wilson (standing), and with awe by Mike Frankovich.

6. First up to congratulate Robin Chandler after the broadcast was comedian Joe E. Brown, still laughing. The program's point is that the "Girls" are not only beautiful—but bright as new pennies.
To The Girls

3. In spite of crush, actress Vanessa Brown did get to sit down. But she had to get up again to get to tele-studio on time. As in radio, “Leave It” has permanent panel plus male and female guest.

4. Unkind video lights make small amount of gilding necessary even for Chandler and Bennett, though they are about as telegenic as humankind can be. Brown lipstick is gruesome but necessary touch.

7. The Noise—after the girls have had their say (note Binie Barnes, third permanent panel member), their male guest gets a chance to answer back. Walter O'Keefe calls for attention, but does he get it?
BUD GUEST'S stock answer to the question, "Where do you get all the material for your program?" is an understated, "I just report the news nobody else wants."

An experienced radioman once appropriately added, "Yeah, nobody but the listeners—thousands of them!"

For Bud Guest, WJR's Reporter-at-large, with his inconsequential news items "that nobody wants," is a pillar of Hooper audience strength in The Goodwill Station 50,000-watt line-up.

It's a natural flair Bud has for sunny items. He is the son of poet-philosopher Edgar A. Guest, whose homespun verses have brought many a smile to the most downtrodden and tugged at the heartstrings of the most cynical.

Bud doesn't take to iambic meters and such, but he shows in other ways the influence of his early environment. He puts into prose and narration many of the cheery philosophies his world-famous dad put into poetry.

It's a little difficult to describe Bud's Reporter-at-Large program. Over the past two and a half years since his return from the Navy, he has explored such subjects as the best way to cure hiccups, how to get a bat out of a summer cottage, the private life of a platypus, the history of the goldfish, how to be comfortable while taking a rocket trip to the moon, and how to understand what your patients are saying to you should you ever become a dentist.

Bud recently became involved with unusual epitaphs. It started innocently enough. The news wires carried an item quoting an English clergyman to the effect that our generation had become a humorless lot when it came to writing epitaphs. Our ancestors did a lot better at it; they were not content merely to list the deceased's name, along with the dates of birth and death. They told something about the person occupying the plot of land beneath the stone.

Bud agreed with the clergyman over the air, and called for an improvement in present-day epitaphs. The call was heard, apparently, by an enormous number of people who specialize in epitaph-collecting, for samples of this high art came to Guest's desk for weeks. Of all the sample epitaphs his listeners supplied he likes these for reasons of style, incisiveness, and ingenuity:

"Here lies a man whose crown was won,
By blowing down an empty gun.
No sooner down the gun he blew
Than up the golden stairs he flew."

Bud contends that such an epitaph tells the complete story of what happened to the gentleman resting beneath the marker.

But the one that he prefers above all others, primarily because the author displayed more than the usual amount of inventiveness in constructing the rhyme, concerns the sad passing of one Susan Lowder. It goes like this:

"Here lies the body of Susan Lowder
Who burst while drinking a Seidlitz Powder.
Called from this world to her heavenly rest
She should have waited till it effervesced."

Happily married, Bud is the father of three children, Edgar A. Guest, III, nine; Ellen Elizabeth Guest, seven, and Jane Maynard Guest, three. They live in Detroit on the second fairway of the Detroit Golf Club.

Despite his poor eyesight, Bud was an instructor-in aerial gunnery in the Navy during the war. Before that, as city editor of the Detroit Free Press, he became impressed with the popularity of humorous fillers with newspaper readers. Then too, Bud has a great personal penchant for laughs in the news. With the rest of the world taking such a dim view of life, he feels there ought to be a spot on radio where light-hearted trivia gets a chance. That's the spot he's made for himself, with the "news nobody wants"—to which thousands listen.
Poet-philosopher Edgar A. Guest named his infant son Edgar Jr.—but Junior became "Bud" the day after he was born. Paralleling his father's habit of looking on the cheerful side of things, Bud decided to concentrate, as a reporter, on the small humorous items which more "serious" commentators customarily throw away. Via WJR, he's found a lot of listeners who agree with him that there's a place in radio for trivia.
Bride and Groom

Mary Gilmore's wedding party is looking at one of the things that make this boy-meets-girl-in-Hollywood story so unusual: the wedding ring that almost stopped the wedding.

Ray wasn't left out when bride-kissing time came round, as singer Jack McElroy saluted Mary, Ray.
ONLY a few blocks separate the Bride and Groom studios on Wilshire Boulevard from the fabulous "Strip" on Sunset Boulevard, where are located the famed restaurants and night-clubs that figure prominently in so many Hollywood legends. And yet, despite the fact that we'll soon be starting our fourth year on the air, there have been only two or three Bride and Groom couples chosen from the hundreds of people whose lives are connected with that famous "Sunset Strip."

There is an understandable reason for that. For one thing, we have deliberately avoided choosing couples who were already front-page celebrities. We wanted our couples to represent the sort of love stories lived by the type of boy and girl that we all know in our own lives. Too, there was the fact that Hollywood romances often receive such sensational publicity that there is likely to be a question as to the sincerity of any movie-town marriage. We knew that such publicity had often been without the slightest justification, but we didn't want even the shadow of a question to arise about a Bride and Groom couple. After all, we're mighty proud that our couples have established a new national record in proving they were sincere when they made their marriage vows.

That was why (Continued on page 70)
Mary Gilbert's wedding party is looking at one of the things that made the beginnings of the couple's story so unusual: the wedding ring that almost stopped the wedding.

A few blocks separate the Bride and Groom studios on Wilshire Boulevard from the fabulous "Strip" on Sunset Boulevard, where are located the famed restaurants and nightclubs that figure prominently in so many Hollywood legends. And yet, despite the fact that we'll soon be starting our fourth year on the air, there have been only two or three Bride and Groom couples chosen from the hundreds of people whose lives are connected with that famous "Sunset Strip." There is an understandable reason for that. For one thing, we have deliberately avoided choosing couples who were already front-page celebrities. We wanted our couples to represent the sort of love stories lived by the type of boy and girl that we all know in our own lives. Too, there was the fact that Hollywood romances often receive such sensational publicity that there is likely to be a question as to the sincerity of any movie-town marriage. We knew that such publicity had often been without the slightest justification, but we didn't want even the shadow of a question to arise about a Bride and Groom couple. After all, we're mighty proud that our couples have established a new national record in proving they were sincere when they made their marriage vows. That was why (Continued on page 70)
The story of Chichi—from her eventful meeting with Papa David, long ago, up to the present day

1. David Solomon was a lonely man until that night, many years ago, when Chichi blundered into his “Slightly Read Book Shop” and his life. Locked out of her sordid tenement home by the woman who had raised her, the frightened, defiant Chichi, little more than a child, ran into the Book Shop for shelter. But she found much more than that: a permanent home, a lovable, wise old man to whom she rapidly became as close as a daughter, and the inspiration to transform herself into a worthwhile human being.

For many years, Papa David’s “Slightly Read Book Shop” has been a source of far more than second-hand books. Shrewd and tolerant, with an unshakable faith in humankind, Papa David has led many others to an understanding of his personal creed—belief in the intrinsic beauty of life. To Chichi, his protegee, the faces in Papa David’s album are well known; but to writer Douglas Norman, who has only recently found his way to the Book Shop, everything about it is new and fascinating—particularly the people from whom it takes its personality.

“Life Can Be Beautiful” Cast Members
Papa David played by ............... Ralph Locke
Chichi .................................. Alice Reinbert
Douglas Norman ........................ Sidney Smith
Toby Nelson ............................. Carl Eastman
Dr. Markham ............................ Charles Webster
Nellie Gleason ......................... Ethel Owen

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard on NBC every Monday through Friday, at 12 noon, PST; 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST.

2. Papa David arranged living space for Chichi at the rear of the shop and set her to dusting the books. He watched with satisfaction as she began to realize that between the covers of those worn-out books, whole worlds of knowledge and beauty were waiting to be discovered.
3. Chichi was still friendly with her old companion, Toby Nelson, who objected violently to his friend's new way of life—not to Papa David, but to the fact that the Book Shop's living quarters were also sheltering crippled Stephen Hamilton.

4. As Chichi bloomed under Papa David's care, Nellie, the woman who claimed to be her mother, tried to regain Chichi's confidence by telling her the truth about her parents: both were dead. "After all," Nellie emphasized, "I brought you up."

7. At this opportune time, self-seeking Nellie reappeared, "mothered" Chichi, and was able to enlist her aid in operating a disreputable hotel. When Chichi realized what was going on, she exerted herself to reform both the hotel and, temporarily, Nellie.

8. It was at the Gleason Hotel that Chichi met and fought with writer Douglas Norman. Her misunderstanding of him turned to hatred when she realized that if it had not been for his search for material, Stephen's duplicity might never have come to light.
5. When Chichi met young Barry Markham, playboy son of famous Dr. Bertram Markham, she was thrilled by his attention—until Dr. Markham came to “rescue” his son from the girl he thought predatory. Conflict became affection as he learned to know Chichi.

6. Though Dr. Markham now tried to promote the romance between Barry and Chichi, she finally married Stephen. Happiness was brief. Stephen died suddenly, and bitterness succeeded grief when Chichi learned Stephen had been dishonest and unfaithful.

9. But quarreling was suspended when Douglas, after a dangerous eye injury, was moved at Dr. Markham’s request into the office and flat adjoining the Book Shop. Moved by emotions she herself could not define, Chichi volunteered to take care of Douglas and to act as his secretary.
Arthur Godfrey's story is a strange saga of journeys over the Seven Seas, of vagrant wanderings across our continent, of itinerant jobs in offices, kitchens, coal mines, vaudeville houses and factories.

It is a chronicle that borders on the fabulous and there are still people who doubt that so many things could have happened to any one man in such a short span of years. But the story is a true one and, if anything, it is less challenging to the imagination than the glittering facts of his present-day success.

Sailor, salesman, coal miner, room clerk, chauffeur, chef, vagabond, vaudevillian... radio amateur to radio personality extraordinary—he might never have embarked on such a checkered career were it not for the special circumstances of his boyhood.

Radio's famous redhead was born on August 31, 1903, to Kathryn and Arthur Hanbury Godfrey who lived at Amsterdam Avenue and 112th Street in New York City. Two years later, the Godfreys moved from crowded Manhattan to rural Hasbrouck Heights in New Jersey. It was a tiny town which only recently had persuaded the Erie Railroad to make regular passenger and freight stops there. Horse-drawn buggies clop-clopped down its dusty, tree-shaded main street. The earthy smell of livery stables was a commonplace thing and the most violent sounds heard were the occa-

Hear Arthur Godfrey on CBS, Monday through Friday at 6 to 7:45 A.M., 10:30 to 11:30 A.M., and Monday nights at 8:30 EST.
Red Godfrey’s story is a fairy tale with a difference. It’s not only wonderful . . . it’s true, too.

Come weekends, Arthur is likely to take to the water with as many sea-going friends as his sloop can carry. Singer Janette Davis, a good sailor, comes along as one of the redhead’s party.

By IRA KNASTER

This is the Godfrey who was known to Baltimore listeners, some years ago, as “Red.”

sional hoot of a train whistle or the jolly clang of a blacksmith’s anvil.

It was a pleasant, picturesque environment . . . but Arthur was still too young for any of it to register on his mind. A couple of years later, though, when he was nearing his fourth birthday, a vivid incident did leave its mark.

“IT’s my earliest recollection,” he says. “IT seems I got lost in a meadow. I remember that one minute everything was safe and familiar. Then, before I knew it, this tall grass began closing in on me. I started to run. The grass got taller and thicker and I got more and more panicky. I must have thrashed around in that maze for only a minute but it felt like a year. I blubbered and screamed and suddenly mother was standing there, smiling. She had a hard time convincing me that I’d got lost only about twenty feet away from our front porch.”

Fortunately, Arthur’s childhood misadventure didn’t leave him with any unhealthy fear of the great outdoors. Actually, the opposite is true . . . so very true that, reminiscing about him, J. Earle Thomson, Arthur’s old school principal, recalls him as “the Daniel Boone of Teterboro.”

In the period when Arthur was eleven or twelve years old, a tremendous, swampy bottomland sprawled at the foot of the ridge on which Hasbrouck Heights was settled. This was Teterboro, a marshland pocked with bog-holes, stagnant
pools, grassy hummocks and a criss-cross of dank waterways and brackish streams. Old men would come down to this mosquito-infested place with spades and cut out blocks of decayed vegetation called peat. In season, great flocks of wild ducks would darken the sky and the sharp bark of shotguns would fill the air.

Teterboro swamp was Arthur’s Shangri-la, his playground. In it, along with Allan Vannoti, tomboy Molly Moran and other companions, he fished, crabbled, hunted for birds’ nests and sailed home-made boats. Best of all were the hours spent in trapping muskrats. If, now and then, one of the crude traps snared a muskrat, its dark pelt could be sold for a few welcome dollars.

One of his chums owned a keen rifle that never failed to bring a glint of envy to Arthur’s blue eyes. It would have been swell bagging muskrats with a rifle like that but they cost money. more money than he dared to mention in the Godfrey household those days.

Only eleven years old, but already Arthur was conscious of the meaning of money. Day after day, his awareness of it came from spoken and unspoken references to it at home. Arthur now had sisters and brothers... Kathryn, Charles, Robert and Gene. It was a large family to feed and many times the worry of it was written in mother’s eyes.

Mother... with her tall, slender figure and her lovely auburn hair—a magnetic personality, some of the neighbors said. Every ounce of her patience and love went into the rearing of this family and still, with an intense kind of pride, she would find time for community activities. There was the church choir. There were the meetings of The Woman’s Club of which she was a charter member. There were discussions at the Shakespeare Club and, every so often, a trip by ferry to New York for some performance of “Hamlet” or “Othello.” Mother took part in these cultural events... as often as her dwindling means permitted. The occasions became fewer and fewer.

As for Dad, outwardly his dapper appearance bespoke self-assurance and security. Still in his prime, a fine figure of a man with fair complexion, alert, intelligent eyes set in handsome features, he was every inch the gentleman. His vocabulary was remarkably extensive and his manner of speech was precise and in keeping with his English education.

But Dad indulged in fewer witticisms than he used to. Laughed less frequently, less heartily. He talked only occasionally about the fascinating work he had done as feature writer for national magazines, as editor of trade papers and periodicals that dealt with horse-breeding and horse shows. He’d been an acknowledged expert on those subjects. Sometimes there would be a special ring in his voice as he told stories about the glamorous people he’d seen and met while working as publicist for millionaire Vanderbilt’s racing interests.

But an important change had taken place. Exactly what this change was, Arthur didn’t know, except that it was linked to the atmosphere at home. Dimly, she realized that it had something to do with horses and money and laughter at the dinner table. It had something to do with the grim, resigned look that came over Dad’s face whenever one of those new-fangled “horseless buggies” chugged into view.

And so, with the coming of his school vacation, young Arthur Godfrey elected not to laze in the summer sun. Instead, he traipsed down to Ehler’s grocery store and offered his services for whatever wage Mr. Ehler deemed worth-while. Small fry weren’t much good behind the counter, so a post was found for him as assistant in charge of deliveries. That arrangement was okay with Arthur because, like his father, he loved being near horses... and the Ehler deliveries were made via one-horse-power wagon. It was a prospering establishment and orders had to be taken to customers who lived all over the neighboring countryside. Arthur liked moving about and meeting folks... and besides, he was able to come home on Saturday nights with a fistful of silver.

There were other summers and other jobs. There were
THE LIFE of ARTHUR GODFREY

jobs he worked at in after-school hours. There was the newspaper route he shared with Ralph Chandlese and the job of driving Scaffle's bakery wagon.

He was growing up, taking on man-sized responsibilities. But the kid had his off moments, too. For example, the several occasions when he was supposed to be exercising Mr. Scaffle's horse and when, instead, he was seen riding the nag bareback down some otherwise quiet residential street—charging hell-for-leather past the house of some pretty girl he was trying to impress.

Then, there was the matter of Mrs. Goodrich's Thursday afternoon card party, a social institution in Hasbrouck Heights. It was Mrs. Goodrich's custom to serve the ladies cold refreshments in summertime. This was August and she had ordered three quarts of ice cream from John Ferrarri's Sweet Shoppe, young Godfrey's current place of employment. At 3 P.M., promptly as instructed, Mr. Ferrarri had the cold refreshment packed and in Arthur's hands for delivery. At 3:45 P.M., Ferrarri's prized customer telephoned and, in tones several degrees chillier than any ice cream, demanded to know why it hadn't arrived. Frantically, Ferrarri dashed outside. The first thing he saw was Arthur and a couple of other kids crouched over a hot game of marbles . . . and three quarts of hot ice cream oozing off the curbstone.

However, those departures from good behavior were very rare. Ask John Ferrarri today and he'll tell you emphatically that "Arthur was a fine lad. If he earned a two-bit tip I happen to know that he'd turn it over to his mother. And when she let him have the nickel for ice cream, he'd come into my place like the happiest youngster alive."

In that period, just prior to the first World War, important social changes were taking place in America . . . changes brought about by the appearance of two new developments—the flivver and the flickers. Already it was apparent that the increasing numbers of automobiles were having an adverse effect on the elder Godfrey's fortunes. As for the movies, they, oddly enough, provided a means of livelihood for Mrs. Godfrey.

Hasbrouck Heights' sole movie emporium may have been named the usual Bijou, or Palace, or Cameo. No one seems to recall just what its proper name was, but everyone does remember it as "the monkey-house." It probably earned that label because of wild monkey-shines indulged in by the town's teen-age set. "The Perils of Pauline," the Mack Sennett Comedies, the Theda Bara heart-throbers, the Vitagraph epics and all the Charlie Chaplin films paraded across its silver screen.

Seated at the piano down front, playing mood music for all those silent flickers, was Arthur Godfrey's mother. It was work that utilized her musical talent. It was work that meant income, however meager.


Against the background of those troubling world events, Arthur progressed from grammar school to high school. He was a good student, neither brilliant nor mediocre. He became known as a chronic yawner in morning classes, just as he is today during his early morning broadcasts. He had a special aptitude for mathematics. Geography captured his imagination although there were several instances when his open geography book was used to shield some novel of high adventure. In one biology class, Arthur amazed his teacher and fellow students by accurately identifying several species of bird-life, topping off his talk with an enlightening discourse on nesting characteristics (Continued on page 96)
ONCE a year it's fitting for ghosts to stalk your table. Heap goblins on to the sandwich platter with funny face cut-outs. Cut circles from Boston brown bread. In half of them snip out eyes and mouth. Spread the remaining slices with a contrasting colored filling. A good yellow pimiento cheese mixture is good with brown bread. Choose ham or tongue or a jelly for the white ones. Let ghosts walk on the sandwich platter by stuffing celery stalks with cream cheese, using leafy celery ends for the arms. Stand the ghosts to guard the sandwich pile. Serve a pitcher of cider and fresh apples to munch on.

Here are other suggestions for holiday celebrating around Halloween.

BLACK CAT COOKIES
Melt bitter chocolate over warm water and keep warm enough not to harden. Put a drop of chocolate in the middle of a large round cookie, over this place a chocolate coated peppermint wafer for the body of (Continued on page 84)

HALLOWEEN SALAD
Lightly mix canned kernel corn, cooked shredded stringbeans, cubed cooked potatoes and hard-cooked eggs, chopped. Season to taste with minced onion, salt and pepper and fold in enough mayonnaise to moisten. Serve in lettuce cups, garnish with tomato slices and sprinkle with grated hard-cooked egg yolks.

HALLOWEEN SUPPERS
Goblin-faced Meat Pies (face slashed in crust)  
Julienne Carrots  
Orange Ice in Orange Cups  
Chocolate cookies  
Gingerale  
Halloween Salad  
Cream Cheese Sandwich  
Nuts  
Apples  
Toffy  
Orange-Filled Cup Cakes or Doughnuts  
Sweet Cider

ORANGE ICE
Combine 2 cups of water and 1 cup of sugar. Heat until sugar is dissolved. Then add 2 cups of strained orange juice and 1/4 cup of strained lemon juice. Cool, and then pour into ice cube trays. Place in freezing compartment of refrigerator. Freeze until firm. Makes 1 1/2 pints or 6 servings.

CROSS BONES SALAD
Serve this on a supper plate along with hot food. Take 2 stalks of stuffed celery and cross them on a lettuce leaf. At one end place 2 stuffed prunes. (Remove stones and fill each prune with seasoned cream cheese.) Use stuffed olives for the eyes. Cut a triangle of olive for the nose and a pimiento strip for the mouth. Serve with mayonnaise on the side.

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks, heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, on Mutual network stations.
The fun of a Halloween party can be magnified by having refreshments that carry out the ghosts-and-witches theme—in an appetizing way, of course! Leafy ghosts walking among goblin-faced sandwiches will do it.
Inside Radio

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

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AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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MOREY AMSTERDAM—fast-talking night-club performer now heard Saturday nights at 9:00 P.M., EST, CBS.

MARILYN ERSKINE—plays the role of Janey Brown in Young Widder Brown which is heard Mondays to Fridays on CBS at 4:45 P.M. EST. No stranger to the Broadway stage, Marilyn has appeared in many big-time productions, one of which was Thornton Wilder's successful "Our Town." Despite a busy acting schedule, she has managed to find time to study languages and music as well as to write several short stories and poems.

MUNSTER MERRY-Go-Round

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EVENING PROGRAMS

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Marilyn Monroe
**ARNDOL STANG**—goggle-eyed, 5'4", 120-pounder has been playing comedy parts for fourteen of his twenty-five years. A native of Chelsea, Mass., he acquired his radio experience in Let's Pretend, The Children's Hour, and The Goldbergs in which he created the role of Seymour which later emerged as the hapless Gerard, mirth-provoking addition to The Henry Morgan Show.

### TUESDAY

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<thead>
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<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>The Trumpeters Songs by Bob Ather</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>NBC News</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Aunt Jenny</td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Honeycomb in N. Y.</td>
<td>NBC Concert Orb.</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Hedy Lamarr</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Clevelanditers</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
<td>Bob K. Bungay</td>
<td>Winnie Dine</td>
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<td>Carlson Noseled</td>
<td>Robert Riley</td>
<td>Nancy Craig</td>
<td>Petty Pump</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Skiles</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Bob Waring</td>
<td>Fred Warin</td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Bob Waring</td>
<td>Howe in 'Hood</td>
<td>Music For You</td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
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<td>Johnny Hannigan</td>
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<td>Johnny Hannigan</td>
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<tr>
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<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Johnny Hannigan</td>
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<td>Johnny Hannigan</td>
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<td>Nora Lawton</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Harkness of Washington</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks victor h. lindlarh</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Art Van Damme</td>
<td>Service Band</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
<td>Judith Sargent</td>
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<td>Robert Riley</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
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<td>Life of the World</td>
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<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<td>Miss Perkins</td>
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<td>Right to Happiness</td>
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<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
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<td>Mysterious Traveller</td>
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<td>Date With Judy</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Honeycomb in N. Y.</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Follies</td>
<td>The Trumpeters Songs by Bob Ather</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Harkness of Washington</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>U. S. Marine Band</td>
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### MARY SMALL—whom radio fans will remember as the singing M. C. of the recent Mary Small-Junior Miss program and as "the little girl with the big voice" can now be heard on Mutual's radio game, Three For The Money, aired Saturday nights from 9 to 10 P.M., EST. Mary is married to song writer Vic Mary who has written a long string of hits. They have a daughter, three-year-old Patti Lou.
### THURSDAY

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<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td></td>
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<td>The Trumpeters Songs By Bob Atcher</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Follies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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</table>

#### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Performers</th>
<th>Schedule</th>
<th>Host</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Harkness of Washington</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Art Van Zandme</td>
<td>Ted Brown</td>
<td>10:24</td>
<td>Aunt Jenny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Happy Gang</td>
<td>Big Little</td>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Checkerdboard</td>
<td>Ranchero</td>
<td>10:35</td>
<td>Our Gal Sunday</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>10:40</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Burton/Mrs. Maintenance</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
<td>Ladies Be Seated</td>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Marilyn Craig</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>Light of the World</td>
<td>Red Book</td>
<td>10:50</td>
<td>David Hamur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Ladies Be Seated</td>
<td>10:55</td>
<td>Hilton House</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Yooper Young</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>House Party</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:20</td>
<td>Right to Happiness</td>
<td>Robert hurleigh</td>
<td>11:05</td>
<td>Hint Hunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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<td>Winner Take All</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
<td>Johnson Family</td>
<td>11:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:20</td>
<td>Lorenzo Jones</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Young Wilder Brown</td>
<td>Two Ten Baker</td>
<td>11:25</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>When a Girl Marries</td>
<td>Adventure Parade</td>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>The Chicagoans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Perio Falls</td>
<td>Capt. Midnight</td>
<td>11:35</td>
<td>Lain 'n Abner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>Supperman</td>
<td>11:40</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
<th>Schedule</th>
<th>Host</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Eric Seaverd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Sunoco News</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Of Men and Books A. Del Montford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>10:45</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>World and Music</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Robert Ripley</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>Robert RIPLEY</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
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### FRIDAY

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<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<th>CBS</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
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**ROY ROGERS**—one of the greatest box office attractions of all time has come a long way since the days when he was a calm Len Syl of Duck Run, Ohio. He began his career as a member of the International Cowboys and later joined the Sons of the Pioneers, Republic Pictures claimed him next. Recently, Roy returned to the air after a long absence; Roy can be heard on Sundays at 6:00 P.M., EST, on Mutual.

**CONNIE DESMOND**—who helps add sparkle to CBS's County Fair, Wednesdays at 9:00 P.M., EST, as a member of the singing "Bordennaires" quartet still finds it had to explain how she broke into radio so easily. Her first job was as a singer with an ETO touring unit; later she joined a quartet with Louis Prima's band. And in four short months she was offered her present spot with the County Fair quartet.
## SATURDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:20</td>
<td>Story Shop</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Shoppers Special</td>
<td>CBS News of America</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td>Practical Gardiner</td>
<td>Thee is For You</td>
<td>Bistro Valley Folks</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Frank Merrill</td>
<td>Bill Harrington</td>
<td>Johnny Thompson</td>
<td>Red Barber’s Clubhouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>Ozark Valley Folks</td>
<td>Saturday Strings</td>
<td>Mary Lee Taylor</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:50</td>
<td>Meet the Meeks</td>
<td>Movie Matinee</td>
<td>Abbott and Costello</td>
<td>Let’s Pretend</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:55</td>
<td>Dazzin’ Ed McCollum</td>
<td>Teen Timers’ Club</td>
<td>Don Gardner</td>
<td>Junior Miss</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Arthur Barraiau</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Public Affairs</td>
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<td>Coffee With Congress</td>
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<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Nat’l Farm Home</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Edmond Tomlinson Report From Europe</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Music For the Moment</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>Salute to Veterans</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Dance, Dance, Dance</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Woody Herman’s Orchestra</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>Sports Parade</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Dance, Dance, Dance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>First Church of Christ Science</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>Take a Number</td>
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<td>3:50</td>
<td>Nostalgia Show</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>Dr. I. Q. Jr.</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Peter Roberts</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Art of Living</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC Symphony</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Curtain Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>What’s the Name of That Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Life of Riley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Truth of Consequence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Your Hit Parade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Can You Top This</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Kay Kyser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Grand Ole Opry</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**Dwight Weist**—the host on We The People, Tuesdays, 9:00 P.M., EST. CBS is an actor who can write as well as act. An alumnus of Ohio Wesleyan, he has turned out several scripts which have been considered worth enough to be broadcast. And there's more coming up, too. Dwight, his wife and their two robust youngsters live in Pelham, New York, where he practices his favorite hobby—photography.

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**It’s Here!**

The General Electric Company is now busy producing a new model electronic toy phonograph that should be a boon to parents of record-conscious children. The machine will play small children’s discs as well as standard 10-inch and 12-inch records and comes in a metal case finished in blue, with lithographed figures in white. The device measures approximately 13 inches long, 9 inches wide and 5 inches high. It weighs only 6 pounds.

Weighing only 6% pounds, the Teletone Model 185 portable makes for easy toting to your favorite football stadium. This little three-way set comes in plastic case with a gold metal grill and drop-door front. Retail price is about $27.95.

Becoming more and more available are record players with two-speed motors, capable of playing both standard records and the newly arrived LP (long playing) records. Since it’s a bit too soon for comprehensive study and intelligent recommendation, Radio Mirror suggests a listen and look-see shopping tour. Basically, the LP records revolve at a speed of 33⅓ revolutions per minute as against the 78 revolutions per minute of standard records. In addition, the groove in which the needle rides is much smaller. Result is best described by pointing out that an eight-track album can be recorded on a single LP disc.

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Another new table model television set that combines AM and FM radio with a 13-channel video receiver is the Garod model 900 TV, which will retail for $975 plus tax and installation. The 10-inch direct-view set is finished in hand-rubbed mahogany veneers. Garod is also producing a similar set with a 12-inch tube, which will retail for $425 plus tax and installation.

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*$375 for Garod’s 10-inch direct view.*
EVEN though I know many people are interested in hobbies, I couldn't help but wonder how many housewives have enough time to spare for them! However, our next Family Counselor was Mr. Warren F. Morgan, an engineer whose hobby is hobbies. He very neatly set me straight.

He said: "A hobby can become a very important part of a woman's life. You see, the main advantage of a hobby is that, in addition to the real pleasure it can bring you materially, it also adds a lot to your life." I didn't quite follow this, and asked him to explain. "Well, a hobby gives you a feeling of real accomplishment. Take, for instance, dress designing—I know that's a hobby of yours."

"Why, come to think of it, I guess it is a hobby!" I agreed. "I know I do have fun planning clothes for myself and my friends, and as a result of my hobby, Stan added a new department in the store and it's already showing results—why, of course, that is a real accomplishment."

"You see, Mrs. Burton, by taking up a hobby women will find themselves to be more interesting people," Mr. Morgan continued. "A housewife with a variety of hobbies, or one special hobby, keeps from falling into a dull pattern. Because her curiosity is awakened, her mind is active and her conversation becomes more interesting."

"And besides," I reminded him, "you're always learning something new, for instance, a different way of solving a tedious problem. And most important, a hobby leads to new friendships, too."

"And I'd like to emphasize this point, Mrs. Burton," said Mr. Morgan. "Everybody's talking about brotherhood these days. Well, I can't think of a more successful example of brotherhood in action than a group of people, or one or two people, working together with their hobbies for their mutual advantage. That way, it's a real give and take proposition. With a common interest, every person is eager and ready to find out what the others have discovered, and then apply it for themselves."

"How," I questioned, "does one go about finding or developing a hobby?"

"You know, Mrs. Burton, most people really do have hobbies, even if they don't recognize them. Anything you do of your own free choice, for your own personal pleasure and satisfaction, is a hobby. All you need worry about is to be sure it's the way you most enjoy having fun."

On the Family Counselor broadcasts, we want to discuss the problems that chiefly interest our audience. What topic would you like to hear discussed by one of our Family Counselors? Won't you send your suggestions along to me in care of Radio Mirror?
HER FACE tells you
the charming story of herself

In Mrs. du Pont's lovely face you see
the true reflection of her lovely
inner-self. For her face shows you,
with its sparkle and beauty and
intelligence, what a completely
captivating woman lives back of it.

Does your face let the real You
come through—so that others see
you as you want to be? Your face is
the outer picture of your inner-self,
remember. And, it can be such a
delightful, enjoyable picture, if you
care enough to make it so.

She
uses Ponds'! "I can't imagine a finer face cream," Mrs. du Pont says

A charming face reveals you as a
charming person. Don't think your face
doesn't matter. It does. And so does the
care you give it. Always at bedtime (for
day cleansings, too) do Pond's "Outside-
Inside" Face Treatment. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all
over your face. This softens and sweeps dirt
from pore openings. Tissue off well.
Cream Rinse—swirl on more Pond's. This
rinses off last traces of dirt, and leaves your
skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

See your face now! It looks re-made!

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment
acts on both sides of your skin. From
the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream wraps
around surface dirt and make-up, as you
massage—sweeps them cleanly away, as
you tissue off. From the Inside—every
step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty
of your face. It gives you a glowing air
of confidence and happiness that wings
from you to all who see you. It brings
the Inner You closer to others.
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl...so now, you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh.

It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this new Arrid, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Cremogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—it can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)
USE UP TO 25% LESS FUEL OIL

with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air

You don't want to pay more dollars for less heating comfort, but—

Chances are you will if you depend on a heater this winter that's not as efficient and downright fuel-thrifty as a Duo-Therm.

Doesn't it make sense, then, to invest now in a beautiful Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air? You bet it does. This exclusive pays-for-itself combination gives you clean, constant, just-right heating comfort while it cuts fuel oil bills as much as one-fourth.

Duo-Therm Burner does this! for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame.

You save up to 1 gallon of oil out of every 4!
Yes, the Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air Blower has proved in severe tests in a cold Northern climate it actually cuts fuel use as much as 25%! Being a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets more heat into every nook and corner...keeps floors much warmer...gives you more heat and comfort at the living level.

The major fuel savings made possible by Duo-Therm's exclusive Power-Air can pay for the cost of your new Duo-Therm and let you maintain your standard of heating comfort!

The full-bodied, mushroom type flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber...hugs the chamber walls...transfers more heat to your home quicker. Because there are no moving parts, there's nothing to get out of order or wear out. And it's completely silent!

Free fact-packed, helpful catalog
Clip the coupon below now and send for your free copy of this valuable catalog. It's packed with information. Shows the complete Duo-Therm heater line in full color, real room settings. Tells you everything you'll need to know to spend your money wisely for a heater.


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Here's how I proved to Mary

**ALKA-SELTZER**

**THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE ALKA-SELTZER FOR FAST RELIEF FROM HEADACHE**

(Continued from page 70) even bringing it up.

"How do you mean?" the friend asked. "I haven't started talking. I thought I could prove to you how serious Mary and I are about each other, just by asking her to set the wedding date. That's exactly what I'm going to do tonight. Not to prove anything to you, but because there isn't any sense in our waiting any longer, when we're this much in love."

The friend said doubtfully. "But from what I've read about these Hollywood glamour gals, particularly the ones working in studios..."

"From what you've read, you haven't got the slightest idea of the truth!" Ray exploded. "I'm going to prove it to you by having you meet Mary tonight. But you're leaving early," he added. "We won't need any witness to what I'm going to ask her later. Now come on, I've got to pick out an engagement ring."

**T**hat night Ray was prouder than ever as he introduced his friend to Mary. She'll show him how completely wrong he was about her, Ray thought. Even the conversation seemed to be in his favor—proof that the only "Hollywood" part of the romance was that it had happened to take place in that town. For instance, the subject of divorce came up, and Mary mentioned casually that she had never been a divorce in her family. Ray glanced triumphantly at his friend. But the friend seemed to have missed the point. Instead, his face bore the odd look of disapproval, almost of pity, as he sat watching Mary and Ray.

Mary left the room to bring refreshments, and Ray leaned forward eagerly. "What do you think of my friend?"

"You and your talk about 'Hollywood types!' Isn't she the kind of a girl I said she was?"

Pity was more evident than ever in his friend's glance, and he hesitated before saying slowly, "Ray, you told me you'd never actually put your feeling for her into words. Maybe it would have been better that it didn't, Ray; wouldn't have built yourself up to this let-down."

"What are you talking about?"

The friend's voice was reluctant. "Remember when she said there'd never been a divorce in her family?" At Ray's bewildered nod, the friend went on, "She must have included herself in that. When she comes back, look at the third finger of her left hand!"

Ray tried to force a laugh at even the thought, but just then Mary came back into the room. For a moment Ray looked into her eyes, then slowly his gaze went to her left hand. There, on the third finger, was a plain golden band.

The friend, sensing the drama of the moment, rose to leave, but Ray said, "Wait for me outside. I... I'm not going to stay, after all."

And I, thought bitterly, was going to show him that, even without words between us, Mary and I had known all along the way we felt about each other. When the doors of the hotel closed behind the friend, Mary faced Ray in bewilderment. "Why aren't you going to stay?" she asked. "I thought you said you were going to ask me something important tonight?"

"I was," Ray said quietly. "But I didn't know until just now that I've been taking too much for granted. I should have said something before so you could have set me right."

"Right about what, Ray?"

"About us. You see, I've been head over heels in love with you. I thought it was the same with you. Why, I plan to get married now."

"But what happened to..." Mary broke off suddenly, her eyes following Ray's gaze at the ring on her finger. "Ray!" she cried, her voice a mixture of terror and rejoicing. "Do you mean it's this ring? Look!"

She twisted the ring around on her finger. It wasn't a plain band of gold. No, it was a thin ring, riddled with little diamonds around her, and his lips on hers. Outside, his friend paced impatiently back and forth on the sidewalk. Why didn't Ray accept the truth, much as it might hurt him? But suddenly the door was opened and Ray was saying, "I have to find a jeweler who can take the design off a friendship-ring—Mary and I want to use our wedding ring!"

At the time Ray and Mary came to the Bride and Groom studio for their first interview with us, they were no longer with the Goldwyn Studios. But Hollywood was more than just the picture. In fact, an even more fabulous part of Hollywood, for Ray had become the night manager of one of the largest night spots—Ciro's—the famous Ciro's. Yes, there were all the things you read about—the celebrities, the limousines, the spotlights, the garden with the famous Ciro's. Yes, there were all the things you read about—the celebrities, the limousines, the spotlights, the gay parties. Every guest was a front-page personality. But there were also Mary and Ray—a boy and a girl as sincerely in love as any two sweethearts in the smallest and least-glamorized hamlet of the county.

I t was that very evident fact that brought them in unanimous approval of the Bride and Groom board of judges, and that made them one of the best liked couples ever to appear on our broadcasts. A personal-appearance commitment had taken me out of town that day, and I hated as master-of-ceremonies. The owner and "boss" of Ciro's, H. D. Hover, entered into the broadcast picture, too—sharing in the laughter. In Jack Gruen and Ray put Ray with a set of boxing gloves, explaining, "We want you to be fully equipped for your work at Ciro's!"

The boxing gloves, of course, were only a gift—addition to the really valuable gifts presented to Mary and Ray that afternoon—a gas range, a refrigerator, a home-cleaning unit, furniture, Grünin watches, silver, china, luggage, and all the rest. High in importance was the week's honeymoon at one of the most unique resorts in America—the Timberline in Oregon.

There was an added event awaiting the newlyweds upon their return from the Oregon honeymoon—an event usually reserved for only the most famous of Hollywood. An all evening party at fabulous Ciro's. The entire establishment was at their disposal, an impressive list of motion-picture and radio stars were included on the guest list, and every minute of the evening was in honor of Mary and Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore. A Hollywood affair for a Hollywood couple. No. A party of Mary and Ray's friends for a boy and girl who had become man and wife, because they were truly in love.
It Happened on Hint Hunt
(Continued from page 29)

me a check for whatever amount I'd won?
Next day, Saturday, I received a telephone call from Mr. Meyer. Would I please remain at home on Monday and would I please tune in on WTOP, Washington's outlet for the Hint Hunt program? I assured him that both those requests would be complied with.

On Monday, a bright, sunny day, the routine of our little menage was completely off schedule. Son Andrew was an absentee from school... and mother decided to play hanky from the office.

At long last, four p.m. came and, you may be sure, my dial was set for WTOP. Hint Hunt got under way and we listened avidly. Andrew, who had been dashing in and out of the apartment, knew what the score was but I was blissfully unaware of the strange activity going on in the basement of our Lanier Place apartment house. My attention was centered on every word and inflection coming from master-of-ceremonies Chuck Aerree who interviews housewives attending the broadcast in Chicago. At 4:20 P.M. Chuck began announcing winners... not winners of cash prizes but of Ford sedans—five of 'em! At 4:28, I thrilled to the sound of my name coming over the loudspeaker — and then the program suddenly cut off!

But only for the merest instant, whereupon it resumed... in a strangely different way. It had a different quality to it. A different voice was speaking...

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your WTOP announcer, Glenn Taylor, bringing you a special broadcast from the home of Mrs. Marjorie Copperthite, Washington, D.C., winner of the Hint Hunt jingle contest. We shall interview the lucky lady directly from..."

Mystified, I turned to mother... then to Aunt Josephine and finally to a grinny Andrew. Then the hall door of our apartment burst open!

Into our living room walked a man... WTOP's Glenn Taylor himself, talking at a mile-a-minute clip into a portable microphone! Only one step behind the announcer was what appeared to be a small army... reporters, both male and female, frantically jotting down notes... photographers busy flashing their flashguns... miscellaneous people I couldn't identify at all... and Mr. Meyer, smiling broadly, this time.

What had happened was that WTOP had cut away from the CBS network hook up to pull this special stunt for local listeners. Before I could catch my breath, I was "on the air," being interviewed. All Washington was listening in while I, a dazed but happy woman, mumbled answers to Mr. Taylor's questions. I found myself accepting the bright shiny keys to a bright, shiny automobile.

When Hint Hunt signed off, the reporters and photographers really went to town. Firing a barrage of questions, they hemmed me in on every side. Out of that welter of impressions and chatter I recall Mr. Meyer's pithy comment, to wit: "Well, Mrs. Copperthite, it looks like your jingle jangled to the tune of a Ford sedan."

Someone else chimed in with, "She still looks mighty skeptical. Let's take her outside to see for herself."

With very little ceremony, I was

One Word Led to Another

I scrub and scrub, but I can't get rid of this "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

DISGUSTED—What woman wouldn't be disgusted — when the lure of mysterious washing miracles and other 'inducements' — ends in the same old weary wash days and dingy, half-clean clothes.

Im so glad you told me about FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

DELIGHTED—Any woman will be delighted — when sparkling, fragrant washes, done easily with the help of golden soap and active naptha — prove there still is nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.

In many a 'clothes line chat', the Fels-Naptha Story is told again and again. The plain, straightforward story of two great cleaners — mild, golden soap and active Fels naptha — combined to do a thorough, gentle washing job, in machine or tub.

No mysteries. No 'inducements' — unless whiter washes and easier wash days can induce you to try Fels-Naptha Soap.

GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS
Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO.
You can't shut your ears...

to the chorus of praise about Tampax!

"Marvelous" to the enthusiastic type, "sensible" to the practical-minded and "dainty" to the fastidious—whatever the point of view—the praise of Tampax grew louder as its users mounted in numbers to the present millions. Tampax discards all belts, pins and external pads for monthly sanitary protection! Is it any wonder it's popular?

An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed into easy-to-use applicators. It is worn internally—and when in place it can neither be seen nor felt. No bulkiness. No chafing. No "ends" to show under smooth-fitting skirts. Odor cannot form.

Tampax is quick to change. Disposal no trouble (only 1/15 the size of external pad). Something else women appreciate—there's no need to remove Tampax before taking bath.... The many-sided advantages of Tampax help keep up your morale on the difficult days. Buy it at drug stores or notion counters. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super and Junior. Average month's supply slips into purse; economy box holds 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

wheeled out to the street and there, sure enough, stood the brand new car... beautiful, big as life and, well, quite unreal. Even while feasting my eyes on it, I knew it was destined to have another owner very soon. I have no use for it.

Later, after the small army had gone and the hubbub had subsided, Andrew explained about the mysterious activities that preceded the "invasion." Roughly one hour before the Hunt program got started, a small but efficient crew of WTOP technicians had entered the basement of our apartment building. They had set up their equipment and were ready to join the big broadcast at 4:20 P.M. Frankly, the neatness and secrecy with which they accomplished all that impressed me almost as much as the stroke of good luck that came my way.

A few hours later, we made a deal with one of the several dozen people who telephoned to ask if I would be able to sell my new car. The money is already being used for medical treatment. It isn't nearly the amount needed to cover all expenses but it will go a long way.

In 1936, I was a healthy, normal woman, active in my secretarial job with the Resettlement Administration, then headed by Rexford Guy Tugwell. It was interesting work. More important, my income from it was the main support of four-year-old Andrew and myself for, at that time, my husband and I had been separated. I'd been working quite hard and looked forward eagerly to that summer vacation, especially I was looking forward to the swimming. Vacation time came and, with Andrew, I visited my uncle's home in Newport News, Virginia. Down there I swapped the drive and tension of my city routine for a lazy, sun-soaked holiday during which the most vigorous activity indulged in was swimming... and I couldn't get enough of it. That was all quite perfect... until one day, toward the end of my two weeks, I suddenly felt horribly ill. Fever. Chills. Aches. Weakness. It was frightening, mainly because it was so unaccountable. A physician who had taken the first blood from me said my condition had something to do with a swollen gland... or vice versa, I'm not sure.

I returned to Washington and to my job, but within a month, I was forced to quit. My ashes had been given to such a degree that I was hospitalized. Specialists diagnosed my condition as hemolytic-secpticemia... the invasion and persistence of pathogenic elements in the bloodstream. In 1936, it was a disease with a 99-percent mortality.

In that fierce early onslaught of the illness, my temperature soared and I remained there for hours at a time and it rarely dipped below 103. For months I was kept under opiates to deaden the pain. And, hemolytic-secpticemia is, if it is, destruction of my red blood cells was going on at a furious rate. It was in that period that relatives and friends doated seven blood transfusions.

I am able to tell that, given late that year to a serious strep throat condition suffered by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. More exactly, the publicity centered on his now drug used by his doctors. It was called prontolin-prontozol. In desperation, my own physicians decided to try it on me. The drug was very severe and there was a tendency to phlephoning and dashing around Washington before some was located. At about two o'clock in the morning mother roused one pharmacy owner from bed, dragged him out of his wheelchair without medical wonder and then raced back to the hospital with it. It is the consensus that prontolin-prontozol... original of our present-day sulfa drugs... saved me from joining the 99 percent.

But already the disease had brought to my ears the prophecies of all those spires pierced through my ankle and rigided to weights so that my limb and hip-joint would maintain a certain position. I spent eight months in Emergency Hospital, where bone surgery was performed, and the doctors created artificial hip-joints because that portion of my bone structure had already been invaded by the bacteria.

How did that bolt from the blue strike? What brought on this crippling disease? To me, it's no conclusive reason nor could I explain it. I recall having had no noticeable cut or scratch. There had been no fall, no bruise... and yet one of those things must have happened. Somehow that malignant bacteria entered my bloodstream and began its destructive work.

I was bedridden for over eight years. What sustained me, in addition to the best medical skill obtained at great sacrifice, was the love and comfort of my family, the knowledge that they were always near, rooting for me to win. Their presence, their infinite patience and their loyalty was a constant reminder that, although a ruthless germ was conquering through my system, I had a heritage of finer stuff in my veins with which to combat it. My ancestors came to America in 1632. My granddad was a drayman in a boy with General Robert E. Lee's Confederate Army and his own brother fought under the Union flag. You see, our little family inherits the best that was in a bunch of Rebels and Dan' Yankees.

Since advancing to the wheel-chair phase of my life, these last two years, I've been on a few auto rides and to a few movies. It's the car that lifts me into the car when some friend or relative takes us for a drive. Andrew is pretty solid for his sixteen years. He's five feet four and can pull the scale at 170 pounds... and it isn't all brawn, either. He's regarded a good student in high school. Just as I was, Andrew. He's fond of swimming and all water sports. Like me, he's a good speaker and an avid fan of every quiz and contest program.

I PARTICIPATE in many of those programs, too. Matching wits with all those radio quiz-masters and contest braintrusters takes care of a large size of time that otherwise would weigh heavily. Also, I've had the fun of being interviewed on aluminum kitchenware (didn't they delight Aunt Josephine!), two electric irons, compact, bracelets and (this one tested my sense of humor) several pairs of nylons. All this was fun. What pleased me most was not the material value they represent, but the feeling they gave me that I'm able to compete.

The material value of this Hint Hunt windfall, though, is like icing on the cake. I've had the thrill and the satisfaction of being a winner and, what's more, new frontiers of hope have been opened with the money that we're now using for further treatment. It was wonderful being a car-owner... but it'll be even more wonderful if it helps me to become a pedestrian.
Masked Tenor
(Continued from page 25)
did some fast thinking. As it happened, a movie current then was "The Man in the Iron Mask," starring Douglas Fairbanks. The sponsor of the program was the maker of Silvertown Cord tires. The announcer put these two ideas together and produced Joe's new trade-mark.

"Folks," he said, "the tenor you have just heard is a man of mystery. No one knows his name. He is the man in the Silver Mask."

That's the way things happened in radio, in the old days.

The combination of Joe's magnificent voice and the mystery surrounding his identity caught the listening public's fancy, and in less than a week the studio had received sixteen thousand letters demanding a knowledge of the real name of the Silver-Masked Tenor. That was a big secret by then, though. The sponsors, seeing the letters pour in, had already bought Joe a silver mask to wear and given him a contract to sign.

I t couldn't have happened at a nicer time. Joe had been married only a few months before, to a blue-eyed dark-haired Irish girl named Maureen O'Byrne. When a man's newly married, very much in love, and thinking about starting a family, he wants something solid and substantial, like a contract with a big sponsored radio program.

Not that Joe had ever had any doubts of his own ultimate success. Singing had always been in his blood. He was the fifth child of the White family, and for generations back every fifth child in each generation had been gifted with a lovely voice. At the age of eight he had made his first stage appearance, as a child actor and singer in "Checkers" with Thomas Roselle, and he'd been singing ever since—in vaudeville and minstrel shows, in New York night spots, entertaining troops overseas during the first world war. He had been a sergeant in the 27th Division of the AEF, had been wounded in Flanders and sent to the hospital to recover. Later on, he'd been blown from an ammunition truck and bruised his left leg, but that injury didn't seem to be serious—not then. He forgot it almost immediately, got back on his truck and delivered the ammunition to the front lines.

What with the weekly broadcasts and concert appearances where listeners flocked to see the Silver-Masked Tenor with their own eyes, Joe rode the peak of success. He and Maureen had their first child, Rosemary, and their second, Joseph, and their third, who was named Graham McNamee White, after Joe's very good friend.

Then, imperceptibly at first, the tide of success began to turn. The program went off the air, and Joe was without a sponsor. NBC signed him up for a number of sustaining programs, however, and concert engagements were still easy to secure. He dropped the disguise of the silver mask and began singing under his own name. He kept busy—not so prosperously as before, perhaps, but busy enough to provide for the family which had now been increased by another child, Phillip.

But the concert engagements became fewer and fewer as the years went by. One of his weekly sustaining pro-

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CYD CHARISSE, FEATURED IN
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL
"WORDS AND MUSIC"

---

Cyd Charisse
changed my whole life

I was but definitely a lonely heart.
UNTIL: ONE DAY I READ

"Want to attract a man?" says Cyd Charisse. "Soft hands are a kind of love-spell. What hand care do I use? Oh, I always use Jergens Lotion."
So I started to use Jergens, too.

AND NOW—a man all my own, saying my hands are so soft... saying he loves me.

It's true—Jergens is for even softer, smoother hands today, thanks to recent research. Actually—2 skin-care ingredients many doctors swear by are both in today's Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). And no oiliness; no sticky feeling. See why the Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion
lovelier eyes
in sixty seconds!

NEW PURSE-STYLE KURLASH

Men's eyes follow your eyes—
when they're large, lovely, alluring!
Such eye-appeal is yours in sixty seconds
with KURSLASH, the patented eyelash curler—
glamour secret of Hollywood stars! Gently,
KURSLASH upcurves your lashes against a soft
rubber cushion, makes them look longer,
thicker, twice as glamourous!

New PURSE-STYLE KURLASH is handy as
your lipstick. Folds into smart, flexible
plastic case, for use anywhere,
any time! At all cosmetic counters . . . . . $1.25
Standard Model KURLASH $1

KURLASH
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

grams went off the air, and then another. During the Silver Mask days, Joe had written and introduced a number of songs, and now his royalties from those songs, as they were played on the air from time to time, became a more important part of his income, not the small change they had always seemed until now.

Still, with unquenchable optimism, Joe never worried. He had always taken care of his family and he always would. Two more children were born—Bobby, the fifth child, and little Eileen, and Joe and Maureen had been able to be happy over their arrival as they had been over the others.

His years of singing had made of Joe a walking encyclopedia of popular music, and when the time came at last that NBC, in its corporate wisdom, decided it could no longer employ him as a sustaining artist, it offered him instead a job in the music library. He accepted it, although it meant that now he would be earning in a week what once he had earned in a day. He could do a good job in the library, with his experience and knowledge, and that was the important thing as far as he was concerned—to do a good job and be worth the money he found in his pay envelope every week.

Then, in 1943, as he was entering an office building, he slipped on the highly polished floor and fell, breaking his left leg just below the hip. At the hospital it was discovered that the bone was diseased as a result of the war-time injury, and that was why it had broken. It was necessary to amputate the leg.

"It's funny," Joe told me during a pause in rehearsals for We, the People. "The reason I went into that office building was to get a copy of The Caissons Go Rolling Along." I needed it for a date I had to sing that Saturday at an American Legion banquet in Brooklyn. And I could have picked up a copy of the music at the NBC library just as easily, but I never liked to borrow NBC property—there was always the chance I'd lose it, or go somewhere, or it would be torn or something. Since I was passing the publisher's during my lunch hour, I thought, I'd drop in and buy a copy of my own. And the floor had just been waxed, so—there I was, with a broken leg.

His crutches were by his side, and as he told me the story he reached down and touched them, thoughtfully.

"It seemed like a cruel thing just then," he said quietly, "but now I know it wasn't an accident. Nothing is an accident. Losing my leg was something that had to happen."

In those first days in the hospital, though, when the world held just one fact for him—the fact that he now had but one leg—in those days it wasn't possible for Joe to accept his personal tragedy with such serene philosophy. He lay there, and he recalled the days of his great success, knowing that they were gone forever. Always before, with the optimism of an Irishman and a child, he had been able to believe that some new success was just around the corner for him. Now he had no such illusions. He was a has-been, cripple, well into middle age, useless.

It wasn't the money so much. He had some savings, his song royalties would continue coming in, and NBC had already sent word that his job in the music library was waiting for him when he recovered. Financially, he was in fairly good shape, all things considered. But suddenly all the flavor had gone out of life, and upon thinking it over, he knew why.

His singing days were over, he believed. That was the reason. He would be Joe White of the music library, and that was all. "You remember Joe White," people would say. "Used to have a beautiful voice, years ago."

When Maureen came to see him, he tried to be cheerful and happy, but she knew what his thoughts were. With the years of love, she looked at him and saw that something had gone out of her husband—some vital essence that was nearly as important as life itself. Riding home to their house in the Bronx, she and Joe had worshipped every Sunday for years, and whispered a prayer to the Blessed Virgin.

Joe and Maureen believe—they know—that those prayers of hers were answered. For one day Maureen took little Bobby, who was then not quite six, to visit Joe in the hospital. Now, hospitals have rules against allowing children to visit patients, but rules are made to be broken when there is a reason.

"It will do him so much good," Maureen pleaded with the nurse at the desk. "I know it will. If you'll only let me take Bobby in—just this once—"

The nurse listened, hesitated, and Bobby tiptoed into his father's room, awed and a little bit scared. But when

CRIME

IT'S A

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday afternoon, this fast-moving half-hour broadcast takes you behind the scenes where police officials uncover the clues that trap desperate criminals.

The facts in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES are true, every moment of suspenseful action is fully documented in police records and accurately compiled from exciting stories in True Detective magazine.

For outstanding radio mystery, Tune in . . . Every Sunday to "TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES" OVER ALL MUTUAL STATIONS

$500 REWARD . . .

For Information On Wanted Criminals. Listen For Full Details. Read the October issue of True Detective magazine on newstands now!
Maureen said, “Now, Bobby. Go on, sweetheart, sing the song we practiced”—then his boyish soprano voice rang out, high and true and sweet.

He sang “Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life,” and Joe lay there listening. The boy wasn’t trained—well, naturally, nobody had thought of telling him how to sing. It was something he had picked up more or less by himself. But he had the voice, Joe realized, the true lyric sweetness. The fifth child of each generation.

“Well,” he said when Bobby had finished. “That’s fine, son. Listen. Can you do this?” He sang a bar of the song himself, phrasing it differently, more expertly. Bobby grinned, and gave the music back to him just as he had sung it.

Joe White drew a deep breath, and suddenly there were tears in his eyes. It was true! Bobby had a voice, and he had the singer’s instincts. Joe’s career wasn’t finished. It was beginning again, through his son.

He reached out an arm and drew Bobby close to him. “How’d you like to have me teach you to sing, son?” he asked. “Do you think that’d be fun?”

Silently, his eyes on Joe’s face, the child nodded.

Joe was right—it has been fun. It has been more than fun; it has been a new life for both the boy and the man. Bobby took to singing as naturally as a bird takes to flying. He soaked up all Joe’s accumulated musical knowledge and put it to use. In no time at all he was appearing on Madge Tucker’s NBC children’s programs, singing at entertainments for wounded veterans, for church affairs, for district political rallies. And Joe has been always at his side.

To see Joe now, you wouldn’t suspect that he had ever known despair. His face is round and merry, and his laugh rings out with unaffected merriment. Two years ago he gave up his library job at NBC to devote all his time to teaching Bobby the art of fine singing.

Bobby is now ten, a dark-eyed, brown-haired lad with his father’s round face and sturdy build. In the last two years he has appeared on several top radio programs, both singing and acting. On the Fred Allen program he has been heard ten times.

He’s a real trouper, Joe says fondly. He can eat any time, and he can sleep anywhere. After an out-of-town singing engagement, he curls up in a bus or train seat and falls asleep before the journey is really started.

While he loves to sing, Bobby isn’t impressed with his own importance. Joe and Maureen have seen to that. Unlike many radio and stage children in New York, he does not attend the Professional Children’s School. He goes to St. Jerome’s Parochial School, where his average last term was 98.7 per cent, in spite of the fact that singing jobs had caused him to be absent twenty days out of the three months. Around a radio studio he’s a joy—friendly, polite, quiet, and invariably on time for rehearsal. After all, Joe is a real trouper too, and he has taught Bobby everything he knows.

But I think that no matter how much Joe does for Bobby—and it may well be that he has already set his feet firmly on the road to stardom—Joe will always owe a greater debt to his son. You should think so too, if you could see Joe’s face when Bobby starts to sing—the pride in it, the happiness, the thankfulness at having found a new reason to live.

P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn’t more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you’ve ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn’t dry out...that really stops perspiration better. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.
the collaborate He Margaret consequence he hectic Garry cab Jerry.

Interested At "A your by Word fashion Avenue, THIS or must In About Robert Modeling colors, Powers skin-Mhooth—

""My props for the act," Garry said, with dignity.

"So he thinks we got television aw-ready," the attendant said.

It was a relatively simple idea. Garry had recollected the then current feud between Jack Benny and Allen on the subject of Benny's rendition of Flight of the Bumblebee, and this was a kind of Rube Goldberg contraption to kill the bee. You started by climbing the stepladder, and followed a series of outlawish happenstances until eventually the manhole cover fell on the bee, demolishing it. Garry ad-libbed throughout.

When the final crash came, at the audition, the others present rolled on the floor with laughter. Half an hour later Garry had the guest spot on Sunday's show.

It must be remembered that the dialogue accompanying the act was ad lib, and all of it. He went into his routine at full speed, followed through to the crashing climax, and waited confidently for his laugh. There was only a brief and silence in the audience. Then with sudden shock he recalled that he had omitted the key device that explained the entire sequence.

He was already on-stage for the second show to the Coast, determined this time to wow 'em, when he was motioned off from the wings. They had been running over-time, he was told, and Fred had decided to cut his act. He talked with Allen afterward. "I flopped, didn't I?" Garry said miserably.

"My boy," said Allen, "you didn't just flop. You went over.

"You think I should go back to Baltimore?"

"Did they hear you there tonight?"

"Garry blushed. "I wired everybody to listen."

"Then will they let you come back?"

"I think so."

"Go and learn your job," Fred said kindly. "Come here in another two years and we'll try it again."

Garry returned in two years, but not to Fred Allen. He had tried his hand at writing in the interim, and now had agreed to collaborate with another writer named F. Scott Fitzgerald (Garry was not as well-read then as he is now, and to him "Scotty" was just someone who beat a typewriter too and not one of the finest literary minds of the generation).

For seventeen months Garry and Scott and Zelma, Fitzgerald's talented wife, attempted to turn out a series which was to be part serious work, part nonsense. It was a hectic and fruitless endeavor. Fitzgerald's genius had expressed itself at first in sound hard work, then in terms of despair at what he thought was his own inability to put on paper what he felt and believed. In consequence he drank, monumentally. Garry, whom Scott grew to think of as the son he never had, took care of his friend as best he could, trying to understand when, after ten hours work, Scott would throw the entire script out the window, mutter, "We'll start all over," and then pass quietly out on the nearest couch or bed.

Once, when they were in a cab in Washington, D. C.—with Scott in his usual condition—they passed the statue of Francis Scott Key, who not only wrote The Star Spangled Banner but was an ancestor of whom Fitzgerald was very proud. Scott shouted for the cab to halt, and climbed out and hid under a bush. "Run around behind him," he told Garry, "and wave your handkerchief to attract his attention while I go past. I can't let the old boy see me in this condition."

"The old boy is made out of bronze," Garry pointed out.

But Scott insisted. So while Garry stood behind the statue, shouting and waving his handkerchief, Fitzgerald leaped into the cab and disappeared, leaving Garry to elbow his way through the crowds he had attracted. Old Mr. Key stared imperturbably on into the dawn's early light ...

It was at this point that Garry decided there was not much future in his collaborative arrangement with Scott. He persuaded the Blue Network to try the Club Matinee idea, and after that went with Jimmy Durante, which was the best thing that ever happened to him. There had not been much money, just professional satisfaction, in the Club Matinee job; now there were both. Garry, with his subtle humor built on personality rather than gags, was to complement Durante's
purely gag stint. They made a perfect pair.

After a time, however, Garry began throwing in an occasional gag on his own, to step up the tempo of laughter and thus salve his ego: after all, they chuckled with him, but they roared with Durante. Later he started putting in one gag for the audience for every smooth bit of business he wrote in for himself. Eventually, of course, his part of the show consisted entirely of gags.

It made him a little sad. But he had married Nell by this time, and there were Martin and Garry, Jr. to care for, and money to consider. Lots of it.

But he promised himself something. Someday, he said, someday I'll have a show I can manage any way I like. And when that day comes I'll do work again that I'm proud of, something original with me and not cribbed out of a filing cabinet—

WHEN, finally, Durante accepted picture commitments, and decided to move his show to Hollywood, Garry said to Nell, "Leave us face it, I can't see sticking the kids and you and me into a hotel suite for that length of time—we can't get an apartment—so let's take a house.

"Only," he added firmly, "we're not going Hollywood. No mansion. And positively no swimming pool, with a Great Dane loping around it."

They found a sweet little place, finally, with only four bedrooms and four baths and a den and a few little extras, and the swimming pool wasn't very big.

On their last trip to New York he spent a considerable amount of time denying vehemently that he had a swimming pool or a mauve Cadillac or that he lunched daily at Romanoff's or that his grounds swarmed with Great Danes.

"Well, just one Great Dane," he admitted, "only I didn't know he was. That is, I found him on a golf course and he was just a starved mongrel-looking pup, without his ears clipped. But I took him to a vet for worm-shots and the vet said he was a fine Dane.

As a matter of fact, he need not have bothered reassuring anyone. Garry Moore could no more go to Hollywood than he could spread his arms and fly. He is a shrewd, sensible, immensely intelligent man with a lively awareness of the ridiculous in himself and in others. He has dreams and aspirations far beyond those of other radio comedians, but he is also a good technician; if the public doesn't like what he likes, then he defers to the public, who after all buy the products of the sponsors who pay him his salary.

In his relaxing moments, which are few enough, he has two passions: his home and family, with whom he leads an orderly and exceptionally normal life, and jazz. He is a devoted follower of be-bop or the fad stuff, but of good, solid, two-beat Dixieland, the kind he spends hours listening to at Eddie Condon's in New York or at Billy Berg's on the Coast.

Perhaps I should not have said "relaxing moments" because I have never seen Garry more relaxed and happy than he is when in the midst of work. Perhaps that is why, when just recently he began to check his fan mail for the first time in years, he discovered to his surprise that there was an awful lot of it. If his shows turn out to be among the best on the air, it won't be anybody's fault but Garry's.

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**If your hair looks like THIS**

... when it should look like THIS

---

**Use HELENE CURTIS Suave**

the Cosmetic for hair... greaseless... not a hair oil

**WHAT SUAVE IS...**

The amazing discovery beauticians recommend to make hair wonderfully easy to arrange and keep in place... cloud-soft... romantically lustrous... alive with dancing highlights... control-able even after shampoo... safe from sun's drying action! For the whole family, men-folks, too.

Rinses out in a twinkling.

**WHAT SUAVE IS NOT...**

Not a greasy "slicker downer"... not a hair oil, lacquer or pomade... not an upholstery "smearer"... not a dirt collector... not smelly... not drying; no alcohol... not sticky... *some pronounce it "suvah"... others say "suave"... either way it means beautiful hair.*

---

AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP, DRUG STORE, DEPARTMENT STORE
Booth

we'll try to find the answers

PLAYS BOTH ROLES

Dear Editor:
Just to settle a little friendly argument, please tell me if the actress who plays the part of Connie Wakefield in The Right to Happiness is the same one who plays Leslie Palmer in Portia Faces Life. I say it is the same person, my friend says no. Who's right?
Luis E.

It looks as though you're right as both of these roles are played by Luise Barkie. Luise, a native of Philadelphia, at first intended to become a concert pianist until she realized she could never become a first-rate musician. Switching to dramatics, she broke into radio via Helen Trent.

BUSY JUVENILE

Dear Editor:
Could you tell me whether Anne Francis, who was featured on the cover of Radio Mirror (May 1947), is making any pictures or doing any radio work now?
Mr. E. M.
Providence 5, R. I.

She certainly is, and modeling, besides. That pretty girl on the cover of Junior Bazaar, September issue, is none other than Anne Francis. And you'll see her in the motion picture, “Portrait of Jennie,” in which she has a small but effective role. As if making pictures and modeling were not enough, she seems to have time for radio work, too, as she is frequently heard on daytime serials, such as When a Girl Marries and Portia Faces Life.

HOW HOOPER RATES THEM

Dear Editor:
Please tell me how the following programs rank as daytime programs: Front Page Farrell, Just Plain Bill, Portia Faces Life, When a Girl Marries, Backstage Wife, and Young Widder Brown.
Miss M. D. E.
Six Miles, S. C.

According to the June 30th report of the Hooper Survey of the top 10 daytime serials, here's how the above serials rated: Portia Faces Life was in third place, When a Girl Marries and Backstage Wife tied for fifth, trailed by Young Widder Brown. Way behind in seventeenth and eighteenth places were Front Page Farrell and Just Plain Bill. You should bear in mind that by the time you read this, the standing of these serials may have changed considerably, as popularity of each varies week to week.

Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips...with new Woodbury Lotion

It's Beauty-Blended...
Actually 2-lotions-in-1

1. A softening lotion! Helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Beauty-blended with luxury lanolin and other costlier-than-usual skin smoothers.
2. A protective lotion, too! This same Woodbury beauty-blend helps "glove" your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

At drug and cosmetic counters, 15c, 29c, 49c plus tax

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS
Dear Papa David:

Nobody loves a fat man, according to the old saying. And the fat boy, traditionally jolly and good-natured, is the natural butt for practical jokers. I learned this early in school, where I was at first inclined to resent such horseplay, until I found that a fat sorehead is even more ridiculous. With more or less resigned good grace I fell into the predestined role of buffoon and class jester. However, I will admit that I got a keen personal satisfaction out of Sidney Greenstreet’s accomplished screen villainy and the fictional Nero Wolfe’s acute reasoning.

Things went along fairly smoothly until my senior year in high school, when a hot contest developed between the fraternities and the independents over class offices. Some joker started an underground campaign which got out of hand, and to everybody’s surprise, I was elected president on a write-in ballot.

I was burned up over the deal, because I knew I never would have obtained office legitimately. The rest of the class was disconcerted to find the class buffoon at its helm. When time came for the acceptance speech, I outlined my proposed program. Then I opened my heart and showed my true feelings—for once. I pointed out that a number of countries had got into serious trouble by handling the ballot carelessly and allowing clowns to come into power. I told them I was hurt by their action, because it had not been taken seriously. Then I formally declined the post of president.

I believe me, then and there I learned that life can be beautiful. For that class assembly turned around, renamed me president by acclaim, and indicated wholehearted support of the proposed class program. And from that experience I learned that people will respect sincerity, even when it comes from a surprising source.

D.K.

Dear Papa David:

Ever since I can remember we lived in the same house, used the same old furniture, and had the same yard, without grass.

Now that I’m fourteen years old, I understand that we are poor and we can’t have everything that we want. I know that we have much more than some people in this world. It makes life feel beautiful to know that someday a star will shine bright and stay bright. And if your hopes are big enough, your dream will come true.

D.W.

LIKE A PARTY!

Dear Papa David:

Rose and I were on our lunch hour. We worked as stenographers in the Railroad Superintendent’s office.

As we entered the waiting room that day our chatter were hushed when we noticed a little old lady sound asleep on one of the hard benches. Her thin white hair was drawn to a small knot at the back of her head. A light jacket was spread over her shoulders. She wore a faded cotton dress and her thin-soled shoes looked as if they had been wet for a long time. A small bundle of clothes was placed under her head for a pillow, and her blue veined hands clutched a little old handbag. An old umbrella without a handle leaned against the seat.

“Is this what happens to some when they are old?” we thought. Would we be like that some day? We wanted to help her.

We hurried on to Hattie, the negro attendant, to ask for help. She had been there a long time and we had often heard of her good deeds. Hattie went to the dining room for a box of lunch and we started up town for warm clothes. We went to a department store where we had charge accounts and soon found what we were looking for.
for. A warm black coat, dress, purse, scarf and underthings.

Rose and I took the new purse back to our office and when we got through with those seventy-five hard working railroad clerks, dispatchers, truckers, etc., the purse looked heavy and full.

Some of the passengers became interested. One well dressed lady repacked her suitcases and had one to spare for the old lady. Another gave her an umbrella and another a pin for the neat dress.

Hattie and the women passengers took over from there, as we girls had to get back to work. They said it was like a party when the old lady saw all the new things. Hattie dressed her and took her across the street for new shoes. They had a hard time convincing the old lady the money was here! Rose and I had one of the happiest days of our lives.

Mrs. O. J. V.

INTEGRITY

Dear Papa David:

At the age of two, our sturdy, handsome son Don began to suffer attacks of epilepsy, and for the next eight years we tried every "cure" that came our way. Finally a friend recommended a chiropractor in whom she had great faith, and he agreed to call at the house in the evening and give treatments at the boy's bedtime. He at least was different from the others. He said: "I may be able to help him. I'll try."

He came perhaps a dozen times, and we used to sit around afterwards drinking tea and talking. We wanted to pay for the treatments as he gave them, but it was always: "Wait awhile. We'll see if he's better." Finally, and reluctantly, he gave up trying to cure the epilepsy, and although he had helped Don's nerves a great deal, he refused to take a cent.

I am happy to say that now, at sixteen, our boy seems to have quite outgrown his trouble, but the only one in all the hard years who didn't add to his fortune through our misfortune was this one chiropractor.

Dr. Y has been banished from the Coast for years now, but I write him and send a card at Christmas. He's a Japanese.

Mrs. F. W.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50

EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

"Mmmmm! here's something interesting.

a finer, different kind of silverplate

Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of Sterling Silver...

not like extra-plated or over-plated kinds.

Stays lovelier longer! That's for me!

HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID* SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

*Two blocks of sterling silver are invisibly inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks to make this different, finer silverplate stay lovelier longer!

LOVELY PATTERNS? The loveliest! Lovely Lady, Danish Princess and Youth, all made in the U.S.A. by the International Silver Company.

PRICED RIGHT? Indeed yes! Unlike so many other things the price of Holmes & Edwards has not gone up! Still only $60.00 for 22 pieces, service for eight with chest. [No Federal Tax.]

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department stores everywhere.

With Bu-Tee-Wave's lanolized solution, curls and waves are gently steamed into your hair...and no reconditioning rinses are required. Bu-Tee-Wave gives you a complete permanent IN A LITTLE OVER TWO HOURS FROM START TO FINISH. Just unwind the curlers and comb your hair into gorgeous natural waves which will give you months of "permanent" satisfaction.

Food and Frolic
(Continued from page 63)

the cat. Using a toothpick to apply melted chocolate, outline cat's head, tail, legs and long whiskers.

HALLOWEEN PUNCH

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ pound dried apricots} & \quad 1 \text{ cup lemon juice} \\
2 \text{ cups water} & \quad 1 \text{ cup bottled apple juice} \\
\frac{3}{4} \text{ cup honey} & \quad 7 \text{ cups carbonated water} \\
1 \text{ cup orange juice} & \quad \text{Orange slices} \\
\text{pinch of salt} & \quad \text{Lemon slices}
\end{align*}
\]

Cook apricots in water until tender. Press fruit and juice through sieve; combine with honey and fruit juices. Chill in refrigerator. Pour over ice and add carbonated water; garnish with orange and lemon slices. Serve immediately. Makes 25 punch-cup servings.

CHOCOLATE KISSES

\[
\begin{align*}
2 \text{ egg whites} & \quad 5 \text{ tablespoons chopped nuts} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ teaspoon cream of tartar} & \quad 3 \text{ squares bitter chocolate, melted} \\
\text{pinch of salt} & \quad \frac{1}{4} \text{ teaspoon vanilla} \\
5 \text{ tablespoons sugar} & \quad \text{Beat egg whites until frothy. Add cream of tartar and salt. Beat until stiff, but not dry. Gradually add sugar, one tablespoon at a time, sprinkling it over top of egg whites. Gently fold in nuts, chocolate and vanilla. Drop by teaspoonsful onto a lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake in a slow oven (275°F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 2 dozen kisses.}
\end{align*}
\]

HOT POT PIE

\[
\begin{align*}
1 \text{ cup yellow cornmeal} & \quad 1 \text{ pound ground beef} \\
\frac{3}{4} \text{ teaspoon salt} & \quad 1 \text{ (11 ounce) can condensed tomato soup} \\
1 \text{ cup boiling water} & \quad 1 \text{ teaspoon salt} \\
1 \text{ onion, finely chopped} & \quad \frac{1}{4} \text{ teaspoon pepper} \\
1 \text{ tablespoon chili powder} & \quad 1 \text{ cup canned whole-kernel corn} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ cup whole ripe olives (optional)} & \quad \text{Stir cornmeal and salt into boiling water. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Continue cooking over very low heat 5 to 8 more minutes, stirring occasionally. Spread two-thirds of the cooked cornmeal over bottom and sides of a deep baking dish. Mix together remaining ingredients and pour into dish. Spread remaining cornmeal over the top of the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 1 1/2 hours. This will make a complete supper if served with a crisp Cross Bones Salad. Makes six servings.}
\end{align*}
\]

ORANGE-BLACK LOAF CAKE

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{4} \text{ cup shortening} & \quad 2 \text{ eggs, unbeaten} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ teaspoon grated lemon rind} & \quad \frac{1}{2} \text{ cups sifted flour} \\
2 \text{ teaspoons grated orange rind} & \quad 2 \text{ teaspoons baking powder} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ teaspoon salt} & \quad \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup sugar} \\
2 \text{ tablespoons milk} & \quad 2 \text{ cups corn syrup}
\end{align*}
\]

Cream shortening; blend with rinds. Add sugar gradually; beat vigorously; add corn syrup, beating until light and fluffy. Add eggs singly, beating well after each addition. Stir in mixed and sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Pour into prepared 9" x 5" x 3" loaf pan; bake in oven at 325°F. (low temperature) about 1 hour and 20 minutes. Frost with package of prepared fudge mix. Makes 1 loaf cake.
Irene Beasley

(Continued from page 33)

a point of dining together once a week, going over the budget and setting up any plans they can for entertaining together. Anna runs the house to perfection and is frequently counselor as well as home-maker.

"Stand up and tell them who you are!" she admonishes.

Irene was born in Whitehaven, Tennessee. The family moved to Amarillo, Texas, when she was six. Her vacations were spent with her grandmother in Plum Point, Mississippi, and her earliest memories are of practicing the piano by the side of that grandmother in her big shadowy parlor. As far back as she can remember, music was her great interest, and after graduation from Sweet Briar College in Virginia she wanted to teach it. Her first job was a year of mentoring seven grades in all subjects in a country school. Then she won a post in the Memphis Junior High School as instructor in music, mathematics and business management—subjects she was well qualified to teach, as later events have shown.

Research into hill-billy melodies brought her to the attention of Victor, for whom she has made many recordings. They brought her to New York and radio engagements followed.

Grand Slam, the first radio show to give the listener an equal chance with the studio contestant, started in her sister's home in Connecticut as a piece of fairly idle conversation.

"As a housewife and mother, you are a pretty good critic of daytime shows," said Irene. "What do you think is lacking?"

"Nothing is lacking," said her sister, "but I do wish someone would give listeners like me a chance to win prizes."

Irene had no answer for that. But a few days later when an agency called and said, "Have you any ideas for a new show?" Irene paused for only a minute before she said, "I think maybe I have a good one."

"Can you come over right now and tell us about it?" said the agency. "We need one right now!"

Irene outlined what she had decided to call "Musical Bazaar" on the way over. The agency liked it enormously.

"Can you put the idea on paper so that we can discuss it with the sponsor?" they said.

Irene wrote "Musical Bazaar" firmly at the top of the paper and went on to outline how five questions, submitted by listeners all over the country, were to be asked of a contestant in the studio. For each question correctly answered, a prize went to the contestant in the studio. For each question missed, a prize was to be mailed to the listener.

"And if all the questions are answered or missed, the winner gets a grand slam of five..."

Irene's pen stopped.

"Grand Slam!" she thought. "Just show title I ever heard!" And Grand Slam the show has been ever since.

Everything about the show fell into happy order from the start, but not without an heroic amount of work after she had assembled her staff.

Actually, the first step had been taken years before when Irene found Bob Downey. She had gone with a friend to Number One Fifth Avenue to hear a singer, but as soon as the accompanist started to play she knew that she had found her pianist if he

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AT LAST! a shampoo made especially for you who do your hair at home...

NEW Shasta beauty cream Shampoo

• makes home permanents "take" better!
  Shasta-washed hair "takes" a better permanent. Even a fresh new wave looks softer and more natural the very first day.
  Soaping your hair with the most expensive creams or liquids won't give you Shasta's perfect results!

• makes pin-curls comb out softer!
  Your pin-curls comb out softer—your hair stays lovely all day long. Shasta gives you better results than any soap shampoo—every time.
  You'll see that Shasta is made especially for girls who do their hair at home!

Shasta leaves your hair more lustrous, easier to manage!

Notice how much more lustrous and manageable Shasta leaves your hair. See the brilliant highlights and silky softness. Tonight, Shasta-shampoo your hair!

Procter & Gamble's new beauty miracle

NOT A SOAP...LEAVES NO DULLING FILM

85
Dear Mr. Slam—please give me anything you have to give away, yours truly.

Another letter of fulsome praise of Irene, her voice and her personality ended somewhat dismayingly, “Long may your Slam-Bank Wave!”

Another letter contained a check for $14,000! It had been put into the wrong envelope by mistake, and no doubt a Grand Slam entry was puzzling a bank in Colorado.

Bills of lading for livestock, love letters and once a note explaining why Johnny was not at school on Tuesday, but this is nothing to the surprises that have turned up on the show itself.

Sometimes the apparently most self-possessed contestants get mite fright the minute they are on the air and are unable to make a sound. Irene is skillful about getting them past this moment, but once she could not break through. The contestant mumbled and stuttered answers that were barely intelligible.

After the show she came up apologetically.

“Know what’s the matter with me?” she said. “I left my teeth at home!”

Irene’s voice in the audience and the audience checked into the radio.“Lines to an Absent Husband” for one of the features. It went on about “no shirts behind the door, no ashes on the floor, no ring around the tub” and ended.

“No matter if it’s spic and span Home’s no fun without a man.”

Irene read it with a lot of fine fervid feeling right up to the last word—the easy obvious rhyming “man” that the contestant should have added. But he had his own answer.

“Wonder Bread!” he cried triumphantly.

Even more of a surprise was the answer of a little old lady who wanted to play games according to her own design. The problem was to supply last words of lines from songs. Irene explained it carefully.

“Like the beat, beat, beat of the—what?”

“Give me the music—I’ll tell you the title,” said the contestant firmly.

“But this is different,” Irene explained. “This time you fill in the last word. Try this: Oh, what a beautiful—what?”

“Give me the music—I’ll tell you the title,” said the contestant in the tone of...
one arguing with an unreasonable child.
'Try this, then,' said Irene, and in her anxiety to get the idea across to the little old lady she tilted the microphone a little closer, smiling encouragingly, 'What is this thing called?'
'A mike—you know as well as I do,' said the little old lady. 'Give me the music—I'll tell you the title.'
The most disconcerting thing that ever happened in the studio, however, was when a particularly attractive woman drew a winning number and, when Irene asked her name, said, 'This will be a bigger surprise to you than you realize. I am Mrs. —' and she gave the name of a man to whom Irene had once been engaged.
'I drew a complete blank for a moment,' said Irene. 'When I came to I heard myself saying to the audience, 'For goodness sake! She married the man I was in love with!'
Oddly, time and again it has been discovered that winners have received their prizes at curiously appropriate times. One man wrote that a grand slam of gifts had arrived on his wedding anniversary when he was out of a job and had not been able to buy his wife a remembrance. A widow wrote that her winnings of a vacuum cleaner and a set of club aluminum pans had arrived the day before her daughter's wedding, augmenting most happily the very small gifts she had been able to afford. And on many more occasions chance would seem to justify visitors win at Irene's show and then go on to win at every other show they visit. They come back and tell her, claiming that Grand Slam is blessed with a little extra touch of luck.
Irene agrees—but only to a point. Has she won a single grand slam at bridge since the show started? Not she —no time to play!

HERE'S the Swiss steak recipe that's one of Anna's delectable specialties:

**SWISS STEAK**

Trim the edges of 1 1/2 lb. round steak. Pound into both sides of the steak as much flour as it will hold, using a mallet or the side of a plate. 1 tsp. salt and 1/8 tsp. of pepper should be combined with the flour. Heat in a heavy skillet a 1/4 cup of bacon fat combined with 1/2 cup of chopped onion. Brown the beef in the fat quickly. Add 1/2 cups of canned tomatoes, 1 stalk of celery, diced, 1 peeled clove of garlic, diced; cover tightly and bake in a slow oven of 275° for 2-1/2 hours or until tender. Uncover for last half hour to thicken sauce. Thicken gravy with flour if necessary. Remove steak to hot platter and serve with sauce over and around it. Serves 4.
the thought, I rushed back to the corner drug store. I bought Dympra, a grand present at once—a Lucite brush and comb set. I thought it was funny: just as the present was being wrapped, I caught sight of a familiar face—my wife! She too was Christmas shopping in this drug store—buying my present. I peeked and saw that it was one of those curious pens that write under water. Then I quickly sneaked out without her seeing me, and I never bought a thing I'd seen my present before I should.

But you can see by this story how confused a couple of young Irish people can be, and if it happened to us, we're driven to shopping in the nearest pharmacy instead of your beautiful big stores!

Right here, though, I would like to stop and tell you something. Just because I am bewildered by your stores and high buildings doesn't mean that I'm an uncivilized sort of fellow who'd never been over the Atlantic. I've discovered that most Americans think a pig goes with every kitchen in Ireland. This isn't so. We have a few modern conveniences, too, you know. And we also have schools that really educate you. Oh, we get along!

Take my case. I was born twenty-six years ago in a big ten-room house in the middle hutch you people have to expect!—in the village of Rathkeale, County Limerick, in Southern Ireland. Supposedly, this house was once an old Irish mansion. Some writer high stayed the night. But whatever its history, my father bought it many years ago, and there lived my mother, my mother's parents, and the many children of whom I was the youngest.

At home, my three sisters, Alice, Sis, and Dimple did all the housework—darning beds, sweeping, and dishwashing. We boys, John James, Frank, and I looked after the fourteen horses, my father's pride! Father ran a stud farm—breeding horses, you understand—so the idea of a life to be explained to any of us! Let me add with pride that one of our beautiful horses, Pollyphyn, won first prize at the Dublin Horse Show.

We used to get up at 7:30 in the morning, exercise the horses on a lead in the ring, groom and feed them. Then we'd walk the half-mile to the Rathkeale school. At lunch-time, we'd nip the bicycles ridden to school by the country lads, and we'd ride home for lunch and back again. I must say I never cared for studying, though I did manage to learn Latin, French, and English composition—does this surprise you? In our village, the Lynches were as dark as any Irish school? And don't think the Rathkeale school was small; either; it had 1,000 pupils. What I liked a lot more than my studies was playing "hurling," which is like American ice hockey only without the ice. But what I really liked best were the evenings—when all the Lynch family sang and played around, the bagpipes and the cornets and the other instruments. This was not at all unusual in Ireland. There every village has its local concert and dancing. In our village, the Lynches were heavily dramatic—in one play, "Private Secretary," I remember that four of us Lynches acted parts. And at our village church, we sang together in the church choir—my big moment was when I sang the solo of "Silent Night." And when we weren't singing and acting in public, we were doing our own version of a tour around the house of an evening. Oh, we had jolly times under the Lynch roof!

But that is just what I might still be doing if it wasn't for your movie actor Robert Taylor!

Yes, one of his movies was playing in Limerick one night. I had gone there—a green lad of twenty who had never been outside my own village until then—to sing in the stage variety show during the movie intermission. Little did I know it, but sitting in the audience was one of the O'Mara brothers, Joseph and Alphone. They were the wealthy bacon and ham packers of Ireland, and they had come that night to see the Robert Taylor movie. But they saw me at the same time! And fortunately for me, I seemed to them somewhat like their uncle, the great Irish tenor Joseph O'Mara.

It was after the movie that they took the liberty of asking me a moment's conversation to see me. I'll never forget our conversation—it went something like this:

"HAVE you ever studied singing, my lad?" they asked.

"No, sirs" I said. "In fact, this is the first time I have ever sung outside of my own village of Rathkeale."

They seemed interested and then they asked, "Would you like to go to Dublin to seriously study voice? We stand ready to pay for your lessons and living expenses if you'd like to stay."

"Yes," was what I answered immediately, with my head in a whirl—and you may possibly imagine the excitement at home when I told them. The Lynches that I was off to the great city of Dublin to start singing lessons!

I was soon there, and put to work learning Italian and brushing up on my French as well as taking voice lessons. My singing teacher was Dr. Vincent O'Brien, who had been John McCormack's teacher. After a year's study, a concert was arranged for in Dublin and then, wanting a vacation, I went to the health resort of Lisdoonvarna—and ran right into my future wife!

That happened like this. My brother John James had married a girl from Lisdoonvarna; and there he had settled to manage the positions. I had been there, and I knew the whole town. There I found that every hotel had a dance every night (in Lisdoonvarna, every house that takes paying guests has a dance, and at my first dance, my first night, I saw the most beautiful girl I had ever seen in my life. She was nineteen, brown-haired, with dark brown eyes and brown hair. Fortunately I knew her escort. I rushed up to him, shook his hand warmly, and naturally he had to say, "Haven't you heard—Daly, this is Mr. Christopher Lynch?"

Those were his last words to her—never saw her again! I swept her away. That was the beginning of my visit to Lisdoonvarna. I saw nobody else. Together we danced the fox-trots and the square dances, and we got to know each other. It was then that she was the daughter of a hotel keepers, and because she too had a relative engaged in the business there—her aunt owned many hotels at the resort. I also learned that she was as bright as she was beautiful. She was studying for a degree of philosophy at the Uni-
versity of Dublin. That meant, of course, that when we both returned to Dublin, we could continue seeing each other!

That we certainly did, for the next two years. We went to many movies together, to the dog races, and in the summer we went bathing at seaside places. On October 24, 1945, we were married at the University Church in Dublin. I had my brother John James as best man, and for an usher my best pal Jack Healy; and Dympna had her three cousins as bridesmaids. Before the ceremony we had a press reception for by this time I was a professional singer, who had made several concert tours of Ireland—and after the ceremony we had a reception for Dympna's relatives! Anyway, that's how it seemed—dozens of her relatives collected at the Chelbourne Hotel. Afterwards we went to Graystone's for our honeymoon, a seaside resort near Dublin. You can see why I think I'm the luckiest Irishman who never kissed the Blarney Stone!

But now I must go back a year to tell you of yet another almighty piece of luck.

It was in 1944 to be exact. After much studying and concert-giving, one evening I gave a sherry party for the press in Dublin. At it I was asked to sing; and just before I began, I saw a man of about sixty years enter the room. He had one of the noblest faces I had ever seen, and a dark thatch of hair that was gray at the temples. Of course I knew him at once from pictures of him I had seen—this was Ireland's greatest singer, John McCormack.

Right after he came in I sang Handel's "Art Thou Troubled." Afterwards, to my astonishment, Mr. McCormack unexpectedly made a speech, saying that I would be the tenor most likely to succeed him. You can imagine my overwhelming joy at such praise—and then Mr. McCormack added to it by inviting me to his house to dinner the following week. At that dinner, we talked nothing but music, and he told me many of his experiences. Later that evening he made me an offer I shall never forget—he offered to coach me in singing. I thus became the only pupil John McCormack ever had. And it was due to this directly that I came to America.

For one day, after I had been studying with Mr. McCormack for a year and a half, Time Magazine printed a photograph of the two of us together. Mr. Arthur Judson, president of Columbia Concerts, saw that picture. He immediately cabled Mr. McCormack for information about me—and suddenly I found myself contracted by your American Columbia Concerts and by the Voice of Firestone Hour. Equally suddenly I was lifted from the quiet village of Lahinch in County Clare (where we were then living) to the enormous skyscrapers of New York City. I was literally lifted, too—Dympna, our baby son Brian and I flew to New York. The sudden transition was, as I said before, almost too much for us!

We were rushed from the airport to a New York hotel. The minute we got to our three-room suite, the telephone rang and a voice said, "This is your American cousin Joe Lynch." As I have no relatives in America, this surprised me. I told him we weren't related—but soon the telephone rang again, and a girl's voice told me she was my American cousin Susan Lynch. I would say that about one hundred and fifty...
"I'd rather watch KLEENEX jump up!"

Little Lulu says... Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box—pull just one double tissue—up pops another! Compare tissues, compare boxes—you'll see why Kleenex is America's favorite tissue.

DO YOU WANT Spending Money?
SELL THESE POPULAR PATRIOTIC AND RELIGIOUS MOJOES
SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP $2.50
IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP $3.00
IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP $4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks.
You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES
606 NORTH MAIN STREET, P. O. BOX 306, NORMAL, ILLINOIS

Lynches have called me since then, all claiming to be a relative—when none are! Now that we have a house in America our lives have fallen into a pattern. Dympna and I are up about nine every morning. I take a shower—singing my pet shower song "The Old Turf Fire"—and then eat the fine breakfast of bacon and eggs that Dympna prepares. After that I reheat, usually drinking Cokes and eating apples as I sing, and often picking up the babies to sing into their faces while they laugh at me. After lunch I relax for awhile, and then usually go into New York to study voice with my teacher there, who is the great old baritone Guiseppe de Luca. When dinner is over—which is usually steak and apple pie, or corned beef and cabbage—I practice again. I have heard that automobiles run better at night. This is probably true—and certainly it is true that voices sing better at night.

Before a concert, I never eat dinner. Neither do I take throat lozenges. I simply sit about quietly, resting my voice. Dympna usually goes with me to every radio broadcast, which I give before an audience of 1,400 people. I generally sing clinging to the music rack in what must look like a very awkward way—this is because I never sang into a microphone until I came to America, and I'm still afraid I might miss a note! After the broadcasts, Dympna and I usually eat dinner in the city at O'Sullivan's Restaurant.

We lead very quiet lives, I suppose. I don't drink or smoke, you see, and I can't imagine going to a night club except for once—then we went to hear Milton Berle's comic routine.

I play golf whenever I can—although we have a different method of scoring in Ireland than you have—and I play tennis occasionally, and badminton. Also I spend hours in the garden, working with the plants. In the Spring, too, you can count on my sitting behind a fishing pole working on some trout.

And we Lynches have made a number of American plans. Two of them are going to happen next year: we will buy an automobile, and we will take out our American citizenship papers. Oh, yes—even if we've transported Ireland over to the U.S., we're really becoming quite, quite American!
Don't hide from your daughter
these Intimate Physical Facts!

But make sure your own knowledge is just as scientific, up-to-date as it can be!

In these modern times no girl or woman should have to be told how important vaginal douching often is. But this, she should learn and learn immediately. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for this use is so powerful, yet so safe to tissues as modern ZONITE. Scientists have proved this beyond doubt.

Warms against weak or dangerous products
It is indeed an unfortunate woman who, from ignorant advice of friends, still uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda in the douche. These are NOT germicides in the douche. They never can give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE. If only you'd realize now how important it is to use a germicide intended for vaginal douching—one powerfully germicidal that deodorizes yet one SAFE to tissues. So benefit by ZONITE now!

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury—no harsh acids—over-strong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. ZONITE is a modern miracle! You can use it as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Developed by a world-famous Surgeon and Scientist

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Leaves you feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard against infection. ZONITE immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure amazing ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

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For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-108 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
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Zonite for Newer Feminine Hygiene

Susan Douglas is Jean Baker, next-door-neighbor of Backstage Wife.

sets, is back on the Mutual network with Tom Collins and Irene Tedrow in the leading roles.

* * *

Songstress Julie Conway, now featured on the Musiciomy comedy stanzas, has probably done more singing in the past ten years than anyone else in the business. She's sung at the Pump Room in Chicago, with Kay Kyser on the air, in the movies and in theaters from coast to coast. But those stints do not comprise the greater part of her singing activity. Miss Conway is perhaps the leading interpreter of the singing commercial. For example, in the past few years she has been running from one New York studio to another, five days a week, from 10:30 A.M. until 11:30 P.M., employing her capable lungs on "That new, new, NEW Oxydol Sparkle!" Several afternoons a week her schedule is so tight she has to charter a cab and have elevators held for her so she'll make her programs on time. She's never been late, but she's had a few close calls. Not satisfied with all this, and having married her announcer, Bob Sherry, and mothering a three-year-old daughter, Miss Conway is eager to become an actress, too. She is studying theater technique with the idea of some day combining musical comedy and radio work.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER... Wendell Niles and Bob Hope's brother, Jack, have formed Telepix Productions, and will work almost exclusively in 16 mm. film... Veteran Hollywood picture producers John Ford and Merian Cooper have also formed a new television producing firm... Myrna Loy may be the first star to appear in a 52 week day drama on television... Mutual's Sherlock Holmes series has been renewed for next season... It's rumored that Fred Allen is dickering to get Arnold Stang (Henry Morgan's hilarious Gerard) for his Allen's Alley line-up... Lum 'n Abner may do a recording of their famous Christmas story, which, if done, will be ready for sale this fall... Inner Sanctum latest radio show to hit the pix. Mary Beth Hughes and Charles Russell co-starring in first one... Edie Cantor has signed another kid—Toni Harper, nine-year-old singer.
Traveler of the Month
(Continued from page 45)
Chinese medical association. This was followed by an appointment as statistician for one of the United States government offices.

Here at last she was realizing her double dream—to see the world and to work at her profession as an accountant. Her boss thought she was out of her mind when she asked for a year's leave of absence. He pointed out that she had a fine salary going, was liked, and living in comparative luxury due to the favorable rate of exchange between American and Chinese dollars.

I came to see China. Elsie stated firmly, "and I want to go to the Yangtze gorges."

The Yangtze gorges were 2500 miles inland and could be reached only by boat. Her boss argued, then promised, "she would get a leave for her next year.

"Then won't be a year next," said Elsie.

And she was right. China already was in turmoil. By the time she had changed boats three times and seen what she believes to be the most beautiful river valley on the face of the earth, she was not permitted to leave the tiny native craft at Chungking. The communist rebellion had broken out. The next year, the Japanese invaded.

HANGKOW, the Chinese of China, was her next destination, and from there she went to Peiping. As secretary to the president of the China Studies, she was able both to attend classes and earn a salary.

About that time, the remainder of the one-way ticket to Manila, which had brought her into the Orient, was about to expire. She saw no reason for being penalized ten per cent for cashing it, so she booked passage.

Again, she arrived with the news. A shipping strike held her up a month at Hongkong—a month during which the British colony seethed with the announcement that their King had abdicated for "the woman he loved." To the British subjects, it was more than the loss of a monarch, it was the first crack in the unity of Empire. During her wait, Elsie found work in a new field—investigating the Chinese motion picture industry for the United States commercial attaché.

What she describes as "a slight affair of the heart" brought her back to Shanghai. She landed on Christmas Day, 1936, just as the news broke that his kidnappers had released Chiang Kai-shek.

Shanghai was her home, and the Rockefeller Foundation her employer, until August 13, 1937, when the Japs bombed the city, and Elsie Voight found herself in the international newspaper news.

"Just like you, Tommy, I take my jobs seriously," she told me. "We were warned to stay indoors. I started for the office, feeling there must be some way I could help. A sniper's bullet whizzed past my head and killed the man behind me. The story of the Japs, the wires, and my folks at home started to worry.

"You must have been scared," I said.

"That wasn't the narrowest escape," she replied.

It was fortunate her parents didn't know that greater danger awaited her. More than 400 women and children were evacuated to Manila. Their small, overloaded boat nearly capsized. An hour after they docked, the worst earthquake in fifty years struck Manila.
Disregarding her own harrowing experience and the loss of all her possessions, Elsie Voight pitched in to do what she could as a Red Cross volunteer. Part of that work was collecting stories from the survivors for publication in a Manila newspaper.

It was the editor of that paper who found Elsie a post as secretary to the president of the American Leprosy Foundation, who was then on a tour of inspection of leprosaria. They went to Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Ceylon, and to the International Leprosy Conference at Cairo. Our modern, feminine Marco Polo also saw Greece, Italy and France, and had three dollars in her pocket when she walked up to the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

But her contract with the Foundation called for return to San Francisco. They bought her first class and Pullman tickets. Elsie exchanged them for coach accommodations and had $70 when she sighted the Golden Gate.

But in 1938 jobs were no more plentiful than they had been in 1932. Our traveler’s want ad brought a single reply from an author who offered her $25 for typing a story—if he sold the story. He did, however, tell a newspaper editor about her. Her adventures, as recounted in the Chronicle, caught the attention of a talent scout for Edgar Guest’s “It Can Be Done” program. They brought her to Chicago for the show, and for a week, she lived luxuriously at the Drake Hotel with scarcely a penny in her pocket. Again, she cashed in her ticket, and used the money to visit New Orleans and points of interest in the Southwest.

The next year she did her exploring while working at the San Francisco exposition, where many of the interesting things of the world were compressed into the one huge fair. When it closed, she toured Mexico for six weeks on $68, saw the Florida boom bookended by a swank hotel, and studied Spanish at the University of Panama when the war started, then traveled south to work for a United States Military attaché in Peru.

A YEAR of that job was enough. Elsie set out to see Peru. Easy travel ended abruptly when she found a jungle trail between her and her next destination, Pucallpa, the headwaters of the Amazon river.

The only passage was via a trail which later became Peru’s Burma Road. There was no transportation, so Elsie jetisoned her luggage, packed an overnight case with a paring knife and a few cans of food, and started to walk. She was alone until she encountered a missionary, also bound for Pucallpa. Together, they plunged through the dense growth for three days and three nights. Their Igloos, chilled in the darkness, huge snakes slithered through the foliage. They told her later she was the only white woman ever to walk through that green horror. But Elsie maintains she was not afraid. She’s a fatalist who can’t waste time on senseless fears.

Fate was again on her side when she reached Mexico, after working at Quito, the city 9500 feet high, Bogota, and Guatemala City. Sightseeing at Vera Cruz, she was attacked while walking on a public highway, stabbed, robbed, thrown over a cliff and left for dead. The criminal was apprehended and sentenced to death by the Supreme Court of Mexico. She asked for clemency. She had survived, and she wanted no man’s death on her head. His sentence was reduced to twelve years.

Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo removes all dandruff...both the loose, flaky kind other people see, and the invisible, irritating kind you feel. It’s the only shampoo made with insurance company guarantee to remove dandruff on the first application. Enjoy sparkling hair that’s free of dandruff. Have professional applications or buy economical Fitch at drug counters.

It’s the only shampoo made with insurance company guarantee to remove dandruff on the first application. Enjoy sparkling hair that’s free of dandruff. Have professional applications or buy economical Fitch at drug counters.
Elise sat out the rest of the war in Chicago. When UNRRA formed she shipped to China on a troopship with an appointment as field auditor. She regarded it as a minor incident that one plane on which she traveled was lost for four hours with both radio and compass dead before the pilot contrived an emergency landing. Why talk about that when, after all, nothing happened?

She returned on a Dutch ship via South Africa, leaving the vessel at Durban to go overland. She fell in the Zambezi River while viewing Victoria Falls, severely injuring both legs, but was able to rejoin the ship at Capetown. Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janiero and Trinidad, were final ports of call before reaching New York.

"What happens next?" I asked. With this girl, there'd be no sitting at home, resting!

"I hope to secure an appointment to the Economic Cooperation Administration. Tommy, I would like to go to Europe. I'd like to do what I can to help the people."

She summed up her feeling toward "the people" with the statement, "I like the human race. People, individually, have no animosity. Everyone I have ever encountered has been a wonderful human being. If only nations could find the same way of getting along together..."

"It sustains my faith to realize that regardless of what we foolish humans do, the rhythm of the world goes on. Everywhere I have been, I have seen the sun rise. When the darkness breaks and the first rays come, I feel infinitesimal, yet a part of the whole universe. Over the chaos created by humans, there is a stronger governing power which controls that universe. Small as I am, I, too, am ruled by it, and must do my part for the welfare of human beings everywhere."
Coast to Coast in Television  

(Continued from page 47)

famous party giver, writer, and friend of socialites, celebrities, and royalty, will start her own television show very shortly. While in Europe last summer, Miss Maxwell made filmed interviews with celebrities in London, Paris, and Rome. These will start off her series and then the show will turn to her fabulous parties; the scene will be her own apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria—as well as the homes of friends and places of national interest. Rumor has it that the show will carry a $5,000 per price tag.

The major film companies in the United States have been stalling about getting into video with both feet, and if they don’t make up their minds soon, England’s J. Arthur Rank will beat them to the punch. After two years of test productions of telepix, Rank is now ready to push off on a full commercial program of television fare for all parts of the world. He could invade the U.S. market in nine or ten months.

Independent companies in Hollywood are on their toes as far as television is concerned—far ahead of the big studios, in fact. Cecil B. DeMille is establishing his own company to produce video films. David O. Selznick is investigating possibilities for doing the same thing, and Robert Productions—owned jointly by Bob Roberts, John Garfield, and Abraham Polonsky—are in production with a series of 26 half-hour films.

Texas is putting in its bid to take some of the television monopoly away from New York and Hollywood. Plans are under way for a million-dollar film and video center in San Antonio. Some of the financing is coming from Hollywood, though.

Just when sales of sets are soaring and advertisers are beginning to see the terrific potentials of the medium, the industry is confronted with a shortage of cathode ray tubes—those are the tubes that make the television picture and current production can’t keep up with the demand.

The Republicans and Democrats will each have spent a quarter of a million dollars to televise their respective candidates before you go to the polls.

When audience participation radio shows first became popular, the legitimate theater was at a low ebb and it was easy for the networks to buy up theaters to conduct their radio programs in; now television is going to need theaters for audience shows, but the theaters simply are not available.

The big reason that more old movies are not available to television is the strong objections of re-issue companies and theaters. Organizations like Film Classics, Inc., buy up movies which the major companies don’t want and rent them to motion picture theaters which are devoted exclusively to the showing of fairly old pictures. This market is extremely lucrative, and a one-shot on television could kill off the value of an old picture—so it’s easy to understand why those distributors and managers who have been waxing fat want video to keep hands off.
Life of Arthur Godfrey

(Continued from page 61)
of the chirping sparrow. His school-
ing in this nature-lure came, of course,
from his experiences down in Pater-
boro swamp.

Hasbrouck High, like every other
school, had its usual quota of students
who violated rules and regulations. It
is a matter of record that not once was
Arthur ever sent to the principal's of-
lice for discipline.

Notwithstanding that fact, Arthur
brilliantly remarked to his teacher one
day: "School's all right but it's the
principal's office for discipline."

Maybe it was a Godfrey pun and
maybe it was just indicative of his inner
conflict, his growing hunger to realize
a life outside this environment. There
were other times when Arthur did and
said things that further revealed this
unrest. Talking to Miss Quigg, an-
other of his teachers, he once declared, "I'd like to go out and see the world,
even if it's only through a porthole."

He made that remark at a time when
colorful Navy recruiting posters were
pasted on almost every fence. The
Navy beckoned, offering the chance of
excitement, education and travel. To
Arthur, the world was a huge adventure
book whose pages were yet to be read.

Two of his four years at high school
remained uncompleted, when certain
developments (what they were is
locked in Arthur's heart) crystallized
his decision to go out into the world.
A change to, what he termed this de-
cision lies in something he said to close
friends with whom he stayed for a short
while.

"It's best that I get out on my own,"
he told them. "I can't continue to be
a burden to my family."

And so presently the world that was
a huge adventure book began to reveal
what was written on its pages. The
text, Arthur was soon to learn, made fa-
less glamorous reading than he had led
himself to expect. The text, for several
chapters, all Lisette. To contain some
tawdry, uninspired prose.

Bravely, with high purpose, Arthur
went out on his own. From shortly be-
fore the Office Day, 1918, to the Spring
of 1920, his activities resembled that
crazy, zig-zag, in-again-out-again be-
havior of the steel ball in a pin-ball ma-
chine. His score was a fairly consist-
tant 111.

Office boy with a New York architect
. . . dishwasher . . . confrère of down-
and-outers, glad to cudge a night's sleep
in a newspaper warehouse . . . civilian
typist at an Army Separation Center in
New Jersey . . . pick-and-shovel man in
a Pennsylvania coal mine . . . would-be
lumberjack . . . farmer's son again
. . . tire-finisher in an Akron, Ohio tire
plant . . . dishwasher . . . gambling-joint aide . . .

Confused . . . empty . . . without di-
rect purpose . . .

A r t h u r must have done some
thorough soul-searching those nights.
Obviously, this wasn't what he'd
planned and longed for. What he
needed, the thing that would banish these
nocturnal bouts with conscience was ed-
training for some special field of en-
deavor—a knowledge that gave man a
sense of integrity and self-confidence.

The U. S. Navy gave him those things.
LARGE BUST Women!

Complete Line of “Yuth-Bust” Bra Designs to fit and flatter your individual figure type!

Secret Inside Control Gives You a More Alluring Youthful Bustline Instantly!

Sizes 34 to 52

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Style 202 Longline Adjustable Shoulder Strap Bra

For the large bust woman who requires support and control at the bust and丰满。With adjustable strap. Also special V-Control feature of mildform helps keep in bulging stomach. Silver attachment hooks. Only $2.98.

Style 303 Bandeau Adjustable Strap Bra

For the large bust woman who needs a bandeau bra which concentrates on bust control. Adjustable shoulder straps. Only $2.95.

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For the large bust woman who needs a bandeau built up top and back bra to hold in excess flesh and give bust control without requiring a long line bra. Only $2.75.

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 Rush to me my “Yuth-Bust” bra in style and size indicated below. I will pay postman on delivery the price plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail this FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

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ADDRESS

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Mail today and get this fabulous bra FREE in 10 days! Keeping this coupon. It's mine to keep or return. (2.95 if returned)

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Lightest and Strongest

FORM A CURTAIN CLUB

Brighten your home at no cost with a choice selection of lovely curtains—ruffled, fringed, lace sets, cotta-
ges—pinch pleated draperies or—colorfully patterned slip cover fabric. Form a curtain club, it’s easy! It’s producible! You’ll be thrilled too with the wonderful premium gift sent you and every member of your club.

Send today for colorful catalog and full information—FREE—NO OBLIGATION

HOMEMAKERS CURTAIN CLUB, INC.

Dept. 112-G Stoneham 80, Mass.

$30 IN BEAUTIFUL CURTAINSON COST TO YOU
they served in these "quickie" joints? By a combination of salesmanship and outright misrepresentation of the facts, Arthur convinced the eatery owner that he, Arthur, was really an ace cook and that his talents were shamefully wasted back there at the sink. Result...Arthur began flipping flapjacks, frying eggs and fouling up files like a veteran and at a raise in pay!

None of the patrons got indigestion. In fact, there were a few murmurs of approval and, since Arthur happened to overhear them, his ego swelled like a ten-cent balloon. On his day off, he went over to the personnel office of a big chain restaurant. There, being like Oscar of the Waldorf, he really pulled out all the stops as he outwardly showed his cooking prowess. They hired him on the spot.

Chef Godfrey reached the pinnacle some months later. His self-esteem as a skillet artist brought him to the kitchen of Detroit's Book-Cadillac Hotel. Not that Arthur just waited in. On the contrary, he had to talk himself blue in the face before that French chef hired him—as vegetable peeler. With the job, however, went a verbal assurance of advancement. The chef undoubtedly would have kept his word, except that his untimely death intervened. Arthur was left without an ally in the Book-Cadillac kitchen. The chef's successors proved to be down-right unfriendly and so he quit...a move for the best, it proved, because presently he read a help-wanted ad that led to money more than he ever dreamed of earning.

It was money earned by way of rather macabre method. The new job was selling cemetery plots. His boss, a high-spirited man from "way back," showed him every trick in the trade and, in a matter of months, Arthur's salary and commissions were awe-inspiring. He had a bank-balance in five figures, but he held on to it only until he encountered someone who had a sales technique just a shade smoother than his own. That somebody was one of Arthur's prospective customers for a cemetery plot. Arthur never sold him the plot but he did buy a half interest and equal billing in the man's vaudeville act. You see, Arthur still had that banjo...and a strong yen to make a pleasant planky-plank on it, just as he'd done in amateur shows aboard the U.S.S. Hafield.

Vaudeville! Show business! It must have seemed like a dazzling chance to Arthur because he went for it to the tune of his entire savings. The troupe got bookings on a minor circuit...got a rousing from unscrupulous house managers who demanded kick-backs...and Arthur got out at some whistle stop in Wyoming, with a few months' questions of experience, an utterly deflated wallet and a pawnticket for his precious banjo.

He went on to the West Coast, only to contend with Hollywood's colossal indifference to his existence. He bummed it once again and, by way of the box-cars, arrived in Chicago. There, he talked himself into a taxi-driving job. Wising up to some of the "angles," he began making bigger money by taking the night-shift...by driving pleasure-bent fares to places of amusement on the seamiest side of town. One night, a passenger turned out to be one of his former shipmates, now serving with the Coast Guard. They celebrated their reunion...they talked far into the dawn...and Arthur was sold on the idea of joining up.

In 1927, he served aboard the U.S. Coast Guard destroyer Ammen. In 1929...

"Naval Research Laboratory, Bellevue, Anacostia, D.C. June 7, 1929...to A. M. Godfrey, Radioman first class...Subject: Graduation from Radio Material School. I. The Director takes pleasure in stating that you have very commendably completed the course of instruction in the tenth Radio Material School..."

Even if you hadn't known a blessed thing about his "very commendable" graduation from radio school, you might easily have guessed that Arthur's morale and spirits were sky high, the way he plunked on that brand-new banjo of his.

His outfit was stationed near Baltimore, at the time, and some of his Coast Guard pals urged him to take a crack at a local broadcasting studio's amateur contest. He went down to WFBR and did his routine. The station manager told him his singing wasn't half bad and his speaking voice was slightly terrific. Along with those comments went a job offer.

That night and for many a night thereafter, Arthur mulled it over. Staff radio announcer. It seemed important, exciting. If he clicked, it might prove to be the best break that ever came his way. Some of these radio guys made fantastic money, he'd heard. He could send a lot more dough home to the family than his present $84 a month permitted.

Each week, Horace Heidt visits another town to give talented youngsters a chance at winning $5000 PLUS screen and radio contracts. Tune in this Sunday and help pick a winner. It might be someone you know!

LISTEN TO Horace Heidt...Every Sunday Night Over All Stations of the National Broadcasting Company. And read Horace Heidt's own story in the October issue of TRUE ROMANCE magazine...on sale at newsstands now.
On the other hand, suppose he didn’t click...

Better take it slow. This Coast Guard deal is going pretty smoothly... a guy can advance himself...

"United States Coast Guard—Discharge—This is to certify that Arthur Morton Godfrey has, this first day of April, 1930, been discharged under honorable conditions... at his own request and convenience. Character of service: Excellent..."


He undertook every kind of studio chore. Listeners, in and around Baltimore, acquired the habit of tuning in on Red Godfrey’s Melodians. He did another show called Morning Air Mail. A rival Baltimore station carried Amos ‘n Andy at 7 to 7:15, leaving WFBR with those fifteen minutes of minus-zero time on its hands. Arthur considerably raised the value of that quarter-hour by broadcasting ukulele lessons. He m.c.d various musical programs, rounding them out with an occasional baritone solo of his own.

Over the year, he drew twelve thousand fan letters!

They made him program director at WFBR.

Washington’s WRC had its spies out. Their reports on this new carrot-topped, banjo-plunking Baltimore oriole evidently intrigued the WRC crowd. He was summoned... and hired.

As of that day, Arthur’s career zoomed upward and onward in dazzling style. He was like a man riding on a comet and Washingtonians behaved like people witnessing such a spectacle.

Although WRC, an affiliate of the National Broadcasting Company, had somewhat coyly kept him "under cover" for two weeks, local newspaper columnists were prompt in reacting to the newcomer. Don Craig, of the Washington News, wrote that he "knows how to sing, loves to act... is a snappy announcer."

Madeline Ensign, of the Washington Herald, observed that "the new redhead over WRC way... is doing a splendid job. He has all the earmarks of a Graham McNamee-Ted Husing in the making."

Arthur’s Washington debut was made on November 1, 1930. On a sunny Saturday afternoon, ten months and twenty-six days later, he was driving his car northward along Chillum Road in Maryland. Overhead, the September sky was a cloudless blue.

Sitting casually at the wheel, Arthur hummed softly to himself and... every now and then, grinned in a contented sort of way. His thoughts purred in harmony with the car’s engine...

"Keep 'er rolling at a comfortable forty-five... that’ll get me to the airport in about half an hour... ah, me... it’s a lovely day... a beautiful day for a flying lesson... but then, it’s a beautiful world, as nobody can deny... and, what’s more, I’m sitting right smack on top of it... looks like I’ve clicked... got me doing half a dozen different programs... four of 'em sponsored... feels good... mighty good, after all that uncertainty... kind of figure I’ve found myself at last... this isn’t just another job... looks like the Career... shaping up like the Big Money... enough of it to sit and more home to mother and dad... enough of it for a hobby like these glider-pilot les-

Bestform's all satin, Talon zipper figure molding girdle, featuring 'swing-back' elastic band for a flat midriff and vertical stretch back. At fine stores.

Style 5064-16" sizes 26-34 $7.50
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In white, nude and blue.
My Beltone Receiver Delivers 2 to 6 Times More Clear Power

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What THREE LITTLE WORDS thrill every radio fan?

"Let's Talk Hollywood"
The scintillating new Hollywood broadcast featuring George Murphy and Eddie Bracken.

WIN a GOLD PASS for one year to your favorite theater AND a five-year subscription to PHOTOPLAY magazine. Get the details Sunday on "Let's Talk Hollywood."

HEAR Hollywood's glittering stars, columnists, and others—every Sunday on NBC.

CHECK your listening time:
7 pm EDT
8 pm CDT
4 pm PDT
5 pm MDT
He had let two minutes of uncontrolled temper blast the edifice that he'd erected these past few years. It didn't seem possible. It didn't make sense.

His mind's eye held another image... a girl's face. Only yesterday, the merest glimpse of it would have caused his heart to skip several beats... for it was a lovely, radiant face crowned by copper-gold hair and lined by a pair of laughing blue eyes. Mary Bourke!

What would she think of him now? What might he read in those beloved features? Would he find sympathy... understanding? Or would there be mockery... cold disapproval of his brash behavior? Wretchedly, he realized he could not confront Mary until something someone extricated him from this catastrophe.

He needed straightening out... guidance. Arthur got to a telephone. He dialed "Scotch." Russell, one of the station's vice-presidents. "Scoop" was a good egg... he'd have some ideas.

Russell listened sympathetically. He advised Arthur to ring in next morn- ing and go through with the motions of an apology to the station manager. Arthur eagerly agreed to the plan and carried it out promptly next morning. The station manager, primly... shook hands, said "Let's forget it!" and added "but we no longer have a spot here for you."

He was fired, anyway! Stunned, Arthur stood there for a few tense seconds. Then a pungent, explosive sentence that would have done credit to any stevedore, he gave vent to his withering opinion of the station manager, but he turned and made his final exit.

As he stormed out of the building, one idea roared through his head. "I'm through with radio! Through with it for good!"

When Washingtonians failed to hear Arthur Godfrey's voice three mornings in a row, eyebrows began arching, tongues began wagging and reporters began snooping. The hue and cry was on—"Where is Red Godfrey?"

Feature writers and columnists failed to find him at NBC, at home or in any of his regular haunts. Grotesquely garbled versions of his abrupt disappearance from the air (and seemingly from the earth) were printed in various newspapers. A rash of letter-writing took place. A small minority hailed the redhead's downfall. A vast pro-Godfrey majority expressed opinions strong enough to shock to strong denunciation. One letter, with forty-eight signatures attached to it, appeared in the Washington Daily News. We have finally died," it said, "that as far as we are concerned, WMAL can take a running jump off the old dock. The officials may be big-shot business men but we think they are a bunch of punks."

Meanwhile, where was Red Godfrey? One man who had a hunch to his whereabouts was Harry Butler, of WJSV (Wash. D.C.). He knew that Arthur owned a half-interest in a flying school. It was late at night but the executive nailed Arthur at the airport.

"Tell me, Arthur," he said, "in the morning they were having drinks and discussion in Butcher's apartment."

Next day, WJSV's publicity staff fanned the big news. Arthur Godfrey was taking over its Sun Dial program, aired 7 to 9 A.M., directly opposite his former Breakfast Club show on WMAL. Up and down Washington's radio row, talk buzzed about the deal. The in-
siders let it be known that Harry Butcher had lured Arthur with superior money and the promise of a completely free hand regarding the running of his two hour sunrise feature. Everyone agreed it was out of the frying pan and into a bed of roses.

Only a few days after Arthur made his bow at WJSV, he stepped into Butcher's office.

"Harry, let's face it. I'm kind of worried.

"Why? About what?"

"Don't you know? WMAL is bringing Don Douglas down to m.c. the Breakfast Club."

"What?

"But, Harry, that's from New York! I'll be terrific competition. I've got to think of something—fast!"

Butcher shook his head, grinning. "Arthur, almost every one of your former Breakfast Club sponsors has changed over with you. And if you want another sign of loyalty, take a look at that mountain of mail. I don't think you realize your own strength."

ARThUR appeared not to be listening. His blue eyes were narrowed, speculatively and mischievously. He snapped his fingers and exclaimed, "I've got a stunt that'll knock Don Douglas debut into a cocked hat!"

"Go ahead. I'm listening."

"My rival premieres next Friday. Okay. On Friday, instead of starting my program you'll be the same time as his Breakfast Club, we suppose beat them to the punch by starting the Sun Dial one minute after twelve. I mean broadcast from midnight until nine next morning!"

Harry Butcher tapped a pencil thoughtfully. "An all-night broadcast."

It might be good for a few lines of mention in Variety."

Even radio executives can make understations ...

At one minute after midnight on the morning of January 26, 1934, Red Godfrey sat shivering in the shack next to WJSV's lonely transmitting tower far outside Washington. On the table at which he sat a thermos jug of hot coffee, a few sandwiches, a tall stack of popular records, a turntable, a telephone and a microphone..."

A platter was spinning ... "The Carioca," Arthur had given it one of his typically zany introductions. Now, with the music under way, his thoughts did a bit of spreading..."

"Just a voice in the wilderness. Going on the air in the dead of night. Bet there isn't one radio turned on. I ought to have my head examined..."

"The Carioca" came to a finish. Arthur made with another informal introduction. The next tune was "Stormy Weather," but before its torchy lyrics got going, Arthur invited "any of you mugs to telephone in your requests."

"Yeah," he thought, "and maybe the man in the moon'll phone in asking for 'On The Sunny Side Of The Street,' Maybe..."

The telephone's sharp ring was so sudden and loud that he nearly fell off his chair. He picked up the receiver. His caller was a listener from Maryland. "Say! I could hear that telephone ring over my loudspeaker."

"Sure you could, Mr. Butcher," he answered. "I have a live mike here. Can't switch it off, so you'll hear everything that goes on in this ice-box."

"What can I do for you, mon?"

"Play 'There'll Be Some Changes Made,' will you, Red?"

Special Shampoo Made
For Blondes — Contains ANDIUM — washes hair Lighter—makes it Shine
To help keep blonde hair from growing dark or faded use BLONDEX, the home shampoo that contains amazing new ANDIUM for extra lightness and SHINE. Instantly removes the dirty film that makes hair dark. Washes hair shades lighter, gives it lovely lustre. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Safe for chil-
dren. Get BLONDEX at 10c, drug and dept. stores.
There'll Be Some Changes Made!" He received that first request with mixed feelings. It had the disturbing flavor of prophecy in it. But more calls came in ... an endless stream from almost every state in the union! From Cuba — from Canada. Night-shifters and insomniacs everywhere were picking up Arthur's nocturnal nonsense—because virtually every other station had signed off. WJSV had a clear channel.

Arthur sang, yawned, ad libbed and, in general, outraged every rule of radio decorum. He conducted a session of broadcast buffoons that kept his telephone wire red hot.

Up until now, he was strictly a local character. The comet he'd been riding had been traversing an orbit 'round and 'round the WJSV scene. One night, however, curious magnetic forces were at work. Tonight, the orbit of his comet was destined for a spectacular change.

While Arthur shivered over that hot mike, the magnetic forces were at work 200-odd miles to the north. Not at work, really. Relaxing would be a better word. They were lounging around in a penthouse apartment on Manhattan's Central Park West. The magnetic forces were a collection of some half-dozen of America's most famous personalities ... the brightest constellations in the theatrical firmament.

Their host, himself a star-maker, went to his telephone and put through a long distance call.

Down in the transmitter shack, Arthur wreakily picked up his telephone receiver. The voice he heard was crisp, staccato. "Hello, Godfrey? This is Winchell!"

"Greetings, m'friend. This is Micky Mouse." Fatigue and boredom were evenly matched in Arthur's voice.

"Look, dope! This is Winchell! I've been catching your broadcast here in New York."

Arthur's disbelief bordered on rudeness. Desperately, his caller attempted to convince him. In that famous rata-tat-tat tempo, he began: 'Good evening, Mrs. North and South America, and all the ships at sea. This is your reporter, Walter Winchell. Let's go to press—"

"I was convinced," "Gee, I thought this was a gag. Mighty pleased to meet you."

The celebrated columnist voiced similar sentiments and then made a request — a special one.

"Do you have any Ben Bernie records handy?"

Arthur said he did.

"Swell. I wish you'd spin one that has the Old Maestro doing a vocal. Then, while it's on, I wish you'd start needling him. You know, give him the works."

"Let it go," Arthur said, chuckling. Like a million other people, he'd been following the famous feud between Winchell and the bandleader. Sweet music from a Bernie disc went over the air-waves. The Maestro's softly whispered, half-spoken vocal purred along with the melody. Every time Arthur felt he made a hit on those lingering pauses, Arthur's barrel voice would break in with one of his rowdy ad libbed remarks, completely blasting the lyrics' sweet sentiment.

It was a howl. Telephone operators all over the country were going frantic in their attempts to put through calls, but Arthur's single line was jammed.
It was an amusing gag. Arthur thought. Nice of Winchell to ask him in on it. What Arthur didn’t know was listening with Winchell in his New York apartment were Ruth Etting, Jimmy Cannon, Billy Rose, Mark Hellinger—and Ben Bernie!

Another thing he didn’t know: the comet he’d been riding was at that moment being guided from its narrow path and that that would soon flash across the national scene.

Within forty-eight hours, Walter Winchell began beating the drum. Poi
ting to where the comet was to be

"Among other buried personalities—

who belong in New York—is a stranger
to me named Arthur Godfrey. I got

a load of his stuff when he happened

by the studio one night. Arthur

Godfrey is stuck down there across

the Potomac from the Capitol. But he

is big-time. His quips are silly—and

his fly—like his Redway-for-Big

Town. Some shrewd radio showman

should bag him for New York to

make our midnight programs breezier.

...talent is at a premium... I haven’t

picked a flower yet..."

Whoosh! In one stroke his name was

blazoned across the sky. They read

that name from California to Connect-

dicut... from The Great Lakes to

the Rio Grande.

At WJSV in Washington a yellow

snowstorm of telegrams descended on

Arthur. Never before had he been

such a radio showman" who were

scrambling to climb on the Godfrey

bandwagon. Delighted but bewildered, he

telephoned Winchell whose advice was:

come up to the Capitol and sift through
every one of those offers. I’ll be

your unofficial manager and tell you which

one is best.

In his column of February 8, Winchell

wrote: "Well, that’s getting action—and

my thanks to those who think my

judgment is good. Arthur Godfrey,

the chap whose microphoning falls

on easy ears, has been signed by the Co-

olumbia Broadcasting Network. Arthur

commences on a coast-to-coast twice

weekly sometime next week..."

Local to Washington, cosmically

overnight... with all the spectacular

pyrotechnics of a fiery comet!

Fourteen fabulous years have passed

since that shell-shocked youth.

Scarcely one year ago the Big Time

would have passed if Arthur had been

a flash in the pan, a "phony." But then,

that gets right down to the root of the

matter. The opportunity to make his

acquaintance, Americans have

completely accepted Arthur... partly

because of his droll way with a song

and loke... but mainly because of his

complete genuineness. It just happens

that he is the composite American...

the breezy, believable guy with whom

it’s a pleasure to share a few

minutes or half hours.

Launched into national fame by

the “magnetic forces,” Arthur has

himself become an amazing magnet... a

phenomenon for and by sponsors

by the station-wagon load. With

infallible effectiveness, he goes to bat

for them at his CBS microphone for a
total of twelve hours a week... and

that staggering schedule, tees off at six oclock in the

morning, five mornings each week.

Fourteen amazing years. For

Arthur, all fourteen have been wondrous

years, if only because he has shared

them with Mary Bourke, she of the

loved, laughing blue eyes and the

radiant, copper-gold hair. Today, it is

AMBROSIA:
The Liquid Facial Cleanser

Removes Dirt... Leaves No Grease In Pores.

At Drug, Drusk and Ten Cent Stores.

Nothing cleans like a liquid.

AMBROSIA. The Liquid Facial Cleanser.

Removes Dirt... Leaves No Grease In Pores.

At Drug, Drusk and Ten Cent Stores.
Mary Bourke Godfrey and she represents one of the reasons for rushing home for after his stint at the CBS studio in New York. The other two thirds? They are minx-eyed, pixie-faced, five-year-old Patricia and that miniature of Arthur, Mike, age seven. Priceless possessions, those three... 

In the category of crass, material possessions, Arthur acquired much an 800-acre farm at Catatin Mountain, near Leesburg, Virginia... a magnificent home in the midst of its lush acreage... a stable of thoroughbred steeds... two... a private plane or two... a car or two... a penthouse apartment in Manhattan... a half dozen offices in his business affairs... a small army of assistants headed by dependable Margaret "Mugs" Richardson... and a host of friends.

As a rule, when a man is fortunate enough to acquire such wonderful things in that quantity, he consciously or otherwise acquires a sort of slick veneer... mannerisms and attitudes usually identified with "the filthy rich." Arthur has mannerisms—the kind that put you completely at ease, as completely as if you were chatting with your best pal. His attitudes? He's for you and hundreds of people providing you're not a phony... providing you believe a man should be judged on his merit, not on background or bankbook. And nobody in the world is quicker than Arthur at spotting the phonies.

No "phony" cares to go back, either actually or conversationally, to the scene of his humble, almost impoverished, childhood. Arthur hasn't forgotten Hasbrouck Heights where, when he was all of eleven years old, he knew the want of a dollar and, knowing, went out and worked for it and worked and worked till, call it what you will, the place and its people pull at him. His home town crops up frequently in his random reminiscences at the microphone. He has mentioned the barn behind Ehler's grocery store where he used to stable Dobbin after a day's work. He has mentioned old John Ferrari of the Sweet Shoppe. "A little wryly, perhaps" J. Earle Thomson, principal of Hasbrouck High. Don't, by the way, let Arthur fool you when he makes cracks about his former principal. That happens every now and then, for there was never an unfriendly word between them.

It could be that there are more impressive success stories than the one belonging to Arthur, but it's a safe bet that none of them has the pay-off that goes with this one. The astoundingly successful formula. The real joy of this piece is the owner and pilot of a private plane. Since he divides his time between a Virginia farm and a New York office, the airplane, he uses said private plane for commuting to and from these points...

At least once a week he lands it or takes off at Teterboro Airport, down the hill from Hasbrouck. The pay-off comes when you realize that Teterboro is the exact, precise patch of land where, thirty years ago, a red-headed kid named Godfrey used to set his crude trugs for muskrats, on account of he didn't have the price of that keen hunting rifle. It would almost seem as though there were more than just the years—even thirty of them—between those two human beings. Well, there has been more—all those years, plus Godfrey.
#961—A complete wardrobe in one versatile suit...wear it jauntily carefree without a belt, belted all the way around, belted in front, and take advantage of the skirt and topper separately, too...wear your favorite blouses and sweaters with the skirt—tooss the full flaring topper over your dresses and solid skirts. It's all possible because the fabric is a wool-like rayon men's wear worsted in a subtle Monotone plaid that goes with everything. Added features are the roomy patch pockets, the smart turn-back cuffs, the fine leather belt, the self covered buttons, and the long, pencil-slim skirt, which is destined to be THE silhouette for fall. GREY or BEIGE Monotone plaid in sizes 12-14-16-18-20.

Send for the exciting new 48 page issue of "HEYDAY"—featuring thrilling stories, advance fashions, quizzes, recipes, hints. Enclose 10c please to cover handling and postage.
You use lipstick, of course—and for that very reason your eyes need added allure. Perhaps you've never realized (until just this moment) that neglected eyes appear pale and drab in contrast with made-up lips. Now see how easily Maybelline glorifies the eyes and restores color balance.

With a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, lashes look naturally darker, longer and more luxuriant. The soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil accents brows gracefully, making them much more expressive.

What a thrilling difference! With completely flattering make-up, your entire face radiates charm! So never neglect to accent your eyes. Add Maybelline to your beauty routine and look your loveliest always.

Maybelline
WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP
NOTED INTERIOR DECORATOR

Melanie Kahane

APRAGRES: "IN DECORATING A ROOM...
AND IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE...
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

"I tried one brand after another until I found the cigarette that suits me best—Camel," says Miss Kahane.

She's decorated Park Avenue penthouses... country kitchens... ranch houses in Texas. Here at the right you see talented, charming Melanie Kahane in her own Manhattan apartment... enjoying her favorite cigarette—cool, mild Camels.

More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

With Melanie Kahane—with millions of other smokers who have tried and compared different brands of cigarettes—Camels are the "choice of experience"!

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat—your own proving ground for any cigarette. Let your taste tell you about Camel's famous flavor. Let your throat tell you about Camel's marvelous mildness. Let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!
Blondie—My Favorite Mother—page 40

Dagwood's House of Happiness—page 42

Come and visit ART LINKLETTER

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN in pictures
A Lovelier Skin is yours with your First Cake of Camay!

You're as lovely as your complexion!
And your skin can grow in loveliness with your first cake of Camay. Do this!
Give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay care on scores of women—found most complexions grew softer and smoother with just one cake of Camay! Follow the directions on the wrapper for a really lovelier skin!

MEET MR. AND MRS. GAVERT!
Paul proposed in a tiny New York restaurant. No wonder! Christine's lovely complexion calls for love! "My very first cake of Camay led to a lovelier skin," says she.

The Gaverts have lots of mutual interests besides music. And Paul takes a special interest in Christine's complexion. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
Keep your hands evening-soft all day long!

This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic here... as well as here...

Hard-at-work and "on display," your hands lead a double life. So—pamper them with the double-beauty magic of Trushay.

Trushay, you see, is first of all a velvet-soft lotion—with a wondrous touch you've never known before. A luxury lotion for all your lotion needs—a joy to use any time. Every fragrant, peach-colored drop is so rich, your hands feel softer and smoother instantly!

Yet... Trushay's magic doesn't stop there. It also brings to you a fabulous "beforehand" extra!

Smoothed on your hands before doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Guards them from drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft all day long!

Adopt Trushay's double-beauty help—begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY

the lotion with the "beforehand" extra

TRUSHAY

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS
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ON THE COVER: Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake as The Bumsteds; color portrait by Ozzie Sweet

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THAT seal at the head of the column is there to remind you that it's not all over yet! You've voted, this month, for your favorite radio personalities; next month comes your chance to vote for your favorite programs. Don't lie down on the job of telling radio what you think of it—it's important to the industry to know what you expect of it, and it's vital to you if you want to get real entertainment from your radio set! As soon as you get your December Radio Mirror, fill in that ballot, cut it out, and send it in.

* * *

If you're a Duffy's Tavern customer—as who isn't—there's a big surprise waiting for you when we visit Ed Gardner. The man who holds down the Tavern has a family life of his own that you'd never expect. From the beautiful color portraits of his French wife and his two delightful sons right down to the stories of the dogs in his life, this visit with Ed Gardner is one you'll never forget.

* * *

To Candy Bergen, who's very, very young, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snert are dear old friends. That's all very well for now, but—as you'll learn from Frances (Mrs. Edgar) Bergen's lively story about "EB and the Boys," there's a problem coming up. What are they going to tell Candy when she gets a little older and wants to know why her playmates have wooden heads? In fact, Frances herself is sometimes a little confused—but not too confused to realize that there was a family more fun than the one that came with Edgar.

* * *

Other features stud the December issue like gems—a color spread on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club; a unique side-glance at Drew Pearson by a man who knows him really well; a double-barreled chat with Margaret and Barbara Whiting. For those of you who are old friends of David Harum, a special treat—a backward glance, in pictures, over David Harum's story from the time Aunt Polly came to live with him. And once again—remember the Awards ballot, in December Radio Mirror, on sale November 10.

Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips...with new Woodbury Lotion

It's Beauty-Blended . . . Actually 2-lotions-in-1

1. A softening lotion! Helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Beauty-blended with luxury lanolin and other costlier-than-usual skin smoothers.

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

At drug and cosmetic counters, 15c, 29c, 49c plus tax

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS
DOES a joke have a melody? Johnny Salb says yes. And he proves it, to the delight of Washington, D. C., listeners, on his various appearances on WTOP broadcasts.

When a WTOP artist begins a joke, Salb's piano sneaks in behind with a gentle riffle. As the pay-off line nears, the piano chuckles. At the funny ending, the piano laughs merrily. It's all the marvelous touch of Johnny Salb, who finds melody in jokes.

"Every joke needs different music, different timing," Salb says. "Some are simple and outright. Others take a subtle combination. Most jokes about farms, by the way, are in the key of C, but don't ask me why. I just feel it that way."

Handsome, gray-haired Johnny is piano player to U. S. Presidents; song writer; and as much a part of WTOP as the studios themselves. For 16 years he has been musical mainstay of Columbia's 50,000 watt outlet in the nation's capital.

He was a partner of Arthur Godfrey when that unpredictable "man with the barefoot voice" was getting his start at WTOP. From 1932 to 1946 Johnny and Arthur clowned together on the air.

A native of Washington, Johnny has been composer, arranger, band leader, and featured radio pianist and organist. Local musicians will tell you that nobody can ad-lib those heart-felt musical bridges during dramas as well as organist Salb.

At a recent WTOP studio party an actor began to ad-lib a burlesque on a daytime serial, taking all the parts himself. Johnny quietly moved to the studio Hammond organ and began to supply musical interludes and background mood music.

Not a line or a note had been planned, but the act kept the whole staff of sophisticated radio people laughing for fifteen minutes. Salb's intimate "feel" for the hilarious story as it developed brought forth growling, sobbing, wailing, and laughing music just as though the whole thing had been rehearsed for days.

As one might expect, Salb is also a song writer. His latest is "Why Do I Keep On Dreaming." He has had six songs published within five years. He got a good start in this work—years ago when he was starting musical composition and arranging he was helped by a man named Victor Herbert.

Johnny is no stranger at the White House. He has played at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue for five presidents: Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, and Roosevelt.

Off-mike, Johnny loves to fish, play poker, and watch the horses run. A former baseball player, he was the first man in organized baseball to score two home runs in one inning.
It is the party of the year... her night-of-nights. Down below are dozens of girls who will envy her looks... dozens of men who will cut in endlessly... and one in particular who will press her close when the lights are low and whisper "Darling!"... So she thinks. Unfortunately, it isn't going to be that way. There's a fly in the ointment as big as a blackbird. Instead of eagerness and attention she will meet indifference and neglect. Tonight will be one of the grimmest nights of her life... one that it will take a long time to live down. And she won't know why*

All too often it happens that way; on the very night you wish to be at your best you may be at your worst without realizing it. Unfortunately, halitosis* (unpleasant breath) doesn't always announce itself to the victim, but it invariably shouts its presence to others. They are likely to hold it against you for a long time... look on you as an objectionable person. Isn't it foolish to risk putting yourself in the worst possible light when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, quick and wholly delightful precaution against simple, non-systemic bad breath? You merely rinse your mouth with it and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

So... when you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date... it's an extra-careful precaution against offending.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri
You can say "yes" to Romance

Because

Veto says "no" to Offending!

Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress ... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes! So effective... yet so gentle—Colgate's Veto is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to filmy, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

HEAD START

By Mary Jane Fulton

Have the courage Cathleen Cordell had, and change to a new hairdo so you, too, will look lovelier

Fall hair styles are very much in the news. But Albert Attermeyer, noted New York hairstylist, prefers not to refer to them as "The New Look" coiffures. That expression has been popular in every phase of fashion for a year now, and he thinks you may be as tired of hearing it as he is. It has had many interpretations. But originally it meant short hair arranged toward the face and over the ears. However, along with other hairstylists, Albert believes, and rightly so, that any fashion is only becoming when it's styled to the individual. With this opinion one of his steady customers, Cathleen Cordell, heartily agrees.

Cathleen appears on countless radio programs, among them Studio One, Christopher Welles, Grand Central Station, and Mr. Keen. Daily, she plays Marion Burton on CBS's the Second Mrs. Burton program.

In creating this pretty coiffure for Cathleen, Albert shaped and thinned her hair, shampooed it, and then gave it a permanent. Her hair was in good condition, so it did not need special treatment. However, if yours needs extra attention to get it back to its rightful beauty, and to keep it beautiful, brush it twice daily with a clean, stiff-bristled brush. Massage your scalp with your fingertips. Shampoo your hair often. After rinsing the suds out of it with warm water, give it a final cold rinse to close the pores and stimulate scalp circulation. Then use a cream rinse, or if it's sun-streaked, a tint-rinse to help cover up any discoloration and to bring out the highlights.

In setting Cathleen's hair, Albert arranged the first forehead wave to accent her interesting "Widow's Peak." When dry, this first wave was combed up to give height to her face. The wave is on a slant, and barely touches her right temple. The very short part is over her left temple, and camouflaged or partly covered with one loose, brushed out curl. On both sides the ends have been brushed over the finger so that there is a completely broken circle of loose and casual looking short curls. Her over-all coiffure combines with her face outline, and the brushed out "curl puffs" fall softly and becomingly, and do not conform to a rigid pattern. If your face is inclined to be round, too, style it high in front as Albert has done Cathleen's, and let your hair caress your face on both sides.

In the back, Cathleen's hair is shaped in a simple, sleek, cap-fitting crown. The hairline at the back fits into the sides with the same loose, brushed out curl arrangement. Hair that's been shaped and thinned out, Albert says, does not drag the curls down by its weight.

Although he fashioned this particular hairdo for Cathleen, but being an extreme style, many of you should be able to wear it becomingly. And it has a newer look than the old "new look."
says AVA GARDNER:

"New Woodbury Powder wins with me—the smoothest, satiny finish my skin has ever known!"

AVA GARDNER, co-starred in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Bribe", is one of the many Hollywood beauties who chose New Woodbury Powder.

Today—see the Dramatic Difference on your skin!

See for yourself that New Woodbury Powder gives a smooth-as-satin finish to skin (a finish never possible with powder alone before).... see that Woodbury covers tiny blemishes amazingly...yet gives the natural 'unpowdery' look that you and Hollywood adore! See that the colors are warmer, lovelier, livelier! Truly, New Woodbury is the world's finest face powder!

In dramatic Nation-Wide Test

WOODBURY WINS 4 TO 1 over all leading brands of powder

In the most extraordinary beauty test ever made, women from Coast to Coast voted their overwhelming preference for New Woodbury Powder. They chose Woodbury over their own favorite brands of powder! Actually, Woodbury won on an average of 4 to 1 over all other leading brands. And women said Woodbury was better for every beauty quality!

TWICE NEW!

New Secret Ingredient gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin!

New Revolutionary Process—plus Woodbury's "Super-Blender" give warmest, liveliest shades, finest texture!

6 exciting Shades! Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new "Venus" box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size $1.00. Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. (Prices plus tax)
NO NEWS is . . . ? ? ?

Good news to Ray Walton are the dispatches coming in through the UP teletype for the Newsreel of the Air.

Who says working for a living can't be fun? Not Tom Moore, WIBG's roving reporter for the Newsreel of the Air, here shown interviewing lovely Irene Dunne.

NO NEWS is bad news to Ray Walton and Tom Moore of WIBG in Philadelphia, and with good reason. Six nights a week, from eleven to midnight, they're on the air for Greystone Wines with a full hour of news.

Starting with a quarter hour of World and National events, they follow that with a 15-minute period of local news, 15 minutes of sports, and a résumé of the day's news highlights.

National and world news is invariably plentiful, making the first 15 minutes of the show the easiest to compile. From time to time a dearth of local news has Walton, who does the editing, calling Reading, Atlantic City and Harrisburg (all in an area of interest to WIBG's listeners) for additional news.

During the baseball season, when an occasional rainout across the country cancels out the major league ball games, as well as outdoor midget racing and boxing bouts, the sports section of the program becomes a problem.

Along with straight news, the program frequently features material recorded during special events which take place in Philadelphia during the day. Presidential addresses, regardless of where they are made, are always rebroadcast on the Newsreel.

During the National Conventions in Philadelphia last summer, Tom Moore spent all his time at Convention Hall, recording every session of the meetings, and then, cut and condensed that material to give Newsreel listeners a capsule story of each day's important speeches and features.

The newscasters themselves are both War veterans. Walton was a cadre-man on the big guns at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma throughout the war, while Moore received the DFC and the Air Medal for bombarding work over Germany.

Walton and Moore are both married and each is the father of two children. There the similarity in their careers and characters stops.

Walton, before coming into radio, was a musician and still can do a good job with an organ, piano or accordion. He has never, however, in his five years there, done a musical stint on WIBG. His hobbies are music and traveling to any portion of the state in which the bass are biting.

Moore began his radio career, while still in high school, doing school broadcasts for WIBG, and upon graduation, taking a full-time announcer's slot there. His entire radio career has been with WIBG, except for some recruiting programs he did for the Army while in service.

Flying, which he learned while in service, has become his hobby since returning to civilian life. It has served him well, for he has been able to use it to cover news events from the air. Moore never buys a newspaper while Walton says he does, but for only one reason. He's "just gotta see what Terry and the Pirates are doing."
Are you in the know?

Do you open bobby pins with—

☐ Your fingernails
☐ Your front teeth
☐ Your left thumb

Why fight "bobbies"' tooth and nail? Either approach wrecks enamel. Instead, hold curl with left fingers, bringing up pin with right hand. Open pin with ball of left thumb; keep apart with flesh of right finger . . . the rest is easy. And by the way, why don't you rest easy, concerning certain stubborn worries? Let Kotex rout those poise-wreckers!—with the extra protection you get with Kotex' exclusive safety center. It's accident insurance!

Which improves outsize ankles?

☐ Massage
☐ Spike heels
☐ Roller skating

What with longer skirts, all eyes are riveted to your ankles! Got "steinway" stems? Try this. First, cream hands and ankles. Grasp instep firmly; rub up above ankle, lifting hand between strokes. Faithful massage helps relieve congestion—improve circulation (and ankles, in time). However, it takes no time at all to have the napkin size you want. Quickly as you can say "Kotex"—you can choose from those 3 Kotex sizes: find the very one for you.

If he's your guest, what about tickets?

☐ Buy them at the door
☐ Buy them in advance
☐ The boy should buy them

Could be he goes to a different school; or lives in another town. In any case, when gal invites guy, the shindig tickets are her problem. Buy and hand 'em over in advance. Don't fluster him by fumbling at the door. There's a way you can stay unflustered . . . even though your calendar defies you. It's simply a matter of choosing Kotex, knowing those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. So, relax. And skylark through the dance in confidence!

Why does a gal buy 2 sanitary belts?

☐ For extra security
☐ For that "bandbox feeling"
☐ One belt's for her sister

Next time you're dressing for a date—donning fresh undies, a charming frock—you'll want a change of sanitary belts. Yes, for that crisp, "bandbox feeling" you need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a change.

You know, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. And because it's adjustable, all-elastic, your Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. So—for more comfort, buy the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. And buy two—for a change!

When a gal's not "one of the gang"—why?

☐ She's shy
☐ She's a glow worm
☐ She's a vacuum cleaner

Shyness is only one reason why a cutie's out of the fun. She may be a glow worm (self-centered). Or a vacuum cleaner (picks up all the dirt). Any answer above can be right. The cure? More interests! Learn to get along with others. Good way's to join a dramatic club. Be a good trouper, whatever the day—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Yes, new Kotex has wonder-softness that holds its shape. Come hours of rehearsals—you're chafe-free! You're comfortable!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Horace Heidt will never have to force 1-year-old Horace, Jr., to practice his pieces! Hildegard, who's 6, looks on.

Facing

THAT great man of jazz, Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, seems to be ready to make another trans-Atlantic trip shortly. Louis' group did so well in France earlier this year that all of the continent is begging to see and hear them again.

Television got one of its first real tastes of be-bop music when the Original Amateur Hour on WABD presented a mechanic from Hoboken, New Jersey, who almost "stopped the show." Chet Boswell, the amateur singer, was quoted as saying that be-bop "isn't corn like Dixieland—it's long-hair jazz!"

They say that three is a lucky number and it appears as though Lena Horne's third waxing for MGM will hit the jackpot. Her rendition of "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "Mad, Mad, Mad" is exciting enough to make this almost as thrilling as listening to lovely Lena in person at Monte Proser's Copacabana in New York, where she is currently breaking the records she established last year.

Good news for radio fans this month is the return of Dinah Shore to the air as the co-star of the Eddie Cantor show. It was with the ebullient Cantor that Dinah got her first big break years ago and the two work together as smoothly as pancakes and syrup.

Young maestro Elliot Lawrence makes his screen debut this month in the latest of
shot of perfect summertime ease on Catalina.

Percy Faith with Jane Froman on CBS Pause That Refreshes—Jane without crutches for the first time since plane crash.

By DUKE ELLINGTON
whose disc show is heard on WOKO-Albany, WUSN-Charleston, S. C., WCMB-Lemoyne, Pa.

Columbia Pictures' "Thrills Of Music" series. "Five O'Clock Shadow," the number which his band plays in this film, is one of Elliot's original compositions, and quite a bouncy tune it is.

Few sights in radio today are as thrilling as that of spunky Jane Froman standing, unaided, at the microphone of her Sunday eve Pause That Refreshes program (CBS).

Hollywood reports that one of the biggest crowds in the history of Gilmore Stadium turned out for the annual charity baseball game between the teams captained by Frank Sinatra and Andy Russell. Many of filmdom's loveliest ladies, including Jane Russell, were on hand to participate as bat-boys, umpires and peanut vendors—but the fellow who almost stole the show with his spectacular work in the field and at bat was Lionel Hampton, stalwart of the Sinatra Swooners.

If you sense anything strange about the Andrews Sisters since their return to Bob Crosby's Club 15 (CBS, 7:30 P.M. Mon.-Fri.) but can't quite put your finger on it, try listening more carefully to their diction. After a month in England, Patty, Maxene and Laverne frequently drop their "aitches" while quipping with Bob, and more than once throw a "pip, pip" into their normally groovy patter.

New York's welcome to visiting Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour was written on a cake at a Hampshire House party.
DANCING OR LISTENING

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—Superb orchestral backing enhances Miss Stafford's vocals on "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home" and "Trouble In Mind." The former is the old standard which also features Nat Cole on piano, Ray Linn on trumpet and Herbie Haymer on tenor sax, while the latter is a fine blues tune.

MARION HUTTON (MGM)—Marion sings a couple of novelty tunes that sound as though they were written for sister Betty. Replete with orchestral backing, calypso and male chorus, "He Says, She Says" has a cute lyric. The reverse, "Borsch," done in a slow bouncy tempo is fine for dancing.

PHIL GREEN (London)—Some Richard Rodgers music that has received the attention it should have had is presented by the Phil Green Orchestra in a two-sided instrumental version of "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue," originally written as a dance scene for Ray Bolger. The recurring theme would make for a fine ballad.

LENA HORNE (MGM)—Lena sings "It's Mad, Mad, Mad" with great effectiveness and feeling. Our preference, however, is for "Sometimes I'm Happy," the Vincent Youmans-Irving Caeser song. Luther Henderson accompaniment is just fine, fine, fine.

ANNE SHELTON-SAM BROWNE (London)—This disc will certainly dispel any doubts you may have had about the English being able to turn out "cornball" music in American fashion. It's strictly a toss-up whether "The Law Is Comin' Fer Ya Paw" or "Say Something Sweet To Your Sweetheart" will be the big hit of the season.

BENNY GOODMAN (Capitol)—Did you ever stop to think that Benny has never made a bad record? Each of us may have opinions on specific BG discs, but there is no variance about the general level of his work. Specifically, we think you'll like both "Cherokee" and "Love Is Just Around The Corner." Featured with Benny are Red Norvo, Don Lamond and Harry Babbinson.

LOUIS PRIMA (RCA Victor)—Cathy Allen is a girl singer who should be getting lots more attention from the public. Her version of "Bubble-Loo Bubble-Loo" is second only to Peggy Lee's. Cathy's boss, Louis Prima, has a version of "The Sad Cowboy" that is second to none.

REV. KELSEY AND LENA PHILLIPS (MGM)—The Reverend and his congregation have recorded two portions of a prayer meeting that are fine down-to-earth bits of American folkdom. Miss Phillips' singing of "Lord Send The Rain" is truly interesting.

DORIS DAY AND BUDDY CLARK (Columbia)—This combination seems to have found the key to the public's heart. Their version of "I'm In Love" is still in the bright conversational style of singing. Doris sings "It's You Or No One" all by her lonesome on the reverse side.

JOHNNY DESMOND (Columbia)—It's been some time since the phrase "G. I. Sinatra" has been tossed about and we haven't been hearing enough of Johnny. There isn't one single reason why you won't like "Bella Bella Marie" and "Lillete." The Dell Trio supplies the backgrounds.

DEE PARKER (Mercury)—An instrumental group called the Miniatures surrounds Dee's warbling with much nice noise. Dee does well, too, on "My Curly Headed Baby" and "That's The Way He Does It."

ALBUM ARTISTRY

NURSERY RHYMES (Capitol)—Ken Carson's vocals to Billy May's music are combined to make one of the best of the recent children's sets. Two records in an envelope that also serves as a coloring book make an excellent package for the small fry.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG ALL STARS (RCA Victor)—The immortal and inimitable Satchmo is heard at some of his most recent stylings of such old favorites as "Rockin' Chair" and "Pennies From Heaven." Heavy support for Louis comes from Jack Teagarden, and peanuts Hucko, Bobby Hackett, Bob Haggert and George Wettling also shine. This one is specially for the two-beat enthusiasts.
There was temptation in her helpless silence

and then torment

WHEREVER motion pictures are shown "Johnny Belinda" will be the most discussed drama this year...

Never has the screen been more fearlessly outspoken. Rarely, if ever, has there been a story of a young girl's betrayal to touch you as will this one. You certainly will want to see it—we urge you to watch for the opening date.

WARNER BROS.

present a daring and courageous new dramatic achievement

JANE WYMAN • LEW AYRES

With this performance Jane Wyman unquestionably establishes her talent as among the very foremost on the screen.

"Johnny Belinda"

CHARLES BICKFORD

AGNES MOOREHEAD • STEPHEN McNALLY • JEAN NEGULESCO • JERRY WALD

DIREC TED BY PRODUCED BY

DIRECTED BY PRODUCED BY

PRODUCED BY

WILLIAM KAUFMAN • CLAYTON R. HILL

Screen Play by RICHARD VON CUBE and ALLEN VINGENT - From the Stage Play by Elmer Harris - Produced by Harry Rapf - Music by Max Steiner
Spotlight Revue's summer maestro, Dick Jurgens, (r.) and singer Georgia Gibbs, start Betty Ann Bersheim and Ted Hubert, Miami teenagers, on weekend in New York as Spotlight Revue's guests.

From Atlanta came winners Margaret Nelson and Allan Haller, with chaperone Celestine Sibley.

Memphis winners Earl Cunningham Jr., and Martha Kenley drew actor John Lund as lunch companion.

All summer long there has been much coming and going on the Spotlight Revue, heard Fridays at 10:30 P.M. EST, on CBS, as the weekly Junior Achievement winners came along on the holiday weekends they'd won. In cooperation with civic groups all over the country, the Spotlight's sponsors worked out a contest which was won, each week, by a pair of enterprising teen-agers on the basis of the community work they'd been doing. Adequately chaperoned, they were brought here from their home towns, appeared on the program with Spotlight's summertime maestro, Dick Jurgens, lunched at Sardi's, dined at the Stork, and in general had the kind of sight-seeing, star-gazing weekend New York is famous for. On these two pages you'll meet some of these fortunate couples, and see some of the things they did. This was a summer at Spotlight Revue!

By Dale Banks

At the time of this writing, agents and agency people are bickering and dickering over the return of the Johnny Madero show. Some want Brian Donlevy for the lead role, others want Jack Webb, who originated the character, to continue in the part. Personally, we hope they make up their collective minds. The Johnny Madero script always greatly pleased this pair of ears and, leave us face it, this head, too. It was a sure proof that there's a listening audience for adult shows and that people can follow dialogue that's not corny and contains a few grown-up ideas.

Penny Singleton (need we say "Blondie"?) has been optioned by a nationally-known publishing company to submit a book of recipes.
surveying the town from the Empire State tower.

titled "Dagwood's Favorite Recipes." And we always thought those monster sandwiches were a gag and would choke anyone who tried them!

Congratulations to CBS for winning Norman Corwin back into the radio fold for another of his series. Rumor had it, for awhile there, that Corwin was forsaking the air lanes for the lucrative movie world.

In case you haven't spotted it yet, a new magazine hits the stands this October. It's built around the radio show, Bride and Groom and, at this writing, is titled Happy Marriage. There's a $50,000 prize contest connected with its inauguration. The plans are to have about one sixth of the magazine devoted to the radio program it's built around and the rest will carry fiction and articles of interest to young homemakers.

Alan Young has a rather unusual contract with the Jimmy Durante show. As a rule, when you are signed by a big time program like that, they buy your exclusive services. Young's contract gives him the privilege of having his own show, as well.

We hear that NBC is set on a deal with Liberty Magazine whereby the network buys the video rights to stories and features which have appeared in the magazine.

We hear that Chet Lauck is back in the horse racing game again. He'd given up his stables some time ago, after running into a streak of very bad luck. But the urge to race is too strong, now Chet has (Continued on page 18)
TRIPLE-THREAT man at KDKA, Pittsburgh Westinghouse station, is Ed King—writer, producer and actor.

He had no set plan for his future when he finished school in his native La Crosse, Wisconsin, but he did have a flair for writing—a flair which first got him interested in newspaper work. Radio beckoned him in 1937 when he took a job at WKBH in La Crosse as a continuity writer.

But the attraction of the newsroom was still stronger and he left WKBH to go to Chicago as a free lance writer and later as a reporter and rewrite man on the Tribune. Something else happened in Chicago, however—he got his first taste of big time radio as assistant to the production manager at WGN.

That definitely launched him on a radio career and during the years before World War II he gathered experience as program director at WSJS, Winston Salem, N.C., and as a writer and production man at the Westinghouse station in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, WOWO.

Uncle Sam called him and he went off to the wars as a member of the Army Air Corps Intelligence. Shortly after he won a discharge, King joined the staff of KDKA January 15, 1946.

His first assignment at the Pittsburgh station was as a gag man and script writer for the noontime Variety show, “Brunch With Bill,” a Monday–through–Friday half hour feature. For a while, the show’s originator, Bill Hinds, was in the Army, King wrote script and acted as Brunchmaster. When Hinds returned to the Station, King continued as writer and actor.

The five-day-a-week stint left him too much time on his hands, however, and he set about writing other shows. His next effort was a serious dramatic presentation, “The Man Who Forgot,” a Good Friday drama based on the story of Pontius Pilate. It has since become a KDKA tradition and is presented every Good Friday.

His next effort was a special summer replacement, “King for a Minute,” a 15-minute satirical program in which he poked fun at every kind of stuffed-shirtedness that came his way.

He returned to serious writing just before the National Presidential Campaigns opened when he wrote and produced a 15-week series of half hour dramatic productions entitled “The Star-Spangled X”—a political history of the men who sought the Presidency.

Months of research brought to light little known episodes of the nation’s early political conventions. They were presented with true historic flavor and rounded out by the sparkling campaign and folk songs of the day.

In addition to writing and producing KDKA radio shows, King has taken part in many of them as an actor. He has been featured in the Adventures in Research series and in the KDKA public service shows on Sundays at 4:30 P.M.

King and his wife, Wendy, live in suburban Beechview and devote their spare time to their book and record collections. Wendy, former Ft. Wayne newspaper woman and continuity writer, continues her radio work in Pittsburgh as a free-lance writer for advertising agencies.

They both like radio and now that they’re sure it’s here to stay, they are exploring the possibilities of television.
“My Lux Soap facials bring quick new Loveliness!”
says Myrna Loy

Here’s a proved complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time!

“Smooth the fragrant lather well in,” says Myrna Loy. “Rinse with warm water, then cold. As you pat with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!”

Don’t let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Hollywood’s tip. See what this gentle beauty care will do for you!
WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST to COAST

Dinah Shore was a recent radio "instructor" in Los Angeles' new Board of Education training program.

(Continued from page 15)

started buying horses again and is pinning high hopes on a colt that will probably be named "Gorgeous George," if the name is passed by the U. S. Jockey Club.

* * *

After all the fine talk about how television is going to be such a big thing in such a short time, Sid Strotz, NBC's head of television, threw a lakeful of cold water on the whole thing recently. He predicted that losses by the pioneers in the new field would be staggering for the next three years and that a national hook-up would be economically impossible for at least 10 years. Expect to hear some large beefs from other experts, soon.

One of the reasons Jack Barry, who emcees Life Begins at 80, gave up his search for the oldest living person in the country was that birth records were not too carefully kept more than fifty years ago. Jack even now runs into difficulties in getting documentary evidence of the ages of people trying to get on the show. He says that some of the oldsters seeking spots on the panel produce all kinds of documents, their driver's licenses, insurance policies, passports, Spanish American War discharge certificates, wills, contracts and even the birth certificates of their children—which in most instances contain the ages of the parents—but never has one of the applicants produced his or her own birth certificate.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF... Tommy Dorsey is buying out his disc jockey show and handling the recorded stanza and all its business by himself... William L. Shirer has written a play which is making the rounds of Broadway producers... Raymond Paige is working on movie shorts based on the idea of his Musicomey radio series—dramatizing leading magazine stories and fitting music to them... Martin Block has his headquarters back in New York again... Several record companies are in a bad shape and likely to fold before the end of the year... Marion Hutton has been working with the Marx Brothers on their new picture, due to hit the nation's screens soon... Dick Powell is making another movie based on an original story... Phil Baker has been busy writing a book on his 30 years in show business... That's all for this month. Happy listening.

Compare Tissues... Compare Boxes —
There is only ONE KLEENEX*

America's Favorite Tissue

With Kleenex you save time, trouble, tissues.

Pull just one double tissue at a time.

Next one pops up ready for use!
Collector’s Corner
By SARAH VAUGHAN

(Sarah Vaughan has been acclaimed a foremost song stylist of modern times. During the past year she’s won top honors in many polls. She won the 1947 Esquire Award as the outstanding new singing star of the year. Sarah, who’s 23 years old, was singing in the choir of the Mount Zion Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., until five years ago when she won an amateur contest at a New York theater and a job as vocalist with Earl Hines’ band. She was signed by Musicraft Records in 1946 and has been that label’s top-selling artist.)

MY FAVORITE
TEN VOCAL RECORDS

1. “Ave Maria” by Marian Anderson
2. “Nancy” by Frank Sinatra
3. “Around About Midnight” by Margaret Whiting
4. “A Sunday Kind of Love” by Jo Stafford
5. “It’s Monday Every Day” by Jo Stafford
6. “I’m Getting Sentimental Over You” by Jack Leonard
7. “Stairway To The Stars” by Ella Fitzgerald
8. “Good Morning, Heartaches” by Billie Holiday
9. “Intrigue” by Billy Eckstine


This list comprises records by all my favorite vocalists. I am heading the list with Marian Anderson’s “Ave Maria” because I am a very great admirer of Miss Anderson’s work. Many times I have wished that I could go in for the serious kind of work she has done. One of the greatest thrills of my entire career came a short time ago when Miss Anderson called me up to compliment me on my recording of “The Lord’s Prayer.” To say the least, I was overwhelmed.

My favorite male vocalists are Frank Sinatra and Billy Eckstine. Billy and I worked together with Earl Hines’ band, and when Billy started his own band in 1945, I went with him.

As for girl singers, I like and admire a lot of them, particularly Jo Stafford, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday and Margaret Whiting. I think each has her own particular style, and that is what makes a singer.

Jacqueline Crouse, Art Student, outsparkled 1300 of Boston’s brightest beauties in a Community Fund contest to choose the city’s 1948 Red Feather Girl. A jury of prominent citizens awarded her the “crown”—a Lilly Dache hat adorned with a red feather, symbol of the Community Chests of America.

Jacqueline’s smile has a way with college men, too. They voted her “Sweetheart of Sigma Chi” at Brown University. Now her smile is brightening the campus of the Rhode Island School of Design. “It’s a Pepsodent Smile,” Jacqueline says. “No other tooth paste will do for me!”

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Jacqueline Crouse knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!
If there's one word you can associate with Ross Weller—whether you meet him in person, see him before a mike, or hear him over the air—it's "enthusiasm." He has plenty of it, and five long years in the Army, including action on Okinawa, has failed to lessen his spirits.

He has an enthusiasm for his own job and for all branches of show business—including a new one, television. His love for entertainment began back in high school when he was president of the Dramatic Club and continued through college, where he also headed the dramatic group.

The versatile Weller writes, produces and is co-M.C. of WBEN's Early Date at Hengerer's, Buffalo's daily audience show now passing the 1100 mark in broadcasts. This fun-and-music, quiz-and-stunt show originates in the tearoom of Hengerer's Buffalo department store, and it's Ross who thinks up all those stunts and games that keep the visible and listening audience guessing and grinning.

Ross was born in Toronto, Ontario, July 13, 1916. He moved with his parents to Rochester, N.Y., when he was 4 and went through school there, graduating from the University of Rochester in 1938.

He was the sparkplug in dramatics at the university and played three summers of dramatic stock during college vacations. Upon graduation, he went to New York to look over stage prospects and after three months decided that, for him, things didn't look too well.

Young Weller returned to Rochester and was in the auto financing business for a year, but that didn't provide the proper outlet for the enthusiasm of the personable six-footer. In January 1940 he joined WSAF, Rochester, as an announcer, and when he left in January 1942 to become program director at WBTA, Batavia—half-way between Rochester and his future home, Buffalo—he was chief announcer.

Ross joined the Army in September 1941 and had attained the rank of sergeant when he started at Officers' Candidate School. In August 1942, he was commissioned as a second lieutenant.

He was assigned to the 87th infantry division and in 1944 was transferred to Hawaii. There he joined the Tenth Army and was in on the invasion of Okinawa. He remained there until December 22, 1945, when he was hospitalized and flown back to the States.

While at Okinawa he acquired a fungus infection and was hospitalized for eleven months, finally receiving his honorable discharge in October 1946 with the rank of major. He now holds the same rank in the reserve Signal Corps.

Five days out of service, he was back in radio as staff announcer at WHAM, Rochester where he became a special-events man and handled a platter show and a novelty program. He came to WBEN Sept. 22, 1947 and has been announcing, disc-jockeying, writing and producing on a busy schedule ever since.

On April 19, 1947, the rangy Ross married lovely Jane Helen Hoercher of Rochester.
EVER SINCE Johnny Appleseed planted his first trees, we Americans have been eating and liking apple dumplings.

Now, everybody'll like 'em even better because there's a new trick, thanks to KARO® Syrup, that gives them a gorgeous golden crust, and a more delicious flavor.

Why not make some KARO apple dumplings today? They're easy and economical. Want to know what your family will say? Just two words ... "More, please".

**APPLE DUMPLINGS**

1 recipe baking powder biscuit dough
6 medium baking apples, pared and cored
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label
3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

Roll baking powder biscuit dough into a rectangle 1/4 inch thick. Cut into 6 squares. Place an apple in center of each square. Fill centers of apples with mixtures of 2 tablespoons melted butter, sugar, lemon juice, salt and spices. Pinch corners of squares together over each apple. Place in greased pan (7/1/2 x 12 x 2 inches). Combine KARO Syrup, water and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Pour over dumplings. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; reduce temperature to 350° F. and continue baking 35 to 40 minutes or until apples are tender. Baste occasionally with syrup mixture during baking. Makes 6 servings.
Pineapple salute to

*COMPANY COCKTAIL*

In many homes, Dole Pineapple Juice is the "Here's to Thanksgiving" drink... served in many ways, with festive meals, and even in-between! This holiday season, enjoy its refreshing coolness for "afternoon tea." Its tropic refreshing flavor goes great with salted nuts and fruit cake.

*PINEAPPLE PLUM PUDDING*

Holiday dinners call for plum pudding and yours this year can be better than ever! Just add a cup of drained new Dole Crushed Pineapple to your standard plum pudding recipe. For extra taste-excitement, fold some into your hard sauce, too. The new Dole Crushed, you know, looks better and tastes better because it is crisp-cut. Why not get a can today?

*By PATRICIA COLLIFF
Dole Home Economist
Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd.
215 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

BEHIND

My True Story

CHARLES Warburton, co-director of My True Story (ABC, Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EST), is one of those actors and directors who has been in the business for so long that he's developed a fine sense of horseplay about the "Profession," as it is called by its devotees. He has an easy laugh, a charming manner, and a voice which the air and telephone belies his years and experience.

Mr. Warburton comes from an old English theatrical family. He was born in Yorkshire, England, and educated at Wesley College and Sheffield University. When he got through with that formal part of his education he joined the famous acting company of Sir Frank Benson and "...spent the next twelve years, really learning."

In 1913, he toured the United States with the Stratford-on-Avon players, but before that tour went too far he returned to England to enlist for service in the First World War. He served three years in France and prefers not to talk about it.

When he returned to England for demobilization, the first person he ran into on the street was the manager of the Old Vic, who invited him to join the company immediately.

In a short while, Mr. Warburton became the leading man of the Old Vic Company and, a year later, he added to his duties that of directing the company.

Late in 1920, Mr. Warburton made a second visit to the United States. This was a visit that never ended, for he's been here ever since and has become an American citizen.

Mr. Warburton auditioned for NBC in 1927 and was promptly hired as an actor-director. He was on the staff of NBC for many years. Now, he's added ABC to his conquests, where he is one

PRODUCER

Charles Warburton
Jeannie with the dull wild hair... now a lovely "LUSTRE-CREME" Girl

WHEN I GAILY ARRIVED at our studio next day, Fred whistled in amazement, "Hold it, Gorgeous!" he cried, "Your hair! It's wonderful! If Stephen Foster could write lyrics about lovely brown hair, so can I! What rhymes with glisten, glamour, sheen, and pays off with lovely dream girl?" Thanks to Lustre-Creme Shampoo, I rated a love song after all.

YES, I'M JEANIE. Together, Fred and I turned out songs... about love and moonbeams. To annoy me he sometimes whistled "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair"... for my brown hair was nothing to dream about. It was just dingy-looking and unruly.

BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT, my chum Madge told me the secret of her gorgeous hair, "Lustre-Creme Shampoo," she said, "My hairdresser uses it. It's not a soap, nor a liquid, but a new cream shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too, and keep your hair lovely!"

ACTRESS Edith Fellows

of their most highly respected directors. Mr. Warburton has been with the My True Story stage and screen since it started and he figures, roughly, that he's directed about six hundred of the stories that have been presented.

One of the actresses most frequently called upon to appear on the My True Story stage is tiny Edith Fellows, who tips the scales at exactly 89 pounds, is five feet tall and has hazel eyes and reddish-blonde hair. Which doesn't really describe her after all.

Practically all her life, Edith has been an entertainer. She was born in Boston in 1923 of Scotch-English descent. There is behind her a long line of distinguished artists, singers, actors and politicians.

Edith's baby years were spent in Charlotte, North Carolina, where, as soon as she was able to walk and talk, she was called on to entertain at benefits. All this was fine in North Carolina. But when Edith was taken to Hollywood at the age of three, her parents discovered that hundreds of other hopeful parents and their talented offspring (at least, so the parents thought) had also had the same idea.

When Edith was finally spotted by a talent scout, she was given tiny extra parts and flashes in mob scenes with hundreds of other children whose parents also hoped they'd be successful one day.

Then, as her roles in pictures grew larger until she was playing opposite Bing Crosby in "Pennies From Heaven" and, even more successfully with Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss," Edith began to get places in radio, too—as a singer. There followed another vaudeville tour, in which producer Brock Pemberton saw her and decided she was just what the doctor ordered to play the title role of "Janie."

Edith has also made her mark in musical comedy. But her debut in that field was not on the Broadway stage, or before the Hollywood cameras. The first audiences to whom she sang were the service men at hospitals and cantines.

And from this came a series of musicals such as the title role in the Broadway hit, "Marinka," and leading roles in summer stock productions of "Rosalie," "Student Prince," "Naughty Marietta," "Babes in Toyland" and George Abbott's "Best Foot Forward." This is a young lady who's been knocking around in show business as long as many a veteran of far riper years, but she loves it and can think of no other life that she would rather follow.

YOU, TOO... can have soft, gleaming, glamorous hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Dasmat, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. No special rinse needed. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl. 4-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 9¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it today!

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor) 99 N. Mich Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Hollywood's NEWEST Glamour Secret

Pan-Stik*

The New Cream-Type Make-Up in unique stick form

Now...for you...Hollywood's newest way to create glamorous beauty...instantly...miraculously. It's Pan-Stik...a new amazing cream-type make-up discovery as revolutionary as the first lipstick. Your complexion looks new, flawless, fascinatingly beautiful. Your skin feels soft, refreshed, unbelievably smooth. Pan-Stik is so easy and quick to apply, so light, so long-lasting, so wonderfully convenient, so completely different from anything you have ever used before...

You'll love it from the very first make-up.

CREATED FOR THE SCREEN STARS AND YOU... BY

Max Factor * Hollywood

IN SEVEN GORGEOUS SHADES...$1.50

A Secret National Survey Shows...
Most women who have tried Pan-Stik actually prefer it to any make-up they have ever used.

HERE'S WHAT THEY SAY!

☆ "I have never used any make-up that is so completely satisfactory."

☆ "My skin feels soft, smooth, and natural, and stays fresh-looking from morning to night."

☆ "It's easy to apply, goes on smoothly and evenly, never becomes greasy, streaky, or shiny."

☆ "It looks so natural no one knows I have it on—I'm just wild about it."

☆ "It covers blemishes, feels satiny smooth and makes my skin look more youthful."

☆ "My skin feels refreshed—never drawn, tight, or dry."

"Pan-Stik" (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cream-Type Make-Up

REVOLUTIONARY...DIFFERENT

As easy to use as your lipstick!

A few light strokes of Pan-Stik... smoothed with your fingertips creates a lovelier complexion.

Looks glowingly natural, soft and youthful—stays on from morning to night.

Non-drying...your skin feels refreshed...never tight, drawn, or dry.

Easily tucked away for any unexpected make-up need.
THE play's the thing," Shakespeare said long ago. In hearty agreement with Mr. S. is Martin Horrell, producer and originator of Grand Central Station, popular dramatic show heard every Saturday over the Columbia Broadcasting System network. If Mr. Horrell insists upon adding, "But don't forget the writer," those who know the story behind the stories broadcast on Grand Central Station will readily understand.

Since the first presentation of Grand Central Station in 1937, Martin Horrell has produced a new and different drama on the air each week. Despite his enviable reputation in the radio world as a story editor, he says that could not have sustained the high quality of his program and its wide listener appeal without a steady flow of radio scripts from fledgling and professional free-lance writers, upon which to mount his painstaking production.

Ten years is a long time on the air and a lot of writing is consumed in that length of time, particularly in a radio show with a different story and a new set of characters coming up every week. These new stories, individual radio dramas, don't just happen. They must be written, and that requires writers. That's where producer Horrell departs from the most-trodden paths. Although the work of well-known radio writers is frequently produced on Grand Central Station, the emphasis is on new talent. Budding authors are encouraged and (Continued on page 96).
LAST year the First Annual Radio Mirror Awards brought the readers of Radio Mirror their first opportunity to vote, on a nationwide scale, for their favorite radio programs and performers. Last year, too, marked the first time that the people most closely concerned with the business of radio—the networks, advertising agencies, press agents, and their producers and directors, as well as the radio stars themselves—had an opportunity to learn how the reader-listeners felt about the programs being offered to the public. And after all, the people who listen to radio are the most important people of all to the radio industry.

Now, in 1948, the Radio Mirror Awards, no longer an experiment, but an important part of the radio scene, will again search out listener preferences, again provide the public with a medium through which its voice can be heard, again provide the industry with standards against which to weigh programs already on the air and those planned for future airing. Not only in 1948, but every year—for the Awards are now an important part of the Radio Mirror annual schedule.

If you, the listener, have applauded your favorite programs and stars only in your own home, where your opinion can be heard only by your family, here is your chance to be heard coast to coast! And if your criticism of shows and performers you dislike has also been a family affair, here’s the way to make your dislikes known on a large scale. Even if you are one of the people who write to networks about programs, remember that one voice alone makes little sound, but many together can produce earth-shaking volume!

On the opposite page is the first of the two Radio Mirror Awards ballots. On this first ballot, you are invited to state your preferences among the radio stars now on the air. Next to each type of star, printed on the ballot, is a space in which to write the name of the performer who, in your opinion, is the best in that field.

Send your completed ballot to Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Results will be announced in the April, 1949, issue of Radio Mirror.

Next month, in the December issue of Radio Mirror, a ballot on which to vote for your favorite programs will appear. The December issue will be on sale Wednesday, November 10th.

Remember that you can vote only for your favorite stars on the ballot opposite; next month, vote for your favorite programs on the ballot which will be printed in the December issue of Radio Mirror.
VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE STARS
(Write in the name of your one favorite star opposite each of the classifications below)

My Favorite SINGER (man) is.................................
My Favorite SINGER (woman) is.............................
My Favorite ORCHESTRA LEADER is......................
My Favorite NEWS COMMENTATOR is.......................
My Favorite ANNOUNCER is.................................
My Favorite SPORTS ANNOUNCER is.......................
My Favorite COMEDIAN (man) is...........................
My Favorite COMEDIENNE (woman) is...................
My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR is................
My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS is............... 
My Favorite QUIZMASTER is.................................
My Favorite DISC JOCKEY is.................................

MOST PROMISING NEWCOMER TO RADIO THIS YEAR
My Favorite MASTER OF CEREMONIES is................
My Favorite WOMEN’S COMMENTATOR is.................
My Favorite HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM is................

Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Awards, 265 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
AST year the First Annual Radio Mirror Awards brought the readers of Radio Mirror their first opportunity to vote, on a nationwide scale, for their favorite radio programs and performers. Last year, too, marked the first time that the people most closely concerned with the business of radio—the networks, advertising agencies, press agents, and their producers and directors, as well as the radio stars themselves—had an opportunity to learn how the reader-listeners felt about the programs being offered to the public. And after all, the people who listen to radio are the most important people of all to the radio industry.

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Send your completed ballot to Radio Mirror Magazine, 255 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Results will be announced in the April, 1949, issue of Radio Mirror.

Next month, in the December issue of Radio Mirror, a ballot on which to vote for your favorite programs will appear. The December issue will be on sale Wednesday, November 19th.

Remember that you can vote only for your favorite stars on the ballot opposite; next month, vote for your favorite programs on the ballot which will be printed in the December issue of Radio Mirror.

\[\text{Vote for your favorite stars}\]

\text{Write in the name of your one favorite star opposite each of the classifications below.}
THE QUIZ KIDS

J O E L K U P P E R M A N, twelve-year-old mathematical wizard of more than 200 Quiz Kid programs, and Rinny Templeton, thirteen, current authority on history and literature, join forces to tell you about the man Radio Mirror readers named the nation's best quiz master in the first annual listeners' poll last year.

Kids are like dogs. They can sense the difference between people who really like them and those who put on an act.

We Quiz Kids were happy when Radio Mirror readers named Joe Kelly the nation's best quiz master last year. He's our favorite quiz master, too, and the main reason we like him is because we know he likes us.

It doesn't take long for a new Quiz Kid to find out about Mr. Kelly.

Your first day on the show is like the first day at a new school. Everyone has told you not to be scared, but just the same, you are.

Everything seems big and mysterious when you come into the Merchandise Mart in Chicago, thirty minutes ahead of the show. You feel you can walk and walk down the towering corridors and never arrive at the NBC studios.

You wonder what kind of questions they will ask you, and whether you'll know any of the answers. You wish you could get just one little advance glimpse so you could be thinking about them, but you know that won't happen. You remember you have been told emphatically, "There's no rehearsal."

You zoom up in an elevator fast as an airplane, and when they bring you into the little corridor back of the big studio, you slip past the control room to peek through the door to see the row of little white desks on the platform. You find your name on a sign in front of one of them. You see the audience filing in.

All those people, and all those listening on their radios will hear it if you don't know the answers. You get that trembly feeling which comes before an examination in school. Only this is worse. If you're small enough, you hold tight to your mother's hand.

The other kids scuffle and joke about things that happened last week. They toss on their rustling red gowns as though they were old sweaters, but you get all tangled up with the hooks. They slap their mortar boards on their heads as though they were beanies, while you try to balance that strange contraption so it won't slide down over your nose. You have had no practice wearing an academic cap and gown.

Just when you are sure you want to turn around and head for home, Mr. Kelly comes in. You're introduced, and he says, "Well, hello there Rinny!"—or Joel, or Lonnie, or Bobby, or whatever your name may be—"I'm certainly glad to see you here."

You know he means it, too. You feel he has been waiting for you all the time.

Then you notice he has almost as much difficulty with his green gown as you had with your red one. He fumbles with the big sleeves. He jabs a hook at an eye and misses. You weren't so clumsy after all.

He pats you on the (Continued on page 72)
ANYONE who has to go out in front of the public and make like an actress for her living is apt to have times, usually late at night, when she wonders who she is. This is a mild mental disorder which might be called angletitis, since it is the result of being written about from too many different angles by people who have nothing better to do than go around thinking them up—publicity men and such. One's sense of being a real person can get completely lost in the angular mazes and distorted mirrors of publicity.

The other night at dinner I was trying to tell my husband, Allan Nixon, something about this. "Allan," I said, "sometimes I feel so overcrowded, and lately it's been getting worse."

"Now look, dumpling," Allan spoke very firmly, "don't go trying out any of that Irma dialogue on me."

If you've ever heard Irma, you'll need no diagram of my husband's unkind meaning: he meant that what I was saying sounded to him kind of off-center and lunkheaded. Which just goes to show, as every married woman knows, that even the best husbands can be awfully obtuse at times.

What I was trying to tell Allan was that sometimes the inside of my soul feels as congested as the area immediately around the football half a second after a fumble on the one-yard line in the Rose Bowl. There are too many Wilsons in there—or too many press agents. First, there's bone-dome Wilson, the dumb, good-hearted blonde of CBS, Irma on My Friend Irma; then there's glamour-gam Wilson, one of the more prominent exhibits in that menagerie of show business, Ken Murray's Blackouts; and finally there's smartypants Wilson, who works hard at being a nitwit and makes it pay off on the movie lots. And away down underneath the pile-up, still trying hard to hang onto the ball, is a slightly scared and somewhat suffocated character—and that's me, Marie Wilson. That gal needs air. She needs to get all those other Wilsons off her chest. That's what this story is for and about. Since Allan wasn't interested, I'll just tell you.

To begin where the story begins, we have to go back to Anaheim, California, December the thirtieth, nineteen hundred and none of your business. But it was later than 1916—I've got a birth certificate to prove it.

Shortly after my arrival, my father and mother were divorced. I firmly believe that this was merely a coincidence. Anyway, my mother married again very soon and my stepfather turned out such a grand person that the "step" part could just as well be omitted, as a double life can be a very confusing thing for a girl—particularly when it's made up of two strong personalities like the make-believe Irma and the real Marie Wilson.

By MARIE WILSON

far as I'm concerned.

With my three brothers and two sisters I had an abnormally happy and normal childhood among the orange groves and nuts of Anaheim—a lot of English walnuts are grown in that district. Ours was a chattering houseful; whenever there were fewer than three people talking at once, things began to seem dull.

Play-acting was a popular pastime in our family. All kids like to do it, I suppose—dress up in their elders' clothes and parade their conceptions of how grown-ups act. Incidentally, the most educational thing that could happen to most grown-ups would be to catch a child's impersonation of them. Of course the grown-up has got to have a sense of humor, or the results for the child caught doing the impersonation are likely to be painful. I speak from experience.

However, no matter what some people say, I grew up, and at sixteen I didn't graduate from high school. I'm pretty sure I would have, eventually, if I'd persisted long enough, but who wants to spend ten or twelve of the best years of their life on plane geometry? I quit before I'd accumulated enough credits to merit a diploma and went to Hollywood to be a movie star.

Two things made the Hollywood venture possible—a sizable inheritance left me by my real father when he died, and an absolutely colossal unawareness, all my own, of what it took to crack a movie studio.

The first move of my foray against fame and fortune was to bring my whole family to Hollywood with me. Being one of a big family isn't (Continued on page 89)
Scatter-brained is a mild word for Irma—but on the other hand, so is lovable!
If a train does not pull out of a depot on schedule, it pulls out after schedule. If a bus lags behind its timetable, it is not removed from the road. If a passenger plane does not take off on time, it takes off late. And if a ship does not sail the day of announcement, another day will do.

In virtually every activity involving human effort—on land, in the air and on sea, if you please—there is a second chance or a late start. In my nearly three years as producer and host of the Lux Theatre, I have learned that radio—live radio, such as Lux, of course—is a breathtaking exception to the rule of margin of error.

Never was it more painfully apparent than on the day, three hours before airtime, when it was discovered that the permission of author Sally Benson had not been obtained for adaptation of “Sunday Dinner for a Soldier.”

It was too late even to mimeograph a new script, let alone time to rewrite another motion picture for

By WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

These reminiscences of Lux Radio Theatre are written for Radio Mirror by the producer-host of the program, which is heard Mondays at 9 P.M. EST, on CBS stations.

1936 ... Boots Mallory, James Cagney, Robert Armstrong in a version, refined for radio, of the tough “Is Zat So!”

1937 ... Janet Gaynor, Robert Montgomery in a production of the record-making “A Star is Born.”
radio presentation. Already there had been five rehearsals, aggregating 700 man hours of preparation, as was the custom on the most rehearsed dramatic show on the air.

Somewhere in the United States was Sally Benson, the one person who could authorize the announced broadcast. Just where, nobody knew. The best that could be learned from the studio which had produced the film was the telephone number of Miss Benson's agent in New York City. A nearly hysterical long distance call elicited the information that Miss Benson might be at her ranch 50 miles inland from Santa Barbara, California.

Finally, she was tracked down through Information. Yes, a telephone was listed for a Sally Benson residing near Santa Barbara. But it had been disconnected. She did not wish to be disturbed at her retreat.

Despair pervaded the CBS Playhouse on Vine Street. There was one wild (Continued on page 84)


Past and present, the veteran Radio Theatre is responsible for some of radio's most glittering moments.

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Left to right: Rochester, the Sportsmen Quartet (Bill Days, Mac Smith, Marty Sperzel, Gurney Bell), announcer Don Wilson, orchestra leader Phil Harris, producer Hilliard Marks, Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, musical director Mahlon Merrick (who is seated behind Mary), Dennis Day; behind actresses Jane Morgan and Gloria Gordon, Mel Blanc.
Without Radio Mirror, you'd have as much trouble getting into this studio as you would have getting into Fort Knox.

If you were visiting in Hollywood, Sunday afternoon would probably find you lined up with hundreds of others at the NBC studios, trying to get in to see the Jack Benny Show. Unfortunately, only 350 lucky folks can have this privilege every week (that's all the studio seats) so even if you were on the spot your chances would be small. However, Radio Mirror won't let you be stopped by mere time-and-space limitations; with these pages we whisk you past the crowds, through the great double doors, into the silver-walled hush of the studio, where you choose for yourself among the maroon-upholstered seats. It's about 3:30 P.M. at this point, half an hour before air time (4 PST, 7 EST) but you're not too early; you're just in time for the pre-broadcast show with which the Benny cast warms-up itself and the audience before the “On the Air” signal turns red.

No stone is left unturned if there might be something funny underneath it—even the commercials, as sung by the Sportmen, amuse.

Benny made them funny: Dennis Day (1) started out as a singer; Don Wilson (r) an announcer; Mary Livingstone (seated) as Jack's wife.
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When her husband died, Ellen Brown was left alone with two children to support. She opened a tea room in the little town of Simpsonville — the tea room that still is her means of livelihood. Although a young woman and an attractive one, Ellen felt that romance was over for her, that her duty to Mark, her son, and Janey, her daughter, must come before anything else.
Young Ellen Brown comes to terms with a fundamental truth:

a woman without love—no matter how busy, how useful she is—is living only half a life

2. Nothing, Ellen discovered, is more necessary to a lonely, confused woman than a friend she can wholeheartedly trust. She has such a friend in shrewd, lovable Uncle Josh, a farmer whose advice has helped her through many bad times.

3. One of the bad times was when ardent Dr. Peter Turn awakened love Ellen had thought she would never feel again. But, believing that Mark and Janey would suffer if she accepted the new life Peter offered, Ellen sent him away.

In this backward look at the exciting moments in Young Widder Brown's life, you will find, just as they are heard on the air:

Florence Freeman as...........Ellen Brown
Ned Wever....................Anthony Loring
Marilyn Erskine..............Janey Brown
Arline Blackburn............Barbara Storm
Alexander Scourby..........Herbert Temple
Dorothy Francis.............Victoria Loring
Tom Hoier.....................Uncle Josh
Alice Yourman............Maria Hawkins

Young Widder Brown, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Mondays through Fridays at 4:45 P.M. EST, on NBC.
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Then wealthy, ambitious Herbert Temple tried to win the girl Ellen had built around her heart. Secretly, fearing love lay at Ellen's feet—but now again the children feared of sharing their mother with a "stranger," triumph...
5. When brilliant Dr. Anthony Loring came to Simpsonville's hospital, Ellen's peace of mind underwent its most serious threat. For she was as passionately drawn to the attractive, eligible Anthony as he was to her.

6. After months of indecision, Ellen agreed to marry Anthony. But his dictatorial, scheming sister Victoria, who felt Anthony was wasting himself on Ellen, found a way to stop the marriage just as the ceremony started.

8. Among the women Anthony attracted was Barbara Storm. Knowing she could not win him, Barbara revenged herself by disappearing after arranging circumstances to make it seem that Ellen had murdered her.

9. Agonizing months followed, as Ellen tried to clear herself of a crime that had never been committed. Eventually the truth emerged; Barbara was found and declared insane. In a sanitarium, she still plots vengeance.
7. So relieved were Ellen’s two children, Mark and Janey, that their mother had not been “taken” from them by marriage that Ellen was almost glad her wedding plans had fallen through. Though she offered to release Anthony from their engagement, he insisted that he would wait, for he believes that some day Mark and Janey will accept him as a stepfather.

10. Ellen, as well as Anthony, had admirers. One was a young lawyer, Johnny Brent. But Ellen did not need well-meaning, gossipy Maria Hawkins to point out that as a husband, Johnny might not be a very wise choice.

11. No, Ellen is certain that if any man is right for her, it is Anthony. Troubled and incomplete as their relationship must be for the present, they look forward hopefully to the richer life which the future offers.
As if 'Blondie' weren't busy enough, she had Cleo Kerley in to give her expert food lessons.

"I wouldn't know what to do if I couldn't hurry home from school, swear Mother to secrecy, and tell her everything that's on my mind."

My mother has a variety of names. Socially she is Mrs. Robert S. Sparks. Professionally she is Miss Penny Singleton. But, mostly she is known by the name of an empty-headed radio character which she plays over NBC every Wednesday at 8:00 P.M. EST (5:00 PST), Blondie Bumstead.

My mother has a variety of accomplishments. One afternoon, for instance, when I was sick in bed with a cold, and feeling doubly miserable because the afternoon was so dark and stormy, she came to my room with paper and pencil and suggested that we write a poem about the weather.

Perhaps some of my friends wouldn't be interested in passing time striving for rhyme, but I've always been around people who have sort of a literary approach to life, so it seemed like a fine idea.

I didn't turn out anything it would give anyone the least pleasure to remember, but Mother outdid herself as usual. This is what she wrote:

Dear little rain drops
Falling from the skies,
Are you tears of happiness
From the angels' eyes?
Do you to us a message bring?
Clinging to each earthly thing
Seen and yet unseen?
Must mortals to the unknown land
Journey on, to understand?

I don't know another girl my age who has a poetry-writing mother and a mother who is also an actress, a singer, an equestrienne, a fashion expert, a child psychologist, a postcard painter, a stamp collector, a button collector, a quick change artist, and the source of a million laughs.

You might think all these interests would keep Penny Singleton very busy. They don't. She is always looking around for something else to do.

For instance: it is sometimes difficult to keep a maid, so Mother decided (Continued on page 92)

A growing-up daughter is likely to be her mother's severest critic.

But Penny Singleton Sparks, weighed by young Dorothy Grace, is found ... perfect
"Daddy brought hamburgers home for fun, but he had to admit the cooking lessons showed results."

"Daddy says Mother has enough energy to run a power plant. She's always improving something!"

"Mother thinks even Susy isn't too young for our 'open forum' discussions. We talk everything right out."

MY FAVORITE MOTHER
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Arthur Lake, as Dagwood, is heard Wednesdays on the Blondie program, 8:00 P.M. EST, NBC.

At the sunroom soda fountain, Marion Rose waits her turn as Arthur Patrick downs more milk than his Dad thought possible.

Dagwood's

Home comforts are especially important to Arthur and Pat.

Arthur built the barbecue, but the whole family works at it.
Housing crisis? What's that? Now before you start throwing things, let me explain. I know the Arthur Lakes of Santa Monica, California, are not the only family in America who have been struggling with the roof over the head problem. And I know a lot of other families haven't found any solution yet.

We wouldn't have either—except that we were desperate enough to take desperate measures. We bought a haunted house!

We began to get frantic about a year ago. Pat and the kids and I had been very comfortably settled, thank you, in a pleasant little house—strictly in the Dagwood tradition, short on the closets but plenty of charm—on the rim of Santa Monica canyon overlooking the Pacific.

Everything was ducky until the family began to grow. Nothing for the columnists mind you—Marion Rose is four now and Arthur Patrick is almost six, and we have no plans for more Winchell items—but just people.

Nice people, people we like. But people need bedrooms and a chance at a bathroom and some of those damned closets.

First, Pat's father fell sick and we brought him to our house. That meant nurses, and Pat's stepmother, and a defiant old bull dog Pat gave her dad for a present several years ago.

The skipper of our boat, "The Blondie," came back from the Army, homeless, and moved in with us with his wife and his daughter, Jeannie, who is four and a great pal for Marion Rose. Then we got a new housekeeper who came equipped with another child, this one a little boy just right for a playmate for A. P.

It got very noisy. We began to go to our meals in shifts. It began to look as though we'd better think about moving. But where, in 1947?

Then, one evening when Pat and I were sitting on the terrace waiting for our turn at the victuals, we hit upon the great idea. Smack across the canyon, the dead eyes of a half hundred dark windows stared at us from a big, old, empty house. About the size of a nice hotel.

We had lived in our house for five years and had never seen a light in the place.

"Look," I said to Pat, pointing.

"Ummm," she replied unenthusiastically.

"Well, we could go and see it," I went on. "What could we lose?"

"Our heads," she said. Practical Pat.

I began checking the next day, just the same. There were practical points on my side, too.

I drove by first—couldn't see much. The place was surrounded by a six-foot-high, three-foot-thick wall overgrown with burned up ivy and half dead moss. Through a wrought iron gate across the driveway, I could see the house a quarter of a mile away, a mammoth thing with vaulted windows like a church, giant archways, a tower thrown in for luck.

Well, there would be room enough...

I checked some more. A real (Continued on page 101)

House of Happiness

Arthur Lake needed a roof for his family. It didn't even matter that the roof he found leaked... and sheltered a ghost, too

By ARTHUR LAKE

With all this magnificence came one drawback; a ghost.
But the Lakes felt one more wouldn't matter...
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THANKSGIVING DAY . . . 1948
Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Not a mere feast day . . . let this not be that . . .
But one of thanks, both simple and sincere,
That God has brought us to the harvest time . . .
The wintry edge of still another year.
Not a mere feast day, given to gluttony . . .
But, rather, one of asking God to bless
Our future days while praising Him for His
"Merciful dealing in the wilderness" . . .
To use the very words the Pilgrims used
That First Thanksgiving Day . . . our world,
Indeed,
Being a wilderness, more vast than theirs,
Of fear and selfishness and hate and greed.
Not a mere feast day . . . but a day of prayer
Before all else . . . of heart-meant prayer and praise
That God has been a Lantern to our feet
And so will be down all the coming days.
—Violet Alleyn Storey

POPCORN MAN
He sets his white cart where its brilliant light
Will make a little island in the night,
Let others shout their goods with raucous cries.
Skilled in long years of peddling, he is wise
To let his wares speak for themselves. He goes
By the subtler allurement of the nose.
Calmly oblivious to all the din,
The popcorn-man scoops fluffy kernels in
White paper sacks, with steady practiced hand.
Pretending not to see the hungry stand,
Mouths watering, coins clutched in waiting fingers.
Then, with a dignified finesse, he lingers
Over each purchase, careful to a fault.
Pouring hot butter through, shaking the salt,
He plays his nightly role, sure of his fame.
They are the hovering moths to his bright flame.
—Esther Baldwin York

STORM CENTRE
When Grandpa's temper rose, the dishes danced
Like dervishes upon the startled table,
Fido skulked out, his tail between his legs;
We children kept as quiet as we were able.
But the storm soon ended, and the evening-hours
Regained their poise, jogged to a gentle pace;
The dog slept near the round, red-bellied stove,
And Grandma calmly tattered or made lace;
For Time had taught her this wise epigram—
Ignored, the blustering lion becomes a lamb!
—Pauline Havard

UNINHIBITED
Today, I saw a bright green cloud,
An elephant in pink,
A cow togged out in wild red shorts—
Oh! No! I never drink!

A hen displayed a suit of blue
Beside a purple pig,
And pumpkins on an apple tree
Made my old eyes grow big;

I blinked them twice and held my breath,
And dared another look—
Relax, my friend; I'd only found
My three-year-old's paint book.
—Elizabeth Chapman

THE ETERNAL RIDDLE
Side by side, though leagues apart,
He cannot read her woman-heart.
Yet he has wisdom—far a man—
He knows there's no one else who can.
—Isla Paschal Richardson

THE WIND SHARPENS, THE DAYS DRAW IN. NOW IS THE TIME WHEN HEARTH
WITHOUT WORDS
Over the wind-lashed sand I walk alone;
Between us lies the still unfathomed sea,
And there is nothing but the heart's mute call
   To bring your voice to me.
   My thoughts go outward bound to that far shore,
From which you climb to heights I cannot know,
Since all the moments that we held so dear
   Were lost long, long ago.
A wave creeps to my feet; a gull drifts down,
   So close its silver wing could touch my cheek.
Oh, is it only thus you answer now—
   Now that you cannot speak?
   —Eugenia T. Finn

JOURNEY'S END
(To a Young Repatriated Soldier)
The journey which began five years ago
   Is ended, and the cycle is complete.
Now you are home . . . home to beloved hills
Which once have known the imprint of your feet
Tracking the grouse, the rabbit and the fox:
Which loitered where the huckleberries made
   The hillside, and your eyes, as blue as heaven.
Where carefree laughter was a serenade
To summer's gifts. The secret swimming hole;
The hidden shack high on a sunlit hill
Where you have dreamed a half-awakened dream,
Or lain to watch the white shad-bushes spill
Their misty coins against the gathering dusk.
These hills shall hold the cameo of youth
In paths starred through the scarlet pistil;
We leave you cradled in their royal dust.
Taps sound their poignant notes . . . sleep, well! Sleep well!
   —Eunice Mildred LonCoske

LIFE'S STAGE
Ah, Petulant One,
Are you sure we have the time
For these small scenes—
   Scenes with the downcast eye,
The frown, the sigh.
They take from Spring
Her sweet perfume
What then from us—
   Who now have Summer's bloom?
Open then your heart, my love,
And read the lines—
That cleanse the hurt
Why let it there abide—inside
We who should love and laugh away
The few scenes left
   We have to play.
   —Nancy Cavanagh

FOOLISH VIRGIN
Sue made a fool of her man,
   She was so honey-mouthing and cool.
   Much cleverer was Maryanne—
   She made a man out of her fool.
   —Florence Denison

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars
for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, and address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.
THANKSGIVING DAY...1948
Radio Woman's Free Turn
Not a mere feast day...let this not be that...Not one of thanks, both simple and sincere, That God has brought us to the harvest time...The winner edge of still another year. Not a mere feast day, given to glitter...But rather, one of asking God to bless Our future days while pleading Him for His "mercy dealing to the wilderness"...To see the very winds the Pilgrims read That First Thanksgiving Day...our world. Indeed, Being a wilderness, more vast than theirs, Of fear and selfishness and hate and greed. Not a mere feast day...but a day of prayer Before all else...of heart-moan prayer and prayer That God has been a Language in our ears And as we will be done all the coming days.
—Violet Allen Story

STORM CENTRE
When Grandpa's temper rose, the dishes danced Like derelicts upon the startled table. Fido sneaked out, his tail between his legs. The children kept at quiet as we were able. But the storm soon ended, and the evening hours Regained their poise, jiggled to a gentle pace. The dog slept near the round, red-tiled stove. And Grandpa calmly talked to made last. For Time has taught us this wise epicure:—Ignored, the blustering lion becomes a lamb.
—Pauline Hurst

UNHIBITED
Today, I saw a bright green cloud, An elephant in grass. A cow looked out at still red Murray. Oh! No! I never drink! A bee displayed a suit of blue Beside a purple pig. And pumpkins on an apple tree Made my old eyes grow big: I hiked them twice and held my breath. And dared another look—before, my friend; I only found My three-year-old puppy book—Elizabeth Hooper

THE ETERNAL RIDDLE
Side by side, though leagues apart. He cannot read her woman-heart. Yet he has wisdom—for a man—He knows there's no one else who can.
—Isa Passoul Richardson

W I T H O U T W O R D S
Over the wind-whipped sand I walk alone; Between us lies the still unfathomied sea, And there is nothing but the heart's music call To bring your voice to me.
My thoughts go outward bound to that for open, From which you climb to heights I cannot know; Save all the moments that we held so close Were lost long, long ago.
A wave creeps to my feet; a gull drifts down, So close its silver wing could touch my cheek. Oh! is it only then you answer new—
Now that you cannot speak?
—Eugenia T. Finn

JOURNEY'S END
(To a Young Retired Soldier)
The journey which began five years ago is ended, and the cycle is complete. Now you are home...born in beloved hill. Which once have known the imprint of your feet Tracking the ground, the rabbit and the fox That entered where the buckthorns made the hillside, and your eyes, as blue as heaven. Where careless laughter was a serenade To summer's gifts. The secret swimming hole, The hidden shack high on a mystic hill Where you have dreamed a half-awakened dream,
To watch the white sail higher swing against the gathering dusk. How she shall hold the sense of youth the started through the skeletal pines you admired in your royal dust they passion not—
—V. I. P.

LIFE'S STAGE
Ah, President Joe, Are you sure we have the time For those small acres—Toro with the downcast eye. The howl, the sigh. They take from Sping Her sweet perfume. What lies from us— Who saw how Summer's bloom? Open then your heart, my love And read the lines—Thet cinema the hay. Why let it there abide—inside We who should love and laugh away The low screen last We have to play.
—Nancy Coonan

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifties dollars for the best other non-fiction not already paid in
By TED MALONE
Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:00 EST over ABC
THOSE of our readers who remember Gloria Swanson as one of the most glamorous women in America will be glad to know that Miss Swanson, now a grandmother and as lovely as ever, can be seen and heard on television. Her program, The Gloria Swanson Hour, on every Wednesday afternoon over WPIX, is done in four segments—entertainment, cooking, beauty and fashion. The well-known decorator Ormond Butler Riblet assisted in designing a "dream house"—four rooms, each an appropriate background for each part of the show. After studying the particular needs of television decoration, Mr. Riblet created small, important groups within each room to hold the attention of the audience and also to present a picture of perfect taste. For the first phase of the show, an interesting personality is interviewed. A designer shows off his latest creations in the second. Next, Pat Murray, fashion editor, presents helpful beauty hints. The final portion, "Chef's Holiday," features a guest cooking expert who not only offers helpful suggestions but also prepares, on the spot, his favorite dish. In short, Gloria covers most of the things dearest to a woman's heart against a perfect background.

* * *

Practically everyone is interested in the mystery of the world of nature; but most of us feel that comprehension of such things is beyond us. However, each week, over NBC television network, Dr.
Roy Marshall, astronomer, curator of Fels Planetarium, editor, and lecturer, has proven that most of the fascinating phenomena of nature can be simply as well as interestingly presented. In the most informal manner imaginable, and with the aid of varied props, Dr. Marshall cracks the shell of scientific secrets. Each week, he demonstrates his theory that “Science can be fun,” by skillfully imparting to his audience the meaning of such terms as “syzygy,” as well as explaining to them (by popping hard-boiled eggs in and out of a bottle) the governing factors involved in air pressure. He even ventures into the atomic mysteries. Last summer on the day of the yearly meteor shower (August 12th), he explained this happening on his broadcast, relating what meteors are, how they travel in space, and how they fall. Yes, indeed, science can be fun.

Television is getting over its growing pains—this is best exemplified by the fact that the boners which have been driving technicians and actors crazy are fast disappearing. We know now, for instance, that if a scene calls for the performers to eat ice cream, the “ice cream” had better be mashed potato disguised or it will melt instantly. The stories of how enterprising directors got around the problems presented by the heat of the lights are becoming young legends. The man who put on his thinking cap when the soap chips (Continued on page 110)
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BEFORE the city was up, on the morning of August 10, ABC engineers converged on the old Palace Theater to set up the complex equipment for the evening's great event—the opening of New York's newest television station, WJZ-TV. Promptly at 7 P.M.—appropriately enough, for the new station comes in on Channel 7—New York's Mayor O'Dwyer introduced the new station from ABC's Radio City studios, and the WJZ-TV cameras started covering the town.

They began with Times Square, where a parade dramatizing the city's growth during the past 50 years had brought forth many striking relics of the old days (one of them is pictured, lower left). Back at ABC, several programs made their television debuts. But the acknowledged climax came with the mammoth vaudeville show from the Palace, where stars from vaudeville's heydey joined forces to prove that even if vaudeville was once dead, television will bring it back to life.

The parade which preceded the opening harked nostalgia back to the old days, when this was a car.

Among the brilliant conglomeration of stars who took part was dancer Ray Bolger, who acted as M.C.
if it needed proof—that vaudeville is far from dead

A battery of complicated equipment was arranged well in advance of the evening performance at the Palace.

Beatrice Lillie tells a writer that her first Palace appearance was a $10,000 week there, many years ago.

Singer Ella Logan, dancing team Raye and Naldi enjoy one of the other acts while waiting to go on.

Radio's Maggi McNellis looking her glamorous best for her part in the gala opening of Channel 7.

Except for Henry Morgan (1) this is a group of veteran vaudevillians: Gus Van, Buck of Buck and Bubbles.
The premiere on Channel 7 proved to be a grand event.

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Except for Henry Morgan (1) this is a group of veteran vaudevillians: Gus Van, Buck of Buck and Bubbles.
As modern as 1914 is this month's traveling school teacher, who swears by her "Horseless Carriage" as a vehicle de luxe.
OF THE MONTH

I NEVER knew how good those Good Old Days really were until Miss Ruth Witman climbed out of her 1914 Overland roadster, dusted off her duster and became our Traveler of the Month.

Though she's an attractive young Pennsylvania schoolmarm with a manner as modern as plastic, she brought with her all of the lost charm and begoggled adventures of the Tin Lizzie era. And she had me thinking nostalgically of the days when life was no more complicated than the gear-shift on a Stanley Steamer, and things really were merry in that Merry Oldsmobile.

You see, Ruth Witman leads a double life. From nine to three every day, she teaches Latin and French at New Holland High School in Goodville, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. But in the afternoons and evenings—except for time spent marking papers, and teaching a Sunday School class—she's busy collecting and rebuilding antique cars. And if the kids at New Holland High want to make a hit with teacher, they pass up the traditional apple and put a nice monkey wrench on her desk.

For when that French teacher looks into the motor of an antiquated Stutz, it's strictly a case of Je vous aime. She loves old cars, and she'll travel around the country to find one, nurse it back to health and restore it to the glory of its road-hogging youth.

When Miss Witman stepped up to the ABC microphone at our Welcome Travelers broadcast at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, I had no idea that this crisp-curled brunette would be equally at home in a grease pit. She told me that she was a school teacher on vacation, and as I often do with our guests, I asked how she was traveling.

Her answer came with a perfectly straight face, and in a matter of fact tone. She said: "I'm driving a 1914 Overland Roadster—from Pennsylvania to Milwaukee."

On Welcome Travelers we've had Dutch students who were hitch-hiking, a family riding a tractor, British bicyclists, even one courageous victim of polio who was pulled along on his tricycle by his pet dog—yes, we had absolutely every means of locomotion. But never before a car that was supposed to have gone out of commission with Grandpa's mustache cup. So I asked Miss Witman why she happened to be riding around in an auto built before she was even born. Her answer, I think, was interesting—and another chapter in the fascinating, never-ending story of America on the move.

"Old cars," Miss Witman said, "are my hobby. They're fascinating—and something like a mystery story. You search them out, then you track down original parts, one by one, and you recreate, many years later, a living entity from out of the lost past."

It developed that Miss Witman was on her way to Milwaukee—1,000 miles from (Continued on page 98)

By

TOMMY

BARTLETT

From the files of Welcome Travelers (Mon.-Fri. 12 N. on ABC) come the stories which Tommy Bartlett, the program’s M.C., retells each month for Radio Mirror.
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Art, who had no family for many of his youngest years, is a full-time father to his own brood.

**Come and Visit**

**ART LINKLETTER**

**By POLLY TOWNSEND**

If parties at Art Linkletter’s home were as easy of access as the hilarious free-for-alls he stages for fifteen million or so listeners to his House Party and People Are Funny radio programs, the guests undoubtedly would be legion; the guy has a draw.

Undoubtedly, also, they would arrive with protective boards in their pants and a handy packet of cleansing tissues for removing custard pie from the hair. For the public knows anything goes when Art is planning the fun.

But, for the record, they would be disappointed. There are frequent parties at Art’s house in Hollywood, but they’re small—exclusive even, if you define the word as excluding all except one’s very best friends—and they’re quiet, and in deference to an unbreakable house rule, _there are no games_! Art gets his fill of artificially-stimulated fun on his radio programs.

Once behind the six foot concrete wall which divides his amazing mid-town estate from the busy town and all the “funny” people, he wants a different kind of fun—relaxing with his pretty wife, Lois, and their four wonderful children, a cool plunge in the pool and then lazy baking in the sun, dinner early with all the family, a walk in the nearby hills with the whole family again, a wrestling match on the television set, perhaps, and then bed.

Although their house is only a block from the Sunset Strip, address of some of the world’s most famous night spots—Ciro’s, Mocambo, La Rue—the Linkletters haven’t been in a night club in years.

Crowds, smoky rooms, drinks have no charm for Art, and fortunately for their happy marriage Lois is just as partial to quiet suppers for a few friends with no “entertainment” except good food and good talk.

Some of their close friends are in show business, too. The Ozzie Nelsons, Charlie Corrells, the Sid Strotes, Alene Leslie, are frequent guests. But so are young lawyers, doctors, writers whose names would mean nothing to the public, but whose work is even more interesting to Art than his own.

The lawyers’ factual minds fascinate him—he wants to know the details, not just the verdict, in Jack Leslie’s latest court case. And he thinks it would be stupid to spend an evening at gin rummy when he can find out about fabulous new drugs being used in the treatment of tuberculosis.

“Why, I’ve been at parties in Hollywood where the guests included world-famous novelists, scientists, diplomats . . . I have simply drooled for a chance to talk with them . . . and what happens? Before the coffee cups are out (Continued on page 77)
Robert, Sharon and Art hold a make-believe conversation with sister Dawn, who's away at camp.


sumptuous, but it's not a Hollywood mansion. It's a home for the Linkletter family.
I F parties at Art Linkletter’s home were as easy of access as the hilarious free-for-all bar-razzles and over-eager guests at his House Party and People Are Funny radio programs, the guests undoubtedly would be legion; the guy has a draw.

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IF Jo Stafford were to write her own theme song, it might go something like this: “I'm Taking it Easy on the Crest of the Wave.”

Back home in her native California, relaxing in a casual and comfortable house in Westwood, out oceanway from Los Angeles, she seems as unper- turbed by her spectacular success as she was by the hurdles on the way to the top.

Five blocks away on the U.C.L.A. campus, couples cluster about fraternity house phonographs, listening to the new Jo Stafford records, helping to make Jo a high-ranking girl among American recording stars.

In the college hangout down the block, the juke box eats nickels from more Jo Stafford fans—and Jo turns up Number One again, the Juke Box Queen for 1947.

And all over the pretty little University town radios are tuned in regularly to the Supper Club, and there's Jo again—now in her role as far and away one of the most popular girl singers on the air.

But the windows of Jo's cozy hilltop house face away from the campus, and the hangouts and the town, and look across the roof-tops to the Pacific Ocean, which goes on pounding in, ebbing out, day in, day out, no matter who wins what poll. Jo likes to look at it, shining like a compact mirror on a bright day, a black patch at the edge of the lights at night, and although she would laugh herself sick at any notion that her favorite view is symbolic, it is significant that all of the hoopla about Jo has had remarkably little effect on her values.

It was less than ten years ago when Jo—a freckle-faced kid barely out of high school—made her radio debut in a “sister-act,” singing with her sisters Pauline and Christine in the Stafford Sisters Trio.

“Jo never made a fuss about her singing,” big sister Chris—now Jo's personal secretary—says. “She felt it, she liked it. If she weren't doing it for money, she'd have been doing it for fun. It's still like that.”

The ensuing fame, and the pockets full of money, have had very little visible affect on Jo—she's still the same relaxed and happy kid, comfortably sloopy in low heels and a collegienne's sweater and skirt, her calmness making even the calm Crosby seem hyperthyroid by comparison.

Jo is a girl with three big enthusiasms—her family, her singing and her friends. Occasionally she bubbles up a bit over something new—at the moment her new house, the first home of her own she has ever had—which she is decorating at her own leisurely pace, strictly as the spirit moves her.

“We lost a davenport today,” she will say, giving the line something of a “we lost a tooth” inflection. The davenport, which Christine explains had been shriekingly the wrong color, had been with them for weeks before Jo got around to replacing it.

Although Jo insists that it's not half done, the house looks pleasantly rubbed down and lived in.

The efforts of her five-year-old great-nephew Christopher are not to be sniffed at in the rubbing-down process. His toy violin is on the grand piano, along with the songs in manuscript which Jo is working up, his heel marks are on the bannisters, and his jellied fingerprints all over the breakfast room table.

Embers from last evening's fire are still glowing in the grate in the den, easily the most cheerful room in the house. The big comfortable chairs are strong red and yellow, the rug is bright green. The card table, where Jo and Chris like to sit up late playing rummy, is a good noisy red as well.

For more “tone” Jo conducts you through the formal living room and dining room. The living room has been done in brown—notably in lush quilted velvet valances over the big view windows—and chartreuse, and looks bigger than it is because of the mirrored fireplace. The eighteenth century mahogany pieces in the dining room show off to advantage against a pale blue and rose floral wallpaper.

“Pretty, isn't it?” asks Jo, adding “We always eat in the breakfast room.”

At home and at work, Jo Stafford lives by one rule: No fuss allowed.
No career-conscious tension is ever allowed inside Jo's designed-for-easy-living home in Westwood, near Los Angeles.

Brisk workroom atmosphere is not Jo's style; her seven-by-seven bed often doubles as a desk. Sister Christine (right, with Jo) shares both the house and most of Jo's interests, including gin rummy.
Five-year-old Chris is an almost constant visitor—his great-aunt Jo is as fond of eating as he is.

Cheerful maid Cleo is a behind-the-scenes genius; Jo can safely sketch a menu and leave the details to her.

Decorator Jo really got down to business when she got to the two big bedrooms—her own and Christine's—at the back of the house.

“We're girls who like our sleep,” she admits, as she proudly displays the two “Hollywood” seven-by-seven beds, Chris's with an old-rose quilted headboard, Jo's with electric blue satin.

It's pretty hard to look at the rooms without yawning sleepily. If you're just half-sleepy, you can turn down the big bed for a chaise—Jo's fits into a curving wall of windows with a view of the ocean going about its leisurely business five miles down the slope.

Next to big beds, Jo's passion is for lamps—and she has outdone herself designing the bedside pairs for the bedrooms. The bases for Christine's are entwined pink cupids, the shades pink fluff. Jo's are even headier—if that is the word for bases made like dancers' legs, and shades which simulate ruffled can-can skirts.

The house, with its accents on comfort and fun, fits Jo like one of her own low-heeled shoes, despite the fact that she has been in it for only a few weeks.

It's too new yet to be “home,” as she reveals when she tells you that she and Christine “go home” every weekend.

“Home” is in Long Beach, where Jo's mother and father live in the big old house Jo bought for them.
children, as are the fat pink Cupids in Christine's room, (not shown).

with the first really important earnings of her career.

The baby of the four Stafford sisters, Bette Jane, and her husband and five-month-old son, Kim, live in Long Beach too, as do Christine's daughter, Marjorie Folz, and—when he's not visiting Aunt Jo—five-year-old Christopher.

The weekend reunions are traditional for the whole family, and Sunday wouldn't be Sunday for any of them without one of mama's southern fried chicken dinners.

Pauline, now living in New York with her husband, Galen Drake, mopes every Sunday from homesickness, the other girls say, despite the fact that she manages at least three times a year to join the rest of the family for a holiday.

It was in these family conclaves that the Stafford sisters first learned to sing together, and this they still do—strictly for laughs and fun. When they aren't singing they're playing charades—everybody but little Kim participates in The Game.

If Jo had her way, these family parties and a few informal get-togethers with the gang she works with in the recording studio and on her radio show would take care of her social life.

"She's never been much for parties, especially big ones," Christine explains. "The trouble with that is, there are so many people she should entertain—people she really likes who have been terribly nice to her. We've started once or twice to plan a dinner party, made up guest lists and menus. Jo tries to stay interested, but she bogs down early. 'You do it, Chris,' she says finally, 'you know how.' And I know how she really feels, so we just skip it, until later. Usually until too much later."

As a result, the "parties" at Jo's house in Westwood are much more apt to take on the atmosphere of a kaffee-klatsch after a broadcast or a recording date, with Paul Weston; Jo's conductor and very special friend, on hand, along with Bob Packham, who produces the western Supper Club shows, Fred Heider, who writes them, and the five Star Lighters.

If Jo is feeling particularly energetic, she will put on an apron and make chili and beans—her favorite dish. If she isn't, and she frequently isn't, they all talk Cleo, the cheerful maid, into making spaghetti, or send out for hamburgers.

Jo's friends wonder audibly when she and Paul Weston will take out a marriage license, but Jo says quietly that "it hasn't come to that yet."

They have been friends for years. It was Paul, when he was arranging for Tommy Dorsey, who recommended the Pied Pipers to his boss, and thus got Jo—who was the only girl with the group—her first break in big time radio. Since she (Continued on page 76)
Decorated Jo really got down to business when she got to the two big bedrooms—her own and Christine's—at the back of the house.

"We're girls who like our sleep," she admits, as she proudly displays the two "Hollywood" seven-by-seven beds. Chris's with an old-rose quilted headboard, Jo's with electric blue satin.

It's pretty hard to look at the rooms without yawning sleepy. If you're just half-sleepy, you can turn down the big bed for a chase—Jo's fits into a curving wall of windows with a view of the ocean going about its leisurely business five miles down the slope.

Next to big beds, Jo's passion is for lamps—and she has outsized herself designing the bedside pairs for the bedrooms. The bases for Christine's are entwined pink cupids, the shades pink fluff. Jo's are even header—if that is the word for bases made like dancers' legs, and shades which simulate ruffled can-can skirts.

The house, with its accents on comfort and fun, fits Jo like one of her own low-heeled shoes, despite the fact that she has been in it for only a few weeks.

It's too new yet to be "home," as she reveals when she tells you that she and Christine "go home" every weekend.

"Home" is in Long Beach, where Jo's mother and father live in the big old house Jo bought for them with the first really important earnings of her career.

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Bob Smith's little friend a mere puppet? Why, he's a person in his own right, his admirers, young and old, insist!
Howdy Doody's DADDY

Before you vote, consider

Howdy Doody—Bob Smith's
candidate, the children's choice

Bob Smith, left, has no political aspirations, but when he created puppet Howdy Doody he found he had a presidential candidate on his hands. Now, besides a morning Bob Smith Show, Bob runs a Howdy Doody campaign on WNBC and WNBT. From young members of the "Peanut Gallery"—the studio audience—like those above, come the "Thingamagigs" for Howdy's platform.

Bob Smith, whose widest fame has come as creator and campaign manager of the puppet Howdy Doody, has been a "little-bit-of-everything" man in radio for the past fifteen years; he's thirty now. After an actively musical childhood, Bob found a spot on WGR in Buffalo, his home town, and became a well-known local personality. In 1944, while he was running his own show on WBEN, NBC decided he was big-time talent and brought him to WNBC in New York City to do the early-morning (6:30 EST, Mon.-Sat.) Bob Smith Show.

In March, 1947, Bob added NBC's Triple B Ranch to his schedule, and Howdy Doody came into the world. As fun-and-quiz-master on this Saturday morning (9 A.M. EST) program for juniors, Bob decided he needed a foil for his quips. At first, he merely answered himself back in another voice, which he called "Howdy Doody." But as time went by Bob realized that his youthful studio audiences were very disappointed at not being able to see Howdy. So the gangling, yellow-haired puppet took physical form, and raced into favor with such meteoric speed that NBC, when it caught its breath, built the Howdy Doody television show around him (Mon.-Fri., 5:30 P.M.)

Bob's programs still consist of a "bit of everything"—music, games, quizzes and so on—but the important thing right now is, of course, Howdy's campaign for president. It's complete with buttons, a campaign song and ardent young supporters writing in from wherever WNBC and NBT are heard to offer their suggestions for Howdy's platform. He's the choice of the Peanut Gallery (that's what Bob calls his studio audience) and they are the voters of the future!

Working more than twelve hours per week on the air, plus rehearsal and "thinking" time, hasn't left Bob Smith much leisure. But starting this fall his family—his mother, wife Margaret, sons Ronnie and Robin—will see more of him. NBC is building a studio in the basement of the Smith home in New Rochelle, from which Bob's broadcasts will come from now on.
Plank It

Sounds hard? Not at all; planking a meal is really an easy way to serve it. And it makes a feast out of an ordinary dinner. One of the most delightful meals I can remember was hamburger patties served on a plank. Around the edge were creamy whipped potatoes, toasted to a golden brown, little whole carrots, tiny ruby beets and a serving each of buttered stringbeans. The vegetables, of course, are cooked first. Then, instead of being put on serving dishes, they are heaped on a plank in an attractive arrangement. The meat, whether it is beef steak, lamb chops, broiled chicken or fish, is the center of attraction.

If you haven't a plank, ask your husband to help make you one. It's easy to do. Then place the decorated plank, festive and beautiful, on your largest platter to serve.

How to Make a Plank

Select a piece of wood (oak or other hardwood) approximately 12" x 18" and from 1" to 2" thick. On it trace the outline of a fish or an oval or round about the size you want. If there is a knot in the wood try to space it so that it is not near the edge. If you are making a plank fish-shaped, arrange the knot to come where the eye would. With a band saw or coping saw, cut around the fish outline. To finish, round off the top edges and mark juice grooves with a file. You can gouge out with a chisel a well or depression and a tree for catching the juices. Finish wood by sandpapering edges till they are smooth.

To Season a New Plank

Soak plank in cold water overnight. Rub thoroughly with oil or suet. Warm slowly to heat thoroughly (250° for one hour). Edges should be protected with oil. To clean plank, scrape, wash and rinse and allow to dry slowly. Always use a plank which has been oiled and preheated.

Chopped Beef on a Plank

11/2 pounds chopped beef
salt
pepper
chopped onions

6 small carrots cleaned and cooked
sliced beets
11/2 cups cooked mashed potatoes

Mix together beef, salt, pepper and onions. Shape into three square patties. Preheat broiling compartment and pan for 10 minutes. Place patties on broiling pan about 3 inches from the source of the heat. Broil about 8 minutes. Turn patties over and transfer to a heated, oiled wooden plank. Garnish the patties with the carrots and beets. With a pastry tube or spoon, place a decorative row of mashed potatoes around the edge of the plank. Place in broiling compartment and broil for 5 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

With Chopped Beef


(Continued on page 79)

By Kate Smith

Radio Mirror
Food Counselor
Listen to Kate Smith Speaks at 12 Noon each weekday, on stations of the Mutual network.
The Guiding Light that shines from the study of Dr. Matthews has led many troubled souls to peace.
... but peace was not the goal of the man who called himself Ray Brandon

On graduation night Cantwell High, in one of the nicest sections of Los Angeles, had two guests from the melting-pot community of Selby Flats. One, Dr. Charles Matthews, pastor of the Church of the Good Samaritan in Selby Flats, was known to all the audience. He sat next to the principal in the center of the front row of seats on the stage. He was the speaker of the evening.

The other stood at the very back of the room, in the deepest shadow of the balcony, so that even if anyone in the audience chanced to turn his head, he could not be seen. His name was Ray Brandon; he was only about three weeks old. But he knew about life, its twists and turnings, its way of trying to trap a man who wanted no part of it.

Only three weeks ago, the day before the warden of the state prison had turned the key that permitted Roger Brandon to go free and to change his name, Dr. Matthews had spoken at the prison. It had been a moving speech, so moving that the brand-new Ray Brandon had had a crazy, irresistible impulse. His first act as a free man had been to go to see Dr. Matthews and to tell him just what he thought of his high-sounding phrases about the brotherhood of man.

Then he'd got a job as a stock clerk—pretty good for a man who had a college degree in business administration and who knew as much law as many practising lawyers—and had ironically given Dr. Matthews' name as a reference. Then he had had a visit from a woman named Julie Collins, who had once been Julie Barton. Julie was here tonight, too, with her husband, Frank Collins. She was here to listen proudly while her son, young Roger Barton, delivered the valedictory address for the graduating class of Cantwell High.

Oh, yes, life was cunning; it was already trying to claim Ray Brandon. Dr. Matthews had forgiven him his imprecations and had given him a good recommendation for his job. Julie was married to another man; she had borne him two children, but her eyes had told Ray Brandon that she loved him. Her lips had said, "I hope we can be friends.

But young Roger has grown up believing that you were dead, as you wished. I hope you realize the impossibility of forgetting yourself into his life in any way." But her eyes had told him that she loved him.

Well, she needn't worry. He'd told her he'd forgotten Dr. Matthews completely. She'd married Frank to give young Roger a good home, a good life, and it was all right with him. He'd told Julie so, told her that a father's feelings weren't nearly as strong as a woman's. And they weren't, were they? He was here tonight only out of curiosity. To see what sort of man the little boy he'd known had become.

Julie needn't worry about his having anything to do with young Roger. Dr. Matthews could preach to someone else about the brotherhood of man and forgiving and forgetting and making a fresh start. Ray Brandon wanted nothing life had to offer. He was existing for just one purpose. When it was accomplished, he wouldn't care what happened.

Dr. Matthews was speaking—praying. "Almighty God, may Your guiding light shine down upon these young folks who hold destiny in their hands. May it direct them down paths of understanding, tolerance, and brotherly love. May it help them to build a world of unselfishness and faith, a world that will be a promise of Your heavenly kingdom. Amen..." He lifted his head, addressed the audience directly. "It gives me great pleasure now to present to you the valedictorian of the Cantwell High School graduating class... Roger Collins.

Collins—so he was using his stepfather's name. Not that it mattered, of course. Ray braced himself. The boy was getting up, coming forward on the stage—and the face that looked out across the footlights was a father's face as it had been fifteen-odd years ago.

"Principal Clark, teachers, parents and friends... first of all we want to express our deep gratitude to everyone who has made this evening a reality for us. Our parents—our mothers and dads—without you, this couldn't have been possible. Day after day at home you taught us things we could never learn in school. You were always there to encourage us..."

Ray took it, every agonizing line of it. He stayed through the salutatorian's address, and the handing out of the diplomas, his hungry eyes never leaving the boy's face. He didn't dare wait to see Roger join the march off the stage; the audience would break up then, and he couldn't risk Julie's turning around, possibly seeing him. He had a little trouble with the doors—or maybe the trouble was with his eyes, which were somehow, suddenly blurred—and then he was outside, headed for the bus line and Mrs. Olson's boarding house in Selby Flats.

A man and a woman sat on the boarding house porch; the man faded quickly inside as Ray came up.

"Poor Eddie," Ray grinned. "Lives in hopes, doesn't he?"

Charlotte Wilson tilted her face to look up at him. It was a pretty face, but with tired lines that were too old.

Charlotte looked up at Ray, her face raining tears as frank as a child's. He couldn't stop himself... he put his arms around her.

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Dr. Charles Matthews (played by Hugh Studebaker) watched and waited as Ray Brandon struggled with his problem. He knew Ray's secret goal for her years. Just now it was a soft blur in the June night. "He doesn't need any encouragement. Not like some people I know." Quickly she went on, "How was the graduation?"

RAY was touched. She was always making little slips that betrayed her attitude of casual friendliness, and then hurriedly changing the subject as if she were afraid of forcing him to take notice of her. Earlier in the evening she had suggested a walk in the Flats' rather dusty little park; when he had told her where he was going and had invited her to go with him, her face had lighted with longing—but she had refused, sensing that he wanted to go alone.

"All right," he answered, and couldn't help adding, "One part of it was wonderful. A young man, the class valedictorian, spoke—"

"Yes—" she was watching his face intently. "What did he have to say?"

He was afraid to go on, afraid she would divine more than he wanted her to know. "Oh—just what all young people have to say," he answered carelessly. What I felt and said myself when I was young. Charlotte, I'm very sorry, I completely forgot that you might be waiting."

She laughed. "You know, you're a nice guy," she told him. "I didn't have you figured as the kind of guy who'd say I'm sorry."

He smiled thinly. "Not quite in character, you mean?"

"Not quite something. I had you figured as a hard guy—hard, not tough. But I guess you're nice—nicer than I am. I stopped being sorry—for anything—a long time ago. You live today. That's all that matters. And speaking of today—there's still time for that walk in the park."

A walk in the park, Ray thought; not a bad idea. It might help him forget tonight, and the boys and girls moving down the aisle to professional music, and a face that was his own face, fifteen years younger, on a stage.

He didn't mean to get too friendly with Charlotte. In a sense they were both fugitives from life, and that was what drew him to her. She was a pianist; she had a night-club act billed as "Charlotte and Her Piano"—when she worked. Ray suspected that it was a good act, and that, if she cared to exert herself, she had warmth and drive enough to put it across. But he suspected, too, that she didn't really care much about anything, and that she worked only enough to keep herself and to pay for her modest room at Mrs. Olson's. She was always around when he came in from work, not intruding herself upon him, not seeking attention, but just there, in case he should want to talk with her or walk with her or to play a game of gin rummy. Often he avoided her tactfully, so that he wouldn't hurt her feelings. He was a man with a purpose. The purpose would have to wait a while because the man at the other end of it was out of town, but in the meantime he didn't want to become interested in anyone, nor did he want anyone to become interested in him. No emotional pride must tangle his clear purpose.

THEN one night Dr. Matthews left his study at the Church of the Good Samaritan, just up the street from Mrs. Olson's, and paid him a visit.

"Don't get the wrong idea," he told Ray. "I know how you feel about me, and I'm not going to make a habit of dropping in on you like this. But I know what you're up against... and if there's ever anything I can do, you know where the parsonage is."

Ray laughed shortly. "I've a very good view of it from my window—one of the drawbacks of the room. And thanks—but my future is pretty well laid out. You needn't concern yourself."

"I wonder," said Dr. Matthews slowly. "Every time I talk with you, I've the feeling I'm talking to two men. One is lost, bewildered. He wants to believe in something, wants to believe that the world is a decent place, in spite of everything. The other—well, I don't like what I see in his eyes."

Ray narrowed his eyes instinctively, as if guarding them. Then he snorted. "You're all alike, you ministers. Why don't you practise what you preach? You're just curious. There's someone new in the neighborhood, someone you can't tag."

"I wouldn't say that," said Dr. Matthews drily. "You forget, Brandon, that I've learned a great deal about you without going out of my way at all. And just the other day I had a talk with a fine boy who's just starting out in life. He was graduated just the other evening—class valedictorian."

Ray's head snapped up. "You—what?"

"Now, wait a minute. It happened quite by accident. The boy knew I was going to give the convocation, so he figured we ought to have a talk. He's a fine boy," Dr. Matthews repeated. "He wants to work as counselor at the Young People's Club here in Selby Flats this summer, and in the fall he wants to go to U. C. L. A. because it's the university his father—his real father—attended."

"Look here, Dr. Matthews, if you told him,"

"I didn't tell him anything," said Dr. Matthews. "I was occupied with trying
to place him. Oh, I know his people indirectly. They're friends of the McNeill's, who are friends of mine. You probably know that Dr. McNeill runs the clinic here in Selby Flats. But the boy's face, and the way he talked—he's a lot like to one fellow inside you that I was talking about. The fellow who believes in something—"

Ray's face was white. He rose, almost threateningly. "That has nothing to do with it.

A Scream split the air, followed by scrambling, a crash. Somehow, Dr. Matthews and Ray got through the door into the hall at the same time. Down the hall, outside Charlotte Wilson's room, a man lay, his head bleeding, a shattered pitcher beside him. In her doorway Charlotte was screaming hysterically. "Get out! Get out! Get away from me!"

Dr. Matthews bent over the fallen man, and suddenly the hall was full of people, thin-faced little Eddie Bingham, other boarders, and Mrs. Olson, martially commanding them, to go back where they came from. Dr. Matthews took the man off Dr. McNeill's clinic; Ray tactfully retreated to his own room until the house was quiet. Then he knocked on Charlotte's door.

"Charlotte, it's Ray—Ray Brandon. Are you all right?"

"Go away," she said in a thick voice. "Oh, well—" And the door opened. She was pacing back and forth in the small space, shaking all over, "That good-for-nothing jewel."

"I'm still so mad I can hardly see straight."

It was evident that she hadn't yet recovered from the tussle. Her hair was mussed, her eyes red as though she had been crying, her breathing came fast and uneven. Ray put a quelling hand on hers.

"Who is he?" he asked quietly.

"A rat," said Charlotte succinctly. "One Lawrence. Somebody I don't want to know."

"Obviously," Ray grinned slightly. "Also someone you knew once."

"Eight years ago." She stopped before him, eyes brilliant, mouth trembling with rage. "I thought that was the last of him until today he came back. A knock on the door—and him standing there like he didn't know me at first! Charlotte Wilson, of all people! I saw the name on a letter; an envelope down in the hall, but I didn't think it was possible. Charlotte, don't you remember me? I remembered all right—"

"I guess you did. That was a pretty nasty cut. Dr. Matthews has taken him down to the clinic."

"Too bad it wasn't the morgue."

He looked at her, startled. She sounded as if she meant it. "Charlotte, you couldn't have anyone that much."

"Oh, no? If you'd gone through what I have because of one person... What do you know about hate?"

"What do I know?" he checked himself. "Surely, Charlotte, it can't be as bad as all that. Eight years ago, you were just a kid—"

She nodded violently. "You bet. You young and dumb and nice, a regular little Pollyanna. Sang in church every Sunday, a sweet small-town girl, young love's dream taken for a sleigh ride by Handsome Harry. I should have killed him—"

He put his hands on her shoulders, frowning, his face, "Charlotte, stop—"

"Don't make me. Now have a cigarette and relax. What's the use getting worked up over something that happened eight years ago? There—that's better—"

She took the cigarette, looked up at him with eyes full of apology—and something else. "I'm sorry," she said. "I shouldn't have flown off the handle that way. But I got so mad at him, and then mad at myself for being mad... is he coming back?"

"I don't know," Ray answered. "I heard him say he has a room here, but under the circumstances I don't imagine he'll be too anxious to stay."

"That's what you think." She laughed bitterly. "All I've got to say is that this place isn't big enough for the two of us. One of us will have to go—me or Larry Lawrence."

But she didn't go. Larry came back from the clinic; the days passed, and still Charlotte remained. Then, coming home from work one afternoon and passing her half-open door, Ray saw something that made him pause, push the door open the rest of the way.

"Charlotte, what in the world are you doing?"

"What does it look like?" she snapped, and went on with her packing, her clothes clearing out of here."

He sat down heavily. "You can't," he said. "You won't let me do this."

She straightened, staring at him. "You won't let me? What's it to you, anyway?"

"I like you," said Ray. "Except when you give in to these impulses—"

"Like throwing pitchers at people?"

He nodded soberly. "And—showing the white feather. You're only running away, Charlotte. You're afraid to face yourself, and the past. If you'd care to talk to me about it... if I can—"

Dimly he heard an echo—Dr. Matthews offering, his own voice refusing. But he wouldn't listen. What applied to him didn't necessarily apply to others. And Charlotte needed help.

"Why should I tell you anything?" she demanded. "What do I know about you, the man of mystery himself? Besides, you wouldn't understand. I'm not like you, and you're not like me. I—I'm just not in your class."

"Not—" His jaw dropped. "What are you talking about? We were talking about one thing and another. You switched to another. Charlotte, don't be so—so female!"

She blinked and folded her lips tightly again, and he wouldn't understand—because he would never in the world want to. Little Eddie Bingham had set her straight about that. "Why don't you come down to earth, Charlotte? This Brandon guy ain't in your class. He's just slamming down here—he's not Selby Flats. He's a writer or something like that, maybe a professor. You know he told me he studied law for fifteen years? And still he ain't a lawyer. You see, you don't know anything about him. And you never will. One day he'll pack up and leave here just the way he came in.

That's why she was going. It wasn't Larry Lawrence. So long as he stayed away from her room, she didn't care if he chose to live here. He didn't matter any more. But Ray Brandon did.

Ray sensed it, knew that somehow her staying or going depended upon him, and he rebelled inwardly. This was one of life's traps, the impulse to reach out and stop her, to give of himself—hadn't she told him? Talk, companionship, a woman's companionship, something he'd been as starved for as he'd been for the sight of his son.

"We're not alike?" he asked. "Well, we are in one way. You see, Charlotte, I hate someone, too. Hate him in a way you can't even begin to imagine. Some day I'm going to—but never mind that. The point is, I'm waiting for that someday, but I'm getting what I want for my head. I can't afford to make a fool of myself—His own words seemed to ring in his head. No, he couldn't afford to make a fool of himself—and one quick, sure way to get it in the head that would be to talk too much."

Her eyes were fixed upon him, and it seemed as if the very breath had stopped in her throat. "You're waiting—what (continued on page 103)"
### Inside Radio

**ALL TIMES BELOW ARE EASTERN STANDARD TIME**

**For Correct Central Standard Time, Subtract One Hour**

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#### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>John B. Kennedy</td>
<td>Edward &quot;Ted&quot; Weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Chicago Round Table</td>
<td>Harrison Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>The World</td>
<td>Joseph C. Harsch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>First Plane Quartet</td>
<td>Billy Cunningham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Army Air Force</td>
<td>This Week Around Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Show</td>
<td>Mr. President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>Tell It Again</td>
<td>Eddi Howard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Retired Information</td>
<td>Enni Lee Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Juvenile Jury</td>
<td>Harrison Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Dance Music</td>
<td>The Almanac</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>CBS Symphony Orchestra</td>
<td>Eddy Howard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>The Quiz Kids</td>
<td>House of Mystery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>True Detective</td>
<td>Thinking Allowed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>Make Mine Music</td>
<td>Metropolitan Opera Audition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>Milton Cross Opera Album</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td>David Harding Counterparty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Authors Meets the Critics</td>
<td>Sunday At The Chase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>June Pickens</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Host/Artist</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
<td>Those Websters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Those Websters</td>
<td>Dorothy Pertman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td>Don Carter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Don Carter</td>
<td>Greatest Story Ever</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>Johnny Thompson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Behind the Front Page</td>
<td>Carnegie Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Jim Backus</td>
<td>Louella Parsons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Jimmie Fidler</td>
<td>Theatre Guild on the Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>A. L. Alexander</td>
<td>Walter Windell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Club</td>
<td>Louella Parsons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Twin Views of News</td>
<td>Theatre Guild on the Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Winner Take All</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Jim Backus</td>
<td>Electric Theatre with Helen Hayes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Go-Round American Album</td>
<td>Hollywood Show-case, Mickey Rooney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Take It or Leave It</td>
<td>Hollywood Show-case, Mickey Rooney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Jim Backus</td>
<td>Hollywood Show-case, Mickey Rooney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Voice of Strings</td>
<td>Hollywood Show-case, Mickey Rooney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Horace Heelett</td>
<td>Hollywood Show-case, Mickey Rooney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td></td>
<td>Hollywood Show-case, Mickey Rooney</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**MARCIA NEIL**—who sings the commercials on The Second Mrs. Burton (daily, 2:00 P.M. EST, CBS) and When A Girl Marries (daily, 5:00 P.M. EST, CBC) is a career girl who combines a busy singing schedule and a full-time job as homemaker and mother with remarkable and enviable ease. She broke into radio through television and radio work at the World's Fair and has been heard regularly on the air ever since.

---

**WALTER O'KEEFE**—is the genial master of ceremonies on NBC's Double or Nothing, heard daily, 2:00 EST.
**MARTIN AGRONSKY** — embarked on his career as newspaper correspondent after graduating from Rutgers University. His first assignment was Palestine for the Palestine Post and the Christian Science Monitor. During the war his voice was heard from flung battle fronts and important cities all over the globe. Now, early morning listeners hear his careful morning evaluation of the news on ABC, Mon-Sat.

**WEDNESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>The Trumpeters Songs By Bob Aitcher</td>
<td>The Trumpeters Songs By Bob Aitcher</td>
<td>The Trumpeters Songs By Bob Aitcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Feathers</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N.Y.</td>
<td>Ohio Valley Folks</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Feathers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted</td>
<td></td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Feathers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>Music For You</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Ted Malone</td>
<td>Grand Slam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>We Love And Learn</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire</td>
<td>Evelyn Kendall</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Barch</td>
<td>B' Gast In the H'wood</td>
<td>Evelyn Kendall</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Nora Lawton</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**AFTEEWRNOON PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N.Y.</td>
<td>Ohio Valley Folks</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Feathers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted</td>
<td></td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Feathers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>This is Nora Drake</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Ted Malone</td>
<td>Grand Slam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>We Love And Learn</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire</td>
<td>Evelyn Kendall</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Jack Barch</td>
<td>B' Gast In the H'wood</td>
<td>Evelyn Kendall</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>Nora Lawton</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>John MacManus</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Eric Seward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Sunoco News</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Eric Seward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Reuhl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Lenne Herman</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Jack Smith Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Victor H. Lindlar</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Club 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Very Light of the World</td>
<td>Inside of Sports</td>
<td>Inside of Sports</td>
<td>Edward R. Morrow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Master Of Mystery</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>CBK News</td>
<td>Billy Rose</td>
<td>Bill Henry</td>
<td>The People</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>C-Note Carnival</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>Bill Henry</td>
<td>The People</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Amos 'n Andy</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Fibber McGee and Molly</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Bob Hope Show</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>People Are Funny</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Trumpeter&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PEGGY KNUDSEN** — who plays Lois Graves, sister of CBS' Junior Miss (Saturdays, 11:30 A.M. EST) is a daughter of Duluth's fire chief, Conrad Knudsen. She got into the theater business easily when a stage director discovered her at the Stage Door Canteen during the war; in no time she was playing the title role in "My Sister, Eileen." Later, she made her radio debut on Bill Goodwin's Show.
JOAN LAZER—the petite 11-year-old youngster who plays the role of Jill Malone in Young Dr. Malone, daily, 1:30 EST, CBS, was born in Tel-Aviv. She came to New York at the age of two; by the time she was six, she had made her debut singing on the air. Joan’s most ardent admirer is her two-year-old brother who toddles over to the radio whenever he hears her voice on the air, which is quite often.

AFTERTIM PROGRAMS

12:00: Harkness of Washington
12:15: Words and Music
12:30: Art Van Damme Quartet
12:45: Robert McCormick
2:00: Art Van Damme Quartet
2:15: Robert McCormick
2:30: Double or Nothing
2:45: Light of the World
3:00: Life Can Be Beautiful
3:15: Ma Perkins
3:30: Peggy Young
3:45: Right to Happiness
4:00: Backstage Wife
4:15: Stella Dallas
4:30: Lorenzo Jones
4:45: Young Widder Brown
5:00: When A Girl Married
5:15: Portia Fares Life
5:30: Just Plain Bill
5:45: Front Page Farrell

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00: Sketches in Melody
6:15: Local Programs
6:30: Sunoco News
7:00: Chesterfield Club
7:15: News of the World
7:30: Lawrence Welk
7:45: Local Programs
8:00: Aldrich Family
8:15: Bums and Allen
8:30: Better Half Quiz
8:45: Billy Rose
9:00: Al Jolson Show
9:15: Saillville Stage Store
9:30: Screen Guild Theatre
9:45: Fred Waring Show

CALE GORDON—tries unsuccessfully, although manfully, every Tuesday, as Mayor La Trivia, to cope with the combined minds and vocabularies of Fibber McGee and Molly. He is also F. Ogden Williams, the weather man on this popular NBC show. Gordon, who was born in New York and educated in England, lives on a San Fernando Valley ranch where he puts around with his hobby, carpentry.

AFTERTIM PROGRAMS

12:00: Harkness of Washington
12:15: Words and Music
12:30: U. S. Marine Band
12:45: Robert McCormick
2:00: Double or Nothing
2:15: Today's Children
2:45: Light of the World
3:00: Life Can Be Beautiful
3:15: Ma Perkins
3:30: Peggy Young
3:45: Right to Happiness
4:00: Backstage Wife
4:15: Stella Dallas
4:30: Lorenzo Jones
4:45: Young Widder Brown
5:00: When A Girl Married
5:15: Portia Fares Life
5:30: Just Plain Bill
5:45: Front Page Farrell

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00: News
6:15: Sketches in Melody
6:30: Local Programs
6:45: Local Programs
7:00: Chesterfield Club
7:15: News of the World
7:30: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:45: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:00: Cities Service Band of America
8:15: Jimmy Durante Show
8:30: General Electric
8:45: Eddie Cantor Show
9:00: Life of Riley
9:15: San Francisco Music Show
9:30: Waltz Time
9:45: Sports

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00: News
6:15: Sketches in Melody
6:30: Local Programs
6:45: Local Programs
7:00: Chesterfield Club
7:15: News of the World
7:30: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:45: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:00: Cities Service Band of America
8:15: Jimmy Durante Show
8:30: General Electric
8:45: Eddie Cantor Show
9:00: Life of Riley
9:15: San Francisco Music Show
9:30: Waltz Time
9:45: Sports
### SATURDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Story Shop</td>
<td>Robert Hartley</td>
<td>Shoppers Special</td>
<td>CBS News of America</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td>Practical Gardner</td>
<td></td>
<td>Rentno Valley Folks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Meet the Meeks</td>
<td>Movie Matinee</td>
<td>Teen Timer's Club</td>
<td>Garden Gate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Frank Merrell</td>
<td>Bill Harrington</td>
<td>This Is For You</td>
<td>Red Barber's Club-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>Ozark Valley Folks</td>
<td>Johnny Thompson</td>
<td>House Mary Lee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Meet the Meeks</td>
<td>Movie Matinee</td>
<td>Abbott and Costello</td>
<td>Taylor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Smilin' Ed McDonnell</td>
<td></td>
<td>Den Gardiner Buddy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Charlie</td>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>Let's Pretend</td>
<td>Miss</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | Arthur Barrisquit's Public Affairs | Campus Capers This Week in Washington | Junior Junction American Farmer | Theatre of Today Stars Over Hollywood |
| 12:30 | Coffee With Congress | | | |
| 12:45 | | | | |
| 1:00 | Natl Farm Home | Alan Lomax Dance Orch. | Maggic McNellis Herb Sheldon Piano Playhouse | Grand Central Sta. County Fair |
| 1:15 | Edmond Tomlinson Report From Europe | | | |
| 1:30 | | | | |
| 1:45 | | | | |
| 2:00 | Music For The Moment | Music For The Moment | Football | Give and Take |
| 2:15 | Salute to Veterans | Bands For Bonds | | Country Journal |
| 2:30 | | | | |
| 2:45 | | | | |
| 3:00 | Local Programs | Magic Rhythm | | Report from Overseas Adventures in Science Cross-Section U.S.A. |
| 3:15 | | | | |
| 3:30 | Local Programs | Sports Parade | | |
| 3:45 | Local Programs | | | |
| 4:00 | | | | |
| 4:15 | | | | |
| 4:30 | | | | |
| 4:45 | | | | |
| 5:00 | Dizzy Dean Sports-cast | Take A Number | Tea and Crumpets | Dave Stephen's Orch. |
| 5:15 | Lastie Show | True or False | Melodies to Remember Dorothy Guldheim | |
| 5:30 | Dr. L. Q. | | | |
| 5:45 | | | | |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | Peter Roberts | Dance Orchestra | News from Washington Red Barber Sports Show | |
| 6:15 | Art of Living | Jack Bell | Larry Leeser | |
| 6:30 | | | | |
| 6:45 | | | | |
| 7:00 | Curtain Time | Hawaii Calls | Treasury Bond Show | Famous Jury Trials |
| 7:15 | | To Be Announced Mel Allen | | Saturday Night Serenade |
| 7:30 | | | | Sing It Again |
| 7:45 | | | | |
| 8:00 | Hollywood Star Theatre | Twenty Questions | Johnny Fletcher | |
| 8:15 | | Stop Me If You've Heard This One | The Amazing Mr. Malone | |
| 8:30 | | | | |
| 8:45 | | | | |
| 9:00 | Your Hit Parade | Three For The Money | Gang Busters | Morey Amsterdam Show |
| 9:15 | | What's My Name? | | Pay's To Be Ignorant |
| 9:30 | | | | |
| 9:45 | | | | |
| 10:00 | Day in the Life of Dennis Day | Theatre of the Air | Whiz Quiz With Johnny Olsen M.C. Hayloft Hoedown | Let's Dance America |
| 10:15 | | | | |
| 10:30 | Grand Ole Opry | | | |

### GEORGE PETRIE

George Petrie was a conductor and orchestra leader who worked in radio and television. He was known for his work with NBC and CBS, and he trained many young conductors in the art of radio direction. Petrie was a versatile musician, and his work can be heard in many of the shows listed above.

A new electronic instrument that will bring hearing aid to millions of people who have hearing problems is the Hearsite. This lightweight, pocket-sized device is of particular value to radio listeners who have slight hearing deficiencies. Weighing only 81/2 ounces and contained in a lucite case, the Hearsite is capable of increasing the power of sound delivered to the ear more than 100,000 times.

**Crosley's Latest:**

Model 9-407M

Model 9-407M, offers complete FM reception as well as all-channel television reception. The cabinet size is only 22 1/2 inches wide by 19 1/2 inches deep by 16 inches high.

Keeping pace with the current trends in interior decoration, RCA Victor has announced that their popular table model, 77U, is now available in a blond mahogany finish in keepin with modern room settings. The cabinet front and side panels are of solid mahogany, while the lid is finished, top and bottom, with mahogany stripe veneer.

Stewart-Warner has announced a new Decorators line, available in six new cabinet designs. All the sets are radio-phonograph combinations and are supplied in straight AM or in combination AM-FM. All sets have two speakers and built-in aerials.

Stewart-Warner: One of six.
SUPPOSE that among the many millions of mothers in our country you were chosen as the American Mother of the Year! That was exactly what happened to Mrs. Helen G. Hines of Springfield, Ill. When she appeared as our Family Counselor she had so much to say that I decided the best way to pass it on to you would be to let Mrs. Hines speak for herself and this is what she told us:

"The most important influence in anyone's life is the training he receives at home. It seems to me that too many mothers of today are forgetting this responsibility—that of teaching their children the great principles of living. Of course, some of it must be taken care of in schools and churches, but there is a growing tendency to leave the major part of the job to these organizations, when the home is the best place to set a pattern of life for children.

"In my opinion, two principles which children should be taught very early are respect for authority and consideration for the rights of others. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the parents, not the children, should run the home, and that the children should accept the guidance of mature individuals until they have learned how to conduct themselves so as to insure their happiness and security.

"There seems to be a decided trend in modern education to make things too easy and enjoyable, rather than a matter of honest-to-goodness hard work. We are doing our children an injustice if we let them believe that anything worthwhile can be accomplished without hard work.

"In order to prepare our children for life, I believe they should be taught to have faith in God. Children of parents who have strong religious convictions have a much better chance for happiness than those who come from homes where spiritual things have little value. A belief in God is essential for the mother who would influence the lives of her children for noble manhood and womanhood."

That is something we all could think about. If there is some topic that you would like to have discussed by one of our Family Counselors, won't you send it along to me in care of Radio Mirror?

By
TERRY BURTON

Mrs. Helen Hines (1) tells Terry Burton that home training is the most important influence in anyone's life.
Her Inner Self glows through her Lovely Face

Wherever she goes, she brings loveliness with her, fun and joyousness and friendliness. You can see in her face what a delightful-to-be-with person she is.

Your face is speaking for you to everyone who sees you. It is the You that others see first—the outgoing expression of your inner self.

Nothing about you has more lovely possibilities—or responds more gratefully to your loving attention.

The Duchess' complexion is glowing—clear and soft with perfect grooming

She uses Pond's! “I don't know a better face cream in the world,” the beautiful Duchess says

You are responsible for what your face gives out to the world—the way it reveals the Inner You to others. Be exacting, then, in the way you care for it. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do this Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Step</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hot Stimulation</td>
<td>Splash face with hot water.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream Cleanse</td>
<td>Swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream Rinse</td>
<td>Swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cold Stimulation</td>
<td>A tonic cold water splash.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Pond's is used by more women than any other face cream. Get yourself a big jar of snowy-soft Pond's—today!

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's literally works on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt and make-up as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away as you tissue off. From the Inside—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely it does something special and happy to you, and to everyone who sees you. It brings the real Inner You closer to others.
Our Boss, Joe Kelly
(Continued from page 28)

shoulder just before you go into the studio. "Don't be nervous," he tells you. "Do exactly as you would at home. I'll find a question you can answer, and when I do, get your hand up fast. You'll have fun!"

All of us know Mr. Kelly is on the side of a new kid, and remembering our own first days, we follow his lead to give the new member a chance. We hope you heard him the day five-year-old Bobby Senesuti joined us.

Bobby is so tiny someone should have carried his gown like a princess' train. He didn't know how to pick it up himself, and he tripped at every step. He had to sit on three phone books to reach his microphone.

Perched like an alert little bird, with his head cocked on one side to keep the tassel of his cap out of his eyes, he just sat there and let question after question go by.

Then came one from John Carlson of Chicago. The pianist was to play parts of a musical composition, and from the style of the music we were to identify the composer, and if possible, give the name of the piece.

Both of us tried and got snarled up. Mr. Kelly must have noticed the second Bobby lifted his hand off his desk, for he cut us short.

"Bobby?"

That little mite leaned into his microphone. "Rachmaninoff's 'Variation on a Paganini Theme.'" Sawing at an imaginary fiddle, he hummed a funny zzzzzz sound, going on from the bar where the pianist had left off.

"That's right!" Mr. Kelly shouted, happy as if someone had given him a million dollars. "Now Bobby, try again. Mr. Carlson wants to know if you can identify the composer and composition of this one."

Again the pianist sounded a few notes. Bobby's arm waved wildly. He had caught on. "Same thing, upside down."

Mr. Kelly wasn't prepared for so swift an answer. He started to glance at his card, but even as he did so, he translated Bobby's term.

"Right. Right again. It's Rachmaninoff's 'Variation on a Paganini Theme'—inverted."

That time the pianist had played the same piece, but had made it an inversion of the opening theme he had just finished.

The question could well have stumped one with many more years of musical study than Bobby. Mr. Kelly wanted to be sure everyone appreciated his accomplishment. He waved for audience applause, exclaiming, "Isn't that fine? Isn't that wonderful for a five-year-old?"

By the next Sunday, Bobby was talking up with the rest of us. The question was: "If a violin player emptied his pockets, what might you find, indicating his profession?"

Bobby said a bridge, resin, strings. Lonnie Lunde added a tuning key. Mr. Kelly didn't understand. He consulted Bobby. Bobby said yes, it might carry a spare peg—the key you would to tune the strings. Both of us named a chin rest. Bobby objected.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" Mr. Kelly asked. "Why wouldn't a violin player have a chin rest?"

"A chin rest goes under his chin, not in his pocket," said Bobby. We laughed with the audience. We all felt he had earned credit for that answer.

That's the way Mr. Kelly is. He doesn't dare you to answer a question correctly, like some grown ups do. He acts like he expects you to know, and that it is his job to help you say it right. When you have, it's a wonderful feeling to hear him shout, "Yes siree! That's very, very good! I wish I could do that."

We have talked it over, and we conclude Mr. Kelly is such a good Chief Quizzer because he knows what it is like to be somewhat young and have to face large audiences. Had there been a Quiz Kids program when he was a boy, he undoubtedly would have been on it, for he was a very remarkable child.

Since Mr. Kelly talks very little about himself in a serious fashion, we had to quiz the Chief Quizzer to find out about this.

We learned that Mr. Kelly never went to school a day after he was eight years old and finished third grade.

He already had a reputation as a boy soprano by that time, for when he was five, he won a five-dollar prize for singing "The Holy City" in an amateur concert at an Indianapolis theater. He had won many such prizes by the time he was eight and went to Crawfordsville, Indiana, to spend the summer with his grandmother.

His father had died, and the family had very little money. He was happy when a theater manager hired him to sing "Down by the Old Mill Stream" while pictures (Continued on page 74)
Save up to 25% on fuel oil with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-air!

When you can have substantial fuel oil savings, clean, workless heat and fine period furniture styling—why accept less in a heater for your home?

But remember: you get all three only in a Duo-Therm heater!

Power-Air saves up to 1 gallon of oil out of every 4!

Make no mistake: only Duo-Therm heaters have this revolutionary Blower. And tests made by an independent authority in a cold Northern climate prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that Duo-Therm with Power-Air actually saves up to 25% on fuel oil! (This saving by itself can pay for your new Duo-Therm heater!)

Because it is a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets heat into hard-to-heat corners, too...keeps floors much warmer ...gives you much more heat and comfort at the living level.

Exclusive Burner saves fuel oil, too

Yes, in addition to Power-Air fuel savings, you enjoy real fuel economy with this exclusive Duo-Therm Burner. It mixes air and oil in 6 stages (another Duo-Therm exclusive) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame—thus gets more heat from every drop of oil you burn.

The full-bodied, mushroom type Duo-Therm flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber ...hugs the chamber walls to transfer more heat to your home quicker. There's nothing to wear out because there are no moving parts. And it's absolutely silent!

You beautify your home as you heat it

Duo-Therm heaters—and only Duo-Therm—are styled like fine period furniture to add beauty to a room. Only Duo-Therm gives you its newly developed duo-tone mahogany heater finish, too—so beautiful, so practical!

And when you own a Duo-Therm you enjoy all the comforts of heat with none of the work. On the first cool day, light your Duo-Therm—then sit back and relax. You can tend the fire all winter by turning a simple dial.

You can enjoy Duo-Therm's clean, effortless heat in any one of a wide choice of models. For Duo-Therm makes a heater for practically every purse and purpose.

Free, fact-packed 12-page catalog

It shows all Duo-Therm models in full color, real room settings...gives you all the shopping facts you'll want to invest wisely in a heater. Send for your free copy now. In the meantime, visit your local Duo-Therm dealer and inspect the complete Duo-Therm line.

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Don’t be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, your axillary glands secrete a daily type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an odor on your person and your clothes.

There is nothing “wrong” with you. It’s just another sign you are a woman, not a girl. So now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains.

Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your axocrine glands to give forth perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That’s why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It is antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that(smoothly)in and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don’t be half-safe. During this “age of romance” don’t let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don’t be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 30¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

(Continued from page 72) of the stream and the mill were flashed on the screen. That led to fifty dollars a week with the Doyle stock company as “Marney.” Joe Kelly, the Irish Nightingale.” He learned geography by traveling, and arithmetic by paying his hotel bill.

No wonder he understands how we get nervous in front of the audience.

He knows, too, how it feels to fail. He had played theaters all over the country, and at fourteen was the youngest instructor in his profession. His salary was seventy-five dollars a week.

Then one day he reached for his high note. Not a sound came out. Little Joe Kelly’s voice had changed; he was through.

His singing had helped support the Kelly family. All the time he traveled, he sent money home. His next job was as an office boy, but that paid twelve dollars a week instead of seventy-five.

To learn to play the piano, he spent his noon hours in dime store music departments watching the girl pianists. He organized his own dance band, “Kelly’s Klowns,” then gave it up to become an actor in a touring stock company.

On St. Patrick’s Day, 1923, at Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, he married the company’s brunette business manager, Mary, and eventually they settled down in Benton Harbor, Michigan.

Mr. Kelly had a variety of jobs until he broke into radio at the same station where his son, Joe Jr., now is getting his start as an announcer.

In 1933, he borrowed money to come to Chicago and get his first announcing job at WLS, and soon became Chief Bell Ringer of the National Barn Dance.

He was also “Jolly Joe,” the children’s walker-upper, on a morning program. Peering through his “magic telescope,” he helped them get ready for school by keeping score while they raced to get dressed. Some mornings the girls won; others, the boys were ahead. As they scurried into their clothes, he told them wonderful stories about Polly the Parrot and Scamper the Billygoat.

In 1940, Lou Cowan, whose business it is to dream up radio programs, had the idea for Kids. Mr. Wade, of the Wade Advertising Agency, liked it, and together they got the show ready for the air. As the first board of kids, Gerard Darrow, Cynthia Cline, Joan Bishop and Van Dyke Tiers qualified, but sixteen prospective quiz masters did not. They tried college professors, writers and announcers. The kids got scared and froze, and the would-be Chief Quizzers flunked.

Then Mr. Wade thought of Joe Kelly. Mr. Kelly did not want to audition, but he was the right kind. Mr. Wade, and when Mr. Wade asked, Mr. Kelly tried.

The kids had fun. They talked and talked. Mr. Kelly went to Canada on a vacation and forgot all about it. He had helped out his friend Mr. Wade, but that was all there was to it. These kids could come coming and going. Mr. Kelly had only a third grade education. So far as he was concerned, he wasn’t qualified for the job.

He was having a fine time in the wilderness when Mr. Wade and Mr. Cowan wired, “Come back. You’re the Chief Quizzier.”

Mr. Kelly asked members of Mr. Cowan’s staff to tell us a little more about why they chose Mr. Kelly.

They explained that the show is not intended to test the Chief Quizzier’s knowledge; its object is to bring out what a child can do any way he knows.

He can check our replies against the information on the cards the research department provides, but first he has to get us to give him “answers.”

We’re eager to give Mr. Kelly the answers because we feel he understands that you can know something perfectly, but if someone dares you to say it, you can get so excited about it that you can’t say anything. He’ll remember you very well, Mr. Kelly, and you can always blame it on all the excitement you have been through.

It may be that Mr. Kelly has never forgotten the time he felt the day his voice changed, and he stood in front of an audience, unable to sing a note. If one of us gets into a tight spot, he helps us the way he can—short of giving away the answer.

(I) Joel) want to tell you about the day he helped me the most.

I hadn’t missed a math problem in a month, and we were before the show I had a feeling this was the day. Mr. Kelly must have noticed what happens when I miss—I get red in the face and so frustrated I can’t concentrate any more.

I should have solved that one. When Mr. Kelly said, “No, I’m sorry Joel, but that isn’t right . . . .” I started to burn. He just have seen me blush red as my gown.

He turned his back to the audience and talked only to me. “Never mind, Joel. You’ll get the next one. Just take it easy.”

I calmed down. I was away behind at the time, but instead of having my thoughts scrambled, I answered the next questions correctly and came in second.

And I, (Rinny) felt the worst the day I arrived with a black eye. Honestly, I don’t know when I’ve been so embarrassed.

Some people pretended not to notice; some kidded me. I don’t know which was worse. Apparently, it is very funny when a thirteen-year-old young lady sports a shiner.

Mr. Kelly, however, was perfectly matter-of-fact. “How did you get it?”

“I was playing a little touch football at a picnic,” I almost whispered. I was that fussed.

“Well,” said Mr. Kelly, “you just have to develop a better defense.” I didn’t mind after that.

Perhaps the reason we trust Mr. Kelly so much is because we have never seen him angry. Even on out of town trips, when we invent games which are somewhat hectic for a pullman, and the others grown ups get provoked, he just smiles.

He’s a genius, too, at restoring order when we start scuffling before the show. We all love the wild.

As we told you, we reach NBC just half an hour before we go on the air. Usually, we wait in a small studio until time to make our entrance. We haven’t seen each other in a week, and we have lots of things saved up to say.

One of us will grab a dead mike to imitate a noted announcer. Another dinosaur will try to take it away. In seconds, we’re all shouting at once.

Then Mr. Kelly walks in. He’ll say, “Cut it out, Kids. We don’t want any more teeth lost around here.”

(I) Joel) carefully count molars and incisors. I lost my baby teeth in twelve different states, but I need these. To change the subject, I ask, “What’s on the cards today?”
Those cards provide our best running gag. Everyone joins in the clamor.

"What are the questions?"

"Is there one I can answer?"

"Please, Mr. Kelly, let us have just a little peek."

He laughs and flips the pack, but it's always the blank sides he shows us. Or he'll reach out, then notice all of a sudden he's aimed toward a Quiz Kid, and quick pass them to a member of the staff. Other times he'll pretend to be serious, start to give them to us, then say, "Oh, I forgot. These are last week's."

While this goes on, Lonnie Lunde heads for the piano. He has been a pianist and composer since he was four, and can, we think, play any piece ever written. Mr. Kelly, on the other hand, learns his piano in dime stores.

But we love his boogie. One of us shouts, "Play for us, Mr. Kelly, please play for us."

Now we have been around radio stations long enough to know everyone gets tense before a big network show. Any ordinary man on his way to the studio would refuse.

BUT not our Mr. Kelly. He sits right down. Often he and Lonnie play duets, but the most hectic session came the day we got our organist, Howard Peterson, into it, too, Mr. Kelly and he raced. Faster and faster they played. It ended up in a positive tailspin.

Best of all, Mr. Kelly likes the song Lonnie wrote for him:

The Chief Quizzer

You'll find a lot of Kellys,
No matter where you go;
But to the Quiz Kids there's just one
The Kelly known as Joe—
Joe Kelly, the Chief Quizzer
He gives us no chance to relax—
Joe Kelly, the Chief Quizzer
He makes us come up with the facts—
He throws the questions at us, some easy, some hard;
For our tender ages he has no regard;
'Cause he's got the answers right there on his card,
Joe Kelly, the Quizzer.

We're ready for anything by the time we file into the studio. We laugh ahead of the audience when, just before air time, Mr. Kelly introduces our announcer, Bob Murphy, saying, "Kelly and Murphy, what a pair! It's a great day for the Irish... Let me get these spectacles on... I'm having a little difficulty..." Then he's a new pair. I'm breaking in for my wife... Rinny's back... Here's a question... why do you think people fall in love?"

The laughs ring out, and before we have a chance to get solemn or scared, we're on the air, and he's asking the serious questions as happily as his jokes did the foolish ones.

Mr. Kelly's formal education may have ended with the third grade, but he has made us realize a smart person doesn't do all his learning in school. Even our audience senses, we think, that Mr. Kelly is like a kindly stepfather to every Quiz Kid. We find that out when we get into scraps with other kids at school. They get mad at us, they don't say, "I'll tell your father."

Oh no. When you're a Quiz Kid, it isn't as simple as that. They say, "We'll write Joe Kelly." And we wouldn't be surprised if some of them do.

It's a safe guess all Butch needs is a 'change'... from itchy, half-clean clothes to things that are washed completely clean and sweet... with Fels-Naptha Soap.

This extra gentle laundry soap—an exclusive blend of mild, golden soap and active naptha—gets out every stain, every source of irritation. Leaves dainty garments soothingly soft and white.

Like other modern mothers, you'll find Fels-Naptha the perfect soap for doing a 'baby wash' cleaner and quicker!
At last! a shampoo made especially for you who do your hair at home!

NEW Shasta beauty cream Shampoo

- Makes home permanents “take” better!
  Shasta-washed hair “takes” a better permanent. Even a fresh new wave looks softer and more natural the very first day. Soaping your hair with the most expensive creams or liquids won't give you Shasta's perfect results!

- Makes pin-curls comb out softer!
  Your pin-curls comb out softer—your hair stays lovely all day long. Shasta gives you better results than any soap shampoo. You'll see that Shasta is made especially for girls who do their hair at home!

Bachelor Girl in Hollywood

(Continued from page 57)

struck out on her own, he has done all of her recordings with her, as well as conducted for her radio appearances.

Jo brags that Paul is a blossoming song writer as well as a top conductor and arranger, and points to his three recent hit tunes, “I Should Care,” “Day by Day” and “Ain’t Ya Ever Coming Back?”

Some of Paul's songs have emanated from Jo's living room, where an audience of his pals is always ready to give a new work a quick run through. Some of those off-the-cuff concerts are better than the broadcasts, say the insiders who've heard them.

“We never know when we're kidding,” Jo explains, recalling the fantastic story back of her biggest record hit the gag version of “Temptation” which reached the juke boxes as “Tim-tay-shun.”

“Jo made the record in a half an hour—"strictly the one take"—at the end of an all-day recording session with the Capitol Records people.

The arrangement had been whipped up for another singer, who got sick at the last minute and failed to keep the recording date. Jim Conkling, of Capitol, suggested that Jo do it—'just for a gag.'

It took half an hour to make it, Jo says, and five minutes to forget it. It was just a way of working off steam.

She was so sure she had heard the last of that she didn't even tell Michael Nidorf, her manager, that the record was made.

But Capitol released the platter, crediting the vocal to "Cinderella G. Stump."

After about a month, Conkling telephoned Jo to report,

"Don't look now," he said, "but I think "Tim-tay-shun' is going to cause some talk." Six hundred thousand records were in.

As the hepsters all know, "Tim-tay-shun" long ago passed the million mark, making recording history.

If she's going to make history, Jo would be just as glad if it were all that easy.

Her big upsurge in the popularity polls in the past two years has drummed up a fistful of theater and night club offers. This seemed like a good idea, at first. But Jo tried both, “and ran home screaming.”

"It's too tough—the fancy get-ups. the five-a-day, the crowds.”

She particularly hated the night club business, although she packed La Martinique in New York every night during her engagement. Night clubs have all the bad features of theaters, she says, plus later hours, more smoke, more noise, and more drunks.

The easy-going life is the life for Jo. Where but in radio could she sleep all night and, if she wants to, half the day? In what other business could she get by with the sweaters and old flannel robes which are her favorite costumes, spend every weekend "at home" with the family, and week nights at home with a new detective story? Nowhere else in the entertainment business, that's sure.

Sure there are more people—and more applause—if you look out toward the town.

But, says Jo Stafford—who wants it?
of the way, the cards are out and everybody is pinned down to bridge or gin rummy."

Art thinks that offering a deck of cards to such guests is an insult to the guests and a confession of intellectual bankruptcy on the part of the hosts. As for himself, he has sworn never to learn gin rummy.

The old fashioned art of conversation is cultivated at the Linkletter home, and it is to help the children develop their ideas and vocabularies, the necessary antennae for ready communication with their world end the people in it, that Art and Lois plan their home life with an eye to spending the maximum amount of time with the youngsters.

Even two-year-old Sharon—Shara—Shan, as she herself says it—is allowed to dine with the family on stay-at-home evenings, and her parents are perfectly happy to advance their own dinner hour to six o'clock so that the littlest of their children can be with them.

The Linkletters expect their fifth child in October, and are giving Sharon every chance to exploit her position as the youngest.

Robert, almost four, feels very grown up when Sharon is around, and a great deal more articulate, his father says, than the time he appeared on his father's House Party program and was unable to utter a word.

The really "grown-up" children—Jack, who is eleven, and Dawn, nine, laugh indulgently at this childish nonsense which they have long since, of course, outgrown. For them the dinner hour is the big chance of the day to regale their parents with stories of their day at school.

Jack goes to Black Foxe, a military school, and Dawn to Westlake, a private school for girls. They will go to public schools when they reach the Junior High School level, their parents have decided. Art, who studied to be a teacher, is horrified at the teacher-load which prevails in the Los Angeles city schools, and declares that no teacher—no matter how competent—can teach fifty children at one sitting. At Westlake, Dawn's classes hold fourteen or fifteen, which her father thinks is more reasonable.

It is characteristic of Art that he wants nothing but the best for his children, for Lois and himself, too.

He started life an orphan, was later adopted. He managed a college education only by dint of the hardest kind of part-time jobs. Now that he can afford it, he feels absolutely no guilt about taking it easy.

When he and Lois were honeymooning thirteen years ago he did his last odd job around the house. His wife had a new floor lamp and asked him to install the extension cord needed to connect it. Art did, and blew the fuse. He has never "fixed" anything since—and Lois knows better than to ask him.

Their house, which surmounts a sloping acre in the heart of Hollywood, has everything for a relaxed and luxurious life—terraces with play equipment for the children, a badminton court, the swimming pool. The purple jacaranda trees at the front of the house are beautiful. The whole place is a sort of walled-in oasis in the center of a really not-too-beautiful town.

The cook, butler, governess, laundress and gardener now employed to
New! Improved!
Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

Take Only One* Hour Waving Time for Your Permanent

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers...it's that easy to give yourself the new, improved RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for luxurious, softer, lovelier waves. With it, you can set your hair in any style...from a sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30c Federal Tax).

*depending on texture and condition of hair—follow instructions.

It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. One-third more waving lotion...more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
3. Longer, stranger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stranger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave...non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.

keep the Linkletter home running with well-oiled efficiency will be supplemented, come October, with a nursemaid.

When they bought it, over three years ago, their house was just another Mediterranean-type villa. But Lois, an enthusiastic amateur decorator, has transformed it. Bit by bit, she got rid of the garish tile and the miles of wrought iron work that gave it "character"—of a sort. The forty by twenty-foot living room is a bright place now, with the ceiling pickled and bleached, a simple mantelpiece, and brilliantly-colored Chinese furniture. The coral and blue-gray color scheme has a professional polish, but no Linkletter would be happy in a formal room. The casual accumulation of books, papers, music, logs piled in the fireplace...these give it its real character.

The dining room is pale and subtle, to make the best possible frame for Lois's collection of traditional silver, crystal and china. And all the bedrooms have as carefully thought-out color schemes. Jack's is manish, Dawn's gay, Robert's a circus. Lois and Art share a huge room in which Swedish modern shows beautifully against a blue-green, chartreuse and apricot background.

A new room, a twelfth, is now under construction for the fifth baby's nursery.

Art pays rather appalling bills for all of this with the greatest good humor. His family and his home, he feels, are very rewarding investments.

Fortunately—in view of the kind of life he enjoys—Art is making money, important money, these days. The scrimpng and planning of his college days in San Diego are happily behind him. His great success on the air, and in his one movie, People Are Funny, have built up a demand for his services at fairs and expositions at astronomical fees—and he manages to fill a great many such engagements along with his regular radio schedule.

Such a pace frightens his friends in radio who have seen Tom Breneman and other gifted men break under the load. But Art is not worried. His public life is strenuous, but—and this is crucial, he says—his private life is quite different. His quiet, lazy life with his family—which accents sleep, exercise, simple fun—stores up all the energy he needs for facing the public.

He has another asset, he thinks. He doesn't worry.

"I suppose, compared with the power-house guys, I seem phlegmatic," he says. "But I have developed a fatalistic philosophy in fifteen years of radio ad-libbing. Anything can happen, and often does. But I don't worry about it until it happens. When it happens I do the best I can."

The philosophy pays off, of course, for Art is famous in radio for turning a bad break, or a boner, into the biggest laugh on the show.

He has done People Are Funny on TV once, with exciting results. He wants to do more—for he finds this medium the best for what he likes best to do, talk directly to the people.

With television a part of his thinking, Art, of course, is making it a part of his life. His home is probably the first in Hollywood to have a "television room." Like everything else in the house, the room is designed for the whole family's enjoyment.

That's what makes the Linkletter house something really worth writing about. It's a home.
It Might as Well Be Pretty
(Continued from page 61)


Planked Steaks
A steak you are going to serve on a plank should be broiled first. Select a tender steak 1½" to 2" thick. Trim off excessive fat. Place on greased rack in preheated broiling pan. Place broiling pan with meat on rack 2" to 3" below the heat. Sear on top and sides and turn. When seared on both sides reduce heat to moderate (350° F.). Continue broiling until 5 minutes before done.

Cooking Guide for Steak
1-inch: rare, 8-15 minutes; medium, 12-20 minutes; well done, 15-30 minutes.
2-inch: rare, 15-25 minutes; medium, 20-30 minutes; well done, 25-40 minutes.
Broil until nearly done, then put it on a preheated plank and arrange vegetables around it. Place under a hot broiler to brown potatoes and finish cooking. Allow 1½ to 2 pound per portion.

Planked Chicken
3 medium sized broiling chickens
broiling chickens 1½ cups cooked mashed potatoes
salt 1½ cups whole green beans, cooked
pepper oil 1½ cups whole kernel corn
pimento

Split and clean broilers. Wash and dry thoroughly. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with oil. Preheat broiling compartment to medium. Place skin side down on broiling pan and broil about 4 inches from source of heat for about 20 minutes. Remove from broiler and place skin side up in center of oiled heated plank. Arrange potatoes around edge of plank with pastry tube or with spoon. Fill space between potatoes with beans and corn. Brush with oil and broil 4 inches from source of heat about 10 minutes, or until chicken is tender and potatoes browned. Makes 6 servings.

Planked Fish
Select any firm-fleshed fish for planking. You may use whole fish, split down back, fillets or steaks which are ½ to 1 inch thick. Dry fish thoroughly, season both sides with salt and pepper and brush with oil or melted butter. Place skin side down on oiled hot plank or ovenware platter and bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 15 to 30 minutes, basting frequently. Remove from oven, border with mashed potatoes, brush with melted butter, milk or diluted egg yolks and brown in oven or under broiler. Garnish with melted butter and serve at once. Other vegetables such as string beans, lime beans, tomato slices or small stuffed tomatoes may be used with potatoes. Allow ½ to 1 pound fish per portion.
bothered with hangnails?
---

use
wonderful
new
VASELINE
TRADE MARK ®
 CUTICLE
AND NAIL CREAM!

Cuticle hangnails aren't pretty to
look at—aren't
good to have, either! They snag
your nylons . . .

spoil your manicure . . .
and, darn it,
they hurt. What to do?

Just make a beauty
habit of new "Vaseline"
Cuticle and Nail Cream.

This soothing, smoothing,
fragrant cream lubricates
rough cuticle gently . . .

and aids in keeping it soft,
pliant . . . and really does
something about those ugly
cuticle hangnails!

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NOSTALGIC MEMORIES

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

I was born in a small village in Den-
mark. My father was a carpenter. I
remember walking to school
through the snow wearing wooden
shoes which kept our feet good and
warm.

How well I remember my grand-
mother's house. It was brick, but the
roof was covered with thick sod which
sprouted in the spring, and soon
then. On one end of the roof the storks
build their nests and in a few weeks
their little white offspring could be
seen perched on the roof tops. How
well I remember their long, red legs
and what a thrill we children got from
watching them.

I was ten years old when father de-
cided to go to America where his mar-
rried sister was living, but the sad part
was that he couldn't take us with him.

When he kissed us all good-bye we felt
as though we would never see him
again. Weeks went by, and Spring
came. The grass on grandmother's
roof grew green and we knew the
storks would soon build their nests
again.

After eight months, we received a
letter from Father with transportation
tickets for the whole family. It took
us thirteen days and nights to cross the
ocean, and I was so seasick the sight of
the waves was enough to make me ill.

How happy we were when we sighted
land! We sailed a few hours more and
then sighted the Statue of Liberty.

Never having heard about it before, we
wondered what it was.

Traveling by train, we reached our
destination two days later, fully ex-
pecting Father to meet us. We waited
and waited but he never came. Stran-
gers tried to discover where we were
going, but we couldn't understand a
word they said.

When it grew dark a man from the
railroad, who spoke Swedish, was sent
over to help us. Mother had no trouble
understanding him and he insisted we
spend the night at his home. Mother
sent a letter to Father, but it was two
days before he arrived. It seems we
had made the trip three days sooner
than expected.

Leaving bright and early, we said
good-bye to those kind people and
started for our new home. It was a
small town and we caused a lot of ex-
traordinarily.

In September we began school and
the children would crowd around us
to hear us talk. How they would laugh,
but we learned fast, thanks to a kind
teacher who took extra time with us.

The years went by and we all
learned to love America.

I am seventy-three years old now and
my parents are both dead, but I still
like to think about those days and it
thrills me to hear my great-grandchil-
dren laugh about how father came to
call for us with four mules hitched to
a big spring wagon. So after all, I
find that Life Can Be Beautiful.

Mrs. R. K.

The ten-dollar letters follow:

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

Dear Papa David:

Recently, in the company of friends,
my husband was discussing the sad
state of our finances. I laughed and
said, "It's only money." Everyone
laughed heartily. They assumed I was
joking. Only my husband's smile told
me that he, alone, understood.

We have been married ten years.
No strangers to cheap housing, bill
collectors and even pawnshops, we have
endured all the humiliations of poverty.

During the war, we were fortunate.
We worked hard, our income rose, and
we bought a home, a car, and were able
to give our children the things we
wanted them to have.

After the war, we started a business
of our own. Costs were higher than
expected and we spent all our savings,
sold our car, our house, and borrowed
heavily. We worked hard, but we
seemed doomed to failure. We lost
money; our home was broken up; our
creditors hounded us.

We were exhausted. We even began
to quarrel with each other.

When we were forced to close our
business, we were heavily in debt and

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard Mon.-Fri. on NBC at 12
the future seemed hopeless. We discussed a divorce. In our despair, a cold pride kept us from saying the one word that might have led to a reconciliation.

Charles was working nights and to get more money, he hauled coal during the day even though he suffered from asthma.

On New Year’s Day, he had a heart attack. For hours I watched him fight for a life which we considered unendurable. Faced with the probable loss of my dear one, I prayed that I had left him enough in life to fight for. I realized what folly we had been about to commit.

My husband began to recover. We had many long talks and he admitted that, compared to his fear of our marriage’s breaking up, the other worries were trifling. Once on his feet, he was warned that never again would he be able to work as hard.

People were sympathetic (even our creditors). We learned how good and true most of our friends were. A new tenderness entered our love for each other. We both know that probably we always will be poor—financially, that is.

In the things that really matter, however, we are God’s favored. When we stopped worrying about money, it was as if we had been set free.

Mrs. C. W. A.

SOLICITOUS EAVESDROPPERS

Dear Papa David:

We live in the country, and our telephone is one of those eight-party lines on which everyone eavesdrops.

The night I realized my third baby was about to be born, my husband was at work in the city, several miles away. Frightened, I went to the telephone. What if the line should be busy? However, I was fortunate enough to get the connection, but I was sobbing hysterically, asking Frank how I would get to the hospital, begging him to hurry home, and wondering who would take care of our two little boys.

Suddenly, while Frank was still talking, trying to calm me, I heard a car drive into our yard, then another, and another. Those party-liners had heard my call and had all come to help!

In no time, they arranged everything. One drove me to the hospital while the others cared for the children, reassured Frank (on the phone) and did a hundred thoughtful things. Oh yes, life can be beautiful, even on a party line!

Mrs. F. C.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone’s life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won’t you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 265 East 42 Street, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn’t more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you’ve ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn’t dry out... that really stops perspiration better. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.
TED MALONE'S ORGANIST

Dear Editor:

How about some information on Rosa Rio, the organist on Ted Malone's program? I think she is just about the best in the business. Where did she come from? Is she married? What other programs does she play for? My girl friend and I are both musicians and I have a wager with her that she is also the organist on My True Story. Am I right or wrong?

Mr. B. B.

Louisville, Ky.

You're right. She's also the organist on ABC's Ethel and Albert (Monday to Friday at 6:45 P.M. EST), and Second honeymoon (Monday to Friday at 3:30 P.M. EST, ABC). Rosa, who is on ABC's musical staff, is so much in demand that she often has only twenty-five seconds to dash from one studio to another. A native of New Orleans, she is married, has one son, and, naturally, has an organ in her home.

STATISTICS WANTED

Dear Editor:

Recently a friendly discussion led to a friendly wager concerning the height and weight of certain radio celebrities. Would you please clarify the matter for us by giving these vital statistics of Dick Haymes, Vaughan Monroe, and Bob Hope?

Mr. F. V. H.

Chicago 14, Ill.

We'll be glad to. Vaughan Monroe, the tallest of the three, is 6'4" and 185 pounds. Next comes Dick Haymes at 6' and 160 pounds. And Bob Hope, the shortest, is 5'10", and 170 pounds.

CAPTIVATING VOICE

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me who plays Peggy Martinson on the Nora Drake program? I'd like to see a picture of her as she owns such a wonderful dramatic voice. It's a voice you want to stop and listen to.

Mrs. P. B. Armona, California

Here's the face that matches the voice you want to stop and listen to—Mercedes McCambridge. She is often heard on other programs such as Inner Sanctum, Studio One, and Mystery Theatre.

NEW CORRESPONDENT RETURNS

Dear Editor:

Would you tell me what has become of Robert St. John? During the war I heard him on the radio often and he was one of my favorite newscasters. I haven't heard him or anything about him for a long time.

Mrs. B. C. Martinville, Va.

You'll be happy to hear that Robert St. John recently returned to this country from Europe where he spent much time gathering material for his new book on Palestine which will be published this Fall.

THE PARK AVENUE HILLBILLIE

Dear Editor:

I would like to know where Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue Hillbilly, comes from. Our family enjoys listening to her and we are in dispute as to her native state. Would you enlighten us?

Mrs. P. A. S., San Antonio, 10, Texas

Dorothy Shay is from the South—Jacksonville, Florida, to be specific, where she was born some twenty-odd years ago.

ALIAS GERARD

Dear Editor:

I noticed in your August issue of Radio Mirror the picture of Jerry Colonna. Is that his real name? Has he made any recordings lately?

Mr. F. C. Erie, Pa.

Jerry's legal name is Gerard Colonna; however, he changed it when he decided it was too formal for a comedian. His latest Capitol recordings, released a few months ago, are "Pass A Piece of Pizza, Please," and "Where Do You Work, John?"
TRIBUTE

Dear Editor:

Until your September issue I was disappointed in your magazine for not mentioning the death of Tom Breneman. He meant so much to so many of us. During the war, his program always gave us a lift. And yet, along with the belly laugh, the smile, or the chuckle, would come the tears the next moment. That's the test of true comedy. He was more than a comedian because shining through his antics was the warmth, the true heart, of Tom. That was what made him different from the other comedians.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Those are our sentiments, too.

SUPER WRITING TEAM

Dear Editor:

Could you give me some information about Frank and Anne Hummert, as well as some of the radio programs they produce?

Miss N. A. T.

Anne (nee Ashenhurst) and Frank Hummert originally started as a secretary-boss combination, but, as Frank will confide jokingly to friends, he married Anne because he had difficulty pronouncing her name. Together they have become radio's most outstanding writing and producing team. They write, produce and direct some sixteen radio scripts weekly for an audience estimated at 100,000,000 a week. To give you an idea of the variety of programs they have a hand in, here are a few: David Harum, Backstage Wife, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, Lora Lawton, and Waltz Time.

Anne Hummert

RADIO'S PERFECT MOTHER

Dear Editor:

Will you please inform me whether Marion Barney ever played stock in Philadelphia quite a few years ago?

Mrs. M. C. E.

Trenton, N. J.

Not only has she played stock in Philadelphia, but there isn't a city with a population of 100,000 or more that she hasn't played. Before Marion entered the field of radio, she had spent twenty distinguished years on the stage, five of which were spent as leading actress of the Orpheum Stock Company in Philadelphia. Now, known as radio's perfect mother, Marion is firmly settled in her role as Mother Young in Pepper Young's Family.

Marion Barney

New "LOVELIGHTS"
romantic "LOVELIGHTS"
in your hair!

Richard Hudnut enriched creme

SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

LIQUID CREME
...Luxuriously smooth

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-oth liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.
chance. It was seized upon desperately. A motorcycle messenger was armed with a release form, and dispatched from Hollywood to Santa Barbara with instructions to locate Miss Benson and get her signature by broadcast deadline. Little hope was entertained that he would succeed.

A flowered dress and a grim vigil at the telephone. Came five o’clock, Hollywood time, and no word. Five-thirty, and no word. Five-forty. The phone jangled. Wrong number. Twenty minutes left. Then it rang again. This time it was the excited voice of the messenger. He had contacted Miss Benson. She had signed the release, and he was speeding back with it. Everyone sighed. It was all right to go on with the show.

I HAVE become accustomed to drama behind the Lux Radio Theatre’s velvet curtain such as I have not witnessed in any other place. I never know what will pass seven million words, which if printed on single teletype tape would stretch 2,500 miles; 35,000 pages of script which, laid end to end, would extend 60 miles and driven over by every street cleaner en route; roughly 13,000 music bridges, and approximately 60,000 sound effects conjured up by Lux’s fabulous noise engine, the rate of 105 a show. More than 400 of Hollywood’s all-time most glamorous movie stars had performed in upwards of 600 Lux adaptations of motion picture hits by the end of 1947.

You cannot wade through that wilderness of statistics without some of the most carefully laid plans going awry. Weekends, comedy, pathos and suspense are the real life ingredients backstage in the Lux Radio Theatre. To thirty-two million faithful listeners, Operation Lux is a flawless radio which comes in like a breeze across the airlines for more than 14 years without misconception. As far as Lux fans know, all the tumult and hum in this continually high-topped, one-hour show are contained in the adaptations of popular motion pictures and in the performances of the stars who come to the Lux microphone. The majority of its problems involved in getting the show on and off the air with clocklike regularity. Little is the armchair patron aware of the slight, slight irritations, particularly during invasions by itinerant inebriates. When these vagabonds are spotted, they are gently eased out. One night, a Keystone cop crashed the dress rehearsal not long ago, ensconced himself in the front row, and proceeded to interrupt the performance with admitedly intelligent criticism. However, his comment was incomplimentary, and he was asked to leave, which he did gracefully and with dispatch.

I shall not soon forget the night that adulation for one of my stars took on the proportions of a near riot. Before the curtain fell on our adaptation of "You Can’t Take It with You," more than 6000 of our teletype machines were in action, storming the footlights with a rain of ohhs-and-ahhs, accompanied by frantically extended autograph albums. Only the timely arrival of a contingent of Los Angeles policemen prevented them from swarming onto the stage and kidnaping Van Johnson while the show still was on the air.

This demonstration was quelled without discernible catastrophe. I will admit that at least one distraught fan achieved a moral victory. A lifesize portrait of Johnson appeared in a glass showcase in the lobby of the Vine Street Playhouse, and when I went home I noticed that one of Van’s admirers had left her lipstick prints on the glass across the photographic image of his own lips.

Often comic relief is provided by fans far from the CBS auditorium. In its day the Lux Radio Theatre has been held responsible for a burning house, called to task for doubting the biting potentials of dead bees, and praised for dramatizing the story of a horse that wouldn’t be caught dead without the sponsor’s product.

It was a curious, yet amusing twist of logic that laid the conflagration at our doorstep. A listener wrote indignantly that his home would not have gone up in flames if he had not dialed the program. He had become so engrossed, he complained, that he did not notice the house was afire until it was too late to do anything but flee the inferno with his own skin intact.

WALTER BRENNAN’S Lux performance in “To Have and Have Not” as the dancing marquis who badgered everyone he encountered with the question, “Was you ever bit by a dead bee?” brought next day a special delivery protest from an exasperated listener.

“I stepped on a dead bee last night,” she bristled, “and I was bitten by it. So you see dead bees do bite.”

Having learned not to underestimate dead bees, I learned later from Dr. Kaufman that the boy’s sister was four years old.

One tribute to my sponsor’s ubiquitous product came to me from a listener..
who had received from a friend in France a linen tablecloth embroidered in Belgian lace. Enclosed with this fine gift was a note, written in French, recommending that the cloth be washed in Lux.

My own slight contribution is the fact that when I joined the show on a permanent basis I purchased an extra pair of eyeglasses, with lenses ground for the special requirements of broadcasting. Based on the distance between my eyes and the script, a large area of these bifocals was for reading, while the smaller upper portion was for receiving timing signals at a greater distance.

This might seem like an extraordinary precaution, but as surely as day follows night, the evening came when I was on stage two minutes before curtain, and I discovered that I had left my regular glasses in the dressing room. You can imagine how relieved I was to be able to reach into another pocket and come up with my extra pair.

NOT instinct, but an embarrassing experience in my early days as an actor prompted me to carry two pairs of eyeglasses on every broadcast. Years ago, on the road, I played an Englishman in “Officer 666.” In a climactic scene, I was supposed to fetch a pair of handcuffs out of my pocket and fasten them to my wrists. I fumbled in vain for my props. I tried, under the circumstances, to cover up by turning my back to the audience and letting them assume that I was in handcuffs. I have never forgotten that I could have avoided this debacle had I had two pairs of handcuffs.

Would that fear of missing glasses were an isolated deadline scare! Consider the night Bette Davis was billed for the Radio Theatre in “The Letter.” Five minutes before showtime, Bette ran out of her dressing room, her face contorted in pain, her hands clutching her throat.

“I’ve taken poison!” she cried.

No, Miss Davis was not attempting suicide, and she was not jesting. To relieve a severe headache she had poured the contents of a little bottle into a glass of water and had tossed it off. Instead of headache powder, it was insect poison. However, her alert chauffeur saved the day. He rushed back an antidote in time for Bette to answer her opening cue.

To me, in particular, the thought of Bette Davis taking poison by accident or design was unbearable. With good reason, I have a deep personal interest in her career. I take pride in being Bette’s discoverer. I sensed her latent dramatic qualities the moment I saw her intimated by an enormous costume in the leading role of the graduation play at the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School in New York City.

I was directing A. A. Milne’s “The Ivory Door” on the Broadway stage, and I summoned this promising girl for a reading. I liked her work, but the producer, Charles Hopkins, had reservations, so Miss Davis’ professional debut was delayed. But not for long.

Three months later, Hopkins saw Bette in a little theater in Greenwich Village and raved over her as a sensational new find. He didn’t realize she was the same girl he had rejected a short time ago. Bette soon won a part in “Skidding”—the play on which MGM based its Andy Hardy series—which ran for one year on Broadway, and proved her springboard to Hollywood and all that went with it.

...and now come these

Just any silverplate won’t do! Your modern bride-to-be knows all silverplate is not alike...knows there is a finer, different kind with these

It’s Holmes & Edwards silverplate and it’s not to be confused with the extra-plated or over-plated kinds. It is Sterling Inlaid to stay lovely longer!

Two blocks of sterling silver are invisibly inlaid at backs and bowls of most used spoons and forks thus:

For prices and other shopping information see below.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE

THE LOVELIEST PATTERNS! Choose from three of the finest examples of American craftsmanship. Donnish Princess, Youth, Lovely Lady. All made in the U. S. A. by the International Silver Company.

SO WONDERFULLY PRICED! Not up like so many, many things. But still down. Only $68.50 for beautiful 22-piece service for eight with chest (no fed. tax).

AVAILABLE NOW! At the silverware counter of your jewelry or department stores.

New-Drape

I didn’t meet Bette again until 1932 when I, too, was in Hollywood, and she was cast in “Cabin in the Cotton,” with Richard Barthes. As dialogue director of the film, I was instructed by the studio’s high command to give the Davis girl special attention because she had all the earmarks of a great prospect. “Cabin in the Cotton” was the movie in which Bette switched from ingenuous to the other-woman portrayals. And I was happy to have Hollywood confirm my own early impression of the Davis talents. On the Warner Brothers lot, I later directed Bette in “Special Agent,” “The Bride Came C.O.D.,” and “The Man Who Came to Dinner.”

Miss Davis is a most accomplished actress, and outside of the near tragedy when she swallowed poison by mistake, the only problem I ever had with her was during the shooting of “The Bride Came C.O.D.” In a sequence when a gun was fired, Bette, contrary to my instructions before the weapon went off.

After scores of futile takes, I suggested that we avoid her premature flinching by doing the scene without firing the gun. Not suggesting that I was perpetrating a deception, Bette agreed. When the shot came, she had not expected it, and the scene was perfect. Bette was furious with me.

“Damn you Bill Keighley,” she roared. “I’ll never trust you again.”

One of the continuing joys of producing Radio Theatre is that I am constantly renewing old acquaintances. In New York in 1930, I produced and directed a play called “Penny Arcade.” In the cast were an independent little Irishman named James Cagney, a gai- nial character actor named George Bar- bier, and a vivacious blonde named Joan Blondell. They are somewhat better known now as movie stars, and it always is old home week for me when they appear in Lux presentations.

“Penny Arcade” brought Jimmy and Joan to Hollywood when Warner Brothers purchased the screen rights. My first assignment as permanent Lux pro- ducer found Joan co-starring with James Stewart in “Destry Rides Again.”

“I’ve worked with Blondell and Cag- ney on three levels, but the New York stage, in movies and on radio. I directed Cagney in such films as “Blood on the Sun,” “G-Men,” “The Fighting 69th,” “The Bride Came C.O.D.,” and Joan in “Kansas City Princess” and “Bullets or Ballots.”

In “Bullets or Ballots” another member of my cast was Edward G. Robi- son. Eddie and I started as actors at the same time. In simultaneous New York productions against World War I backgrounds, Eddie appeared in “Under Fire” while I performed in “Inside the Lines.” We also went to Europe and studied French at the same time. It was not until I directed Eddie in “Bullets or Ballots” that I had occasion to work with him again.

I directed Lux regulars Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell at Warner Brothers, “No TIME for Comedy,” and for Ethel Barrymore in “Romeo and Juliet” on the Paris and Broadway stages.

Consequently, when I introduce my stars on the Radio Theatre and de- scribe them as my old friends, I am not making fictional conversation, but re- lating facts in which I take much pleasure.

Jimmy Cagney, for instance, did not become a theatrical renegade, as so many believe, only after he acquired movie roles. When I was casting “Penny Arcade” on Broadway, Jimmy displayed the same temperament then for which he was to become famous as a screen star. He was newly married and broke when I offered him $200 a week to do the part, but Jimmy boldly de- manded $250. Even though we were adamant, Jimmy was not intimidated by his manager, but he accepted a $250 or nothing dictum. He got $250.

There are, in fact, few Lux perform- ers whom I have not met before under different professional circumstances, either on the stage or in a motion pic- ture set. Mary Astor, who played in “Cynthia” for me on Lux, acted in the first movie I directed, “Easy to Love.” Another leading lady in that film was Genevieve Tobin. Her path and mine cross quite often these days. This is manifestly unavoidable since she is my wife.

Unlike Bette Davis, Don Ameche pro- vided not a suicidal, but a bacchanalian fright soon after I took over as producer. “Oh, Mr. Keighley,” he said, “would you excuse me a minute. I’ve got to have a drink. I never go on without one.”

What Don Ameche or anyone else did in private life I respect as none of my concern, but drinking on a radio studio could be tolerated no more than it would be on a motion picture set. I followed Ameche into the Green Room — the Lux Theatre lounge — to tell him so. It was too late. I found him with the bottle to his mouth—swallowing a pint of milk.

Not I, but the engineer was convinced that world no longer was revolving on its orbit the time Dick Powell was rehears-
What **JOHN PAYNE** means by “**SEX APPEAL**”

Joan Caulfield tells:

"John Payne finds tremendous allure in the softness of feminine hands. He can't see why any girl should let hers get rough. Nor do I when there's Jergens Lotion to keep hands exquisite. I always use Jergens," The Stars use Jergens 7 to 1 over any other hand care.

**Your own hands** can be softer and more appealing today. Today's Jergens Lotion protects your hands longer against roughness; and it makes your hands feel even smoother and softer—more charming. Many doctors rely on 2 ingredients for helping to smooth and soften the skin. Your Jergens Lotion contains both. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling.

**Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World**

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion
of the play would have been lost, the climactic scene ruined if quick-thinking Colman had not called out, "Darling, I see you have finally oiled the gate." Forsyth later cleared up the mystery. He had told his young assistant to clean up after dress rehearsal. When his obedient hirling chanced to hear the gate squeak, he betook himself like the eager beaver he was, and oiled it.

Once Charlie's own over-zealousness got him in a tight spot. In "Destry Rides Again," Jimmy Stewart was to establish his reputation in a strange town. This is how the sequence appeared in the script:

Stewart—"You see that sign down the street? You see those five ornaments on top?"

Other man—"Yeah."

Stewart—"Now you see 'em..."

Sound—five pistols shots in rapid order.

Stewart—"Now you don't."

That is not the way it happened. Stewart never so soon called, "You see those five ornaments on top?" then Forsyth literally jumped the gun and fired a volley of five shots. Unfazed, Stewart kept pace with the telescoped cue and observed dryly, "Now you don't see 'em anymore."

Forsyth must have had the worst moment of his career when Bette Davis delivered her curtain speech after the third act of "The Letter." This was a tense, dramatic production. Anything incorrect would have carelessly built up conviction. Charlie had ready a pile of plates which he planned to use in a dish-washing commercial two minutes later.

Seated on a stool, he turned halfway around. As he did so, his elbow dislodged the plates. They cascaded to the floor with a deafening clatter. Charlie looked down at the stage for a sign of the chaos he was sure must have been precipitated by the accident. He was amazed. Nobody showed evidence that he had heard the thunderous plateslide.

Then Forsyth realized what had saved him. The sound booth was off stage, and the tumultuous applause of the audience had drowned out the racket of the falling dishes.

Forsyth is without peer in his craft. Yet chance lays its booby-traps for him, as it does for all this carefully thought out, carefully planned, vigorously rehearsed production. For example, it may take more than an hour of trial and error elimination to master one effect. There was one such afternoon when Joseph Cotten rehearsed "I'll Be Seeing You." The only sound in a highly dramatic scene was the beating of Cotten's heart. Easier said than simulated.

Charlie trotted out an amazing assortment of devices. He even held the microphone to his own heart. But he did not achieve an authentic reproduction of a heartbeat until, by chance, he tapped the base of the microphone with his forefinger. If it is humanly possible to prevent error through exhaustive rehearsal, no mortal in radio is more foolproof than Forsyth.

Yet the most painstaking falter, and I do not except myself, that is why I give over my script at least 50 times in advance every week, marking every if, and, and for pause and emphasis. I listen to recordings of every show and often ferret out in that manner flaws of which I am not aware during a broadcast.

Among my most memorable experiences was the night that genial, lumbersome Wallace Beery appeared, in "Barnacle Bill." He had insisted upon making the radio version a family affair. He wanted his brother, Noah, co-starred, as well as his daughter, Carole Ann. We were quite content to gratify his wish, but fate was not.

Noah Beery died suddenly on a Sunday night, the eve of the broadcast. "Wally, faithful to the code of the theater, went on with the show, a broad farcical comedy. Neither he nor his daughter wore mourning bands, nor did they do anything else to indicate their grief to the audience. I knew Wallace's sorrow, and to me it was Pagniacci at his most gripping.

The ancient creed of the theater, so sacred to Wallace Beery, has ever been the guiding core of Radio Theatre. That is why the program has become one of the most respected institutions on the air. And why it has survived while other, more pretentious broadcasting ideas have proved ephemeral.

I came as a guest and remained as producer and host. So it was with my show that Harry Silvers won the first Academy Award for motion picture music. He received an offer, as a result, to lead the Lux orchestra. He had, and why it has an experienced, and craved none, but friends urged him to accept the engagement for the prestige involved.

"You won't be stuck," he was assured.

"The show will hold any day. That sort of thing doesn't last."

That was thirteen years ago. The Radio Theatre show has gone on—despite races against deadlines and squeakless gate squeaks.
Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only

WHY DOES HER HUSBAND PREFER TO STAY OUT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT?

A. Because this wife has not bothered about their intimate marital happiness.

Q. How has she failed?

A. By not practicing sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching ... “Lysol” in proper solution.

Q. Wouldn't soap, soda, or salt do just as well?

A. Never! They're makeshifts. They can't compare with “Lysol” in germ killing power. “Lysol” is gentle to sensitive membranes, yet powerful against germs and odors ... effective in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Kills germs on contact.

Q. Do doctors recommend “Lysol” for vaginal douching?

A. Yes, indeed! Many leading doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with “Lysol” brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. Safe to use as often as you want. No greasy aftereffect. Three times as many women use “Lysol” for feminine hygiene as all other liquid products combined!

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with “Lysol.” Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than “Lysol” ... no other product is more effective!

For Feminine Hygiene rely on safe, effective

“Lysol” Brand Disinfectant

Easy to use ... economical
A Concentrated Germicide

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in marital happiness. Mail this coupon to Lohn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE BOOKLET.

NAME

STREET

CITY ... STATE

R.M. 4911

Product of Lohn & Fink
The only one of them, however, that was memorable was the feminine lead of Boy Meets Girl. Right there I sensed that part was for me. I was right. I got it.

Among the actors who supported me were James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. They were awfully nice and so were the critics after the picture was released. Some of them even crawled so far to see the picture on a limb as to say, "A new star has appeared in the Hollywood firmament." And then went on and saved it off by adding, "Surely the Brothers Warner will be planning new vehicles for their enticing discovery, Marie Wilson."

For accuracy, this prediction ranked right next to the then current one that the French would whip Hitler in sixty days.

Of course I had a contract with Warner Brothers, one that paid me a nice salary, but with the assistant directors-unajigs in them known as renewal clauses or options. And an option, when dropped from a sufficient altitude, can be a deadly weapon. It nearly killed me when Warners dropped mine.

Then Anita Loos decided she'd finally found someone dumb enough (me) to play Lorelie in a play version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Our play had a brisk run of three weeks on the straw hat circuit, and then folded. Whose fault this was is a matter I'd be glad to ignore—now and forever. Anita was very kind about it to me. She didn't say anything.

However, I didn't let the play's flop cheat me out of the visit to New York I'd been looking forward to. Anita's capacity for forgiveness was so great she even took me around to several parties, introducing me to producers, critics, and other important people.

But still by the time I'd been in New York six weeks, I was getting so damn homesick that my long distance calls to my folks back in Hollywood were one of the brightest pages in the Bell Telephone Company's earnings report that I'd read. I wrote to a younger brother who was so depressed by my absence they'd quit throwing oranges at each other during breakfast. Poor darlings—and Uncle Gler said he had a big deal cooking for me. One or two of the producers whom I'd met and they hinted that unemployment would not figure seriously in my problems if I stuck around. But I wanted to go home, and I went.

Now comes the nicest part of this story, the part where I meet Allan. It happens this way. My friend and I lived the Republic lot, where I'd gone to work shortly after my return from New York. The picture was one of the first about women in the armed services. The Waves or Wacs. I'm not sure which. I had the second feminine lead in the picture, playing a comedy blonde against Helen Terry, the lovely brunette who had the lead. Helen and I wore identical costumes in the picture, uniforms. It seems the armed services are awfully hide-bound about the little things. Mama said they could give individuality to their uniforms. I found that out when the director of the picture told me I positively couldn't wear the sash I'd put on to make my costume a little different.

I tried to reason with him. "How are they going to tell Helen and me apart in the picture, if we're both dressed exactly alike?" I asked.

I never saw a man act so silly over a simple question. He certainly looked idiotic beating himself over the head with the assistant director. "Helen's a brunette!" he screamed.

"Do you think I'm blind?" I fired back. "I know that. They took him away. Another director.

But to get back to meeting Allan. Helen and I were doing a dance routine together on one of the sound stages one day when I noticed a couple fellows I'd seen around the lot before eyeing us pretty closely. At this time, the FBI was watching everything, but my conscience was clear, I wasn't worried. I was just hoping I could get a closer look at the taller one of the two fellows who were surveying us. From our distance, he looked like something I'd have been delighted to get a better look at.

A little later, after Helen and I had finished our scene and were freshening our make-up at dressing tables on the side of the stage, the big guy strolled

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"Gayla" means the best in bobby pins, hair pins, curlers

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*PAT. OFF.*
What this young wife
WANTS TO KNOW BUT HATES TO ASK...

Learn Here Scientific Truth You Can Trust
about these Intimate Physical Facts!

It's pretty difficult for a young wife who hasn't been instructed by her doctor on how important vaginal douching often is to intimate cleanliness, health, womanly charm and marriage happiness.

Worse yet—pity the wife who, from ignorant advice of friends, still uses weak or dangerous products for her douche. You owe it to yourself and husband to learn now about modern ZONITE—how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist

What better assurance could you want than to know that a famous Surgeon and renowned Scientist developed the ZONITE principle—the first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germicidal and deodorizing action yet absolutely harmless. ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective—it kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can feel confident ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Scientific douching instructions come with every bottle. Buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

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For amazing enlightening new booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Dept., 570 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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Address _________________________
City _______________________ State _________

Margaret and Barbara Whiting
have strong ideas about being sisters
—and they talk about each other in the

December RADIO MIRROR

on sale November 10th
Blondie—My Favorite Mother
(Continued from page 41)

recently that she should really learn to cook. She secured a home economics expert, Mrs. Cleo Kerley, as cooking coach and for weeks our table looked like Christmas at the Waldorf. The only trouble was that when she was studying salads, we had seven kinds for dinner one night.

By the time she had worked her way through the cook book to desserts, Daddy humorously brought home a stack of hamburgers as a precaution. This was a smart move as the hamburgers tasted very good after a dinner consisting of Baked Alaska, Cherries Jubilee, floating island, fudge cake, and boysenberry mousse. No one was sick afterward, either.

Nowadays the experimental stage is over, so we are living on the best balanced diet outside a health farm. Our calories are counted in fractions and you should see our vitamins and minerals pile up.

The innocent bystander might suppose that this gorgeous food would ruin the famous Singleton figure. Most of my girl friends' mothers are careful about bread and potatoes, but not that mother of mine! She can eat two breakfasts per day (one with Daddy before he leaves for the studio, and a second with Susy and me before we leave for school), she can lunch on salad and orange rolls, and she can dine on steak, baked potato, and French pastry but the next day she will be able to fasten the twenty-two-inch waistband of her peasant skirt without even holding her breath:

Daddy says she has so much energy that she burns up enough fuel to run a studio power plant. Daddy and Mother have many jokes between them—they are always laughing about something that Susy and I haven't been told, but we don't mind. Mother has explained to us that everyone should have a secret which is shared with only one or two persons in your own family. Daddy and Mother have several lovely secrets; Susy and Mother have a secret or two. At Christmas time Mother and Susy and I have secrets from Daddy; Daddy, Susy and I have secrets from Mother. Conspirators, that's what we are, but it gives us a cozy feeling of being in on important events.

I have a girl friend who sort of laughed at this tradition. She said that she and her mother had never shared a secret in their lives. As Mother says, of course every family is different and every family has to plan its life in its own way but she agrees with me that a girl who has never had a strictly confidential talk with her mother is missing quite a lot in life. My goodness, I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I couldn't hurry home from school, swear Mother to secrecy, and tell her some utterly exciting thing that had happened.

Sometimes our secrets aren't really solemn. Sometimes they are about a surprise dessert on Sunday, or a new sweater I am going to wear horseback riding. But sometimes the cross-your-heart subject is the stork's plan to bring a new baby to someone in our neighborhood. (Susy still believes in the stork.)

My mother is good at giving a person self-confidence. I am already taller than she is, and I am built—let's be frank—on the knitting needle pattern; long and slim. When I realized that I am going to be five feet six or seven inches tall, I became a little anxious. Mother bought me a suit and I think I made the best of it. As I matured, I found that I could wear my mother's clothes and look well in them. I even inherited her good looks. We all agreed that I was getting better clothes than any of my school friends or Mother, I thought.

I didn't get away with it. Mother noticed what I was doing and we had one of our "open forum" talks. She said that she had always wanted to be taller than she is and she explained why. She thinks that tall women wear their clothing to greater advantage; she thinks they can be more daring in their choice of color and line. Somehow I had never thought how nice a tall girl could look if she wouldn't ooze around all bent over like a pretzel.

Incidentally, I think Mother has wonderful taste in clothes. When the "new look" came in, she predicted that it wouldn't last more than two months. She bought some long, inexpensive peasant outfits and moved her good things to a cedar closet to await development. Wall, the developments were all toward the floor, so—because we girls wear our suits much shorter than our mothers do—I inherited all of Mother's wardrobe. Her suits, her afternoon dresses, her coats! A great day.

There is one time, though, when Mother couldn't get on an American best-dressed list, I'm afraid. One of

**Bisco-matic**

brush action does work for you!

Only Bissell has this revolutionary feature that adjusts the brush automatically to any pile rug, from deep broadlooms to smooth Orientals.

Just roll your Bissell along for quick, thorough clean-ups.

“Bisco-matic” Brush Action is now available in two models...the "Vanity" at $8.45, and the "Grand Rapids" at only $6.85.

Both complete with “Sta-up” Handle and easy “Flip-O” Empty.

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**THIS IS EVERY WOMAN'S STORY**

"The Right to Happiness"

Listen to Carolyn Kramer's heartwarming story—that is every woman's story—on "The Right To Happiness." Carolyn's courageous struggle for love and a richer, more meaningful life is sheer inspiration.

Tune In Every Afternoon Monday to Friday (3:45 EST) on NBC stations.

Have you overcome obstacles to your own dream of happiness? Write Carolyn Kramer about it and you may win $50! For details, see the current issue of **TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine** NOw at NEWSSTANDs
the funniest sights I have ever seen is the spectacle of Mother flying around the kitchen when she is preparing breakfast in the morning. Her favorite costume is a pair of play shorts, a matching shirt, and billowing kitchen apron. From the front, Mother is a picture of pinafored domesticity, but from the rear she looks like a drawing from Esquire.

I suppose every mother and daughter have some disagreements about what is the correct thing for the daughter to wear on certain occasions. I know that Mother and I differ (very politely, of course) with each other on one thing. I am practically grown up, so I think I should be allowed to have a black satin date dress. Every girl I know thinks she should have a black satin date dress when she is old enough—which is now.

Mother has never given me a flat "no;" she gets around me by suggesting that we buy "mother & daughter" outfits... which I love, but which are not made in black satin. I know that she is getting around me when she does it, but she's so cute that I just laugh and let the black satin go for the time being. Maybe, in a year or so, I'll change my mind about wanting it anyway... which is what Mother says I'll do.

UNCHANGING as is Mother's taste in regard to her daughter's wardrobes, she is unpredictable as to her own wardrobe or hair style. Particularly the latter, a fact that made me the victim of one of her whims.

For several weeks Mother had been wearing her hair brushed sleekly away from a center part, braided in two plaits, then worn with the plaits crossed over the top of her head. The style was a favorite with Daddy because, he said, it made Mother look like Susy's younger sister.

A girl friend and I were emerging from a matinee one Saturday when I caught sight of a pretty blonde person walking up the street. She was wearing her hair in Mother's style, she was wearing a white blouse and a peasant skirt much like one that Mother had, so naturally I uttered a whoop and rushed up to slide my arm around her waist and shout, "What are you doing here, Mommy?"

"I beg your pardon," said the blonde lady who was a total stranger to me. I nearly died of humiliation. I explained to my girl friend that my mother was wearing her hair in pig-tails, criss-crossed, and that my mother had a peasant outfit exactly like the strange lady's... etc. etc. We reached home, and you can imagine my embarrassment at finding Mrs. Robert Sparks with her hair falling loose about her face in one of those soft new bobs. My problem parent!

When Mother isn't cooking, shopping or thinking up new hair styles, she keeps busy by working at one of her hobbies. Several of these hobbies are things which Susy and I share with Mother. For instance, when we started to take dancing lessons. Mother decided to join us. "You'll crack something," predicted Susy, the pessimistic member of our family.

Not only were there no ill affects to Mother's physique, but our dancing lessons revealed her as the most lithe and limber member of our family. She is what the dancing teacher calls a "natural." That is, her muscular coordination is almost perfect and she "catches on" to steps quickly.
Susy and I discovered promptly that if we didn’t quite understand what the teacher was trying to convey, we needn’t worry. That night in our “open forum” meeting, we could ask Mother about it and she could show us exactly what had been meant and how to do it.

When Susy and I started to take music lessons, Mother decided to study with us, although she had learned the rudiments of piano several years ago.

I’m a little better with the bass than she is, on some types of music, and she’s better in the treble, so we play two-handed duets. You should hear Daddy laugh. He says we are no threat to the supremacy of Jose and Amparo Iturbi.

We are a threat to Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, though—as soon as we learn to sing! Mother, Susy and I are taking riding lessons. Susy and I—well—we stick on. But you would think Mother was a little old gaucho. One afternoon Susy and I were riding with the grooms while Mother and the instructor trotted ahead, practicing a technique known as “posting.” A pair of sailors galloped past us just as one said to the other, “Oh boy, look at that gorgeous blonde. Bet I can make a date with her.”

Susy and I merely looked at each other out of the corners of our eyes, and thought, “If he only knew!”

I do think Susy and I have been a great help to Mother in her active spots, but I can’t say as much for our participation in her passive hobbies.

I hate to bring this up, but Mother collects stamps. She has catalogues, files, boxes, glassine bags, and accordion holders stacked here and there throughout the house. One never knows when Mother will wander through a room pinching a stamp between tweezers in one hand, while holding a huge descriptive book in the other. All I can say is that I’m glad she isn’t wild about butterflies.

The stamp collection and I met in mortal combat when I needed a stamp one morning for the ordinary purpose of mailing a letter. Without thinking, I rushed to Mother’s desk, grabbed the first pretty square I could find (I had to separate it from a block of four) and rushed on to school.

When I came home that afternoon I noted at once that Mother was wearing her Forbearing Expression. She explained that I had ruined a block of four commemorative stamps that she had secured after having written to half a dozen stamp dealers. Nowadays nobody uses a stamp in our house without first getting an okay from Mother.

My mother also collects buttons. I don’t know much about such things, but from attending antique shows with Mother, I assume that her collection is a good one. I had my troubles with that hobby, too. When I was a little younger I decided, one rainy Sunday, that I didn’t like the buttons on one of my sweaters.

I went to Mother’s Unsorted Button Box and finally matched a pretty set of six very fancy buttons. I had been wearing the sweater with its improved trimming for nearly a week when Mother suddenly noticed my handicap.

I will omit the next scene, the pain of which will be apparent when I explain that I had used the buttons once sewed on an evening cape belonging to the Empress Eugenie. They were priceless antiques.

Sometimes we think Mother’s mother...
must have been frightened by a T-square because Mother had a perfect mania for building picture frames. She frames everything having the slightest pictorial or historical value. First she mats the object on a square of wallpaper which matches the color scheme in the room in which Mother plans to hang the completed artwork. Then she frames the affair in a size to match other pictures. Of course this addition to her collection makes it necessary for her to rearrange the display which has been accumulating over the years.

"The poor woman's Louvre," Daddy calls our living room.

As if all these interests weren't enough to keep one woman busy, Mother still manages to find time to study child psychology. Originally this was done for the benefit of Susy and me, but later Mother's eagerness to be of help to others caused her to extend her field.

Hundreds of Blondie program-listeners write to Mother each week, saying that some incident in the Blondie show coincides with a life problem of their own. They want Blondie to tell them how she, as a person and not merely as the actress on the program, would unravel such a tangle.

Mother, pen firmly gripped in one hand and psychology book in the other, does her best to be helpful.

Sometimes I suggest (very tactfully, of course) that she turn the full force of psychology loose on my younger sister, Susy. It's perfectly true that I am the person who wanted Susy in the first place. I keep suggesting, for years that we have a little sister, and I still think it is a good idea with certain exceptions. I wish some psychologist would think up a method to keep a little sister from using all of her big sister's cologne. She even emptied one bottle of scent on our cat to make him glamorous. Personally, I suspect that it ruined our standing with other cats.

Also, I am opposed to Susy's borrowing my hand mirror and never returning it; borrowing my shoes to play "Lady," borrowing my sweaters and skirts for the same game. And then leaving my clothing in a heap on my bedroom floor.

When the pressure gets too great, Mother and Susy and I sit down for one of our meetings.

Once in awhile one of my girl friends asks how it feels to be the daughter of a famous woman. At first this made me smile. I have always thought of a famous woman as someone distant and royal, like Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, not someone sweet, laughing and gay like my own mother.

But I must admit that it is convenient for me to have a mother who is working in radio and motion pictures. When I wanted autographed pictures of Cornel Wilde and Randolph Scott, she got them for me—zing—just like that.

Aside from these things, though, Mother is just like the mothers of my girl friends. She does her own marketing, loading half the neighborhood into her station wagon when she is going to the shops. She attends parties but once in awhile. Usually she has turned out her light by eight or nine o'clock each night because Susy and I have to go to bed early to be fresh for school the next morning, and Daddy has to get up at six in order to be at the studio on time.

We are an ordinary American family: fond of one another and proud of our home. We work hard, play just enough, and have plenty to laugh about.

---

**How to Remove Dandruff Completely**

1. **APPLY FITCH** directly from bottle onto the hair and scalp before any water is added. Massage well with hands, making sure shampoo reaches each part of the scalp.

2. **ADD WATER** gradually, continuing to massage. Remove the cleansing lather. Then continue to add water and massage until no more lather forms.

3. **RINSE THOROUGHLY.** Fitich Dandruff Remover Shampoo washes out quickly in plain water. No special after-rinse is needed. Set the hair and dry.

4. **FINISHED HAIRSTYLE** is soft, lovely and sparkling with natural highlights. Hair is free of all dandruff and easy to manage.

**Fitich Dandruff Remover Shampoo Removes All Dandruff... both the loose, flaky kind other people see, and the invisible, irritating kind you feel. It's the only shampoo made with insurance company guarantee to remove dandruff on the first application. Enjoy sparkling hair that's free of dandruff. Have professional applications or buy economical Fitich at drug counters.**

**FOR THE MEN** in your family, get Fitich Ideal Hair Tonic. It leaves up "light" scalp...relieves itching and loose dandruff. Not sticky or greasy. Just a few drops of Fitich's Ideal daily insures that well-groomed look.
cultivated by Horrell. No script "unavailable" for the program ever goes back to a writer accompanied only by a printed form rejection slip. Horrell returns the script with a helpful letter of analysis and encouragement, sometimes suggesting changes, which, when made, enable the writer to sell the play to some other program.

To a great many radio listeners the introductory format of the program is one of the most pleasing and haunting arrangements of sound on the air. This did not come about by accident.

Ten years ago when Horrell was planning the program he was undecided between a great railroad station and a metropolitan airport as a point of arrival and departure for his characters. It was the greater appeal of the railroad sound effects that led him to choose the name Grand Central Station after listening to all available recordings of airport and aviation sounds. The railroad sound effects, he decided, were more evocative and of greater variety.

Horrell spent two weeks arriving at the exact opening that would establish the mood he desired. The spoken words of the narrator had to match the sound effects to create a feeling of excitement and anticipation; the words must follow a definite rhythm and rhyme. Poetic license was taken in the use of the sound effects, which Horrell is the first to admit are not technically correct. Actually, electric engines bring all trains into Grand Central, but they do not have the aliveness for radio of a breathing, roaring locomotive. Then, too, most of the towns across the country are more familiar to the average listener. However, so many listeners wrote in calling attention to the inaccuracy that Horrell composed a form letter explaining why he used steam engine sound effects instead of the efficient and undramatic hum of the electric.

A railroad bigwig wrote a letter inquiring why, if Horrell was going to use the Grand Central Terminal, the current designation, Grand Central Terminal, was not employed. There's a reason: practically any spot survey would show that four out of every New Yorkers and visitors in the metropolis always refer to the giant depot as Grand Central Station.

The letters that give Horrell the greatest pleasure are the ones contained in an ever-expanding file marked "Con-}

GREAT DAY in the evening!

Listen to Dennis Day, the brightest star in radio, on "A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day" every Saturday night (10 p.m. EST) over NBC stations. The handsome young Irish scribes, clowns, mimics his comedy through a half hour of uproarious entertainment.

Tune in

"A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day"

SATURDAY NIGHT

NBC

Read "My True Romance" by Dennis Day in the breathtaking November issue of TRUE ROMANCE magazine.

Have you entered the $67,000 Treasure Chest contest yet?
It's Like Magic! "Inches Melt! Years Vanish!"

Low-down feeling banished... "The energy of a young girl recaptured." "I feel like a new woman," these are the actual words of Tum-E-Lift wearers. Tum-E-Lift makes you slimmer by inches, younger by years instantly — not by choking your abdomen, but by its firm but gentle uplift and support. Tum-E-Lift's exclusive adjustable features are designed to give you more perfect fit than any other girdle made.

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FREE TRIAL OFFER. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon below. When you receive your Tum-E-Lift try it on. If you don't agree with the thousands of Tum-E-Lift wearers that Tum-E-Lift works like magic, return it to us for full refund of purchase price.

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Send me for 10 days* approved girdle, with certificate Hollywood Tum-E-Lift Supporters. I will pay postman dockage, plus or minus $1.00. I will only return, if not 100% satisfied, I may return it for refund. No present waist measure is...

[Details of girdle variants and measurements]

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Same money-back guarantee.

Tum-E-Lift is GUARANTEED ONLY FROM US.

Help Relieve Distress Of MONTHLY FEMALE COMPLAINTS

Are you troubled by distress of female functional periodical disturbances? Does this make you suffer from pain, feel so nervous, tired—at such times? Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's has a grand soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S COMPOUND

Ma & Ma Robert C. Wilson
Announce the birth of

Josephine

May 14, 1947
Wt. 6 lbs.

A Baby is Born and Remembered

Say it with pictures the STAMPIX way! Stampix your memories with these 50 charming miniature photographic portraits, posted on birth announcements, birthday party invitations, letters.

[Stampix advertisement]

97
Traveler of the Month
(Continued from page 51)

her home—to take part in an Antique Automobile Day. She was one of hundreds of persons—all in goggies, clusters and high button shoes—who were chugging along our sleek highways in cars which were at least 25 years old. All were collectors, coming from everywhere to exhibit their Franklins, Autocars, Stutzes and Model Ts. And the shiny new Fords and Studebakers on the road could just wait while their distinguished elders made their stately, 20-mile-per-hour way.

It was a pretty picture, like something out of a movie, but what would the nice, trim school teacher do if a magneto gave up or a carburetor showed signs of senility?

"Very simple," snapped the Latin and French instructor, "pull up my sleeves and take the motor apart. And I don't mind getting grease under my fingernails."

THINKING for a fleeting moment of some Latin teachers I had known—grim gentlemen who thought that the slightest thing on wheels still was Ben Hur's chariot—and wondering how our traveler ever got involved with a cork case, I asked Miss Witman how she had stumbled on her hobby.

One winter, she told me, she had been ill. Too much concentrating on teaching, the Doctor had said. "Get a hobby, Miss Witman. Learn to relax."

Her father runs an auto painting and repair shop. One day, on an errand for him, she happened into the used car lot of Lawrence Stilwell, a cheery, friendly gentleman. While there, she noticed a number of antique cars which, it developed, were Stilwell's pet interest. He was in the process of restoring a beat-up old sedan dating back to 1910 and muddled something about slipcovers.

"I'm a pretty good seamstress. I make most of my own clothes. Maybe I could do the slip-covers for you," Miss Witman volunteered.

Stilwell was a little surprised that the young woman would ever get into the dusty antique, but he told her to go ahead. She made the slip-covers—and good ones. Then she made some more. Then she started looking into the hoods of the old cars. Then she reached for a wrench. Then she was taking motors apart. And then, with a smear of grease on her cheek and a sparkle in her brown eyes, she was filling that doctor's prescription.

"I just seemed to fall right into it," she recalled. "I got to the point where I was hanging around the shop during every spare moment. It was a thrill to watch an old car glow again, and have a new life."

Stilwell owns the cars, but Miss Witman shares the joy of the hobby with him. When they need painting, Stilwell sends them to her father's shop. But that's all the profit there is from the thousands of hours she gives to the cars.

"After all," she said, "I make my living at the school. This is just plain fun—the thing that the doctor said was so hard."

However well-restored it is, you can't take a 25-year-old car out on the road without running into experiences for which no provisions are made in the average teachers-training course. For instance, there was the time they went...
Amazing Cream Makes Skin Blemishes Disappear from Sight—Instantly

No matter how dark a blemish you have—no matter whether it's temporary or permanent—or where it's located, Lydia O'Leary's COVERMARK, makes it disappear from sight—instantly.

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will usually make you

look like a traitor. But

...but I know what you see

I like the same things, and I get them from my adventures with the cars."

I wondered if her facility with French was still as good as she had been back in the old car hunt.

"Latin," she said with a smile, "is even older than an old car, but French comes in handy. For instance, one of our clients is a French man, M. A. Voisin. We always like to have all parts on a car conform to the original, and I've been writing letters all over France thing that go with that year and model. Maybe I'll have to go to France to get them."

A schoolmarx tracking through France hunting down a set of 50-year-

to pick up one antiquated Model T. As is usually the case, she and Stilwell rode in a low truck. After he bought the car, Miss Witman drove the tow truck and Stilwell rode in his new pos

session—which still needed a motor job.

As she recalls: "We were just using a rope for the towing. On a hill, I swerved too sud
denly, and Mr. Stilwell and the Model T went into a telephone pole. The car's fender was pretty badly mashed. Mr. Stilwell was so mad at me for driving badly that he told me to get right out and fix the fender.

Sometimes, the young career woman's two worlds collide—and with a bang. For a while, she was an official of an organization of business and profes

sional women's clubs—an important job.

One day, a delegation of profes

sional women came seeking her, and were told that they would find her at the garage. Immaculately dressed, the ladies entered through an au

...the footing was pretty bad

some trouble. They wondered why it looked as if the car was an

30-year-old woman, they

suggested that she settle the matter as a professional woman. She is

"Young man," one called out, "could you tell me if Miss Ruth Witman is ex

pected here?"

The business and professional ladies were most at home when Miss Witman slid out from under the chassis, whipped her hands and got down to business.

THEN, there was the time she was driving a 1907 Autocar to Buffalo. About 150 miles away from that city, the Autocar became a car nor a car. It just wouldn't run, and even the talented lady mechanic was stymied. The problem, however, had an obvious solution. She waited for a time until a huge car-carrier—one of those enormous trucks that transport a number of new cars—rolled by. When she saw one with some empty space, she simply got into Buffalo for herself and her Autocar.

"You see," she said seriously, "I had never really known a truck driver be

fore. As we rode along, I talked of many things, and I learned about his world. It's the same with all of the people whom I meet on the road through my work. I have a steady supply of that knowledge into my teaching. I hope that it makes me a better teacher."

I have a feeling that Miss Witman is a pretty good teacher already. Somewhere between teaching her classes, working on the cars and leading the Sunday School group, she had time to supervise her own newspaper. Speaking of her would-be journalists, she said:

"Some of my boys and girls want to be newspapermen. They want to travel around strange places, to meet all sorts of people. Sometimes they can't express those yearnings very well, but I know what you see. I like the same things, and I get them from my adventures with the cars."

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A schoolmarx tracking through France hunting down a set of 50-year-
"I WAS AN ILLEGAL BRIDE"

Elizabeth Church was an American girl working for the Army in Tokyo when she met socially prominent Frederick Ebersole and married him midst weird music and burning incense in the ancient love rituals of the Shinto Temple.

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Wife Slays Diabolical Husband
"My 23 Years of Terror"
by Stella Hutchison
Victory Over Self-Destruction
"I Was Insane"
by Jeanette Larson
and many more

Dagwood's House of Happiness
(Continued from page 43)

estate broker told me the place was the old Pickering estate and he read off some figures: twenty-two rooms, eight baths. (Oh, boy!) 4½ acres. (Goodie!) Tennis court, sunken gardens, but no pool. (So, okay, the kids are too young yet.) And here was an unusual item: a fifty thousand dollar pipe organ. The original owner had fancied organ music and had built the whole house around the thing. (I didn't have any particular use for a pipe organ, but a man can take up a new hobby can't he?)

I asked if the house was for sale. The broker didn't know, but he assumed so —nobody had lived in the place for more than ten years. He would see.

I went home to report progress and Pat thought I was out of my silly mind. But when the real estate fellow called back to say that the house was available and told me the price, I had my inning.

For all that housing it was ridiculously cheap. The pipe organ alone was worth that much. They were giving it away.

"Ummmm," said Pat. Prove it, that meant.

WE WENT to look, and I admit the whole thing was pretty overwhelming. Those vast rooms—empty—echoed like a cave. Crystal chandeliers, Byzantine carved walls and ceilings, not really for Dagwood.

And the organ. It was a monster, and sure enough the music came back at you from concealed pipes all over the house.

"I love it," I yelled. I had just found the xylophone pedal.

"If we sold it," Pat calmed me down, "we might just be able to afford the house."

Gosh, the organ was half the fun. But Pat was right. Then I had a practical question.

"Who, these days, is in the market for a fifty thousand dollar pipe organ?"

But found somebody. She would! She got in touch with the man who installed the instrument in the first place, and he said sure it was the best organ west of the Rockies and he knew a church which would love to have it.

So we took the plunge. Plunked down a down payment, went into escrow and began to have nightmares about furnishing the place.

Before we moved in, the pipe organ was carted away. It was a very sad day for me. The thing had more voices than Edgar Bergen; bass drums, xylophone, something as sweet as Evelyn's magic violin. It would have been fun to keep it. But it had to go—five van loads of it had to go.

We hired a crew of a dozen strong guys to clean out ten years accumulation of devil-grass and cowweeds. And then we marched in—into the vast and empty spaces. The stuff from our other house just about furnished the—pardon me—master suite, and another second floor suite of three bedrooms and two baths which we turned over to the kids and their nurse.

We fixed up a whole wing very comfortably for Pat's dad, and with the rest—brother, we're taking our time. We have carpets now—several thousand yards I guess—and already christened with spilled orange juice and careless bull dog. (Hedy, our white Peke, refuses to share the blame.) We have

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some drapes and a few big hunks of stuff to sit on, but the echo is still pretty frightening.

At first we tried to live all over the house, but after a week we were all exhausted and retired to our various little homes within the house to rest.

After we had shaken down in the house for a few weeks, Pat and I began itching for a party. I think we wanted to see the astonishment on our friends' faces as much as anything else.

We set a date and invited everybody in town to our housewarming.

**EVERYTHING** happened.

The first guest who arrived drove over one of the lawn sprinklers, cracking off the head of it and a fifty-foot geyser shot into the air.

I looked all over the house and couldn't find the water shut-off. This took about an hour, by which time most everybody had come—so drenched when they reached shelter that they were too concerned with messed hairdos and unpressed pants to be amazed at our magnificence.

Pat was trying to be host and hostess, water mopper upper and long distance runner all at once, and she was getting a little tired. I called the Santa Monica Water Company. They said the house was in West Los Angeles. I called the West Los Angeles Water Company. They said the house was in Santa Monica. They were no fools. I called the plumber.

By the time I got back to the party, the geyser had really got in its licks. The roof was leaking. Right through our splendid crystal chandelier.

Well, we never did have the barbeque. By the time the plumber had found the shut-off and turned off the show the lawn was soaked. It was too late, and too dark, and too cold.

So we made up a sort of bucket brigade—the folks were feeling a little more cheerful by this time—and parlayed the food all the way back to the kitchen, cooked it, toted it back to the living room, and by golly, we ate it!

Everybody warned me that night that I should keep our haunted house a secret. If the "Blondie" customers found out that Dagwood was living in a sort of combination Manderley and Grand Hotel, they would be up in arms.

That made me sore.

I reminded them that though I've been playing Dagwood since "Harold Teen"—that's eleven long and lovely years—there's more.

Last year I started branching out, and produced a film called "Sixteen Fathoms Deep." The reviewers have been pretty friendly, especially one who was in the Thalians with me in high school. It had better be good, as my cynical friends reminded me at the house warming, with "Arthur Lake Productions" right out in front like that.

Maybe I should have called my company Warner Brothers. Because in our coming production the Lakes are really standing up and waiting to be shot at. There is a fine comedy part in it which fits nobody but Pat—so she's going to play it. And Shorty, that's our son Arthur Patrick, has a nice fat part, too. Marian Rose is busily taking ballet lessons, so I suppose I will have to put in a part for a small, round dancer, too.

We will either be able to afford our haunted house after that, or we will build barricades around it and retire behind the walls until the whole thing has blown over.

It'll be a fine house one of these days, after we get the hang of it.

---

**“I LOVED Another Woman’s HUSBAND”**

Were you ever tempted? Read the revealing story of Katie whose big decision held the destiny of three people—in the November

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Stat 904.
The Light in the Window
(Continued from page 65)
do you mean?"
He shook his head, sorry he'd gone this far. "I can't tell you. I'd never have mentioned it except that—"
"Except you wanted to straighten me out?"
"I suppose so. And I'm the last person to do that—"
He saw the concern in her eyes, and he knew that he'd won. She would stay now—for the very reason he didn't want.
Because she was worried about him. "What happens to me isn't important, or your young. You've so much to live for—"
"That's what you think!" But she sounded shaken, and he pressed his advantage.
"And, being selfish, Charlotte, in urging you not to leave. I have enjoyed your company—"
"Oh, Ray—" She melted suddenly; her face went slack like a troubled and bewildered child's. "I don't know what to do. I've got to be alone for a while—take a walk—"
He went back to his room. From his window he saw her hurry down the street; turn into the Church of the Good Shepherd, his first time she'd been in a church, he wagered, in a good many years. That church! And the parsonage, and the light that burned eternally in the study window—Dr. Matthews' friendship!"
"Dr. Matthews, Charlotte—both of them poking their noses into his business—and he'd let them; he'd given them both reason to. He was closing the trap around himself.
After that, there was no getting out. Charlotte's concern was always with him, like a hand on his pulse. On a hot midsummer evening, when he was sitting with her and Eddie Bingham, the ever-hopeful little gambler, in the husk of the porch, she said casually, "I wonder when Mrs. Olson's coming home?"
"Something funny happened today. A cop came around, asking questions—"
"A cop!" Eddie exclaimed.
"You in trouble, Eddie," asked Charlotte. "Yes, a cop. Plain clothes, but I know one when I see one. He was looking for a guy and I told him he had the wrong address. He said no, he was sure he hadn't, and then he buzzed over to see Dr. Matthews."
"Who was he looking for, Charlotte?"
Ray asked.
"Guy named Roger Barton. But nobody by that name's been here that I know of. I thought maybe Mrs. Olson might know—"
"Rog hadn't moved. His tone had been as casual as hers. But she was watching him, and now she said, "It's nothing to you, Eddie, and Ray and I aren't going in with you on that third matter. It doesn't matter how long you argue. Why don't you see if you can find a couple of live ones inside?"
Eddie rose resignedly. "Always trying to get rid of me, Ray. Okay, I know when I'm not wanted."
There was a silence. Then Charlotte remarked, "You look kind of funny, Ray."
"The Light in the Window
(Continued from page 65)"
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wear those new
styles with far more
certainty than you ever
thought possible.

SHE didn't mention the subject again.
She was cautious, friendly, as before.
I even more diffident about approaching
him than ever. But Ray worried.
A parole officer now, and Charlotte, and
Ray Matthews, with that light that Ray
had had time he glanced
in the window. How many more people
were going to get mixed up in this?
He fretted about it for days. When
nothing happened yesterday, he
went to the following day,
and the thin, persistent beam of the guiding
light down Newman Avenue to the
study of Dr. Matthews.

A pretty, fresh-faced girl let him in.
"Dr. Matthews is out," she said. "But
I expect him back almost any time.
I'm Pamela Hale, Dr. Matthews' niece.
And if you'd like to wait—"

He glared toward the study.
"There's someone else waiting," she
said, opening the door. "This is
Roger Collins, Mr. Brandon."

Ray grabbed his hat until his knuckles
were white. Hang onto yourself, Brand-
on... Aloud he said, "How do you do,"
as if to a stranger.

Pamela Hale left them, closing the
door after she had smiled at him,
very friendly, a little bit shy. "How
do you do, sir? It's--it's nice here
in this study, isn't it? There's something
about the place, that lamp--"

"The Friendship Lamp," said Ray
Brandon, with no irony at all.
The boy nodded. "I've known Dr.
Matthews only a few weeks, but I keep
coming around to talk with him. To-
night, though," he added hurriedly, "I
won't be long. I can find out what I
want to know in just a minute or two."

"So?"

"You don't live around here?"

"No—in Forest Hills. But I work
in this neighborhood—I'm one of the
people's club. This is my neighborhood.
That is, right now I am."

"Why do you say that?"

"It's kind of mixed up," the boy said.
"My mother doesn't think I should spend
so much time here in the Flats—"

"I should think not, Ray thought, not
when I'm living here. That's under-
standable," he said aloud. "There must
be a Young People's Club in your own
neighborhood—"

"Oh, yes—but not like this. Here
you really feel you're doing something
never do. That man was a parole
officer—"

"A— you mean you—"

"Brandon—Barton," said Ray harshly.
"Same difference. So now you know
who's been giving you advice, trying
to tell you how to live your life, a
jailbird, an ex-convict—"

He got up and started inside.
She was beside him, holding to his arm.
"Ray, wait! Don't do what you've been—I don't even want
to know. I think you're a swell guy,
I—well, there's no using trying to say it."

She meant it, every word of it. It
wasn't even a question. She was the kind of woman who, if she
cared about you, was with you all the
way, through anything, no matter what you had to do.
He felt a little better within him, a kind of tearing.
If another woman had been like her...
Then her voice raced on, desperately anxious.

This thing you're waiting for, planning
something to do with it, your being in jail, hasn't it? Ray,
I'm so worried—"

"You shouldn't be." He was cruel be-
cause he had let her in. It's not your busi-
ness; it's mine, mine alone, like my life.
And—don't try to get mixed up in it."

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These kids really need a club. Besides, it ties in with the work I want to do.

"I want to be a lawyer—I'm starting U.C.L.A. in the fall, I hope. My mother doesn't like the idea, but Dad wants me to. That is, he's my step-father, but we always see eye-to-eye. He went to U.S.C., and he understood when I told him that I wanted to go to U.C.L.A., because my real dad went there. You see, my real dad died long ago, when I was just a baby. But I've got a kind of通信 from his things my mother told me. A picture of a pretty swell guy. That's why I don't understand my mother. I though she'd want me to do what my real dad did. He's trying to get them to let me go on working here—"

Ray didn't think he could take any more. Fortunately, he didn't have to. The boy stopped, abashed. "Gosh, I don't know why I'm talking to you like this. It must be this place—it just sort of brings things out of you, makes you talk. I didn't think I'd better wait any longer. Will you tell Dr. Matthews I'll talk with him tomorrow?"

Ray let him go—just in time, he realized afterward, for the boy went out. A few moments later there was the sound of a car stopping, the sound of voices. Too late he recognized the wrong number. They were inside, and Julie was staring at him as if he were a traitor.

"Mr. Brandon," said Dr. Matthews, "this is Mr. Collins. Where is Roger?"

"He left a few minutes ago," Ray answered, looking at Julie.

"And the two of you—" she burst out. "I knew this would happen. Frank—"

"NO NEED to get upset, Julie," said Frank. His voice was deep and quiet. Ray liked him—so much that he felt a curious peace about his son, so much that he could feel no jealousy that this man had been and would go on being father to his, Ray's, son.

"That's right, Julie," he agreed. "We met as strangers. Two strangers who happened to be waiting for Dr. Matthews. Nothing more."

"Why don't we sit down and talk this over?" Julie suggested.

"Mr. Collins feels as I do—that there's no reason why young Roger can't be told the whole truth."

"There's every reason!" Julie cried passionately. And Ray nodded somberly. "He stopped being my son fifteen years ago when I went to prison—"

"For a crime you didn't commit," Dr. Matthews put in quickly. "That's true, isn't it, Brandon?"

"What's the difference?" Ray asked.

"Evidently Julie—"

She was going to pieces before his eyes. Shaking, and her voice skirted perilously. "Of course I believed you were innocent! You told me to forget you; you told me to tell Roger you were doing what I've done, I've done for his sake—"

Frank took her arm, nodded at Ray over her head, gently led her out. Ray and Julie and Dr. Matthews were alone. The older man moved to his desk, sat down, motioned Ray to sit down. "Somehow, Brandon, he said, I've feeling all this is going to work out—"

"I don't want it to," said Ray rudely. "I want to know just one thing—what the parole officer wanted the other day."

"You want to know just one thing—what the parole officer wanted the other day."

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GIVEN
B. MATTHEWS ignored him. "I didn’t believe it before. That’s why I told the parole officer that you had a job ahead of you, one with a future in a law office. And you have, if you want to. I’ve been in touch with a law firm. I didn’t go out of my way, you understand, but there’s an opening. I told them a little about you, and they seem to feel that they can work out some kind of an arrangement. Would you like me to make an appointment for you?"

“No thanks.”

“But you can’t be satisfied with your present job—"

"It serves my purpose." Ray rose. "Thanks," he said again, ironically. "But I’m just not interested in anything you have to offer.”

They were closing in on him. Dr. Matthews with his hat, Charlotte with her devotion, even Julie, who was fighting strangely to reach him even as she fought—needlessly—to keep him apart from their son.

Julie came to see him the next day. She was in his room when he came home. Charlotte was there, too, talking down Mrs. Olson’s limp, gray curtains and hanging up a pair she’d started to make days ago, before he had frightened her off. Before Julie, she looked stubborn and scared.

“We’ve already met,” she told Ray when he started to introduce then. "And I—uh—I guess I’d better be going—"

“Don’t rush off on my account.” Julie’s voice was coolly sweet. Charlotte walked out without another word, and Julie turned to Ray. "Roger—Ray—I couldn’t help being a little surprised to find a woman like that in your room—"

“What do you mean—a woman like that?” His voice was dangerously quiet. But Julie didn’t back down.

“I gathered you’ve been seeing a good deal of her. How can you waste your time on anyone so—so cheap? Oh, I suppose she’s attractive in a way, but—"

“Cheap? What gives you the right to say that—to make any kind of comments?”

“Well, it’s perfectly obvious," said Julie. "She—"

“What do you know about her?” he interrupted savagely. "You don’t know anything about her kind of depravity, her kind of life. What did you come here for, anyway?"

“Because I’m worried,” Julie flung at him. "You talked so strangely last night—that trying to blame me for doing what
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that his thoughts could run free. This was what he got for talking too much to too many people, for giving in to life. And now, he had to destroy the one thing he'd had all along, in spite of everything—his self-respect. "Charlotte," he said, "would you believe me if I told you I'd changed my mind—about everything? Would you believe me if I told you I wanted to put the past away, finally, and start over? Would you believe me?"

She pulled her head free and looked up at him, long and steadily. And, he knew that she'd believe him—because she wanted him. "Yes, Ray—yes, to everything."

"Dr. Matthews offered me a job last night," he went on. "In a law office, something I'll like, something I've always been interested in. I'd like to take that job, Charlotte. I'd like to try—"

"You mean it? You're not just—"

"I mean it." And he made himself smile to match her.

"Then—" She moved quickly, unlocked the bureau drawer, took something out. He'd forgotten about the gun. There were other guns, but it had lost importance compared to the other thing she had threatened to do. "Here's your property, Ray. And I apologize—"

She held the gun out to him, an act of trust, of faith.

Bright morning sunlight warmed the inscription on an office door: Fleming, Drake and Henehan. Attorneys-at-law. Ray Brandon shut the door behind him, walked over the thick carpet to the receptionist's desk. "My name is Ray Brandon. I believe Dr. Matthews made an appointment for me."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Brandon. Mr. Fleming is busy at the moment, but he should be free soon. Will you sit down? There are some magazines on the table—"

On top of the magazines was the morning newspaper. "Prominent industrialist, Martin McClain and daughter Susan—arrived today—"

Ray Brandon knocked on the door. "Tell Mr. Fleming that I suddenly remembered I had—another appointment."

Several nights later, Ray Brandon knocked on the door of a closed room. "All right?" Ray asked, stepping inside. "I think so," the man answered. "But you sure gave me a tough one. McClain's got his own bodyguards—thugs. Then there are private dicks all around the place. Who would be hiring them?"

Ray thought he knew, and he tipped his hat, mentally, to Dr. Matthews for hoping to the last. He had private detectives out for him now, and if they failed—he would turn to the police. "Never mind who," he said impatiently. "Did you get the layout? I got everything, even drew you a diagram, too. This won't be easy, but you can do it. The first part's duck soup. You could do it blindfolded—"

Ray Brandon walked down an alley behind the Andover Arms Hotel, turned into a door marked Service Entrance. He kept going to the end of the passage, went through an iron door, up a flight of stairs, through another heavy door. He was now in the Andover Arms, but the Athletic Club which adjoined it. Rapidly, he walked down the carpeted corridor, found a door marked "Fire Escape," and entered. He went through the door, climbed two flights up the fire escape. Now the ticklish part—a six-foot jump to the fire escape of the Andover Arms. He made it. He felt as if he could have jumped twice that distance through space. Up another flight—fire escape to balcony—another

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Cloud-Brust, Pp. 80...

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six feet, with the pavement of the court floors below. . . . A French door open off the balcony . . . McClain's apartment.

Then he had to wait. McClain was in bed—and his daughter was standing beside him, talking forever. She left the room, returned, left again. Ray turned the handle of the French door—and froze. Someone else in the room moved in the bodyguards. He was gone; the light was out.

This time Ray waited until he was sure. Then he stepped into the breathing dark, snapped the light switch.

"Who—" The man in the bed sat up.

"Barton!"

"That's right. You do remember me, don't you? McClain told you it was easy, but uncontrollable joy exploded inside him. This was the end of fifteen years of dreaming, planning—and it was worth it, oh, a thousand times over! McClain's face. McClain's face came into view.

"Barton, put down that gun." He tried to bluff. "You'll never get away with this—"

"There's a silencer on the gun—and don't try to reach for the phone! I got in here, and I'll get out again—"

"It'll be just a question of time." McClain spoke as if every word were a breath, as indeed it was. "They'll get you—"

"Why should I care?" Ray exulted. "I don't care to live—that's good enough. All I want is the satisfaction of knowing I've sent you on ahead of me." McClain began to shake. His face puckered like an old lemon. "Let me talk! Let me explain!" he screamed, and quickly lowered his voice. "I was in a tight spot. I had my back against the wall. I never thought they'd convict you—"

"No? But you fixed it so that they could. You testified against me at the trial."

McClain was swaying, his hands clasped as if in prayer. "If you only knew how I've regretted that! I've had to live with myself all these years, Barton. If I had it to do over—I'll do anything—anything to make it up to you—"

"Fine," said Ray. "Bring back my wife, my son who thinks I'm dead. Oh, no, you can't do that. But—would you go to prison?"

He watched, enjoying himself hugely. This ridiculous figure in pajamas, with its ridiculous face working like a baby's . . . this was what he'd wanted, this was what he'd worked for, risked everything for.

"Prison?" Voice falsetto. "I don't know what you mean. Yes, I know, you'll say. Barton! Anything but don't shoot! For God's sake, don't shoot . . ."

Somehow, Ray Brandon got back down the fire escape. Somehow—he would never know just how—he found her back. She was on the floor in the living room. He was walking slowly, beaten, yet drawn on in spite of himself, toward a light that burned in a window. The light—the life—was all mixed up in his exhausted mind. But you couldn't beat it. You were what you were, and if you were weak, as he was weak, it reached out and claimed you against your will.

Of course, Dr. Matthews would say that he was strong. Charlotte would say as well, Charlotte loved him. And Julie—never mind Julie. She was out of this, for good.

He would have to tell Dr. Matthews that after all, he had been incapable of killing Martin McClain.

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Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 47)

wouldn't make suds, for instance, and foamed a couple of bottles of beer into the water, is a hero of the man-versus video struggle.

With most people eager for the big stars of radio and movies to move into television, everyone thinks of Jack Benny's program as a natural; however Jack thinks he would have to change his format completely to make the switch. As he explains it, "To properly portray some of our scenes would cost a fortune for sets and photography and yet wouldn't be as funny as the same scene done on the radio.

"For example, we use a long series of footsteps and sound effects to portray me and my vault and the process of going through squeaky doors, unlatching endless chains and finally opening the vault to the sound of screwy burglar alarms. Each listener has his own conception of that scene, and each time it seems to get a laugh. Now this same routine on television, produced with costly sets, cobwebs and costumes, might be fairly funny but I'm sure it wouldn't be quite as hilarious as the illusion built up by sound effects."

Allen Funt, who has been conducting Candid Microphone over ABC for well over a year, is doing just as hilarious a job with his video program based on the same idea. Now, of course, instead of just the hidden mike, there is a hidden candid camera as well. All those who ever wondered what Funt's victims look like, will enjoy this show—over ABC-TV.

Now you can get a B.S. in television! This semester the American University in Washington, D. C., is offering courses leading to a Bachelor of Science degree with a major in radio and television. This is the first accredited university to recognize the importance of TV and the contribution it will make to our culture. Soon all educational institutions should recognize their obligation to train and instruct for a medium that will have such a tremendous impact on our living.

People love to moan about the things that interfere with their tele reception—it has replaced bridge scores, operations, and the high cost of living as a favorite gripe. Tracing down the source of a reception disturbance makes a detective out of the video service man—it can turn out that the location of your antenna, the ham radio operator next door, or a dozen other things are keeping you from getting the clear picture you want on your set. The most troublesome factor found yet is the diathermy machine. That little device, while it's fixing up someone's rheumatic knee, can knock out television sets for blocks around. Luckily most such machines are turned off at night—the big television tides.

Because of television, we may all find ourselves going about in much darker make-up than we ever dreamed of using. Television calls for its special make-up, and though in the early days experiments were made with weird make-ups—green and purple lipstick and the like—now deep tan foundation, orange-red lipstick and brown accents on the eyelids are found to be the most effective. Since no one knows nowadays when a television camera is going to catch up with him, experts are predicting that we'll all take to mild versions of the video make-up.

Tommy Dorsey, who has been disc jockeying, is reforming his band to go into tele. During recent months Tommy has been doing considerable research into the possible uses of name bands by video. He feels that several years ago, when Hollywood was making extensive use of the marquee power of name maestros, both the latter and film producers failed in getting the most out of what they had.

The American Cancer Society is loud in its praise of television. They found the medium extremely effective in their campaigning, so they are going ahead with a full-scale program of activity. They find that video is wonderful when it comes to stimulating contributions. They plan to put cancer education before the cameras as well as entertainment and direct appeals for funds.

Gladys Swarthout, glamorous opera star, and her husband, Frank Chapman, concert baritone, have formed a television film company, with a studio in Connecticut, to make 15-minute films. The series will be called "In the Music Room.

The nation's football scouts are grateful to television. This fall finds them doing their spying for new athletic talent in front of a TV set in a nice warm room—instead of being constantly frozen in the stands.

Sultry Lena Horne was a guest on Ed Sullivan's Toast of The Town, CBS-TV.
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Fragrance of Romance

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

Gift of glamour! Deluxe Chest, con-

Gift

taining Face Powder, Talcum, Rouge,

Lipstick and Perfume

$7.50

i BOURJOIS

Evening in Paris Perfume, ToiWater, Face Powder, Sachet,
$9.00
Rouge, Lipstick
let

AIL prices plus tax.


Dentists say the IPANA way works!

Junior Model Babs March shows how it can work for you, too.

Just 17 and stepping out to success, cover girl Babs March of Roselle, N. J. has a smile that gets her modelling dates—and dance dates!

“I follow the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth,” explains Babs, “because dentists say it works!” Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this...

Here’s the Ipana way that dentists say works! “And it’s a pleasure!” adds Babs. Easy as 1, 2:
1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all teeth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums gently as your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana’s unique formula helps stimulate your gums—you can feel the tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an Ipana smile. Ipana’s extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY...

Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth

*Latest national poll

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have heretofore known only as sweat. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl...so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, snowy cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Lionizing Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)
NEVER before told—because Jimmy
wouldn't tell them—are the stories
about Jimmy that Eddie Jackson writes
for January Radio Mirror. What, for
instance, is "Duranteville"? And why
was Jimmy the man of the hour when
he toured Italy? Maybe you can't
answer those questions now, but wait
till you've read "A Heart as Big as his
Nose."

One of the most appealing family
portraits—full color, of course—that
we've ever seen comes with Harriet
Hilliard Nelson's story about herself,
Ozzie and their two sons, "Bringing Up
the Boys." Harriet calls it... but Ozzie
thinks there ought to be a question
mark after that title.

You know, Connie Wakefield as
Carolyn Kramer's best friend, in the
daily drama Right to Happiness. What
you may not have known about Connie
is that she has lived a life brim-full of
drama, of heartbreak, of courageous
self-sufficiency... a life so exciting
that we've made it into a four-page
picture-story for January. Connie's ex-
periences have never been dramatized
on the air, so her story will be com-
pletely new to you—and completely
inspiring!

Radio Mirror takes you, in January,
to the Fred Waring Show—two pages
of color as brilliant as though you were
really watching it from a studio seat.
It's one of radio's hardest-to-get-
tickets-to-programs, but you'll be there.

They grow some cute kids out in
Hollywood. Well, for that matter, they
grow cute ones all over the world, but
there's one we especially want you to
meet, and he is from Hollywood. He's
Ridge Howard; the fact that he's movie-
and-radio star Dorothy Lamour's son
gave us a good excuse to get all the pic-
tures of Ridge we had space for. Of
course, Dot is beautiful... but wait till
you see Ridge!

Besides the other features, there's a
special surprise: a story in which Ralph
Edwards tells the truth—or so he says—
about Truth or Consequences. But you
know how fast that man tells. And
when you've read all these, you'll still
have the Wendy Warren Reader Bonus,
the story about M. C. Todd Russell, and
all the rest to look forward to—in
January Radio Mirror, on sale Decem-
ber 10th.

Farley Granger's idea of a
"Charming Woman"

Farley Granger, one of the stars in Samuel Goldwyn's
"Enchantment," and Cathy O'Donnell

in Farley Granger's own words:

"When I first saw Cathy O'Donnell, I said,
'She's charming—in every way!' And I noticed her
hands particularly—they're so soft, so feminine.
Now Cathy tells me she uses Jergens
Lotion always." Hollywood Stars use Jergens
7 to 1 over any other hand care!

The Stars know. Their favorite hand care—Jergens Lotion
—is more effective today in two ways: It makes your hands
feel softer than ever, deliciously smoother. It protects
even longer against roughness. Today's Jergens Lotion
contains two ingredients many doctors use for
skin care. Still only 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).
No oiliness; no sticky feeling. If you care
for your hands—use Jergens Lotion!

Used by More Women than
Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion
This picture gives you an idea of WMGM's glamorous new studios with their walls and ceilings of polycylindrical, flat and diamond-shaped forms of transite, wood and plaster. At the mike are Morey Amsterdam (l) and Al Kelly.

For comedian Morey Amsterdam, there is no more going to work in slacks and a sweater. Since September 15, high hat, white tie and sneakers have been de rigueur. On that date, you see, Morey's boss changed his location—Broadway to Fifth Avenue, and his name—WHN to WMGM.

WMGM, which started out as a 250-watt-50-hour-weekly, today has a 50,000-watt transmitter and a 139-hour broadcasting week. It is expected that even though the MGM Hollywood studios will play a more vigorous role in the station's programming, it will continue its spectacular coverage of the major sports events in metropolitan New York.

Following a documentary cavalcade of WHN's history by Ted Husing (left), Mayor O'Dwyer (right), officially changed the station's call letters.

The record industry's salute featured the "WMGM Jump" played by Benny Goodman and Count Basie; songs by Vic Damone, (pictured above).

In Glamour Lobby (the 15th floor reception room) Bob Hawk (r) and Eileen O'Connell interviewed V.I.P. like Lanny Ross, center.
Look out for

Infectious Dandruff

Listerine Antiseptic and massage... it's a "must" with countless fastidious women who dread infectious dandruff with its ugly flakes and scales.

Wisely, they make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing. It's a delightful way of guarding against this all-too-common condition.

You see, if the germs associated with infectious dandruff are present on hair and scalp, Listerine Antiseptic attacks them at once... kills them by millions. That includes the stubborn "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. It's a habit that can pay off in health and good looks. Try it and you'll see what we mean.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair
You can say "yes" to Romance

Because

Veto says "no" to Offending!

Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use. Keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes! So effective... yet so gentle—Colgate's Veto is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to filmy, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO
IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

The Best View

Television actress Pat Murray, "before" (above), was not making the most of her very good natural looks. "After", (at right) her hairdo and careful, clever makeup combine to give WPX Tele-viewers the best view of Pat when they see her in the program Glamor on a Budget.

By Mary Jane Fulton

There being no retakes on television, a woman who wants to look her prettiest before its camera must know her makeup technique. Pat Murray, fashion stylist and director of WPX's Glamor on a Budget, is well aware of this fact. What she learned about corrective makeup may well apply to any woman who wants to improve her looks. Here she passes along the tricks she was shown by Mr. Farrar, of New York's McAlpin Hotel Beauty Salon, whose pet project is a complete re-do from the neck up at a low budget price.

Pat's hair is strawberry blond, her eyes a bright, sparkling blue, her skin fair. Her face is a combination type—square and oblong.

Because Pat's skin is inclined to be oily, Mr. Farrar advised careful washing, morning and night, with mild soap, warm water, and a complexion brush. She follows this with a warm, then a cold, rinsing, astringent, and cake makeup base.

To minimize her wide brow, Mr. Farrar shortened her eyebrows by plucking hairs from the lower outer half, and removing them on the inner corner close to her brows, creating an arch. To give a flattering frame to her eyes, he touched brown mascara, sparingly, to her lashes.

He showed her how to blend rouge at the side of her cheekbones. Coloring applied to cheek hollows, this expert pointed out, only emphasizes their hollowness. This trick also gave balance to her broad brow and pointed chin.

In the "before" picture Pat's own lipsticking of her lower lip has made her pointed chin even more so. In the "after" picture you can see how Mr. Farrar has corrected this by squaring off her lower lip to balance her pointed chin, and by making up both lips more generously.

He styled her naturally curly hair in a short, flufly bob. The fullness on the neck tapered her square jaw and softened her chin. He also gave her a center part to detract from her broad brow, and fluffed her hair a bit on top to give height. Soft curls brought slightly inward over the temples also helped to minimize the broadness of her forehead.

Although your face may be shaped differently, some of these make-up tricks may apply to you. Experiment—or seek an expert's advice. Then you'll have a prettier face for Christmas—and all through the coming year.
ELIZABETH TAYLOR, beautiful co-star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "LITTLE WOMEN", wears satin-smooth Woodbury Powder.

You'll find a new kind of beauty in the Woodbury box—
it's the world's finest face powder! You'll see the difference* the instant you wear divinely fragrant New Woodbury Powder:
*There's no "powdery" look!
*Shades are warmer, richer, yet the color seems your own natural coloring.
*New Woodbury Powder gives a satin-smooth finish powder alone could never give before.

In Nation-Wide Test
WOODBURY WINS 4 TO 1 over all leading brands of powder

From Coast to Coast women voted New Woodbury Powder the best... they said Woodbury was better than their own favorite face powders! In this most dramatic beauty test of all time, Woodbury won on an average of 4 to 1 over all other leading brands of powder.

6 exciting shades in New Woodbury Powder. Medium and "Purse" sizes 30c and 15c plus tax.

TWICE NEW!
New Secret Ingredient gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin!
New Revolutionary Process—plus Woodbury's "Super-Blender" give warmest, liveliest shades, finest texture!
A MAJORITY of the radio and television stars of today will tell you that their airplane debuts came about by accident. Tom Moorehead, WFIL's outstanding sportscaster in Philadelphia, is among the few who admittedly left nothing to chance. For years he carefully groomed himself for a radio sports job and when Tom made his move his success was instantaneous. With but five years on the air, Moorehead has done play-by-play commentary on an even dozen different sports for radio and on five for television. His commentaries are heard twice daily; he conducts two sports variety shows; and he has taken his turn as a disc-jockey and a quiz-master.

Nearly 40,000 pieces of mail in a six-month period this year bear evidence of Tom's tremendous popularity among Philadelphia sports fans.

Although handicapped by poor eyesight, Moorehead was a three-letter man at Philadelphia's Germantown Academy—playing football, basketball, and tennis. During these school years Tom was a keen student of every sport and he started to compile a sports library that would be useful to him in years to come.

Tom's first chance in radio came in 1939 when he joined WFIL to make a listener survey. Later, he worked in the station's promotion and special events departments but that did not interrupt his intensive study of sports. His vast store of knowledge became known throughout the city and in 1943 he was named Director of Red Cross Sports.

He started his first WFIL sportscasts that same year and he was appointed station director of sports within a year. At the same time, he began the Jacob Read Schoolboy Sports Show, which is now in its fifth year on the air.

Moorehead's days and nights are long. He may do a play-by-play account of a tennis match in the afternoon, his regular commentary at 6:45 P.M., a television sports event in the evening, and his final sports round-up at Midnight. In addition to this routine schedule, on Saturdays he moderates the half-hour Sports Clinic in the morning and the Schoolboy Sports Show at 7 P.M. He has a half-hour television quiz, Batter-Up, on WFIL-TV on Mondays. And he is frequently called upon to handle an ABC network sports origination from Philadelphia.

For a year, Tom was a quiz-master on the station's Campus Quiz show. This was a result of his great popularity with the younger set. He has made women's sports a part of his program, too, and at one point 40 per cent of his mail came from women listeners.

When the town's top disc-jockey was ill for six weeks, Tom was the popular choice to become LeRoy Miller's stand-in.

Tom's interest in sports never will wane, he says. But he feels that someday he might dabble in politics and world affairs.

"There's a game," says he, "where I could really preach sportsmanship."
Keep your hands evening-soft all day long!

This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic

Hard-at-work and “on display,” your hands lead a double life. So—pamper them with the double-beauty magic of Trushay.

Trushay, you see, is first of all a velvet-soft lotion—with a wondrous touch you've never known before. A luxury lotion for all your lotion needs—a joy to use any time. Every fragrant, peach-colored drop is so rich, your hands feel softer and smoother instantly!

Yet... Trushay's magic doesn't stop there. It also brings to you a fabulous “beforehand” extra!

Smoothed on your hands before doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Guards them from drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft all day long!

Adopt Trushay's double-beauty help—begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

TRUSHAY
the lotion with the “beforehand” extra
Bing Crosby's first guests of the season on his ABC Wednesday night show were his four singing sons: Gary beside his father, Phillip, Lindsay, Dennis in front.

Old friends and co-workers on the Supper Club, conductor Paul Weston and singer Jo Stafford share a pre-program laugh.

PROBABLY "20th-Century Gabriel" Erskine Hawkins' youngest press agent is his small nephew, son of the "Hawk's" sister, who lives in Springfield, Ohio. Playing a one-nighter in that town recently, the trumpeter was mystified by the cross-examination his small-fry nephew put him through. Having hit town only the day before, he was a little surprised when the kid asked: "When are you leaving, Unk Erskine?" "Hawk" replied that he was moving on that same afternoon and was a little taken aback by the obvious relief on the youngster's face. "Why do you want to know?" he asked. "Because I told the kid next door my uncle could beat up his uncle any time," the boy answered. The "Hawk" did a double-take when it turned out that the uncle of the kid next door is none other than the Brown Bomber from Detroit—Joe Louis!

* * *

Lena Horne has a terrific protege, non-musical but definitely artistic. He's Edmund Kara, a young fellow barely out of his teens who taught her to paint so well that her finished portrait was sold at a charity auction for three thousand dollars. He also did such a fine job of decorating her Hollywood home that it's become a showplace. And, as if to prove that nothing creative is beyond him, Kara also
designed all of the breathtaking gowns which Lena wears during her current sensational engagement at Monte Proser's Copacabana in New York.

* * *

Talk about salesmanship! Following his engagement at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, during which he shattered every record for that great old hostelry, Elliot Lawrence became the rage of the South. The Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, determined to have the young maestro for the Christmas-New Year period, finally clinched the deal with an offer which is definitely unique in one respect. A clause in the contract guarantees the entire band seats on the 50-yard line for the famed Sugar Bowl football game!

* * *

Lots of folks are always laying claim to "discovering" or "launching" this or that star, but few can prove that claim as readily as Eddie Cantor. The lovable, pop-eyed comedian gave Dinah Shore her big chance on his radio show years ago, and today Dinah shares starring honors with Eddie on their Friday night NBC show—and nobody seems to get a bigger kick out of the song star's climb to the top than the fellow who actually "launched" her.

Margo Whiteman, teenage daughter of Paul Whiteman, gets a "Be good, now" kiss from Pops as she goes off to keep a date.
DANCING OR LISTENING

BILLY BUTTERFIELD (Capitol)—Although Billy is busily engaged these days in commuting between Nick's in Greenwich Village and the New York radio studios, it's good to be reminded that he had a fine big band in pre-ban days. His trumpet is featured on both "Wild Oats" and "What's New."

EVELYN MACGREGOR (Seva)—Accompanied by Whitey Bernard's Three Kings, Miss MacGregor sings "The Silver Shenandoah" and "Someone As Sweet As You." You should like these clean interpretations of fair tunes.

HELEN FORREST (MGM)—"What Did I Do" from the motion picture "When My Baby Smiles At Me" is one of the finest words and music combinations to have emerged in oh-so-long. "I Love You Much Too Much" is a melody that will be very familiar to you.

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia)—Two oldies make a fine pairing for Frank this month. Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again" isn't as good as "My Melancholy Baby"—or is it the other way around?

LEONARD WARREN (RCA Victor)—The robust baritone voice of Mr. Warren paired with two good old sea chanties is the perfect mating, mate. "Blow The Man Down" and "The Drunken Sailor" are wonderfully done.

RED INGLE (Capitol)—The full and complete title of Red's most recent bit of upmarket hokum is "Serata Yoh" (A Song For Backward Boys and Girls Under 40)! The label also says "based on Nature Boy." It should have said debased Nature Boy. It's absolutely terrific. No comment on "Oh! Nick-O-Deemo," the reverse side.

ORRIN TUCKER (Mercury)—This is Orrin without Bonnie Baker. Orrin himself handles the vocal duties on "Little Girl" and "The Moon Is Always Bigger On A Saturday Night." Both quite danceable sides.

FRANCES LANGFORD (Mercury)—Mrs. Jon Hall does right well by a couple of ballads called "You Belong To My Heart" and "May I Still Hold You." Earle Hagen's orchestra accompanies her on "May I." The reverse is "You Belong."

PERRY COMO (RCA Victor)—It's a slow, bouncy tempo for Perry on "When You're Smiling" and the ballad tempo for "My Melancholy Baby." This Como fellow is certainly a fine song salesman. This is one of the best of the recent record releases.

ALBUM ARTISTRY

HORTON HATCHES THE EGG (MGM)—Obviously, this was meant to be a children's album, but the combination of a Dr. Seuss story, Marvin Miller narration and Del Castillo music, makes this two-record album on unbreakable Metrolite an adult's album too.

DORSEY'S CLAMBAKE SEVEN (RCA Victor)—Tommy Dorsey's Dixieland group is brought back to life with the issue of this album of the old favorites dating back to the days when T.D.'s band boasted of such stars as Edythe Wright, Bud Freeman, Dave Tough and Johnny Minee. Remember a craze called "The Music Goes Round and Round?" It's in this package.

CHOPIN—RAY TURNER (Capitol)—In addition to its value as a collection of excellent piano solos of some of the great master's finest works this album can serve the important purpose of proving to little Sister or Junior that practicing will eventually result in this kind of sound. This is the kind of Chopin that will impress even the "heppest" jazz fan.
Collector's Corner

By Denny Dennis

(At the time when Americans were swooning over Sinatra and Como, the English were reacting in much the same way to Denny Dennis. When his first London Record was issued in the United States, Tommy Dorsey realized that here was a great new voice. Tommy cabled Denny immediately and now Denny's platters are selling faster each day, while he travels the country with Tommy Dorsey's great band.)

Realizing that this may sound completely out of character, I must confess that a good part of my record collection consists of march records. It may be that my five-year hitch in the services left a permanent mark on my musical likes—or it may be that I've always wanted to be a drummer. Whatever the reason, the result has been a collection of discs in four-four time.

So then, I've taken the liberty of listing ten of my favorite march albums or records. If they don't seem to agree with your favorites, just bear in mind that collecting records in England is just a little more difficult than collecting them here in the United States.

1. The March from "The Love of Three Oranges" by Prokofiev played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky (RCA Victor).
3. "March Of The Toys" from Victor Herbert's "Babes In Toyland" played by Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra (Columbia).
4. John Philip Sousa's "King Cotton March" played by the Edwin Franko Goldman Band (RCA Victor).
5. Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slav" as played by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Artur Rodzinski (Columbia).
6. The Vienna Philharmonic recording on Telefunken Records (German) of Johann Strauss' "Egyptian March Op. 233." Clemens Krauss conducts the orchestra.
7. The "Notre Dame Victory March" as played by the Notre Dame University Band (RCA Victor).
8. "Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1" by Sir Edward Elgar, played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Edward Sargent (London).
10. "Stars And Stripes Forever" by the Goldman Band (Columbia).

Dinner Belle

ringing for more!

Little—but with big ideas about the foods she likes! She proves it by the way she goes for those good-tasting Gerber's! From the flavorful Cereals through delicious Vegetables, Fruits, Meat-combinations and Desserts, Gerber's seem to taste better to tots!

Even spinach rates a call for "seconds." Mothers call for more Gerber's, too. They know what scrupulous care goes into the selection and preparation of Gerber's. They know that baby benefits by Gerber's special processing and cooking in order to retain the highest nutritional values.

Count on less leftovers with those good-tasting Gerber's that doctors approve. When baby graduates from Strained to Junior Foods, tempting, easy-to-chew Gerber's make the going easier. Same size container—same low price.

Now... Armour Beef! Veal! Liver!

Gerber's Strained and Junior Meats come in 3½ ounce containers—at one price. Naturally, this is higher than Gerber's other Strained and Junior Foods. These also come in one size container at one low price.

Gerber's

BABY FOODS

3 Cereals • 20 Strained Foods • 15 Junior Foods • 3 Strained Meats • 3 Junior Meats

Babies are our business... our only business.
Time out for coffee, during Sam Spade rehearsals, for star Howard Duff and Lurene Tuttle, his Effie.

Bob Hope sneaks in a few practice swings before joining the rest of his foursome.

Situation out of hand: Uncle Louie (Frank Dane) on NBC's Meet The Meeks.

NOT sure why, but advertising agency control of radio shows is at the lowest ebb in fifteen years. With CBS way out in the lead, the networks are taking program creation right out of the hands of the "hucksters" and building more and more of their own shows. Maybe this will give listeners a chance to register their preferences directly, through letters to the stations, instead of indirectly via increased sales of a product which may or may not be due to approval of a program.

Money isn't everything department ... Take It or Leave It, which made the $64 question a household word, has topped Stop the Music in the Hooper rating, although Stop the Music gives its jackpot winner everything including the kitchen sink.

Signs of the times ... A number of radio stars are doubling between their own shows and featured appearances on other programs. Could be because salaries ain't what they used to be.

Seems to us that producers of radio programs angled at kids could take a tip from television's Small Fry Club. There's been a lot of back and forth chatter about whether hair-raising adventure strips are fit for young ears, but very few people in radio have done much about finding some other form of entertainment for the kids. On the Small Fry Club they have a gimmick that could be useful to really interested programmers. Small Fry has a puppet named Pirro, which represents child curiosity. He investigates alarm clocks, vacuum cleaners,
FROM COAST TO COAST

mirrors, telephones, electric lights and any other gadgets that mystify and intrigue youngsters. In fact, the kids write in and suggest things for Pirro to explore. And, while Pirro takes these things apart and finds out what makes them tick, the kids are getting basic lessons in elementary science—the easy and most stick-in-the-head way.

Some time ago we reported that we'd heard that there were plans being made to install radio receiving sets in Detroit buses. Okay. They did it and pulled in an avalanche of protesting letters. Most of the complaints objected to the use of transportation money for such purposes rather than for improvements in services and vehicles. And who can say they were wrong?

Everett Sloane, who plays the role of Arthur Drake in This Is Nora Drake, has been temporarily replaced in the part by Ralph Bell. Sloane is in Rome working in the movie "Prince of Foxes," which is being produced there by Darryl Zanuck.

Amos 'n' Andy have started a new kind of deal in radio. Their contract sells their services outright to the CBS network for a cool two million dollars and the network makes back its dough by lend-leasing the comics to a sponsor.

We were recently told that Frances Dexter, assistant director of the Superman series, has not missed a broadcast in five years. Since Superman is a five-times-a-weeker, this is the (Continued on page 24)

Senator Ford, Harry Hershfield and Joe Laurie Jr. about to become a jungle dinner in their movie, which is called—like their NBC show—"Can You Top This?"

By Dale Banks
Mrs. Victoria Corey, KDKA's Educational Director, goes over a script with actors from The School Of The Air.

Radio and the three Rs

To the three "Rs" of the Little Red School House days another has been added—one for Radio which is typified in KDKA's School of the Air.

Originally designed for Pittsburgh schools when it began September 17, 1945, the KDKA public service feature has grown until it is today being used by public grade and high schools, parochial and independent school systems in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, as well as colleges and other radio stations.

An academic innovation in the school systems, the educational series establishes a concrete link between radio and the classroom. Specifically designed to supplement classroom instruction, the KDKA School of the Air is required listening each Monday through Friday at 9:45 o'clock. Where it is impossible for the students to listen at that time, programs are transcribed for later use.

Mrs. Victoria Corey, the station's educational director, heads the planning committee which is composed of leading educators of the area. Special teachers' handbooks are prepared by the station for the use of the teachers, and teachers themselves prepare script outlines. Scripts are written by Arlene Jack of KDKA's continuity department, with Lionel Poulton in charge of production.

The same day each week is devoted to a particular classroom course and the immediate program is based on the current textbook lessons. The schedule for the week is as follows: Mondays, geography; Tuesdays, consumer education; Wednesdays, music and literature; Thursdays, nature study and Fridays, social studies in other lands.

New to KDKA's School of the Air this year are the Tuesday and Friday broadcasts. On Tuesdays, the program is devoted to a home economics series for the Junior-Senior high school students and homemakers which teaches them how to run their own homes. The course covers the field completely from preparing budgets to making slip covers.

The new Friday broadcasts have an international flavor. With Understanding One World as the specific title, the series consists of transcribed portions from various foreign countries, followed by a discussion in which four boys and girls, each representing a local high school, participate. Whenever possible, an exchange student from the country under discussion is asked to take part in the broadcast.

In addition to the School of the Air, Mrs. Corey conducts a Teachers' Workshop in the studios where teachers are trained in the fundamentals of radio writing and production so that they can assist in preparing School of the Air programs. Talent used both on the broadcasts and on the workshop productions is secured from the schools the teachers represent.

The School Of The Air is required listening Mon.-Fri. at 9:45 A.M. The broadcast is followed by a period of classroom discussion.
Luxury-loving women are finding so many glamour-extras in new Nail Brilliance! You will, too, and all for a low 25¢!*

Perfume-type bottle, steady based, with beautifully balanced artist-type brush. Dream-come-true wear. Defies peeling or chipping. Wonderful purity. Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use Nail Brilliance with perfect safety. Ten fashion-show shades that stay dazzling, never turn dull.

Try Color-keyed Cutex Lipsticks, too—created to blend perfectly with each Nail Brilliance shade. So creamy! So clinging! Large size, 49¢.*
THE ASPIRIN TABLET
THAT SOLVED
CHILD DOSAGE PROBLEMS

✓ Eliminates Tablet Cutting
✓ Assures Correct Dosage
✓ Easy to Give
✓ Easy to Take

ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN is enjoying the confidence of mothers everywhere. It's the answer to their long expressed wish for an aspirin made just for children! Yes, ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN, the first nationally advertised aspirin made especially for children, eliminates child dosage problems. Mother, you no longer have to cut or break regular aspirin tablets. ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN contains 1½ grains of aspirin—¼ of the usual 5-grain adult tablet—which assures accurate dosage. Your child will like the orange flavor. 50 tablets, 35¢. Buy a package today, mother.

ST. JOSEPH
ASPIRIN
FOR CHILDREN

On NBC at 11 A.M., CBS at 2:30 P.M., in This Is Nora Drake.

BACK in September, Ralph Bell replaced Everett Sloane in the role of Arthur Drake on This Is Nora Drake, a show distinguished by being heard on both NBC and CBS networks daily—NBC at 11 A.M. and CBS at 2:30 P.M., EST. Adding this stint to his others makes Bell's air schedule read almost like the daily newspaper listing of radio shows. For besides his Nora Drake assignment Mr. Bell has leading roles on some nine or ten programs, among them such well known standbys as Right to Happiness, Gangbusters, Counter Spy, Evelyn Winters, Lorenzo Jones and Mr. District Attorney. In most of these shows, Ralph Bell specializes in tough guy roles. The Nora Drake stanza calls for the portrayal of a mild-mannered, elderly gentleman and it's to Bell's credit that he can get this quality into his voice, since his personal characteristics are youthfulness, exuberance, friendliness.

Ralph Bell is a young man who has been dedicated to acting and the theater for as long as he can remember. He was born in 1916 in New Jersey and grew up in Hackensack. He remembers his childhood as having been very happy, in itself a rather unusual thing. Ralph went to the University of Michigan, where he majored in English. Of course, a great part of his time was spent in the Drama School there. He acquitted himself so well that on his graduation in 1937, he was offered a job teaching drama and play production at his alma mater. Well, it was a job, what's more a job in his chosen field, and he took it for a year.

After a year, he felt he'd gathered enough experience to put it to practical use. He moved to New York and very soon found jobs in Broadway shows. His success was rapid. He starred in George Abbott's "What a Life," the play that later grew into the radio Aldrich Family program, in which Bell later worked often, too. He also starred in "Native Son" and has worked with such famous theater names as Dorothy Gish, Louis Calhern, Ezra Stone and Milton Berle.

In private life, he's a suburbanite, with a house in Flushing, Long Island. He is married to Pert Kelton, who is familiar to radio listeners in her own right. They have two sons, one three and a half, the other a year and a half.
This Christmas thrill her with the Real Love-Gift

Whisper, "I love you truly" with this most intimate gift of all—her very own Lane Cedar Hope Chest. An ever-present reminder of your love. Symbol of the Dream Days of Now, sanctuary for her precious possessions—she will cherish her Lane Hope Chest forever.

But be sure you choose a genuine Lane, the only pressure-tested AROMA-TIGHT Cedar Chest in the world, with many other exclusive Lane patented features.

WRITE US. If you don't know the name of the Lane dealer in your town, write us. Or, if you wish to have a chest delivered, send us your money order, and we will arrange for delivery through our nearest Lane dealer.


All Lane Chests are made of ¾ inch Aromatic Red Cedar in designs to harmonize with any other furniture. All can be bought on easy payments.

No. 2221. Ever-desirable 18th Century design in lustrous Honduras Mahogany. Full-length drawer in base, two simulated drawers above.


FREE Mail Insurance Policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies, goes with every Lane Cedar Chest.

No. 2247. Ever-popular modern design in Limed Oak. Equipped with Lane's patented round-cornered automatic tray.

The Gift that Starts the Home

Copyright 1948, The Lane Company, Inc.
NOW YOU CAN GET 12 of the most exquisite Christmas cards you've ever seen—complete with envelopes—for only 25 cents and 3 Camay wrappers! These lovely cards are all different—in full color—printed on fine quality paper with the fashionable double fold. So beautiful—you'll want to order several sets!

SO DON'T WAIT!

Get Camay today! Your complexion can be softer, smoother with your first cake of Camay—if you give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. The wrapper tells how. And to be lovelier all over, take a daily Camay Beauty Bath with Bath-Size Camay.

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR CARDS.

For each set you order, mail 25¢ and 3 Camay wrappers—either regular Complexion-Size or Bath-Size, to:

Camay, Box 837,
Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Offer good in continental United States (except Montana). Offer expires December 1, 1948

Order your cards today!

Your First Cake of Camay brings a softer, smoother skin!

MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER, this beautiful Camay bride, says: "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a really lovelier skin! My very first cake helped make my skin clearer and smoother."
SUCCESS on a woman's radio program means two things to WBEN's Sally Work—First: Talking directly to her audience, never over their heads. Second: Knowing whereof she speaks, by living it herself. Sally's success is measured by a history on the air dating back to 1926, by a current group of 15 sponsors, by a long waiting list of would-be sponsors and by a faithful following of women fans in the Buffalo station's listening-area. Her half-hour (1:30-2:00 P.M.) Monday-Friday program, beamed directly toward women, deals, in Sally's words, "with everything we think they'll be interested in from polities to the care of babies. It is not so much entertaining as informative ... we tell about advertised products as painlessly as possible." Sally was one of half-a-dozen women broadcasters who antedated the networks with a network-type show. She started radio work at WGR in 1926 on what she believes to have been the first woman's advertising program of the participating type. That was a sideline for her newspaper work as women's editor for the now-defunct Buffalo Times.

In 1928, Frank McCormick, an advertising man on the Times, was talking with E. C. Rainor of Chicago. Rainor wanted an identical radio show aired at the same hour daily by women in different cities—that's where antedating the networks came in. Each woman was to broadcast under the name of "Work." Of the women who started this program, Sally is the only one who has stuck to the original name.

Sally Work made her aerial bow as such from WMK. When this contract expired, after a year or so, WMK asked Sally to continue and, as a sideline, she did so, writing her own copy. When the Times was sold to Scripps-Howard, Sally went to The Buffalo Evening News as its first woman's editor. As soon as a woman's program was established on the new WBEN, she went there in September, 1932, as Sally Work, writing and producing her own material, "with the great privilege of accepting only the things she believes in."

On her 1:30 P.M. daily offering, Sally works in each sponsor two to three times weekly—some of them daily. E. W. Edward's & Son has been backing her for almost ten years, since it opened its new department store; Ellsworth Shoe Store has had a daily place on her half-hour for seven years.

She and her husband, Mr. W. Nelson Wilkinson, a retired newspaperman, are building a home on the Canadian side of the Niagara Frontier. During the war, when Sally reminded her listeners to write to servicemen, she was speaking as the mother of Warren Wilkinson. A second son, Murray, has two children, Mark, 5 years, and Ann, 14 months. Maybe that's where Sally gets some of the audience "feel" which leads her to believe most of her appeal is to mothers and homemakers.

Born in Toronto, she got her formal schooling there, from kindergarten to the University of Toronto. Her favorite hobbies are swimming and horseback riding but Sally also has wheeled many a full barrow to help her husband in the making of his beautiful garden. On the Board of Directors of the Association of Women Broadcasters, she volunteers teaches beginners' classes in the Buffalo League of Advertising Women and speaks at Women's Club meetings.
Life can be Beautiful

WOULD YOU MOW THE LAWN?

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

Although we grew up in an unusually close-knit and affectionate family, my two brothers and I indulged in childhood's normal share of silly quarrels and selfish actions. We were all especially determined not to be imposed upon and although we performed our allotted household tasks willingly enough, no one of us would have dreamed of doing the other fellow's job for him.

One night, in a particularly affectionate—and boastful—mood, my older brother, then fourteen, declared expansively that if he were ever given the opportunity, he would gladly give up one of his eyes to save either my brother or me from blindness, cut off his arm if it would save ours, or perform a number of other heroic deeds. My father listened gravely; then in his quiet, right-to-the-point manner asked, "But, Steve, would you also mow the lawn for your brother or sister?"

At the time we thought this a huge joke, but now, after fifteen years, Dad's remark stays with me and I see its real significance. I would gladly give my life for my little daughter or wonderful husband, but "would I mow the lawn for them?"

When I think I'm too tired to say "yes" to some child's request or to make that special cake my husband is perpetually yearning for, I remind myself it is the little daily favors done in a loving spirit that mean more to a happy home life than all the heroic intentions in the world. A mutual willingness to "mow the lawn" has, indeed, made our married life more beautiful.

Mrs. B. R. G.

LIVING CREATIVELY

Dear Papa David:

Many times during the course of my life, I have wondered how there could have been any happiness possible for me, a helpless cripple. Like so many invalids,—at seventeen I was stricken with a deadly rheumatic disease—I became sullen and morose. Hatefuly, I availed myself of every opportunity to create conflict in our family.

I thought the very worst had befallen me. Then, in a terrible accident, my beloved parents and little sister were killed and my face became horribly scarred. For awhile, as I hung in that awful abyss between life and death, my only thought was of suicide.

At length I took stock of myself and in an effort to find myself again, began to study. I read during all my waking hours and when the pain of knowing myself as a useless human being would come, I would again find solace in books.

After living nearly five years as a recluse, I learned of a position as companion at a small sanatorium for blind invalids. After making inquiries, I learned that a general knowledge of psychology was required. Again I turned to books for help, and was able to secure the position. For the first time I became necessary to others.
It was in the sanatorium I became acquainted with the dearest person in the world. He is an ex-physician who became blind and partly paralyzed as the result of an accident. With his gentle patience I have learned that life is indeed beautiful to all who make it so.

Miss G. S. L.

**THE Lighthouse**

Dear Papa David:

One Friday night last February I left the office depressed as usual by the prospect of another lonely weekend. In my eight years away from home I never felt homesick, except on weekends. During the week I devoted myself eagerly to my job, which I enjoy, but on weekends I wanted to be with my family.

That night on the subway I was interesting thumping through my newspaper when pictures of the Lighthouse Association for the Blind caught my attention. The accompanying article told how this association was helping the blind and ended with a plea for volunteers—readers, teachers, guides.

I had always thought of the blind as a sad and depressing group so, because I wanted company for my own misery, I called the Lighthouse to offer my services. I was assigned as Sunday afternoon substitute reader to a blind Hindu professor from Calcutta, India, who was earning his second Ph. D. at a New York university.

When I went up to the Dormitory for the Blind that first Sunday, I went as a martyr. But the short, dark, wavy-haired little man who met me astounded me with his Americanization—not so much in his dress but in his appreciation of our jokes and a way of living—that I soon forgot to be sorry for myself. Before many Sundays had passed, his regular left and I took over as his permanent reader.

Then, one night, the professor invited me to dine with him at an Indian restaurant. After that we often mixed business and pleasure—dinners and walks in the park following our reading sessions. Now, for the first time in eight years, I look forward to weekends—to a stimulating Sunday with a lively companion. Even though I am ashamed of my original misgivings I believe that had I not taken the initial step I would have lost a wonderful opportunity.

Miss E. N.

**Radio Mirror Offers $50 Each Month for Your Letters**

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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**Are you in the know?**

**When giving a party, which is important?**

- Fancy refreshments
- Banishing the family
- Keeping the guests busy

Good hostessing doesn't take caterer's chow . . . or shooing Mom to the movies. Plan the doings. Have records handy. Provide the "props" for games. At Christmas, let your guests trim the tree; anything to keep them busy. And should your calendar suddenly betray you, turn to Kotex, for comfort. For softness that holds its shape. Be carefree with the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And the bend-as-you-please freedom that's yours with the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Adjustable; all-elastic!

**If your back's blemished, what's best?**

- A white handy
- A rain check
- A stole

Stoles are high fashion . . . not meant for hiding hiccories! And you can't "un-date" at zero hour. To cover back break-outs, start days ahead with antiseptic—plus white handy, pinned to shoulderstraps. Worn beneath school dresses, the medicated "goo" works while you glide! Never fret about how to conceal "certain" outlines. Kotex and those flat pressed ends prevent outlines; protect you from the slightest whisper! Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex.

**What's the jinx in this jalopy?**

- The cuddle couple
- The boogie blast
- Foot's a crowd

Joy ride? Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash landing! (See all three answers above.) First, the ear's crowded: bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds more distraction. Anyway, how can a highway Romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. And that's why they choose Kotex . . . because the exclusive safety center of Kotex means extra protection. Extra confidence!

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**More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins**

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

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Noon, PST; 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST.
WIN your dream house absolutely FREE . . .

Now you can win the home of your dreams, built wherever you want it, absolutely free. For full details and four-color photos of the exciting new “dream house” contest—see December PHOTOPLAY.

Your dream house will be an Industry-Engineered home provided by the National Retail Lumber Dealers Ass’n., complete with modern Ingersoll kitchen-bath-heating utility unit, Bruce hardwood floors; Mineral Wool insulation; colorful Asphalt Roofing; gleaming Ponderosa Pine woodwork; beautifying Gypsum wall interiors; Weyer-hauser lumber.


Today—get your December issue of PHOTOPLAY for full information and contest entry blank.

COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 15)

equivalent of perfect attendance at a weekly show for twenty-five years!

The really big “Gee Whiz of 1948” is disc jockey Jim Hawthorne in Hollywood. This lucky fellow went from a job at $85 a week at a Pasadena radio station, to the ABC network a short time ago, his contract calling for $40,000 a year for five years. That ought to take care of him very nicely.

That speedboat routine of Guy Lombardo’s isn’t the only thing that gets him around. Now comes news that his transcribed program, featuring thirty minutes of “the sweetest music this side of heaven,” has been sold on Lourenco Marques Radio, commercial Portuguese East African station beaming into South Africa. South African citizens are now listening to the Guy Lombardo music Sunday mornings.

Look for Jimmy Scribner in the new Abbott and Costello pic, “Africa Screams.” Jimmy is the radio actor who does the many voices on The Johnson Family stanzas for Mutual. In the movie, he plays the part of an insurance agent with a million dollar policy on the life of Mr. Costello. He follows the short, chunky comedian on a safari through the African jungles—to see that nothing happens to make the policy pay off.

Here’s a bit of interesting news you may have missed if you didn’t catch the particular Newsreel broadcast on which it was presented. In a couple of years, it was announced by Dr. James M. Wood, president of the Women’s Foundation, there will be a college for middle-aged women who are looking for special training that will fit them for useful, skilled work. Dr. Wood said that the Foundation figures there are about 15 million women in the country whose “children are grown and who have few things to occupy their time.” The requirements for entrance to the new college will be a real interest in education and normal intelligence. No high school diplomas will be necessary. You can probably get more information through the Women’s Foundation.

We found out that no matter how much he earns, Andy Roberts, vocalist for Skitch Henderson’s orchestra, gets the same old allowance. Morton Downey, who discovered Roberts, socks away all the rest in a trust fund for his protege.

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Harold Peary, The Great Gildersleeve, is now in his 28th radio year. Alan Young will replace Dan with Judy when the contract expires this January . . . Rumor has it that a major radio-television firm is working on a device which will convert a radio into a tele set when attached . . . CBS announcer Frank Goss doing narration jobs on preview films for Screen Plays, Inc. . . . Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan busy on another one of their “Two Guys” flickers at Warners . . . For the next consecutive year, Mutual will air the Cotton Bowl Gridiron classic on New Year’s Day. The new vio package that Professor Quiz is selling features him as a magician rather than quizmaster . . . Thanks to the efforts of
Dear Editor:

They tell me that home is what you make it.

Well, I can't call my home mine any more. And I guess I made it that way the day I got the bright idea to buy a television set.

Now, don't get me wrong. I wouldn't part with my television receiver for anything—unless it were for a bigger and better model. But...

First of all, my home is not a house in the country or the suburbs. It's a four-and-a-half room city apartment. I rented it in the summer of 1944 just a week before our third baby arrived, when it was important to get a roof over our head—and a floor under our feet. But that little image, in some respects, had less of an effect on our lives than the images that arrived via our television set when we bought one six months ago.

The thing that sold me on buying a set at once was the Saturday afternoon I visited my friend Ned's place to see a football game on his set. His place was mobbed. About thirty friends were there. I had to be content with craning my neck from a bridge chair over the burly shoulders of those who got there first. The game was a good one and, as I went home through a heavy downpour, I marveled at the convenience of having a set of one's own. No motoring through bad Fall weather to games. No buying tickets from speculators. No craning my neck over people taller than I am. I'll buy a set of my own, I decided. So I placed an order.

It seemed like a long wait for delivery, but then came the fateful day. I had an awful row with the landlord who said he didn't want his rooftop cluttered with television antennas. I had to think fast. I had already contracted for the set, although I knew that the dealer would allow me to cancel. I promised the landlord that I would sign a release assuming all responsibility for damage that his building might sustain from my aerial. Furthermore, I said that he and his young son could drop in any time to see television programs. I lived to regret the last part. The landlord's family practically boarded with us during the remainder of the football season.

What made matters worse is that the landlord—what with his insistence on rent increases and his drastic cuts in building service since the war—was a decidedly unpopular fellow with my neighbors. When he began visiting me socially on television sports days, I felt that my own popularity was waning. So I took the bull by the horns and invited a few neighbors, too. On top of this, there were always some fellows from the office whom I had to invite (or who invited themselves) for special television events.

The result: I'm still looking at television over other people's shoulders!

And as a television host (there's nothing in Emily Post's book on this category) I had to blaze a trail in hospitality. I had to serve refreshments, empty ashtrays, open the door, hang up coats and attend to all the other rituals of home entertaining. My wife is a great scout about my bringing friends home, but she drew the line (Continued on page 81)
If yours is an average family, there's probably a pretty definite radio listening schedule at your house.

Most families have one. In many cases it's not carefully written out and hung on the wall above the radio (although sometimes it is) but certainly it's firmly fixed in everyone's mind. Mother has her favorite programs; some Dad wouldn't miss for the world; the children have their likes and dislikes as well. When the time for a family favorite rolls around, everyone gathers about the radio, anticipating an evening of real enjoyment. (Happy the family with two radios, so that the minority opinion, if there is one, can be satisfied, too!)

Those listening schedules are a pattern of each family's "likes." Of course, there's no such definite schedule of "dislikes." If a program comes on which no one wants to hear, the dial is turned to another station.

Radio—meaning the vast army of people which is responsible for what is heard on the air—would like to know, from the even more important radio people, the listeners themselves, what their favorite programs and who their favorite performers are. Is a certain star getting a lukewarm reception or is he a prime favorite with the public? Has a new program so captured the listeners' fancy that they would like more shows patterned after it? What comedian provokes the heartiest laughter? What musical program has the widest appeal? Which daytime serial is most inspirational, most true to life?

To obtain the answers to these questions, Radio Mirror last year launched the Radio Mirror Awards, the only opportunity on a nation-wide scale for listeners to express their opinion of listening fare. True, there are other polls—but most of them are either regional in character, sample opinion on only one specific type of program or performer, or are polls of editors or critics, not of listeners. True, there are people in the business of getting such information from listeners for radio rating services, but they reach only selected listeners in selected cities. The Radio Mirror Awards poll is voluntary, unrestricted—its aim is to discover preferences of listeners who are interested enough in what is now on the air, and what will be offered as listening fare in the future, to fill in ballots stating those preferences.

Last month, as the first part of the Radio Mirror Awards for 1948, you were asked to vote for your favorite radio performers. Below is the second and final ballot for this year. Use it to vote for your favorite radio programs. On this ballot, next to each type of radio show listed, fill in the name of the program which, in your opinion, is the best in that field. Send your ballot to Radio Mirror Awards, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. You need not sign your name unless you wish to.

Results of voting on both ballots will be announced in the April, 1949, issue of Radio Mirror Magazine.
Have you a right to speak your mind about programs you hear on the air? Indeed you have—as a listener you're the most important person in radio!

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS

My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL is ...........................................
My Favorite COMEDY SHOW is ...........................................
My Favorite COMEDY STORY PROGRAM is ..........................
My Favorite DRAMATIC PROGRAM is .................................
My Favorite MYSTERY PROGRAM is .................................
My Favorite QUIZ SHOW is .............................................
My Favorite PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN is .........................

My Favorite (non-quiz) AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION PROGRAM is
My Favorite VARIETY PROGRAM is ..................................
My Favorite AMATEUR PROGRAM is ..................................
My Favorite MUSICAL PROGRAM is ..................................
My Favorite EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM is .........................
My Favorite RELIGIOUS PROGRAM is ...............................

I Think THIS YEAR'S BEST NEW PROGRAM is ....................
I Think the BEST PROGRAM ON THE AIR is ....................
I Think the WORST PROGRAM ON THE AIR is ..................
My Favorite TELEVISION PROGRAM is ...............................

heard on (station) ............................................................

Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Awards, 203 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Commentator, columnist, author, Pearson finds enough time to keep one practiced hand on the pulse of current events and the other on affairs at his home outside Washington, D.C.

A ringside view of controlled energy at work in a man of many talents, many ambitions

MY BOSS, Drew Pearson

By DAVID KARR

My boss Drew Pearson is so many men rolled into one that I feel stifled about starting. He's the columnist who writes "Washington Merry-Go-Round" for 600 newspapers; he's the radio broadcaster who is listened to by twelve million people every Sunday night over ABC at 7:00 P.M. (EST); he's the co-author of such famous books as Washington Merry-Go-Round, More Merry-Go-Round, Nine Old Men, and The American Diplomatic Game. He's a "Quaker relief worker," if you should ask me, and he's also a farmer—with a sense of humor. Being his assistant—what you might call his "leg man"—I'm in a position to know about that last item!

Just take a look at his farm, which lies outside Washington, D.C., if you want to see all these things combined. There my boss has flocks of animals—with appropriate names. For instance, every one of the bulls on the place is named for some one who has publicly called Drew a liar.

"The first bull I named after a person who called me a liar was named Roosevelt," grins my boss, "and after that I named bulls Cordell Hull, Stalin, Senator McCormack, Truman, Senator Tydings, and so on. You have no idea how odd it is when we butcher a bull. Stalin, I recall, was the toughest and most sinewy bull we ever ate!"

The prize boar is named Stettinius—"Because he's a bore, and because he's so beautiful," explains my boss. When the Japanese cook first started out of the house to feed "Stettinius" some garbage, she tried to say his name and failed. Instead she announced, "I go feed State Department now."

That gives you a faint idea of (Continued on page 79)
EDDIE GARDNER, aged four, has a new baby brother, and his father, Ed—better known as Archie—Gardner, couldn't be happier.

"Two boys!" he boasts, "not a bit more trouble than one. It's a cinch!"

At which Simone, Ed's delightful French wife, echoing mothers of brand new, Number Two babies the world over, groans.

"'A cinch,' he says. Plut a Dieu!"

And she describes Black Thursday—which was just the day before; first day off for five-weeks old Stevie's nurse, first day on—with two children—for mama.

It wasn't so bad, at the start. Mrs. Ellis gave Stevie his six a.m. feeding, made the formula for the day before she left. And Eddie was off at nursery school, where he stays every day until after lunch.

"And I was at the office," put in Ed, "jumping up and down on my writers. Duffy's never closes, new babies or not."

Simone, with her first chance alone with little Stephen, exulted. It was fun! The sunbath—just three minutes on each side to toast him properly—he's still too new for long exposures. The bath—and the first smile at mama—what a lovely thing a new baby is. How satisfying to see him responding to you!

With the ten a.m. bottle, things began to get a little grim. Simone was tired. (Both of her babies were born by Caesarian section.) Stevie didn't want the whole eight ounces. And he cried when Simone urged him. He was sleepy, he howled.

"Too sleepy even to—what is it you say—burp," his mama recalls. "So as soon as he is in the bassinet, up comes the milk." And up comes Stevie for another bath, clean clothes, clean bed, another bottle—with burp this time!—and at last, sleep.

At this Simone had her first cry.

Ed is indignant.

"You didn't tell me," he protests. "I thought it was only that Eddie. . . ."

"I had forgotten the morning before you came home," Simone says, managing a laugh, "it got so much worse . . ."

Eddie came home at noon.

Now Eddie had been scientifically conditioned for his new brother's arrival. Ed and Simone had read up on all the modern psychology, knew all about "sibling rivalry," "regression," and all the other long names for trouble with "old" baby when the new baby comes.
Because Ed plays a brilliant game of tennis, Simone now plays a pretty good one. Because Ed loves sailing, she spends days on the Malabar VII. But her favorite sport, Ed says ruefully, is "going to Magnin's."

If plenty of dogs didn't live there, Ed wouldn't either. Red-haired "Duffy" is one of his closest friends.

Simone and Ed needn't have worried about young Eddie's reception of the new baby. "Stevie," Eddie says, "is mine."
EDDIE GARDNER, aged four, has a new baby brother, and his father, Ed—better known as Archie—Gardner, couldn't be happier.

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"And I was at the office," put in Ed, "jumping up and down on my writics. Duffy's never closes, new babies or not!"

Simone, with her first chance alone with little Stephen, excited. It was fun! The sunbath—just three minutes on each side to toast him properly—he's still too new for long exposures. The bath—and the first smile at mama—what a lovely thing a new baby is. How satisfying to see him responding to you!

With the ten a.m. bottle, things began to get a little grim. Simone was tired. (Both of her babies were born by Caesarian section.) Stevie didn't want the whole eight ounces. And he cried when Simone urged him. He was sleepy, he howled.

"Too sleepy even to—what is it you say—burp," his mama recalls. "So as soon as he is in the bassinet, up comes the milk." And up comes Stevie for another bath, clean clothes, clean bed, another bottle—with burp this time—and at last, sleep.

At this Simone had her first cry.

Ed is indignant.

"You didn't tell me," he protests. "I thought it was only that Eddie"...

"I had forgotten the morning before you came home," Simone says, managing a laugh, "it got so much worse..."

Eddie came home at noon.

New Eddie had been scientifically conditioned for his new brother's arrival. Ed and Simone had read up on all the modern psychology, knew all about "sibling rivalry," "regression," and all the other long names for trouble with "old" baby when the new baby comes.

The Ed Gardner house began life as a Swiss chalet, but it became pure Gardner—meaning pure comfort—as soon as the family took possession. One of the specialties of the house is the magnificent view of Bel Air that lies before it.
Lauritz Melchior says that nobody else would have a dog like "Anything." And Ed wouldn't give him up for anything.

"Two children," Ed and Simone told each other, "will be as easy to care for as one." That was before there were two to care for.

"Anything" may be unorthodox, but the Gardners

It was going to be his baby, they had told him. His to love, his to take care of, his to set an example for. Eddie was such a big man now; he could teach the new, ignorant creature a great deal about what goes on in this big, wide world.

"You are our baby, and you know how much we love you," they told him, over and over again.

"You will love your baby too."

When Simone was at the hospital to have Stevie—and away from Eddie for the first time—Ed looking it up in the back of Dr. Spock's book, compensated his son for the momentary loss, took great pains to be with Eddie more.

"I got saddle sores from the pony track," he laments, "tone deaf from the Merry-Go-Round."

But Eddie was just fine.

When Simone came home with Stephen, Eddie was at the door to welcome "his" baby, although he did forget his earlier plans to show the baby where its room was. He was too busy at the moment hugging his mama, clinging to her as he used to when he, too, was small, and utterly dependent.

But a little later, when Stevie was comfortably ensconced in the ruffled bassinet, Eddie made up for the momentary neglect. He gave his new brother his most precious possession, a battered shred of his own baby comforter now rolled up as a crib-bumper which had been in his own bed.
have a patio and barbecue that's typical Bel Air.

very night as long as he could remember. The Gardners, glowing with Successful Parentood, were really touched. Everything was dreamy for awhile after that. Eddie would have been glad to take care of his baby, except that the nurse did all that. And he could spend the time sitting on mommie's bed, telling her all about the day's excitement at Mrs. Buckley's school.

And since the little baby was too little to "play rough"—Ed loves children, Simone says, but he hasn't the faintest idea what you do with them before they're old enough to roll on the floor—Eddie ad his father all to himself a good part of the time too.

There were tiny hints of unquiet in Eddie's department. If he watched mama give Stevie a bottle, he thought it would be "a good game" if he could be fed his supper too. He all but abandoned the out-of-doors, finding a perch two feet from his other the pleasantest place to be. But there was no real trouble—until Black Thursday.

He came home at noon and went straight to his other's bedroom. She wasn't there; Stevie had awakened from his nap with a touch of colic and mone was in the nursery, holding the unhappy little fellow on her lap.

"Play with me," Eddie demanded grimly after watching this tableau for (Continued on page 82)
It was going to be his baby, they had told him.

It was going to be his baby, they had told him to love, his to take care of, his to sit in example for. Eddie was such a big man now he could teach the new, ignorant creature a great deal about what goes on in this big, wide world.

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It's as well to remember, every now and again, that all the big shows do not come from New York or Hollywood. There's Chicago, too! So, this month, we take you to Studio A in Chicago's Merchandise Mart from which the Breakfast Clubbers send their hour of fun each morning. It seems like dawn, when you get there. Maybe you had to skip breakfast (which is not really served with the show!). You may begin to ask yourself why you did it. And then Sam Cowling wanders in, yawning, rubbing his eyes, acting exactly the way you feel. While announcer Bob Murphy is instructing the audience, Sam idly picks up a sign. "We're Hungry, Too" it says—and you know why you came. It's the Breakfast Club brand of fun which nobody, no matter how breakfastless, can resist.
Joe Francis (r.) has a surprise for Don: an ancient business card dating from the days when "D. McNeill" was manager of the "Fire Master Harvey Kings."

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Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club airs Monday through Friday, at 7 A.M. CST, 6 A.M. EST on ABC network stations.
Showmen like Bert Parks don't just “decide” to go into show business.
It's not the MONEY that counts

It's undoubtedly true that a man who gives away money can't avoid making friends. The more money—the more friends. And Bert Parks, while emceeing ABC's Stop the Music and Break the Bank, has given away a staggering amount of money to alert contestants. Naturally, the enriched contestants love him. But there's more to it than that. Being Bert Parks, they would have loved him even if he were not the giver of gifts, for he knows a show-business secret worth more than its weight in gold. Bert knows how to make the audience—one with him, and vice versa. Even radio sophisticates realize it's the human side that has endeared Bert Parks to millions of radio listeners. Like the real spirit of St. Nicholas, Bert Parks has a heart full of sympathy and warmth for people.

"Bert never gets a laugh at the expense of a contestant," one of his associates says... and a Pittsburgh radio man's face lights up with recognition, "Even out in the sticks we've heard that Parks is a grand person"... and a young girl from California says, "He's real sweet."

It adds up to the outstanding characteristic of Bert Parks that distinguishes all real showmen: he loves people. If a radio program doesn't go exactly right, he is heartbroken and figuratively kicks himself all the way home. For Bert didn't wander haphazardly into a radio studio selling insurance and stay to be an announcer. He's had his wagon hitched to show business since the age when he was paying half-fare on Atlanta trolleys.

"I didn't make very good grades in school," Bert will tell you guiltily. "No wonder. Instead of doing homework, I'd prop a mirror in front of my arithmetic book, pencil a mustache on my lip and just mug."

As a kid, Bert idolized Charlie Chaplin and sat through his pictures three and four times, studying every trick of the great comedian. At the age of nine, when Bert made his professional debut with the first Atlantic showing of "The Gold Rush," he did an impersonation of Chaplin.

"They gave me twenty dollars in silver to impress me," Bert remembers. "But it wasn't the silver that jingled in my ears, it was the echo of the audience applause."

From then on, Bert had the show bug. He didn't think twice about breaking into his parents' parties to draw some laughs. He would coax his patient brother, Allen, to play straight man in the bedroom rehearsals. He found a ready audience in his schoolmates for the stories and monologues he invented. At the age of sixteen, he graduated from Marest College, an Atlanta military school, and headed for an audition at WGST, the Georgia Tech radio station. He was hired as a singer and staff announcer.

"They paid me seven dollars a week," Bert says, grinning. "Until the depression when I took a twenty per cent cut with the rest of the staff."

Bert worked at WGST for a year and a half and he might still be there, for in these 48 states there are well over a thousand radio stations and many many thousands of announcers who dream of big network jobs just as (Cont'd on page 71)
Eager contestants for the Bathing Suit Queen title line up, appropriately clad, outside Mutual studios long before time for the show.

Some were more shy than others—they waited until they were safely inside the building before peeling down to that essential suit!

Every day, on Queen For A Day, a special class of queen is chosen—cowgirl Queen, perhaps, or kitchen Queen, or great-grandmother Queen—and she is presented with gifts galore, feted throughout her day-long reign, granted the wish dearest her heart, has the time of her life! These pictures were taken on Bathing Suit Queen day. When the judging was over, M. C. Jack Bailey, tastefully dressed in a striped pink-and-purple confection of doubtful vintage, crowned Virginia Hunt as Queen and declared the runner-up contestants her court.

Virginia, whose wish was for a job teaching swimming, was presented with a wardrobe of bathing suits, and, among other things, got a week's vacation in Bermuda for herself and her mother.

Queen For A Day, with Jack Bailey as M.C., is heard each Monday through Friday, 2 to 2:30 P.M. EST, Mutual.
With Jack on one hand and Johnny on the other, Queen Virginia holds court in the midst of models wearing their bathing suit prizes.

Queen Virginia and her court have a luncheon party—and what better place for an aquatic repast than on a raft in the middle of a pool?

Lovely as the girls who model for a living, Virginia shows off her new metallic cloth swimming suit.
DOZENS AND DOZENS OF PRETTY GIRLS, ALL OF THEM IN BATHING SUITS! NO WONDER THE ENTIRE MALE POPULATION ENVIRES JACK BAILEY
There are things going on, down on the farm, th

By

MAC

McKerrow

Mae McKerrow is one of the successful farmer-contestants on RFD America, heard on NBC, with Ed Bottcher as the questioning M. C.
ME AND Bing Crosby—I chuckle when I think of it—but it’s actually true—we will both be competing for “Oscars” at the same time.

In December, when Bing, strolling up to sock a golf ball, wonders what the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences will do about “Emperor Waltz,” I’ll be milking cows on our farm at Pewaukee, Wisconsin, hoping I’ll be quick-witted enough to cope with Ed Bottcher’s questions and smart enough to beat Robert Sawyer and two other opponents to win R.F.D. America’s title of Farm Champion of the Year.

Whatever the outcome, I’m sure of one thing. I’ll be more jittery than Bing is.

Come to think about it, a farmers’ “Oscar” has been a long time arriving. Since the Middle Ages, farmers have entered stock, grains and handiwork in fairs and exhibitions, but the competition has been between the products of one grower and those of another.

In contrast, competition on R.F.D. America is personal. It’s man against man, with the nation listening. If you miss, a couple of million people hear it; if you win, you go home and start studying, trying to stay on top.

In less than a year, R.F.D. America has become an important factor in my life. In that time, studying to prepare for the smart guys from other states, I’ve learned more about our nation’s agriculture than I ever soaked up in school; I’ve learned how to put that knowledge into words, and, just as importantly, I’ve made new friends and had fun. I hope the audience, too, has enjoyed it.

That first show, however, started out as a sort of combined second honeymoon, football game and old fashioned country school spelldown.

Interviewed by Tom Lewellen, the man who travels the country to select the contestants, I met the qualifications. I’m an actual farmer, managing my family’s 473-acre dairy and sheep farm. I satisfied him I had enough farm knowledge and (Continued on page 74)
ME AND Bing Crosby—I chuckle when I think of it—but it's actually true—we will both be competing for "Oscar" at the same time.

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I PRAYED—and it happened to me.
It still does not seem possible that it happened. It's like a dream that my husband and I were suddenly whisked from our little town in Iowa into a breathtaking whirl of sightseeing in Hollywood. It's like a fairy tale that we are now rich where before we were anxious and poor. It's incredible, but it's true, that my letter on juvenile delinquency won the $30,000 in prizes offered by the Abbott and Costello radio program!

And I have complete faith that it all came in answer to prayer, to prayer offered humbly out of need.

I cannot say that my husband and I were desperately poor. In the larger sense, even before this radio manna from heaven fell upon us, we were rich. We have five children and eight grandchildren. I am fifty-four and Daddy—my husband—is fifty-eight. We have been married for thirty-five years, and we have worked hard. Through good times and bad we provided for our children until they could take care of themselves. The realization of all this is riches of a kind that cannot be measured in mere money.

And yet, this being a practical world, we had our very real worries. Rearing five children on a workman's wages did not leave much for savings. All the children—from Charles, the oldest, who is thirty-four now, to Helen, the youngest, who is twenty-five—were married and starting their own families. We were determined never to be a burden to them, no matter how much they loved us and we loved them.

Daddy and I lived in a two-room apartment over a restaurant in the little town of Shenandoah, Iowa. It was comfortable, even though small, and we liked it there, especially when it was crowded with visiting grandchildren. One reporter has described our home as "small and cluttered." Being a woman, I rather resented that as a reflection on my housekeeping. If he meant "cluttered" with memories of our full lives, with the sweet little gifts made for me by the grandchildren, with the happy echoes of their little voices asking for the cookie jar, then I'll let it pass.

But one day Daddy came home and I sensed immediately that something was wrong. He looked unusually tired, discouraged, almost beaten. He hated to tell me, but finally it came out:

"It was like a dream—even when we got off the train that had brought us from Iowa to Hollywood and found Bud Abbott (left) and Lou Costello (right) waiting to lead papa and me to our new riches."
Prayer had something to do
with it. So did a mother’s
thoughts on juvenile delinquency.

Together, they added up to $30,000

By
Mrs. BESSIE M. LAWRENCE

never hurts to try!
"It was like a dream—even when we got off the train that had brought us from Iowa to Hollywood and found Bud Abbott (left) and Lou Costello (right) waiting to lead papa and me to our new riches."

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But one day Daddy came home and I sensed immediately that something was wrong. He looked unusually tired, discouraged, almost beaten. He hated to tell me, but finally it came out:

"I'm laid off, Mamma."

His job in a local seed company had folded under him. To make it worse, he had only recently recovered from a bad sick spell. The doctor had prescribed a long rest, and now it seemed likely that he would be forced to take a longer one. His physical condition, his age, both would hinder his search for new work.

"Well, Daddy," I said as cheerfully as I could, "now you can really get that rest. And we'll manage somehow." But I knew that our small savings account would dwindle further, and I'll confess to a sinking feeling in the heart.

I wondered how I could help. And here, although I didn't dream of it then, my radio came to the rescue. I had listened faithfully to the Abbott and (Continued on page 85)
HELLO THERE:
If we could be Santa Claus in your town this Christmas Eve, here are some packages we'd like to leave by the fireplace.
First, remembering the days of skates, sleds, and snow, a bright, wagon-red bundle of laughter, a sky-blue one of love, with all the moonlight nights and lover's quarrels gone by... and last, tied with gold and sealed with a wish for days of good living, warm hearts and understanding, a silver package of happiness.

Ted Malone

DEAR BILL:
Radio Mirror's Prize Poem
Your letter came a little late, but, reminiscing, I recall that once we had a dinner date, and that was all—or nearly all.
Perhaps there was some other thing. Or was that still another lad? I'm sure it happened in the spring—my memory is very bad.
I'm sure I had a lovely time; I think we danced a little bit, and I composed a silly rhyme; That was about the end of it.

But thank you for the flowers you sent—how lovely—your remembering! I know the words were kindly meant; I am obliged for everything.

I'm very forgetful. This once rebellious heart.

—Virginia Scott Minor

FROM A REBEL HEART
That you have never asked a song Of praise for praises due you Has kept my heart one melody With every song sung to you.

That you have never set a course Commanding me to follow Has kept me shadow-closer than The hounds to hare they follow.

You, wiser than all textbooks are, Long since have learned the art Of mastering by non-demand This once rebellious heart.

—Virginia Scott Minor

CHILD'S GIFT
Not wrapped in crisp tissue and topped with a bow
Was the small gift he sets on the table;
Not tied with red ribbon, nor splendid with stars;
But here was the truth of the fable—
Though pieces of paper confetti the place
From his efforts in wrapping it up,
I visualized the light on his small, earnest face,
And I knew that his heart was a cup brimming over with love as he wrapped up my gift
On that night of a distant December;
And of all the grand parcels I opened next day—
His is the one I remember!

—Pauline Havard

THE PHASE IS FAMILIAR
I find
I don't mind
Taking chances
With romances
Because, while parting is SUCH sweet sorrow
With those who are here today and gone tomorrow,
And one is left feeling vaguely regretful—
After all, I AM very forgetful.

—Rod Maclean

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars
for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, and address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, New York, N.Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Bookends pages.
PLEDGE
Lest I forget your loveliness,
I'll bind your name across my heart
That, like an eloquent caress
It lingers, though the days depart.
Lest I forget the crystal sound
Of your cool laughter in the night,
I'll walk, as if on holy ground
The paths that taught us love's delight.
I'll pluck a crimson rose to press
Between worn pages, memory-blown,
Lest I forget your loveliness
And so forsaken walk alone.
—Sydney King Russell

TWO LOVES
What is father to a little boy?
A voice rolling off the Siege of Troy,
A Santa Claus bringing a coveted toy;
Escort when the circus comes,
Oracle in arithmetic sums,
Purveyor of candy, best of chums.
What is mother to a little boy?
A grim command, a homeward convoy,
Hands that withhold an undeserved toy,
An ear that seems deaf to repentance
and rue;
It's hard to believe, and yet it's true
That a little boy loves his mother, too!
—May Richstone

ICE VICE
He who cuts a figure eight
About me as I concentrate
On being graceful when I skate
I hate!
—Addison H. Hollock

BRIGHT YARN
Their son's son's sitting, his young eyes aglow
With the same, lighting their own
used to know,
Sitting beside their Grandparents in
awe;
Seeing the sights that old people
saw,
Hearing harsh thunder, and feeling
raw rain;
Handling the herd through the long
hurricane,
Back in the long ago days (that were
good,
When, what a man said, a man
understood!)
Part of his wonder, at those who had
spent
Color so lavishly, calm now; con-
tent—
One with her crocheting, staring to
nothing;
One with a face like his picture of
God.
Oh, what yarn's brighter than that
which now slips
Through Grandmama's fingers, and
Grandfather's lips!
—Mayhoward Austin McEachern

GIFT LINES
Since you would like to know what
special yen
Is circulating through my head,
It's this: don't ask me what I want and
then
Secure me something else instead!
—S. H. Dewhurst

I COUNT HIM BLESSED
I count him blessed who never felt the
urge
To roam the distant places of the earth,
Who never prodded by the wanderlust,
But sank his roots in soi that gave him
birth,
Who lives and dreams upon a quiet
street
Where weeping-willows finger grassy
ground,
Where lark and blue-jay trill through-
out the days
That pass unscored by alien voice or
sound;
Who, in the evening, often climbs the
hill
To where his grandsire and his father
lie,
Each lived contented in this quiet town
And were with friends when they were
called to die;
Who turns toward home as evening
trims her lamp,
Unversed in the boundaries men call
wide,
Yet wise in the knowledge of earth and
stars,
At peace with man and God... and
satisfied.
—Christie Lund Coles
**DEAR BILL**
Radio Mirror's Prize Poem
Your letter came a little late, but, nonetheless, I recall
That once we had a dinner date.
And that was all—or nearly all.
Perhaps there was some great thing.
Or was that still another lie?
I think it happened in the spring—
My memory is very bad.
I'm sure I had a lovely time; I think we dined a little bit.
And I composed a little theme—That verse was the end of it.
But thank you for the flowers you sent—
How lovely—very memorable—I know the words were lovely, I'm afraid.
I am afraid of all things.
My note may reach you rather late; Perhaps this is the better way.
This date was such a little date—My son and daughter came yesterday.
—Taya Collette Walker

**FROM A REBEL HEART**
There is no more asking a song Of praise for praises due you. Nor kept my heart or melody With every way sung to you.
That you have never set a course Commanding me to follow. Nor kept my shadow closer than The hands to hope they follow. You, whose heart in lovebook are, Long since have learned the art Of stroking by non-demand. This once rebellious heart.
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**PLEDGE**
Last I forgot your lovations, I'll bind your name across my heart. That, like an ancient cares It lingers, though the days depart. Last I forget the crystal sound Of your cool laughter in the night. I'll dwell, as if an holy ground. The paths that taught in love's delight. I'll pluck a crimson rose to press between my pages. memory-brown, Last I forget your lovations And so forsaken walk alone.
—Sydney King Russell

**BRIGHT YARN**
That song's my stable: his young love story. With the same lighting their own. Sitting beside their Grandparents to See the sights that old people Hear, hearing bush thunder, and feeling rain. Handling the herd through the long Back in the long-ago days (that were good). When, what a man said, a man understood.
Part of his wonder, at those who had open Call; so lardy, calm now: conversing with her wondering, starting to nod; And a face like No picture of God.
Oh, what parts is brighter than that Which now slips Through Grandfather's fingers, and Grandfather's lips—Mohammed Awais McKeorn

**GIFT LINES**
Since you would like to know what special you Is blanking through my head, It's this don't ask me what I want and then Secure me something nice instead.
—E. H. Davenport

**ICE VICE**
I can't be blamed who never left the bed.
To make the distant places of the earth I go never pricked by my wanderlust, But sink my back in still that gave him birth.
Who lives and dreams upon a quiet street, Where reading-wiltless fingers grow ground, Where work and blue-blow thrive through The hands concaved by alien voice or sound.
When, in the evening, often clings the bell To where his grandchild and his father lie, Each fixed enshrined in this quiet town And were with friends when they were called to die.
Who seems to wander about in evening, When lamp is lit, Unspoken in the mountains are call Yet wise in the knowledge of earth and stars.
At peace with man and God, and anchored.
—Christie Lish Carter

**HELLO THERE**
If we could be Santa Claus to your town, how joyous we'd be in the picture and I'd have The large smile and you'd have The large smile and the kind of gladness all around, With all the moonlight and hope's shadow, By the moonlight and your hand, by the hand, and all the shadow Of the moonlight and hope's shadow.

**ICE VICE**
Who can tell what a figure rightly
About me as I concentrate
On being useful when I have

**ICE VICE**
I can't be blamed who never left the bed.
To make the distant places of the earth I go never pricked by my wanderlust, But sink my back in still that gave him birth.
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To make the distant places of the earth I go never pricked by my wanderlust, But sink my back in still that gave him birth.
Who lives and dreams upon a quiet street, Where reading-wiltless fingers grow ground, Where work and blue-blow thrive through The hands concaved by alien voice or sound.
When, in the evening, often clings the bell To where his grandchild and his father lie, Each fixed enshrined in this quiet town And were with friends when they were called to die.
Who seems to wander about in evening, When lamp is lit, Unspoken in the mountains are call Yet wise in the knowledge of earth and stars.
At peace with man and God, and anchored.
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B E R N A R D E S T R I N, our Traveler of the Month, really had come a long way when I met him—all the way from self-pity and despair to a brave, hopeful future. In miles, it wasn’t far—just from St. Louis to Chicago. But he traveled those miles in a wheel chair, and brought to all of us at Welcome Travelers a rare story of courage and spirit.

It’s the story of a young Navy veteran who, when stricken with polio at the age of 27, forgot his own pain and paralysis by becoming the “wheelchair disc jockey” for all the other wounded, sick men at the Veterans Hospital, Jefferson Barracks, in St. Louis. Happily, it’s also the story of a person who found a new life for himself, a promising new career, while trying to bring a little diversion into the bed-ridden lives of his fellow patients.

You see, Bernard Estrin, the hospital disc jockey, now plans to go into radio. In a sense, his appearance on Welcome Travelers was his real radio debut. The few moments that he chatted with me before our ABC microphone had all of the drama and excitement of a first night on Broadway.

You have to hear the whole story, however, to appreciate the significance of those few moments. So let me recall that story for you now, and show you how far our Traveler of the Month has traveled.

Bernard, a clean-cut, well-built young man, grew up right in Chicago—the city from which Welcome Travelers is broadcast. He was graduated from high school and then, like millions of other boys, looked for his first job.

Because he loved airplanes, he hung around Chicago’s airports—just another nice kid with sky fever, another boy who wanted wings.

He got the first feather in those wings washing dishes at an airport restaurant. A little later, he worked for TWA as a cargo handler. Then, only 19 years old, he got a good job: he became a passenger agent for TWA.

The world was a wonderful place for that boy of 19. He was making lots of money, bringing Mom little presents on pay nights and taking out a flock of pretty girls. It was a world in which sickness was only a word, in which no one stood still. It was a world which came to an end with the war, a world which, for Bernard Estrin, at least, will never again exist.

At 19, he went into the Navy. He got to be a Specialist, First Class, a weight computer for an Air Transport Squadron. For three-and-one-half years, he was in the Pacific. Not the glory stuff, you understand, just heat and work, just sweating it out, and occasionally ducking for a fox hole when the Jap bombers came over. And all the time, of course, he was thinking about his job back with TWA.

At last, the day came: December 23, 1945. He was a civilian again. His family had moved to St. Louis, and Bernard became a TWA passenger agent in that city. He was young and doing well, and each new morning had a bright and special shine.

Then, in August, 1946, he came down with polio. Just like that. Fourteen days of pain, fog and fever in a hospital isolation ward, with time only to suffer, and no time to think. After that, the Veterans Hospital, with nothing but time. Time to think, time to suffer, time to think about suffering. As Bernard recalled to me:

“T’d just lie there and try to figure out why I was being punished; why this awful thing had happened to me. I couldn’t move a muscle, then. I could only think.”

In time, with the fine treatments provided by the Veterans Administration, Bernard began to reclaim a part of his body. One hand worked well, the other, pretty well. The arms were coming along. The legs would move when supported by braces.

“There were other boys with polio. A few died, and the rest were like me. We were of all faiths and creeds, and we all prayed. No one begrudged the other his special faith. We couldn’t afford the luxury of prejudice. We just prayed.”

Bernard tried to keep himself busy. With his stiff hands, he tried to knit a cap for his young nephew back in Chicago. He tried writing letters. He tried. Slowly, he was emerging from the worst despair of his illness. As he said:

“One day, a boy with an incurable disease came and sat by my bed. He was wonderfully cheerful, and told me to buck up. For the very first time, I realized that there were others who were even worse off than I was.
Bernard Estrin's appearance on Welcome Travelers was a sort of debut, for he hopes to embark on a career as a radio disc jockey.

"So I took a big step forward, at least for me. I started wondering if, after all, there still could be some sort of a useful life for me. I didn't know what it would be, but at least my ideas were beginning to go down a useful channel."

In the hospital there was a one-lung "radio network."

A patient acted as a disc jockey, and his patter and music were beamed into all of the wards. There are bigger networks, of course, but it's hard to imagine one with a more faithful listening public. As Bernard joked:

"Our radio station has a Hooper of 700—that's how many beds there are. But there's one thing you can bet on—we don't miss out on a single potential listener. They have to listen. There's no place they can go."

One day, the boy who was acting as disc jockey became too sick to continue his work. The people in charge looked around for a replacement. Bernard Estrin was intelligent, a good talker and the possessor of an authoritative, pleasant voice. They offered him the job and he snapped it up.

"At least," he said, "it was going to be something different. I had no idea how a disc jockey operated, but it was wonderful to think that I would be doing something again."

Bernard was nervous that first day, but he was a definite hit. The patients liked his cheerful manner, enjoyed the way he kidded his own sickness and theirs by referring to them as "sackhounds." They laughed at his jokes and, overnight, Bernard was a celebrity in the hospital.

After that, a two-hour daily program was ushered in with these words:

"This is your old wheelchair disc jockey again, you gimped-up old goldbricks."

These words, his listeners came to know, were the signal for casual chatter about different patients, news of hospital doings and long (Continued on page 97)
Bernard Estrin has come a long, long way... through a dark country for which there were no maps

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By TOMMY BARTLETT
M.C. of Welcome Travelers, Island Mon.—Vol. at
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Pretty Kyle MacDonnell waits for her cue on Girl About Town, WNBT, Wed., 8 P.M.

Johnny Olsen, m.c., with Doorway to Fame's producers, Geo. Sheck (1), Lou Dahlman.

Back from France, WADD's Sylvie St. Clair, and Pat Roc.

Spotlighted by NBC Television Newsreel were screen star Joan Caulfield and fellow guests at the cartoon exhibit held recently at Town Hall, New York.

The poor, long-suffering commercial, which has come in for so much abuse in radio, finds itself very popular with television fans. In every poll of televiewers, a large percentage mention that they actually enjoy the visual sales talks. Credit goes to the ad agencies which are turning out so many really clever commercials.

Texas will have a five-station television network in the not-too-distant future. The Texas Telenet System, Inc., has filed applications for Fort Worth, Waco, Austin, San Antonio, and Corpus Christi. One of the big stockholders in Telenet is Governor Beauford Jester himself!

Television clauses are being inserted into the contracts of all movie, radio, and stage personalities. Although video still does not pay anywhere near the large fees that talent has come to expect from the other media, producers and managers consider it all-important as a showcase and experience for their stars.

Chicago televiewers, who have been seeing the home games of Notre Dame, Illinois, and Purdue this (Continued on page 87)

Grand opening: Mutual-Don Lee's $3,000,000 radio-television building, in Hollywood.
in TELEVISION

Alan Dale

is seen and heard on WABD's The Alan Dale Show on Tuesdays from 7:15 P.M. This program has a musical format with songs provided by Alan and Janie Ford, and comedy interspersed with guests.

Alan, a product of Brooklyn where he was born on July 9, 1925, went to Lafayette High and has lived in Brooklyn ever since. His father was a comedian and played the vaudeville circuits in various parts of the country. As far as vocal coaching is concerned, Alan has had very little. He comes by his singing as easily and naturally as he grins.

Alan's career started in an unusual manner. While strolling down the boardwalk at Coney Island with a friend they passed an open air cafe where they saw a young girl struggling to sing along with the band. His friend dared Alan to go up and apply for a job as the singer. Alan took the dare, got the job, and has been singing ever since. It didn't take long for his reputation to spread. He was soon signed up by Carmen Cavallaro, and later by George Paxton. In 1947 he started out on his own as a singer.

Judy Parrish

who is Jennifer Allen in Barney Blake, Police Reporter, Thurs., 9:30 P.M. on WNBT, like her co-star, Gene O'Donnell, was born in Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Member of a family comprised mostly of lawyers and teachers, Judy showed a talent for the stage, and following her graduation from Prairie du Chien, Wis., she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. She made her theatrical debut in "Stage Door. Later, while appearing in "Kiss and Tell" she eloped with another member of the cast, John Harvey. They went to Hollywood, where Judy retired to become a mother and raise daughter Jody. In her spare time she helped run an interior decorating firm. But the fascination of the stage was too strong and it wasn't long before she came out of retirement to appear in the Chicago production of "Dream Girl" and eventually, her present role as Jennifer Allen.

John Tillman

has been hiding his attractive features behind a microphone for some fourteen years, but now he is seen as well as heard as star master of ceremonies for New York Daily News' television station, WPIX.

John really isn't new to television; he's one of the very few people to have been televised in color. He has been the master of ceremonies for thirty CBS color demonstrations which were, of course, never shown to the public, since color will not be permitted on television for some time.

When John was sixteen years old, he decided that radio was for him. And so, enrolling as a student at Emory University at Atlanta, Georgia, he registered for all the courses related to the field of radio. After graduation, he got himself a job as announcer on WSB in that city. He was on their staff for four years. Then the program director of WHAS, Louisville, Kentucky, signed him as Director of Public Affairs (his college major, incidentally) and Special Events.

In 1939 he sent an audition record to CBS in New York and, shortly after, much to his amazement, was asked to follow the recording in person. His appearance must have been favorable; he was added to the CBS announcing staff nine years ago. You probably have heard him on the popular band show Matinee at Meadowbrook, and as announcer of Time to Remember, School of the Air, and the Stradivari Orchestra.

Now you can watch boyish-looking Tillman as he presents Gloria Swanson on her regular video show, as he masters the ceremonies for The Song Shop, and as newscaster on WPIX.

His only hobby is his twenty-months-old son, John Stephen Tillman III. John met his talented and charming wife, Patricia, when she was writing scripts at CBS.

Vivian Ferrai

is the only regular member of the panel of experts on American television quiz show on WNBT and the NBC video network, Mondays at 8:30 P.M.

Vivian, only 17, already a most accomplished, young lady, she was born and lives in the Bronx, N. Y., and she is brainy as well as good to look at. She has actually turned down motion picture contracts in order to study for a law degree, at Fordham University, and someday be elected to Congress!

Last June, Vivian graduated from St. Barnabas High where she was president of the Debating Society and where she received degrees in merit, honor and excellence. And to top this, she recently won the city-wide oratorical contest for high school students in New York, then placed second in the finals— which were open to every eligible high school student in the United States. Although she has been getting marks of 90 or better all her school days, Vivian is not a bookworm. She has appeared in a planning school concerts, served on the Year Book and the school paper. She enjoys dancing, swimming, and horseback riding. Add to all this the fact that she is also an excellent cook, and you must agree that Vivian should certainly be an inspiration to young televiewers.
P.M. singer. New her seen a five-station format Alan the since Gov-

Sylvie Town. WNBT, to the ernor

COAST

and cartoon other poll a

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and

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WNBT, Weil, 8 P.M.

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Grand openings: Mirror Don Left, $1,000,000 radio-television building, in Hollywood.

Johnny Olsen, sax., with through to Faye’s producer, Geo. Shek (D, Loo Deblinian.

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Radio Mirror TELEVISION SECTION

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Judy Parish

who is Jennifer Allen in Barney Blake. Police Reporter Thurs.

Judy Parish unites in St. Louis with the All-American Acrobats, who will appear at the St. Louis Coliseum and at the Shrine Auditorium in St. Louis.

Judy Parish (his twenty-months-old son, John Stephen Tilmann III. John met his talented and charming wife, Patricia, when she was writing scripts at CBS.

Remember, he was a young girl when he was engaged to the attractive, brunette dramatic, and radio star Judy Parish, in 1953.

But the occasion of his first marriage did not last long. After graduation, she got married, and joined the cast of the popular radio show, "The Kate Smith Hour," and made a name for herself in the entertainment world.
JOHN A. STEARNS, of Boston, Massachusetts, and Mary Kay Jones, of Los Angeles, California, both grew up loving acting more than anything else in the world—until they met each other. Now acting comes second, but it’s a very active and exciting second!

That they should ever meet, marry, and become Mary Kay and Johnny, television’s first husband and wife serial, is a triumph of circumstances; because when Mary Kay, in Los Angeles, decided she was ready for serious acting, she rushed to New York. When Johnny, in the East, finished college, he rushed for Hollywood!

To start at the beginning, Johnny comes from a family that has always been interested in the theater. They at one time owned what is now the Shubert Theater in Boston. In fact it was the sale of that theater to the Shuberts that gave the family a life pass to all Shubert theaters, so while still in grammar school young Johnny went every Saturday afternoon to see a play or musical which he thoroughly enjoyed, (Continued on page 84)
Ed Sullivan, who makes both performers and audience "glad they came," is the master of ceremonies.

One of the reasons the show is a hit: its musical director is Ray Bloch (above, left, studying a score with Sullivan).

ONE of the most exciting things about television is that it can bring into your home those personalities and specialty acts which most of us would just hear and read about but never get to see. Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town is an outstanding example of this. Each Sunday, at 9:30 P.M., Ed brings the fabulous entertainers to the video cameras to offer a show that probably could never be assembled on any stage.

Ed is a natural to be M.C.-producer for this show as he has been as active in show business as in the newspaper business. Not only is he famous for his column, "Little Old New York," but he is equally well-known for his "Dawn Patrol" revues.

Attending a rehearsal of the show is quite an experience . . . They rehearse on Fridays from 2:30 to 4:30 and again on Sunday from 2:30 right up to show time. Television demands perfection and that kind of rehearsal time bears out that fact, to the satisfaction of the televiwers and the sponsors alike!
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The June Taylor Chorus-Girls, television's first chorus line-up, are a popular feature of the show.
ANYONE who is a regular listener to the Junior Miss program every Saturday morning at 11:30 A.M. EST over CBS, has the right to wonder if any of the mad situations in the serial have been suggested by my own life and that of the Whiting household.

The answer is no. Life in our family is too fantastic to serve as radio material because no audience would ever believe the things that actually occur. Thinking it over, I am not certain whether my sister Margaret or my mother, whom we usually call Eleanor, is the chief instigator of our family excitement. However, they are so much alike that to talk about one is to talk about both, so I might as well discuss Margaret.

Some of my girl friends are not sold on the institution of the Older Sister, but I personally am a booster. Probably that is because I happened to inherit such a nice example.

At the present time the thing I most admire about Margaret is her poise. Mother says poise comes from sincerity just as currency comes from a bank, but all I can say to that is that I'm broke in both respects. I certainly would like to have Margaret's savoir faire (French for know-how) in awkward situations, which brings me back to our crazy household.

Margaret, wearing yellow silk pajamas and white wool mules, was combing her hair one recent morning when a timid knock tickled the panel of her bedroom door.

"Come in," said Margaret, amazed at this formality. In strolled a perfectly strange little boy of five or six. Pixies, yet! Imagine—in our house at ten-thirty in the morning.

"Hello," said Margaret. "How are you today?"

The little boy said he was fine, that it was a nice morning, and that he had found the front door open so had decided to get acquainted. "My mother says she is dying to know what Margaret Whiting looks like," he confided. "Do you know if she lives here?"

Margaret introduced herself. The little boy studied her for several moments, shook his head seriously, and strolled away.

Here is the tag: Margaret (Continued on page 89)
Barbara (left), and Margaret—different personalities, different talents, but one big thing in common: they know how to get along with each other.

Barbara: “Poise, that’s what my sister Margaret has so much of.”

Margaret: “Not only is Barbara a comedienne, but can she sing!”
1. Years ago, David Harum opened his home to his sister Polly, whose marriage to James Benson had broken up when she learned he was a swindler. With the police on his trail, Benson deserted Polly. David hastened to his sister and brought her back to Homeville—to a happier, less lonely life for both of them.

IN RADIO MIRROR's review of the story of David Harum, you see the program's stars playing their parts just as they do on the air.

David Harum is played by Cameron Prud’homme
Aunt Polly Benson ........ Charme Allen
Brian Wells ............ Kenneth Williams
Susan Wells ............. Gertrude Warner
Zeke Swinney ............ Arthur Maitland
Mark Carter .......... Paul Ford

David Harum, a radio dramatization of the novel by Edward Noyes Westcott, is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert and is heard Mon.-Fri., 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

2. As president of the Homeville Bank, David holds an important position in town affairs. It is not his prestige, however, but his generous, humanity-loving personality that makes his fellow-townsmen turn to him with affection. He is so ready to hear other folks' troubles that his secretary, Miss Wayne, must often intervene to prevent his wasting time which is valuable to the Bank.
With Aunt Polly in charge of domestic arrangements, David Harum always knows that the big white house on Catalpa Street will offer him peace and relaxation when he gets home in the evening. So, no matter how hard a day he has had in his presidential duties at the Homeville Bank, he keeps at the back of his mind the picture of how comfortable home will be when he gets there... with one of Aunt Polly's perfect dinners followed by a quiet cup of coffee before the friendly fire.
4. The best friends David and Aunt Polly have are Brian and Susan Wells, a young couple with “ink in their veins.” They own, edit, and love the Homeville Bugle, which fills a place in their lives second only to that occupied by their beloved five-year-old Davey. Davey is also a great favorite with his doting, gift-bringing godfather, David Harum.

5. Mrs. Waters, superintendent of the Homeville orphanage, is another of David’s friends. David serves, without pay, as Chairman of the home’s board of Directors, and Mrs. Waters knows he can always be counted on to provide advice, financial help, or a day of fun for the children, all of whom he deeply loves.

8. Confident that he had duped David, Zeke enlisted his old crony-in-crime, Mark Carter, in his plan to oust David from the Bank and obtain the Presidency for himself. Mark, a lawyer of shady reputation and weak character, was somewhat afraid of David, but finally let himself be persuaded to help Zeke. Together, they concocted their plan.

9. First, they started a whispering campaign to discredit David’s methods of running the Bank as outmoded. Then, Zeke bribed his way into the Bank one night, disconnected the burglar alarm and set the stage for a holdup which he had persuaded a young criminal to stage. But, fortunately . . .
6. One day, trouble appeared at the Wells home in the form of Zeke Swinney, a scoundrelly old enemy of David's, long missing from Homeville. Zeke is actually Brian's father, but his crooked, shady dealings so humiliated Brian that the young man repudiated his father and changed his name and his family's to Wells.

7. Crafty Zeke visited David, pretending to be friendly. David tried to forget that this man had caused so much misery in Homeville years before, but in spite of himself he could not altogether control his suspicions of Zeke. And these suspicions were more than justified, for Zeke was planning to enrich himself at David Harum’s expense.

10. . . . David had discovered the scheme in time to prevent any actual damage being done. The next day, at a Board of Directors meeting, David exposed Zeke and won a vote of confidence. His position as president again secure, David and Aunt Polly enjoyed the congratulatory messages of their friends.

11. Aunt Polly never cooked a better dinner than the one she prepared to celebrate David's escape from Zeke. Susan and Brian shared it, and the party was gay in spite of Brian's disgust with his rascally father. The trouble appeared to be over; none of them suspected that the future might hold even greater threats to David Harum's happiness.
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5. Mrs. Waters, superintendent of the Homeville orphanage, is needed of David's friends. David serves, without pay, as Chairman of the Home's board of Directors, and Mrs. Waters knows he can always be counted on to provide advice, financial help, or a day of fun for the children, all of whom he deeply loves.

6. One day, trouble appeared at the Wells home in the form of Zeke Swainsty, a reportedly old enemy of David's, long missing from Homeville. Zeke is actually Brian's father; but his crooked, shady dealings so humiliated Brian that the young man repudiated his father and changed his name and his family's to Wells.

7. Crafty Zeke visited David, pretending to be friendly. David tried to forget that this man had caused too much misery in Homeville years before, but in spite of himself he could not altogether control his suspicions of Zeke. And these suspicions were more than justified, for Zeke was planning to enrich himself at David Harum's expense.

8. Confident that he had duped David, Zeke enlisted his old crony-in-crime, Mark Carter, in his plan to ensnare David from the Bank and obtain the Presidency for himself. Mark, a lawyer of shady reputation and weak character, was somewhat afraid of David, but finally let himself be persuaded to help Zeke. Together, they concocted their plan.

9. First, they started a whispering campaign to discredit David's methods of running the Bank as unskilled. Then, Zeke bribed his way into the Bank one night, disconnected the burglar alarm and set the stage for a holdup which he had persuaded a young criminal to stage. But, fortunately . . .

10. . . . David had discovered the scheme in time to prevent any actual damage being done. The next day, at a Board of Directors meeting, David exposed Zeke and won a voice of confidence. His position as president again secure, David and Aunt Polly enjoyed the congratulations messengers of their friends.

11. Aunt Polly never cooked a better dinner than the one she prepared to celebrate David's escape from Zeke. Susan and Brian shared it, and the party was gay in spite of Brian's dignitas with his nesserally father. The trouble appeared to be over; none of them suspected that the future might hold even greater threats to David Harum's happiness.
Never was a girl asked to take on a stranger family. And never was a family more fun than the ready-made one that came with Edgar Bergen.
IT might make a better story if I could say that when mutual friends introduced Edgar and me in 1942 it was love at first sight for both of us. But it wasn't that way at all. I thought he was "nice." He thought I was "a good kid." We made a date for the next day, and it turned out to be somewhat of a "blind date" for me—because I discovered we were going flying in his Fairchild. I rose to the occasion—but literally!—by pretending I had been up before and that I loved it. But as soon as we landed I lost my lunch. Since then I have learned to fly a plane myself and really love flying.

We knew each other three years before we were married, but were engaged only a couple of months. Then, one day, we avoided publicity by going down to Mexico and getting married secretly, with only two Mexicans as witnesses. We had a honeymoon at Lake Arrowhead. I'm just as sentimental about my wedding as if it had been more formal. I've kept the dress I was married in and have pressed the flowers from my bouquet.

When the news got out, interviewers asked if EB had given me a wedding present and if I had given him one.

"Yes," I told them. "Undying devotion."

People were curious to know if Charlie approved our marriage. I think they really believed he might be upset. Some insisted Charlie did the talking for Edgar when he proposed. Others worried about how I'd feel toward Charlie.

They needn't have. I couldn't be more pleased at playing "stepmama" to the little rascal. And that includes Charlie's country cousin, Mortimer Snerd—although Charlie holds a slight edge over Mort in my affections. I guess it's because I've been around him more. We even do a skit together, "The Operation," in which Charles plays the patient, I'm the nurse, and EB is the doctor.

But Mort is so pathetic—you can't help but love him.

Our two-year-old Candice, adores them both, impartially. Candy runs to Charlie, grabs his hands and says, "How do, Larlie." Then she hugs Mortimer "Nerds." We are not quite sure whether she thinks they're humans or dolls, but we are sure we'll have some explaining to do when she gets older.

If Candy believes the boys are real she isn't very different from older and so-called wiser folks who are around them a great deal. I have heard people call out greetings to Charlie as he sat, limp and mute, waiting for Edgar to administer the adrenalin. Masters of ceremonies have introduced the act as "Charlie McCarthy, assisted by Edgar Bergen." A little girl once asked Edgar, "Is Charlie really your boy?" He answered, seriously, "He's my boy, by adoption," and she believed it. So does he, I'm sure.

In August we came back from a ten-week European trip, most of which was spent in Sweden, where Edgar's parents were born. Edgar, of course, is an American, born on February 16 of a Chicago winter. He hadn't been in Sweden since 1837, though he lived there a year as a boy. What started out as a combination Bergen Pleasure Trip and McCarthy Good-Will Junket, with time out for the movies Edgar makes on every trip, ended up as a Triumphal Technicolor Tour.

EB had decided, before we left, that he would do a (Continued on page 95)
Never was a girl asked to take on a stranger family. And never was a family more fun than the ready-made one that came with Edgar Bergen.
LIKE A bowl of rubies, a shimmering bowl of cranberry sauce brightens the table on Thanksgiving Day. It's easy to make this scarlet sauce stand high, wide and handsome on a dish. After it's cooked, pour it into a small bowl or mold and put it in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Just before serving, dunk the bowl nearly to its edge in hot water for about 10 seconds—then upside down on a platter.

When I was a little girl I watched my mother prepare for dinner on this important day. She used to let me help her "pull" the bread for the stuffing. She didn't have a cake rack in those days to rub the bread over and get crumbs in a jiffy, like we do today, but she had a way of baking squash which I've never forgotten. She took halves of acorn squash or squares of hubbard squash and baked them with the seeds left in. When nearly done she'd take a spoon and scoop the seeds out. It left the squash juicy and tender on top. Sometimes she would sweeten it with a golden syrup of brown sugar and butter. Here are some of her favorite recipes. You'll enjoy them any day of the year:

10-MINUTE CRANBERRY SAUCE

2 cups sugar  
2 cups water  
4 cups fresh cranberries

Combine sugar and water in a saucepan. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil for 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until skins pop open (about 5 minutes). Makes 1 quart sauce.

RELISH PLATE

Celery Curls: Cut washed and drained celery into 3 inch lengths. Thinly slice down celery to, but not through, the other end. Place in ice water. Ends will curl.

Radish Roses: Wash radishes well. Cut thin slices all the way 'round radish, starting at stem end. Petals will form if peeling is cut to ½ inch of stem. Place in ice water for petals to spread.

Carrot Curls: Cut large carrots in half lengthwise. Slice cut side into paper thin slices with potato peeler. Roll up and place in ice water to curl.

ROAST TURKEY

Rinse cleaned dressed turkey well in cold water inside and out. Rub inside with salt. Lightly fill with stuffing. Truss and rub entire surface of turkey with oil. Place on rack. Cover breast and drumstick with cheesecloth which has been dipped in melted butter, margarine or shortening. Roast in slow oven (300 to 325° F.). For a 10 to 16 pound bird allow (Continued on page 48)
Another Woman is based on an incident from the radio drama Portia Faces Life, and is told for the first time in story form in Radio Mirror's complete-in-this-issue novelette. Portia Faces Life is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EST, on NBC stations.
life, another woman? Portia's lips—and her heart—were afraid to ask.

The entire household—young Dickie, and Miss Daisy, and Kathie Campbell and Bill Baker, and Lilli and Mark Randall—rose to the station in Bill's car see Portia off to New York. Only Dickie's Big Jug, was missing, and that, as Miss Daisy observed tartly, was less for lack of room in the car than for the smell of him, Jug having gone bathless too long in these last crowded climactic days.

They stood on the platform, waving and smiling as Portia entered the train. Only this morning it had seemed impossible that they would all be together again. Mark had faced conviction for the murder of Bert Mason; Kathie had been held captive by the real murderer's hired thugs. Now they were free, and she was free—to go to her husband, to Walter.

The wheels turned under her. The faces full of love and smiles that barely concealed deep fears for her, slid past the window, out of sight. Portia sighted him, sat upon the seat of her compartment. She was trembling. These last weeks had been a strain—they'd been agony, with half of her, the thinking and doing half, in Pakerstown, fighting to free Mark Randall, with the other half, the loving and living half, in New York with Walter, fighting—what? Shivered and stared fixedly out the window.

It was just a year and a week since she had sat at a train window, but then Walter and Dickie had been with her, and they had been on their way home from Hollywood. She'd watched hungrily for the old familiar landmarks—the Windgate farm, Lebanon Falls, the bend on the river and the grove of Oak trees where she had told Walter she would marry him. Walter had cupped her face in his two hands, and laughed at her rapacious look.

"Just look at her!" he'd crowed.

"Her eyes are shining like a kid's on Christmas morning. She's got what Dickie calls the sparkly look."

"I feel sparkly," she'd answered.

"Oh, Walter, darling—I've waited a whole lifetime for this. I was so little when Mother died I don't even remember her. And with Dad busy in the store most of the time, it wasn't home—ever. And when I married Richard Blake—well, we both know what that was like. Then he died, and there was Dickie, and I had to be both father and mother. There just wasn't time to make a real home—our own home needs both a man and a woman. It needs laughter and love and tenderness—and all the things we have, Walter. And now we have it! Oh, my darling, I feel so lucky."

"I am, anyway."

"I am," she'd insisted. "Just look at my husband."

He'd sighed a little. "What I'd give if he were just half as much as you think he is!"

"He's a whole lot more than he gives himself credit for being," she'd retorted. "One of these days he's going to wake up and realize what a grand guy he is."

"Crazy!"

She'd nodded. "Crazy in love with you, you mean. Darling, I'm going to make you so happy in Pakerstown! I'm going to try to make the kind of home that's gay and secure and warm. I'm going to spoil you—see that you always have clean shirts and that your socks are mended and—"

"How about my wooden hangers?"

"Under oath," she'd promised, "there'll always be plenty of them in your closet. Oh, my dearest, we haven't done much living up until now. But today is the beginning. And it's something we can count on—not only next year but for all the years after."

But somehow, it hadn't worked out that way. In a year—less than a year—Walter was gone, bitter and angry and unable to understand why she had to stay behind to help Mark Randall. Of course, there was more to it than the simple fact that she had felt compelled to return to the practice of law for this one last case. It wasn't surprising that Walter Manning, successful screen writer and one-time ace newspaper correspondent, should have been restless and impatient with the quiet, slow-moving life of Pakerstown.

Other things were less explicable to everyone but Portia: Walter's being unable to leave a dinner to come to the telephone when Bill Baker had called him long distance the night Portia had run down by the very thugs who had kidnapped Kathie; a picture run by the Pakerstown Chronicle, rival paper to Bill Baker's Herald, which showed Walter and the beautiful Leslie Palmer, head of Advance Pictures' story department, "dancing and romancing" as the caption below put it.

Portia remembered Leslie Palmer and her infatuation with Walter. That Leslie had answered the phone the night Bill had called was enough to convince Portia that Walter was never told of the call; she was equally sure that Leslie had caused the damming picture to be run in the Pakerstown paper.

But Bill was bitter, perhaps all the more bitter and disillusioned because Walter had been his great friend and had even loaned Bill not many months before, some fifteen thousand dollars to save the Herald from being absorbed by Jesse Ward, owner of the Chronicle. With the rest of Pakerstown, he believed that Walter had left Portia. He, and almost everyone else, had tried to persuade her not to go to New York. Only Lilli and Kathie had encouraged her.

But now at last she was on her way. She would be in New York in the morning. She would be there in time for the opening of his picture, "Challenge." That had been the sore point of their quarrel—that Portia,
after promising to give up law, had risked missing the opening of his picture in order to stay in Parkerstown to defend Mark Randall.

She forgot her weariness in the thought of what lay ahead. She ran a comb through her hair, adjusted her hat, made her way to the dining car.

"Three waiting around," said Portia, "Albert Smith played a mind, the steward told her. "If you care to wait in the club car, I'll call you." She went on into the club car, where a porter gave her a copy of the evening paper. She glanced idly at the headlines, then let it fall in her lap as she sat dreamily watching the landscape slide by. Presently a pleasant masculine voice spoke at her elbow.

"I beg your pardon, but if you’ve finished with the paper, may I?"

"Of course." She handed him the paper and smiled—a mistake, because he chose to ignore the paper for conversation. Portia would have much preferred to be left alone with her thoughts of Walter; she was trying to think of an out when her companion suddenly shook out the paper and said to Portia, "This is what I mean:—"

"For example?—" And then his eye fell upon an item farther down the page. "What's this about Walter Manning?"

Portia sat bolt upright. "What?"

"Walter Manning," he read, "former ace correspondent, leaves for the Near East on a special assignment for Advance Studios—"

Leaves, thought Portia. Not is leaving—does that mean he's going today? Without one word to me—Frantically, she tried to read the article over her companion's arm, but there was little more in it, only that Walter was going to Ankara, Turkey, by plane.

"He's certainly a crack correspondent," the man said admiringly. "I read every word he wrote during the war, and when he joined up with the guerrillas—Why, what's the matter? Are you sick?"

Portia was standing, swaying, trying to make her way past him. "I'm all right," she said as he rose, "just—something I forgot I had to do—"

Somehow, she got away. She blundered into the dining car steward and murmured something about not wanting dinner after all; blindly she found her way back to her compartment.

Leslie Palmer had done this—that was what she had to believe. Leslie had given this story to the papers for the same reason that she had released that picture of herself and Walter. It wasn't true. Walter wouldn't go—surely not without telling her—

And yet... she kept remembering Walter's set, almost desperate face the last day she had seen him. He'd stood in the dining room doorway, saying, "You promised me that if you had no condition would you ever go back to the practise of law. There are other lawyers, and if Mark Randall is innocent, he won't be convicted. You're my wife, and I want you with me in New York. And if you leave this house this morning to go to Mark Randall, to tell him you'll stay in Parkerstown to defend him, you may be doing something we'll regret all the rest of our lives."

All the rest of our lives. She had thought at the time that he was only bitterly hurt that she would risk missing the opening of his picture, "Challenge." But had he had the possibility of something like this—this assignment to Turkey—in mind even then? And why had he been unable to explain why it was so desperately necessary that she be with him? On the surface, it had seemed that he was simply being selfish—and Walter had never been selfish. That he hadn't called or written her since he left was a matter she thought he had heard. But was it something more? Had he known when he spoke those words that if he went to New York alone, he wouldn't be coming back?

She rang for the porter, wrote a telegram. "Mr. Walter Manning—"

She didn't even know his address. But Advance Pictures Studios would do. "Arriving two-thirty p.m. tomorrow Grand Central Station. Please meet me."—She sent out the last two words. Walter would meet her if he knew she was coming. She added, "I love you. Portia."

She gave the porter the telegram, and was promised that it would be sent from the next stop. And then she went to bed and slept the sleep of exhaustion and of simple faith. She'd had little besides faith to carry her through the tight places of Mark Randall's trial; she needed the same faith now to believe that the story of Walter's going to the Near East was a lie, to believe that he would be at the station when her train pulled in the next day.

But he wasn't at the station. Her eyes searched the crowd as she came up the ramp, and some of the crowd stared back at the lovely, dark-eyed woman who was so unaccountably alone... but there was no Walter. She found the telephone, she called before fear and disappointment and the feeling of being deserted and alone turned the lump in her throat into tears.

Advance Pictures answered her dial promptly. "Mr. Manning?" the operator repeated.

"Well, ah—"

"It's very important," Portia interrupted. "And if you'd be good enough to give me the name of his hotel, I'd appreciate it."

"Who is calling, please?"

"This is his wife," she answered. "Mrs. Manning."

The operator's voice chilled suddenly. "I'm sorry," she said, "but Mr. Manning has left the city."

"Left," Portia repeated in a voice tight with panic. "For Ankara? When did he go?"

"I'm sorry, but we're not permitted to give out that information."

There was a click, and the phone went dead in her hand. Portia stared at it numbly; then anger and suspicion drove out fear and hurt. The operator's sudden freezing at being told that Walter's wife was calling—it was a small thing, but as strange in its way as the idea of Walter's leaving for Turkey without a word to her. She dialed Advance Pictures a second time...

"This is the Fifth Avenue Shop," she said in a high, nasal voice. "May we speak with Miss Leslie Palmer?"

"I'm sorry," said the same operator, "but Miss Palmer isn't in."

"Portia," continued Portia, "perhaps you can help us. She made some purchases here this morning but neglected to give us the name of her hotel. Where shall we send the package?"

"Miss Palmer," said the operator obligingly, "is staying at the New Vanderbilt."

Portia thanked her in the name of the Fifth Avenue Shop and hung up. Ten minutes later she was entering the lobby of the New Vanderbilt.

"Mr. Manning," she said in answer to her question. "He was registered here, Miss, but he's checked out."

"Checked out?" said Portia, trying hard to steady her voice. "Are you sure?"

The clerk looked offended. "It's hardly something about which I could be mistaken," he reminded her loftily.

She shook her head. "But—I mean—when?"

"He checked out at noon today," the clerk answered, "and left instructions for his bag to be sent to the airport. He held waves of material over her. She stared at the clerk through a darkening haze, struggling to think. Here, too, was something odd—another piece that didn't fit. She was aware that the clerk was looking at her anxiously.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Are you ill? I can call the house physician—"

"No. It was coming to her now. If Walter hadn't checked out until noon, he'd surely received her wire."

Kathie ... played by Rosaline Greene

Lilli ... played by Cora B. Smith

Dickie ... played by Edwin Bruce

by Edwin Bruce
"I wired Mr. Manning last night," she said. "I must have got it—"

"Oh, yes." The clerk nodded. "I remember very well—a wire did come for Mr. Manning last night, addressed in care of Advance Pictures. I gave it to Miss Palmer myself."

"Miss Palmer!" exclaimed Portia.

"But it was addressed to Mr. Manning!"

"And Mr. Manning was outside taking care of the taxi," he explained. "And Miss Palmer said that she would give Mr. Manning the wire.

I see," said Portia, and wondered how she could for a moment have failed to see the whole unpleasant little plot. "Is Miss Palmer in her room? Never mind," she added hastily as the clerk reached for the telephone. "I'll call her myself, if you'll just tell me the number—"

Suite 14E. The maid answered, and the maid was evasive. Miss Palmer wasn't in; the maid didn't know when she would be back, didn't think that Miss Palmer could be reached at the studio. The maid had been coached, Portia deduced. Miss Palmer certainly wouldn't have come. She took a cab to Advance Pictures, and found that she had missed Leslie by a matter of minutes. But she had one bit of luck. The receptionist believed that Miss Palmer was on her way to her hotel. Portia went back to the New Vanderbilt and called 14E a second time.

The maid answered the phone again. In tones as carefully accurate as a phonograph record she said, "I'm afraid Miss Palmer isn't in, but if you'd like to leave your name, I'll tell her you called when she comes back. Aren't you the party that called before?"

Portia ignored the question. "Is Miss Palmer expected back soon?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the same careful tones. "She didn't say where she was going or what time she'd be back. But if you'll tell me who's calling—"

"Thank you," said Portia, and hung up.

The maid was lying; Portia was sure of it now. She'd been too long a lawyer not to have a sharp ear for truth. Leslie must have read her telegram; she must know that Portia had reached New York this afternoon—and for some reason Leslie was afraid to see her. And there could be only one good reason why the clever, self-sufficient girl went lengths to avoid her—and the reason was that Walter must be still in town, and Leslie didn't want Portia to know.

She took the elevator to the fourteenth floor, went down the thickly carpeted corridor to the door marked E. And there she saw another piece of luck. As she approached, a woman came out of the apartment, a plain woman in a plain cloth coat, with the hem of a black satin uniform showing beneath the hem of the coat. The woman went down the hall in the opposite direction without glancing at Portia, and Portia guessed that Leslie was temporarily maidless.

She went forward, rapped sharply on Leslie's door. For a moment there was no sound then Leslie called out, "I'm coming—don't worry! You certainly won't be in any hurry to get here. I just now sent my maid—"

"Well, really! I—" Then she deliberately raised her voice. "I was expecting a package."

Portia stepped inside. "I want to talk to you, Leslie."

"Keep your voice down!" Leslie hissed. "Here—we can talk in the bedroom." And again her voice rose. "I've waited all afternoon for that package. Thank heaven, it's finally come! I'll take it into the bedroom."

Portia, bewildered by the play-acting, by being almost forcibly thrust into Leslie's bedroom, was the more shocked at the livid face Leslie turned to her as she shut the bedroom door.

"Why dare you come sneaking in like this?" she snapped. "You were told when you called that I wasn't in—"

"Which I knew wasn't true," Portia interrupted. "Your office told me that you were on your way here."

"Who told you? Tyler? I'll have her job for that—"

Portia blinked at the sight of Leslie livid with fury. "Why are you afraid of me?" she asked. "Why have you taken such precautions to avoid seeing me?"

"Afraid of you! Did you mean that?" Then suddenly her manner changed completely, became almost friendly. "I'm sorry, Portia. I didn't mean to blaze out at you this way. It's just that—well—I'm hardly dressed to receive company at all."

"Not alone? But I saw your maid leave as I came in—"

And then she understood, and blushed deeply. "Oh, I didn't realize—I didn't know—I'm sorry—"

"I'm sorry, too," Leslie's eyes narrowed with derisive amusement. "Sorry that I shocked you, Portia. And you are shocked, aren't you?"

She was, less at the situation than at Leslie's deliberate flaunting it. "I'm sure your private life is entirely your own affair, Leslie," Portia said. Leslie laughed. "Well, now you can go back to Parkerstown and tell your friends about that horrible Palmer woman. And since you're leaving I'll tell you to the door."

"But I'm not leaving," said Portia steadily, "until you tell me where Walter is."

"Leslie's jaw dropped. "Walter!" she exclaimed incredulously.

More play-acting, Portia thought. "Yes, Walter—my husband. If you tell me where he is, I'll leave immediately."

"Good heavens, don't you know? But surely he wrote you! He must have!"

Portia felt her face set and white, felt the tears gathering at the back of her eyes. Oh, Walter, she thought, how could you do this to me—make me beg Leslie Palmer, of all people, for a crumb of information? Leslie, who's playing a cat-and-mouse game with me, and enjoying every moment of it. I've some pride, too, Walter. I can't admit to her that you haven't written, haven't sent me word of any kind."

Leslie stepped toward her, hands outstretched, all sympathy, triumph cloaked in commiseration. "Oh my dear!" she murmured. "He didn't! He promised—he told me—I can't believe it of him. In all the time I've known him, Walter's never been deliberately cruel—"

"You're partly to blame, Portia. You know—you must have known—how he hates the idea of your practising law. Whatever possessed you to take that case at the very last minute?"

"All that's beside the point. It's over now, and—"

"He was frightfully bitter about it," Leslie went on. "The promises you made, the time you said you were through (Cont'd on page 91)"
Inside Radio

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

SUNDAY

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APRIL 26 PROGRAMS

12:00 | Eternal Light |        |       |       |
12:15 | First Piano Quartet |        |       |       |
12:30 |        |        |       |       |
12:45 |        |        |       |       |
1:00 | America United |        |       |       |
1:15 | Chicago Round Table |        |       |       |
1:30 |        |        |       |       |
1:45 |        |        |       |       |
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5:45 |        |        |       |       |

EVENING PROGRAMS

8:60 | The Catholic Hour |        |       |       |
8:65 |        |        |       |       |
8:70 |        |        |       |       |
8:75 |        |        |       |       |
8:80 |        |        |       |       |
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DOLORETTE LAMOUR—headlines the Seal-Test Variety Show Thursday nights at 9:30 P.M., EST, on NBC.

DAVID RANDOLPH—who writes the program notes for all the serious music heard on CBS is also commentator on Music for the Connoisseur (Tues. WNYC) on which he presents music off the beaten path. Busy as he is, Randolph, who admits he owns a conductor's voice ("ghastly," he says) still finds time to conduct his group of six talented madrigal singers.

MONDAY

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APRIL 27 PROGRAMS

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**TUESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Do You Remember News</td>
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<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelanders</td>
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<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Follies</td>
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<td>Fred Waring</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>This is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Art Van Damme, Quartet</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>Mrs. Berle’s Best Program</td>
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<td>The Life of the World</td>
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<td>The Chicagoans A Waite’n’l</td>
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<td>Miss America’s Birthday Party</td>
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<td>The People’s Choice</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<th>Time</th>
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<td>John MacVane</td>
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<td>Chicago Club</td>
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<td>M. T. Torne Show</td>
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**CASEY ALLEN** — who plays Dr. Andrew White on Ma Perkins, started out to be an M.D. himself until participation in over 30 plays during his U of Minn. days caused him to switch to dramatics. Subsequently, he acted in more than 100 plays at the Pasadena Playhouse, served as merchant seaman during the war, and tried advertising. He’s married to Fran Carlon (Lorelei, in Big Town). They have a child, 2.
UNA MERKEL—familiar to moviegoers as a scatter-brained, "allows it's a relief to play the calculating Adeline Fairchild (who isn't all frill and froth) in Great Gildersleeve. Before entering radio, Una spent many years on the stage and screen, acting in plays with Lillian Gish, Helen Hayes and Walter Huston before going into motion pictures.

ROGER FORSTER—who has been an automobile salesman, office boy, delivery truck driver, and professional model is finally devoting all his time to radio and video work; he's narrator on Linda's First Love and also heard on Wendy Warren. Married to a pretty Southern girl, they have a 4-year-old girl and live in Englewood, N. J.
CLAUDIA MORGAN—With more than 30 Broadway roles to her credit, never studied dramatics; she didn’t have to—her father is Ralph Morgan and her uncle is Tall Story Hank. Claudia, who inherited much of her beauty from her Norwegian actress mother, is heard regularly as Carolyn Kramer in Right to Happiness, NBC.

The Modern design walnut plastic cabinet of the Crosley table model (9-102) boasts curved grille louvers, decorative control knobs and general appearance of smartness. It’s just the right size for desk use in that man’s den. Being a superheterodyne set, it will provide plenty of sensitivity and selectivity.

Bendix Radio has announced a combination console in a fine 18th Century cabinet in mahogany veneers. The set measures 38” high, 39” wide and 21” deep. Features in which you may be particularly interested are the 10” direct view television screen, an AM and FM radio receiver, a record changer, a 12” speaker and built-in antennas.

A streamlined table model radio (Model 66x13) is RCA Victor’s contribution to the market. You may be interested in the lighted station numerals and the dial face that is slanted so that it is equally visible from a sitting or standing position. It sells for less than $40 and comes in walnut or mahogany finish.
ALTHOUGH my favorite hobby is planning clothes for myself and my friends, I sometimes have a little trouble managing the time. With a new baby on my hands and a home and husband to look after, creative designing sometimes seems like a piece of self-indulgence. After little Wendy was born, I looked forward eagerly to my long-planned trip to New York, where I was going to haunt the shops and see the new designs at the wholesale dress houses, and have a luxurious time altogether—and then it turned out that all I could spare was two days away from Wendy and Stan, and our life in Dickston.

However, I made a special point of getting to see Elsie Brandt, promotionist at Capri Original, one of the famous wholesale establishments. Miss Brandt had been one of our most exciting Family Counselors, and had given my listener friends and me some pointed, genuinely helpful ideas about wardrobe-planning when she dropped by at our house during her visit to Dickston. She had said, for example, that women should do better to give more time to planning, and less to shopping around. A plan, written down in black and white, is the best way to avoid being side-tracked by a glamorous hat or pair of shoes that have no real place in your closet. And she emphasized, again and again, her ideas about economy. “Yes,” she said, “a wardrobe, for the average woman, must be planned with economy. But economy, in my view, means just this: buying the best you can afford. Fine workmanship, good fabric, wise and intelligent design are long-term investments.”

I told her then—and I'd like to tell all of you—how much I agree! You see, I think what Miss Brandt said is just part of a wider philosophy. Getting and giving the best that is possible can be applied to every circumstance of your life. Friendship, truth—happiness itself—these items are not bought at a bargain basement or a fire sale. If you yourself are not generous with these things you will receive only superficial loyalties and half-truths in return.

For women, whose lives are made up so often of small, everyday things, this philosophy must be translated into small, everyday uses. I feel strongly that a woman's clothes can be a valid expression of this attitude toward life. A determination never to be satisfied with anything shoddy can surely be extended to cover a refusal to have a closet full of cheap, flimsy garments when one may have two or three well-made, well-designed outfits instead.

When I saw Miss Brandt's designs, in her workroom at Capri in New York, I knew that here was the concrete expression of my ideas about clothes. Any one of her gowns, from the most tailored to the most lush, would be an investment that would take you happily through many seasons. She cautioned me again—as she had cautioned our listeners when she was our Family Counselor—to avoid the pitfall of buying for a single occasion. Not only should your major garment, be it dress or suit or ensemble be bought with an eye to its fitness for your particular way of life, but all your accessories are best acquired in conformance with a long-range plan. That way, you don't suffer the tragedy of paying far too much for a purse or a pair of gloves that must hide at the back of the bureau drawer when it is not being worn with the dress for which it was bought. Flexibility, said Miss Brandt—and I agree—is definitely one of the requirements that accessories must fill in the efficiently-planned wardrobe.
young actresses hope some day to star on Broadway. Some of these announcers have the courage to break into the big time and others have the talent but few have both. Bert Parks had the winning combination to rate a job as staff announcer with CBS at the age of seventeen, a feat that's never been repeated at any of the major networks.

"I didn't let on how young I was," Bert explains but it's doubtful that CBS was fooled, for now, at the age of thirty-three, Bert easily passes for twenty-five.

Bert's next break came when he was given his own singing program, Dear Columbia, over the network. Then, as everyone knows, he was straight man and singer for Eddie Cantor in 1939 and 1940. He announced and sang for Benny Goodman and Xavier Cugat on the Caravan.

"But the biggest break of my life came when I let a friend talk me into a blind date," Bert said. "I never realized how much living I was missing till I married Annette. She's wonderful, sensible and very beautiful but you've got to see her for yourself."

And he's quite right!

For New Yorkers, jammed into concrete caves that are called apartment buildings, the only way of getting their children into an unreasonable facsimile of nature is to take a bus to one of the rivers where the city has set up a few benches, trees, and maybe a heap of sand or a small pool for wading. At one of these clearings off the East River, you are likely to find Annette Parks and the twins.

She is little and nimble as only a mother of two-year-old twins must be and at any moment she may be dashing through a group of children to retrieve a small, energetic boy who is about to make a scooter airborne.

"That stuff about being as busy as a one-armed paper hanger doesn't even begin to tell the story," she says.

Her face is slightly flushed from chasing the children. Her eyes are deep green, her hair light brown. As she talks, her head shifts constantly, following the twins, ready to lend a guiding hand to one of the boys before he gets into trouble.

Annette vividly remembers her first date with Bert. Both were skeptical about a blind date and when Bert's friend suggested he make a date for both Saturday and Sunday with a girl he'd never seen, Bert balked. However they had so much fun together the first evening that Bert was annoyed when Annette couldn't see him the following night because, naturally, she had made other arrangements.

She was Annette Liebman then, just graduated from Columbia University and working as a dental assistant. But she well remembers the happiness and companionship of their pre-marital days. Both loved good food and together would hunt up out-of-the-way restaurants in New York, then go to Number One Fifth Avenue to hear a favorite singer. In between, they took long drives into the country with Bert playing the singing troubadour.

"When you see the male lead in a movie singing to his sweetheart, most people know real life isn't like that,"

---

Peggy Diggins knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! They've seen how Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in their smiles!

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!
Annette says, “But our days of courtship were like something out of a musical. Bert has a beautiful voice.”

Their favorite songs were “The White Cliffs of Dover” and “I Don’t Want to Walk Without You, Baby.” Together Bert and Annette had so much fun that they felt none of the desperation that often makes young couples worry about marriage. Then came the war and with it a more serious attitude.

Bert enlisted in the infantry as a private. With an enforced separation they both realized their love for each other. And when Bert graduated from Infantry OCS in June 1943, Annette swooped down to Atlanta in a plane and they were married. While Bert was at Camp Wheeler, they lived in the typical life of an army couple. It was impossible to find a home or apartment, so they lived in one flea-ridden hotel room after another. Finally, after three months Annette found a furnished room in a private house.

“I was very excited because even a single room can be fixed up enough to call home,” Annette recalls. “Bert’s mother and I chased all over Atlanta trying to buy hard-to-get sheets and pillow cases but we could have saved ourselves the trouble.”

What happened was that they moved into their new “home” on a Monday morning. All that day Annette fussed about the room making it livable but when Bert got back from camp that evening his face was long and sad.

“I knew something was wrong without being told,” she said. “He had his orders to ship overseas.”

While Bert spent two years with “the Joe” Stillwell in the AAF Theater, Annette moved in with her parents in Connecticut and worked in the New Haven Hospital as a nurse’s aide. Yet she was probably one of the few army wives who had a regular Saturday night date with her husband’s voice although he was half-way around the world. Bert and Finis Farr were making wire recordings of combat activities that were played weekly over CBS on the program Yank in the Orient.

But Bert wasn’t that lucky. Once for a period of six months he didn’t receive a letter from Annette. Only a soldier who has been in the jungles can realize his anguish. When her mail finally caught up with him, he had 85 letters. He arranged them in chronological order and read each one through to the end. In the meantime, he earned the Bronze Star and a cluster of Battle Stars the hard way. The wire reports from missions were a little more than dangerous and once took him behind the Jap lines for three weeks when several of his buddies were killed.

Almost two years to the month that Bert went overseas, he returned to the states a Captain. Then he and Annette began to make their plans for a home and children, but Bert was to meet the same difficulties as every other young veteran.

For months they searched for an apartment in New York, moving with one hotel to another every five days. Bert had by then become regular quizmaster on Break the Bank and announcer on Sunday Evening Party and the Rayell Lombardo Show.

Finally, they moved into a dingy, dank one-room apartment. The place was so dark they had to keep their lights on all day in order to see. It was rough and expensive. It wasn’t the kind of home that Bert and other veterans had hoped for but nevertheless he and Annette were together and he was back in love. And then Bert was due for another surprise one evening when he got home.

“I’ve been to the doctor’s,” Annette said calmly.

“About what you sick?” Bert asked, half-alarmed.

Annette smiled.

Just a check-up,” she said. “I’m pregnant.”

He sat breathless for a moment then said, “So we’re going to have a baby.”

She grinned and corrected him.

“We might even have babies plural,” she quipped.

Then with a do-or-die intensity Bert began to look for a new home. With twins they absolutely had to have a larger apartment. The next morning Bert was awakened by a call from his doctor and notified he had twins, both boys.

“It was a twilight birth for the father,” Bert said. “No pacin’. No pains.”

Because of the premature birth, the twins required more care than usual when Annette finally came home.

“You should’ve seen our two little rooms then,” Bert laughed. “There was Annette, the nurse, a cook, me and the twins. Fifteen milk bottles in the refrigerator, a double-size baby carriage, and two of everything from cribs to toys. What a madhouse. It really required a director and producer to cross a room.”

They call the twins their double blessing. Jeff and Joel have what they had hoped for in their children: a good sense of humor. They’re beginning to talk a little in kind of a mumble that would cause Bert trouble if they were to appear on a quiz program. But they definitely have a sense of humor. When a friend asks him the name of his brother, he gives the name of his brother. And they have private jokes. They mumble to each other and suddenly start laughing but no one else knows why.

They talk about their father and love to hear him sing. When he isn’t at the studios, Bert frequently takes them to the park. Neither one of them is asked his name, they call the other Bertie. While Adre chords on the piano, Bea and Bert ad lib to a Calypso tune.

“Bert and I have always had wonderful friends of a friend with each other,” Annette says. “And if it seems the longer we’re married, the happier we are.”

**How Santa Claus found out…**

**The American Bitter Man**

**There’s Nothing Quite Like ALKA-SELTZER for Relieving the Miseries of a Cold**

**Don’t Feel Like Being Santa Claus, This Cold’s Making Me Miserable!**

**Oh, Don’t Disappoint Them! Alka-Seltzer Will Really Bring You Fast Relief!**

**Drink It Down! See How Fast ALKA-SELTZER Will Ease Those Aches and Pains**

**Merry Christmas! There’s Nothing Quite Like Alka-Seltzer for Relieving the Miseries of a Cold!**

**At All Drug Stores in U.S. and Canada.**

**Alka-Seltzer**
When Bert is free, they work together around the apartment, take care of the children and still find themselves late at night in deep conversation even as they did during the early days.

Outside of the very cramped apartment, Bert Parks is in an enviable position with his husky boys and lovely wife and radio success. Stop the Music, started over ABC last spring, is climbing steadily toward the very peak of audience popularity. It has already usurped the places of several favorites. Break the Bank during the past years has become standard entertainment for millions of listeners. Excitement on both these shows runs high.

"They're both swell shows," Bert said. "The contestants are grand even though we have some embarrassing as well as amusing incidents." And the M.C., naturally, must be adept at handling whatever comes.

On the amusing side of the ledger was the contestant, a woman from the middle west, who was pregnant. After she had earned her prizes on Break the Bank, Bert held her at the mike for a moment.

"There's one other thing I hope for you," he said. "May you be as lucky as my wife and I were and have twins."

Four months later he had a letter from her. She had twins. Fortunately for Bert, she too considered herself lucky. Some people, prepared for one child and confronted with two, might have been a trifle upset!

On the embarrassing side are the phone calls he gets in the middle of the night from people who want to participate in quiz programs; the strangers who come up to the stage and pretend they've known him for years, expecting easier questions; and the people who offer him seats on buses, hoping it may lead to tickets for his shows.

"That really bothers me," Bert explained. "In New York, no one offers another person a seat unless he is carrying a medical certificate that he has been dead for an hour."

But Bert has only respect for humanity and gratitude for the people who have helped him. He's thankful for his father's rich sense of humor, the sense of responsibility his mother gave him, the patient help of his brother and the assists from his radio pal, Bud Collyer.

"There's still the future and a lot of it, I hope," Bert said. "On the personal side I'd like to have a decent house and continued happiness and good health for my family. Professionally, I'm itching to get into television. I still like to move around and mug."

Bert will be a sensation in television, his associates predict. They point to the swell job he did on his first television show, Party Line, and the laughs he gets from the studio audience.

There's one question about quizmasters that everyone wants to know the answer to. What happens to them when—somehow or other—they get to be contestants on other people's quiz programs?

It might be the easiest thing in the world. It might be that with the technique he's learned from handling a show of his own, a quizmaster could go before anybody's mike, keep his head, answer brilliantly, and walk off with the whole studio. It might be—but according to Bert, it's not.

Once—just once—he was a contestant, on Bob Hawke's program. He was ready; after all, he knew the ropes...

He fluffed every question.

Love-quiz... For Married Women Only

Why does he turn his back on his wife's tears?

A. Because she has neglected one precaution, often of major importance to intimate marital happiness.

Q. What is that important precaution that can so greatly help to safeguard marital happiness?

A. The practice of sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.

Q. Why are wives wrong to trust to soap instead?

A. Because soap, like soda or salt, is an old-fashioned makeshift that cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Destroys the source of objectionable odors... kills germs on contact.

Q. Do any women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?

A. Three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined! Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. No greasy aftereffect. Use it as often as you want.

Keep desirable, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol"... no other product is more effective!

For Feminine Hygiene rely on safe, effective

"Lysol"

Easy to use... economical

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

NEW... INTIMATE HYGIENE FACTS
FREE! New booklet of information by reputable gynecological authority, Mall coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.
general information to have something to say. Finally, I had the advantage of a little radio experience, gained through interviewing on WAUX, Waukesha, the boys and girls who are outstanding in dairy club work.

With the other winners of our local elimination—Bill Wright and Helen Swartz—I made the trip to Chicago a family affair. My Mary Jean, Bill's wife, and Helen's husband joined the party.

The Louis G. Cowan office, producers of the show, gave us full-scale visiting firemen treatment.

By this time we faced the microphones, we dined at the Sheraton, toured the Museum of Science and Industry, dined at Matt Schullen's, visited Don McNeil's Breakfast Club, seen the Board of Trade, and laughed through the stage performance of "Annie Get Your Gun." Night clubbing at the Panther Room, a tour of the stockyards, Natural History Museum and the Aquarium added to our feeling that Chicago was a gigantic show, staged just for us.

Sometime, in the midst of this, we had rehearsals, where they peppered us with questions similar to the ones which would be used in the broadcast. Bill, Helen and I were to be pitted against Michigan's Doris Handy, Farm Champion of the previous week.

The rehearsals gave us the idea. By the time we faced the studio audience, we knew this was no walk-away.

Today, replaying the transcription I received of the show, I remember the way I felt when Joe Kelly, then M.C., began hurling questions. He started out easy. Are men more forgetful than women? Prove it. What's your wife's birthday? How do you identify apples by their shape and size? If you milked a cow three times a day instead of twice, would you get more milk?

I had an answer for that. "Yes, about twice as much," I knew. Two years before, I had milked General's Myrtle three times a day for a record and she had it. In ten months, she produced 17,743 pounds of milk with 770 pounds of butter fat.

Joe Kelly whistled—whistled songs which should suggest kinds of cheese. "God Bless America" brought Bill's answer of American cheese; "My Blue Heaven" prompted a reply of Bleu cheese.

Claiming he was tired, Joe handed me a flute, "I hear you played in your high school band. Will you help me out?"

He called the nurse. I responded with solitary toots. My playing was rusty. It was a long time since a football coach had turned me into a musician to change my wind.

"A; C. D. Now go back to E."

I caught on. I dropped my flute and raised my hand. The cheese questions had been bait. The number was "Three Blind Mice."

"Play it," commanded Joe.

The audience survived, but I think the mice ran back into their holes.

I was into the semi-finals. I used my stock-judging experience to enumerate characteristics of a good milk cow, then drew on college chemistry to explain that "trace elements" were minute quantities of such elements as boron and cobalt. Lacking them, seemingly rich land produces crops which fail to provide adequate nourishment for either livestock or humans.

As finalists, Doris Handy, who already had won three times, and I tussled over a couple. The showdown question was announced.

This was it. I shot a glance at Mary Jean in the audience. I would have given anything to be able to change places with her. This was worse than a University of Wisconsin exam. I got set, expecting a tough one.

It was tough all right, but not the way I anticipated.

Said Kelly, "Thomas Quincy, Washington, D. C. wants us to imagine a fireman chasing fires and settles down to a quiet, peaceful life on a farm. He wants to surround himself with his favorite color—red. Take turns. Name the items. You have five seconds each."

Mentally, I took a color inventory of our farm. The only trouble was, Doris thought of the same things I did.

She got barn, tractor, Devon cows, handles on farm tools, spangel dog. I named Duroc hogs, Guernsey cattle, shorthorn cattle, red poled cattle.

What else was red? This showdown was getting rugged.

Doris was reaching too, "Red suspenders." The audience howled.

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Tune in

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
"Hereford hog." That just about exhausted the livestock.

Doris was more versatile, "Red bandanna handkerchief."

"Red barn." That had been said. I was getting rattled. Joe ruled it out, and I substituted "red truck."

Doris gasped, "Red strawberries."

I took her suggestion. "Red raspberries." It was positively my last gasp, for I was color blind and dumb. I couldn't have thought of even such obvious things as Mary Jean's lipstick or a red sunset.

But that did it. Doris groped for five seconds. The horn ended the contest. I mopped my brow, looking through the audience until my eyes found Mary Jean. I hoped I'd done well enough to make her proud of the old man.

THE was all but jumping up and down. Oh, however, wasn't so sure I had won. The judges had voted. I tried to compute the score.

At last the M. C. announced, "The Farm Champion is..."

"For me, his pause lasted hours."

...is Mac McKerrow, of Pewaukee, Wisconsin."

You should have seen the loot. Fifteen one-gallon cans of paint, a complete set of aluminum cooking utensils, a vacuum cleaner and attachments, and a home freezer.

It was quite a collection. Prizes added on later shows have put me years ahead in my farming, for I have received such things as a ten years' supply of groats, more paint, nylon for Mary Jean, 20,493 live Florida bees, two electric water heaters, a front end loader to attach to my tractor, and an automatic ironer for the house.

A contestant works for it; he has to know more than his own name to win, but when he earns the title of Farm Champion of the Week, he has something to show.

I feel like a good provider every time I see Mary Jean running the family laundry through that ironer instead of spending hours to do the same job by hand, and when she gets all dressed up ready to go out, I take a look at her nicely-felled nylons and think, "Mac, my lad, you talked for those socks."

The material things, and their dollar value, however, don't begin to measure the benefits I have gained. Most important, it keeps me from getting root-bound on my own land.

That is easy to do when you're a farmer, for although there's drama in farming, it's the slow-paced drama of the seasons. Spring planting, summer labor, fall harvest and winter enjoyment of accomplishment—youthful learning, mature endeavor and then the pleasure of seeing the cycle repeated again with your children.

You need to concentrate a cross section of this into a brief radio program to have the drama emerge sharply defined. Then city people as well as farmers feel it. Evidence of this is the mail. Thousands of letters, bearing city addresses, reach the Cowan office each week suggesting questions for R.F.D. America.

My grandfather, who settled our land in 1874, and my father, who has achieved an international reputation for breeding Shropshire sheep, also realized the importance of show competition in a farmer's life. For more than half a century, they have exhibited our sheep and cattle.

They got me started early. Competing for the title of Farm Champion of the Year will climax a lifetime—

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by Ellanor Martin Homemaking Expert

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years, but it's still a lifetime—which has been punctuated by shows.

I went into my first one at the age of fifteen. My father had promised "if I was a good boy," I would be permitted, when fall came, to take our show flock to the Ohio and Michigan state fairs.

He sent me out alone. The lambs and I traveled in the same freight car. At night, I huddled up among them to sleep, and when I woke up in the morning, I noticed when my pets started nuzzling me with their noses.

I was a frightened, homesick kid when I unloaded them at strange farmlands and drove them into an exhibit barn. In the excitement of the show that feeling evaporated, but when I came home with blue ribbons, I owned the world.

I've won many such prizes since. As a high school freshman, I had the Grand Champion Southdown ram at the Wisconsin Junior Livestock show, and when at the University of Wisconsin's "Little International," I won stock judging contests which sent me into national competitions. Through them all, winning has brought me that same lift of spirit.

I might even stretch a point and say I won my first real contest. We met at a state convention of the Young People's Christian Union. She was on the committee which nominated me for president—the election—"and the girl, Mary Jean Beigel of West Allis. We were married April 22, 1945, and now have a boy, Bruce David, three.

Aside from personal senorial achievement gained from winning or R.F.D. America, there's the added satisfaction of contributing toward better understanding between farm and city. Raised much as good roads, ended the day of the "hick." The isolation of farming, which in Europe grew so intense that the language of one valley couldn't be heard in the next, is now, on the other side of a mountain ridge, has broken down. Farmers today know what goes on in cities.

The opposite, however, is not always true. Many city citizens think farming is still a remote occupation. They still see it in terms of ox carts and asafedas.

R.F.D. America lowers this barrier. Radio lecture, radio lecture, radio lecture. Those who produce the food the world needs, they discover scientific farming is in practical, everyday use, and that the men and women who work at it are interesting individuals who can spice any talk with wit and pleasant humor.

There's Ed Bottcher who took over as Country Editor when the show moved to NBC and Joe Kelly found he could not quiz Quiz Kids and farmers at the same time.

Ed, although he does today a professional television job for a big network show, is as much of a dirt farmer as his great grandfather who settled the land in Cullman County, Alabama.

Entering Alabama Polytechnic Institute at fifteen, he took his Bachelor of Science degree in Agriculture. Working for the Bureau of Entomology, he helped farmers fight boll worms, later became a county agent, and was county supervisor for the Farm Security Administration. Like me, Ed loves a challenge. He first came to R.F.D. America as one of three contestants from Alabama, and emerged from his first contest as runner up to the title of Champion Farmer of the Year.

He got his second chance when the winner, a woman from Georgia, announced she couldn't return. She was "expatriate," and the doctor would not allow her to travel.

The defeat had sharpened his wits. During the intervening week, he studied like a freshman studying for his first exam. He was not going to get licked again.

He wasn't, either. He set an all-time record by winning eight times in succession. His prizes added $800 to his income tax, and he retired undefeated when he topped professional radio performers in the audition for Country Question Editor.

As a five-day farmer, he now has less time to grab a fly rod and fish for the blue gills and large-mouth bass in his one-acre pond. He has one of the longest commutation trips on record. Each week he travels 1,342 miles to spend his Saturdays and Sundays in Chicago. By this time he knows every phone in the county conductor's office—and he also has a large number of farmer friends from every state in the union.

In contrast to Ed, there's Wayne Hardison of Carters Creek, Tennessee. Wayne is a Farm Bureau leader, and vitally interested in PTA and church work. When R.F.D. America summoned him to Chicago, he had never been outside his state.

He was so excited when the telegram arrived that he climbed on a horse, raced to the county line, forgot the horse and walked home. His wife put a fruit cake in the oven to warm and let it burn to a crisp. Later, he asked whether the fruit cake had burned and had to be told he had already eaten it.

Hardison told the R.F.D. America staff, "I've worked hard all my life. This is the first thing I didn't have to earn by the sweat of my brow and the toil of my hands. It's the most wonderful event that ever occurred to me."

Mrs. Gertie Moody gave listeners a new insight into a woman's work. She has the man-sized job of managing an 80,000 acre property belonging to Delta Securities Company. In charge of grazing, growing, harvesting, hunting, the "farmer-furmer," in camp site leases, oil leases, she is equally at home on a horse, driving a truck, rounding up cattle, behind her desk in the office, or solving school problems with her local PTA.

Dick Heckendorf of Littleton, Colorado, is another one whom R.F.D. America has compensated. He won his title and held it through five shows until Clyde Rowe of Chandler, Arizona, took it away from him.

Heckendorf compensated by staging his own version of R.F.D. America for the 4-H Clubs in his own community. If the show could stimulate farmers on a national scale, he reasoned, it could be equally stimulating for the kids in his neighborhood.

Robert Sawyer of Leland, Illinois, one of my coming opponents for the "Investigator" title, had years of coping with questions when he taught vocational agriculture, and he now does a good job of putting those theories into practice on his own farm.

We'll have two other competitors, who, through run-off contests, earn their right to compete for the title of Farm Champion of the Year. We don't yet know their names (as this is written) but we already are certain of one thing—to go into that final contest, they will be good farmers, good citizens and good talkers.
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Even if you've never ordered by mail before, this is one time you should...
Come, Ye Thankful  
(Continued from page 61)

20-22 minutes a pound. For an 18 to 24 pound bird, allow 18-20 minutes a pound.

SAVORY BREAD STUFFING

10 cups soft bread crumbs, packed
2 cups finely chopped celery
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning

Combine all ingredients except oil. Add oil slowly. Toss together lightly with a fork until thoroughly blended. Makes 10 cups stuffing. (Allow approximately 1 cup stuffing per pound.) Try one of these changes (but remember there are 16 tablespoons in a cup):

For each cup of bread used, add 1 1/2 tablespoons chopped dill pickle; or 1/2 cup mashed sweet potato plus 1 tablespoon fried sausage meat; or 2 tablespoons chopped seeded raisins.

RICH MINCE PIE

1/2 lemon
1/2 cup suet
(1/4 pound)
1 1/2 cups raisins
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup suet
beef bouillon
cube
1/2 cup boiling water
2 apples, unpeeled and cored

Chopped 1 recipe pastry
(2 cups flour)

Put lemon, suet and 1 1/2 cups raisins through food grinder. Dissolve bouillon cube in boiling water. Combine all ingredients except pastry, in a saucepan. Heat to boiling and simmer for 30 minutes, stir occasionally. Roll out half the pastry to fit an 8-inch pie pan. Cool filling and pour into unbaked pastry shell. Roll out remaining pastry. Make a lattice or plain top. Seal edges well. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° F. and continue baking for 30 to 40 minutes. Makes an 8-inch pie.

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

1/2 recipe pastry
(1 cup flour)
1 envelope plain gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup mashed pumpkin ( canned or fresh)
1 cup brown sugar
3 eggs, separated
1/2 cup heavy cream
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon ginger
2 teaspoons allspice
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons grated orange rind

Roll out pastry to fit 9-inch pie pan. Shape to fit. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Cool. Add gelatin to cold water and allow to stand a few minutes. Place in top of double boiler with pumpkin, brown sugar, egg yolks, cinnamon, ginger, allspice and salt. Cook, stirring constantly, over hot water until slightly thickened and mixture coats a spoon. Stir constantly. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg white until it stands in soft peaks. Gradually beat in remaining sugar. Gently fold into cooled pumpkin mixture and orange rind. Whip cream and fold into pumpkin and egg white mixture. Pour into baked shell and chill. Garnish with whipped cream or sprinkle with coconut, if desired. Makes one 9-inch pie.
My Boss, Drew Pearson

(Continued from page 29)

how my boss’s twenty-four-hours-a-

day job creeps even into his barnyard.

It’s the work-day of his that alone un-

nerves me about my job as his assistant.

Many’s the morning I’ve been during the

week in a divided house in Washing-

ton, D.C. This house is really three red

brick houses locked together; and one

wing (or house) is his office. It makes it

easy for him to roll out of bed and right to

the job. It makes it
tough for me and his five secretaries.

Let me give you an idea of his day:

He’s up at six o’clock, sipping orange

juice and reading the first draft of

his column, “Washington Merry-Go-

Round.” At 7:45 precisely, he shaves

while he listens to the news on the tele-

vision set in his bathroom. At 8:00 pre-

cisely he eats breakfast—
two soft boiled eggs, bacon, milk, and

one cup of coffee—while he bends his

ears to the radio announcements send-

ing to his brother Leon who broadcasts

from Paris for NBC. At 8:45 he’s in

what I call his Spartan chair—it’s a

wooden job with arms and legs—and

he’s hard at work answering his avalanche of mail with the aid of

all his secretaries. This goes on until

12:30 P.M. Meanwhile, the tele-

phones are ringing on his desk. He

answers all of them personally.

“I live in deadly terror that some day

I’ll miss a hot news story by not an-

swering some support mail from me on

more than one occasion—which is one

reason that his telephone number is in

the Washington phone book. Any-

one with a nickel can call him. And

sometimes I think that everyone with a

nickel does just that. But I’ll admit

that often it’s those calls—from stran-

gers—that have tipped him off to some

of his biggest news scoops.

TAKE the war profits scandal that

Congressman Andrew J. May and the

informant Geo. Pearson who first

Drew got the tipoff from a strange

telephone call. But let him tell it:

“I’d been broadcasting one night

about Congressman May’s stand against

termination pay for veterans,” says he,

“when the telephone rang right there

in the radio station at the end of my

broadcast. It was a veteran who’d been

listening to me on his radio. His wife

had had a secretarial position where

she’d learned about the scandal-

ous operations of the Garssons and

May, and how they swindled into it.

I did—and prosecution for the

crooks was the result.” He got his

tip about Senator Thomas of Okla-

homa’s speculation with Spaniards

the same way—and long before

Stassen pointed a finger at the Wash-

ington speculators. An anonymous

phone call from a woman came in about

Thomas. It was his ex-wife, soliciting, and a

series of columns resulted.

For that matter, as this goes to press

my boss is doing a Dick Tracy on a

phone call that came in from Michigan

the other day. The guy on the other

end was an ex-con, and he gave

Drew some hot tips on the murder of

Senator Hooper—which Drew is work-

ing on right now.

But back to Drew’s work-day. At

12:30 he rushes off to lunch. It

always lunched at the Mayflowers

Hotel, and always at his own table in the

corner. I am proud to announce that

my boss is not a table-hopping colum-

nist. No, everyone comes to him.

He usually lunches with one of his

close friends, Senator Sam Rayburn, 

Senator Ives, Attorney General Clark

Leake, and Senator Barkley. But most

of his friends don’t give him news

stories—these come from other people

dining in the Mayflower, who come up

to him every now and again and ask him

if he wants to meet an interesting

man. To him the best thing about lunch

is dessert—it’s the one time in the day

when he stops being a Spartan and

really lets his hair down.

But sometimes he has something horridly

for dessert, like Baked Alaska, or Crêpes

Suzette.

By 2:30 in the afternoon he hurries

back to his office, shuts off the tele-

phone ringing and starts on his work.

16 P.M. Drew is a man who plans;

his boss merely works another hour on

his mail, and then tours various govern-

ment offices to pick up more news.

When dinner is over, he is often back

at the office till it gets dark.

Dinner for Drew means that he sits

down with his attractive blonde wife

Luvie, and with her son by a former

marriage, who is named Tyler Abell.

Drew’s daughter Ellen, also by a former

marriage, moved out recently when she married George

Arnold—the son, if you recall, of the

ex-postman who brought Thrumm Arnold

to the White House. Once a week regularly the Pearsons

entertain at a dinner party.

It’s true that Drew is a Quaker, not

only in his religion but in his heart. In

fact, he often thinks like a Quaker

worker—which, indeed, he once was.

But let me give you a quick measure of his faith and then I’ll prove to

you that Quaker food is truly boil-

ing in his veins.

My boss was born fifty-one years ago

in Evanston, Illinois. He graduated

from Swarthmore in 1915, and his dad

was a professor, in 1919—Phi Beta

Kappa, by the way. Right out of college

he went overseas as a Quaker relief

worker, to Yugoslavia. There he stayed

for two years, rebuilding a destroyed

Yugoslav village with the help of its

citizens—which village has since been

named Pearsonovits in his honor.

He returned after the war, and has worked ever since.

He went all through China, Japan, Aus-

tralia, New Zealand—and then sailed

for Europe. While he was on this trip

he took his wife (who is front-laced and

also 16-year-old) on a tour of 

16 countries, including

running out of money in Australia

and shipping as a seaman. But he also

interviewed the twelve leading men

of the world for a news syndicate—two

of whom were Mahatma Gandhi and

Mohandas Gandhi—and he talked many of the

newspapers of Australia, New Zealand,

India and South Africa into hiring

them as their American correspondent

for the next ten years! He came triumph-

antly home with $734—exactly $34

more than he’d started out with!
That trip set the pace for the next ten years of his life. Reporting for various newspapers, he was all over the world wherever something was happening until 1932. Then his friends told him he'd committed literary suicide.

What he did was this: stepping out of his role as foreign correspondent, he wrote a book (and a novel) called "Washingtom Merry-Go-Round" with Robert S. Allen. It truly reported the inside doings of Washington big shots; and while writing it, Pearson worked for the Baltimore Sun and Allen worked for the Christian Science Monitor. Two months after publication of the book, when it was revealed that Pearson, among others, had contributed stories, both men were temporarily fired. They spent a hungry year. Then they collaborated on a political column called "Washington Motor-Rounds." At first, only six newspapers signed up for it. Now, and with Pearson writing it alone, over six hundred newspapers print it. On top of that, Drew has an audience of twelve million people for his radio show on Sunday nights—and he makes around $400,000 a year. Somewhere here, I'm sure there's a moral.

And that word moral brings me back to what I was about to point out a while back: that my boss is still a Quaker. (For the record, this is my story.) He will never forget one hot Spring day last year. Drew and I were in New York, riding in a taxi toward a United Nations meeting. I remember the date well, because it was the last day of the World Series, with the Yanks and Dodgers tied at three all. I complained, "Drew, why do we have our minds on baseball when we could be doing something serious—like going to the ball game?"

He was looking through some papers in his briefcase as the taxi sped toward the U.N., and I saw that they were reports on hunger in Europe. He said "Forget the ball game. Dave—when I see these reports, I get furious at the way all Congress is letting this happen, and I wish I could do something serious—like going to the ball game!"

He thought a minute. I saw the beginning of what I call a Quaker Reliever Worker gleam in his eyes. "I wonder if American people get together and help feed Europe themselves?" he said.

"UNRA already thought of that. But it's too late. They have already collected the food, they decided it was cheaper to buy it," I contributed.

Drew brushed that off as if it were a gnat. "We could start a train of our own—West Coast and have it go East, picking up food all the way. A friendship train..."

"He broke off sharply, and then yelled, "Boy, that's it—the Friendship Train!"

And that, my friends, was how the Friendship Train really got started—right in the brain in a taxi outside of New York.

Drew flew to Europe to ride the train through France and Italy.

In Genoa, Italy, he started something else that should have been done. There's a short wave, he broadcast to the U.S. suggesting that Americans write letters to Italian friends and relatives urging them to vote for the Liberals in the Italian elections. And what happened? The New York postmaster reported that letters were finally going over again to Italy at the rate of one million a week. I think you know what I mean about my boss's Quaker relief worker streak.... but also, he never loses his sense of humor. Example: he drives a dark green Buick, vintage 1940. His wife, however, darts around Washington in a baby green 1948 Kaiser. How did she get this snappy car? Well, it happened this way. Drew made a bet with his friend, Quaker Henry J. Kaiser while they were both aboard that Friendship Train heading for New York. Kaiser was the conductor of the train, and Drew was conductor of the Pennsylvania section.

In Chicago, where the huge train was divided into sections, Drew made the bet. "Bet you my section comes into New York with more cars of food than yours," he said.

"Bet you mine has more carloads," said Kaiser.

Drew was a little taken aback that his section was even belted from the kitchen. (This was, by the way, the only big bet that Kaiser and I have made in my life.)

He asked Italians to write essays on "How to Make Democracy Live."

Well, 1,000 postcards poured in from Italy as a result of the contest—in Italian, of course; so Drew got his friend Generoso Pope, publisher of the largest Italian newspaper in the U.S., and a picked committee chose the winners. At a dinner this last July 7th at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City the prizes were announced—again the short-wave radio—broadcasts to Italy. If you ask me, I think the prizes were ones Italians (or Americans!) would love: one tractor; 250 wristwatches; 1,000 men's and women's hats; 100 pairs of shoes; 100 shirts.

Yes my boss sure has a Quaker streak! But he's also got a farmer's streak and every time I catch him in a conversation with a foreigner, I'm afraid he's just as likely to explain why he has that farm, because he only gets out to it Saturdays. Sunday is like any weekday to him; he works all day and spends his evenings on his broadcast. But Saturday he and Luana hustle out to Gaithersburg, Maryland, to the 170-acre Pearson farm.

Why do I have two pools, when most men have one pool? asks my boss. "Well, it's because I'm a bug on stopping soil erosion. When I was a young fellow in China I saw what devastation erosion wrought; and when I taught economic geography I did a lot of research on erosion. ... so once I saw signs of it on my farm, I had two pools dug to catch the mountain water before it could do any harm.

I think that gives you a pretty clear picture of all the Drew Pearsons that I know. They are all Quakers. Drew became a Quaker when he was an adult. He went to work for the Quakers, then Drew the Quaker relief worker. Then there's Drew the bloodhound, who exposed Senator Bilbo's dream-house and the U.S. Post Office—of all the State Government scandals that wound up imprisoning Governor Richard K. Leche and his gang—and a hundred other New York news stories. Then there's Drew the columnist, the broadcaster, the farmer, and the family man. And I work for them all!
Dear Editor

(Continued from page 25)

after the first two nights I played television host. She said "It's your stag party. I'm going out."" Domestic tranquility won out, however, when she herself took an interest in sporting events. When she took to wrestling I knew that television had won a rare convert.

I must concede that all entertainment over my home receiver is not tops by any means. Dramatic technique has not shown any remarkable advances. I remember a performance of "Winter-set" I witnessed over a friend's set some years back as being superior—in my mind—to many of the plays I see today.

We like movies—even the old films and foreign productions. The reels are not top-drawer entertainment but I've always been a lover of Grade Bs. I am certain the movie theaters will never be put out of business by television. My teen-age son still prefers seeing movies in a theater with his best date. And I think I understand it. It's the thing I go along with television that get my goat. Like the telephone call that comes in the midst of dramatic action.

Among my pet peeves, the one that irritates me most is the prolonged use of a title slide that fills the screen until a program actually begins. I think that every program should actually get under way at the precise scheduled moment. I'm also annoyed when a program is blacked out without any accompanying announcement as to why the cut was made. Another nuisance—not a fault of the broadcasters—is the constant mugging of persons seated in pick-up range of the television cameras at sports and news events.

Guests at my home exasperate me no end when they insist on toying with the dials during a program. Just turning knobs for the sake of seeing what will happen is a pesky pastime.

During afternoon sports events, I think television keeps my oldest boy indoors too much. I got so concerned about this that I blew him to two tickets to a football game because I wanted him to get some fresh air.

Comedy can stand improvement—particularly in the use of bigger names. Quizzes are usually more amusing than the radio variety.

The how-to-do-it features click with us in a big way. I've learned quite a bit about home handicraft and have even started amateur drawing as a result of peeking-in on instruction features. All of which augurs well for the future of television as a mass educational medium.

I've taken quite an interest in all television news. I feel that my $435 investment entitles me to it.

Television has done a swell job in filming distant events and rushing them to the transmitter for telecasting. But there's much more fun in seeing an event while it is happening. I'd rather take-in instantaneous* by than delayed film.

We take tremendous interest in political talks. There's something to seeing and hearing a speaker that shows him in a light not sure that television was an important vote-getting device in this year's campaigning.

And, speaking of votes, mine is for bigger and better television! In every home—above all, the landlord's— Anonymous.

---

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GOTHIC JARPROW WATCH CORP.
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Come and Visit Ed Gardner

(Continued from page 33)

a long, dark moment. "Play with me!"
"In a moment, darling," his mother said.
"Stevie doesn't feel well. He has a stomach ache."
At this Eddie bellowed. He had a stomach ache too. Such a stomach ache.
His mother shushed him:
It went on like that all day. If the baby cried—and he cried a lot, probably because I was tense and he knew it, Simone thinks—Edie stumbled over nothing and scratched his knee, and had to have Bandaid service immediately. If the baby required changing, Eddie suddenly developed buttoning trouble of his own.
"And I was all alone," Simone reminds Ed.
"All this hassle at home," Ed marvels at this, "and me away, having all that fun writing jokes."
"There was nothing funny here," Simone responds with some pique. "No laughs at all."
By the time Ed got home from the office—it had been a long, hard day with the script—he was exhausted. And so pleased to find the house quiet.
Stevie was sleeping, too, until, at last, exhausted from his crying, and Eddie, with mama all his own again, had gone to his own bed blissfully content.
"And do you remember what was the first thing you said to me?" Simone asks him accusingly.
Ed has completely forgotten.
"You said you were so tired, you thought you'd have a nap!
Worn-out Daddy slept on the sofa in the study from 7:30 until 10:30."
"Right through dinner," Simone says, with some satisfaction.
Simone managed to stay upright through dinner, through the baby's waking and crying and feeding and sleeping again, through calls from Ed-die for drinks of water, a toy to sleep with, another hug and kiss from mama.
"I tottered downstairs," she reports. "And there was that man stretched out, smiling in his sleep, completely dead to the world.
"I was so furious," she says, "that I... I woke him up!"
It was only the first of these two—not-as-easy-as-one days, so they could still laugh.
"So," Ed says, "I take it back. It isn't a cinch. But you have to admit that some days we have fun."
That they do.

They have fun, most days, with their children. The day after Black Thurs-day, Ed went shopping and bought Ed-die a pair of professional boxing gloves.
"He can take his grudges out on me, from now on," he explained, "instead of his mother."
"Or his brother," says Simone, who really read that book.
While he was at the store, Ed thought he had bought too big for Eddie—and he fought his way through the women shoppers in the boys' wear department.
He made a vague and frightened gesture over the counters of shirts, pants, overalls, cowboy suits when the clerk came up.
"Give me a hundred dollars' worth, I said," he reports, "making like the Big Spender."
What size? the clerk wanted to know.
Oh, dear, did he have to know that?

How old was the little boy?
Ed was four, but big, his father indicated, marking Eddie's approximate height at somewhere around his mid-
day.

The salesgirl, looking doubtful, said maybe he would take a six, and bundled up one hundred dollars' worth in that size.

"Ed couldn't get his toe into them," Ed reports proudly. "Had to take them all back and get eights. The kid's training to be a tackle. Already weighs sixty-pounds!"

Eddie indeed is an all-round athlete. Challenges his father daily to handstands. Swims like a fish in the pretty pool the family has had built in the backyard. Is merciless with Ed—who plays brilliant tennis—when he reports an only adequate score at golf.

Simone has adapted herself to the rugged standards set by her men-folk, plays a very nice game of tennis herself.
Her really favorite sport, though, Ed says ruefully, is "going to Magnin's"—an equally expensive, Simone retorts with some justice. Ed recently acquired a 55-foot Alden yawl, the Malabar VII, and although he went on his first half-dozen cruises equipped with a pocket edition of How to Sail a Boat, he already is a seasoned sailor.

The Malabar VII won second place this season in the annual Ensenada race, but Ed gives all credit to his crew. He is the only Skipper on record, he will

CRIME

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tell you, who ever won a race in a prone position. However, he keeps a high polish on the silver trophy which resulted from the victory.

The silver cup, and a huge picture of the boat, have places of honor in the Gardners’ drawing room—which, like the rest of the white brick house the family moved into last November, is invitingly informal.

They really use their house, live—and hard—in every room, according to Simone who planned the colorful French provincial interiors to take wear and tear, as well as to look charming.

“Could be the house is too small,” Ed admits, now that the new baby has come. They moved from a 14-room mansion which was just too rich for Archie’s blood, and found the pretty little chalet comfortable until the advent of Stevie and nurse crowded them out of their upstairs suite into a guest room, with only one bath, on the first floor.

Ed, who is spoiled—“I like my own dressing room”—began at this point to talk about adding rooms, remodeling.

“He even brought home a carpenter’s kit,” Simone recalls. “I was frightened. I was afraid he’d hurt himself.”

But she needn’t have worried. He didn’t open it. He soothes his claustrophobic panics by gazing across their garden and pool to the lush greens of the California Country Club which adjoins their property in the back.

“Biggest back yard in California,” Ed brags. “Sixty-two gardeners all working for me for free.”

A cook and butler, driver—and of course the nurse—work for Ed on another basis, and keep busy.

It is not just that the family is growing. Things keep jumping in the Gardner house. Ed and Simone have a vast circle of friends from the yachting world, the tennis world, Si- mone’s old friends from France and, surprisingly, Ed’s grand opera and high society pals, rub elbows around the bar or Ed’s “saloon piano” at the Gardners’ frequent, happily informal parties.

Lauritz Melchior and Helen Traubel, who can sing, and Ed, who can’t, make a great trio.

The Melchiors love to tell people how they found the Gardners’ house the first time they were invited to dinner after the moving. They had no address, only Ed’s fairly vague directions. He hadn’t found out yet how to find the place himself, he told them.

It was moonlight, and Lauritz drove very slowly through the curved streets of Bel Air rejecting house after house as impossible.

Suddenly in their path loomed a dog, and Lauritz slammed on the brakes. The dog was a friendly dog, and in no hurry; she was awkward and ugly but loving; her ancestry was extremely conglomerate.

“This is it,” Melchior boomed to his wife, turning without hesitation into the driveway. Nobody in Bel Air but Ed Gardner would have a dog like that.”

Anything—that the dog’s name—ambled down the drive after them, ar- rived to welcome them just as Ed opened the front door.

“Come in,” he shouted. “Simone is in the kitchen supervising the soup. The kids are asleep, at last, thanks to Lord. Now we can make some noise. Come in... come in... take off your coats... take off your shoes if you want to.”

And another evening at Archie’s was under way.

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although, as he says, "Because of the pass I always had to sit in a box, thus giving me an oblique theatrical view of things." While he was in school in Boston and Florida Johnny wrote for school papers and acted in little theater groups, school plays and summer stock.

Mary Kay got an even earlier introduction to the stage. She made her first professional appearance at the Pasadena Playhouse at the age of 20, where she did a bunny dance. By the time she was 14, she'd made up her mind that she wanted nothing in this world more than to be an actress. Unlike Johnny, she had no theatrical background in the family. Her father was a banker, and his father had been a banker, and he was very much opposed to Mary Kay's even thinking about a stage career. Undaunted, Mary Kay got a job in "Music City," a record store in Hollywood, to pay for acting lessons with Zeke Colvin, former stage manager for Ziegfeld. She then went on to two years in the Actor's Lab, famous experimental group in Hollywood. She was just 19 in August, 1945 when she followed her heart and auditioned for a part in "Strange Bedfellows" at the same time. Before the show left Dumont to go on WNBT, where it is now seen and heard on Sundays from 7:00 to 7:20 P.M., the Seearajes had received 26,000 letters, telegrams and postcards, as well as numerous presents. Their show has been mentioned in every "movie" fanzine to date too.

Johnny was becoming very much interested in television at that time, and he got Mary Kay interested too. This was not particularly difficult since, if it involved long, his young wife was half sold at the start. While thinking about a show idea, Johnny realized that their newly-married state was a constant source of material. Mary Kay's cute, naive approach to her new domestic duties supplied him with endless anecdotes, so why not build a show around their real-life experiences? In record time they had Mary Kay and Johnny sold to Dumont—with Johnny handling all the writing and producing chores and Mary Kay appearing in "Strange Bedfellows" at the same time. Last summer, between the end of their Dumont stint and the start of their NBT series, they had their first vacation in two years. They went up to the farm in Peterborough. To demonstrate why he contends that Mary Kay is a walking plot, Johnny tells about the trip up. "We took the midnight train, and I found that to save money Mary Kay had reserved only one berth. The trip proved rather hectic when I discovered that she had smuggled into the berth her cat (a pure white Angora named Patricia) as well as a high-strung Pomeranian which she was keeping for a friend. After flipping a coin I ended up in the smoker making faces at the found that incident and things like them the time they attended an antique auction while up in New Hampshire, got separated, and wound up bidding against another for pair of cap-

There's a RADIO RINGSIDE SEAT RESERVED FOR YOU at the TOP BOXING BOUT OF THE WEEK every Friday night Desc. by Ace Announcer DON DUNPHY and BILL CORUM on the "Cavalcade of Sports"

There's a "Young Men of Boxing" by Lewis Burton in the December SPORT magazine.
“It Never Hurts to Try!”
(Continued from page 43)

Costello programs, both the Kid Show on Saturday and the Wednesday night one on ABC, ever since they started. And so I heard the prize contest announcement—$30,000 in prizes for the most sincere letter beginning “I want to fight juvenile delinquency because...”

“Well,” I said to myself, “that is a subject I know something about—children. It won’t hurt to try, and who knows? Maybe I can win!”

After supper that evening I sat down and wrote. I’m not a writer, and I doubt that my letter had anything like “style” or “literary merit,” but I knew it was sincere. The judges—Eddie Cantor, Vincent Flaherty, and Arthur Stebbins—especially noted that quality of sincerity, I’ve been told.

I DON’T remember now exactly how I worded it, but I tried to put into that letter all the love and understanding Daddy and I had given our children. I tried to express my belief that the best way to fight juvenile delinquency is to give children that love and understanding—before they are delinquent. Daddy and I know, from experience, that there are no “bad” children. There are children who make mistakes and who get wrong ideas, but we believe that such children are the victims of poor home training or of poor parental example.

Children are great mimics. If you don’t want them to do a thing, don’t do it yourself or they will imitate you. And don’t promise them anything you don’t intend to do—because they will lose faith in you, and then in others, and first thing you know you have a “bad” child on your hands, maybe even a “delinquent” child. Kindness, patience, firmness but no nagging—those are the rules we followed and believe in. And we would put kindness first on the list.

I wrote these ideas as best I could, and I mailed my letter—with a silent prayer. I didn’t expect to win, but I hoped and I kept on praying. That was on May 7—and on July 10 my prayers were answered. Since then, it’s been a fantasy out of the Arabian Nights

Jim Moore of Shenandoah’s station KMA broke it to us gently, or I’m sure I’d have fainted dead away. He came around and said that I’d won $100 for the best letter received from KMA’s audience, and he wanted us to come to the station next day to have our pictures taken. That was wonderful enough, but when he broke the news that my letter had won the grand prize—well, I cried! I still can hardly believe it—the suddenness of it, the excitement, the speed with which wonders mounted up.

Imagine it—two simple, hardworking, God-fearing grandparents lifted from a little Shenandoah apartment and set down bodily in a beautiful suite at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel, in the very heart of the magic movie and radio city. It was all so quick, from the first news to the time we boarded the train for California, that Daddy in his excitement even forgot to bring his watch!

So that you’ll understand why we two remained in a daze practically all through our visit, I’ll have to tell you a little about our early lives. Both Daddy and I were farm children from Missouri. We married young, and Daddy has worked, long and hard,
since he was seventeen. Farm laborer, construction worker—all kinds of jobs he’s had. I remember in the depression after World War II he walked six miles a day to catch a ride for some work steady wages. He knew we had to keep our heads held high and we both had to work harder. I did all the washing, ironing, cooking, mending, and cleaning for the family, and we could never afford even so much as a Christmas tree. I’d love of my endless work, I could always look at Daddy—bent and sweating out in the midwestern fields of a summer day, or doing his job as Daddy says. In winter, as Daddy makes winter snows to get some job, any job, that would keep us going.

O'NE, after much saving and skimping, we thought we had “arrived.” We bought our own little farm. It was wonderful—and we lost it. We began our “travels” again around Missouri and Iowa. During the last war we moved to Tucson, Ariz., where Daddy worked in an airplane factory. But mostly, for the past fifteen years, we lived in Shenandoah. We had many bad times there, and the children needed new clothes and shoes. We always went to church, and read the Bible, and said grace before meals, and no matter what happened we found courage to go on. We had to nurse the children, each in turn, through childhood’s usual diseases—measles, scarlet fever, and the rest. When the youngest boy, was seven, he had pneumonia, and for a time we feared we would lose him. We prayed, and he pulled through. We prayed for the war that came, for a group of brothers, was in the army and served in the Aleutians. During his training days, I visited him in California. Then I went by bus. This time.

We traveled in style. We were guests of Abbott and Costello, two grand gentlemen and most sincere in their work for Your Old-Time Foundation, their living memorial to Lou’s tragically lost little boy. Guests of these great stars, we appeared on their shows and in the movie studios where we met other stars. We dined at the Brown Derby. Mrs. Costello took us to Slapsy Maxie’s night club, where we were “spotlighted” and given a show of a lifetime. We were guests at a grand barbecue party at lovely Brenda Joyce’s, where we met other celebrities. We joined the Creme de la Creme yacht club. We took the Capitana to Catalina. We had sight-seeing tours through the beautiful streets of Beverly Hills and Bel-Air. We saw the people growing races at Hollywood Park—quite a contrast to the races we had seen at small county fairs! So many exciting things we did, so many celebrities we met and people asking us for our autographs.

And the prizes! That $5,000 mink coat and that $3,000 trailer, the $1,250 diamond ring, the $1,200 girdle, the $1,300 watches, the $3,000 sedan—so many fabulous items I can scarcely call them off without a list. No wonder one of the most famous missives I was mailing our train, made that quip about Daddy.

“What line of work do you follow, Mr. 44-year-old?” I asked.

“Right now,” said Daddy, “I’m unemployed.”

“You mean yesterday you were unemployed.”

We are keeping the new car, and we’re giving the “real, live elephant” to the Costello foundation. (It wouldn’t be very happy in a small apartment, and besides it will bring a hundred dollars to the kids—of all races and colors—at the playground.) We are selling most of the other things, not because we wouldn’t enjoy some of them, but we want more money to fulfill a dream. That $4,795 airplane is no temptation to either of us, because Daddy and I have never been in the air and don’t intend to start flying now. This lovely island is all we have, as I’ve told you. I love the realization of our dream.

Our dream is of a little home of our own, with “just a little ground to raise a lot of vegetables.” A house, not as much as a house, but just a home. As Daddy says. In that home perhaps, we can put the gas range we won, and the $1,000 heating and cooling system, and the tile kitchen and bath, and the few of the more practical and useful prizes.

We have both fallen in love with California, and it may be that we’ll find that here prices come down. On the other hand, Iowa has a warm place in our hearts, and we’d think long before deciding to move so far away from our children’s homes in Iowa, Minnesota and Missouri. Not long ago little granddaughter Patricia was pretty sick in Minnesota, and as soon as we heard we caught a bus and got to her bedside. As a grandma, I like to think that our visits made her get well faster. And I like to know that I can reach any of their homes on short notice if need be. We’re both content in Iowa after all, despite the entrance flowers and climate of California.

Right now we’re not rushing to make decisions. When our merry round of Hollywood life is finished, we’ll rest up on our two-weeks’ free vacation (another prize) at El Rancho Hotel in Las Vegas. We hear there is gambling in Nevada, don’t know how many of us on that score. We’re looking forward mainly to the wonderful scenery we’ve heard about, to the cool, starlit desert nights, and to a real rest.

SOMEONE has asked me if I don’t regret that this great good fortune of ours was delayed, if I don’t wish it had happened to us sooner. I’ve been struggling to raise our family. That’s a hard question. It would have been a great help then, of course. The children might have had advantages we could never have given them, like a new, a few luxuries to brighten their growing days. As parents we might have had fewer worries about groceries, clothes, rent and expenses generally.

But probably it’s just as well that it happened now. Life is a struggle in any circumstances. It’s easier on both of us. We’re stronger now, according to the way they meet it. Daddy and I, and later the children, had to meet it head-on, under our own power, and we figure we came out on top. The children are healthy and strong, and they’re good American citizens, and they’re rearing good families of their own, and that’s the main thing, our prize money came after we’d done our jobs as parents, and it’s satisfying to know that—however grateful we are for winning—most plain old Americans do. Without help, I mean, other than God’s.

And what if we hadn’t won? Well, we’d have managed somehow, just as we always managed before. It might not have been easy, but we’d have done it. We’re used to struggling, and misfortune doesn’t get us down. Neither, of course, does good fortune. We’re happy that it happened to me—just as I prayed it would. And it can happen to you!
Coast to Coast in Television
(Continued from page 48)
fall, still have plenty of good football coming their way via WBKB. Nov. 8th Iowa at Illinois; Nov. 15 at Northwestern at Notre Dame; Nov. 20th Indiana at Purdue; and Nov. 27th Washington at Notre Dame.

WMAL-TV, in Washington, D.C., has a very interesting show called On Wings of Thought. It features Robert L. Friend, a mentalist. He hypnotized three subjects on his regular Thursday night since recently, and that was believed to be the first time anyone was hypnotized on a TV show. No reports of any viewees being hypnotized as a result of the show, although hypnotism is not permitted over the radio because listeners are often affected.

Many owners of television sets worry because with new improvements coming, the old being made obsolete. The British television has no such problem. BBC passed a decree in the fall that the present sets were adequate and all future sets will be turned out in exactly the same manner for several years to come.

Barry Wood, long one of radio's favorite crooners, not only produces and stars in his own CBS-TV show Places Please three times a week (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 7:15 to 7:30) but he is also the producer of a lively video show featuring the Korn Kobblers.

Operation Success, which we lauded as a one-shot over NBT a few months ago, is now a regularly-scheduled feature of the Dumont network. The show, which displays abilities of disabled war veterans, is done in cooperation with the Veterans Administration. Throughout the program employs are asked to phone in job offers. The program originates in New York and is also seen in Washington, D.C., Baltimore, Boston, and New Haven.

Cinderella Weekend, the prize-winning audience participation show is now being televised on Fridays for Detroit's 100,000 television owners via WWJ-TV. The grand prize each week is a weekend trip to New York for two. The weekly selection is made on Fridays to coincide with the telecast.

Veterans in Cleveland with good war yarns to spin can tell them over WEWS the television show called Booty Bag. Stories are always backed up with souvenirs and trophies and there are prizes for the best stories and most interesting souvenirs.

Listen when
KATE SMITH SPEAKS
15 Minutes with Radio's charming personality
Noon D.S.T. Mutual Stations
Life With Sister
Margaret

(Continued from page 53) was so unconcerned about this episode that she didn’t tell us about it for several days. We have never seen the little boy since. Maybe he was a mirage (suckers) for me. On another occasion Margaret emerged from CBS after her Club 15 broadcast and was stopped by a nice-looking boy, who instead of saying “I’m Joe Doakes and you’ll have to get me when we were in fifth grade together”—pulled that foggy line, “I’ll bet you don’t remember me!”

I’m the sort of person who would have said “No” thereby winning nothing except lasting enmity. Not Margaret. She hedged. “If you’ll go on talking, I think I’ll place your voice,” she said. And standing and talking to the boy and tossing out key questions until she remembered where she had met him, and even what his Army rank had been. When you realize that this was a train of thought about a million service men during the war, you have to give the girl credit.

At yet another time she exhibited her customary poise and efficiency. For three days she made an attack and several bags for a New York trip. She called the transfer company, dispatched my trunk, checked my airline reservations, set down all the arrangements, then sent me off to the beauty shop to get my hair done.

While I was gone my agent telephoned to say that I was to be tested for the Junior Miss show, so I would have to cut my New York trip short. Margaret telephoned the airline to move my reservations forward. Telephoned the hotel to advance the reservations. Wied Betty Sullivan (columnist Ed Sullivan’s daughter, who is one of my best friends); telephoned my aunt to make arrangements for us to meet in Detroit; then telephoned me to say—not that I was about to get the radio break of my life—but that she had bad news for me: My New York trip was being aborted.

I hung up and went back to the drier to let the news bake in.

Margaret hadn’t been away from the telephone more than two seconds before our breakfast train to say that I wouldn’t be able to go to New York at all because rehearsals were to start at once.

Hang on to the handrail and follow this: Margaret telephoned the airlines, the hotel . . . well, she unwound everything she had just wound up. Then she called me, still as calm as a string quartet and said: “I think tomorrow you can mind too much—there will be hundreds of future New York trips for you.”

It was seven hours later that she and I and Eleanor, glooming over dinner, suddenly realized that, in an understatement of the first magnitude, she was giving the Junior Miss show repre- sented for me. The local shingles are still warped from the shout that went up.

One more item of my sister’s poise makes me a nail-biter in envy: her management of date problems is as smooth as an Astaire step. She gives advance notice of all proposals, even of the type she is showing everyone equal attention, but afterward she points out to me some of the things a girl can do to let a man know that he’s special stuff.

Also, when our mother decided that the time was ripe, Margaret explained to me the things every girl must learn.

I personally think this was a better idea than being informed by Mother; you see, afterwards when I had a question, it was cosy and secret-sharing (after all, I was a mite of a Suckers) for me. To sneak into Margaret’s room when she came home from a date, and whisper for hours.

The most endearing fact about my sister is that she is the most generous person you ever met. I don’t have my own allowance and I really don’t need one, because I’m allowed to charge the gasline and the stuff. My clothing is bought on my mother’s charge account.

But when I do need an occasional dollar or two, she always know that Margaret will hand it over without ever asking a question. This might encourage some girls to take advantage, but I always tell Margaret what I’m going to do with the dough.

She is generous in another way, too. Few people realize that Margaret has been in show business since she was fourteen. She loves her work and she works hard.

During her years in show business Margaret has learned all the tricks of the trade and all the shadings of technique which add up to fine performance. During our long night sessions of yakity-yak, she has coached me in the methods that she had to learn with a shrewdness in advance.

A lot of kids I know think that the routine in this world is (1) have talent; (2) pretend you have; (3) get a break; (4) buy an acre of automobile and a swimming pool entirely surrounded by house; (4) live happily ever after.

Margaret has pointed out to me that it would be super if this were the way the world operated, but that it plaid isn’t. She knows the value of a buck if anyone ever did, and she has let me in on the secret that dimes aren’t found in daisy-shirts.

She’s practical. I may not be that yet, but at least I have the brains to understand that in this world you’ve got to a buck, and have to give to your best, and you’ve got to go right on improving yourself.

She has always had a goal just ahead. Margaret is now taking drama lessons, ballet lessons, and also a course in physical conditioning. She wants to progress from her radio and recording successes to leads in Broadway shows. After that she would like to do musical comedy in motion pictures.

With that kind of upward-and-onward Brave New World example staring me in my breakfast table every morning there is no chance of me turning into Miss Sloth of 1950.

Another smooth thing about my sister is that she has the knack of saying the right thing at the right time. When the 20th Century-Fox dropped my option with a mighty thud, Margaret merely observed, “Metro passed up Astaire, but not because she (I) was too big for a 20th Century-Fox. The 20th Century-Fox is a company where they let a girl drown themselves in their own tears.”

Margaret has a super clothes sense, which comes in handy for me as I can wear all of her second-hand, but she can also dress in the second-hand, and I do not let her dress in the second-hand. Write your local JUERCO, 4272 N. Damen, Dept. M30, Chicago 25, Ill.
I don't want to give the impression that she is too exquisitely refined, because she isn't. For instance, she got hold of my diary—the one written when I was an immature child of fifteen—and read a great deal of it. At that time I thought I was in love with Peter Lawford. Now that I am seventeen, I feel sure it wasn't true love, but only fascination. Nevertheless, this was part of my development and I think it should be allowed me to develop in private without quoting certain breathless passages.

Here's another sore spot: Margaret has a perfectly lovely habit of showing guests my juvenile pictures, taken when I still had my baby fat. I tried to retell by showing some of her early pictures, but they happen to be cute, so I was baffled and stumped.

Just when I had reached the conclusion, after one of the ghastly Old Family Album evenings, that it would be better for Margaret and I went our separate ways and met only as acquaintances forever after, she has to go away on a personal appearance tour.

The second time of my absence I discover, foolish me, that I am so homesick and lonesome for her that I can't stand it. I moan around the house missing her noise, missing her growing nonsense, and I play her favorite song, “Someone To Watch Over Me” over and over. And I sneak into her room and sleep in her bed just to feel nearer and dumber. So far I have never sent her a telegram reading, “Come home at once, all is forgiven,” but I may, yet. I guess the final word on an older sister is that sometimes she is sure to go sour, but most of the time she's absolutely super.

Barbara

(Continued from page 53)

know more about the mechanical gadgets of our era than I did when they were their age. They know more about geography, politics, music, and art, too.

Speaking of mechanical gadgets: Barbara—who is just past seventeen—has been driving her own car for almost a year. And disdaining our jointed we're keeping our fingers crossed for the first few months of Barbara's solo driving. She is the only known human being to turn our garage corner with impunity around the driveway. The squeal of that tire could be heard for miles. During the meat shortage, neighbors used to rush hopefully into the garage and pray the pig that had just been slaughtered.

However, this was a brief phase. She and her friends have seen too many gory results of speed, scattered along the California highway, to persist in taking chances. Most of Barbara's group are careful, considerate, and slow drivers. Also they keep their cars in fine mechanical condition because they know from rebuilding motors that when the tappet begins to wheeze it is time to have the lubricant adjusted.

Of course, this mastery of motors sometimes makes them good friends a sense of being in full overseaship of their environment. For instance, Barbara—emerging from her bedroom where she had been reading a magazine about planes—announced at the top of her lungs, “I do not like the way Betty Grable is doing her hair these days. It isn't as becoming as some of her earlier styles.”

When she bounced into the living room to discover that Mother and I were entertaining guests, she was the epitome of calm. She showed the magazine cover around the group, repeating her disapproval of Miss Grable's picture. She was right. Then she talked out, happy at having asserted herself.

It seems to me that the current young crop is always on the hunt for news and facts. They are glued together with curiosity. Recently Mother and I came home from a shopping tour and found Barbara quizzing the Fuller Brush man.

For the next two weeks we heard little from our corner, with some respite from the life of a door-to-door salesman. We kept expecting these nuggets to run out but while the vein seemed to have run dry during the second week—as rich as it was the day Barbara told the gentleman goodbye, we questioned her more closely about the length of his visit. He had talked with Barbara for almost four hours!

Our entire family is naturally gregarious. We like people, but Barbara has inherited the Whiting Inclination kindred. Her idea of the perfect household is the three of us plus three to five house guests. Her idea of the perfect dinner table is that at which not less than eight persons are seated. I think she's throwing back to the good days of the south when flocks of cousins descended upon a commodious plantation house and stayed for six months.

Barbara is definitely the hostess among us. She is warm with guests, Barbara then interprets them as members of the family in good standing. She does little to entertain them, leaving everyone to his own devices, which seems to please the guests very much; in no time, they're at ease.
It seems to me that Barbara and her friends are more realistic in their social behavior than my gang was at seventeen. We tried too hard; we were too conscious of what the etiquette book said. Not this junior crop! I have strolled into a silent room, thinking it was empty, only to surprise four or five happy characters with their noses buried in reading matter and find that some of my intellectual span from comic books to Shakespeare.

Another wonder thing about Barbara is that she is professionally gallant. Her two best girl friends are Peggy Ann Garner and Peggy Knudsen, and she thinks each is "positively" tops in her field. Present is a great thing among them. To refer to one another as "Ingrid," in honor of their heroine Miss Bergman. To be called "Ingrid" is the compliment supreme.

Barbara's professional gallantry withstood one of the most difficult tests of all: that of being applied within her own family. Ever since we could remember there has been one particular song, written by my father, which was regarded as Barbara's property.

She sang it on special family occasions. She roared it in the shower. It was as intimate a belting out of her toothbrush. Or as mine—which is practically the only thing I own which she doesn't borrow.

The song was so catchy that it was inevitable that someone should hear it and ask me to sing it, merely because I have the reputation for being the singer in the family. My thoughts I have the reputation for being the comedienne. The time will come when Barbara will make me look like an also-ran, I'm afraid, because she has a more intimate voice. I doubt if I have ever been spilling day away, I will be able to equal her as a comic.

I talked over the making of this song recording with my sister and agreed that it was going to be rough to take Barbara's pet into the nation's juke boxes with my label on it and my voice mixed in the grooves. Voice there didn't seem to be much else to do. We wanted Dad's music to live and this was one way of keeping it alive.

When we talked it over with Barbara, she was wonderfully good at her singing. The recording couldn't be postponed a few years until she had undergone training enough to be the singer. She simply started to coach me.

SHE coached me right up to the door of the recording studio. This might have been a little hard to take under other circumstances, because I sort of thing I know something of Fort Knox over a song, but I realized that this anxiety of Barbara's to have the number turned out exactly as she thought it should be styled was pretty sweet. She could have been bitter and heart-sick, but she was too completely the trouper to let such emotions enter her heart. That's how "Pass that Peace Pipe" was made.

And she's such a good sport that she changed her favorite tune. It is now "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." Most girls have a telephone-hound. Thank heaven, she isn't. Our telephone rings, rings, rings from dawn until dusk; if any single member of the family held up the line for more than ten minutes, that person would have to be gagged, bound, and hidden in a chest to keep the telephone company from launching an investigation.

Probably the shortest calls of all are those placed by or received by Barbara. Her technique is clairvoyant, but effective. "Hello," she yells, "what do you want? Anything special? Just to talk? What about?" That defeats the would-be conversationalist because practically no one is going to talk more than three minutes has any idea what he or she is going to talk about.

My little sister is not perfect, of course. She is inclined to be a bit illiterate and her worst faults are her most refreshing attributes. For instance, she almost never allows anyone to finish a sentence. She interrupts in a clear and ringing voice. At times this habit has annoyed me to suds-in-her-mouth.

That is this not entirely a fault was revealed to me at a dinner party one night when I was finishing a sentence that would have been the faux pas of the season. Bar- bara cut me off at the safe mark and the next day I bought her some perfume.

"Don't get it," said my kid sister. "One day I get a lecture on manners because I interrupt, and the next day I earn perfume for the same thing." But she understood perfectly. She was just having fun with me.

Another fault for which I haven't found a counterpart virtue is her delight in everything that is in my room when I'm not at home. Several years ago she turned up a diary in which I had been spilling my girlish heart, and for months afterward she would stare into the middle distance as she passed me like a sleepwalker, and re- cite passages of the beautiful thoughts I had been fool enough to trust to a diary. I suppose I should have been cagier; after all, the closed covers of any book are an invitation, let alone the book in which I had recorded my love affairs. And so the secrets of her grown-up, badly exciting (Barbara hopes) life.

Quite by accident I discovered the jokey combination she had made at the time she worshiped Peter Lawford from afar. Mother and I tried the Barbara tech- nique on Barbara with enormous lack of success. The proof of the beautiful thoughts I had been fool enough to trust to a diary. I suppose I should have been cagier; after all, the closed covers of any book are an invitation, let alone the book in which I had recorded my love affairs. And so the secrets of her grown-up, badly exciting (Barbara hopes) life.

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VARIES, at the end of this dramatic rainbow, Barbara sees—not the trad- itional white dress and huckleberries—but a hundred closets filled with clothes. She hopes to hit the list of ten best-dressed women by the time she is twenty. Barbara doesn't make up to keep up that Hooper until she wears the world's smartest shroud.

Meanwhile, she admits with a guile- less countenance, she has to be contented with the things she finds in my closet, a patric collection.

When I make a trip to New York I always plan to lock my room and hide the keys. She likes to go through with it. Reason one: by the time I reach New York I am so hungry for the sight of that junior miss—even wearing my necklace and my evening gown. Reason two: I know that I telephoned and suggest that she run through my possessions in search of something she really likes. By some time she usually has compiled in advance.

My sister is also efficient, you see.
Another Woman
(Continued from page 65)

for good, just made it that much worse.”

“But I am through!” Portia cried.

“The Mason murder trial was my last

And once Walter has all the facts,

he’ll see why I had to go back to the

law just this once.”

“Oh, you poor dear!” Leslie looked

ready to cry. “And now it’s too late!

Oh, dear, this is so awkward and pain-

ful. When he first told me he wasn’t

going to let you know, I pleaded with

him, told him he simply must send you

some word. But you know how stub-

born he can be—”

“Will you stop talking in circles?”

Portia almost shouted. She was shak-

ing; the cut-crystal bottles on Leslie’s
dressing table were dancing before her
eyes. She felt that she couldn’t endure

another moment of Leslie’s deliberate

torture, that she had to escape or ex-

plode. “Just tell me where he is! Where

is he?”

“He’s gone, Portia. His plane left at

two this afternoon.”

Portia felt the floor move under her

feet, saw the room tilt around her.

Walter was gone—this was the truth.
The rest of it—Leslie’s chatter about

begging Walter to write to Portia, the

false sympathy—were so much poison-

ous froth and probably exactly the op-

posite of what had really taken place . . .

but she could no longer doubt that Walter

gone. Leslie was too sure of her-

self, too triumphant, for it not to be

true. Somehow she’d managed it;
somehow she’d managed to send Walter

thousands of miles from Parkerton and

Portia.

“Of course.” The words were the

merest whisper out of her swollen

throat. “Not Walter. He couldn’t—”

“Until you told me,” Leslie agreed,

her voice thick with sympathy, “I

wouldn’t have believed he could, either.

Oh, I know he told me it was over be-

tween you, but I thought he was just

angry, and—well, you know how men

are. Don’t let it hurt you too much,

Portia. Any man who’d do such a

thing isn’t worth thinking about. You’re

still young and lovely. In your place,

I’d forget Walter Manning ever ex-

isted.”

Portia let the syrupy words slide over

her, hardly hearing them, not caring.

Nothing mattered any more. She was

hardly aware of Leslie; all there was in

the world was the fact that Walter had
gone and her own unbearable pain.

“But why?” she asked brokenly.

“Why did he do it?”

“I—oh there’s no use saying I don’t

know. All I can tell you were his rea-

sons. Are—are you sure you want to

hear them?”

Portia nodded dumbly, fighting the

pain within her, fighting faintness.

“I’ve come to hear them.”

“Well, he—” Then she started slight-

ly, as if, after having been rapt in con-

cern for Portia, she suddenly resem-

bled herself. “But—my—ah—guest! Will

you go down to the lobby and wait for

me, Portia? It’ll take me only a few

minutes to send my—my friend—away

to slip to a dress. Can you wait

ten minutes?”

Again Portia nodded; she even per-

mitted Leslie to take her arm, lead her
to the door to the foyer. Leslie opened

the door an inch or two, glanced into

the foyer, and whispered, “Don’t say

anything as you go through the foyer.
I’ll tell my friend you were my maid.
And I’ll see you downstairs in a few

minutes.”

“I understand.” Leslie held the door

open, and Portia passed through. The

faintness was creeping up on her;

she could hardly feel her legs move; the

doors to the hall wavered and blurred

before her eyes. She had reached it;

the knob turned under her nerveless

hand. Behind her, as in a dream, she

heard Leslie start toward the front of

the apartment, heard a man’s voice

calling, “Leslie, was that—”

Portia stopped. The faintness filled

her vision, roared in her ears. Then

suddenly it was gone, and sights and

sounds were vibrantly clear.

—was that my package? I’d like to

gain a fresh shirt out of it,” the man’s

voice went on. It was coming into the

foyer. Walter’s voice.

Portia turned. “Walter—”

Portia!” Leslie’s words leaped into the

silence that followed, like chips sunk into

a vacuum. “Oh, Portia, I only wanted to

spare you, to keep you from knowing—”

“How did you get here?” Walter de-

manded. “When—”

Leslie rustled forward to stand be-

side him, between Portia and Walter.

Appealingly she turned to Portia. “Be-

lieve me, I did the only thing I could

do—under the circumstances.”

The circumstances were obvious—

Leslie in the clinging, champagne

have that second cup of coffee with

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neglige, Walter in shirt sleeves and his eyes heavy, his hair rumpled, as if he'd been napping.

"The circumstances," he repeated, and took his dazed eyes from Portia to his wife. "I don't know what was going on. I saw Leslie, but wasn't Ile. Leslie," he began sharply. But she rushed on.

"It's too late to try to hide the truth from her, Walter. And perhaps it's better this way. She had to know some time. I did try to protect all of us, at first. I told her you'd already left for Ankara. And when she thought it was killed I had a picture telling the truth. Or—would you rather I had told her?"

"No—I—Portia—Oh, dear God in heaven, I didn't mean that it should be like this. It's too late to go, Portia. Everything's all set, my visas, my tickets . . . there's no way out—"

His eyes pleaded with her, mirroring the pain in hers. Leslie's exquisite head faced to a mere shadow between them; Portia was remembering another woman who had come between them, Walter's mother, on that lovely summer afternoon on a Long Island beach two years ago...

"I'm partly to blame, Walter. I knew what Elaine was like; I should have known she was wrong. As it is, Walter darling, I was so frightened, so terrified of losing you—"

He'd held her hard by the shoulders, forcing her to meet his eyes. Let me get this thing straight, Portia. Are you saying that even though you believed Elaine Arden's lies, you were still willing to forgive me, to go on living with me?

That doesn't sound as if I had much pride, does it? But I love you so much that without you—without you, there's no point of it all.

He'd taken her in his arms, and if heaven is knowing one thing surely, forever, she'd been in heaven then with the sweetness of his love.

My darling—maybe you don't realize what kind of woman I've got as a wife. How many women could love their men enough to let them for the kind of thing you thought I'd done?

I was a fool not to trust you, Walter. And I'll never be stupid like that again.

I promise.

And now, facing him with Leslie between them, she thought, "And I still do trust him. I don't believe any of this. It's like a masquerade. Only—is this really Walter? He looks so tired and beaten and old. Something terrible has happened to him.

"I don't understand," she said aloud.

"I won't believe it until I've heard you say it so many words. Look at me and tell me you're through, Walter—really through with Parkerstown and with me—"

"I—"

He couldn't finish, and she knew that he was remembering, too... remembering four years of living and loving and helping each other, remembering Elaine Arden, remembering how they had been separated and had come together again.

"For heaven's sake, Walter," Leslie burst out. "Are you waiting for? Tell her, and then she'll go. The longer this drags on, the more embarrassing it is for all of us. For my sake and yours, Walter, tell her that it's over—"

He had said things with agonizing slowness, as if they were pried out of him. "I'm leaving for Ankara, Portia, at midnight. I don't know when I'll be home. I planned to wire you from the airport just before the plane left."

"I see," said Portia, wondering that you could feel your heart split open and still go on breathing.

Leslie crossed to the door. "I'm terribly sorry you had to find out like this, Portia. But don't you go now? This is all very distressing for all of us—"

She opened the door.

"Walter still hasn't told that he's through—with me," Portia said swiftly. "I'm not going until he does."

"Good heavens!" Leslie whirled upon her. "Where's your pride? Isn't this the situation as I found it without having it put into words? Must you keep insisting—"

Walter crossed over and shut the door. "This is between Portia and me, Leslie. Portia won't have me any longer."

"Stay out of it!" Leslie cried shrilly. "It just so happens that this concerns me as much as it does you—"

"It doesn't, a—Portia."

"Not since Portia's come to New York. If she'd stayed away, it might have been different. But now she's here, I can't hurt her like this. I'd rather make a clean breast of the whole rotten mess."

"Well!" Leslie exploded. "I must say that's a very nice compliment you pay me, Walter."

"Stop play-acting," he said wearily. "You know what I mean. Come into the sitting-room, Portia. Leslie, if you want to stay and hear what I have to say, you can be perfectly free to go into the bedroom and close the door."

Portia trailed them into the sitting-room. Portia sat in a corner of the divan—rather ostentatiously, since Walter's coat and tie were draped over the other end. She sat watching them narrowly as sitting her, Portia, rather playing her part in a game, Portia thought, only now the cat had found herself with two mice to watch. Portia looked at the chair Walter held for her, and refused to sit down, I, she would not never summon the strength to get up again.

Now tell me," she begged. "If you're in love with Leslie, don't—don't—"

"Not want you! Oh, Lord God, I—"

His voice caught, as he recovered himself and went on almost briskly. "What I'm trying to tell you is that you deserve a better break than this. You're young and beautiful and smart; you have a right to the best, a right to try to find happiness with somebody else."

Portia nodded like a child hearing a lesson. "This was the reason why you cut me. This was the reason why you cut me—"But now I don't want you any longer, the kindest thing is to come right out and say it."

"But I's—"

He heard her, but when he recovered himself and went on almost briskly. "What I'm trying to tell you is that you deserve a better break than this. You're young and beautiful and smart; you have a right to the best, a right to try to find happiness with somebody else."

Portia nodded like a child hearing a lesson. "This was the reason why you cut me. This was the reason why you cut me—"

"I'm fifteen thousand dollars in debt," he said. "That's why I have to go to Ankara for Advance Pictures. It's the only way I can pay the rent."

"In debt fifteen thousand—"

She stopped, realizing that she sowed shocked, and she wasn't shocked. Rather, she felt, something to know a relief. If the root of the trouble was money, and not Leslie, not a change in Walter's feelings toward her,
Portia . . . just money. "Remember," he said, "the money I loaned Bill Baker to keep Jess Ward from getting the Herald—the money I told you wasn't good. Loaned. Well, I lied about it. Advance Pictures didn't buy 'Survival'."

"But you did get the money. I don't understand."

"'Survival' wasn't good," he said flatly. "When Leslie read it, she turned it down. I lied because I was ashamed to tell you it was bad."

"Oh, Walter. She was crying, and she didn't care—crying for relief, and for the abject misery in Walter's face. "What can I say to make you see that those things that Wayne can do better than his best—every time. And for you to feel ashamed or to think you had to lie—"

I PROMISED you the world with a fence around it," he was saying. "It's either that or nothing. A woman like you doesn't have to settle for second best."

Portia hardly heard him. Her tears dried on her cheeks, and she was thinking: "I haven't settled for second best," she replied. "There's just one thing, if Advance Pictures pulls down your story, how—where—did you get the money to help Bill?"

"Leslie advanced it to me on my promise to her. I'd rewrote 'Survival'. I tried. God knows I tried. But it—well, it just didn't jell."

"And when you brought the script to New York, Portia went on for him, 'Leslie turned it down a second time."

"Yes, she—" Walter began, but Leslie broke in quickly, "It was so bad, I was shocked, Portia. I couldn't believe that the man who wrote 'Kite Pilots' and 'Challenge' could have turned out such inferior work! Yet in a way, I expected it. I knew that Walter couldn't write."

"Did you, Leslie?" Portia asked, her voice dangerously quiet. "And was 'Survival' really so bad, or did you turn it down to prove your point?"

"To prove what? Of all the ridiculous—I won't even discuss it! I have a very important position with Advance Pictures, Portia Manning, and I've kept it because I know a bad story when I see one. And I tell you—"

"And, Portia went on relentlessly, 'when Walter asked you for that fifteen thousand dollars, it was the opportunity you'd waited for. You saw your chance to force Walter to leave Parkers- town and go to Ankara."

Leslie rose, quavering with rage and despair. "You're mad! You've had all the nonsense I can take for one afternoon—"

"Sit down." It was a tone Portia used very occasionally while trying to make a case, and it worked on Leslie all though she looked a little surprised at herself for obeying. "There's a matter of a telegram," Portia went on. The wire I sent West that day, I had homed to New York, and which the desk clerk told me he'd given to you to give to him."

"You wired me?" said Walter. "Leslie, is that true?"

At his look Leslie finished. "I was only trying to save you the embarrassment of just such a scene as this—"

"And it was to save Walter embarrass- ment that you mailed the Herald and the Chronicle in Parkers-town a picture of yourself dancing at a night club? Oh, the Herald didn't print it," she added quickly to Walter, "but the Chronicle did, and then Bill told me his paper had got one. It set Parkers-town on its ear.

"I'll bet it did," said Walter grimly. "Good for you, Bill."

"But I'd get you back anyway."

She shrieked back against the couch. "Whatever I've done, Walter, has been for your sake!'she cried desperately."

"I believe that, I'm sure that you're going to do better than his best—every time. I was only trying to help."

"And did it help, Walter?" Portia asked, "when he told Bill Baker that you weren't coming back to Parkers- town because you and she had reached an understanding?"

"You left blankly from Leslie to his wife. "How does Bill Baker come into this? When did you talk to him, Leslie?"

"While I was still on the Mark Ran- dall case," Portia explained, "he called you long distance, and Leslie answered the phone. You were at a dinner."

"You never told me," said Walter. He moved suddenly toward the couch, and Leslie uttered a terrified screech and started up. "I knew it would only distress you—I cried."

"But Walter had reached past her only to pick up his coat tie. 'I've heard enough of your excuses!" he shouted. "What a fool I've been—what a complete and stupid idiot not to see it right from the start. Portia's right; you've been trying to wrack our lives from the day I left Hollywood—"

"It was for your own good!" Leslie cried frantically. "Everything I did was—"

"Was for the insane ego of Leslie Palmer," Walter finished savagely. "As far as you're concerned, I'm fed up, through and through. And if I ever trust you again, then may God help me for the fool I am! Come on, Portia, we're getting out of here!

"Leslie had the last word. She followed them into the foyer, raving. "You say you're finished! You don't know how much you are, Walter Mан- ning. The more you trust me, the more you won't be able to get a job anywhere."

"Do you hear me? Nobody will let you in the door! Then you will really have to live off your wife, and see how you like that! Just see how—"

THEY were in the corridor. The door slammed shut behind them, cutting off the screaming, vitriolic voice. They walked a few steps toward the elevators, and then they stopped and looked at each other. Then, wordlessly, Walter opened his arms, and Portia went in to him.

After a long while, he said, "My darling. My own darling, let's get out of here. Let's go—"

"He stopped, looking blank. "I haven't any place to take you," she said. "I haven't even a place to live—"

"No place—"

I had a suite here, until this morning. Then—"

"The flush deepened."

Portia laughed. "Then Leslie, know- ing I was coming, suggested that you check out before noon and use her room. For the few days she was here, which gave her a chance to keep you practically under lock and key. Oh, dearest, you don't have to explain—"

"And he didn't, she vowed that he was going to explain anything again. She had never believed for a moment the ineradicable picture of Leslie in negligence and Walter coatless and tieless, and nearly very much home in her rooms, but still... yes, she was glad to learn exactly how it had all

---

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With Ankara—a couple of years ago, no matter how much I hated leaving you, I'd have still felt a little tingle of anticipation, a sense of adventure. But not now. I hate—I resent—having to go. I just want to go back to Parkerstown and write—if I can still write.

"You can still write," said Portia. "I know that as surely as I know that I love you. And maybe—maybe you can get out of that trip. Walter, exactly what is the procedure when a manuscript goes to a studio? Doesn't Leslie read it and submit a synopsis of it to her superiors?"

He nodded. "But they all read it and turned it down."

"You mean they turned down her synopsis," said Portia excitedly. Walter, I'd stake my life that that's what happened! Perhaps 'Survival' isn't as good as 'Challenge'—but I'm sure it's better than 'Late Blossoming,' and that was a hit. Aren't you free to offer it to another studio? And if we could postpone your plane reservation a day or two, and get a rival studio—say like Soundstage—to read 'Survival' in a hurry . . . and if they bought it, and I'm sure they'll buy it, you could pay your debt and you wouldn't have to go to Ankara—"

She stopped, breathless. Walter was laughing at her. But his eyes were alight; he was catching fire from her enthusiasm.

"You dreamer!" he laughed. "You wonderful, impossible dreamer! We'll try it, and there's a crazy, far-off chance it might work—"

It had to work, Portia thought. Not thought—prayed. And she knew that it would work. They would sell "Survival," pay Walter's debt; they would have enough left; and Walter would have back his faith in himself. They would do it somehow—because they were together. Together, they could do anything.
EB and the Boys

(Continued from page 59)

“Charlie’s view of Sweden” via 16mm. camera. Ten days later, he found that black and white wouldn’t do justice to Sweden’s beauties, so he took on Technicolor. Technicolor seemed sort of wasted on 16 mm., so he decided on 35 mm., the film used commercially in motion picture theaters.

The picture was originally planned solely for entertainment, and that’s still its first function. Edgar and Charlie handled things, there couldn’t be a more natural “good relations” medium. Maybe he should be an ambassador. After all, he learned Swedish before we left and he certainly never missed a wink at the cute Svenska Flickas we met in our travels.

Edgar and he can hardly wait now to take on Mexico (you should hear Charlie’s Spanish!), Hawaii, and Alaska. Even Mars wouldn’t surprise me, in their present state of enthusiasm.

Besides the movie Edgar took, which begins in New York and includes such events as the King of Sweden’s 90th Birthday, and the real and the boys entertained wherever we went. We traveled from Gothenburg to Stockholm by station wagon, stopping each night in a different town, with Edgar and Charlie doing their stuff in Swedish for the local kids. It was such fun watching, because so many of them thought Charlie was real. Edgar played the Rivoli in Stockholm, to ten thousand people the first night, then twelve thousand, then fourteen thousand. But Charlie got all the raves. Our itinerary was so packed we had only two sell-out weeks at the Palladium. I edged into that engagement with our three-way skit, “The Operation.” We went into Germany, played Frankfort, Mannheim, Weisbaden, Heidelberg and Berlin—were the first entertainers to fly the Russian Corridor after “Operation Vittles” started. Our soldiers there are still great audiences, and we came at a tense time when they were on alert status and entertainment was particularly welcome. They loved Edgar and the boys—and I might add that my tight-fitting white satin nurse’s uniform made a hit too.

We were grateful we could go in, and I wish every American could see those ruins and take back the unforgettable picture of what total war can do. Paris, by contrast, was sheer beauty, with thrilling avenues, great statues and fountains, and an air of gaiety and fun.

Travel with EB and the boys is always exciting, even on shorter trips. In this case, perhaps “hysterical” is the word. The boys travel in paddled cases, and by the time those two, plus the forty-eight pieces of luggage, cameras and other motion picture equipment we had to take, were put on boat or train or plane there was hardly any room for us.

We safeguard the boys by never letting them out of sight of someone trusted. We had a very nice trip, and Edgar particularly liked and restored to the paternal knee in the nick of time for resumption of his fall schedule. When Charlie was really lost some time later, no newspaper would give us a line to the story. He wasn’t stolen—they merely forgot to take him off the plane when it landed at Burbank. He turned up, mad as Donald Duck, when the plane came down in San Francisco, but it was a bad scare for EB and the insurance company that has set a price of ten thousand dollars on Charlie’s little wooden head (the same head he started with many years ago, grown older but, alas, no wiser). On the little Candy stayed home in Beverly Hills this time, but she takes all the excitement in stride when she travels with us. Whether she begins to notice that people recognize Edgar, we can’t say. Probably she is still too young. She loves the attention, makes friends quickly, and manages to get her share of the spotlight. We may have had difficulty in keeping her unspoiled, but with good schooling and sensible discipline we hope to give her a complete normal little girl’s life.

Strangely enough, I’ve noticed on our trips that most people don’t recognize Edgar by his voice, at least not at first. They look at him—even with a hat on—and seem to know him at once.

Photography is only one of EB’s interests, although one of his major ones. He collects cameras—and I do collect. You never saw such an array! But it’s a case of pot calling kettle black—I’ve caught his collector’s itch, and I wish my case it’s melting. And a lovely fan I brought back from France has set me to collecting those too.

He has never been lazy, and he can’t relax even now unless he’s doing some—

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If you have overcome obstacles to your own happiness, write Carolyn Cramer about it and you may win $50. For details see the current issue of TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine. Now at newstands.
thing. When he says he is going to rest a while you’ll usually find him treating from the world in some tome on science, aviation, magic or the theater. He reads biographies, but practically no fiction. His idea of pleasing music is “Make Believe,” “Sweet Mystery of Life,” “Moonbeams,” and similar melodious musical comedy numbers.

He swims and rides, putters with engines and lathes and saws in his workshop, has flown his own plane for about nine years. He’s crazy about the automobile—has a 1905 White Steamer and a Stanley Steamer. He’s a pretty good painter—does still life, portraits, most anything. And he’s a bee-keeper. We have them right back of the swimming pool.

WE live in a ten-room Mediterranean-style house, high on a hilltop, next to the old John Barrymore estate. The house is white stucco, with terra cotta shutters and tile roof.

We have a big living room, predominantly green in color.

Candy’s room has pale pink walls, with furniture sprayed to match. Charlie still has his own room, somewhat “re-convexed” since Crazy came along and usurped some of the space for her toys and other possessions. There’s a cedar closet where Charlie hangs his hat—and his splendid and extensive wardrobe, including his Honorary Marine Corps Sergeant’s uniform and his West Point Cadet regalia. Poor Mort now has no wardrobe for his two homespun suits!

The playroom is Early American, with simple furniture and lots of copper and brass. It has a stage, where Edgar has been experimenting with new ideas and routines, which he tests for audience reaction. He and Charlie are talking television and they’re ready to do their stuff any day. The old girl, Effie Klinker, who worked with Edgar and the boys a while on his Sunday night NBC broadcasts, misses her glamorous life and wants to be in on the television highjinks. Edgar feels she has only to be seen to be appreciated.

We have 16 and 35 mm. projectors in the playroom and Edgar likes to show pictures. His own movie favorites are Ingrid Bergman, Irene Dunne, Margaret Sullavan, Robert Grittman and Tracy. With so much talent to draw from among our friends, we have some wonderful extemporaneous entertainment at our parties, and of course the irresistible Charlie always has his say. Most of our parties are small—a big one is usually for some special event.

Besides our “collections,” Edgar and I can’t resist fine glassware and paintings. Last February we got some divine Bohemian wine glasses in New Orleans and new lamps. We have some handsome Swedish glass from Stockholm. We brought Meissen ware from Germany and some lovely antique jewelry from Paris. And one of our greatest achievements this summer is a Pierre Bonnard painting of “Montmartre” which we got in Paris this summer.

We love flower and vegetable gardens, a rose garden, and an unusual cactus garden next to the pool. Our house is built picturesquely around a patio, whereas most houses in the Hollywood area are modern and unlike the home and family. So I gave up the shop.

Being Mrs. Edgar Bergen, mother to Candice Patricia, and stepmama to the beautiful Georgia, has made me a full-time job. My job—the very best one in the world for me.
medleys of request numbers.

Somewhere along the line, Bernard began forgetting about his own sickness as he thought about the other patients and tried to plan programs which would appeal to all tastes and backgrounds. Several good friends in St. Louis took to driving him around town to ball games and operas on his “days off.” His mother came to the ward every Wednesday with homemade cookies—enough for all of the boys. Bernard was moving along.

Still, however, he suffered from the uncertainty, the lack of self-confidence that marks most persons who have been sick for a long time. One day, there was to be a big show at the hospital auditorium, with Connee Boswell as the star. The program called for Bernard to go out on the stage and get the show rolling.

“I was worried sick,” he recalled. “It was a wonderful thing that night for an unknown young man named Bernard Estrin. Everyone in our Welcome Travelers audience joined me in feeling pride in such a grand trouper as Connee. A little later, Bernard acted what we called a “side character” into his disc jockey routine. It was Jose, a Mexican with a sad voice and a love for the rhumba, played by our Bernard Estrin.

One day, a WAC who also was a patient came to see Bernard and demanded an introduction to Jose.

Bernard introduced himself as Jose, and was flattered by the WAC’s disbelief. If Jose was so real, then perhaps he wasn’t such a complete amateur. Maybe he had a touch of talent for this radio business.

That was a thought—but what a daring thought! It was something to think about during the long hours in bed. A hope for a new career. After all, disc jockeys didn’t have to use their feet.

What difference would it make if a disc jockey were in a wheel chair? Things move at a slow pace in a hospital. After months of such thoughts, Bernard brought himself to approach some St. Louis radio personalities. They gave him a voice test and were encouraging. He should keep at it, they said. His voice was good, his mike technique showed promise.

For the first time now, the young man had a dream. Sure, the pain still came, but this new monotony was as bleak as ever. Sure, his old cocktail world was gone forever. But perhaps, out of the years of suffering, a new world was forming.

That was Bernard’s frame of mind when, with a leave from the hospital, he visited his old hometown, Chicago. I was flattered that he took time out from his busy round of seeing old friends and dining with relatives to visit with us at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman.

During the first moment of our interview, I was impressed by his dignity and sincerity. As he began telling of his work as the hospital disc jockey and admitted, under my questioning, that he hoped to go into radio, it struck me that our very conversation was Bernard Estrin’s big-time radio debut.

Of course, I’m using that word “debut” loosely. Bernard isn’t yet a professional, and he wasn’t appearing on our program as a professional. He was just another guest, just one of the thousands of ordinary persons who have stopped to chat with us. But as this young man’s dramatic story unfolded, all of us, I’m sure, were hoping that some day Bernard would have a radio show of his own.

When Bernard is released from the hospital, I’m going to introduce him to lots and lots of radio people, and be as helpful as I can. It would be a real privilege to be of assistance to a fine young man like him. I think of that whenever I recall one particular statement of his. It went this way:

“If I should ever make good in radio, I’ll never forget the shut-ins, the sick people to whom the radio is the whole outside world. I’ve been a shut-in so long myself that I’ll do everything possible to make their lives happier and fuller.”

I hope Bernard gets that chance. Don’t you?
Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

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

IS THIS BETTER?

Dear Editor:
In my opinion, Kay Armen of Stop The Music is the best singer I've ever heard. That picture in a recent issue of Radio Mirror didn't do her justice—it was terrible. Haven't you got a better one?
Miss M. S.
Akon, Ohio

Well, we have another one.

AFILIATES

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me the number of affiliates each network has?
Mr. J. K.
Ponca City, Okla.

According to the latest listings, the Mutual Broadcasting System has the most affiliates, with 515 which includes those operating in Hawaii and Alaska. The American Broadcasting Company is next with approximately 245. Columbia Broadcasting System has 178, and the National Broadcasting Company has 170.

ROGER OF DR. MALONE

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me who plays Roger Dinlen in Young Dr. Malone? I think he is one of the finest actors on the air. Also, what ever happened to Marion Mann, formerly of the Breakfast Club. She had a lovely voice, and I miss her.
Miss M. S. G.
Madison, Conn.

The actor who plays Roger Dinlen is Barry Thompson, graduate of the London Academy of Arts. Marion Mann is no longer active in radio. She left the Breakfast Club in 1946 to devote more time to her husband and family.

OFF THE AIR

Dear Editor:
I have lost track of one of my favorite programs, Rose of My Dreams. It was my favorite serial. Will you please tell me what station this program is on now?
Miss V. L.
Nathalia, Va.

This serial went off the air several months ago and at present there seems to be very little likelihood that it will return. But for old time's sake, here's a picture of pretty Mary Rolfe who played the title role. Incidentally, she's also Henry's sister, Mary, in The Aldrich Family, heard Thursdays at 8:00 P.M. EST, over NBC.

MARY ROLFE

Dear Editor:
We certainly wish we knew, as it's got our curiosity aroused, too. We're convinced that there are probably only two people who know who "Mrs. Calabash" is--Jim my, and--er, Mrs. Calabash, herself.

BLAINE'S HIS NAME

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me the name of the actor who played Ned Brandon, on Katie's Daughter, now off the air? I believe I recognized his voice in The FBI in Peace and War. If so, who does he portray on this program?
Mrs. P. M.
Holli, N. Y.

Before Katie's Daughter left the air, Martin Blaine played the role of Ned Brandon. And, as you've guessed, he does play a part in The FBI in Peace and War--field agent, Mr. Sheppard.

SHE ISN'T NANCY

Dear Editor:
I would like to know if the actress who plays Sunday in Our Gal Sunday is the same actress who plays Laurel in Stella Dallas and Nancy Donovan in Just Plain Bill.

Mrs. M. C.
Oleme, California

Visoon Smolen, the actress you have in mind, does play the role of Sunday and Laurel, but she doesn't play Nancy in Just Plain Bill. That part is played by Ruth Russell whose voice sounds very much like Vivian's.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW, TOO

Dear Editor:
I've heard Jimmy Durante for a long time; not only when he teamed up with Garry Moore but way before that. While he was with Garry, he started something that puzzled me greatly more and more as time went on with no explanation in sight. Every week he closes his program with these words, "Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash." My question is, who is this Mrs. Calabash?
Miss P. S.
Greenwich, Conn.

CATHY CAMERON

Dear Editor:
Please tell me if the actress who plays Cathy Cameron in When a Girl Marries is the same one who plays Betty in Adventures of Archie Andrews.
Mrs. J. S.
Madill, Okla.

Yes, she does; Rosemary Rice is her name.

A TRIPLE YES

Dear Editor:
Would you please give me some information about my favorite radio actor, Frank Lovejoy? Does he play Christopher Barnes in Frank Lovejoy? If so, to whom? And wasn't he in a movie called "Black Bart"?
Mrs. L. M. P.
Jacksonville, Fla.

Yes, the answer to all three questions. Frank does play Christopher Barnes, and, what's more, his wife, Joan Banks, plays the part of Carlotta Laguoro in the same serial, which incidentally, started its 14th year on the air this year. In "Black Bart," Frank played the part of Lorimer.

BLOCK AND WHITEMAN

Dear Editor:
What happened to the two programs, Martin Block at 1:30 CST, and The Paul Whiteman Show at 2:30 CST?
Mr. B. P.
Lubbock, Texas

Martin Block is still on the air, but is no longer on Mutual. He is announcer on NBC's Chesterfield Supper Club, and disc-jockey on Make Believe Ballroom on "WNEW." As for Paul Whiteman he doesn't have a regular show, but is busy with ABC-Television.
What do YOU want most when you travel?

“Just about every one I’ve talked with has a different answer to that question!

“If your reply is like any of the ones below, there’s a way in which you can save quite a lot of money, and have a better time—on almost any out-of-town trip. And, if you have some other pet preference, when traveling, my guess is that Greyhound will come nearest meeting it, too—in SuperCoaches built for travel satisfaction!

“The best way is to phone, or call on your Greyhound agent, next time you plan a trip anywhere in America.”

“Who, me? I want convenience—lots of schedules…”

Then Greyhound’s for you! There are many departures daily, timed at most convenient hours—prompt arrivals, too.

“I like to see things, meet people, have a good time…”

It’s truly more fun traveling Greyhound—you meet such congenial people; see America’s beauty spots close-up, by highway.

“Everything’s so high—I want to save money!”

Lady, you’ll save money on every Greyhound trip! Fares are lower than any other transportation—less than driving your own car.

“I want to get home from school on week-ends.”

Then go Greyhound. Serves hundreds of schools and colleges—in many cases stops right at campus gates.

“I’m a salesman—gotta make all the little towns!”

Well sir, Greyhound’s going your way! Serves all the big cities—and stops at thousands of small towns and communities in between.

“I’m ‘way past 50—give me comfort, relaxation.”

There’s real riding ease in deeply-cushioned chairs that recline to any desired angle. Drivers are careful and courteous.

GREYHOUND
Sock 'em with a Load of Good Cheer

Give 'em by the Carton!

Give 'em to everyone who smokes—the family, the neighbors, your friends—everyone who's been good to you all year. Chesterfields are the best tip I can give you at Christmas time or any time. When you give Chesterfields you sock 'em with a load of good cheer.

Merry Christmas Everybody

Arthur Godfrey

Always Buy Chesterfield