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Suspants® ...... fits them all!

Whether your figure is toothpickian, splendidorous or overly endowed, you can hurdle the girdle and look svelte without garter belt when you wear Suspants, the wonder undie. Wear it with garters to keep your stockings up or without garters on stockingless occasions. There's a style and size for almost every figure in a fabric for just the tummy and hip control you need.

RUNPROOF RAYON $1.50
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Blue Swan

UNDIES • SLIPS • GOWNS

BLUE SWAN MILLS, Division of McKay Products Corp.
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.
By Sonia Lee

As the Towers of Manhattan gleamed in the morning sun, Clara's hopeful young heart pounded with eagerness and expectation. "What a beautiful city!" she thought. "My city to be!"

There would be so many fascinating places to see... so many famous people to meet... such an interesting job in one of the big studios. And, of course, a wonderful man whom she would some day meet and marry.

The vast catacombs of brick and mortar held no terror for her whatsoever. With her courage, her ability, her looks, how could she fail? As the train shot into the tunnel she took a last look at the tall buildings, now warming under the rising sun.

"It's my oyster, my great, big, beautiful oyster! And I'm the one to open it."

At first, things seemed to go beautifully. She did meet a few famous people... but they didn't see her a second time. She did land a good job... but somehow it didn't last. And she did meet the dream man... but he didn't last, either.

Poor little, cute little Clara! She had every charm but one. But without that one charm it is pretty hard for anyone to get by for very long. The cuter they are the harder they fall.

In romance as in business, halitosis* (unpleasant breath), whether chronic or occasional, can be three strikes against you. The insidious thing is that you, yourself, may not realize when you're guilty. But why risk offending even occasionally?

Why put yourself in a bad light even once when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful extra careful precaution against bad breath? You merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit this extra careful precaution before any appointment where you want to be at your best.

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.

ILUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY
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 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 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 snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new deodorant ingredient Creamomax, will not crystalize 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)
PHIL HARRIS and his lovelier-than-ever wife, Alice Faye, share the Radio Mirror cover, February issue, along with the Harris small fry. And a very pretty valentine picture they make, too. More: "The Happy Harrises," a story about Alice and Phil and their family, told by a long-time friend.

* * *

Double feature: the "Come and Visit" story in January takes you calling on Chester Lauck and Tuffy Goff and their families—Lum 'n' Abner on the air. Two separate stories, packaged as one, with plenty of pictures, both color and black and white, of both families.

* * *

We don't very often make predictions, but here is one we're willing to stand behind: you'll be hearing a lot about a young fellow named Bill Lawrence. (You'll probably be hearing, too, the "swooning" groans of the bobby-soxers, or have they too, gone out of style?) Swoons or no, we give you Bill Lawrence next month, and with him his discoverer, Arthur Godfrey. Both of them in color!

* * *

Helen Trent, designer of glamorous gowns for glamorous moving picture stars, takes a backward look "through the years" since The Romance of Helen Trent first went on the air. Four pages of story-in-pictures, with one full page, full color portrait of Helen.

* * *

That, of course, isn't all. February brings much more: an exciting picture visit to one of the most talked-about programs in radio: The Music, My Father, Groucho, by Arthur Marx; a new When A Girl Marries feature which will run every month, and in which all you readers will be invited to participate; and many more. February Radio Mirror, on sale Friday, January 7.

---

One Permanent Cost 15...the TONI only 2

Make your first New Year Resolution—a Toni Home Permanent! Yes, decide right now to give yourself a Toni and have lovelier, more natural-looking waves than ever before! But first you'll want to know:

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

Is it easy to do?
Amazingly easy. Instructions in each Toni Kit show you how with simple step by step pictures. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No wonder more than 2 million women a month use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?
Toni puts half-a-day back in your life. For you give yourself a Toni wave right at home. You are free to do whatever you want while the wave is "taking".

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as any $15 beauty shop permanent—or you get back every cent you paid.

How much will I save with TONI?
You save money not just once with Toni—but every time you give yourself a lovely Toni wave! For the Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only 2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So, for your second Toni wave, all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs only 1... yet there's no finer permanent at any price!

Which twin has the TONI?
Attractive Frances and Bernadette Hansons live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, says: "My Toni Wave was soft and natural-looking right from the start." Bernadette says, "We're Toni Twins from now on!"
FLYNN'S

FUN

Arthur Flynn (1) on top of building describes Mar. 17 parade in Boston while army bombers circle above.


From Jimmie O'Keefe's restaurant Flynn quizzes people thrice weekly. Wrong guess wins dinner on the house.

Did you ever go into a nicely stocked cellar, and standing in the center of the bottle-framed enclosure in all the glory and thrill of anticipation, wonder what vintage you would taste first?

Well, that's how Arthur Flynn feels when he broadcasts his Lunch With Jimmy O'Keefe three times weekly from the famous restaurant of the same name on Boylston Street in Boston.

The variety of people he gets an opportunity to interview for WLAW's New England radio listeners tickles him no end for through the portals of O'Keefe's pass daily the great and the humble... those whose names are frequently chronicled in the press, and those who come just for the sights.

They are the sports greats of yesterday and today... personalities of stage, screen and radio, famed writers... and the usual run of everyday folks who come to the Hub for shopping, the theater and the baseball games.

And most of them talk with Flynn over the 80,000 watt WLAW microphone which carries their voices across New England from Portland to Newport.

The diamond flashes, like Eddie Stanky of the current Braves and Jumpin' Joe Dugan of the Babe Ruth Yankees tell of their experiences; Clipper Smith, coach of the Boston Yanks football team; Jack Britton, former welterweight champion, Baby Green, the Green Bay Packers power house; Dave Egan, song writer of 'The Colonel Says' column of the Boston Daily Record; Allan Frazer, the "Around Boston" commentator for the same paper, and countless others who make the days interesting for radio listeners with timely and pointed comment and opinion on this matter and that.

Flynn, as he courses through the restaurant, mike in hand, converses over the air with an average of 25 people a day. He has numbers drawn for a lucky table at each broadcast. If those seated at the table can answer two out of the three easy sports questions he asks, they get tickets for a major ball game in Boston. If they don't, the lunch is on the house.

The program, designed and produced by Flynn, was made especially for him in the opinion of listeners. One of New England's best known and most popular sportscasters, he speaks to his guests and his radio audience with authority of background. While he excelled in school and college in all major sports, he found his niche in boxing and before retiring from the ring had annexed titles as New England professional middleweight champion and world's amateur welterweight champion.

He presents the blow-by-blow account of bouts staged by the Callahan Athletic Club of Boston and announced exclusively over WLAW, and his work in this particular field last year earned him the title as one of the ten best fightcasters in the nation as selected by the New York Enquirer.
1. This star of his own show was once a child golf champion. Who is he?

2. You know him as Spike Jones, what is his real name?

3. This popular comedy team got their start when the scheduled talent for a show failed to appear. Who are they?

4. Arthur Godfrey was once a (a) Taxi driver (b) Plantation owner (c) Typewriter repairman.

5. What well-known quizmaster once taught social psychology?

6. Tonsil trouble changed a sweet soprano to a contralto, made her famous. Who is she?

7. How long does it take a pineapple to ripen?

8. How many miles of blood vessels are there in the human body?

ANSWERS

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Ann Blyth, starring in Universal-International's "Red Canyon". Color by Technicolor

Ann Blyth got me my first date

I never had even a blind date.

THEN—these words in a magazine caught my eye...

Ann Blyth believes soft, feminine-looking hands have tremendous appeal for a man. Says Ann, "I smooth my hands with Jergens Lotion."

That very night I started using Jergens.

SOON—it happened—my roommate's brother asked me out! Now we've a date for every evening! And I've noticed, Paul loves to hold my Jergens-smoothed hands.

Your hands can be lovelier—softer, smoother than ever—with today's richer Jergens Lotion. Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. And Jergens Lotion is never oily or sticky. Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

Now Yours—Jergens Beauty Kit!

Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant. Send 10¢ to cover handling and postage to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 40A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.
In order to do justice to the first American airing of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," the producers and the cast spent many hours rehearsing and going over the script.

**WHAT'S NEW from**

**Wonder** how many listeners are aware of the kind of warfare that goes on behind the big network scenes? The current one in competition for the exclusive services of stars is a honey. CBS got in the first lick by signing Amos and Andy to that two-million-dollar outright-sale contract and by sewing up the Rose Bowl games for the next three years. CBS is planning to continue this policy of buying talent outright and then selling the stars' services to sponsors, but now NBC is getting into the hassle with counter bids for top name stars—rumor (at this date) claiming Jack Benny and Edgar Bergen involved. Well, this is one way for performers to get rich quick—and who can say that after their years of work they don't deserve it?

**By Dale**

Fay Bainter and her son (left) were caught by the TV camera before the performance began. Like a Hollywood premiere, the audience was as glamorous as the stars.
Marlene relaxes with Dr. Frank Stanton, CBS president, after her portrayal of the woman who ruined many lives in her fruitless search for high adventure and romantic love.

COAST to COAST

Hildegarde won't be back on the networks for some time, but you've probably been hearing her on all local radio stations in a transcribed series that nets her more money than a sponsored web show.

You know, when people all around are crying panic, it's a good idea to take a look at reports of cut and dried figures. There's been so much talk about money being tight and many programs have been dropped for the sake of economy that, if you didn't know, you'd suspect radio is hitting the skids and is ready for the receivers to take over. But the Commerce Department reports show that network income for the first half of 1948 is about 8% ahead (Continued on page 9)

BANKS

In a pre-performance shot, the television cameras snapped Marlene with her attractive daughter, co-star Van Heflin and Director Fletcher Markle, second from right.

Claude Rains looks cheerful, Meg Mundy grim. Meg was the original “Respectful Prostitute.”

Van Heflin and Director Markle look more interested in each other than Ruth Woods.

Another attention-getter at the opening was John Robert Powers, snapped with Ruth Woods.
Besides his duties as continuity chief at KDKA, Dale teaches radio-writing at Duquesne but has little time to correct papers until Thomas Neill and dog Taffy are asleep and he and Mary Louise are alone.

PLANNING FOR PROGRESS

A wide and varied background on the stage, in motion pictures and radio gives Dale Jackson, KDKA continuity chief, a rich store of practical experience. Born and educated in England, Mr. Jackson came to the United States in 1921. Before World War I he had been a choir singer in churches near his home, and his first work in this country was as a concert tenor.

Until 1926 he traveled with various road companies taking part in light opera, musical comedy and dramatic presentations. In 1928 he joined the Hollywood Playhouse, where he remained for nine years.

In 1932 he became program director of Radio Station KVOA, Tucson, Arizona, where he first began to put his stage and screen work to good use, applying entertainment techniques and psychology to radio.

Mr. Jackson first came to Pittsburgh in 1935, when in keeping with his philosophy—watching the trends and keeping abreast of the times—he free lanced for advertising agencies and with Pittsburgh radio stations as a radio actor, writer and singer.

New York was his next stop. There he prepared scripts for the Pick and Pat network comedy show, and during the New York World’s Fair, Jackson was master of ceremonies in “Merrie England.”

At the close of the World’s Fair, Mr. Jackson became continuity chief at WMFF, Plattsburg, N. Y., where he remained until he joined KDKA’s staff in 1940.

At KDKA Mr. Jackson has been closely identified with Westinghouse School Service’s program, Adventures in Research, which he wrote and produced for five years. The program has won various awards for merit.

In addition to his duties at KDKA he has also been pressed into service as a speaker, not only at KDKA’s Radio Workshop, but at the workshops of its sister stations, KYW in Philadelphia, and WOWO in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He is also one of the advisers of the Junior Achievement group, Radio Youth, which is sponsored by KDKA.

Mr. Jackson is also instructor in radio writing at Duquesne University, and he is writing the scripts for the series of industrial motion pictures.

He has been greatly interested in Television and is devoting his spare time to the study of television scripts and techniques so that he will be well-equipped for whatever the future may have in store for him, and his family—wife Mary Louise, son Thomas Neill, 4, and dog Taffy—is sure it will find him well prepared.

As an English character comedian, Dale Jackson recalls his stage success when he and Elizabeth Kenyon play KDKA’s Windebanks.
Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 7)

of the intake last year, in spite of the seasonal loss in the summer months.

By the time you read this, a new show may have hit the air lanes, this time glorifying the mailman. With the approval of the National Association of Letter Carriers, the series will be dramatizations of real incidents in the lives of mail carriers.

Olan Soule is no man to put all his eggs in one basket. Since making the move from Chicago to Los Angeles, when the origin point of the First Nighter show was shifted, Soule has opened a mail shop in the cinema city. Soule continues with his radio jobs, but between times he manages his shop and even acts as a soda jerk when the place gets busy.

Signs of the times—Hooper rating telephone interviewers are now obliged to preface their questions with "This is not a radio quiz contest," to soothe annoyed listeners when they happen to phone while some giveaway show is on the air.

The Department of Education at Yale University has been using recordings of Child's World in a seminar of graduate students. The program is getting more and more attention from educators and psychologists who work with children and their problems. Many schools and universities, including New York University, Columbia, the University of Southern California and several teacher's colleges throughout the country have been making the program required listening in education and philosophy courses. There should be some way to make it required for all parents who are interested in finding out what goes on in the minds of their children and what is behind some of their behavior.

Here's a strange combination for you—Georgie Price, the well known Broadway entertainer, whose specialty is satirical songs and who makes frequent appearances as a guest on radio and television, is also one of Wall Street's leading stock brokers.

Radio actress Lucile Tuttle, who plays Effie Perrine on the Sam Spade series, is branching out by teaching a class in acting at the University of Southern California. Just to keep in good with teacher, Howard Duff, her radio "boss," sent her a big red apple for the opening day of her class.

We hear that Joe Franklin, the 22-year-old collector of rare old records, clears better than $50,000 annually from his hobby. He's not the kind of collector who invites a few friends to help him go out on his precious finds. Joe rents his records, gives lectures on the subject, acts as adviser for films in which old recordings figure and cashes in on any and all deals connected with his hobby.

If you've been wondering why Georgia Gibbs has been limiting her radio appearances to guest spots, it's because she has given up her home in Hollywood and is in New York making a determined effort to establish herself in the Broadway musical comedy field. Hope she makes it. Her nips can still give a song just (Continued on page 11)
CHUCK THOMPSON has a high neck, because C.T. is a tall guy. You'll see him looking over a microphone—a sports mike that is—practically anytime—and almost anywhere.

He does the play-by-plays of the Philadelphia Warriors basketball team, the Philadelphia Rockets hockey club, and two daily sports commentaries for WIBG.

That means that he has to prepare a quarter hour commentary to be aired at 5:30 P.M. daily and another ten-minute stint to be broadcast at 10:05 P.M. Mondays and Fridays.

The basketball games which are broadcast from the Philadelphia Arena every Tuesday and Thursday night, and the hockey tilts which he airs every Wednesday and Saturday night, add to that work. During the baseball season he spends most of his waking hours at Shibe Park, from which point he and Byrum Saam air the A's and Phillies' home games.

During the fall season, along with football, he adds basketball and hockey broadcasts.

One weekend last fall he spent Friday night at Temple Stadium in Philadelphia, for a play-by-play of the Temple-Boston University football game, after which he left for Baltimore and the Navy-Missouri game. That same evening he broadcast from the Philadelphia Arena, where the Rockets and the Providence Reds played hockey.

Consider that Temple, Boston University, Navy and Missouri all play a different brand of football; you have to know the names and numbers of all the players to be able to describe the game properly; you have to know your football, and you realize that C.T.'s life is a complex one.

Hockey is about the most difficult game to broadcast. First, the action is exceptionally fast. Second, wholesale substitutions are made frequently by both clubs, who invariably have three interchangeable teams; and last, the sportscaster gets no time to catch his breath.

Baseball is a fairly slow game to air. There is time between innings for the color man to give commercials and scores of other games; in football and basketball, there are time-outs; but when you hit hockey, in which the clock is stopped frequently, but only for seconds at a time, it often happens that the announcer races at top speed for 30 to 40 minutes.

Due, perhaps, to all this vocal practice, Thompson is in great demand as an after-dinner speaker, and as a guest speaker at boys' clubs. This leaves him nowhere near the amount of time he'd like to spend with his wife and two daughters. Luckily they, too, enjoy sports, for even his hobby (golf) is a sport. He works hard at keeping his score in the seventies.

Up to his neck in 'em? Over his head is more like it. 62 hockey games, 64 basketball games, more than 150 baseball games, and 14 visits to the football broadcasters booth, plus his two daily sportscasts, his golfing dates—and oh, yes—two boxing bouts from Camden—make this 26-year-old veteran of the Battle of the Bulge quite a busy guy.
Before your daughter marries... should you tell her

These Intimate Physical Facts?

BY ALL MEANS! And here is scientific up-to-date information You Can Trust—

The time to speak frankly to your daughter is before she marries. She should be fully informed on how important vaginal douching two or three times a week is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness, to combat odor, and always after menstrual periods.

And she should be made to realize that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicidal tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as modern ZONITE.

Warms Girls Against Weak or Dangerous Products

How unfortunate is the young woman who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda. These are not germicides in the douche! They never can give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Won't you please realize how very important it is to use a germicide definitely intended for vaginal douching—one powerfully germicidal yet one safe to tissues as ZONITE has proved to be for years.

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no bichloride of mercury, no harsh acids—overstrong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even hinder functional activity of the mucous glands. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Truly A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Leaves you feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard against infection. ZONITE 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. Buy ZONITE at 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-19, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City __________________ State ________

Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 9)

A bit more than most other singers and she's no mean actress.

Milton Berle appears to be a comedian who appreciates the value of a top-flight scripter. His writing man is Nat Hiken, who used to be chief of the Fred Allen writing staff, and, with Berle, Hiken doesn't get any salary. He and Berle are partners in the ownership of the new Berle aier. Of course, this is one way to guarantee the best from a writer and it might be an idea for other comics who've been having "material" problems.

But you didn't know that practically the first disc jockey to turn up was Bob Hawk. He had a turn at that about ten years ago, just before he started on a "man on the street" program, which found him popping questions and making laughs early in the morning in Chicago, interviewing people on their way to work.

We're told that Professor Quiz has had to change his telephone number because of the overwhelming number of bright listeners who thought he ought to be able to give them the answers to the questions on other quiz shows. Most frequent callers were those who wanted help in identifying the mystery melody on Stop the Music.

Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra don't get to New York for broadcasts very often—their road schedule is too heavy. But when they do, the rehearsal studio at the network's station is crowded to the beams by women and children. As a rule, visitors are barred from most rehearsals, but that rule is waived in this case, because the visitors are the wives and children of the musicians in the orchestra. Most of them live in New York and these rehearsals give them a few extra hours with their husbands and fathers during Monroe's rare New York sessions.

Happen to collect really odd facts about people? Here's one that's odd enough—about Ross Dowden, who sings with the Odd Hickey Singers on Grand Ole Opry. He's a stewed-tomato fan, some days having them at all three meals, including breakfast!

In the years since she made her debut as a singer, Kate Smith has recorded more than 2,000 songs. She features three or four of her records every day on her new program, and, at that rate, Kate could stay on the air five days weekly without a vacation for two solid years without repeating a song. The only other singer who can match that tremendous backlog of records is Bing Crosby, no mean recorder over the years himself.

A deal is a deal—even if it takes eleven years to put it into effect. Back in 1927, when Chet Lauck and Norris Goff first went to Hollywood with their Lum and Abner show, they happened to hear a radio adaptation of Walt Disney's "Mickey Mouse." The two comedians were so pleased with the music on the show that they sat right down and wrote a fan letter to Maestro Felix Mills. The letter said something like this, "We liked your music on the 'Mickey Mouse' show last night very much and if we ever need an orchestra for our (Continued on page 77)
ONE platter that should make a pile of money is Capitol's waxing of "The Money Song"—first recording by that wonderful team of madcaps, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. It's hard to find any funnier pair in show business today, and this disc really captures the spirit of their work. We're anxiously awaiting their motion picture debut.

Youthful Elliot Lawrence gets a big hand from audiences everywhere these days with his baton twirling, a stunt he picked up when leader of the famed University of Pennsylvania military band. It seems to prove that a higher education really pays!

It-could-only-happen-in-show-business department: Recuperating in the hospital after having an emergency appendectomy, Tex Beneke was handed a wire from his New York press agent informing him: "Your operation a big success. We made eight major newspapers!"

Without a doubt, the fellow most completely surprised by the success of Tommy Dorsey's hit platter, "Until," is Bob Crosby. Bob penned that tune himself, more than six years ago, and then did little more with it than hum it to himself occasionally. Somehow, Dorsey heard it, and now Bob is a bona fide songwriter.

We've recently had the pleasure of meeting a musician for whom we've had a great admiration over the years—Harry Roy, one of the biggest name band leaders in England for oh, so many years. We can remember way back before the war when Roy discs in the United States were going at a premium. Always a fine showman as well as a musician, Harry recently brought his bride to these shores for a vacation and look-see.

Biggest laugh in musical circles these days is the little bit that took place on the first Fred Allen program of the Fall season, when Fred told about the be-bop tambourine player he had discovered! The boys are now talking about teaming that individual with a be-bop rhythm section consisting of triangle, maracas and zither!

Speaking of be-bop—as who isn't—reminds me of the trouble most people have in speaking of it: the vocabulary. I got my good friend Lionel Hampton to make a few statements on that peculiar subject, and, in fact, to list a lot of the terms you have to know to talk be-bop at all. See right for the Hamp's helpful hints.

By Duke Ellington

whose disc show is heard: WLOW, Norfolk, Va., WFIL, Philadelphia, Pa. and KALL, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"REAL CRAZY"
A Be-Bop Glossary By Lionel Hampton

It's common knowledge that music, like most other things in life, goes through periodic changes. No one bad ever dies out completely. In the field of hot music alone, my generation has heard Dixieland give way to Swing, which, in turn is now menaced by Be-Bop. And the latter may soon surrender to something being called the New Movement.

These changes in musical taste generally bring with them new words and expressions which are often more difficult to understand than the music itself.

You're a real "square" (translation: a person un-knowing or uninformed) to millions of present-day youngsters if you are not "hep" (wise) to "jive talk."

But if you think that such talk is out of this world, just latch on to some of the following conversation which came hand in hand with Be-Bop, or Re-Bop, as it's known to some sticklers.

You don't say hello; that is expressed by "Ooh La Pa Da Pa." So long, or be seeing you comes out "Blee
In the film "A Song Is Born" Danny Kaye succumbs to Lionel Hampton's (right) contagious abandon and joins him in a kettle-pounding session. Background (l to r), are Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong.

Blee Lu Lu." When you like something, it's "real crazy." A warning not to be a phony, or cheap comes out as "Don't be no zircon." "Her future" means legs, and "the track" is Harlem's famed Savoy Ballroom. "Tom O Beni" is one who feels inferior, and "cool breeze in the knees" says the same as act sharp, be sharp, or look sharp. A pretty girl is known as 'Hollywood eyes,' her lips as "chops."

If you are a musician, you might make that money by doing a "gig" (a job for one night), "a session in the sweat shop" (a week at the Apollo Theater, home of Negro headliners) or "torture eyes" (a Southern tour). While on the latter, you'd be sure to run into "the gestapo," or out-of-town union delegates. That couldn't possibly happen if you were "cooling," or unemployed.

If you get into trouble with the law, the officer who makes the arrest is "the nab," a "sad eyes" (person disliked) or "bug" (annoying person). When things get straightened out and all is O.K. you breathe "Ah Lop Pow." And when your friends want to hear your story, they are likely to ask "Lu E Pa."

Do you suppose the Secret Service is overlooking a good bet in not teaching its operatives Be-Bop?

Recent Urban League show of "Paintings by Famous Amateurs" had Sinatra's "Scrubby, A Sad Faced Clown" and Lena Horne's oil portrait of her secretary.
Ed Dinsmore is a splendid example of the potential influence of a disc jockey on a nation's music—only in the WBEN disc jockey's case, the influence is more than potential.

The rotund Ed is now M.C. of WBEN's hour-long Luncheon Club broadcast Monday through Friday afternoon at 12:30. Ed piloted a similar music show in Boston a few years ago when Vaughn Monroe was available at a bandbooking office as a trumpeter.

It seems that the bookers had a band date, but no leader, and they persuaded Vaughn to front an orchestra. Ed saw him, learned that he had made a record, and interviewed Monroe on his show after playing the disc. "Vaughn wasn't anxious to lead a band—he was content as a singer and trumpeter," Ed recalls. Shortly after that, the 920 Club, a radio-fan organization connected with the Dinsmore program, sponsored a dance. The well-known Gene Krupa and the obscure Monroe were hired for a band battle.

At the dance, Krupa told Ed that Monroe would go far with voice, appearance and ability to play, instead of merely batoning. Vaughn zoomed to the top.

The affable Mr. Dinsmore was born in Brookline, New Hampshire, and attended high school in Malden, Mass. After many successes in high school dramatics, he decided on the stage as a career and attended the Bishop-Lee Dramatic School in Boston. After that he toured with summer stock in New England, Virginia, Ohio and other states and settled down in New York in 1936. There, because of his New England accent, he received many character assignments on many NBC daytime serials. But New England was in his blood, so he returned to Boston in 1938, joining WORL there as an M.C. and disc jockey. He had five top years there and his success with the 920 Club was outstanding.

In 1943 Uncle Sam called him and he put his radio experience to good use in the Signal Corps. He was connected with the Armed Forces Radio Service in Hollywood for awhile before being shipped to the Pacific as manager of a 1000-watt Army station at Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides. The Army Expeditionary station had the call letters WVUR and Ed's pleasant voice and know-how as to soldiers' wants combined to make many popular programs for the music hungry boys away from home.

Ed left the service in 1946 as a technical sergeant and returned to WORL for nine months. In February 1947, WCOP, Boston, made him an attractive offer and he joined that station to head a three-hour morning variety show from 6 to 9 A.M.

While in the service he married the former Bettina Roper of Gloucester, Mass., in 1944.

The intimate Dinsmore style was immediately recognized at WBEN and he was chosen as television host for the plays telecast from the Erlanger Theater over WBEN-TV. Ed also is announcing other studio shows over the Buffalo television station, in addition to the handling of his daily Luncheon Club assignment on WBEN.

Ed has only one formula for radio success—"just be natural."
IF YOU'RE a fan of Ethelbert's—he's the slow-tongued, naïvely humorous bartender on the Crime Photographe show, (CBS, Thursdays at 9:30 PM, EST) you'll be glad to meet actor John Gibson, who plays the man behind the bar on the weekly episodes. John has been interested in the theater and movies ever since he was fifteen, but what intrigued him most was the technical side.

One summer Gibson worked with a stock company. The following summer, he worked in some silent pictures—"... none of them very good." It was then that the technical end of picture making began to fascinate him, but, hang around the directors and cameramen as much as he could, he was still always called in for acting jobs.

What he remembers about that time is that then he played straight leads and he had a tough job overcoming the stilted speech that resulted from some elocution lessons that had been forced upon him by a kindly friend. "I had to undo all she'd taught me and learn how to talk like a human being," he says. "She was very upset and hurt, when she came to see me act."

Gibson also worked in a number of silent pictures in that period. Around 1929, Jimmy Gleason asked Gibson to make a series of recordings for radio with him. The writer of the Gleason series remembered him when he began a new radio show and Gibson was started on his successful career.

Once started, John Gibson kept pretty busy. "You know," he said, explaining why he's never gone out for big publicity splurges, "in those days, it was better not to be too well known. Actors became so easy to identify that listeners would complain because the same man was playing too many of their favorite characters. I guess they like to hang on to the illusion that the characters are real people."

From the looks of it, it's not necessary to be well known by listeners in order to work. In his 16 years in radio, Gibson has averaged more than one broadcast or recording for every single day.

John Gibson is a free lance actor, appearing regularly in True Story and Right to Happiness. Besides these and other stints, he's "Mr. Coffee Nerves" on the Portia Faces Life show.

In spite of this heavy acting routine, Gibson has had a chance, at last, to satisfy his first interest, the technical side of show business. He's built a model theater in his home for his family—his wife, whom he met in Italy when he took his one vacation from radio in 1938, and his seven year old son.

One of the many things that makes home the best place in the world is the array of old and trusted friends, always there to greet you... in the kitchen cabinet, the medicine chest and on all the shelves of the household.

Every family has its coterie of favorite brands, familiar packages and products that have made life comfortable and enjoyable for many years. No two family assortments exactly match—and that is as it should be, since tastes differ. Your brand friends mirror your tastes and unique requirements.

The circle is by no means so exclusive that new brands are not always welcome. Every so often another name joins the trusted group. You greet new candidates for your loyalty with open minds and a ready welcome if they "make good."

This magazine, too, is brighter for the messages of many of your old brand friends and quite a number of new ones asking for your friendship.
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

Because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

Securely ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Double Safe! Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

DANCING OR LISTENING

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia)—A beautiful ballad is sung beautifully by Frank to the accompaniment of Axel Stordahl's music. It's "Autumn In New York" that gets the superlatives this month. "A Moonlight Night" suffers a bit by comparison, though it's a fine song.

PRIMO SCALA AND KEYNOTES (London)—It's not very often that a recording artist can repeat hit after hit, but this imported version of "Jingle Bells" and "The Mistletoe Kiss" speaks well for Primo Scala. Both are done in refined string-band versions, à la "Underneath The Arches."

KING COLE TRIO (Capitol)—"Kee-Mo Ky-Mo" comes from the album set "King Cole For Kids," while "Rex Rhumba" is an original instrumental written and played by Nat Cole's group. The first-named side could easily become a national hit, but then, no one would sound half as good as Nat Cole. You'll like both sides.

RAYMOND SCOTT (MG M)—Mark Warnow's kid brother presents a pairing that is mighty easy on the ears. Dorothy Collins sings "You'd Be Surprised" in a blue tempo. The Scott orchestra plays brightly on "Rub-Dub."

JEAN SABLON (RCA Victor)—You will probably recognize the melody as Jean sings "Tell Me, Marianne." It's the famous tango with new lyrics. The French crooner uses his appealing accent to advantage on "Lillette" a tune that is bidding for the Hit Parade. Toots Camarata's string-full backgrounds are excellent.

RED NORVO'S NINE (Capitol)—Featuring such top musicians as Dodo Marma, Ray Linn, Dexter Gordon, Red Callender and Barney Kessel; Red Norvo leads the group with his vibes in the very modern "Bop!" and a fine treatment of the oldie "I'll Follow You."

JOSEPH FUCHS (MG M)—Debussy's "Clair De Lune" and Kreisler's "La Gitana" are played by concert artist Joseph Fuchs. Macklin Marrow and the MGM String Orchestra supply the backgrounds for Mr. Fuchs's exquisite violin technique.

DESI ARNAZ (RCA Victor)—Desi sings while his orchestra plays a novelty and a romantic Cuban-styled ditty. He sounds particularly romantic while singing "Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps" and infectiously gay while singing "The Matador."

ALBUM ARTISTRY

I CAN HEAR IT NOW (Columbia)—Here is a very unusual album that belongs in every home. This Columbia set of ten sides tells the story of the years from 1933 to 1945 using the actual voices of the important people during that important period of our lives. Side one starts with Will Rogers talking about America and the depression in 1932 and includes Franklin D. Roosevelt's March 4th, 1933 speech, "Nothing To Fear But Fear," and the Duke of Windsor's abdication for "the woman I love." The album contains such selections of documentary history as speeches by LaGuardia, Landon, Roosevelt, John L. Lewis, Chamberlain, Hitler, Mussolini, Churchill, Willkie, Eisenhower, Stalin, Dewey, Truman, Stettinrus and MacArthur. It also includes such on-the-spot broadcasts as the Hindenburg disaster, Louis-Schmeling fight, Nazi Blitzkrieg, French Surrender, Pearl Harbor Announcement, D-Day and Japanese Surrender. Edward R. Murrow supplies the narration. It is truly a wonderful set.

CHRISTMAS FANTASY (RCA Victor)—Al Goodman and his orchestra supply a collection of the most-loved Yuletide Songs. Richly orchestrated selections include "Hark The Herald Angels Sing," "First Noel," "O Come All Ye Faithful," "Joy To The World," "Silent Night" and others.

GENE KELLY (MG M)—Gene interprets the most famous song and dance men of all time, by singing their songs and dancing their dances. You'll love Gene's impressions of George M. Cohan, Fred Astaire, Bill Robinson, Pat Rooney, George Primrose and Eddie Leonard. It's a wonderful album.
By Conrad Thibault

(This month's guest collector gave up his professional musical career at the outbreak of war to spend his time and efforts in entertaining troops all over the world. Once more, now, Conrad Thibault is back in radio and records to continue his outstanding vocal work. Best remembered, perhaps, for his role on the famous "Showboat" program with Charles Winninger, Mr. Thibault had the distinction of making the first recording of the meaningful "The House I Live In", as well as such Decca discs as "I Love You Truly", "The Lord's Prayer" and "Coin' Home".)

While it was a bit difficult for me to sit down and select my favorite type of music, it was quite easy for me to choose my ten favorite operatic records. I've always been torn between two loves—opera and simple folk music. I've always liked the kind of music we call "music of the people." That perhaps, is why I chose as my first Decca album "Roustabout Songs" of the Ohio River Valley; and "Bayou Ballads" Creole songs of Louisiana. As for the latter, I am told that the Thibaults came from France to New Orleans—so it was my great pleasure to discover, these gems of folklore. But flipping a coin gave me the opportunity to list my favorite operatic selections. My list, mind you, is not in order of preference. I do believe, though, that the following ten records will make for the basis of a fine collection of recorded music from the opera. Some of the ten may be a little difficult to find these days, but they will be well worth the effort.

1. "Vesti la Giubba" by Enrico Caruso from "Pagliacci."
2. "O Paradiso" by Beniamino Gigli from "L'Africana."
3. "Credo" by Tito Ruffo from "Otel-lo."
4. "Pace, Pace Mio Dio" by Claudio Muzio from "La Forza del Destino."
5. "Il mio Tesoro" by John McCormack from "Don Giovanni."
6. "The Bell Song" by Lily Pons from "Lakme."
7. "Eri Tu" by Lawrence Tibbett from "The Masked Ball."
8. "Evening Star" by Lawrence Tibbett from "Tannhauser."
9. "Habanera" by Gladys Swarthout from "Carmen."
10. "Elsa's Dream" by Helen Traubel from "Lohengrin."

*Buffet Beginner. Your holiday first course—gala, sun-rich Dole Pineapple Juice to accompany a platter covered with colorful canapes. Bright, golden pineapple juice served ice-cold in tinkle-thin, clear glasses pricks appetites, makes friends, puts families in the mood for the feast that follows.

*Pineapple Mincie Pie. Give mince pie a tropic touch! How? With a surprise layer of new-style Dole Crushed Pineapple under its top crust. Just spread those tempting, juicy cubes generously over a thick layer of mincemeat in a pastry-lined pan, cover with top crust, and bake as usual. Serve hot—you can't miss! Remember—every can of Dole Crushed you buy is the new, crisp-cut Crushed.

*By Patricia Collier

DOLE HOME ECONOMY
Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd.
215 Market St, San Francisco 6, Calif.
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 January 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-haeuser lumber.


Today—get your January issue of PHOTOPLAY for full information and contest entry blank.
Information Booth

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, 200 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

A HIT IN "HARVEY"

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me whether or not Joe E. Brown will have a program on the air this winter?

Mrs. T. B.
Turnersville, Texas

This seems highly unlikely as Joe is now very busy playing the title role in the long-run stage production, "Harvey," and from the races he's received from the critics, it looks as though Joe will remain in this show for quite a while.

PETITE RITA

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell us who plays the delightful little Faye on My Perkins? She has the sweetest voice on the air.

Miss J. B.
Ogden, Utah

The little lady is Rita Ascot—and little is right—she's only 4' 9" tall.

FROM DERRY CITY

Dear Editor:
Several Sundays ago, I heard a program of Irish music starring Michael O'Duffy. I believe it came over Mutual. Since then I haven't been able to get it. Is he still on the air? I especially liked this program as I am fond of Irish music. Which part of Ireland did he come from?

Miss R. J. G.
Clinton, Iowa

Michael O'Duffy is still on the air—tune in Sunday at 3:00 P.M., EST over your Mutual station. This Irish tenor comes from Derry City, Eire, where he was born twenty-nine years ago. Incidentally, according to a recent poll conducted by Radio Review, an Irish fan magazine, O'Duffy was voted "second only to Beniamino Gigli as the top-drawing singer in Great Britain."

CAMERA-SHY

Dear Editor:
I would like to know a few facts about Galen Drake, such as birthplace and date. Isn't he married to a sister of Jo Stafford?

And I don't recall ever seeing a picture of him. Could you print one?

Mrs. J. C.
Hashbrouck Heights, N. J.

Galen Drake was born in Kokomo, Indiana. And, yes, he is married to a sister of Jo Stafford—Pauline. Sorry, no picture—Galen Drake is camera-shy.

IN ONE MAN'S FAMILY

Dear Editor:
I would like to ask Radio Mirror's Information Booth for some information pertaining to radio actor Barton Yarborough. He has long been a favorite of mine, ever since I Love A Mystery was on the air back in 1945. I don't hear him anymore—could you tell me what he's doing now?

Charlotte, N. C.

Last summer, Barton Yarborough was in ABC's I Love Adventure in which he portrayed Doc Long to Michael Raffetto's Jack Mackard. Both Yarborough and Raffetto are members of long standing of the cast of One Man's Family—Yarborough plays Cliff, and Raffetto plays Paul.

THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED

Dear Editor:
I have heard that Tex and Jinx are back on the air, but it's certainly a mystery to me—can't find them.

Mr. M. M.
Bronx, N. Y.

A mystery no longer—Tex and Jinx broadcast their show every Sunday at Noon, EST, over your NBC station.

STELLA DALLAS

Dear Editor:
I have been taking Radio Mirror for two years but so far I haven't been able to see a picture of the actress who plays the title role in Stella Dallas.

Mrs. C. P.
Farmington, Ky.

We've printed pictures of Anne Elstner (Stella Dallas) several times in past issues of Radio Mirror, but just in case you missed them, here's another one.

It's All History—but No Dates!

T'S SO LONG SINCE I'VE HAD A DATE. I FEEL POSITIVELY DATED. I'D RATHER MAKE HISTORY FOR A CHANGE!

FINE! BUT FIRST, GET THE FACTS ON—ON BAD BREATH FROM YOUR DENTIST. MONEY!

TO COMBAT 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 polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

SINCE I LEARNED HOW COLGATE'S RATES I'M MAKING HISTORY WITH MY DENTIST!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date.

Elstner

Elstner

Elstner

Elstner

Elstner
Bachelors BEWARE!

By MARY JANE FULTON

Robert Merrill: no extra makeup, chipped polish.

Kenneth Banghart: wants a well-groomed career girl.

Robert Q. Lewis: no showing slips, crooked seams.

Jimmy Blaine: now he's found Phyl he's sorry for bachelors. She has that well-scrubbed, much admired look that is so typically American.

IF 1948 didn't give you a husband, perhaps 1949 will. If he's still too elusive, perhaps you'd like to know what several very eligible bachelors in radio have to say about why they're not benefactors. In listing the things they object to in a woman's appearance and actions, they want to go on record as admitting that there are many things that they do like. They want to point out, too, that they're quite willing to have their resistance broken down.

Robert Q. Lewis, comedian, now has his own Sunday afternoon CBS show. He says that when he takes a pretty date to dinner he doesn't like to see her lipstick leave smeary traces on her fork, spoon, coffee cup, and napkin. Not all girls do, so he knows there's a way to get it on so it doesn't come off easily. And when she repairs her lip make-up after eating, if she has to screw her mouth all around her face to get the coloring on exactly right, he wishes she'd trot off to the powder room to do the job. If she has to fish around in an overstuffed purse to find a "has-been" compact, and then powders her nose with its greasy, soiled puff, he immediately concludes that she's the kind of girl whose bureau drawers and closets are always in an unruly mess. He also doesn't like crooked stocking seams, slips showing, high-pitched voices, droopy postures.

Robert Merrill, singing star of NBC's RCA Victor Show, doesn't care whether the girl turns out to be beautiful or not. He just wants her to be an attractive, eyeful, and not go in for extremes in clothes and make-up. For if a girl tries to look like a sophisticated woman of the world when she isn't the type, she appears ludicrous. Bob avoids girls like this. He feels sure he would never fall so blindly in love that he'd fail to notice chipped nail polish, and hands that aren't soft and white. What he thinks he means is that he wants her always to be exquisitely dainty, ladylike and natural.

Kenneth Banghart, announcer for the same show, and also an NBC newscaster, definitely favors the well-groomed career woman type—who can cook. He hopes someday to find one who has the intelligence to agree or to disagree with him on world events, without being too determined or too sweet about expressing her opinions. He wants her to like people as much as he does, so that she'll be a charming, unfurled hostess to his many friends who like to drop in on him unexpectedly. If she has plenty of "get up and go," their life together would, he's sure, never be monotonous, but forever interesting. He admits this looks like a large order to fill, and that he may someday settle for less providing the woman is a genuine, understanding person.

Jimmy Blaine, ABC announcer on the Edwin C. Hill news program, says he's found the girl who has all the loving qualities he's been looking for, and even more than he hoped for. His recent bride, the former Phyl Fish, was personal secretary to Harry Wismer, ABC's Director of Sports. Besides having all the attractions Lewis, Merrill, and Banghart specify, Phyl, Jimmy proudly boasts, has that "well-scrubbed," typical American girl look he's always admired. She also has the knack of making him feel as though he could go out and lick the world with only one hand.
"I expect DIAMONDS"

says Junior Standish, New York’s most ravishing chorus girl.

“A man doesn’t have to give me diamonds,” she adds, “but—it helps!” Junior seems to know how to get what she wants. Both Milton Berle and Joey Adams have tried the diamond treatment and she still isn’t saying which one, if either, is making any headway.

Read the amazing story of this fabulous girl from the south who got her first chorus job in a New York night club at the age of 12 and is still going strong.

In January

TRUE EXPERIENCES

the woman’s magazine of fact not fiction

Also in this exciting issue:

★ “I CAN’T WALK AND I DON’T CARE”

Singer Connee Boswell’s story of courage and determination that has brought her fame and happiness.

★ “I AM A LADY CABBY”

The thrills, humor and just plain hard work that go with driving a hack in Manhattan are part of cabby Betty Fishbein’s story.

★ “MY DECISION MEANT LIFE AND DEATH”

Her husband and baby boy were both drowning! Which one would she save was Hannah Myers’, grim choice.

Read the 25 thrilling fact-features in January TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine now on sale at all newsstands.

Listen to

"THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS"

every day Monday through Friday over NBC.

Read Carolyn Kramer’s “Right To Happiness” column every month in TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine and win $50.
Radio Mirror’s Best Letter of the Month

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

Dear Papa David:
Several years ago, my husband, small daughter, and I lived in a little Tennessee town. I took my little girl, eight years old, to see a Negro boy of about the same age who was suffering from an incurable ailment from which he died a few months later.
A few days after our visit I suggested to my daughter that she and her best girl friend get up a Sunshine Basket for the little boy. I typed a note explaining about the child, and the girls took the note from house to house in our town, asking for a small donation of money, food, or anything that might give pleasure to a sick child whose parents were very poor. The girls walked for two hours and brought in many gifts and several dollars. Under my supervision they purchased candy, cookies, fruit, toys of many kinds, and even a new pair of pajamas. When they had bought everything they could think of there was a little more than a dollar left.

We took the dollar bill to the bank and changed it for one hundred pennies; then we bought a large leather coin purse. The girls wrapped all their gifts lovingly and attractively in bright paper. Then they washed the pennies in hot soapsuds with a little vinegar added, until the copper shone like gold. When the big basket was all packed, I took the girls out to the edge of town where the little boy lived. I wish you could have seen his face as he opened those gifts, especially the purse. As those pennies poured out he momentarily forgot his pain. He counted them over and over, his face bright and happy. But brighter even than the invalid’s face were the faces of those two little girls.

They learned that day that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and I think the lesson will go with them through life. It impressed on them, too, that God is no respecter of persons, regardless of color or race; that people should be color-blind, too, and that our “neighbor” is every human being in the world!

Mrs. L. W. C.

The ten-dollar letters follow:

NEW IDEA, NEW HOPE

Dear Papa David:
I had been brought up as an only child, surrounded by a circle of doting relatives. After I grew up and had been married a few years, my whole world came crashing down around me. My husband ran away with another woman, leaving me with two small children to raise and educate. My father, who had lost most of his money in the crash of ’29, was drinking heavily and disappearing mysteriously at intervals. My beloved mother weakened by these blows, lost her mind and had to be placed in an institution, where she died a few months later.

Dazed and bewildered, I felt unable to go on living. I decided that the only solution to my problem was suicide. Just as I had my plans almost completed, our family doctor came to me and asked me if I would take a new-born baby into my home temporarily. I would be well paid, he said, and he would consider it a personal favor. He was a very wise and discerning man; since he had been kind to me, almost beyond belief, I consented. He brought the baby—a sweet, appealing little mite who not only crept into my heart but was instantly claimed by my own two as “baby sister.”

When, six months later, we had to give her into other hands, new hope and a new idea sprang into life for me. I suddenly came to my senses. Why not take in other needy children and give them—and my own girls—the loving care so necessary to their well-being, and at the same time provide an adequate living without having to leave my home? And judging from the joy that first baby brought, my life would be made over.

All that was sixteen years ago. My girls are married and I have recently become a grandmother. I have health, happiness and peace of mind—all because I learned the “life can be beautiful” lesson before it was too late.

Mrs. V. B.

(Continued on page 78)
Family Counselor

Even a warehouse can, with planning, be a home.

While in New York a while ago, I met Peggy Monroe, who invited me to see what I like to call Monroes’ Miracle—the apartment she and her husband, Paul, transformed into very attractive living quarters from a dingy Manhattan warehouse.

Knowing that many listeners would like to hear how one ingenious young couple solved the housing problem, I invited Peggy Monroe to visit us as a Family Counselor. The story she told, and the pictures on this page, go to prove that any sort of house—even a warehouse—can be made a home.

It started as a storage room, sixty-five by twenty-three feet. Workmen installed utilities—there was no plumbing—partitioned kitchen and bath. Paul caulked the floors with white lead containing DDT and used a special rubber paint to guard against mice, insects and damp. The original mustard-colored walls were painted with seven coats of dark green to help hide imperfections. Biggest surprise of all was finding two closed chimneys which, when opened, were turned into two delightful fireplaces. One dollar’s worth of packing cases became window seats, upholstered in foam rubber and covered in gay zebra-striped material.

“If a young couple,” Peggy told us, “must live with in-laws, or in crowded quarters, or call a hotel a home, or can’t afford high rent or building costs, they’d be wise to do as we did. Any town might offer a warehouse, barn or shop to be transformed with planning and hard work. Working together—that’s what counts. And that’s what’s fun!”
BACK on the farm when I was a boy in Colorado, entertainment, like food, was a homegrown product.

There was no radio in our house in those days and no trucking out after dark to go into town for a Coke or the movies.

My mother believed in the fireside family, thank heavens. For it was out of games played by our big old range that Truth or Consequences was born.

Many were the rainy nights when mother and dad and three of us boys racked our brains over guessing games, dressed up for Charades, spun scary stories for Ghosts, but the best nights of all were with a gang around when we sing-sanged “Heavy Heavy Hangs Over Thy Head . . . Is it Fine or Superfine? Tell the truth or pay the consequences.”

The consequences were pretty simple in those pre-radio days, usually involving kissing Cousin Sue or the girl next door. Even then, you see, it was more profitable to take the consequences.

I can remember the exact second when that old game flashed into my mind as possibly convertible to radio.

It was late on a Thursday afternoon, November 13, 1939.
I had just taxied home from the network studios where I spent my days selling soap—same as now, except that then I was strictly an announcer, on a flock of daytime shows. In the taxi—as in recent weeks wherever I had been, at the dinner table, in front of the microphone, or in my dreams—I was kicking around The Big Problem.

Half of the radio people in New York were fretting over The Big Problem in those days. The Big Chance it was, too: to come up with a program idea for an important sponsor who, scuttlebutt had it, would buy a nighttime radio show if they could latch onto a really fresh idea.

A family type show was wanted, something friendly and folksy. Could be a quiz show—Professor Quiz and the brand new Information Please were the radio sensations of the moment—but it had to be homey. This was all we knew.

Quizzes, contests, games—as I say, I was dreaming about them; trying to come up with something—as my wife, Barbara, and I had decided in hashing it over—which gave the contestant a little more of a run for his money.

And then, just as I threw my hat on the foyer table and started down the hall to say Hi to Barbara and her parents who had come to town for a visit, it hit me.

“Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Thy Head!”

Truth or Consequences.

I said Hi, I guess. I went through the usual motions of entering a room and acknowledging the presence of the other people in it. But for half an hour I didn’t hear a word that anybody—including myself—said.

At the end of that half hour I went to the phone and called John MacMillan, at that time Radio Director at the Compton agency.

“I think I have it,” I said. “It’s gamey.” I meant game-y. I told him my idea for Truth or Consequences.

John didn’t say anything until I had finished. I had outlined half a dozen ideas for stunts, including one with a telephone tie-up, I remember. I even recalled some of the old stunts I had performed on the radio while still in college. Jokes, angles had rushed into place as I filled the story out.

“This is it,” I was thinking, even with the long silence at the other end of the line.

Then John said, “When can you audition it?”

This was it, all right.

“Oh,” I said as casually as I (Continued on page 86)
After three decades, Durante is still friends with his partners, partners with his friends.

That tells plenty about all of them!

By EDDIE JACKSON

The thin days back in the early twenties when we worked for bread without butter are gone and better off forgotten. The turning point in Jimmy's career and ours came in 1922 when he scraped enough money together to open his own night club. And believe me, it was a very humble beginning. I remember the last thing to be ordered was an electric sign to read "Club Durante."

The day the electricians arrived found Jimmy proudly watching the men slide the sign off a truck. Suddenly the grin fell from his face. The sign read, "Club Durante."

"No e. It's uh catastroscope," Jimmy gasped. "I'm practically nekid."

He turned to the electricians.

"Youse misconstrudled me," he said. "Yuh left the e off Durante."

The boss electrician stepped forward.

"Look, Mr. Durante, you gave us $250 to make a sign," he said. "We charge you $25 a letter. For twenty-five bucks more we put on the e."

Jimmy dipped into his very empty pockets and came up with air. Then slowly the broad grin crept over his face.

"Fuhgit it, gennumen," he said magnanimously and tossed his schnozzola aloft. "To (Continued on page 70)
For a lot of people all over the world, the words “Durante” and “comedy” are interchangeable. This story by one of Jimmy’s oldest friends shows another side of Jimmy ... the man who rarely has time for breakfast in bed, or a friendly game, because—for example—he’s too busy sandwiching benefits into a schedule already bursting-full.
When on January 8, 1946, John Ridgely Howard was born to William Ross Howard III and his wife (known elsewhere, but not at home, as Dorothy Lamour) the Howards made a pact. He'll be just Ridge Howard, they decided, and not the son of a famous movie star and a wealthy Social Registerite advertising executive. He'll be a little boy like a million other little boys. They've kept the pact.

Dorothy and Bill met during the war when Bill was a Major in the Army Air Forces. Now, five years later, they're more in love than ever. The Howard house operates on schedule—has to, with so many busy people part of it. Bill has his advertising business. Dorothy has her picture career, a dress designing business, and now her very-important-to-her radio program, Variety Theatre, on NBC Thursdays at 9:30 P.M., EST.

The Howards manage to keep "office hours" like any other working couple, with nothing allowed to interfere with the time spent with Ridge. A maid, Ridge's nurse, and Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Castleberry (called by her grandson "Mrs. Coffeepot" for reasons known only to him) complete the household—as normal and happy a one as if it were on Main Street in any town, instead of in Beverly Hills.

2. Most days, Ridge helps the maid with the breakfast dishes. When Dorothy is home she takes over that chore so Ridge can be with her and still not feel he's been cheated of his number one household duty.

5. Ridge's day, under the watchful eye of his nurse, follows a strict schedule, with meals, naptime, playtime, bedtime at set hours by the clock. When Dorothy's home, playtime takes the form of helping mother, more fun than little-boy pastimes.
To Young Ridge Howard, she’s not Dorothy Lamour. She’s his mother, and it’s a great day when he can help her “do” the house.

3. Dorsey—he calls her—and son do a once over lightly with the vacuums. Ridge is also good with the ashtrays.

4. The Howards’ house is a large but not spectacular one—not a guard in sight, no swimming pool, no “front.” But it is just what they want it to be—a home for Ridge.

6. Sometimes, dinner’s early enough for Ridge to share, and weather permitting, his favorite eating is outdoor eating, with just enough Howard cooks not to spoil the broth. After supper comes Daddy’s romp with Ridge. Bedtime is seven.

7. No bath-resistance here. Ridge loves it, and he’s very proud of his after-bath robes, especially the ones Mommy made for him. His favorite is a man-tailored terry cloth number with bunny fur seufs completing the ensemble.
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BRINGING UP

By
HARRIET HILLIARD NELSON

A "HALF-NELSON" is, as you probably know, a wrestling hold. An effective one, I understand. Sometimes, when Ozzie thinks that he has deciphered some of the more obscure behavior of one of our young sons, he says he has a half-Nelson on the boy. But he always adds, quickly, "Of course, the other half is Hilliard"—meaning that there is no telling what will happen next.

I certainly wouldn't set myself up as an expert on the training of sons, despite the fact that a great many mothers write to me to inquire how I have handled such-and-such a problem in our family. Sometimes I am greatly relieved to discover that the problem outlined by a troubled mother is one I have never been called upon to face; sometimes I can write to give my version of the
same difficulty described by my correspondent.
If one were to attempt to confine our “fun” family life to the yardstick of one cardinal rule, I suppose he would say that we have always regarded one another as individuals with individual needs, aims, and personalities. Mutual respect is our unchanging motto.
We enjoy one another.

At the present time, for instance, we are deep in daily playing of the word game. At dinner every night the whole family joins in. We learn several new words, how to spell them, how to pronounce them, and how to use them in a sentence. It’s true that this practice is aiding the boys’ school work because words are the keys to every door of human knowledge, but sometimes Ozzie and

Like other young parents, Harriet and Ozzie are beginning to think that with what they’ve learned from David, 12 (left) and Ricky, 8, they could fill a textbook. But they’re too busy to write it.

so regularly in the Nelson household that father Ozzie has become a master... at evading it
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or is it, perhaps, the boys who are bringing up Ozzie and Harriet? That's a question that arises regularly in the Nelson household that father Ozzie has become a master... at evading it.
Ozzie’s petty cash system is simple: he disposes currency here and there among his pockets. Harriet is always richer the day she sends a suit to the cleaner.

I am amazed to discover how much the game is helping us.

I grew up in a trunk because my parents were theatrical people, so I’m usually good at geographical names; Ozzie shines when the word has a legal tinge because he took his law degree from New Jersey Law School. He had planned to continue with his band until he had ten thousand dollars; then he was going to sink this fund into a law office and hang out his shingle. By the time he had ten thousand dollars, he couldn’t afford to quit the band business and start over again as a struggling young attorney. Little did he think, when he was struggling through “contracts” and “real property” that the day would come when—at a Hollywood dinner table—he would be able to explain the phrase “time is of the essence” to his two sons!

Some very funny dialogue sometimes results from our attempts to advance the boys’ vocabulary power. A few years ago an ambulance, its siren screaming, scorched down Hollywood Boulevard only a few hundred feet from our front lawn.

Said David (aged seven at the time) “Look at that old ‘ambulance’ go, will you!”

Ricky (then four) corrected him loftily. “You mean an ‘anulope,’ don’t you?”

I rather like that word “anulope.” It sounds like...
UP THE BOYS

a cross between an antelope and an ambulance.

David, now nearly 12, can be lofty about his multi-syllable words, too. He glanced out of his bedroom window the other day and noticed that Ricky and some of his friends were pushing one another in the pool and getting a little rough about it as boys will. When David decided that the fun had gone far enough, he shouted, “All right, all right, let’s suspend with that stuff.”

RICKY has trouble with transposing the letters n and m. Berlin, in our family, is located firmly in “Germany,” and when my hair needs attention, I get a “permanent” wave. Sometimes we think we like the words better that way.

Also in observance of our intention of enjoying one another is the plan Ozzie and I have made for recreation with the boys. Twice a week I take them ice-skating at Hollywood’s Polar Palace, and twice a week Ozzie coaches them at tennis.

Both boys are lucky in that they have excellent coordination. Things seem to come very easy to Ricky, but David is more persevering. Each boy knows what the other’s personality advantage is, and each tries to be mutually helpful. David has taught Ricky not to quit when things get a little too complicated for his impatient, facile grasp, and the younger boy has taught the older to relax, that things will be easier if he doesn’t try too hard.

From the mail I receive, I’m inclined to believe that in some families the children suffer from comparison with one another instead of benefiting from their perfectly natural differences. That seems such a tragedy when it is possible to point out that each human being excels in some way. This excellence should be regarded as a family possession in which everyone shares and from which everyone can learn.

Once in awhile, one of our boys develops interest in a hobby that we approve, but which we simply can’t gratify. Two years ago David decided that he wanted a horse for Christmas. His closet was loaded with full cowboy regalia, and he had steeped himself in the Saturday movies at The Hitching Post Theatre. He poured over magazines containing pictures of and stories about Gene Autry or Roy Rogers, and he could recite the life of Buffalo Bill backward. His favorite comic was Red Ryder, and I think he saw “My Friend Flicka” half a dozen times. He pawed through our encyclopaedia to learn all he could about horses, and confided his discoveries to us—at length—at dinner every night. He had it bad.

It’s easy enough to tell a child an unexplained “no,” but we have made it a practice never to do it. We always say, “No, (Continued on page 73)

Harriet's own version of the Hat Dance—performed when she has to stake a new claim for her hat collection, which periodically outgrows its allotted quarters.
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The Heart to Heart Hookup is more to Jack Berch than a part of his program—it is his honest philosophy of life.
THE TROUBLE with a typewriter is that it can't sing. It can't even whistle. Take my word for it, the typewriter will never replace the microphone. Perhaps the best way to explain myself—my program, and my attitude toward life, and even why I want a whistling typewriter—is to tell you why I like to start my radio show each morning with a whistle and a song. It all began like this:

I was riding into town one morning on my way to a broadcast. In company with a few million other commuters, I was reading the morning paper. Suddenly I realized that the whole front page was full of disaster—fires, murders, political troubles, jealousy and strife between persons and between nations. Leafing through the rest of the paper, I discovered that most of the editorial columns were filled with more of the same. There were only a couple of stories, and those very short and well-hidden, that dealt with nice things, friendly things—man's humanity to man, instead of his inhumanity.

"Now," I said to myself, "something ought to be done about this. And, in my small way, I'm the guy to do it." Then and there, in theory at least, the Heart to Heart Hookup and the Good Neighbor Club came into being. Very shortly they were practice, not theory. And those two features of the program can tell you, if you listen, exactly the way I feel about life, and exactly the way I feel about what a radio program ought to give the people who listen to it. Friendliness, neighborliness, the spirit of goodness which prompted a person to do another a good turn—those are the things that make the world go 'round for everyday people like you and me. Of course, the other things are important, too. But it's the everyday things that get overlooked. They need, in the language of radio, a sponsor.

So I elected myself sponsor of friendliness, a sort of town crier for the small good deeds that are likely to pass unnoticed. I've got a great many co-sponsors, too—all those swell people who send in their letters and clippings for the Heart to Heart Hookup and the Good Neighbor Club.

Of course, there are other parts of the program, too. We sing a little, talk a little, tell a few jokes. By and large, we have a pretty good time, the boys and I.

The boys—I'd better tell you something about them. They are, believe me, tops in their professions. Eddie Dunn is the announcer. Besides his regular chores on the show he has the self-imposed one of trying to "break me up"—make me laugh in the middle of a song, that is. A good portion of his salary, to say nothing of a lot of time and energy, goes into this project.

Masks and funny faces are his particular delight. There was the morning, for instance—how could I forget it? when he slipped a set of Mortimer Snert teeth (the kind that come down over your lower lip) into his mouth, and started to suck on a lemon just as I was singing "Yours Is My Heart Alone." If you heard that particular program, and have always wondered why I never did finish the song, there's your answer.

I remember—why I can even laugh at it, now—what I thought at the time was the low point of my career. It was a day early last summer, when the Republican national convention was in progress. Now I'll have to admit that what happened was (Continued on page 83)
Although the apartment's furnishing is not completed, Spike and Helen will cheerfully whip up brunch for company any day.

Helen and Spike, of course, have a full collection of City Slicker records. He is a great, if somewhat devil-may-care, help around the house.

I SUPPOSE you think being married to Spike Jones would be like living with a three-ring circus. I can understand that. I would have thought so myself at one time, and if anyone had told me that I, Helen Greco, a quiet, reasonable girl who sang soft, sensible music, would end up as Mrs. Spike, I would have promptly told them they had whole-nosites in their heads.

That was until I met him.

To my utter amazement I discovered that Spike Jones, private citizen, is as different from Spike Jones, zany band leader, as any two people could possibly be. He's all the things you'd never dream he could be after listening to him make musical mayhem with his City Slickers. He's a very quiet fellow. Dignified, compassionate and thoughtful. And very business-like.

I remember how surprised I was to find this out, because when I first went to see him, I half expected to find him swinging from a chandelier waving a string of cowbells. But it wasn't like that at all.

In the first place, I never dreamed I'd be the kind of singer Spike would want. (Continued on page 89)
Two of Us
1. Doug Fleming protests that he hasn’t time to go to Pinesville to purchase the Kimball house for his boss, W. D. Bennett. After all, in three days Doug and Flo, Bennett’s secretary, are to be married. But Bennett insists, and Flo—knowing that Doug is the Bennett heir, but that wills can be changed—sides with their employer. At last, Doug says he will go.

4. After dinner, a walk in the moonlight. Marcey tells Doug about the house and that grandfather will get out his shotgun if “those low-down back-stabbing Bennetts try to buy.” Ever the opportunist, Doug asks her to sell to him and she agrees.

As you do every Wednesday at 10:30 P.M., EST, on NBC stations, you’ll hear on December 15 the familiar invitation to “join the gay throng at Chicago’s Merchandise Mart.” That night, Curtain Time will present “Nothing Personal,” the same story told here in pictures. In the pictures, as on the air, Doug Fleming is played by Harry Elders; Flo, Margaret Brayton; W. D. Bennett, Arthur Peterson; Marcey, Beverly Younger; Cyrus Kimball, Art Van Harvey.

“Nothing Personal”--the story of a young man whose life was planned--until he tried to buy a house!
2. Bennett has explained that the Kimball house symbolizes all that he missed in his impoverished childhood. Because the Kimballs hate him, they will not sell directly to him. Doug misses his train, is rescued by a pretty girl. But he tells her Pinesville is a cemetery, says he's going to pull a fast deal and get out. He can, she says, get out now—and walk. She loves the town and hates city smart alecs.

3. Too late, Doug learns her name—Marcy Kimball. In desperation, Doug remembers Bennett's warning: "no house, no job." Flo, he is sure, shares her employer's views. What Flo likes best about Doug is Bennett's money. So Doug arms himself with orchids and goes to call on Marcey. Finally she forgives him. Old Cyrus Kimball invites Doug to dinner. Things seem at last, Doug tells himself, to be looking up.

5. Doug encounters a hitch in his plans—in the form of Kimball's shotgun. A bellhop at the hotel, it seems, has informed Cyrus that Doug works for Bennett. Marcey says it's not true, that Doug wants the house for himself, and the old man points out that it's much too large for a single man. "But I'm planning to marry," Doug explains—and this is interpreted as a proposal to Marcey, who accepts on the spot. A telephone call interrupts. It is Flo, who says that she's on her way to Pinesville. "My sister," Doug tells the Kimballs.
6. At the hotel, Flo reserves the church in Doug's name, orders the flowers, completes her plans to be married in Pinesville. Vainly, Doug protests that there is something he must tell her. In love now with Marcey, but still engaged to Flo, Doug really finds himself in trouble.

7. Flo leaves; Marcey comes in. Grandfather Kimball has found that the church is reserved for Doug. Though surprised, Marcey promises to be ready. A call tells Doug that W. D. Bennett is in the lobby. Asking Marcey to wait a moment, Doug races downstairs to head Bennett off.

8. Re-enter Flo. Marcey, believing her to be Doug's sister, invites her to the wedding. Indignantly, Flo explains that she is the one who's marrying Doug—here in Pinesville, because Doug has not yet completed negotiations for the house he is.
9. Cyrus Kimball has heard that Bennett is in town, learned the whole story. Taking his shotgun, he goes hunting for Bennett and Doug. The two are confronted at the elevator, but as Cyrus fires, Marcey pushes him. The shot goes wild, hitting the chandelier—which falls on Doug.

10. While grandfather takes off after the fleeing Bennett, Marcey comforts Doug. Returning to find his granddaughter holding the victim’s head and announcing to all and sundry that they’re going to be married at once, Cyrus realizes the Kimballs won after all, gives his blessing.
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Between The

UNTTO THE HEART
A ghost can be a little thing...
Like a tennis racquet without a string,
A cigarette case, a pair of glasses,
An old brown hat, two season passes.
A ghost can be a tender thing...
Like baby hands too small to cling,
An old love letter, lines from a book,
Words to a song, a remembered look.
A ghost can be a silent thing...
Like a telephone that does not ring...
Books on a shelf, an easy chair,
Guns on the wall, suits pressed to wear.
A ghost can be a welcome thing...
Like memories a moonlit night can bring,
A picture's smile, a dream that is wanted,
The kiss of a child—(MY HOUSE IS HAUNTED!)
—Robbie L. Donaldson

TO A CALENDAR
You have no power over winds nor rain,
Nor snow upon the evergreens, nor sleet.
And yet we turn a page, and think, "Now sweet
The zephyrs of the spring will blow again,"
Or "Summer goes, here, in a blaze of glory,"
Or "This will be a sombre time at best,"
And we take care to turn you carefully, lest
The year be interrupted in her story.
But have I not known chilliest winds to blow
Through warmth, and found, in laughter of a child,
Spring in November's gray? Do I not know
Peace of an autumn night can bloom in wild
Snow-storms, and have I not perceived the glow
Of summer in me, whenever he has smiled?
—Elaine V. Emans

THE MIRROR IS YOURSELF
There is a time when, nothing said at all,
All words are possible—no action made,
All choice is ours; whatever course we call,
We dare to follow on it unafraid.
But every choosing points the newer one—
The north leads farther north with every day,
The south leans ever closer to the sun—
We speak tomorrow's thought with all we say.
In vain we ask the mirror not to note
The choices past which lead the future fear—
To smooth each line of record that we wrote
Day by swift day, slow year by crawling year.
Now, all our thoughts made visible at last,
We are our future; we ourselves our past.
—Virginia Scott Miller

END OF THE BOOK
Life's paper-covered novel
May pull a bit with age—
But oh, I shall be sorry
To turn the final page.
—L. R. Lind

Hello There:
Every time a new year turns the corner...
we try to make certain resolutions...
Some of them we may have made before...
way back there...
and didn't keep.
Some are brand new, like every new day.
But I guess the year or the day doesn't matter much
as long as there is at least one worth
while resolution to make every time the clock strikes midnight
on a new beginning.
The best resolution I know of was made thousands of years ago...
and is so ancient you may think it as worn out
as the cover of the book it came from...
but it needs no brand new date to make it worth our while.
If we resolve to DO UNTO OTHERS AS WE WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO US
we have begun the year with the clearest of high hopes for the future.
—Ted Malone.
GROWTH
I'm growing older, there's no doubt, And furthermore, I'm growing stout, But luckily for my peace of mind, I'm growing wiser and resigned! —Thomas Usk

PRAYER FOR THE ESSENTIAL
Give every man his dream—and let it be His star to guide through vast immensity Of doubt and shadow: light to penetrate The gloom dark circumstance may well create; A gleam rekindling hope's sweet sorcery.
The dream will be for each the magic key To liberate him from life's tyranny, To swing for him enchantment's jewelled gate—
Give every man his dream.

Having his dream for open-sesame To Happy Isles, let each go fearlessly With banner high and faith inviolate... That we have private courage for his fate Nor fall before each new in-delencency, Give every man his dream. —B. Y. Williams

IT'S NICE TO FEEL NICE—
ABOUT NOTHING
There is no sun—in fact, it's snowing! I've no idea where I'm going To spend the day; it's only Monday, And nothing special happened Sunday, And yet I feel a strange elation— As if I'd had an invitation To someone's wedding, or a shower, And this is growing by the hour. There is no reason for it—really! My baked potato wasn't mealy; My favorite fruit is out of season, But if the world must have a reason, Say of my beautiful sensation, That, though it has no real founda- tion, I most emphatically endorse it, And, were it law, I should enforce it, And, were it not, I'd still adore it Because there is no reason for it. —Faye Chlckote Walker

HILL CALL
Radio Mirror's Prize Poem
I would go back to the dreaming hills And the fields below When the land is burned and the valley fills With the drifted snow, But my shoes are lighter than those I wore When I climbed the blanket-sed hills before.
I would go back when the spring awakes, As the heart has planned, For the river thaws and the green blade breaks Through the waiting land, But my gown is lighter than one I wore When I crossed awakening streams before.
I would go back to the summer hills Where the skylarks nest, For the daisies blew by the longued rails And the land is blessed, But my skirt is longer than when I came Through the clover field and the stonebed lane.
I would return to the amber hills With the autumn breeze, For the fields are paled as the color spills Through the sunlaved trees, But the wind would tangle my lacquered hair, For the braids were cut when I used to wear, As the ties were cut when the land was sold. I would go back, but the heart is old.
—Pegasus Buchanan

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 50 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.

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:30 EST, over ABC.
Hello There:
Every time a new year turns the corner...
we try to make certain resolutions... Some of them we may have made before... any back there... and didn't keep.
Some are brand new, like every new day.
But I guess the year or the day doesn't matter much as long as there is at least one worth while resolution to make every time the clock strikes midnight on a new beginning.
The best resolution I know of was made thousands of years ago... and is so ancient you may think it is
worn out as the cover of the book it came from...
but it needs no brand new date to make it worth our time.
If we resolve to DO UNTO OTHERS AS WE WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO US,
we have begun the year with the closest of high hopes for the future.
—Ted Malone.

UNTO THE HEART
A ghost can be a little thing...
Like a tennis racket without a string,
A cigarette case, a pair of glasses,
An old brown hat, two season passes.
A ghost can be a tender thing...
Like baby hands too small to cling,
An old love letter, lines from a book,
Words to a song, a remembered look.
A ghost can be a silent thing...
Like a telephone that does not ring...
Books on a shelf, an easy chair,
Gone on the wall, units pressed to wear.
A ghost can be a welcome thing...
Like memories a season might bring,
A picture's smile, a dream that is wanted.
The kiss of a child—MY HOUSE IS HAUNTED!
—Robbie L. Donaldson

TO A CALENDAR
You have no power over what's nor rain,
Nor snow upon the evergreen, nor heat.
And yet we turn a page, and think.
"Now aways, the aspary of the spring will blow again,"
Or "Summer gone, here in a blossom of glory,"
Or "This will be a snowy time at last,"
And we take care to turn you carefully, last.
The year he interrupted in her story.
But here I note not chilliest winds to blow
Through warmth, and found, in laughter of a child,
Spring in November's glory? Do I not know
Peace in an autumn night can bloom in wild
Snow-storms, and how I never perceived the glow
Of summer in, whenever he has smiled?
—Edward V. Emerson

THE MIRROR IS YOURSELF
There is a time when, nothing said at all,
All words are possible—no certain note.
All choices are equal, however wise we seem,
We dare to follow on it unaided.
But every choosing points the nearer one—
The north baths farther north with every day.
The south moves ever closer to the sun—
We speak tomorrow's thought with all we say.
In wars we ask the mirror not to note
The choices past which lead the future to
To smooth each line of record that we wear.
Day by swift day, slow year by crowning
Now, all our thoughts made visible at last.
We are our future, we ourselves our past.
—Virginia Scott Hardy

GROWTH
I'm growing older, there's no doubt.
And furthermore, I'm growing about.
I'm growing wiser and resigned.
—Thomas Uik

PRAYER FOR THE ESSENTIAL
Give every man his dream—and let it be
His star to guide through vast immensity
Of cloud and shadow: light to penetrate
The gloom, dark circumstance may well create.
A German retaining hope's sweet sorcery.
The dream will be for each the special key
To interlace him from life's tempest,
To swing for him enchantment's jewelled gate
Give every man his dream.
Having his dream for open sesame
To happier days, let each go fearless
With banner high and faith unimpaired...
That we have borne private charges for his fate
Not fall before each new inclement.
Give every man his dream.
—W. Y. Williams

IT'S NICE TO FEEL NICE—ABOUT NOTHING
I've no idea from where I'm going.
To spread the bed: it's only Monday.
And nothing special happened Sunday.
And yet I feel a strange suavity
As if I'd had an ambition.
To someone's wedding, or a shower.
And this is growing in the hour.
There is no reason for it—really.
My garden potato wasn't ready.
My favorite fruit is out of season.
But if the world must have a reason,
Say of my beautiful remembrance.
That, though it has no real foundation.
I must emphatically conclude it.
And, were it not, I'd still adore it.
Because there is no reason for it.
—Fayer Childee Walker

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With well over 60,000 sets in operation, Philadelphia is the number two television town in the country.

The three stations carry programs from the four video networks, plus clever and vigorous local programming. WFIL-TV is owned by The Philadelphia Inquirer, WCAU-TV is owned by The Philadelphia Bulletin, and station WPTZ is owned by Philco, so it is not too surprising that the Quaker City is very TV conscious.

They have more advertisers by actual count than any other video station in the country; some of them are small accounts that's true, but it's a healthy sign.

WPTZ was experimenting with television ten years ago and got its commercial license in 1940, making it one of the oldest TV stations in existence. They televised the 1940 conventions in Philadelphia and relayed pictures to New York, but since the television sets at that time numbered only a few hundred not many people saw Willkie and Roosevelt in their video debuts.

WFIL-TV has been going less than a year, but has made remarkable progress. They have been doing a very popular show in the early afternoon for several months, so they are out front in the Philadelphia field as far as daytime video is concerned.

WCAU-TV has pulled a very neat trick. They bought their own sport arena—stage fights and other events for live as well as TV audiences. If the TV rights to sporting events keep climbing, who knows how many TV stations will follow their lead?

On this and the opposite page are pictures, two for each of the three Philadelphia television stations now in operation, of outstanding programs of "looking-in" fare that the city offers owners of TV sets in the area.

There are, of course, many others on each of the stations. Some of these programs are carry-overs from radio, which are gaining even wider audiences now that they can be seen as well as heard. Others are brand new shows designed specifically for the newer medium.
Dr. Armand Spitz is a man who not only talks about the weather but does everything about it that is in his power to do. Using authentic weather instruments, he has a large following for his predictions each night, WCAU-TV.

“Uncle Wip” is a favorite with Philadelphia youngsters—those who watch and those who participate in his popular program for children. He and his small fry talent are heard three times a week, at 6 P.M., over WCAU-TV.

Ted Steele, for many years a favorite with listeners, can now be seen as well as heard in Philadelphia. He brings his one-man show of music and fun to the viewing audience of WPTZ twice a week. It’s called Piano Patter.

WPTZ’s Jack Creamer—the Handy Man—has the oldest commercial television program. Jack is a radio old-timer, now brings to viewers, too, his household hints and gadget demonstrations, with the assistance of pretty Carol Reed.
Matinee Idol, 1949

John Howard is well known to every movie fan as the handsome leading man of some fifty-four motion pictures, and he made millions of radio friends when he created the charming Dr. Leslie Foster in the serial Those We Love. Now John has combined his movie and radio techniques, thrown in his stage experience, and emerges as the first top-flight star to do an important television series.

He will soon be coming in over the nation’s television receivers as video’s first two-fisted serial hero. He has recently completed the first twenty-six films in the Public Prosecutor series for Jerry Fairbanks and NBC Television.

Public Prosecutor is one of the most discussed (and most expensive) deals in TV history, and is the first whodunit to be written, directed, enacted and photographed especially for television. Howard, playing the title role, engages in gun battles, cracks fists with underworld thugs, stalks clever criminals, fights his way out of death traps and even tussles with savage lions in one episode. His weekly encounters with danger almost equal those of the early movie serial kings and queens.

Many of his fellow actors and actresses in Hollywood have been cornering John to find out just how acting techniques for television differ from those used for the stage and motion pictures. Since John is not only an accomplished actor, but also a Phi Beta Kappa, who was voted the most outstanding student in his class when he graduated Magna Cum Laude from Western Reserve University in 1934, he is able to give a thorough-going analysis of the points of likeness and difference.

“The first thing that must be said,” John points out, “is that television acting is a combination of stage, screen and radio acting.” That has been said before, but John can explain in interesting detail: “Video long shots, for instance, require the broad acting of the legitimate stage, otherwise facial and body expressions would be lost entirely on the small TV screens. Close-ups, on the other hand, demand the underacting of the cinema.”

John was amazed at first because the stage sets used for television are so small. This is also due to the small size of the video screen—there must be a close grouping of the actors. This fact, he says, is one of the most difficult aspects of acting in TV films.

“I had been accustomed to the large stage sets and the spacious motion picture sets, where you have plenty of room to roam about and plenty of space for mad gesturing. I suddenly found myself acting in what seemed to be a two-by-four box. At first I felt hampered but gradually adapted my movements and gestures to the tiny area.”

The camera takes on added importance in television. John finds. The video film actor does not move about as much as the motion picture or stage actor—due again to the small screen. In TV films the camera is moved about and this gives the viewer the feeling he is seeing more action than is actually photographed.

“In Public Prosecutor,” he explained, “we used the stage technique of talking directly to the audience. The camera was our audience. This (Continued on page 74)
Sonja Henie and skating partner talk to Danton Walker; Doris Brown, narrator on Lucky Pup.

Dumont's New York outlet, WABD, started the ball rolling on full-scale daytime television by scheduling fifteen hours of telecasting each day. Commander Mortimer Loewi, executive assistant to Dr. Dumont, said when making the announcement: "It is ridiculous for television broadcasters to ignore the women in the home who want news, information and entertainment, and to deprive them of the opportunity to use their television sets during the day."

The daytime operation is primarily instruction—programs dedicated to sewing, cooking, shopping and baby tending. Of course, big sports events are still carried. Although they realize at Dumont that no woman can sit and watch her video set all day, when she does have some leisure, there is always something worthwhile for her to see. The programs are worked out in a way that makes them interesting to listen to without seeing the screen; the housewife can be off doing some chore and still be able to follow the programs (Continued on page 85)

Funny man Joe E. Brown guest on Dumont's Zero Mostel-Joey Faye Tuesday show.

T H E  E V I S I O N  S E C T I O N
A BLINDED Navy veteran marrying the girl he loved, other sightless ex-servicemen from all over the country sending along their congratulations on tape recordings, a middle-aged couple from Philadelphia weeping quietly through the ceremony—those are the things that touch the heart in this story about our Travelers of the Month.

Our travelers were Mr. and Mrs. Russell Thiel, of 2542 Cleveland Ave., Philadelphia. The blind boy is Edward Rankin, Jr., of 4253 W. 21st St., Chicago. And the story that the Thiels told us about Rankin and all of those other blind young men is one of the most inspiring reports ever presented at our Welcome Travelers party.

First, I'd like to describe the Thiels as they appeared to me when they stepped up to our ABC microphone.

Mr. and Mrs. Thiel might be anyone's Mom and Dad. Prompted by the goodness of their hearts, they turned out to be everyone's!
at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago. Mr. Thiel is tall, slightly grayed—a construction foreman who needs nobody's help in taking care of himself and his family. Mrs. Thiel is a large, motherly woman, with a broad Eastern accent. Real people, the Thiels. Warm-hearted, simple, down to earth.

When I asked the Thiels why they were traveling, Mr. Thiel said: "We're here to attend the wedding of an ex-sailor. He's blind, and we're very happy about the wedding."

I wondered if the bride, too, was blind, and asked this natural question.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Thiel. "What's more, the boy leads a perfectly normal life. He has a job, he travels by himself and gets a big kick out of life."

Then the Thiels started telling our Welcome Travelers radio party the story of Ed Rankin—and forty or fifty other Ed Rankins. It seemed that Rankin was one of a large number of blind veterans who have visited the modest Thiel home since 1945.

The boys have been coming for Sunday dinners, for weekends, for one-month stays and even, in one case, as a permanent guest. With only three bedrooms, the Thiels have, on some weekends, put up as many as twenty young men. With only Mrs. Thiel doing the cooking, there have been meals in three shifts over a three-day span.

The Thiels didn't volunteer this, but I found out that they've paid for this entire hospitality program themselves. It includes gifts at Christmas, big night club and ball game parties, and long distance phone calls to find out how some of the boys, who have been released from the Philadelphia Naval Hospital, are getting along.

Ed Rankin was one of them—a kid from Chicago who got the Big Blackout one day in the Pacific when his own gun blew up in his face. One of their boys, who was back out in the world now, and getting married. And the Thiels didn't think it was at all unusual that they would travel one-third of the way across the country to be at his wedding.

I couldn't help thinking how wonderful it was that those sightless, hospitalized veterans had, somehow, run into as fine a couple as the Thiels. I asked how they had started their grand work.

"It happened sort of funny," Mrs. Thiel said. "Just an accidental meeting that gave real purpose to our lives. We were going fishing one day, and three young men along the road had their thumbs up. They wanted a lift to the Naval Hospital. They were in our car for some time before we realized they were blind."

Mr. Thiel took up the story.

"When we let the boys off, we invited them around to our house for Sunday dinner. We told them to bring a few friends. That's how the whole thing started. Those friends brought other friends, and the whole process was repeated time and time again. Soon, our home didn't seem natural without some of the boys around."

Who were these young men? Boys of all faiths, of all places in the social scheme. Also, in some cases, boys with horribly maimed faces, and with a fear of going home.

"You see," Mrs. Thiel said, "we treat them rough. If they want something, we say, 'Go and get it. You're a big boy.' In their own homes, their families sometimes pamper them, make them feel helpless. I guess they like the free and easy atmosphere at our house."

What goes on at the Thiel home? Well, there's a Braille card deck, a radio, lots of home-cooked food. But mostly, there's a place where a kind, considerate family is getting a kick out of life—a contagious feeling.

Quite often, couples who give themselves so freely to such young men are people without children, people trying to fill a void in their own lives and to find an outlet for lots of stored-up love.

The Thiels, in contrast, have three children of their own: Francis, fifteen; Donald, thirteen; Peggy, seventeen. The Thiel youngsters pitch in on the party, escorting their sightless friends to ball games, taking them on long walks, calling for them at the hospital.

The Thiel kids have known quiet suffering, and they've seen great big doubts hidden behind the grin of a boy from Tennessee, the laugh of a lad from Virginia. Also, though, they've seen their parents get great joy from making these young men happy. And Mr. and Mrs. Thiel feel that their children are being well prepared for life.

As the boys leave the hospital and return to civilian life, their contact with "Mom and Dad" Thiel remains unbroken. They phone often, and Mrs. Thiel says, "On Mother's Day my parlor is like a florist's shop."

There's another way that the boys and the Thiels keep in touch with each other. They do it by "talking a letter" on a wire recorder. The tape is passed around the country, like a chain letter, and, in a sense, the whole gang from the Thiel house is still together.

One person who did a lot of thinking when he got those talking letters was a (Continued on page 79)
Nothing, even happiness, comes easily—like all things worth having, it must be fought for, and won.

1. At last Connie Wakefield has found, if not happiness, the stepping-stones to it. One of them is peace, here in her home town of Westwood. A second is the security she finds in the house her parents left her. A third is the friendship of her neighbor, Carolyn Kramer, who, remembering her own long search for happiness, listens with sympathy to the story Connie tells.

2. At seventeen, Constance Wakefield fell in love—with the theater. She was fascinated by everything connected with it. When a troupe of traveling players came to Westwood, Connie managed to attend each performance, and at last began to go to rehearsals, drinking in every word and action on the bare stage.

3. Then Connie tried out for a part with the players and fell in love all over again—this time with suavely handsome Alex Delavan, the director of the troupe. Connie's cup of happiness was full when Alex made both her dreams come true. He gave her a part, and he told her he loved her, asked her to marry him!

In these pictures, as you hear them on the air, Carolyn Kramer is played by Claudia Morgan, Constance Wakefield by Louise Barclay. The Right to Happiness is written by John M. Young, and is heard every Monday through Friday, 3:45 P.M., EST, over stations of the National Broadcasting Company.
4. Connie was well aware of all that she was giving up, that night she slipped out of her parents' house to elope with Alex. But what were comfort, security, compared to the joy of being Alex's wife, the wonderful opportunity for a career on the professional stage that the life with Alex Delavan and his traveling stock company offered her?

5. The company left Westwood, and Connie, married now to Alex, went along. For a year they toured; Connie proved an apt pupil—she had great talent, great promise, Alex said. By the end of that year, Connie was sure she had everything in the world—Alex, her career, and now, to make life complete, perfect, her wonderful baby boy.

8. Connie's lucky star still rode high in the sky. She and Alex had two children, now—Ted and his sister, Susan, a year younger than he. The Delavans lived in a luxurious apartment; both of them were famous in New York, heart of the theater. This, Connie told herself, was happiness to last any woman for a lifetime.
6. But even greater things beckoned. Shortly after little Ted was born, Alex was offered an important position as a director in New York—New York, the mecca of hope for everyone in show business. The new opportunities that this job held for Alex meant a great step forward for Connie, too, for she was offered a part in the play.

7. Only a few short years ago, Connie had had many a daydream of herself in a star’s dressing room, a successful actress, surrounded by all the panoply of greatness—telegrams, flowers, wonderful reviews in the papers, people anxious to congratulate her. And now dreams become reality, with her success as the star of Alex’s play.

9. Then came change. A Hollywood offer for Constance, another for Alex. But in Hollywood Alex’s success didn’t keep pace with Connie’s meteoric rise to motion picture stardom, nor did his love for Connie keep pace with the passing of the years. Alex turned to other women, and then Connie knew bitterly that happiness is not forever.

10. Connie and her children faced the future alone. She finishes her story, telling how she divorced Alex, left Hollywood, returned to her home town, to the house her parents, now dead, left to her. Here she seeks for herself and her children, she tells Carolyn Kramer, the happiness—lasting and secure—that is every woman’s right.
THE pale sea-green walls and carpeting of the big NBC studio in New York’s Radio City form the background for the Fred Waring programs, almost as interesting to watch as they are to hear. The audience, in gay tangerine-colored seats, upholstered in the same green, adds a brightness almost matching that on the stage. The daytime program finds the performers in everyday clothes, but at night the cast is more formal—dinner jackets for the men, lovely evening gowns for the women.

Left to right, as you’d see them from the front row: Penny Perry,
Behind the girls, announcer Bill Biven; behind him, the men of the Glee Club. Fred Waring himself stands at the front of the stage; on either side of him are Livingston Gearhart and Virginia Morley, duo-piano team. Stuart Churchill stands to the right of the Glee Club. Far right, the orchestra, with "Uncle Lumpy" Brannum at his bass fiddle and Foley McClintock above and to the right of him. Fred Waring's morning program: Monday through Friday at 10, EST; night show Thursdays at 10:30 EST. Both on NBC.
The pale sea-green walls and carpeting of the big NBC studio in New York's Radio City form the background for the Fred Waring programs, almost as interesting to watch as they are to hear. The audience, in gay tangerine-colored seats, upholstered in the same green, adds a brightness almost matching that on the stage. The daytime program finds the performers in everyday clothes, but at night the cast is more formal—dinner jackets for the men, lovely evening gowns for the women.

Left to right, as you'd see them from the front row: Penny Perry, Gloria Mudell, Joan Wheatley, Daisy Benzie, Jane Wilson, Joe Marine. Behind the girls, announcer Bill Biven; behind him, the men of the Glee Club. Fred Waring himself stands at the front of the stage; on either side of him are Livingston Gearhart and Virginia Morley, duo-piano team. Stuart Churchill stands to the right of the Glee Club. Far right, the orchestra, with "Uncle Lumpy" Brannum at his bass fiddle and Foley McClintock above and to the right of him. Fred Waring's morning program: Monday through Friday at 10, EST; night show Thursdays at 10:30 EST. Both on NBC.
Double role for Edna: wife, at home; at work, severest (and dearest) critic

By EDNA RUSSELL

Breakfast in bed, served by Edna, is Todd's idea of a busy quizmaster's heaven. But a quizmaster's busy wife likes pampering, too; for her, dinner out—cooked by someone else!

Good music means more than good listening for Todd and Edna—it's soothing and relaxing too.

TODD always says, "Almost everybody can use some money."
That's why he gets such a kick out of being a Santa Claus every Sunday as the M. C. of the CBS show, Strike It Rich. Think of it, nearly a hundred thousand dollars have already been given away by Todd's sponsor, and some three hundred people have gained their dearest wishes, or got a start toward them.
"I like this show better than anything I have ever done," Todd tells everyone. "It has such a human angle. The people are so real."
I love my husband's show, too. Todd says he is his own best critic and I'm the second best, but I'm not so sure I agree. He will come home, or we'll meet after the broadcast, and do our usual post mortem. "I didn't like it so well tonight," he'll start. "Oh, I don't know," I'll say, "maybe it wasn't the best, but it sounded good
If Edna stood at the microphone with Todd, she couldn't have a greater interest in Strike It Rich.

to me." I always think Todd's work is fine.

When Strike It Rich started, more than a year ago, we were living in Scarsdale, near New York City. I spent Sunday evenings playing solitaire and listening to the radio (a combination we both go for) while Todd was working from the CBS Playhouse in New York. A little while before he was due home I would be out in the kitchen fixing the after-broadcast supper he likes, leaving the card table in the living room with my signals set. If the show had sounded super I would have an Ace turned up to greet him; a Queen meant it was a good average show; and a Jack meant, well—"Thank heaven I don't see that Jack often," Todd tells our friends.

He says I always work harder on the show, listening at home, than he does on the air. It's true I get myself worked up about the people who seem mike-shy, although I have watched my husband during broadcasts and if anyone can put a contestant at ease I know he can. Considerately, he has them face slightly away from the studio audience and directly toward him, and he looks right at them and engages their interest at once, so they have little time for stage fright. He doesn't play it for gags either, to make the audience laugh and the contestant stand uncertainly and wait for the laughs to subside. When a contestant chokes up with emotion—and remember, many who want to Strike It Rich are facing pressing and serious problems—he covers for them with conversation until they get hold of themselves.

"Todd, you handled that beautifully," I'll say to him silently, knowing that's about the toughest thing he can be called upon to do. Like most men, my husband is scared and embarrassed by tears.

I remember the time a woman (Continued on page 75)
But once a Year

By Kate Smith

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen each Monday through Friday at 12 Noon when Kate Smith Speaks on the Mutual network.

Sugar Cookies

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour 1 egg
1 1/2 tsps. baking powder 1 tsp. vanilla
1/2 tsp. salt 1 tbsp. milk
1/2 cup shortening colored sugar
1 cup sugar, white or chopped cherries, brown (firmly packed) citron


To Color Sugar: Place 1/4 cup sugar on square of wax paper. Sprinkle 2 or 3 drops red or green vegetable coloring on sugar. Fold wax paper over and rub until sugar absorbs color.

Chocolate Cookies

3 1/2 cups sifted enriched flour 2 eggs, well beaten
flour 3 tbsps. milk
1 tsp. baking powder 3 squares, unsweetened
1/2 tsp. salt chocolate, melted and
1 tsp. cinnamon cooled 1 cup shortening
1 tsp. cinnamon 1 tsp. vanilla
1 1/2 cups sugar

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Cream shortening; add sugar gradually (Continued on page 93)
No day compares with the one on which a woman speaks her marriage.

One Wonderful Day

BY HELEN CHRISTY HARRIS

This story, written especially for Radio Mirror, retells in fiction form an episode from the life of Wendy Warren. "Wendy Warren and the News" is heard every Monday through Friday at 12 noon, EST, over the CBS network.
On a brisk February afternoon Sam Warren resumed the editorial chair of the Elmdale Clarion. Wendy made quite a little ceremony of returning the office to her father. Gil was there, having come down from New York with her; Johnny Ennis, reporter and man of all work around the Clarion, was on hand, and the typesetter and the printer; even Aunt Dorrie walked over from the house to watch the proceedings.

Outside, crisp winter sunlight sparkled on a thin crust of snow in the streets of Elmdale, and on the boarded-up front of the Clarion office—boarded up because a bomb had been tossed there only a few weeks before.

"We tried to keep the Clarion serving Elmdale in your absence," said Wendy, speaking of the long and fruitless political battle that had brought about the throwing of the bomb. "Although the town wasn't with us, we felt that we were serving the cause of right and justice. But—but—"

"We fought a good fight, but we lost," Johnny Ennis put in dryly.

"That's right," Wendy laughed shakily. "And now I'm resigning in favor of the best editor I know. Dad—"

She'd been standing beside the ancient swivel chair by the battered roll-top desk. Now she stepped aside, motioned her father toward the chair. Sam's eyes were wet as he sat down, and for a moment his poise deserted him.

"Well," he said clearing his throat. "Well—it isn't every old fellow who can afford to be sick for weeks at a time, and still know that his business is being run the way he wants it run. You didn't lose that fight, Wendy. You got on the side you thought was right and stayed there, even though everyone else was against you. I'm proud of you. The Clarion's losing a real editor and—"

Momently, his eyes went to Gil Kendal, rested on the face of his prospective son-in-law. "And you," he was thinking, "are getting a real woman. But he didn't say it aloud. Instead he finished hastily, "And now—you people get yourselves out of here. In case you forget, I've got a newspaper to put to bed!"

Wendy left with her aunt and Gil. She walked between them, her serene profile turned toward Gil, her smile all for him, and she did not look back. Dorrie marvelled. For weeks until the Elmdale election a day or two before, Wendy had put her heart and soul into battling the political machine that threatened the town. She had lost; Mayor Dexter was still in office; Charles Lang was still, for all Wendy's efforts to expose him, the town's respected banker and big business man. And now Wendy seemed not to have a thought in the world but for Gil and for their wedding, which was only a few days away.

But that was Wendy, Dorrie thought—making her choice and putting everything she had into it, putting everything else behind her. Her fight against the Dexter-Lang machine was past history now, along with the other things she had once done and been, along with her wartime days as a foreign correspondent, along with her engagement to Mark Douglas. . . . Resolutely, Dorrie swung her thoughts away from Mark. Gil, this marriage, had to be right for Wendy. And after all, why shouldn't it be? They loved each other, which was the important part. Besides that, there were trimmings, luxurious trimmings. Gil was the son of a very important, very rich family; he was important in his own right, the publisher of the Bulletin, one of New York's largest newspapers. He was charming and likable, and his devotion to Wendy was touching to see.

That evening, when the four of them were having after-dinner coffee in the comfortable old-fashioned living room of the Elmdale house, Dorrie watched Gil's face as Wendy talked of her wedding plans.

"And we'll have a whole week together at the Long Island house," Wendy was saying, her eyes glowing. "It's such a dream of a place—but then, you'll see it when you come down for the wedding! It's really my idea, and I'm afraid Gil is only humoring me, but I do want us to be alone."

She was sitting on the hassock at her father's feet, as usual. Gil was lounging on the sofa. Now he reached out to touch, gently, the top of her shining head.

"My darling, it's not a case of humoring you. I think it's a wonderful idea."

"So do I," said Sam. "It's a pity, Wendy, that you'll have to go in to the city every day for the broadcast."

"We won't mind," Wendy assured him. "We'll drive in—and it only means an hour and a half."

"What will you do with your apartment, dear?" Dorrie asked.

"Sublet," Wendy answered, and tilted her head to look up at Gil. "Gil, will you mind a few dainty feminine touches in your extremely masculine apartment?"

Gil smiled mysteriously. "We won't be living there, sweet. I've a surprise for you. I think Mother wanted to spring it herself, but I can't resist. She's turning over the story of the marriage of Wendy Warren (played by Florence Freeman) and Gil Kendal (Les Tremayne).
One Wonderful Day

And what was it she'd said when she'd decided to stay with Gil?—That it was he who needed her most, that in spite of his wealth and his worldliness, he was a very lonely man. Whatever happened to him, Mark could stand on his own feet. He could take it.

Mark had taken a lot in the past months. Losing Wendy, and then discovering that the backer for the play he'd been working on was his rival, Gil. He'd blown up at first, refused to let the play be produced, and had gone into hiding, working out his misery on the run-down family farm outside of Elmdale. But he couldn't stay in hiding long, not when Wendy'd needed him in her fight against Dexter and Lang. He'd nearly got himself killed, and he'd certainly been well smeared in the political mud that was slung... and now in a few days he would be going to Wendy's wedding, seeing her married to Gil...

On the day after Wendy had returned the Clarions to her father, Mark sat in the farmhouse living room, energetically working on a letter. There was a good fire going in the fireplace; his friend and co-worker, Bob Evans, warmed himself at the flames and watched Mark curiously.

"Well," he asked finally, when Mark had ripped the sheet from the typewriter, signed it with a flourish, and folded it into an already addressed envelope.

"My resignation as Chairman of the Independent Voters' League of Elmdale," said Mark succinctly.

Bob shook his head. "I thought so. But I don't see why you're doing it."

"Are you crazy?" Mark inquired. "After the smearing you took at that last meeting before the election?"

"But it was a frame-up!" Bob exploded. "Of course the membership doesn't know that—but they won't think more of you if you resign. If they want you out of the chair, let 'em kick you out. Then you can step up on your little soapbox and tell 'em the truth."

"And who'd believe me? I'd be just a sorehead, yelling sour grapes. Oh, no—" He broke off, listening for a moment as the sound of a motor broke the country stillness. Then he went on. "No, Bob, I'm resigning from the League, but I'm not resigning from the fight. Only it's got to be played slow and easy—my way. This time I don't want to make any mistakes."

Bob had gone to the window to peer out at the yard.

"Company," he announced. "Who—oh, it's your beautiful ex..."

It was a moment before Mark realized that Bob meant Nona. That Nona Marsh had ever been anything of his, much less a fiancée, even casually, even for a few weeks, was still not quite believable. In a sense they weren't even friends—allies, rather, as it had suited Nona.

Mark
ONE WONDERFUL DAY

Sam Warren

(played by Rod Hendrickson)

quisite little head, and with her feet encased in the sheererest of stockings and the lightest of slippers with four-inch heels. "I'll rustle up coffee and sandwiches," Bob offered and tactfully disappeared.

"Welcome to Little America," Mark called to Nona.

"Can you manage in those spike heels?"

"I've been walking for years, dear," she assured him, and finally gained the farmhouse steps. "Why don't you sweep all this white stuff into a neat little pile, somehow?"

Her cheek brushed close within a few inches of his face, a gesture which might or might not have been the offer of a kiss.

"Hello yourself," he greeted her, and reached to help her with her coat. "What're you doing up here?"

"Looking for a fireplace," she said, going to it and standing gratefully close to its warmth. "I'm frozen. Also, I thought we might be friends again. Do you mind?"

"Not at all. I'm a friendly sort. I like to be friends with everybody."

"What a repellant thought. Me, I'm choosy." She picked up the thick, engraved white card that stood on the mantel. "An invitation to the wedding," she murmured. "The unkindest cut of all."

"No," said Mark, "I asked for one."

"You—You're really going?" Her eyebrows rose. "Yes, dear," he answered, falling into her idiom.

"But why? A slight case of self-torture?"

"I wouldn't say that." But he didn't offer to tell her why he was going—couldn't have told himself why, for that matter. It was just that—well, if there was anywhere he wanted to be, he wanted to be there. Nona was looking at him speculatively. "You're a queer one," she observed. "I never thought I'd see you at Wendy's wedding."

He grinned crookedly. "You never thought you'd see Wendy's wedding—that's what you really mean."

"Touché." She made a little mocking bow, and sat down in the corner of the sofa. "Where's your fellow-skismem?"

"Mark—" she leaned forward earnestly—"Wendy's going to be very unhappy married to Gil. She doesn't know it yet, but she's marrying Mother Kendal as well as Gil. And as you and I both know, Gil isn't quite the plumed knight on horseback she thinks he is. There's a lot more to him than that."

"So," said Mark, "what's there to do about it?"

"We could have done something about it," said Nona intensely. "We could have let her know that Gil was in with Charles Lang on that paper mill thing, that it was Gil's money she was really fighting all the while she thought she was fighting Lang and Mayor Dorr."

I said let her know, Mark. You needn't have told her, nor I, but we could have seen that she found out."

He moved restlessly. "We've been all through that. Maybe the marriage of hers is the equivalent of her jumping over a cliff—but I'd have jumped over a cliff myself before I destroyed, or let you destroy, what she thinks of Gil. For that matter, I did stick in an oar, indirectly. I didn't say anything to Wendy, but I did tell Gil what I thought of him."

"You told Gil? When?"

"After that sneak bombing attack on the Clarion. Oh, I know Gil didn't order it, wouldn't have had it happen for the world—but that's the kind of people he's mixed up with. I told him—Mark went on with bitter rage because telling Nona these things was a little like telling them to Gil a second time—that he'd cut his mother's throat to feed his own ego. That his newspaper ideals were incorruptible, but that he wasn't. I told him that he and Charles Lang were cut from the same bolt of cloth."

Nona sat very still, her eyes wide. "And what did he say?"

"Nothing," said Mark. "Oh, he told me to get out, but that was all. Otherwise, he took it. I rubbed that in, too. I told him that although he was twenty pounds heavier than I and right in the pink, he didn't have the stuff to throw me out. He didn't even have the stuff to punch a buzzer and let the strong-arm boys throw me out. I told him that I could scratch matches on his desk or spit on his rug—and he'd take that, too, because he's hollow, he's a figure stuffed with sawdust."

Now she was very pale; Mark felt a twinge of pity. "I'm sorry, Nona," he said more gently. "I know you love him. But that's what I think of him, and that's why, if you come here with any last-minute tricks or plots or machinations to stop the wedding up your sleeve, I'll give you notice: this is the last time—"

Her lips curved in a bitter smile. "What good would tricks be now? I can't very well ask you to run forward shouting, 'This must not be' when the minister comes to tell us about it. If anyone can show just cause why this man and woman should not be joined in wedlock, let him speak now—or however it goes. But I'm not quiting. Mark. I'll never quit."

Mark's head went up warningly, and she went on quickly: "Oh, don't worry, I'm not going to interfere with them now or afterward. But you can't stop me from hoping, and waiting. And that's all I have to do—wait. Because from now on, things are going to be just bump, bump, bump for Wendy—one let-down after another. She knows and hates Gil's being involved with Lang socially; some day she'll find out the rest. Because after this, Lang won't let Gil alone. He knows the hold he's got over Gil because Gil doesn't want Wendy to know of their connection. And he'll use it to bring Gil into other deals, bigger ones. And Lang isn't all of it. There's Mother Kendal. Wendy's moving into a setup she'll hate."

MARK shrugged resignedly, his brief flare of bitterness over. "You seem to know more about Wendy than she knows about herself."

"You don't like hearing the truth, do you?"

"I've heard it all," said Mark. "And I'm tired of it. Everything you say is true. But—Wendy loves the guy. I don't think you quite realize what that means, Nona. You don't realize what she's like, or how she'll fight to save her marriage. And that's why, Nona, I'm afraid you'll have to wait a long time. A very long time."

At that hour, as Mark and Nona sat before the fire in the farmhouse, another couple sat before another fire—Wendy and Gil, in the beautifully appointed drawing room. "So Father Kendal's town house. Sam and Dorrie were with them, having come from luncheon and for their first meeting with Mother Kendal. Now they were having coffee, and Dorrie was still a little overcome by (Cont'd on page 80)
WILLIAM L. SHIRER—returned to the air, via Mutual, this Fall after a much-too-long absence. The author of "End of Berlin Diary" began his distinguished career in 1925 when he joined the staff of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune. Chicago-born Shirer is 44, married, and has two daughters. When not in Europe, the Shirer family lives in New York City.

Marilyn Palmer—who always wanted to be a singer gets her wish; is soloist on NBC's Words and Music.
BEE BENADERET—the domineering Mrs. Anderson in A Day in the Life of Dennis Day, started her theatrical career with the Duffy players in Portland; after a few years, had a radio program of her own. Married to announcer Jim Bannon, they have a ten-year-old son, Jack, and live on a North Hollywood farm where Bee takes care of the gardening herself.

**TUESDAY**

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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Harkness of Washington | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny |
| 12:15 | Words and Music |             | Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday |
| 12:30 | Cedar Foster Mingy Map |             | Big Sister Nora Drake Evelyn Winters |
| 12:45 | Jack Klitty |             | The Golden Light |
| 1:00 | Double or Nothing |             | Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason |
| 1:15 | Today's Children |             | Bob & Virginia GDPN |
| 1:30 | Light of the World |             | The Honeymoon Show David Harum Hiltop House |
| 1:45 | Red Benno Movie Show |             | Heart's Desire Galen Drake |
| 2:00 | Heart's Desire |             | Miss Programs Winner Take All |
| 2:15 | Second Honeymoon |             | Miss Programs Winner Take All |
| 2:30 | Joni Ohman |             | Time's Brahma Julie & Ed Hales M.C. |
| 2:45 | Right to Happiness |             | Miss Programs Winner Take All |
| 3:00 | Treasure Band Show |             | Miss Programs Winner Take All |
| 3:15 | Special Agent |             | Miss Programs Winner Take All |
| 3:30 | High Adventure |             | Miss Programs Winner Take All |
| 3:45 | Original Amateur Hoop, Ted Macks, M.C. |             | Miss Programs Winner Take All |
| 4:00 | Dufy's Tavern | Gabriel Heatter Radio News Hollywood Story | Bill Henry |
| 4:15 | Portia Faces Life |             |            |
| 4:30 | Just Plain Bill |             |            |
| 4:45 | The Big Story |             |            |
| 5:00 | Opinion-Aire |             |            |
| 5:15 | Curtain Time |             |            |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | John MacVane |             |Eric Severeid Talks |
| 6:15 | Sketches in Melody |             |Lowell Thomas |
| 6:30 | Sunoco News |             |             |
| 6:45 | Local Programs |             |             |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club |             |Beulah |
| 7:15 | News of the World |             |Jack Smith Show Club 15 |
| 7:30 | The Smoother |             |Edward R. Murrrow |
| 7:45 | H. V. Kaltenborn |             |             |
| 8:00 | Mysterious Traveler |             |Mr. & Mrs. North |
| 8:15 | Official Detective |             |             |
| 8:30 | Miami Story |             |             |
| 8:45 | We, The People |             |             |
| 9:00 | Fibber McGee & Molly |             |             |
| 9:15 | Bill Henry |             |             |
| 9:30 | Bob Hope Show |             |             |
| 9:45 | Washington & News |             |             |
| 10:00 | Big Town |             |             |
| 10:15 | People Are Funny |             |             |
| 10:30 | Dance Orchestra |             |             |

**WEDNESDAY**

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| 12:15 | Lunch at A's |             | Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday |
| 12:30 | Cedric Foster | Maggie McNellis |
| 12:45 | Jack Klitty |             | Big Sister Nora Drake Evelyn Winters |
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| 1:15 | Today's Children |             | Bob & Virginia GDPN |
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| 10:30 | Dance Orchestra |             |             |

**JACK MCELROY**—got his start in radio seven and a half years ago when he substituted for an announcer who didn’t show up for a broadcast. Now, Jack, who tips the scales at 245 pounds, is the M.C. of Breakfast in Hollywood, heard Mon-Fri. on ABC stations. He is married to the former Nancy Hurd, who was one of the first women staff announcers in radio.
### A.M.

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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<th>CBS</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Sunoco News</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>News and Music</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club News</td>
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<td>News of the World News</td>
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<td>Art Van Damme Quinter</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Alfred Family</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Burns and Allan</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>All Jaxon Show</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Alfred Family</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Fred Waring Show</td>
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### DONALD VOORHEES—silver-haired conductor on NBC’s Telephone Hour is known among the trade as a “musician’s musician,” and has attracted to his orchestra some of the finest instrumentalists in the country. His hobby is raising Scotch terriers, of which at one time he had 150; he often acts as judge at dog shows in New York City.
If you are wary of make-shift or "super-egen" receivers, he you yourself to the nearest radio store and listen to the excellent tone quality and wide range of pitch of the Emerson 602—the lowest-priced FM set on the market. This handsome table model goes under the name of the "Conqueror" and retails for only $29.95. Its good looks and fine reception make it a real find for lovers of good music.

Most unusual of the recent developments in television is the Olympic "Duplicator." The "Duplicator" is nothing more nor less than portable television. By connecting the portable set to the master teleset, you can duplicate the picture and sound in any room the house or in every room in the house. The "Duplicator" is completely automatic with only an on/off control and a 54" screen in a mahogany cabinet. Because of the uncomplicated wiring connections it can be easily moved from one part of the room to the other when you feel the urge to shift the furniture around.

In 1938, the Wilcoxd Gay company introduced the Wireless record player, and now 10 years later the company announces a new Wireless player for "Micro groove" recordings—the new 33 1/3 r.p.m. discs that have created such a furor in the record industry. The Wilcoxd Gay Wireless instrument plays through any and all home radios without connecting cables. No tampering with radio wiring is necessary and there are no installation problems or expenses. One of the many features of this new instrument is its wide range response. The cost is only a modest $29.95.

For your long-playing records: the Wilcoxd Gay Micro-groove phonograph.
THREE years ago Anne Whitfield stepped up on a box before an already lowered mike in an NBC studio and said, "I want another slice of bread." It might make a better story to add that Anne was a hungry little waif who read the line, from experience, with great feeling but such was not the case. For rosy-cheeked Anne was a brand-new seven, a brand-new Californian, and a brand-new radio actress reading her first commercial.

Since that Sunday in September 1945, Anne has been on 450 radio shows; she has had seven running parts, has played eighteen leads, and supporting roles to most of Hollywood's radio and movie stars; and she has made guest appearances in Chicago, New York and the South. Arriving in Hollywood in August 1945 without an acquaintance, personal or professional, and minus customary letters of introduction, Anne's story denies the well-worn show-business "You-have-to-know-somebody." "In my naive fashion," her mother, Frances, now marvels, "we knocked on some pretty important doors.

Carlton Morse's opened in response to a letter Mrs. Whitfield had written the producer, and for an hour Anne read Margaret's lines from One Man's Family scripts while Mr. Morse looked impressed.

The following Sunday Anne asked for another slice of bread in the show's commercial; two Sundays later she became Penny, script-daughter of Claudia (Barbara Fuller) and Nicholas (Tom Collins). By the time the character of Penny was well established, Anne was playing three roles weekly in top NBC shows.

By Fall of 1946 Anne was being called for other shows. She played daughter Phyllis on the Phil Harris-Alice Faye Bandwagon; she was on Lux Radio Theater, Screen Guild, Family Theater and Cavalcade of America; and she learned a great deal from the variety of direction and the performances of the distinguished succession of stars in the shows.

The big secret of Anne's past, until the show went off the air, was her last season's portrayal of Christopher Martin, on NBC's daytime serial Dr. Paul. Anne replaced Henry Blair. A director who had noticed a similarity of voice quality when Anne and Henry appeared on a Red Cross Show suggested her for the part. But Dr. Paul was not an audience show and Anne never disclosed the fact that she was Chris "Because he was a very nice little boy and I didn't want people thinking he was a sissy!"

On Doorway to Life, Anne was also occasionally cast as a very small boy. And Doorway, with its succession of neurotic children in featured roles, became Anne's favorite show because, she admits, like any other actor, "my parts were always fatter and I got to yell and scream and cry!"

Anne's favorite running role, which she proudly remembers as her "heavy," was Pamela Richardson, the banker's (Alan Reed) snobish daughter on Baby Snooks. Long rehearsals hold no weariness for Anne. Her sensitive ear is pricked for inflection, timing and voice quality. Most of the dialects she has learned from listening to grown-up actors during rehearsals. If her part is small, she sometimes knits as she listens... "Argyle sox, like the big actresses make."

On one occasion Anne pulled a tooth just three minutes before air-time for the Jack Carson Show because she had a fast-talking mouthful of words to get out all in one breath and the tooth was so loose she became afraid it might "wobble." And once she was written out of Cavalcade of America because she was supposed to sing with Robert Young, but Bob felt silly singing in his role as editor of the New York Times and ordered the change.

Anne thinks radio is wonderful, the most de luxe brand of playing make-believe, and it's such grand fun wondering what kind of little girl—or boy—the next show's script will call for. She loves to double and ad lib, but she prizes a tag line or a lead as would any seasoned trouper! Now ten, and in the sixth grade, Anne attends Rosewood Avenue Public School, and Sunday School at the First Baptist Church of Los Angeles. She likes to ride and skate and play with her cat, "Parky" and Cocker, "Asa." Her current hobby is a butterfly collection, and she speaks authoritatively on the subject, mentioning six-syllable names and tracing life cycles glibly. Rare specimens from friends and fans over the country receive special attention in mounting and classifying; but her most cherished ambition is to "raise my own butterflies from caterpillars."
THE MAGIC THAT IS YOU—LIVES IN YOUR FACE

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor

You see her, and you feel the special quality of her charm. For her lovely face brings you the glamour, and distinction, and warm responsiveness that are so much a part of her inmost self.

So much that is You speaks for you in your face. It is the outgoing expression of your inner self—the you that others see first—and the you they remember best. Do help your face, then, to look clear and bright and lovely—so it can express you happily.

She uses Pond’s!

“TO my mind—there is just no better face cream,”

Mrs. Astor says

Your face has a fascinating way of telling the story of You. And—your face is what you make it! Never let your skin lose its soft color, get a grayed look. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do this “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment with your Pond’s Cold Cream. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond’s creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

See your face now! It looks and feels re-made! So clean and rosy! So very soft!

Literally, this Pond’s “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond’s Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt, as you massage—sweeps it cleanly away, as you tissue off. From the Inside—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It’s not just vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Look lovely and it slips over into how you think and feel and act. It gives you a happy confidence—brings the real Inner You closer to others.

Mrs. Astor’s beautiful skin has the clear, smooth look of faultless grooming

Mrs. Astor says

Ponds—used by more women than any other face creams. Today—get this favorite big, dressing-table size of Pond’s Cold Cream.
gert fum Shakespeah, a nose smells as good wid any utter name.”

Those were the thin days, but not for long. In a few months word spread throughout New York of the new comedian who was rolling them out of their chairs. The paying customers came—and also the moochers.

The moochers lined up at the stage door every night, but Jimmy wouldn’t let us send them away. They always got a few dollars, sometimes five, sometimes twenty-five. Jimmy’s big heart became as famous as his nose and each night the handout line got longer. Sometimes there were twenty men with outstretched hands. It became big business for the bums and, I am told, a few of them even incorporated and began to file tax reports. It wasn’t uncommon for a tram to slide up to a buddy and whisper, “I’ll take you where you can get a few bucks but you got to split with me.”

They all came to Durante and they’re still coming. When it’s a worthwhile cause, he lays out his cash and heart.

And in all of these many years of success, he has thrived on work and help for the other guy. His vacations come in snatches and for him they are days to relax and rest. But even a cruise or fishing trip is decided on the spur of the moment without planning or regard to consequences.

Back in 1931, Jimmy was staying at his now famous Suite 472 in the Hotel Astor. As he walked through the lobby and passed the travel bureau, he became entranced by a huge diagram on the wall.

“What’s that?” he asked the clerk.

“That’s a pleasure ship. It makes a three day cruise to Bermuda.”

“Plesha ship! Fuh how much?”

Jimmy asked.

“Well, the minimum rate is $85,” the clerk said.

“Whaddye get fuh $85 minimum?”

Gleaming with salesmanship, the clerk said, “For the minimum you get nice rooms with real luxury.”

“Enough chit about chat,” Jimmy said. “Gimmie six tickets, minimum.”

“The ship leaves in three hours,” the clerk said.

“Okay, okay,” Jimmy shrugged.

He called Jack Roth, his sister who has two kids, and me. He told us all, “Meet me in three hours at the pier.”

That’s all he said. Three hours later we all arrived.

“We’re goin’ on a plesha trip,” he announced. “Three days minimum.”

Up the gangplank we went without baggage, without a change of clothes or even the humble toothbrush. Jimmy showed his tickets to one of the stewards and was directed to a gangway.

We began descending to our cabins. One flight, two flights, six flights—all down.

Finally, we found our quarters. The rooms were so small only one of us could walk in at a time. It was so hot I could smell the rubber burning in my suspenders.

“So dis is strictly minimum,” Jimmy said, and angrily stomped up the gangway.

“Send me duf poiser,” Jimmy told a steward and dropped into a deck chair.

When the purser arrived, he greeted Jimmy like a long lost brother.

“Mr. Durante, would you mind singin’ a few songs for the passengers during the voyage?” he asked.

“Poise, I wanna see anudder cabin,” Jimmy said. “Now youse got me sleepin’ in da closet!”

He walked off with the purser and when he came back, he was all smiles.

“We got da King’s loot,” he announced proudly, “Yuh press a button and everything falls in.”

Roth, It was during the trip he discovered the ocean didn’t agree with him. When the sea got a little rough, he retired disgruntled to his bunk. That was the last voyage he took for five years.

In the meantime, Jimmy rapidly rose to the top layer of the entertainment field. And with stardom in big theaters, musical comedies, radio and Hollywood, we began to hop, skip and slide all over the world.

But what happened to us in our travels not only shouldn’t happen to a dog but often does.

In 1936, we took the act to England, Ireland, Scotland and Italy. Outside of a few sticky moments, Jimmy’s stomach held up crossing the Atlantic. But from England we had to cross the Irish Sea and open in Dublin.

When we boarded the ship and found our stateroom, there was a bucket next to each berth.

“Jizzit gonna be rough?” Jimmy asked, gasping.

“The Irish Sea is always rough,” Jack Roth said, and kicked his bucket aside.

“But I never get seasick.”

“Never revolved, Jimmy said.

“I got sea legs,” Roth told him.

Jimmy dropped dolefully on his bunk mumuring, “I wish I got dem seedy legs.”

The next morning when the ship began to pitch, he pulled the blankets up to his neck, glaring as Roth and I went off to breakfast.

ROTH joked about Jimmy as we drank our juice. The ship was rising and falling underneath us, but when our eggs got hot, I began. But I looked at him. The color was draining from his cheeks.

“Excuse me,” he said suddenly and dashed back to his dining room.

I followed and by the time he got to the cabin his face was as green as St. Patrick’s Day. Jimmy poked his head out the door and asked me to see Roth dive for one of the buckets.

“Gettin’ seasick, Jack?” he asked gleefully.

But the hardy seaman wouldn’t give in.

“It’s just nerves,” he said. “I didn’t sleep well last night.”

We got a grand reception in Dublin and packed the house at every performance. After one show, some members of the renowned Dublin Players called in Jimmy’s dressing room.

For two hours they talked to Jimmy, intellectualizing about the modern theater and interpreting his performance in three-syllable words, minimum. Jimmy stood there, groaning and nodding his head. When they left, he dropped back on the couch, exhausted.

“My flabby is gasted, Eddie,” he said.

“Wuv day knockin’ or praisin’ me?”

The next step was Glasgow. The Scots loved Jimmy and one night Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian, was in the theater. He came up on the stage and got into the act. Then he invited Jimmy to his castle. There, two of the world’s greatest comedians put on a five-star performance, playing their own songs for each other.

Scotsmen, like all the rest, spotted Jimmy for his kind heart. There was the cabdriver who expressed in his room one morning and explained that a bunch of kids had broken his window when he was hauling Jimmy from the theater. The window cost him fifteen shillings. Jimmy not only paid him in full for the window but also made up the half day’s work that the driver lost while the cab was being repaired.

Jimmy’s heart’s so big that it’s a wonder he has the strength to carry it around. And when people do something for him, he falls over himself showing his appreciation.

Take the party he threw for newspapermen in London. For most enter-
JIMMY allows himself one big prejudice, but it's not against man. It's airplanes. When he sees a ship overhead, he stares at it with deep distrust, with the look of a man who doesn't believe his eyes and anytime at all expects the plane to crash at his feet. With Jack Roth and me it's pari-mutuel. We concur with Jimmy one hundred percent.

But on two different occasions he persuaded himself to fly. Five years ago he had to make a hurried trip to New York. Trembling, he got on the plane and happened to sit by the late Boake Carter.

"I ain't got no confidence in flyin'," Jimmy confided.

"Don't worry," Carter said. "A plane can do anything a bird can do."

"Yeah," Jimmy said. "Kin it take a bath inna saucer?"

Carter laughed, but when he saw Jimmy look out the window and wince, he realized his seat-mate wasn't kidding.

"Now, look, Jimmy," Carter said. "I've traveled over a hundred thousand miles by air. It's as safe as on the ground. Just as safe as if you were in a car."

"Tell me," Jimmy asked sadly, "if anything happens, kin dey fix a flat up here?"

Jimmy's second excursion by air occurred after we did our Friday night broadcast over NBC. We were in Ft. Worth and he was grumbling that it would take him three days by train to get back to Hollywood.

The afternoon we were to leave, he walked into his hotel room where Jack Roth and I were chatting. His eyes

PS. 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.
looked worried and his voice was strange.

"I might fly back," he said suddenly. Roth and I just looked at each other.

I boughta ticket, he screamed.

"Dad, please don't go," I begged.

Roth shrugged his shoulders and looked at me.

"If you want to try, Jimmy," I said, "that's your business. Count us out.

His voice became soft and pleading.

"Tell me, fellas, am I ain't goin' right t'ing?"

He didn't wait for an answer but walked to the window. He squinted up then clapped his hand to his head.


He left the bright sunlight at the window and phoned the airport. He canceled his ticket then walked back to me.

"Maybe I wuz hasty," he thoughtfully. "He sez da sky looks good at the field."

He picked up the phone and called the airport again.


He dropped the phone again and walked to the window. He sat back along the horizon, his eyes squinting against the sun, then followed the same procedure at the other windows. Suddenly, a light came to Roth.

"Looks da sky! Dere's a cloud," he screamed. "Da guy's crazy. What's he know about a sky?"

He hung up the airport again and canceled his ticket. Before departure time, he had canceled his reservation so often that he had to get the permission of a vice-president to board the plane.

But it was Jimmey's chance to go up. A short time after they left Fort Worth, the plane began to make a huge circle.

"We're going back to Fort Worth," the hostess announced.

Jimmy grabbed her arm.

"Sump'n happen?" he asked anxiously.

"One of the engines is losing oil and we're grounded," the pilot said.

"Is dat serious?" Jimmy persisted. The girl smiled sweetly.

"If we get back to Fort Worth it isn't," she said.

So now we'll always travel by train. It's okay by us.

People respect Jimmy's honesty and sincerity, his work in charity, his entertainment for the war for soldiers and civilians. They pay tribute to him in many ways. Not only with scrolls and plaques but in the way they meet him and open up their homes for him.

A couple of years ago, a publicist wanted to get Jimmy onto the field before the Yale-Harvard baseball game at the Polo Grounds in New York. He was supposed to be in tradition for Yale. All the old classes convene and parade in groups before the stands of the Yale President. When Paul his a Hollywood actor wanted to get into the ceremonies, President Seymour was polite but firm.

"Sorry," he said. "Against all traditions.

Then the publicist mentioned Durante's name.

"Now that's different," President Seymour had added. "We can come up here anytime he pleases."

So Jimmy was made an honorary member of the Class of 1913. He managed to have no disputes.

After the parade, President Seymour himself broke precedence by leading a cheer for the Class of 1913.

That Jimmy was a failure of the entire attendance would displease. He's one of the nicest guys in the world, but with his strong sense of humor, he's also a practical joker.

At the time we were on a train to Dayton. He and Jack Roth and I had a drawing room. We'd have a long hard day and Roth fell asleep at once, snoring very loudly. I fell asleep, too. Jimmy was lying on his berth, his eyes wide open. Suddenly something whacked my arm. It was Jimmy.

"Didn't call me?" he asked.

"I've been sleeping," I told him. Jimmy's eyes narrowed.

"Da trouble is youse guys ain't got a t'ing on yer mind. I do da worryin',

Roth, then looked up at Roth. "Listen to him there. Like he's pullin' da whole train."

Jimmy jumped to his feet and shook Roth.

"Giddup," he shouted. "We're in Dayton."

"Gee," I said. "I didn't sleep a wink all night."

Roth, complained. "How soon will we be there?"

"Tofty minutes," Jimmy said.

Roth jumped out of his berth and began to slide into his clothes. "Why, outside for you," he said and dragged his luggage and drums out of the room.

Jimmy snapped out the lights and crawled under his covers and soon was sleeping peacefully. A few minutes later I heard a commotion outside our door.

"You got to get those bags out of the aisle," a portly roving Roth.

"We're getting off at the next stop, Dayton," Roth explained.

There was a brief pause.

"You got to get an oil start," Jimmy reminded Roth.

Dutifully, Rose woke him at four o'clock in the morning and as they walked off into the woods it was still dark. Jimmy pinched his eyes and began to beat every tree he passed.

"What's all the noise for?" Rose asked.

"Don't know what you're doing. I want your help."

"What, Jimmy wants everyone in the act, even birds. What he has, he wants to share with everyone if possible. If he had Fort Knox in his hip pocket, I know that he would share it with every needy person. He's already made a good start in Beverly Hills. Near his own house, he's built homes for two night watching dogs. Our next project is a garage for Jack Roth. We call the community "Duranteville.""

And even here in Beverly Hills, thing do happen when Jimmy travels, although it may be only a ride around the block.

Last week we were working very hard here at the studio. At four in the morning we finally knocked off. However, Jimmy still had to be at his studio early the next day. At eight in the morning, he stumbled out the front door and almost fell, and dropped into the back seat of a cab.

"Where to, Mr. Durante?" the cabby asked.

Jimmy half opened his eyes.

"Drive me home," he mumbled.

The driver did a double take, looking from Durante to his house.

"But you are home, Mr. Durante," Jimmy opened his eyes, saw the morning sun streaming over his lawn.

"Gee," he said. "Dat wuz a short day."
Bringing Up the Boys

(Continued from page 33)

because..."

Yet there are times when even "No, because" will not work. One must appeal to a child in such a way, I think, as to give the child a chance to reconsider, to change his mind and so avoid all disappointment.

We told David, "There is just one problem: where will you keep your horse?"

"In the garage," he said promptly.

"Ozzie nodded. "And where would we put the manger and the watering trough, the feed bin and his harness? You know that a horse must be groomed. Would it be fair to make him every day? Who would put clean straw in his stall at night and pitch it out the next morning? Who would haul away the dirty stall and where would you store his hay?"

David started to figure. The boys had been taught that they must be responsible for their own pets. Up until that moment, David had regarded a horse in an automotive light...free of some of the more exasperating habits of horses. Faced with facts, he quickly retreated.

A few nights later he said that he had decided no one who didn't have a farm should own a horse...wouldn't be fair to the animal.

We agreed.

He was very happy with the bicycle he found under the Christmas tree. He could shoe it himself.

EACH of the boys earns his own pocket money. David is paid $1.00 per week to dust the car every morning, and on Saturday he can earn an extra five cents for washing the car. We have tried our best to impress upon them that money is not something provided by a gracious Nature, like sunlight, but something for which human beings must exchange their time, their energies, and their skill.

Ricky earns his dollar per week by turning down the beds to all early morning, opening the blinds, and hanging up everything in his room and in David's. He does not feel the slightest resentment about the latter and has even taken to keeping his room as well as his own, because we have explained that the person for whom the work is done is not the important factor; what counts is that one has a duty and is performing it. With the money he earns, he can buy his own school pencils, his own school music, his comic books, and pay their way to the Saturday matinee.

I know that there is a recurrent parental doubt about the wisdom of allowing children to read comic books. Ours read them and apparently enjoy them. In the first place, I think children are objective about such things. They feel only the excitement of action; they are not emotionally involved. To the extent where they realize that if forty Indians are dispatched by the U.S. Cavalry, forty squaws are left widows and at least forty papooses are left without a father.

Frankly, the things I read as a child were just as bloodthirsty. There was a lovely story about a girl who pretended to die by taking a sleeping potion. Her sweetheart stabbed himself beside her body; when she awakened from her nap, only to find her lover dead, she too committed suicide. Good story, too. You probably recognize the fundamentals of "Romeo and Juliet." A classic.

IT'S TRUE! Now you can have twice as many lovely things to grace your wardrobe that will be the envy of your friends, and at half the price you've been paying for your clothes in the past. Think what it will mean to have a closet full of pretty things—street dresses, sport outfits, generous evening gowns, spanning smart blouses and dainty lingerie. You can! With the help of Constance Talbot's big, new "Complete Book of Sewing" you can now make your own outfits—from the simplest accessory right up to the most elaborate costume.

Even if you've never sewed in your life before you can now! "Complete Book of Sewing" covers absolutely everything you need to know about sewing. One glance through this fascinating book will make you want to sit right down and begin a dozen things at once. And this grand book is so simply written, so easy to understand your very first attempt will be a success, because in addition to the easy instructions you have over 750 pictures and diagrams which actually show you every step—how to take practically every stitch!

You will learn how to follow a pattern correctly, how to cut, how to sew and fit, and best of all how to complete the garment with those professional touches that will set your clothes apart from any others and give them that custom-made look. Constance Talbot also gives you pointers on styles and fabrics, how to select colors and patterns that will do the very most for your figure, your coloring, your own personality.

**Sewing For The Home**

In addition to making your clothing, "Complete Book of Sewing" shows you how to decorate and beautify your home by making your own curtains, draperies, slip covers, cushions, lamp shades and hundreds of other things to keep your home charming and make it delightfully livable. Give your home that interior decorator's touch and save countless dollars besides! You will learn how to care for the beautiful things you make. "Complete Book of Sewing" gives you valuable information on cleaning and laundering, how to remove spots and stains, the hazards of shrinking, pressing as it is done by experts. Learn how you can save money by knowing how to avoid careless errors.

45 Big Chapters—Over 300 Pages More Than 2000 Items

"Complete Book of Sewing" is painstakingly indexed for ready reference. Over 2000 items are alphabetically arranged—no matter what your sewing problem may be this easy reference will help you to an instant solution. Then you have over 300 pages—45 big chapters crammed full of the most valuable information on sewing it is possible to get into one book. Below are a few of the many subjects covered.

Choosing the Right Clothes

How to Alter a Pattern

How to Make Fitting Alterations

Teaching Your Daughter to Sew

Care of Clothes

How to Make Coats and Jackets

From Blouses to Zippers

Making Stitch and Hem Novelties,
The Fine Art of Mending

Maturity Dresses and Infants' Wear

Handy Help—Remodeling—Remaking

No other person in America but Mrs. Talbot could have prepared so practical and valuable a guide as "Complete Book of Sewing." In addition to her years of experience as a fashion editor, Mrs. Talbot has lectured on sewing to millions of women from coast to coast. Here indeed is a book that will not let you go wrong no matter what you decide to make and you will delight in the knowledge that you have saved many, many dollars. At the small price of $2.95 "Complete Book of Sewing" will pay for itself with your very first attempt. If after receiving this book you are not more than delighted, return it within 3 days and we will refund your $2.95 immediately and without question. Mail your order today!

**Mail This Convenient Coupon**

Bartholomew House Inc., Dept. RM-149
205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postage prepaid a copy of Constance Talbot's "Complete Book of Sewing." I enclose $2.95.

I Name__________________________

I Street__________________________________________

I City__________________________State____________

__

IMPOLTANT! Write for information on our book "How To Make and Trim Your Own Hats." $1.00

Cut Your Clothing Budget in Half!

AND HAVE TWICE AS MANY OF THE NICEST THINGS YOU HAVE EVER OWNED BEIDES!
Then there was the wolf who ate grandmothers, the witch who was always trying to make her step-sisters beautiful, the little Cinderella and made her sleep in the fireplace, and the bramble hedge that strange young man who tried to reach Sleeping Beauty.

What do we read today? "The Naked and The Dead" by Norman Mailer, a marquee book about the war in history. Or "The Loved One" by Evelyn Waugh, which deals with mortuary provisions for the deceased. We learn about death and dying in a very percep-
tible as the fact is, but I suppose we might as well be truthful about it.

Speaking of truthfulness, David learns that the neighborhood always catches with one. When we moved from public school, which was overcrowded and a little difficult to reach from our place, to a tuition school, it was obvious if he didn't have any home work to do.

"No," said David urbanely, "No home work."

TOWARD the end of the semester I called at school and was told that David's reading was such that he was going to have to read the Bible in order to move on with his class. The teacher said regretfully, "If only David had done his home work."

Ozzie was more at ease with David at the dinner table. We explained that he was going to have to go to summer school—while all his friends were free to enjoy the leisurely summer months. He had double-crossed himself by telling fibs.

"We are not doing this to punish you," we explained. "We are sorry about it because we had planned a number of things for all four of us to do. Now, we just won't do them, so we're suffer-

ing—" is all we are. It doesn't pay to fib out of things entirely.

David said very little about it, studied diligently, and suggested that the three of us go out and buy outfits even when he only had to be in school. We were certain he had learned his lesson, but to what extent we discovered when we overheard him coaching his younger brother.

"Demand David, "Why aren't you doing any homework these days?"

"Don't have any," answered Ricky with elaborate casualness.

"Look, I went through that," responded David. "I didn't do my home work and I lost a summer. Don't be as silly as I was. If you have something to do, you'd better do it instead of getting out of it by lying. It'll catch up with you sure enough."

"The two things are by sheer coincidence, Ricky had quite a bit of homework to do. He does it under his brother's approving eye. Frequently David joins him at the table because David, also, has homework.

Our boys have been taught that waste is sinful. Ozzie and I believe that sheer squalor is the cause of the woe of the world.

The natural application of our principle in the home is the passing of Da-

vid's clothes to Ricky's.

From conversations with my acquaint-
ances, that hand-me-down clothing is usually resented in a family. We avoided all comment on Ricky's appearance by saying from the time he was a toddler, "When you are tall enough to wear David's tan cords, I believe he will give them to you."

Ricky's sense of partnership became so strong that he has always taken an active interest in his older brother's wardrobe, and now has garments ear-
marked for inheritance long before David is through with them. The conviction of being the lucky heir ap-
parent makes him critical of David's selections, of course, but we have found this helps him learn to choose.

Because we remember from our own childhood how terribly important it is for a child to be equipped, clothed, combed, and washed to the very best of the child's friends are—or at least as he thinks his friends are—we have allowed the boys to select most of their own clothes. And the way they've done it's a work of art. The orange Mickey Mouse shirts and the windmill beans which we have bought with fingers crossed. "He'll never wear it," Ozzie has muttered to me.

Usually the only things not worn out entirely were those which we, in a pazzing moment, decided would be "right" for the well-dressed fugitive from the Apaches.

There is one very important excep-
tion to this rule. Once in awhile a boy decides to acquire a tie. This hap-
pened to David. He fell in love with a mature-cut navy blue double-breasted suit, and nothing anyone could say would persuade him that he wouldn't be the junior world's answer to Lucius Beebe in it.

We bought it for him after having many a misgiving. On the very first Sunday he put on the new suit and went to Sunday school. When he came home he hurried to his room and took it off. At supper he said, "The other kids don't wear suits like that. I felt funny."

The script for the children on our radio show has a theme of sincerity, and is constantly checked against our own pair for authenticity. There is a con-
tant tide in the affairs of the young, and we respect the authority of a natural force. For instance, two years ago the very-young generation was ex-
pressing approval by saying, "Super." A year ago it was "heath." The jury is still out on this year's super and I telephoned. Dick assured me that the address I had for them was correct.

"By the way, what happened to you and David when you were out expect-
ing you all evening?" he said.

This sort of thing fills me with the most horrible uncertainty. My friends probably think I adore them when I insist upon being told the day of the week, the date of the month, and the hour at which an affair is scheduled.

Ozzie's attitude is always benevolent. "Sometimes I feel as if I were bringing you up, right along with David and Ricky," he says.

"It's true. I grew up somewhat because I usually have the impression that it is I who am bringing up Ozzie, David and Ricky."

And I would like to add that it is a very ticklish job.

Matinee Idol, 1949

(Continued from page 46) was new to me, as in motion pictures the actor seldom if ever looks directly into the camera."

Lovely Anne Gwynne plays John's fast-talking secretary in the series, and the one hundred and three players who make appearances include names like Beulah Bondi, Lina Romay, Mary Beth Hughes, and Evelyn Ankers, among others. No expense was spared to make the series, and it is said that prospective sponsors will have to hand over an extremely pretty penny for each half-hour episode.

Does John Howard believe in the future of television? The answer is ob-

vious. He has just formed his own TV film production company with Bill Brighton. They call themselves Telameria Productions. So now we'll look forward to the private productions of the Public Prosecutor.
from the middle west was chosen to appear on the broadcast because she needed money to help her baby, born blind and deaf. An operation, to be performed in New York at a cost of a thousand dollars, seemed the only hope. Todd was watching when she answered the five questions correctly, winning the maximum amount of $800. We were all thrilled. Todd told me later that before she had finished, a long distance call came into the studio from a man in California who offered to pay for the entire operation, no matter what the cost.

People are wonderful like that. Many of them send money to help contestants whose cases interest or touch them deeply. Dollar bills pour in from all over the world, five and tens are not unusual. A man in Georgia heard a woman who needed money to visit her veteran husband, hospitalized near his city, and wrote to say that he and his wife would be happy to have her and her little girl as their guests during her visit.

The real life stories we hear on the program and in the thousands of letters that come in have made us realize what a difference a little money can make. There was the woman whose voice showed Todd how she had to eat with a broken lower plate held together with wads of chewing gum. It may have sounded amusing to some listeners but a new plate was terribly important to her. She had worked and scraped and saved for three years but the hundred dollars or so it would cost was still way out of reach. When she won more than was needed Todd beamed all over.

(And "all over" covers a lot of territory when you're as short as my husband—he is six foot one and is slowly getting his weight down from 225 to a possible 200—when I hide the dessert from him.)

So many things can come along unexpectedly to throw a family off financially, we have learned. There was the young couple who had no home and had been living in a trailer which burned up with all their possessions, including the robe for the baby's christening that day. The insurance payment was a few days overdue and they weren't sure they were still covered. All they had saved was their car, cut away from the trailer just in time, and the baby's crib.

There was the woman whose family had a series of accidents and illnesses and who brought the eviction notice her landlord had just sent her. When she won $500 the audience was with her every word of those wise words.

"Was she as nice as she sounded?" was the first thing I asked Todd that night. He called that "Edna's No. 1 question." I always ask it, I specialize in a contestant's voice. Sometimes I form a picture of what the person looks like and find I'm completely off. The man who was expecting quadruplets had such a big voice I thought he was a big fellow like Todd. My husband described him as a swell little guy. I guessed the woman with the rich, hearty laugh and the eleven children, eight of them foster-children, was a big motherly person, and for once I was right.

No matter how much contestants need the money, Todd won't slant his questions to them. When they get up to answer, they are on their own, with no hints from him or help from the audience. "That's the only fair way," he reasons, "with $800 at stake each time." He feels dreadful when a really worthy contestant loses, but can't do anything about it and still keep the show up to his standards. It's an interesting sidelight that studio audiences are more apt to stay with the contestant who doesn't throw away chances too recklessly.

An average of five people have an opportunity to get on the air every broadcast, and surprisingly enough, some of the most wonderful and dramatic stories have been found right in that night's studio audience. Of course, every letter that comes in is carefully read and judged, and if any of the twelve judges finds a letter of particular interest it is read by Todd and the owner-producer of the show, Walt Framer. The writer is interviewed, and if the story is on the level the interviewee is apt to get on the air.

Sometimes the reasons for wanting to Strike It Rich may seem trivial to others, but are all-important to the letterwriter. On one of the early broadcasts Todd was undecided about a woman who wanted to be on the program because the family needed a new dining room suite. I told him I thought other women would understand and be happy for her if she won enough to refurbish her room. We all rooted for the securities clerk who wanted to hand out dollar bills to a breadline that formed every morning in front of a church he passed on his way to the office. He said he had known what it was like to be broke and hungry and he wanted to give those fellows an unexpected treat some morning. He played it safe and won $250 out of the possible $800 added $20 of his own to make an even $270, and asked Todd to meet him next morning and let him prove his request had been strictly by the book.

My husband got a lot of satisfaction watching those faces as each man was handed a dollar bill.

Letters have come from far and near, thanking Todd for help the program has given them. A young Egyptian was stranded in this country because of his country's currency restrictions, and escaped deportation by winning enough to book passage before the immigration authorities' deadline. His thanks were reiterated all the way from Alexandria, Egypt.

The program isn't all serious or even dramatic, as regular listeners know. For instance, there was the young fellow who belonged to what his gang dubbed a "Lazy Man's Club." They needed money to have the clubroom redecorated, but it was against the rules to work for it. (In a world where most people have to work for what they get, I suppose this was their final adolescent protest before they had to make life on its own terms.)

This lad walked up on the stage so indolently and looked so relaxed that Todd asked him right away if the club members hadn't been worried about the effort he would have to put on the show. The boy answered that they all figured the only physical effort would be walking up to the mike, so they guessed that wouldn't be too much. At this, Todd had a chair brought out for him, and the audience howled.
There is nothing lazy about my husband—he has been a hustler ever since he combined grade school and piano practice well enough to win a medal in a music competition. There is just one luxury he goes for, breakfast in bed, and that’s only on Sunday. He’s a guy who likes his coffee before he shaves. His only attempts at cookery are ham and eggs, and he does those up broad.

He really couldn’t be lazy and remain such a perfectionist. Even when he was doing record shows he planned his programs down to the tiniest detail. One may not know that announcers on small shows usually pick their own records, and it’s quite a chore to make selections for an all-country show. Todd always knew just which one he wanted to start off with and finish with, and all the steps in between. He was studying radio technique all the time.

We did post mortems on the programs we heard, discussed how they could be improved, where they sagged, why some broadcasts went over better than others. He was always getting something new about his job.

Once, in the early days, when Tommy Dorsey played as a guest with a band Todd was announcer, he asked, “If you were a yokel and you told who did the arrangement, you say whether or not I play a solo, and so forth. You do the same thing now.”

“Sensational advice,” Todd says, that kept him from ever being worried again about the form of his announcements.

Todd and I met when I was seventeen and he was twenty. He was president of our Young People’s Society in the church we both attended. Todd was born in Manchester, England and in Toronto, Canada. Our paths came together at this church in Hamilton, Ontario, though we had not been formally introduced until the minister cost us both in a play given by the Society. When Todd joined the young people’s group one of his friends had cautioned: “Look out; that’s where I met my wife.” Todd had laughed, because he was still in school and trying to get a foothold in business, and wasn’t thinking of marrying for a long time. He was easily the most popular boy in the church and I had admired him secretly for a long time.

In the play I was his wife, and before we finished the circuit of our own church and nearby churches where we gave performances, we fell in love.

Todd was learning to be a tailor, which meant he worked on the stretching and drying boards to which pelts are nailed. The constant folding and pulling of the furs made callouses on his fingers and his piano teacher said his concert ambitions would be jeopardized if he continued. Maybe he was a put-up salesmen; he was bored to tears with the work—but he won’t admit it, even today, if it was. Anyhow, his parents agreed he ought to quit the fur business, so he settled down in a minor clerkship for a big steel corporation.

Just before the depression struck hard and relieved him of his duties in steel, he had begun to get interested in popular music and was doing more and more piano-playing stints with dance bands. He did vocal solos too—I wish he said I got into that “show” business, because he has a romantic voice. When I tell him it’s something like Russ Columbo’s he laughs. He won’t perform. Todd went to work for a radio art man, probably the quietest person at a party, especially a big one where he doesn’t know many people.

We were dating and working with a dance band the bass fiddle player told him he was selling insurance on the side and making quite a tidy sum extra. “You’re a good idea man,” he said, “do you want to be a salesman?”

“I don’t want to try your hard at insurance?” Todd figured it would be a good idea man, but there he was, with one of those split-second decisions to make. He decided the insurance would always be there, and the audition would not. The payoff was that while the show for which Todd auditioned never came off, they made Todd an announcer as a result of the test. The regular announcer wasn’t doing as well as expected, so they put Todd in his place.

In those days he worked fourteen hours a day for $15 each week, less than he got with dance bands, but he felt he was building a more solid future. After all, we had been engaged five years and now we wanted to marry and make a home of our own.

That first week on the air he shouted all his lines into the microphone and never broke character. He left a little pool of perspiration from nervousness. I remember on one of his first day’s broadcasts he did the forecasts between commercials, announcing all the names carefully, but when he got to the five minutes of domestic news his tongue twisted and he talked about John Y, the great Irish terrier. It was an understandable slip, but the telephone rang and the mail bulged with demands for apologies. The guy couldn’t do his work, he could. Some time later, in giving a tobacco commercial, he rushed to the microphone after listening to a record he was planning to use, and breathlessly asked, “Men, do you smoke a Pope?”

After a while Todd was conducting Community Sings on the air and having a wonderful time doing it. Music is in his bones, and he has some good ballads and rhythm tunes ready for pulling out if needed. He’s not bad! He wrote both words and music, and I think they’re sensational. He knows quite a bit about art too, because many of the Canada’s leading artists.

We “do” the wonderful New York art galleries whenever we can find time, are baseball and hockey fans, and spend a lot of time with the dog, especially for two. Todd likes the theater, some movies—and visits to the broadcasts. Quiz shows would be too much of a burden for him, but Art Linkletter’s is the exception. Top programs with Todd are Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts, Fibber McGee and Molly, Bing Crosby—and the fights on television.

His first quiz show came his way in Canada, and when we came to New York in 1945 (we had been married seven years—Toddy’s first trip out of the Double or Nothing quizmaster spot after an announcing stint on another show. It was a natural transition, because Doubles is simple. Why not first Canadi quiz program he emceed.

Then along came Walt Framer with his Strike It Rich show, which appeared on Toddy in color. Walt planned a wonderful motor trip before he would plunge into his new job. We were going to Canada, and have a picnic, and not be rooted to any one place. What we got was just one Sunday off between the old and new assignments.

Right now we are looking for two things: New York, and a cocker spaniel to take the place in our hearts left empty by Rusty and Muggy, the two we had to leave in Canada. Rusty’s hair was golden, and Muggy was tagged for Muggy Spanier, the trumpet player. It happened this way: We brought her home, a scared little pup, put her down on the living room floor, and turned on the radio. Muggy Spanier’s fine trumpet work came through loudspeaker at that moment, and our spaniel whimpered: “Mama!” we both shouted.

“Muggy Spanier.”

We love dogs so much that we talk of retiring some day with two special friends and our cockers. Todd has another “some day” idea too. He wants to write songs, so he can travel anywhere and everywhere for inspiration, and not be rooted to any one place. Meanwhile, he wouldn’t change his job for any other kind.

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listen to “GRAND OLE OPRY”

every Saturday night over NBC

Hear Red Foley sing his

folk ballads.

Read the story of Red Foley’s life in the January issue of

TRUE STORY

magazine complete with full-color autographed photograph.
show we'll certainly remember you." Mills filed the letter away with his other souvenirs and thought little more about it. Then she played the music for the new half-hour Lum and Abner show.

Guy Lombardo certainly gave us some surprising news the other day. Guy says that musically speaking New York is a world unto itself. Very often the songs being sung and whistled by the citizens of the big city don't find much favor in the rest of the country. As a result, a hit song becomes a hit after being "discovered" by people in the midwest, west, south or north. On the other hand, Guy tells us, some of the biggest hit songs—if you're going to judge by record and sheet music sales that reach the sky—never become popular with New York listeners and dancers.

Arthur Godfrey is the kind of man you'd expect almost anything to happen to—and it does. Now, it comes out that there's a horse in the Gene Autry Rodeo named after radio's red head and that said horse is a tough creature on whose back no cowboy has yet been able to remain the required ten seconds. Not the least disturbed by this dubious honor, Godfrey says, "I've got my eye on that prize money, and when it gets big enough, I'll send somebody over there who can handle that Arthur Godfrey—my wife!"

A member of Johnny Long's orchestra, who prefers to remain nameless, had a harrowing experience recently. He sent his shorts and shirts to the hotel laundry, marker in hand, because he was leaving the next day. When the parcel came, he put it unopened into his grip and climbed on the band's bus and left town. A few hundred miles later, in another hotel, he opened the parcel to find a woman's girdle and other delicate bits of feminine finery. If the lady who got a bundle of laundry containing shorts and shirts with marker write to Buddy Basch at 17 East 45 Street in New York City, she can have back what belongs to her.

The Red Cross recently awarded Minnie Pearl a citation for the work she's done this year in veterans' hospitals. The boys have given Minnie their own citation—the laughter of men for whom it is sometimes difficult to find things to laugh at.

Louise Erickson spent last summer touring Europe. She found out so many exciting things that she's negotiating with a national teen-age magazine to write her impressions of Europe in a series of articles.

Sweeney and March, who pinch-hit for Jack Carson last summer, will probably have their own show for a major sponsor around the first of the year. Can't understand why those two don't move faster to the top—they're among the funniest people on the air.

People sitting in movie theaters are used to watching all kinds of camera tricks that are used to get across to the audience the mood or action in a picture. But television audiences haven't yet learned to expect the unexpected, as witness what happened recently when Tom de Huff, director of Hollywood Screen Test, a WJZ-TV show, used a fancy trick or two. The story called for someone to be knocked out, remain unconscious for a time, and then return to consciousness. To convey the feeling of being "coming to", de Huff produced a gray, fuzzy picture that cleared up gradually as the lad returned to normal—a device that's been used hundreds of times in the movies. But a dozen people phoned in while the show was being televised to find out whether the trouble was in the studio or in their video sets.

The geniuses behind the giveaway shows, having fallen heir to the audiences which once were the property of the comedians, are learning that, along with the lofty Hooperings, they inherited also some of the comedians' occupational diseases. The producer of two of CBS's top giveaways recently spent an uncomfortable spell in the hospital being divorced from a brace of ulcers.

There has come to our attention a contest which should be of interest to all those connected with the writing end of radio. Called The National Five Arts Awards, the contest aims to stimulate creative writing in the U.S.—by a total of prize money amounting to $100,000, and provide production for the best scripts received. It is open to anyone with two dollars—the entry fee for the first manuscript submitted. (For each one thereafter, it is one dollar.) For further information and entry blank, contact The National Five Arts Awards, Inc., 715 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Marion Hutton (not to be confused with sister Betty) in the new Marx Brothers pic, "Love Happy," which hits the nation's theaters just about when you'll be reading this . . . Groucho Marx and Grocho Marx will be doubling from radio into a picture together at RKO this winter . . . Eve Arden will be the Danny Kaye's leading lady in the Warner Brothers film, "Happy Times," which makes us plenty happy . . . . . . NBC is reported peddling a simultaneous AM-TV pickup for the NBC Symphony when Arturo Toscanini takes over the baton this winter. The series has been sustaining the past few years . . . . . . Arnold Moss, no stranger to radio listeners and dramatic shows, has completed his second featured film role in the pic, "Reign of Terror" . . . . Wingy Manone has joined the roster of musicians trying to sell all that's left about authoring an autobiography, "Trumpet on the Wing" which is now on sale at all bookstores . . . . Gail and Harry Ackerman's man-and-wife radio writing-directing-producing team have written a comedy based on the activities of a mythical radio network president and his staff. It's due to hit Broadway this season. Alfred N. Miller, ad agency exec, will produce . . . . CBS will hold the second nationwide television clinic in New York City January 1. One way to make developments in video move faster . . . . . And so it's going to be a New Year and we hope there will be plenty that's really new about it and good. Happy New Year and what are you doing to make it so?
Life Can Be Beautiful
(Continued from page 22)

BATTLE OF THE BUDGET

Dear Papa David:
One morning not so long ago I dragged myself and my three toddlers into the grocery store for the weekly battle of budget versus prices. I was feeling haggard and harassed.

While I listed up to do dozens of this and pounds of that, I noticed a well-groomed and beautifully-dressed woman. Whereas I was getting large amounts of economical foods, she was picking up out-of-season and expensive bits of tasty things. I could tell by the size of her purchases that she must live alone. How I envied those long hands of hers so expert, as she moved her, her one-cucumber-two-tomatoes type of shopping; her pale pastel unruffled appearance.

I noticed that she was watching us, too. With a half-smile on her face she followed the children and me with her eyes. I was beginning to be very uncomfortable for I was waiting I wrestled with stacks and shoed the kids away from displays. I felt she was being very amused at my struggles, my stringy hair, the children's scuffed shoes.

So you can imagine my surprise when she walked over to the checker with her purchases and, nodding in my direction, said to him, "They're just like a picture—a mother and her little family. Then she sighed, "Family life is a wonderful thing."

The checker nodded absently. But the envy, the loneliness, the heartache that was in that woman's voice as she said those words made me want to cry. I looked into her excited faces and I realized that this strange woman had given me a priceless thing—she had opened my eyes to the fact that I need never envy another woman her existence, for here in my own hands were the ingredients that go into making a beautiful life.

Mrs. J. S.

THE KIND OF HEART

Dear Papa David:
I was huddled in a chair in the oculist's waiting room, lonely, frightened, busy with my own troubles.

I was waiting in, asking for the doctor. He was on his way to Washington, he explained, and on the train stop-over had dropped in to the corner drugstore for a cup of coffee just then, and had overheard the waitresses discussing one of the other girls who worked there and the operation that the oculist was going to perform. He had offered to perform for her. This man had heard enough of the conversation to realize what a splendid thing the doctor was doing and, although he didn't own a pair of glasses, he offered to give the oculist his bit by contributing enough money for room and board for the girl during the time she would have to stay away from work.

The doctor told me later that he usually jinched in the drug store and had noticed the girl because her eyes were so beautiful. He thought that they badly dist figured her. He realized what a handicap this must be for a young girl. Learning that her parents had been separated for five years, he decided to help her operate without charge and straighten her eyes, provided she could pay the hospital expenses. The other employees had that day collected the necessary money for those expenses.

I left the doctor's office with a tremendous feeling of peace and happiness. We hear over and over that the only way to lasting happiness is by helping others but not until that day did I fully appreciate what that meant.

Mrs. B.P.F.

GOOD WILL AMBASSADORS

Dear Papa David:
I wish your letters in Radio Mimos could be translated and distributed in Europe—they would make very good and inspiring reading.

I am a GI bride, born in Austria. I spent the first ten years of my life in a happy, carefree way, along with the rest of fun and games. It came suddenly in 1930-31 everything changed. Concentration camps, barbed wire, machine guns in the middle of town. The last two remaining years in a concentration camp or jail until he died. In 1938 I left for England, on my eighteenth birthday, two months before her took Austria. My eight-year-old sister was sentenced to eighteen months in for working for the Underground; my brother to join the Nazi army, and died there. I was put in an internment camp in England for ten months because I was an alien. All that worked on my mind. I didn't trust people. I wondered how I would survive.

Then I met and loved and married my GI. I couldn't believe how different it was here over until I came to the United States. People over here think nothing of things like helping people less fortunate, radio programs where people give face, tears to my eyes, just reading or listening.

Each day I say a silent prayer of thanks for the chance to let my children grow up over here and be Americans!

H. T.

NOTHING TO LOSE

Dear Papa David:
I had no home, no job, and less than two hundred dollars, when the doctor flashed lightning seemed to illustrate me telling me that I suffered from a disease for which there is no cure. I was only twenty-four years old. I wanted to die and scream and tell the whole world that it wasn't fair. But I knew that wouldn't get me the things to which I thought everyone was entitled.

I am a GI Bride, in Europe and being loved; the strength to work and to accomplish; the heart to laugh and play; something to look forward to in life besides an early death! These things I took almost by my tender years and stay with them until I felt better. I was in Minnesota and they in Arizona. I was too ill to make the trip except by air. It took almost my last penny to straighten up my affairs and buy my ticket. And when I boarded that plane I was feeling deeply sorry for myself. The trip, a one-thousand mile trip, until we were flying over the plain of Kansas. There we ran into a blasting electrical storm. Suddenly, a great flash of lightning seemed to illuminate the entire earth as if with a great fluorescent light. There I was, four miles in the air and surrounded by lightning, of which I had always been afraid. And the thought came to me that of the thirty-five people up there with me, I was the only one who had nothing to lose. I could enjoy the full beauty of that tumult in the heavens with a complete freedom from fear.

Ever since, I have been able to live every day as if with joy, with no fear. Each dawn opens a whole new world for me. And I give thanks for the lesson that, since we pass this way once, there is no time for self-pity—only for joy and service.

L. B.

NEW SHOES—NEW LIFE

Dear Papa David:
I work for a child care agency. During the year 1945 a small, tow-headed four-year-old boy was given into our care. His parents claimed that the hospital had made a mistake and had given them the wrong baby. They hated him instantly.

The child had been kept in one room, been made to eat out of a pan on the floor. He did not know how to talk, had never been out of doors, or had on a pair of shoes. He was taken from his parents and brought to our playroom, which is large and airy. The child spent hours walking the length of the room, stopping every little while to touch his first pair of shoes and to show them to everyone who came near him. He would pick up the crayons and the small toys, their bright colors reflecting the joy and wonder in his small, sad face. Today that child is a handsome little boy, safe in the knowledge that the kind people who now have him in boarding care love him.

M. A. F.

EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD

Dear Papa David:
I was listening to the radio as I scrubbed the floor. It was the third third day that day someone had said that no family could live on less than $3000 a year nowadays.

I looked around the kitchen—the walls needed painting. I looked out the window, past the drying diapers, and saw the beautiful flowers. We could watch our neighbors as they ate. As I walked over to the stove to stir the beans we were having for the third time, that week, I felt rather angry. $3600 a year—why, we were living on a third of that.

Then I started thinking: maybe we were lucky. We had beans, but we didn't owe anyone a cent. The kitchen was grime—but our month-old baby had been paid for in three weeks. Our neighbors were awfully close but when the baby and I came home from the hospital they ran in and out to take care of us, so we wouldn't have to hire anyone. We had a four-year-old (four-years old) was patched—but the baby had all the clothes he needed, his own crib, and a pretty bonnet and sweater to wear. It hadn't been to the movies in three months—but every night my husband read to me for hours while I sewed or mended.

I had everything I could want or need and I honestly had never been happier. Living is wonderful when you learn the meaning of contentment.

L. D. F.
Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 49)

young man in West Virginia. He had been released from the hospital in 1946. But home was different to him. People tried to be considerate, of course, and everyone was helpful—too helpful. The boy felt like an alien, a foreigner. One day he called the Thiels that he was coming North to spend the holiday with them. Thanksgiving at the Thiels was just as he remembered it. A big, great turkey, lots of chatter and jokes. Mrs. Thiel arranged their plates so that the blind boys could "eat by the clock." Turkeys at a certain spot, potatoes somewhere else, just where the boys had been taught to expect it. They made no other concession to their misfortune.

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This was the holiday weekend, and about ten of the boys slept at the Thiels. Mr. and Mrs. Thiel slept on the floor, and the young veterans curled up in chairs all over the place. For all of them, in a way they couldn't explain, this was home.

The weekend was over, at last, but the guest from West Virginia stayed on. At the end of a month he drew the Thiels aside and told them what he had been thinking.

This was the place where he was happy, the only place. Could he stay on, as a boarder, forever?

That, as I said, was over two years ago. Well, he's still there, and happy. He has a job, he pays his way, and he has found one corner of the world where he can really relax and forget his blindness once in a while.

"He's just like one of our kids, now," Mrs. Thiel said. "No special treatment, just one of our kids."

When she said that, I couldn't help thinking that being one of Mrs. Thiel's kids was a special treatment in itself—a treatment in zestful living that few doctors, apparently, could prescribe.

I asked the Thiels if, with such a busy home life, they ever found time to travel.

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Thiel. "Two years ago we took a 4,000 mile trip to see eleven of our boys. That was really something. The families, in their own ways, felt very close to us, and we were royally entertained. We stayed everywhere from a millionaire's home in Delaware to a cold water flat in Chicago. The parents just couldn't do enough for us, and the boys were really happy to be our hosts."

How did they find their boys on these visits? Were these young men able to find their way in a busy, seeing world, and, perhaps, find happiness?

"The most wonderful thing about going to see the boys is that, in almost every case, they're really doing fine. They've got jobs suited to their handicaps. Many have been married—and we even have a few 'grandchildren,'" Mrs. Thiel said.

"Seeing these boys as they are today, and remembering the uncertain, sort of mysterious way that they first came into our home is a real reward for the little we may have done."

But even when the young men have won their private battle with disaster, even when they've taken up the busy life of their own communities, they have a way of returning to the Thiels for a visit. It isn't that they need these kind people from Philadelphia any more, but they regard them as precious friends. And a stay at the Thiel home still is a great treat.

Last year, for instance, Ed Rankin, the bridgegroom, began missing them. As Mr. Thiel recalled:

"Ed just wanted to see us. So he flew in and stayed a month."

The story of how Ed met his bride, incidentally, also concerns the Thiels. The girl is the relative of another sightless veteran who had been their guest. This fellow used to brag about his pretty cousin, and one day, he introduced her to Ed. The girl had learned the ways of the blind world. She understood Ed and, in time, became part of his private happy ending.

The time is coming when the mission to which Mr. and Mrs. Thiel appointed themselves will be at an end. The Philadelphia Naval Hospital has sent the last of the blind boys home, or to other places. However, there are still some blind ex-soldiers at nearby Valley Forge Hospital. These young men now come to the Thiel house, and this is one instance when the Army doesn't mind sharing quarters with the Navy. "We'll miss the excitement and laughter when the last of the boys have gone home."

"Yes," said his wife, "but we'll be glad, too. Because that will mean that all the boys are where they should be—home. In a way, I guess, an empty house would be the happiest sight of all."

There is no magic at all about the Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

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My True Story

ABC Stations
One Wonderful Day

(Continued from page 63)

Sam came to her rescue; Sam could always be depended upon for just the right thing.

"It might say, Mrs. Kendal, that my sister is a famous hostess in her own small circle," he said with a smile.

"I'm sure she is," Gil's mother agreed.

"It's a wonder you don't lose the traditions on the tradition of hospitality—are you a traditionalist, too, Miss Warren?"

"A traditionalist? Bewildered, Dorrie looked up at the ceiling as her eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes, darling, you are," Wendy beamed at her, suddenly wanting to hug her. She was so proud of both of her nieces and nephews. Dorrie looked smart and lovely in her Elmdale-made "new look" suit—a new look which she laughingly claimed was twenty years out of style. And her wristband was nowhere that Sam wouldn't have distinguished. With his silvery head and his fine, strong features, he looked as at home here amid these luxurious furnishings as he looked sitting in the old swivel chair before the scarred roll-top desk in the Clarion office.

"Your fresh gingerbread," she went on, "and your home-made preserves, and hot mulled cider on a frosty night—they're all traditions you keep alive, Aunt Dorrie. I could go on reciting them for hours!" Then she shook suddenly, realizing with surprise and a touch of sadness that these things were behind her. There would still be crisp winter nights in Elmdale, and hot cider waiting at home—but she wouldn't be there. She would be here, part of this quiet, lovely place.

Her hand stole across the space between her and Gil on the sofa, crept into his, and he pressed it reassuringly.

"It's lovely, isn't it?" said heartily.

Mrs. Kendal nodded. "Personally, I regard it as a precious heritage. I think it will be handed on if people practiced it more generally. The Victorians knew the secret."

The Victorians," Sam reminded her, "belonged to their era. If yours are locked away in their closets, too, I think we're blundering our way into a more honest view of life than that."

Mrs. Kendal's smile thinned a little.

"You've a political mind, Mr. Warren, and I have the greatest respect for you. But as a woman, my sphere is far removed from yours. Women played their proper part in the war. Now they must step back—into the all-important background of a man's world."

He rambled on, as though with just the slightest edge. But none of them missed it. Just how much was she saying, Wendy wondered. She, Wendy, had already given up her column for the Clarion to take over the Clarion during her father's illness. She had promised Gil not to resume it. Now—did Mother Kendal want her to give up her column, too? But she couldn't; she must know how much it meant to her. Why, it was a chance to talk to all the women in every office and星期天 morning with them—with them, too. Because in the letters they wrote, in the comments they sent in about the broadcast, she had known what they were doing and thinking.

No, Mother Kendal certainly didn't mean anything about the broadcast.

"It's small thing, isn't it, Wendy that this house would be hers, that she must live up to and keep up all it stood for. Dorrie, watching Wendy's face, grave and thoughtful, was moved by the comparison between the three of them. "Is that all that fellow does?" Sam asked mildly. "Spend his life opening and closing doors, Dorrie?"

"I don't know," Dorrie answered. "It books they polish the silver a lot. Oh, Sam."

Dorrie at the catch in her voice her brother moved closer, squeezed her arm. "Now Dorrie—"

"I CAN'T help it," Dorrie said. "It's—"

something silly-sounding, but I'll say it all the same. It's like Wendy's being taken prisoner. And she doesn't know it. Like a cloud of dust, or someone. That's what I watched her all the time. She's in love, and she doesn't know. She's being taken prisoner, our darling."

If Wendy were going to prison, it was gradually, with the decline in elegance and fanfare Mrs. Kendal could call up, and with the loving hands of her own people to speed her. Aunt Dorrie spent the weekend with her at her New York apartment, and on Monday, after the broadcast, Bertha, who had helped Dorrie with the Elmdale house for as long as Wendy could remember, arrived to assist with the last-minute preparations and to attend the wedding.

Bertha brought a gift, which she took shyly, blushing, "I just wanted to say, I don't know when you're supposed to give a wedding present, but I better give you mine now. Because I thought maybe if you don't know when to give one, you know the saying about something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue—"

Dorrie was touched, then overwhelmed as she looked at the bit of blue enamel and seed pearls that Bertha laid in her palm. "It's the most exquisite thing I've ever seen! Bertha, I don't feel right about it."

"I don't know of a fitter neck to wear it," said Bertha, almost fiercely. "It's an heirloom, been in my family from my great-great-grandmother. She brought it from England, but it's French work. I'm supposed to give it to you, Miss Wendy."

Wendy blinked hard, and kissed Bertha, and it was then that Mark called. His voice, properly light, but with a world of friendship and devotion, was like a steady hand at her elbow.

"Hello, Wendy," he said. "I just wanted to bid my bachelor girl friend a fond farewell."

"I'm glad you called," she told him gratefully. "Are you in town?"

"I do, you think?"

"With what wedding—twelvehourse from now—remember?"

Then he actually meant to be there. She was surprised at the relief and joy and an almost overweening hope in her. "A wedding—my wedding!" she laughed excitedly. "Mark, I'm in such a dither! Keep your fingers crossed for me, will you?"

WILL DO," he assured her. "Lots of luck, Miss Warren. Next time we meet I'll be Mrs. Kendal. I won't take any more time—I just want to say goodbye, and hello.

Wendy couldn't see it, but his hand was on her shoulder, a touch on his forehead as he hung up. Wendy was busy. The doorbell rang while she was at the phone—her wedding dress had been delivered. She lifted it from the box, and the lace, and the setting for her head, and the little box for her for Aunt Dorrie and Bertha to see.

"Oh, they did a beautiful job," Bertha sighed. "It's just too beautiful, Miss Warren."

"I'm glad you're so pleased with it,—graceful, and the lace—"

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"I'm glad you're so pleased with it,—graceful, and the lace—"
saw the Langs, Charles and Adele. Not only saw them, but had to speak to them and smile and offer her hand. And then later, when the receiving line had broken up and the party was swirling about her, The hand she hadn't leave you spoken to the Langs? Be nice to them, won't you, sweet? I think they're feeling a little out of things."

"But, Gil—"

But he was gone, saying hurriedly over his shoulder, "I've got to find Gordon Hunter. Maggie's had too much to drink, and she's in hystries."

Wendy dashed to the lang waves. She let the crowded room remain between them and her, and felt guilty about it, and worried lest Gil ask her about it afterward. The crowd was gone until the reception was over and they were alone in Gil's car, and she knew that he'd forgotten everything in the world but her.

He caught her to him with his free arm, and Wendy relaxed against him, half laughing with weariness. "Oh, Gil, it was beautiful and unforgettable—all of it. But so many people—"

"We're done with them now," he laughed. "There are just the two of us."

"The two of us—" Her voice sang softly over the words. "And a great world outside. Oh, Gil, my darling—"

This, too, was unforgettable—the car slipping silently out of the city in the winter night, turning into the parkway, carrying them swiftly past the suburbs, past the little towns with their lights orange on the arched, inquiring—The then they were in the country, the white fields all around them, overhead the deep poignantly star-struck blue of the winter sky.

**WENDY** moved even closer to Gil, if that were possible, and turned her hand in his. "Gil—"

"Yes, darling—"

She didn't know what she'd been going to say. That is, she knew, but there was simply too much of it, too much in her heart to put into words. The last gape of afternoon, and Dorris as she had left the reception, her last conversation with Mark, his words easy and bantering as always, and on his face a look of glittering light and desperate, as if all the time she'd been his Wendy had come back to him out of the past at all at once. And Nona—wishing her happiness with real affection and sincerity. Wendy knew how much it must be costing her, knew that in her heart Nona must hate her, not for herself, but because of her place beside Gil. And Dorris as she had left the last... all of Wendy's past life tied up, done with, left behind her at the wedding reception.

And Gil was worth it, all of it—that was what she wanted to say to him. Whatever she was giving up, whatever she'd had and could and never return to, was what Gil wanted.

But she couldn't say it. She could only look at him with her heart in her eyes, and hold tightly to his hand, and compromise by saying, "I love you."

And I love—"

Perhaps he caught something of her thoughts because he added, "I want you to be happy, Wendy—that's what I want most in this world. I want to make you happy and never let you be hurt—"

She laughed softly. "Nothing can hurt me now, Gil. Nothing can ever hurt me, as long as we're together."

Then she straightened, her voice rising excitedly. "Gil, there's our house—and there's a light in the window!"

He smiled at her alarm. "I turned it on by remote control. Surprised?"

"Gil, you didn't—there isn't anyone there?"

"No, sweet," he laughed. "But you'll find a fire burning and a supper for two. The house won't leave until Monday. I telephoned her during the reception."

"Oh?" She sank back with a sigh of relief. "You're a wonderful, ingenious man, and I'm very glad I married you."

"I'm glad you're glad." He stopped the car before the house, and as Wendy made no move to get out, asked, "Are we spending our honeymoon in the car? It's nice—but restricted."

"I'm afraid to move," said Wendy. "Afraid to break the spell."

"That's a woman," said Gil, opening the door and coming around to help her out. "It's guaranteed unbreakable. Your hand, milady."

She gave him her hand, and he drew her into the circle of his arm as they walked up the path toward the house. "I'm glad the lights are on," Wendy decided. "It's so warm and inviting to come home to, as though we'd just come away a little while ago, and now we're back again—to stay."

If there was a weariness in her voice that they wouldn't go on living at the cottage as she'd first hoped, she wasn't aware of it, nor was Gil. He opened the door, and as Wendy stood still on the threshold, urged her gently. "After you, darling."

"But—" She smiled up at him expectantly. His answering smile was the poignancy, inquiring—The what goes, sweet?"

"You're forgetting," said Wendy. "You mustn't forget."

"Forgotten? Oh, you mean to garage the car. Never mind. Let it wait."

"No, Gil. The threshold." She gave a little confused laugh. "It's an old custom, isn't it? To carry the bride across?"

"Oh!" He tapped his forehead despairingly. "Kendal, you go to the foot of the class."

"He lifted her, precariously, and set her to the ground.

"Darling, you're feather-light, so light you could float away. Just as you don't float away from me—There!" He set a foot on the door behind him. "Any more customs?"

"I—don't think so."

He frowned. "Why would I forget that one?" Annoyed. "And I let it, darling," she told him lightly. "We aren't superstitious."

No, she wasn't superstitious, but she wished heartily that she hadn't mentioned the matter of the threshold. It had been a slip, the kind of slip she'd be all too likely to make from now on. In Elmdale the observance of little customs was important and fun; Gil's circle would be hardly aware of them. She must remember not to make this kind of small mistake again; she must try to be exactly, perfectly...

"Why are we standing here in the hall?" he asked. "Let's have your coat, Mrs. Kendal."

"Say that again," said Wendy, trying to cover her confused emotion... "What say? Your coat?"

"Mrs. Kendal," she corrected him. "I must memorize it—I've got to believe it."

"Mrs. Kendal. Mrs. Gilbert Kendal."

He laughed and bent as if to kiss her—and didn't kiss her. Instead, he helped her off with her coat, hung it away in the closet, removed his own. "You darling," he said. "You adorable girl—let's go in by the fire, say hello to our home."

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Wendy walked ahead of him, wishing that he had kissed her there in the hall. It might have put an end to this unaccountable strangeness between them, this stiffness.

"Mrs. Gilbert Kendal of Dreamhouse, Long Island," she murmured, making conversation. "Formerly Miss Missop, of Elm Street, Connecticut. I cut ... entertains at tea—Yes, I believe it now. I believe in Mrs. Gilbert Kendal."

"Good. I hoped you might," he said.

"And now—shall we sit down?"

Here was another small stumbling block, monumental at the moment. Wendy hesitated between the small table, with the food set out on it in covered dishes, and the corner of the sofa nearest the fireplace. Was Gil hungry? Would he want to have supper right away? He'd given her no indication of his wishes. Finally she chose the sofa. She sat down, saying in a high-pitched, unnatural voice, "How nice! I haven't sat down for weeks! What a strange, delightful thing to do!" Gil didn't laugh. After a brief, dreadful pause, she went on, "Do you hear a pipe-organ playing Lohengrin?"

"No." He smiled a little at that, and drew up a hassock to sit at her feet. "I'd like something to eat."

"The echo of an echo," Wendy repeated. And then there was another pause. "We're really alone here, aren't we? This is such a welcoming room."

"I'll stir up the fire a bit. He rose as if glad of having found something to do, threw another log on the fire. "There—that'll do. Hungry?"

"Are you?" She was glad the question of food had come up. Not that she was hungry, but at least one point would have been settled.

"Umm—n," said Gil, which settled nothing after all. But he resumed himself on the hassock. "Expecting someone?"

"Sofas are made to lean back on."

"I'd forgotten," she laughed self-consciously, realizing that she'd been sitting stiffly on the edge of the sofa. She relaxed—or gave a good imitation of relaxing, and Gil reached for a cigarette from the silver box at her elbow. "Wine out—"

"February," Wendy corroborated.

"That old month," he said. "Everybody knows what to expect of it? Then they both laughed self-consciously.

"Shall I turn on the radio?"

"If you like," she assented.

"Well—maybe silence is cosier," he decided.

There was nothing coy about this silence. Her throat ached; she felt wooden and awkward as never before in her life. This terrible stiffness and strangeness between Gil and her—she had to put an end to it somehow. "Sometimes," she said painfully, "things seem to take forever. But they happen, and it's no time at all. I mean—my becoming Mrs. Gilbert Kendal."

"Now there's a girl for you," said Gil. "What I could tell you about her! Born with a taste for silver spoons, came to the big city, laid snare for her boss, dragged him to the altar, lived happily ever after."

"Some other newspaper girl? Queenie Kirk, perhaps?"

"Pink. I guess I'd hate that girl, although I'd have no right to. She stopped, thinking of Nona, but Gil didn't notice. He was still playing the game."

"And you'd go back to your desk?" he went on, "and pound out a scathing indictment of her wedding dress."

"And you put it. Wendy put in, "and end up a gentle spinster with kind, understanding eyes—"

"That," said Gil dolefully, "is the saddest story I've ever heard."

"Well," she said, "it would be, if it had happened. Only you wouldn't know about it. You and that Mrs. Gil—"

"She only married me for wealth and position," said Gil. "Later she eloped with a phony Balkan count. Did that one off."

Wendy's laughter had a ragged edge. The game had run out—and there seemed nowhere else to go. Were they going for ever, the danger, making polite talk, gracing politely at each other? This was Gil, her husband—but the word "husband" had a false ring in her thoughts.

"Well—" he cleared his throat desperately. "I—"

She never learned what he'd been about to say, because suddenly they were plunged into complete darkness.

"Gil—what happened to the lights?"

"They've gone out." She could hear him getting up, feeling about in the dark.

"Thank you, darling," she said in his general direction. "I'll straighten out my answers to my questions. Power failure?"

"I hope not. It's just a fuse."

She saw his silhouette against the window. "They've got another case between her and Gil, and now this, this complete, terrifying darkness. She was afraid of the dark, always had been, and no amount of the bold, the brave, the well-wishers would change her. And now Gil was leaving her, blundering his way out of the room, leaving her alone in the dark.

SHE heard a door close, heard him stumble, heard his smothered exclamation. She started up in panic, crying. "Gil—Gil—darling, are you hurt? Where are you?"

He answered her, she thought, but she was really too frightened to hear. She stumbled after him, feeling her way along the walls, wondering where was he? In the pantry? But where was the pantry? She pushed open a door, tripped—and fell squarely into his arms.

"Wendy, darling—" He was half-laughing, half-alarmed. "What's the matter?"

She was too afraid. I thought you were hurt, and I was so afraid—" She was almost babbling in her relief. "I was always afraid of the dark. Even when we lived in that little old bungalow, I never could light a light—And in this house, even if it is our house, I felt so strange, so lost—Oh, Gil—"

He was a whisper. He was kissing her, holding her so hard and close that she could feel his heart beat as if it were her own, kissing her hungrily, as if he had been starved for days—until the strangeness of the terror were gone, until she was aware only of the singing of her blood, of their sweet and urgent need of each other.

In the old Douglas farmhouse outside Elmdale, Mark sat typing at a table beside the fireplace. Daylight had long since gone, and he'd turned on only the one necessary lamp, so that Bob, coming in from the evening chores, found the man and the clicking machine silhouetted against a small pool of yellow light.

"What goes?" Bob asked. "I thought you'd— He stopped, tactfully declining it would be better not to say "I thought you'd be resting up after the wedding."

"Plenty," answered Mark. "I've started now. It's going good, too."

"Now there was something for you, Bob thought. He'd just seen his girl married to another guy—and he came home and started typing."

"What's it called?" he asked cautiously.

"Make Dust Our Paper." At Bob's blank look, he quoted, "It's from Shakespeare. 'Let's talk of graves and worms and epitaphs: Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes write sorrow on the bottom of the earth.'"

Bob nodded solemnly. "That's okay. Yeah—even a cluck like me gets it. What's it about?"

"People," said Mark. "About a marriage that—well, doesn't work out..."
partly my fault; I was late for the show. That day—the day on which all programs had been cancelled in order to make way for convention broadcasts—I picked to be late.

Someone would doubtless have been kind enough to tell me, if anyone had dared risk life and limb by getting in my way as I sped down corridors and whizzed around corners to get to the studio. Just in time the theme music started, and without even taking off my hat I burst into song. Some kind soul shoved a script into my hand, and I went through it. Indeed we were! First, Eddie fumbled his lines. After thirty seconds (it seems like so many hours on the air) of stuttering, he ended up by dropping his script all over the floor. All over. I jumped into the breach and ad-libbed until he got the papers assembled again, motioning him to get up off the floor so that we could go on. That was my second mistake. He got up, all right—knocking over the microphone in the process.

This was an inexperience I had not been prepared by experience to face. But I rose nobly to it, motioning the trio to start on the number we had rehearsed, while Eddie righted his second wrong and set us straightened things out. And so it would have—if the trio had been playing, and I had been singing, the same song. The second time I got around to forming myself, switched to the right number. Only a soprano, however, could have managed the key in which they chose to play it.

You can't imagine how I felt, because I'm pretty sure I'm the only living human being who ever felt just that way. Fortunately, the boys couldn't keep it up any longer. They laughed, and then I laughed, and the show broke up in disorder.

THEY finally explained that the convention had usurped our broadcast time and we weren't really on the air. It was half an hour before I could speak, and I nearly fainted from blood pressure has gone back to normal even yet. I've managed to be a little ahead of time for broadcasts ever since.

From that time on, we all have the tendency to have the tendency to be a little ahead of time for broadcasts ever since.

The problem of the Jack Berek Show. We like to think of ourselves as coming into your living room for a visit every evening. After all, you'd get pretty tired of stiff and formal guests every day, wouldn't you?

That's my workday. When it's over, I go home. Home's a farmhouse, a good, comfortable place to be. I like to work for feel that although I work in the city that's no reason for me to go home and relax. I like my New Yorkers call home. It takes me about an hour to drive each way, but, being a farmer boy at heart, it's worth it.

The house is one, pleasantly rambling, and we love it. There's plenty of room for kids, lots of outdoors in which to run my dogs. Like the house, my family is big. The family is a big kind of people. And, come to think of it, in a lot of other ways, too. Comfortably, satisfyingly old fashioned. Margo is my wife, and we have four children, three girls and one boy.

I remember my mother once saying to me (she loved kids, too), "You'll find, Jack, that after the first couple of children, the next one and the next don't cost so much."

Today, Mother was quite right—to a point. It's true that the cost per unit goes down, but she neglected to mention the general overhead. That goes up and up...

Fortunately, for youngsters, we think they are, Margo and I. It makes me very happy to report that there's not a genius in the lot, no one child prodigy among 'em. Carol, who's seventeen, and Shirley, thirteen, would a whole lot rather walk down to the village for an ice cream soda and a session of music just as much as take their piano lessons. Son Jon, at five years old, can't quote a line of Shakespeare or add up a column of figures in his head. His interests end now on new toys or funny books. (He's become quite a business man; traded three fifteen-cent Roy Rogerses for one ten-cent Superman. We trust he'll outgrow this tendency— the overhead will go upper and upper.)

AS for me, I'm famous. This has nothing to do with the work on the radio. Not long ago I gave a lecture in our Town Hall. Subject: Raising Good Melons. I also worked in something on cross pollination of various fruits. I was, for a while, the local sensation. Some of the neighbors began to call me The Melon Man. (Margo insists that I just misunderstood; what they said was, I'm beginning to seem a little companionable with my mirror convinced me that this was unjust; obviously the woman's jealous because no one asked her to make them all more resemble a squash than a melon!)

If you've ever lived on the land, you'll know what I mean when I say that I have a typical farmer's attitude toward work. I'm convinced of this, and because I like to hunt, I enrolled in a course in butchery at one of the local schools last fall. This, of course, made it necessary for me to have my basement in a block and a full set of knives and cleavers and all the rest of the paraphernalia. (Shirley says she could name several other husbands with whom I had a correlation with my mirror convinced me that this was unjust; obviously the woman's jealous because no one asked her to make them all more resemble a squash than a melon!)

Anyway, what I hunt, I butcher, what I butcher goes into the deep freeze, and the Berches have out-of-season game the year around.

Sewing is my first love, with eating a close second, and the family, fortunately, shares this latter affection. Sometimes a look, which I have never been able to interpret to my entire satisfaction, always the only one when I announce that tonight I'm going to get dinner. But I maintain that what I put before them is tasty and tempting, and as they say in the women's programs, at least, they eat it. No one says, "No, thanks," and turns away.

No one has to force me, or even ask me, to make up dishes. Over the years I've learned that I will do only at the point.

This aversion stems from an experience of years back that still sends me into a cold sweat every time I remember it. The house was one of the dishes in a large cart and roll them out to the washers in the kitchen. One day the cart tipped over. I couldn't possibly pay for all the dishes that were broken, so I was promptly promoted to dishwasher by the owner of the res-
taint. For over a month I washed dishes in the daytime and dreamed about washing them at night, until at last I'd worked out my bondage. I made, on that last day, the solemn vow: I would never again, and if I heard I would wash a dish. I'd had to, once in a while, but on the whole I've kept that promise. Money cooking is done with artistic license—which includes dirtly every bowl and utensil pan in the house, and generally going through the kitchen like a high wind. When time comes, and I blanch and turn green at the sight of the mess, I summon my daughters to this woman's work. You'd think the girls would have by now, but each time they raise howls of protest. I am not, I admit, above bribery at such times. The girls are well aware of this flaw in my character and play it for all its worth. Each time, the ante goes up. Not long ago, I had to take them to a Broadway show after a particularly artistic culinary fling of mine.

DID I say there was no genius in our family? Pardon me, girls—you do have a flair for taking Dad over. You can tell all this that in our house we're all pretty good friends. We try to work out whatever snags we come across on a basis of reasoning, and Margo and I don't believe in the "don't do as I do, do as I tell you" attitude which keeps some parents and their children miles apart.

That's why, that same feeling of wanting to know the other fellow's point of view, I try to carry over into the program, too. Every day except Thursday we have our Heart to Heart Hookup, and on Thursdays, the Good Neighbor Club. The whole point of the Club is to tell the stories of people who have proved themselves good neighbors, of all sorts, out of kindness and not for material gain. In this way we make the small news, the stories which are carried on the back pages of the newspapers, into big news over the air.

The Club is open to everyone—no distinction of race, creed or color here—and the by-laws are simple communities all Golden Rule. Of course, we haven't time to read, on the program, all the clippings received—there were more than a million last week. We also have to satisfy ourselves with choosing the one we think best exemplifies our "do as you would be done by" belief for the program each Thursday.

The first member of the Good Neighbors Club was Mrs. James E. Spar of Dearborn, Michigan. She sent us clippings from the Detroit Press, a kindly, thoughtful neighbor who had collected more than a thousand dollars to provide a new home for a couple and their blind and ailing daughter when the family faced eviction. That started the ball rolling, and stories like that have been coming in ever since.

One of the stories I like best concerns the staff of the Pottstown Mercury and the good citizens of Pottstown, Pennsylvania. For months one of their neighbors had been having treatments for spastic paralysis at a Philadelphia hospital. Slowly, but encouragingly, those treatments were changing many years of pain and uselessness to a normal young woman. Then more trouble came to the Dalgleish family. Nancy's mother, they were told, was to have an operation. That made it impossible for them to pay the huge hospital bill the operation would entail and still keep up Nancy's treatments as well. It looked, for a while, as if Nancy's chances of cure were at an end.

Then someone on the Mercury heard about the family's plight, and a message went out in the paper. It touched the hearts of the people of Pottstown just as it touched mine. More practically, it touched their pocketbooks, too. Money began to fall all into the Mercury's offset, totaling, finally, not only the eighteen hundred dollars necessary to pay the hospital bills, but a wonderful eight thousand dollars besides.

Nancy's gone on to the Berry Foundation School now, and has been promised complete recovery by her doctors. How much I'll never know. This happened at the Indian Reservation at Wellpinit, Washington. Last December, during all the bustle of Christmas festivities, a widow, Mrs. Abrahamson, hurried to help a sick neighbor to do her housework and care for her children. While she was gone, Mrs. Abrahamson's house burned to the ground, and in the fire her two daughters and her grandchildren were burned to death.

The grief-stricken woman had no place to go. Neighbors took her in, but that could be only a temporary arrangement.

The dog Spokane Review heard the story and publicized the plight of this kindly and charitable old Indian woman. The reaction was tremendous. From all over the country came donations to help in the rebuilding of her home.

This, of course, was wonderful—but Mrs. Abrahamson couldn't build her own house, even if delegations of tradesmen—bricklayers, laborers, carpenters, everyone who could possibly be useful—appeared on the scene. After all, theirs is a double bind. They worked, without pay. In what is probably record time for housebuilding, the new home was completed.

CHRISTMAS spirit? Out in Wellpinit, that doesn't mean buying presents because it's the thing to do, giving gifts because you know you'll get one in return. Christmas spirit in Wellpinit, and in all the other communities we have over the country, means giving of yourself, your time, your talents—because your heart tells you to.

Do you think about the spiritual goodness of faith, I like to remember something my son Jonny said to me not so long ago. He'd just lost his dog, and that was very bad for Jonny, still in his young life. I didn't know quite what to say to him, how to go about comforting him. But he supplied the right words, even before I could publish them, though of course he didn't call it that. It's the philosophy of the very young, and of those older ones among us who have managed to carry the sense of proportion that youth in our hearts through life.

"My dog is still with me, Dad," Jonny told me. "There is."  

I followed the direction of his pointing finger, and I saw that Jonny had taken the North Star for his dog. Wherever the boy goes, his dog will go with him, and it is a faithfully long past a dog's life span.

I've been getting pretty serious, haven't I? That's part of our program, par to all of it. Any fun is always there. I still wish this typewriter could sing—or at least whistle—so I could show you what I mean. But if you listen to the Jack Berry show, or if you'll listen now, after reading this—you'll understand.
Most people in television are looking for a sponsor, but the great Godfrey (Arthur, that is) is different. The redhead's troubles stem from too many sponsors! Two of his radio sponsors want him to do a video show for them—each claiming exclusive rights—and the result is a deadlock. The sponsor does want to televise Talent Scouts, which would be a natural for video.

NBC has announced that their sales policy will be to create new sponsors for television instead of siphoning off radio money. Thus they will "protect" radio while television is a red ink operation. Department stores will be the first group of potential sponsors to be wooed for video. They never did use radio to any extent, are perfect for the new plan of getting television backing without harming radio.

Doctors have performed surgical operations for the television cameras, and now we hear that dentists have got into the act. On December first the Minneapolis District Dental Society scheduled two major dental operations for telecasting over KSTP-TV. The operations took place in the Fairview hospital and some 500 dentists watched over receivers set up in the Nicollet hotel ballroom. New techniques can be demonstrated to so many dentists at once. Without television of course, not more than ten dentists could crowd around the patient's mouth to witness the operation.

On a recent trip to Washington, we were standing gazing at the White House, quite pleased at having a share in its beauty (even if it's only a 1/140,000,000th share) when what should we notice atop this symbol of our democracy but the familiar television antenna! Everybody's doing it.

There are now 370,000 television sets in the country, and the experts predict there will be 2,500,000 sets in a year—at the end of 1949. They have even looked ahead ten years and expect to see 15,000,000 TV sets in operation then. For that number of sets the annual re-

"YEP, I'M A UNION MAN...."

and I never pass up my vote at our union elections. Choosing our leaders is just as important as voting for political candidates. Where else but America would I have such a big 'say' in the way things are run?"

THOMAS AHERNE
95 Wood Street
Steelton, Pennsylvania

"FREEDOM IS EVERYBODY'S JOB!"

Coast to Coast in Television  
(Continued from page 47)
The Truth About Truth or Consequences
(Continued from page 25)

could, “in a couple or three weeks.”
"Could you do it," he said, "by Sunday?"
Sunday! It was Thursday then. Late Thursday.
I gulped.
"Sure," I said, and hung up the phone.
It was quite a weekend.
I used my family and my friends and the school and the library to look up questions. And Barbara and her folks I began dreaming up the consequences.

On Friday, in between announcing Against The Storm, The Gospel Singer, and Life Can Be Beautiful—it can, too—I made arrangements to keep my Sunday morning Children's Hour audience in the studio for an extra forty-five minutes to provide listeners and contestants—for the audition show.

I CALLED on some of my professional friends for Nellie Andre Baruch, with whom I had shared an apartment in our bachelor days, said he and his wife, Bea Wain, would go on for me.

Saturday night I tested the last cliche was to play my non-radio friends. Barbara invited the whole gang of my University of California pals for supper and do you know what we did for laughs after coffee and dessert? We played Truth or Consequences. That was the first of a long, long series of ulcer-curing Saturday nights. I say that because emceeing the show itself is fun for me. No matter how much work and agony goes into the preparations, Saturday night brings a great release, the show is one big holiday. Now it is.

But I will never forget that audition. The audience was willing, but this was new stuff. Nobody had played this old game for years, however, as a fellow at the piano played and I sang "It was at the Ivy (Dux came along later) Radio Party I was seeing Herb Moss along with Herb (Dux came along later, too) and we were on! The first contestant was a smiling round man named Goldblatt.

"Let me see," I said, reading from the little card the usher passed up along with Mr. Goldblatt, "Your name is Mr. Goldblatt. Nice to see you, Mr. Harry Goldblatt."

"Haw," said Mr. Goldblatt. And no more.

I explained about our little game, asked him his questions.

"Haw," said Mr. Goldblatt.

After an awful moment, I took this for a miss and began ad libbing the consequences.

"Pretend you're a radio announcer, Mr. Goldblatt," I told him. "And you're about to go on the air. But you're in trouble, for your partner, who has all the information, has locked himself in the road elevator and can't get to the studio. You'll just have to make all the sounds vocally by yourself, Mr. Goldblatt."

Silence.

Those seconds were ticking off, cold and clammy.

Do you understand the Consequence, Mr. Goldblatt?"

"Haw."

I plunged on desperately, reading now from the script.

"It is a windy day in New York City... I paused for Mr. G's wind effect which was not forthcoming. "You hop into your car..." Silence. "And head for the Bronx. Are you roaring along," Silence. "You put on your brakes, toss your horn."LOOK YOUR HORN, Mr. Goldblatt," and at this I wheeled round in back of him with a pencil where it would do the most good, and from Mr. Goldblatt came: "Yipe. It was the most ear-splitting, horrid thing I ever heard, and the audience collapsed.

After that it was easier.

Andre and Bea did the next stunt. They were terrific but we found out later we had found out we had found out we might not be contestants on our show. As much as the audience loved seeing the happily married Baruchs getting breakfast to the tune of a down song from "Pagliacci," some of them thought the whole thing was thought up and perfected in advance, rehearsed and made ready. It wasn't fair to Bea and Andre—who went just as cold as Mr. Goldblatt. So, since then, celebrities have appeared from time to time on our show—not as contestants but as important props. And many of the folks who believe the absolute truth which is that there are no planted contestants on Truth Or Consequences! But, as I say, Back to the Audition. The Baruchs went off, having paid their consequence. A shy fellow in glasses told the audience five nice things about himself, and a nice old lady in a flowered hat played "Hold That Tiger" on the trap drums. We were off. And we were in.

The agency heard the record the next day and hurried it off to Cincinnati. The man who made soap loved it too, and four weeks later Truth Or Consequences was on the air. Eventually it is operation at first. I—with the help of my family, my friends and the people of New York—thought up all of the Consequences at first. We did all the work myself, and Moss, being an athlete and a director and a good friend of Flarnell and the sound man doubling as props—we went along fine.

I was taking it easy. After all, I had given up a thousand dollars a week in announcing jobs to go into this venture—and it could flop. Too recent memories of my lean days in New York when I was hanging around theatrical casting offices and eating in nickel cafes told me the idea of starting over in case of disaster—something to have nightmares about.

Now, nine years and four "Hush" contests later, we struggle along with a stage manager, production manager, director, five ideal men (in one) four secretaries, press representatives, lawyers, mail and accounting departments, transportation experts and, as I write, an individual is up against the road elevator and can’t get to the studio. You’ll just have to make all the sounds vocally by yourself, Mr. Goldblatt."

Silence.

Those seconds were ticking off, cold and clammy.

Do you understand the Consequence, Mr. Goldblatt?"

"Haw."

I plunged on desperately, reading now from the script.
Al joined up in the show's fourth week when I began dreaming up really elaborate numbers.

I remember the horror on our agency representative's face when I suggested at one of our early idea meetings that it might be fun to ask a contestant to throw a dart at a sombrero.

"Next," he said sternly, "you'll be wanting a seal on stage."

The next week we had a seal. Al Paschall managed that.

The people liked it, but the agency boys were still skeptical.

"I suppose," they sighed, "that next you'll want somebody to wash an elephant."

So, the next week, somebody washed an elephant.

By the time I got around to suggesting the pie-throwing routine again it seemed like a staff stunt and they all wondered why I hadn't thought of it before.

Now, nothing that our brain trust—Phil Davis, who has been with the show for eight seasons, Mort Lewis, my brother Paul, Bill Burch, Mel Vickland and I can think up—is too much for AI and nothing Al or his assistant, Fred Carney, can pull is too much for our sponsors.

One week recently, for instance, one of the boys thought it might be funny if a contestant, asked to sing "Donkey Serenade" for the people, could be accompanied by a surprise chorus of twenty voices—donkey voices.

AI got the twenty donkeys, and everybody had a big laugh. Except perhaps, the NBC executives.

But the show, as you know, isn't all laughs. We have drama, and excitement, and pathos, too—we have everything, as a matter of fact, that is a part of life.

Sometimes, when we go out for a hearthrrob instead of a laugh it's like playing the part of a master-magician.

Like the time, for our Mother's Day show, when we brought Mrs. Margaret McGinn all the way from Ireland to surprise her son Thomas whom she'd not seen in twenty years. Thomas lived in Los Angeles and worked hard at a job; it was not likely that he could get back to Erin to see his mother. Mrs. McGinn had little time or money for travel herself; she'd had fifteen other children, all living.

We found her through Radio Erin, rushed her across the ocean by plane and then across the country, so fast she didn't even have time to explain until she got off the stratoliner in Los Angeles that her luggage was back in Spiddal, County Galway. She had thought, when the car came for her, that she was merely going down to the government offices to see about a passport. Wiser by the time the limousine reached downtown Dublin she leaned out of the car when it passed the shop where her husband worked, called "Goodbye Joe, I'm off to America."

Thomas, whose presence at the broadcast we had assured by conspiring, in deep secrecy with his neighbors, had a heart-warming reunion with his mother on the Truth or Consequences stage, and Mrs. McGinn had two wonderful weeks in all the glamorous corners of Southern California. To say nothing of a whole new wardrobe to make up for the forgotten luggage.

Those are the miracles it is fun to make.

They tell me our contests are miracles, too. They started out, you know, as a gag. This was late in 1945. I had got so fed up with radio programs which asked a contestant some first grade question like what is the capital of the United States and rewarded a correct answer with a gift of a Cadillac, that I decided to run a give-away to end all give-aways.

I worked out a jingle full of clues: "Hickory Dickory Dock. The hands went round the clock. The clock struck ten. Lights out. Goodnight."

For eight weeks, a mystery voice read this limerick on our program—listeners were asked to identify the voice.

We had meant to knife the big-gift contests—I felt then, and I still do, that a radio show which cannot hold an audience on the basis of its entertainment value should not be on the air. But what happened was not a murder, but a birth.

The first Mr. Hush contest grew so important in the five weeks that the mystery voice went unrecognized—we were committed, after all, to throwing more big gifts into the "crackpot jack-pot" each week which went by without a winner—that by the time Richard Bartholomew correctly identified Mr. Hush as Jack Dempsey he received prizes valued at over thirteen thousand dollars.

And Truth or Consequences had an army of new listeners crazy for more guessing games.

I couldn't let them down. Nor could I, in good conscience, go along with a technique which turned radio into an oversized grab bag.

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Send 50c now. Your name and address. Good for 5000 prints. It's easy. Get yours today. You make the remaining offer to introduce our buttonhole maker. 

**true story**

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Listen to "GRAND OLD OPRY"

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Hear Red Foley sing his famous folk ballads.

Read the story of Red Foley's life in the January issue of

**TRUE STORY**
The months between the Dempsey contest and our Mrs. Hush game with Clara Bow were an agony of conferences with lawyers, United States government experts, and ultimately—for I had found a “right reason” for the contests—with officials of the March of Dimes.

The Mrs. Hush contest brought in $345,000 in voluntary contributions to the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, making Mrs. William H. McCormick’s $17,590 in prizes insignificant. The next search for Mrs. Hush—or Martha Graham—assumed $767,000 more to fight infantile paralysis, and “The Walking Man” contest—with Jack Benny as our mystery man—could not reveal a voice, settled for footsteps—gave the American Heart Association $1,612,587.96.

I have no right to discard an idea which can do this—especially when it gives half the people of the country a wonderful time besides. Storm signals are up now; the F.C.C., it is said, eliminates a new ruling against giveaways. Okay, Truth or Consequences got along without prizes before and it can again. But I wish if the F.C.C. wants to pass a ruling it would rule against stealing another guy’s ideas. What goes on in radio in this respect well, just shouldn’t.

Radio creators have no copyright protection—but it shouldn’t be necessary. There is such a thing as creed of showmanship. There was no copyright law in vaudeville, either, but a vaudevillian would starve before he would steal another actor’s stuff.

I used to get angry when yet another fellow would pop up with yet another carbon copy of Truth or Consequences. Now I just get to work. There is a real challenge in competing with your imitators—and staying on top.

Now its Mr. and Mrs. Hush—and everybody, including you, I hope—is guessing, or by this time have found the answer. Either way, I hope you’re still sending your contributions to the Mental Health Drive.

May try to, Merrily, I said. Truth Or Consequences is starting its ninth year, and feeling no pain.

My new radio show, This Is Your Life, is starting its first year—it’s on approval with the people.

This is Your Life was born of an idea similar to the one which we introduced on Truth or Consequences two years ago when a hospitalized veteran was confronted with the key people who made up his life that was past. And then we presented him with his future—the jewelry store he wanted. Then we tried it in another form last Christmas time. Perhaps you remember it—our radio “trip home” for the paraplegic veteran in the Long Beach Naval Hospital.

We used the most complicated technical set-up in our program’s history—a three-way remote—to let this wounded boy visit the scenes of his childhood, his old school where his old teachers said he could never be a drug store clerk where he used to drop by for a soda, his church, his grandmother’s house. He talked with his old doctor, his pastor, the clerks at the general store; and his classmates at Greenville, Tennessee High School sang Christmas carols just for him. And for a final, wonderful surprise we had brought his mother and father and his best gift from Greenville to Long Beach to spend Christmas with him.

This boy’s story touched the hearts of America, as it had touched ours—and our country is rich in these stories. Our country, I have come to believe in these ten years of getting to know it, is richest of all in its people.

I have talked about Truth or Consequences so much that you could believe that I have no other life—it isn’t true.

Barbara and I, after nine years together, have as much fun as we did when she was a student at Sarah Lawrence—she was a child psychology major. I was a literature student—and I was announcing the daytime serials. We have more fun—for now there are our three children, Christine, Gary and Lauren, and nothing ever happened on Truth Or Consequences which couldn’t—and hasn’t—happened at home.

I know I wasn’t as nervous when I did my first show, air back in Oakland in 1930 as I was when I took Gary to kindergarten on the first day of school last month.

I changed suits twice, and tied three times. Everything seemed too flashy for this sort of responsible job. What would Gary’s friends say?

And besides I was scared. When we had taken him to Sunday School the first time, he balked on the front steps and it took five weeks to get him inside. What if he did this at school? Gary made it his time when I guess I did, too, although I must admit I was awfully warm in that New York banker’s suit for the rest of the day.

And with the little kids on stage with the big ones—everywhere I go, it seems, I have a wonderful time.

---

do you know someone with a

**HEART OF GOLD?**

Someone whose good works and unselfishness deserve recognition? You can tell about it and win a valuable prize on **"Second Honeymoon"**

Monday-Friday 4 p.m. EST
ABC Stations
with BERT PARKS, M.C.

For details of the “Heart Of Gold” contest, read the current issue of **TRUE ROMANCE** magazine now on sale.
I sing low, torch type numbers. But one night a couple of years ago at the Paladium where I was singing with Hal McIntyre's orchestra, I was approached by a pleasant looking man who said his name was Lee and that he was Spike Jones' manager.

"Oh," I said, and this time a bell rang. A cowbell probably. Spike Jones was almost a legend to me. Our home, where I lived with my parents and five brothers and sisters, was plastered high with Spike's records. Mother was such an ardent fan that whenever she heard him she'd turn the radio up so loud it drowned out the entire neighborhood. And then she would make everybody keep quiet so she could listen. Imagine having to be quiet to listen to a Spike Jones arrangement. Shotguns, cambells, auto horns, frying pans and heaven knows what else. What a racket! But she loved it. And so did I. In fact, whenever I got a case of the blues, I'd go and play "Chickie" or "Cocktails for Two" or any one of his records, and it wouldn't be long before the blues would vanish from self-defense I guess. I felt as though I had always known Spike even though I never met him.

And now here before me was a real live emissary from Spike himself. "How would you like to come to Catalina and do a benefit with the band next week?" Mr. Lee was asking me.

How would I like to? I was so darned excited I could hardly sing for the rest of the night.

"But how can you sing against all that racket?" my mother asked wonderingly. "You know I love his music, but I still don't see how anyone can really sing to it."

"I don't know either, Mom."

"I'm sure willing to find out."

So I went to Catalina. And got the surprise of my life.

Don't let anyone kid you into thinking that all you have to do to be a City Slicker is to bang a frying pan around. No sir. Every single one of the Slickers is really a fine serious musician. Spike has since explained to me that in order for a musician to burlesque anything successfully, he has first to be an excellent technician. To be a fine musician, he believes that if you can't play Bach, you can't satirize anything musically.

I began to find that out for myself as I listened to them rehearse. And I found out something else. Not only were the Slickers fine musicians, but they were swell human beings. I was a little nervous getting up, but when they began to rehearse one of those crazy numbers... I can't remember now whether it was "Benzedrine Beulah" or "Always Hurt the One You Love"... with special licks for me, I was laughing too hard to be scared.

When the time came for my number, though, they played like any other orchestra. Spike doesn't burlesque everything in the show. It's not good showmanship.

All the time before the show Spike was so busy with arrangements I don't even think he knew I was there. But when I started to sing... with my knees a little shaky... I caught him looking at me. He grinned over at me and winked.

"You're okay," he whispered later as I stood by the mike taking my bows. I smiled, thanked him, feeling a sudden warmth for this twinkle-eyed fellow who stood beside me holding my hand. I was to learn later how many other people felt the same way about him. Spike is one of the few honest guys in the show business. There isn't a problem too big or too small that he hasn't got a sympathetic ear for. Mr. Anthoni was nothing, what do you have worked around Spike is crazy about him. Including me. But oddly enough, Spike never seemed to talk much about his own troubles. I noticed this when I came to work as a permanent member of the band.

This didn't happen, however, until six months after the Catalina date. Six dreary months when I almost wanted to give up show business. But I didn't. Show people always feel that way when things get rough, but they never really mean it.

Unlike most show people, though, I had always placed the idea of a home and family first. Sure I wanted my career. It was fun to sing and I loved it, but even more important in my mind was my dream of marrying some wonderful man and becoming a wife and mother.

I was hoping, of course, that I would be able to combine these with single professionalism, but I had struggled through to the decision that if my husband-to-be seriously objected to my career, I would give it up. It would be like tossing away a big hunk of my life, but I would do it. Since, however, there wasn't any husband on the horizon, it wasn't much of a problem. Oh, I had lost one or two boy-friends, but having a lot of boy-friends isn't all the same as having one... the one. There never had been that for me, but I knew there would be someday. There just had to be.

In the meantime I had my music... and my family. Mother and Dad have always been my best friends.

They wanted me to be a singer. Most parents object to such a career. But not mine. Ever since I've been old enough to understand the phonograph, I've known I wanted to be a singer. Both Mother and Dad love music, and since I was apparently the only one musically inclined, they were delighted with the idea.

When I was only eight... we were living in Tacoma, Washington, then... I became an ardent fan of Helen Kane's. You remember Helen Kane, the "boopy-boop" girl with the baby voice. Well, I used to get her records, listen to them and then try to imitate her. At first I did this in my room, quite secretly, I thought, and then I discovered my father and mother had been watching me. One day after I had finished imitating her ap- plause offset in the dining room. I was a little embarrassed, but my father swooped me up into his arms. "Well, darling, "you think Mother, we have a singer in the family!"

He used to take me to his club so that I could meet that I could entertain his friends. I guess you might call these my first professional appearances. And it was through this that I got my first real singing job on a radio station in Seattle.
Not long after, we moved to Los Angeles and I got a spot on KJH’s Happy Go Lucky show. And when I was thirteen, light was the name of the game. I was especially interested in the show, and I was always the one who came up with ideas for it. And when I was fourteen, I talked about making me another Deanna Durbin, and there were stories and meetings with producers and directors. It was all just a let-down. One of those “out of the old, in with the new” regimes overtook the studio, and I was outside the gates before I even had a chance to break in the eye.

And so I went back to radio. I got a job singing on The Squirrel Cage Show at KFWB, and another singing spot on a show in Hollywood. I sang with several well-known bands, and I sang at clubs and special dances.

It was good to be working, but something was missing. I was lonesome. It got to the point where dates, books, and even good jobs weren’t enough to wipe away the drug-induced depression, and I was experiencing something else. I needed something else. Or rather someone else. I needed someone to be close to. Someone to be in love with. It was indeed a dreary six months.

Then came that wonderful day when I got word that Spike wanted me to come and work with him. Not for just one performance. But for good!

I spent six hours fixing my hair, brushing it till it shone golden. I put on my lipstick a dozen times before it satisfied me. And then I slid on a bottle of my best perfume and then satisfied with my appearance at last, I sallied forth to meet my new boss.

To be truthful I was entirely preoccupied with business at the interview. I kept watching Spike’s face... the way it lit up when he talked. And then the way it lighted up in his eyes... the way his eyebrows slid off at the corners, giving him that funny, quizzical look that I love so... so that I didn’t hear everything he said. Well, I’m not saying that it was terrible business-like. “Would you mind moving over under the light, Miss Greco, so I can check something, please?” I smiled my most alluring smile, but there was no answering smile.

“Tats,” she said, scrutinizing me with all the intimacy of a CPA going over his books. “You’ll show up well under lights. Makes your eyes glow.”

Maybe he could see that they could glow, but I bet anything he didn’t know what color they were. He had me turning and walking and batting his long black eyelashes, and the only thing I could say was “Well, I hope we’re satisfied.”

And then there was the beginning of my big romance!

It certainly didn’t start out with much promise. In fact the relationship was on such a level that I was nearly convulsed with laughter when my mother insisted on sending my sister along as chaperone on our first tour. “That’s my secret,” I said to him. “If you knew what I was thinking, you’d never be so quick to laugh.”

“Don’t be so nervous,” he said, “you’ll soon be thinking of more important things.”

Well, you certainly couldn’t have proved it by me. I was his boss. Nothing else. A charming one to be sure. And helpful and friendly. But there was a wall of business between us a mile high. I decided I’d better forget what romantic fantasies I’d ever had. I was interested in the show as a business, not as an investment. And for that reason I spent quite a lot of time giving me lessons. I have had teachers that Spike is the best teacher I ever had. He has such patience. But above all he knows what he’s talking about. His criticism is brutal, but it is always constructive. As I worked with him I realized more and more what a fine musician he really is. There is no more similarity between him and me than there is between a professional baseball player and a professional football player. But I had coffee, it was the band. We were seldom alone.

And then one night after a rehearsal in Chicago we found ourselves the last two people on stage. Everyone else had gone, and I started to pick up my things and leave as usual. I had my coat half on and was heading for the exit with Spike. “Wait a minute, Helen,” he said, “how about having dinner with me?”

“Of course,” I answered automatically, “I’ll join you. Well, I usually do.”

I think you could have knocked me over with a pizzicata I was so surprised. Just stared at him.

“What’s the matter,” he said, “don’t you approve of going out with the hired help?”

“Sure,” I said, “but isn’t it all so sudden?”

Whereupon he began to laugh, and tell me about the wonderful place he was going to take me to. The Pump Room.

“Have you heard of it?” he asked.

I nodded. It was the most famous place in Chicago.

“Good,” he said, “Run along and change your dresses. I’ll be back in an hour.”

I rushed home like a school-girl going out on her first date. I felt exhilarated and not a little afraid. I guess a lot of girls feel that way when they first get out with a boy instead of such an attractive one. And then Spike wasn’t just a boss. He had gotten dressed so quickly that there was nothing between the final touch of lipstick and the hour when he said he’d be over seemed eternal. Then I began to think maybe he wouldn’t come. Maybe he’d changed his plans. Or maybe some important business had come up. But I needn’t have worried. In exactly an hour the doorbell rang, and Spike was Spike with a single rose in his hand.

All I could think to say was “Oh, Spike.” He looked so handsome in his dark blue suit with a red carnation in his buttonhole that he could hardly stand to look at me. But it wasn’t long before he had put my uneasiness quite at ease. We had a wonder-ful time that night. It was the first time I had ever talked to Spike as Spike. After my first unaesiness wore off, I was confessing in him like an old friend.
Pretty soon both of us were carrying on like a couple of old cronies. He told me a lot about himself. How he had wanted to be a musician ever since he was a little boy. Spike started out as a drummer you know, and he first learned to play on two head drums in Cajonico in Imperial Valley where his father was a station agent for Southern Pacific. The sound was very exciting to Spike. In fact the clicking of the sticks is something he first suggested to drums to him, also suggested his nickname.

Then one Christmas my mother and father gave me a contre de drums. Like many parents they wanted their son to play classical music, and stipulated that jazz was out. But Spike overcame the protests of his family and, after long joining a local dance orchestra won over the symphonic allure of Beethoven and Brahms.

Afterwards, when the family moved to Long Beach, he joined the orchestra led by Dwight Defty, and before long he became drum major of a 90 piece band.

The incredible energy which characterizes Spike today was evident even in his salad days, because in addition to these four or five he organized a high-school dance orchestra. "Spike Jones and His Five Tacks" he dubbed it and this was Spike's first venture on the professional plane.

Later, as a professionally established and professional drummer, he worked with some of the top entertainers of the day. Dave Rubinoff, Fibber McGee and Molly, Eddie Cantor, I'm naming just a few. But Spike was a restless soul. He became bored with playing straight music. To offset this he got some of his partners to a cloud and for fun they began to burlesque the song hits. It was just a hobby and they gave themselves a name... "The Calliope Cabaret" in which he became the loudest of all the pieces of Imperial Valley.

It was all in fun, until one day Harry Meyerson, who was an RCA Victor director, heard them and sent some of the records east.

A contract came by return mail! The boys made a few more records which finally resulted in "Spike's Fuehrer's Face." It was this record that started Spike up into big-time.

Overnight, almost, the record became a national hit. Spike was more surprised than anybody, especially when, 48 hours later, he found himself signing a movie contract. He says for days afterwards he was walking four feet off the ground, using a large pink cloud as ballast.

Since then you all know the story. Spike made a hit, and he's still a hit. But it wasn't just his fumes which conviced a lot of the old pros. At first a lot of people sniffs at this novelty-type orchestra and predicted an early demise. The band, however, kept on and novelty stuff seldom lasts long in show business. But what they didn't reckon with was Spike. And Spike's determination not to have just a novelty-type orchestra. Spike's arrangements take as much preparation as a Bach Music Festival. It isn't "stuff" with him. He respects it. He feels it. He does it so his millions of fans — that he has made a real contribution to American Music. It is this respect, for instance, which makes him go out and hire real Hawaiian musicians and do hours of research in order to make a piece like "Hawaiian War Chant." Or like in "Cocktails for Two," where he hired some of the finest musicians available in order to make the satire more effective. Not that the Slickers couldn't do it, but he needed a special quality added to his regular band.

This kind of precision takes planning. It takes an eighteen hours out of Spike's day. His energy is amazing. "It's my perfectionist drive," he explains to me. "I don't like half measures. And I don't want something that's just good ... I want something that's perfect."

It was this driving ambition, this relentless pursuit of perfection that filled Spike's first contract. But later on... no time for any personal attachments. In spite of all the busy hours, though, it was kind of lonely. I realized that as he thought about it. He was impressed with the fact that he had chosen to spend some of his few precious hours of relaxation with.

Looking back on it, it wasn't the usual, "all of a sudden" type romance at all. It was a slow-growing thing. And it was better, because it grew out of a friendship. Oh, I had dates, but somehow I always saved up the important things to tell Spike. I don't know just what it was that I was supposed to remember that day, what hour I discovered I was in love with Spike. He doesn't remember when it happened to him. It was just there, that's all.

Then other people began taking us for granted. And at the same time we knew we were a team. "Spike and Helen." It sounded good. That was just nice. But when I found myself doddling his name on the corners of napkins and telephone pads, I began to suspect that my friendly feelings had gotten a little out of hand.

When we were on tour we were hardly ever out of each other's sight. Spotted Melody was complete without him. And then before we knew it we were in love. He began asking me questions about my family.

I was a little apprehensive at first, because Spike was an only child. I didn't know how he'd feel when he found out about my huge family... there are more than a few, and lots of things have been said about me... but he loved the idea. Thought it was great. He confided that he'd always wanted to be part of a big family. It made Christmas and Thanksgiving so much fun.

I knew for certain then that Spike was the one... the only one who had ever waited for me. We understood each other. We worked together... he wanted me to go on with my career. And we liked the same things and the same people. It was a perfect relationship as two people could have.

We talked about everything. Especially the kind of home we wanted. One with the most children. Of course, then we couldn't be able to have that for a while. Not until we stop going on tour and we can settle down in one spot. A home with a bright, wonder house somewhere around Beverly Hills or Westwood. A house with a swimming pool, lots of closets, and a big number of pets.

Only once have I ever been mad at Spike. And then it wasn't for long. It was while we were on tour in the South. We were playing a small town in West Virginia somewhere. The theater was over a fish market of all places. Right and proper for the City Slickers. Anyway, it was the silliest shaped thea-
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JIT-JIT NERVING

When your nerves occasionally get JIT-JIT-Jitter try MILES. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or Effervescent Tablets.

MILES NERVINE

SPIKE invaded my parents’ home like an army of liberation. He was literally loaded with presents. The whole family was there and no Christmas had ever been as exciting. Spike looked like a little boy rather than a man in the time of his life.

Spike showed his pictures, which were on gorgeous colour film. They were the best pictures of the island that I had ever seen. He was so proud of himself.

Well, the routines have begun again. The phones are ringing and the appointment book is filling up.

There is his radio show, Spotlight Re-

vue on Friday nights. This is the toughest part of it all. Two brand new arrange-ments and a different presentation for each guest star. And then there’s the special material for Dorothy Shay. "Park Avenue Family." Spike is also continuing with his Musical Deprecation Revue which he originated a while back. Last year he took it on a tour of a hundred and thirty-five cities in a hundred and thirty-nine cities.

We’ll go out again on tour this winter. The radio shows will be remotes of course. This is the show to special audiences of industrial workers all over the country.

That’s the thing that’s so wonderful about Spike. We’re a team off stage and on. And I know it’s going to be a permanent arrangement.
But Once a Year
(Continued from page 59)

and beat until light. Add eggs and milk and blend thoroughly. Add vanilla and chocolate and mix well. Add dry ingredi ents and combine thoroughly. Chill slightly and put by small portions through cookie press onto ungreased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400°F) 6 to 10 minutes. About 6 dozen cookies.

Holiday Chocolate Syrup
1 cup cocoa
⅛ tsp. salt
1 ½ cups sugar
1 ¼ cups water

To Make Hot Chocolate: For each serving, scale 1 cup of milk; add 2 table- spoons chocolate syrup. Stir until syrup is dissolved. A pinch of cinnamon or nutmeg may be added if desired.

Toasted Nuts
1 cup shelled nuts
1 tsp. oil or shortening, melted
1 tsp. salt
Stir nuts in oil. Spread on baking sheet. Sprinkle with salt. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) about 10 minutes, or until lightly browned. Stir frequently during baking.

Cheese Roll-Ups
2 cups biscuit mix
⅔ cup coarsely grated
⅓ to ⅓ cup milk
American cheese
Add milk to biscuit mix and mix well. Turn out on floured board, knead gently eight to ten times. Roll out to ⅛ thick rectangle, about 18 x 6. Sprinkle with cheese. Cut into triangles. Roll up in crescents. Bake in hot oven (425°F) for 15 minutes or until brown. Makes 10 Roll-Ups.

Spiced Cider
1 quart cider
⅛ tsp. salt
1 ½ cups brown sugar, orange and lemon
dried
⅛ tsp. pepper
Combine cider, salt, sugar and spices in saucepan. Bring to boiling point, simmer for 5 minutes. Strain into heated bowl or pitcher. Float thin slices of orange and lemon on top. Serves 6.

Pilaf
6 strips bacon, halved
1 clove garlic
3 cups left-over meat or fowl
1 cup rice
2 cups rice
1 large onion, sliced
Brown bacon and remove from skilet, leave drippings. To fat, add meat, onion and garlic; cook until browned. Make layers of bacon, meat, onions and uncooked rice in baking dish, season with salt and pepper. Cover with water. Bake in a low oven (300°F) about 1 hour until rice is tender and liquid absorbed. Makes 6 servings.

Turkey in Toast Cups
½ cup diced green
1 cup cream of pe coper
⅓ cup dry pimento
1 cup milk
2 tbsp. shortening
3 cups diced turkey
1 can cream of
6 slices bread
chicken soup (or)

New Year Loaf
3 cups cake mix
⅔ cup sugar
1 cup chopped
⅓ cup milk
2 eggs
fruit
Combine cake mix and sugar, add eggs and milk and stir until combined. Fold in melted fat and fruit. Pour into 8x8x3 heavily greased loaf pan. Bake in moderately low oven (325°F) for 1 hour. Cool slightly, turn out on wire rack and glaze.

Glaze: To ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar, gradually add 2 tablespoons boiling water until a thin paste is formed. Brush on top of loaf.

Coffee Ring
2 cups biscuit mix
⅓ cup milk
⅔ cup brown sugar
⅓ cup cream of
margarine
⅔ cup milk
top cinnamon
1 cup raisins
⅓ cup nutmeg
⅓ cup brown sugar
2 tbsp. boiling
(firmly packed)
water
⅓ cup butter or
¼ cup milk

$1,000 EVERY SUNDAY!
Not a contest. Nothing to buy...
"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES" is offering $1,000 for information leading to the arrest of a woman criminal. Listen Sunday afternoon for complete details.

Taken from the pages of True Detective magazine, "True Detective Mysteries" is a thrilling dramatization of a true, authenticated crime case.

Tune in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
Sunday afternoon at 4:30 p.m. EST 3:30 p.m. CST
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over 480 Mutual Stations — the world's biggest network
TWENTY-FOUR hours in heaven—that's the present Art Linkletter made to two twelve-year-old boys last Fall. Heaven to them was the training camp of the Los Angeles Rams pro football team.

The boys, Jim Fitzpatrick and Jim Bywater, came to the microphone on House Party as part of the program's regular feature of round table discussions among children. When Art asked them what they wanted to be when grown up, the answer came in chorus: football players! It was the next day that the Rams' invitation was passed along to the boys, and they spent the following day and night sleeping in players' quarters, eating at training table, attending practice (and even "skull practice") sessions.

And that wasn't all. They went home happy, but sorry it was all over, to find it wasn't over at all. Both young Jims have been guests at the Rams' games in Los Angeles Coliseum all season. (House Party is heard Monday through Friday, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.)

Head Coach Clark Shaughnessy instructs the two Jims in the fine points of pass from center.

Jim Fitzpatrick, left, and Jim Bywater visited Art Linkletter on House Party last Fall, confided that their joint ambition was to be football players.

George Trafton, assistant coach, Los Angeles Rams, puts the two youngsters through strenuous tackling-dummy drill.

In the huddle: the Rams seem to be enjoying their visitors, and oh how the visitors seem to be enjoying the Rams!
IT'S GOING PLACES...
in the smartest handbags!
It's designed to keep the
poreless-as-porcelain perfection
of the "Fashion Plate" complexion
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Not a cake, "Fashion Plate"
needs no water or sponge. It ends
the old-fashioned, dry, mask-y
look! Choose from exclusive
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The great new fashion in make-up!  New vanity-case size 1.00 plus tax
Camels are so mild...and so full-flavored...they'll give real smoking pleasure to every smoker on your Christmas list. The smart, gay Christmas carton has a gift card built right in—for your personal greeting.

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The colorful, Christmas-packaged one-pound tin of Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and those who roll their own cigarettes. Long known as the National Joy Smoke, Prince Albert is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.
THE HAPPY HARRISSES
Closeup Of A Perfect Marriage

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES—Exciting New Contest For Readers
If you use lipstick,
You should also use
Maybelline

Millions of smart, modern girls are realizing that made-up lips make neglected eyes appear dull and drab by contrast.

It's so easy to give your eyes their full share of beauty-magic—with MAYBELLINE! A few simple brush strokes of this famous Mascara will make your lashes appear naturally darker, longer and more luxuriant. And it's so easy to form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then behold the difference! Your eyes are so much lovelier! Your entire face is more attractive, for your make-up is perfectly balanced—completely flattering.

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

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WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP
“Dentists say the IPANA way works!”
Junior Model Joan Murray shows how it can work for you, too

Sitting pretty is dateable Joan Murray, radiant 17-year-old model of Harrison, N. Y. This popular lass has a smile that wins her top honors—modeling or dating!

Of course, Joan follows the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth... because dentists say it works! Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this...

"The Ipana way is easy—and fun," Joan tells friend Peggy. Dentists say it works... and it's simple as 1, 2:

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can feel the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an Ipana smile. Ipana refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY:

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*In thousands of reports from all over the country.

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you love
has the
"New Look"
too!

Irresistible
NEW, LONGER
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professional size...
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Feel like a make-up artist. Look like a society deb! So easy to use this softer, smoother, more flattering lipstick in its new, long glamour case of mock-gold metal. Try it today just to see how divinely shaped your lips can be!

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

The Silent Bride—Front Page Farrell Novelette by Helen Christy Harris 60
What Can I Win?—Radio Mirror's Quiz Guide... 63

ON THE COVER: The Harris Family: Alice, Phil and their children; color portraits by Ted Allen

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1. "The Happiness Boys" were one of the best-known singing teams of their day. What were their names?

2. This top singer got her start in a trio with her two sisters. Who is she?

3. Al Jolson started his career as (a) a circus Barker; (b) a minstrel man; (c) in an act with his brother.

4. This father is the most famous juvenile on the air. Who is he?

5. What famous comedian is a former trombonist?

6. This comic did his radio show from a wheel chair for a year. Who is he?

7. How many nerve cells are there in the brain?

8. Who was the youngest baseball player to get in the major leagues?

**ANSWERS:**

1. THE HAPINESS BOYS

2. LORETTA ANDRUS

3. (b) a minstrel man

4. EDDIE CRUISE

5. WALTER FINCH

6. HARRY CARAY

7. TEN MILLION

8. BILLY JOE AARON

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Smart girl, not to let lovely snug-fitting wool become a trap for underarm odor. You stay nice to be near because your charm stays safe with Mum!

Even in winter, there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And remember—a bath only washes away past perspiration, but Mum guards against future underarm odor.

**Mum safer for charm**
Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

**Mum safer for skin**
Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

**Mum 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.
PSYCHOLOGY BY RADIO is here. WMCA in New York City, long a pioneer in the public service field, boasts one of the most unique programs in radio—Adventures Into The Mind, a weekly radio class that gives listeners a complete college course in psychology.

Now in its fourth year, Adventures Into The Mind is conducted by Dr. G. M. Gilbert, Associate Professor of Psychology at Princeton University. Dr. Gilbert, a Captain in the Army during World War II, served as prison psychologist during the Nuremberg trials of Hermann Goering, Rudolph Hess and the other Nazi war criminals. He is the author of the best seller Nuremberg Diary—a first hand study of the perpetrators of World War II.

The WMCA program, heard on Sundays from 5:03 to 5:30 P.M., explores the multiple phases of psychology. Dr. Gilbert’s subjects each week are carefully selected and have the approval of the station’s educational department, collaborating with an advisory committee of leading educators.

“This is not a ‘quack’ course,” explains Dr. Gilbert. “We attempt to help our radio audience understand psychology as we would teach an average college class. For instance, we try to teach individuals how they best can apply their own particular talents and capacities.”

A studio audience augments “Adventure’s” huge radio audience in WMCA’s listening area of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Studio guests obtain semester tickets for all broadcasts, participate in question and answer periods and get additional information from the seminars which precede and follow the broadcasts.

At any rate, listeners, who get their share of “entertainment” every day, can now go to “college” merely by tuning in to WMCA every Sunday.
Catching Cold?

These germs are potential troublemakers

Germs Reduced as Much as 96.7%
Even Fifteen Minutes after Gargle—tests showed

If you can get the jump on the cold in the early stages . . . attack germs on throat surfaces before they invade the body . . . you can often "nip" a cold in the bud or lessen its severity.

That's why you ought to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at the very first hint of a sniffer, sneeze, or a tightened throat.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders." Just think, clinical tests showed that after this gargle germs were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after, and up to 80% one hour after.

In short, Listerine Antiseptic, with quick germ-killing action, is a wonderful aid.

Remember also that in tests over a 12-year period, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, than non-users; also that sore throats due to colds were fewer.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?
The stars of American Album of Familiar Music: (seated l. to r.) Margaret Daum, Gustave Haenschen, Evelyn MacGregor; standing, Donald Dame and Jean Dickinson.

By DUKE ELLINGTON

The neatest switch of the year in the recording business is Decca's conversion of comedian Peter Lind Hayes from a children's record artist to a singer of popular tunes. Hayes sounds like a cross between Godfrey and Crosby, and from what I hear, the sales figures for his discs bear out the comparison.

It is actually big news in this business when a band leader finally gets to buy a home for himself and his family. What with Vaughn Monroe doing about 125 one-night stands a year it is extra big news that he's purchased a Georgian-style house in Waban, Massachusetts, for his wife and two little girls. What's more, Vaughn also purchased a 13-passenger Lockheed Lodestar in order to fly his crew of musicians to their one-night stands in two shifts. Vaughn expects to get that much more time to spend at home.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis skyrocketed to the very top of the night club business during the past year and then proved that their appeal is by no means limited to cafes when their very first record for Capitol jumped right up into the top seller class. Now, they've finished work on their first picture, Paramount's "My Friend Irma," and those who've seen the preview predict that the singing comics will be triply sensational!

It was quite a surprise recently to discover that Adelaide Hall was back in the United States. Adelaide, you see, was my first vocalist. After leaving my band to understudy the great Florence Mills in a Broadway show, Adelaide went to England with a road company. She stayed in England for the past fourteen years doing quite well for herself as a theater star, radio artist and night club entertainer and owner. Back home now, for her first visit in all these years to her native Brooklyn, Adelaide is renewing many old friendships.

If you're wondering whatever became of the Merry Maes, they're back after eight months in Europe entertaining American troops in Germany and British civilians in England.

The original group was a vocal harmony trio consisting of three brothers—Judd, Ted and Joe McMichael—that was formed in 1934. Two years later they had acquired a girl singer to make the group a quartet. While touring the country they landed in New York and were immediately signed for the Fred Allen program.

It was during the time they were with Fred Allen that the Macs came up against a hefty problem—their girl singers were running off to get married with annoying regularity. These days, there is no such problem. Marjorie McMichael laughingly asserts that her husband, Judd, made the supreme sacrifice—he married her to make sure that she stayed in the act.

The only other change in the group came during the war when brother Joe left to join the Air Force. He was replaced by Lynn Allen who, in turn, has recently been replaced by Englishman Clive Erard.

The new dance routines, designed by choreographer Nick Castle, have been as well received by the Macs' audiences as their song arrangements always are.
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

Veto gives you Double Protection!

Because

So effective... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains Duraset, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

DANCING OR LISTENING

DINAH SHORE (Columbia)—The last quarter of 1948 saw Dinah give out with some fine new discs. One of these was a coupling of the waltz tempo "Far Away Places" and "Say It Every Day." The two-piano accompaniment is excellent.

PEARL BAILEY (Columbia)—Never has a singer been able to project so much personality on a shellac disc as Mrs. Bailey's girl Pearl. "I'm Lazy, That's All" is the perfect follow-up tune for her "Tired." You'll like "Say It Simple," too.

PAGE CAVANAUGH TRIO (RCA Victor)—This bright young trio does quite well for itself on "Back In Your Own Backyard" and "Where'd Dat Money Go?" The whispering-style vocals go well with their musical variations.

TEX BENEKE (RCA Victor)—Remember the wonderful Glenn Miller disc of "Blue Champagne"? Here's the 1948 version by the Beneke band—and it's every bit as good, if not a little better. The reverse is "East Of The Sun," the oldie, sung by Garry Stevens.

FREDDIE SLACK (Capitol)—It's "Mister Freddie's Boogie" and "Be-Bop Boogie" that are back-to-back. It's a little difficult to understand how boogie woogie can be be-bop, but if Benny Carter wrote it, it must be so.

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—The terrific Miss Stafford comes through with another pair of tunes done beautifully. Accompanied by Paul Weston, she sings "Smilin' Through" and "Ave Maria."

JANE PICKENS (RCA Victor)—Most of us will have to think hard to recall the days when the Pickens Sisters were the rage of the nation. Here is Jane Pickens singing a pair of hit tunes in true hit-tune fashion. Take your pick between "Galway Bay" and "One Sunday Afternoon."

ANNE SHELTON-AMBROSE (London)—The finest thing Miss Shelton has done since her recent debut on records in America is the two-sided version of "Tenement Symphony." The Ambrose orchestral background is wonderful.

JOHN LAURENZ (Mercury)—"Red Roses For A Blue Lady" is bound to be a hit song, and John's record will do much to help it reach the top. The reverse side is "Somebody's Lyin'." John's version of "The Mountaineer And The Jabberwock" is Lewis Carroll set to music.

BLUE RHYTHM BAND (MGM)—The original Blue Rhythm Band was led by Lucky Millinder. Van Alexander waves the baton in front of this group. "Blue Rhythm Jam" and "Blue Rhythm Be-Bop" feature such musicians as Stan Getz, Don Lamond and Jimmy Rowles.

PHILIP GREEN (MGM)—The English maestro plays an American "Stringopation" and an English "Dream Of Olwen." Both sides are designed for easy listening. You'll like them.

STEVE GIBSON AND RED CAPS (Mercury)—"You Made Me Love You" and "I Learned A Lesson" will be in almost every juke box in the country. It will find its way into many a record collection—probably yours and mine both.
"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(From a letter to Betty Memphis sent her by Ethel Jordan, Detroit, Mich.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

Just Follow Skin Doctor's Simple Directions

By Betty Memphis

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only promised her relief—but gave it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a great many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrill of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be. Keep this at hand in case you find yourself worrying about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 21, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.
At the Pennsylvania Farm Show in Harrisburg, Agricultural Director Homer Martz interviews visitors at KDKA's booth. Martz visits many such fairs.

WESTINGHOUSE Station KDKA at Pittsburgh boasts a public service feature that begins before sunrise and continues long after sunset. It's the KDKA Farm Service.

The KDKA Farm Hour is heard every weekday from 6-7 A.M., the daily Noon Market Reports and special features Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the 6:15 P.M. public service period.

Heading up this all-important service is Homer Martz, the station's agricultural director, who joined KDKA in September, 1942. He is a longtime member of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Division, and he is a practical farmer, having successfully operated his own 150-acre tract in Western Pennsylvania.

Mainly through Director Martz's efforts, the Farm Hour and the other agricultural broadcasts entertain, inform and help city listeners, as well as proving of great service to KDKA's rural neighbors.

Martz naturally makes himself as useful as possible to farmers. He knows the problems they face and he has proven of great help to them. In addition to his work at the station, he is a familiar figure at all agricultural meetings, fairs, and shows. Transcribed and "live" interviews with farm youngsters are regular features of his programs.

Fun as well as facts: Slim Bryant and the Wildcats—hillbilly and folk song specialists—amuse on the Farm Hour.

Director Martz visits the Live Stock Show in Pittsburgh to interview Clifford Teets Jr., a winner in the grand champion class.
I SUPPOSE that some people wouldn’t have any trouble at all in naming their favorite phonograph records just like that. It’s always a difficult selection for me to make, though. While it’s true that I haven’t been collecting records for a very long time, I’ve been building my collection at a fast pace these past few years. My favorites include vocals, instrumentals, novelties and classics. Now, before I run out of space, I’d like to list my favorites.

There’s little explanation needed for collecting a record like Frank Sinatra’s “The House I Live In” on Columbia. Cammarata’s “Rumbalero” with the Kingsway Symphony Orchestra is wonderful music written and conducted by one of the finest musicians I’ve ever known (London). There are few singers who will ever equal the brilliance of Ezio Pinza. Most of all, I like his Columbia Record of “Madamina!” from “Don Giovanni.”

Of all the platters recorded by Patti Page (including those we made together), I like most of all her version of “Every So Often.” It’s a Mercury disc.

No one can even borrow my copy of “Big Noise From Winnetka” on Decca. It features Ray Bauduc on drums and Bob Haggart on bass.

And who can overlook the jazz classic on RCA Victor of the Glenn Miller band playing “In The Mood”?

Among all the Crosby classics, I’d choose his Decca disc of “On The Sunny Side Of The Street” accompanied by the Lionel Hampton Band.

The greatest singer of all time is represented by “Vesti La Giubba” from the opera Pagliacci.” That’s Enrico Caruso and it’s also on RCA Victor.

And, only because I’ve been asked, I’ll stick my neck out and pick from my own recordings. I’ll always lean toward “I Have But One Heart” which I recorded with Jerry Gray. The other favorite is “Ave Maria” which I sang with a chorus directed by Mitch Miller.

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

If you aim to be “Queen of his Heart” this Valentine’s Day...Toni can help you look the part! Because having a Toni Home Permanent is almost like having naturally-curly hair! Lovely-to-look-at waves and soft-to-touch curls! But before trying Toni you’ll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Must I be clever with my hands?

Not at all. If you can roll your hair up on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It’s so surprisingly easy that each month another two million women use Toni.

Why is TONI preferred by most women?

Because Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon type. Instead it’s marvelously mild. It just coaxes your hair into soft waves and curls. That’s why your Toni wave looks more natural even on the first day.

How long will my TONI last?

Your lovely Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent...or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs $2. For a second Toni all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1.

Which twin has the TONI?

Talented, teen-age Kathlene and Helene Crescent live in Ridgewood, N. J. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: “I never knew a permanent could look so natural right from the start!”
Howard Jones knows his crops—he is a farmer himself. Here he engages a farmer in a conversation about corn.

PHILADELPHIA is the Nation's third largest city and most of us are inclined to forget that it lies in the center of one of the most fertile farm areas of the East—that of Eastern Pennsylvania, South Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. However, Howard Jones, conductor of WFIL's Farmer Jones program, forgets neither fact.

Jones does his weekday 6 A.M. broadcast direct from his own farm. He gives his fellow farmers the information they want—on market and weather reports and general agricultural data—but he realizes that these elements are of interest to farmers only, so he packs his one-hour show with information that will appeal to city listeners as well.

Jones likes to interview other farmers, and in these discussions he emphasizes the crop outlook, consumer prices, and farm problems—phases of rural life that have a definite effect on the city consumer. "We want to establish a better relationship between them and the people who work our farms today."

Although the Jones program is less than a year old, last fall it won the New Jersey State Fair's annual Radio Blue Ribbon Award for the outstanding farm broadcasts in the area. Frequently the show originates from such fairs. As a farmer himself, Jones can talk turkey to any rural audience and make plenty of sense. Meanwhile, countless thousands of city listeners know him as one of Philadelphia's favorite radio entertainers. He can handle just about any type of show and currently he is heard on WFIL on his own disc-jockey program, Here's Howard.

That's Howard "Farmer" Jones' answer to anybody who says the farmer has a one-track mind.
LIFE CAN 
BE BEAUTIFUL

EVERY BIT OF FAITH

Radio Mirror's Prize Letter

Dear Papa David:

Ten years ago I was with my seventeen-year-old sister when she brought into the world her sickly, illegitimate daughter. My mother, who was a widow with ten children, was very poor but extremely proud. The shame she felt because of her poverty made her unable to cope with the disgrace her daughter would bring into her home and, as has happened too often in the past, this girl, little more than a child herself, was sent away from home to shift for herself when her condition became known.

I was only nineteen at the time, but worked in a drug store in the large city to which my sister came in her distress. Like two children, we pleaded her way into a charity hospital where she could await the birth of her baby. Knowing how alone and forlorn she felt, I spent much of my spare time visiting her—bringing her small gifts.

After the birth of the child she obtained a job but was barely able to earn enough to pay the baby's board.

In the interim, I had gotten married. When I told my husband about the child, he actually suggested that I didn't ask—that we take it in. This we did, and we welcomed my sister as well, when her health finally broke. We fought long and hard for the welfare of these two pathetic outcasts and the baby developed one thing after another.

When my sister recovered, my husband and I borrowed money so that she could go to another city where she had a chance to obtain a worthwhile job.

We kept the baby and she left. Everything went well, and we never knew where the child was. In the head of a large department in the place where she worked, and advanced. Today, she is the head of a large department in the place where she was employed. Just recently she married a fine man and plans soon to take the child.

For a long time my family's wrath followed me because I had dared to openly admit this child, but I did not care. Now that everything is working out so wonderfully, our faith in her has been justified and both mother and child are objects of pride in the eyes of everyone.

Mrs. H. M. K.

With this month's column, Radio Mirror closes the Love Can Be Beautiful series which has been a stimulating experience for the editors as well as (if we can judge from your letters) for our readers. We hope that you will transfer your enthusiasm—and your letters—to the new write-in department which we're proudly launching, wherein your problems on marriage, both grave and (we hope) simple, will be answered by one of our most beloved radio characters: Joan Davis, heroine of When A Girl Marries. So—

If you have a pre-or post-marital problem, write to Joan Davis about it, won't you?

Doro thy Hart's smile wins six offers from Hollywood!

Dorothy Hart, Universal-International Starlet, blazed onto the Hollywood scene as the winner of a country-wide beauty contest. Then she spurned the prize—a movie contract—to become a cover girl.

After Dorothy's winning smile appeared on the covers of eight leading magazines in rapid succession, the movie beckoned again. This time Dorothy couldn't say "no" to all six tempting offers she received. She is on the threshold of stardom now... and taking care to keep the sparkle in her famous smile. "It's a Pepsodent Smile," Dorothy says, "I know from experience, Pepsodent brightens my teeth best!"

Scene from Dorothy Hart's latest picture,
THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO,

a Universal-International Release.

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Dorothy Hart knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in smiles!

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste

Families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using. 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—eat your dentist twice a year!
When asked what it felt like to be so pretty, Pat Ryan, Mutual's True Detective Mysteries player, flashed a pleased smile, and apparently didn't know what to answer. So it's still a mystery as to what it feels like to be as dainty and lovely as a fairy story princess.

One of the most striking things about Pat is her gorgeous, naturally blonde hair. Occasionally she gives it a platinum rinse to emphasize the highlights, or an egg shampoo to make it extra soft and glossy. Here's how she gives the egg shampoo.

She washes her hair first with one of the good cream or liquid shampoos on the market. She scrubs around her hairline, where powder and make-up are apt to cake, with a small brush, such as a toothbrush, which she keeps for the purpose. After rinsing the suds out thoroughly, she shampoos and rinses again. Now she takes the white of one egg, which has been separated from the yolk, and pours it on her hair. She washes the egg white into a lather, adding lukewarm water a little at a time. Too hot water is apt to cook the egg. She rinses with lukewarm water, and finishes with a cold rinse. Incidentally, an egg shampoo is good for any color of hair.

Pat likes to towel her hair almost dry with a clean Turkish towel. She allows extra time to do so. But if you're in a hurry, use a hand dryer.

While her hair is still slightly damp, she sets it, and then puts a net over it until it's completely dry. She suggests that you might find a wave-setting lotion more helpful than plain water in setting yours. And if your hair is a bit unmanageable when you attempt to comb it into a lovely coiffure, try using a cream hair dressing, or hair pomade, according to the directions which come with it.

Fortunately, Pat is not troubled with dandruff. She claims it's because she keeps her hair and scalp clean. If you have dandruff, it can be defeated! If dandruff riddance treatments don't show improvement within a short time, consult a doctor, or a reliable scalp specialist.

Pat also believes that daily brushing of her hair is another reason for its being in such good condition. Many times she is tired in the evenings, and likes to slip into a pretty negligee, relax on her living room couch, and read. Every so often she pauses in her reading, and leans her head way back over the end of the couch, so that the blood rushes into her head, and her hair falls with gravity. Then she brushes her hair with a clean, stiff-bristled brush. She lets the bristles tug at the roots so that her scalp circulation is stimulated. Or she lies across her bed, head hanging down, and brushes.

She always uses a clean brush. This removes the danger of dirt from previous use being returned to her hair. Don't be afraid that brushing will spoil your waves and curls. On the contrary, Pat says, if you have a permanent wave, brushing will set the waves deeper, and give curls more spring. For a final, glamorous touch, spray on a hair perfume.

By Mary Jane Fulton
NOW YOU CAN HAVE A COPY OF THIS CATALOG

Packed With Fine Quality Merchandise...at Saving Low Mail Order Prices!

SHOP THE SPIEGEL MAIL ORDER WAY AND Beat the High Cost of Living!

676 PAGES OF SAVINGS...thousands of items for practically every home and family need. All dependable quality merchandise priced low to save you money. Every item accurately pictured and described. Many shown in actual color.

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SHOP WITH CONFIDENCE FROM THIS BIG CATALOG. You'll find each item exactly as pictured and described. Low Spiegel prices are plainly printed for you to see and compare. You can be sure before you buy. Every order backed by our 84-Year pledge of SATISFACTION.

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Just pin a dollar to the coupon below and we'll send you a copy of this big catalog together with a merchandise certificate worth $1 on any Spiegel mail order of $10 or more.

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By keeping expenses down we are able to bring you lower and lower prices on the things we sell. We keep printing and selling costs down by sending our catalogs only to our regular customers, the folks who buy from us regularly. New folks who are interested in buying from us can get a copy of the catalog by sending a dollar along with the coupon at right. This dollar will be returned in the form of a merchandise certificate when we send the catalog. This certificate is good on any Spiegel mail order of $10 or more.
Budd Tesch announces many local shows, including the back-home series of tenor William McGrath, r., now studying in New York.

Budd Tesch, who broke into radio by plugging away in night school classes, is working just as hard to make a success in television.

Budd emcees the Barbershop Quartet program on WBEN and WBEN-TV. Budd's ambition is to put the harmony singers on the network when the International Parade of the SPEBSQSA, Inc., is held in Buffalo in 1949.

Budd (whose real name, which he detests, is John) lives and breathes radio and couldn't get away from it even on his honeymoon. It was a natural tie-up when Tesch and his bride, the former Shirley Snyder, appeared on NBC's Honeymoon in New York show shortly after they were married, March 12, 1948.

Valuable prizes cascaded upon them as a result of that radio appearance. Among other gifts, there were a toaster, an iron, a lamp and a set of silver.

Budd looks like a football player (he's 6'2" and admits to a mere 230 lbs.) and he was. While in Rochester, he played semi-professional football and basketball, but since marriage photography has been his hobby.

Budd broke into radio by going to night school classes at WHEC, Rochester. He worked for five years at the Eastman Kodak Company during the day and was employed at WSAV at night.

Uncle Sam called him in December, 1942, and during his brief Army career, he was stationed at the Photography School at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado. He used his radio experience to good advantage while in the Army by emceeing for the Red Cross Hospital Service. He had a close brush with death while in the service, contracting spinal meningitis and spotted fever at the same time. He lived through this ordeal but sustained a knee injury which eventually led to his discharge.

He liked the West and, after leaving the Army, lived a year on the Pacific Coast. Later, Budd returned to his native Rochester, and worked as an announcer at WSAV and WHAM before coming to WBEN.

About television, Budd says, "I've still got a lot to learn. Like many others, I have trouble learning lines." On his WBEN-TV Barbershop show, Budd hangs a large sign on the turret of the TV camera with the titles of songs and the names of the members of the quartet. But the commercials he learns by heart.

Even on his honeymoon, Budd couldn't get away from radio. He and Shirley were guests on Honeymoon in N. Y. Left: Budd emcees the Barbershop Quartet; nomi- nates the Buffalo Bills—Vernon Reed, Al Shea, Hersch Smith, Bill Spangenburg—for next international champs.
The Hat Doesn’t Fit, Sonny!

— you're not ready for an adult size yet. . . . And mother knows it’s the same in aspirin—you're not ready for a 5-grain adult size tablet because it doesn’t fit your special dosage needs.

Mother...

Here’s the Aspirin Tablet That “Fits” Your Child’s Needs

IT’S ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN! Approved by mothers everywhere because it solves child dosage problems and eliminates all guesswork about correct dosage. Easy To Give because it’s not necessary to cut or break tablets. Assures Accurate Dosage because each tablet contains 1 1/4 grains of aspirin—1/4 the regular 5-grain adult tablet. Easy To Take because it’s orange flavored and sweetened to a child’s taste. Bottle of 50 tablets, 35c.

Be sure to always ask for the original and genuine St. Joseph Aspirin For Children because there is no other product just like it! Buy it now!

ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN

Made by the Makers of St. Joseph Aspirin World’s Largest Seller at 10c
A lovely skin is the beginning of charm! And
you can win a smoother, softer skin with your
first cake of Camay! Do this! Give up careless
cleansing... begin the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.
Doctors tested Camay's beauty promise
on scores of women. In nearly every
case their complexions improved with just
one cake of Camay! The directions
on the wrapper tell you how to be lovelier!
Step up and ask your questions—we’ll try to find the answers.

A LETTER WON’T HELP
Dear Editor:
How can one get the Stop The Music show to call them? It seems they never call anyone in Philadelphia. Do you think a letter written to the network will help?
Mrs. A. M. B.

Certainly not. The telephone numbers of the people called on Stop The Music are picked purely by chance. And the odds are 20,000,000 to one against your telephone number being picked. The procedure involves is as follows: a guest celebrity is blindfolded, and picks from a fishbowl about 20 white discs corresponding numbered to telephone directories from all parts of the country, including, of course, your Philadelphia. The members of ABC’s production staff are then blindfolded and pick, first a series of blue discs which give the page numbers of the directories, then red ones which give the number, down the column, of the names to be called. An arrow is spun to determine the column of the page. When all this is completed, and the actual names are selected and written down on cards, the show is ready to begin.

JOSEF MARAIS & MIRANDA
Dear Editor:
Could you give me any information about the singers on Meredith Willson’s show? They’re Josef Marais and Miranda. They are the most unusual singers I have heard in years. Are they married? Where are they from? What do they look like?
Mrs. E. G.
Greensburg, Pa.

Josef Marais and Miranda, who are famous for their renditions of authentic South African veldt songs as well as songs of other nations, are Mrs. and Mrs. Marais. Josef was born on the Karoo Plateau in South Africa, and Miranda was born in Amsterdam. They met during the war when both were in New York broadcasting for the South African division of the ORF. What do they look like? See for yourself.

IDENTIFICATION, PLEASE
Dear Editor:
Is Marvin Miller, the announcer on Louella Parsons’ Hollywood News, the same Marvin Miller who plays the “bad men” roles in the movies? Also, is the Dan Seymour of the Aunt Jenny show the same one who played in “Key Largo” and in “Johnny Belinda”? Austin 21, Texas

You’re right about Marvin Miller—he does play those meanie roles in motion pictures. Some of his recent pictures are “Life With Father,” “Intrigue,” and “The Corpse Came COD.” Besides his announcing job on Louella Parsons’ program he does the announcing on the Railroad Hour. As for Dan Seymour, there are two of them—one in motion pictures, the other in radio.

FRAN ALLISON
AUNT FANNY
Dear Editor:
I would like to know who Aunt Fanny is on the Breakfast Club show. She’s wonderful.
Mrs. J. W. D.
Greenwood, S. C.

Aunt Fanny, the only fictitious character on the Breakfast Club, is played by pretty Fran Allison who has been on the program since 1944.

OFF THE AIR
Dear Editor:
We have been listeners of the quiz program Information Please for a number of years but have not been able to get same since the Fall season started. Will you kindly advise us if this program is still on the air, and if so, when does it come on and on what network?
Mr. J. A. R.
Columbia, S. C.

Information Please did not return to the air this season, and according to CBS, there are no definite plans in the office for returning to the air. Pictured here is Franklin P. Adams, who was one of the regular members of the panel.

ARLENE FRANCIS
Dear Editor:
I would like some information concerning Arlene Francis, the mistress of ceremonies on What’s My Name? Wasn’t she in a motion picture some years ago?
Mrs. M. M.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Yes. The picture was “Murders In The Rue Morgue” with Bela Lugosi.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 22nd St., N. Y. We’ll answer in Information Booth or by mail. Be sure to sign name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

INSTANTLY... make YOUR lips more thrilling!

New Beautiful Color for Lips Can’t Rub Off!
Here’s the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A lipstick, at last, that actually can’t smear—that really won’t rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn’t a lipstick at all. It’s a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever. And it is so permanent.
Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to prevent cream lipstick from smearing, too. Just brush on a coat of Liquid Liptone after lipstick. You’ll love it.

And CHEEKSTONE...
Rose in your cheeks without rouge! A “miracle” preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes
PRINCESS PAT Dept. 9122
2709 S. Wella St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 22c (2c Fed. Tax) for each as checked:
□ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
□ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—riveting.
□ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
□ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
□ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
□ Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smearproofs
□ CHEEKSTONE—“Magic” natural color.

Name (print)__________________
Address_______________________
City___________________________State_________

Easy to Use

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19
What's New

By the time you read this it is possible that critics of giveaway shows will have got a thumb in the eye. It is being buzzed about that Stop The Music, prime offender according to the critics, may be expanded from its current hour time to a ninety minute show because additional sponsors want to latch on. The way these things are going, we want to know where they'll end up—what's the ceiling on giving?

* * *

Here's a man with an idea that'll probably have the networks chewing their nails. He's James T. Healey of Albany, who's got a big plan worked out to establish a new kind of network for radio. He's president of the newly-formed Union Broadcasting System, which, based on the parent station WOKO in Albany, proposes to use both telephone wire service and tape recordings to give network affiliates top-notch programs at minimum cost. Healey expects to sell his services mainly through Scotch sound tape recordings, which will enable small stations which can't afford affiliation with the major networks to air good programs at reasonable rates. Tape recordings cost only a small fraction of what it costs for live programs.

* * *

Well, well, next summer promises to be a little different on the air lanes. The National Associa-

By DALE
Both Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers were on hand to help CBS introduce its Family Hour of Stars.

In Hallmark Playhouse's "Cimarron," Irene Dunne was "Sabra." James Hilton is host, Frank Goss, announcer.

COAST to COAST

Dick Powell said an eager "Yes!" when invited to appear on Dorothy Lamour's Thursday night program, 9:30 EST on NBC.

Don Bernard, producer of Screen Guild Players, speaks up for radio actors. He says that not enough people give enough praise to the regularbit

For all of the people who've lived under the illusion that foreign radio, like BBC in England, for instance, is radically different from the U. S. brand in programming, here's a bit of news. Recently, Daphne Padel, English actress here on a visit, revealed that BBC has a program called Ignorance is Bliss, which is nothing but the Anglicized version of our own It Pays to Be Ignorant.

NBC and Life Magazine are teaming together in a pact calling for joint video production of shows during the coming year, with Life picking up the tab. The shows will be along documentary lines and will feature special events.

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WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 21)

players who appear on the show. He says players like Wally Maher, Frank Nelson, Jane Morgan, Louise Arthur and others who work regularly on the show are experienced and competent and their ability gives the broadcasts a well rounded balance, although they almost never get any air credit.

All show business, with radio carrying the major part of the load, is cooperating with the New York City Department of Health in its all out drive against venereal disease. The four network stations, as well as the thirteen independent stations, have agreed to air shows on the subject.

Jack Douglas, who's been writing material for top comics for years, has now been bitten with the bug to write for himself. He's trying out his stuff at Hollywood benefits.

Johnny Long writes that on a one-nighter in Manteo, N.C., he discovered what he thinks is the only shoe-checking concession in the world, at least in connection with a dance hall—Johnny has never played an Oriental Temple or Mosque. Patrons at Manteo's Nag's Head Casino, Johnny reports, not only have the customary hat checking booth, but another checkroom is available so you can get rid of those cumbersome clod-hoppers and dance in your bare feet!

Whenever hepsters spot the name George Spelvin on a theater program, they start watching the actors to see which one is playing two parts. George Spelvin is theater's John Doe name. So, when it came to our attention that Dr. Watson on the Sherlock Holmes series was played by George Spelvin, we asked some questions. It turns out that George Spelvin, in this instance, is not doubling in parts, at all. His real name is Wendell Holmes—and he took the Spelvin moniker for this show to avoid any confusion with the name of the title role.

Our hat's off to Samuel J. Schaunbaum of Jersey City, N.J., who recently cracked a radio jackpot for over $3,000 worth of merchandise and donated all of it to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. It was auctioned off and the proceeds were turned over to the charity. Mr. Schaunbaum's idea of sharing the wealth, especially the kind of windfalls of wealth won these days on the giveaways, could stand a little spreading he thinks.

Arch Oboler's back from his African trek with 170,000 feet of Scotch tape recordings of animal and native sounds. And plenty of the adventurers and explorers who've put out books about Africa are going to be uncomfortable under the collar once Oboler starts playing back the actual stuff he recorded.

It seems that in his travels throughout Africa, Oboler discovered that more than ninety percent of the stories and magazine articles written about that continent by American explorers are pure bunk, with most of the "exploration" fabricated in the cool of a hotel room in Nairobi.
The story of Mrs. Gertie De Lonais was one of grief, loneliness, and untiring search. But it came to an ending so happy that she has forgotten those long years of tragedy.

**A MOTHER** who had lost her baby boys twenty-three years ago and was finally reunited with them—that's the wonderful story which makes Mrs. Gertie De Lonais, of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, our traveler of the month.

It's a story with the happiest of happy endings, but, earlier, it's also a story of grief, loneliness and an endless, unpromising search. When Mrs. De Lonais told that story before our ABC microphone at our Welcome Travelers party at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, many a mother in that room quietly touched a handkerchief to her eyes.

Twenty-three years ago, Mrs. De Lonais (she used her first husband's name then) was a young married woman in Helena, Oklahoma. She had two handsome little sons, Roy, 4, and Coy, 2. She was pretty and young, and so was the world.

Then, her marriage broke up. Suddenly, she was alone with the boys, with no way to support them. As she had no particular skills, this meant hard work, at low pay. She struggled along as best she could, but, as she told me:

"The boys weren't getting enough to eat, and I couldn't be around to take care of them properly. I thought I'd put them in an orphanage in Helena for a little while, then come back to them. It seemed so simple at the time. I'd be unhappy for a few months, but soon I'd be with my boys, forever."

So often, we've learned at Welcome Travelers, life's tragedies begin in just this casual way. The young mother went away for four months, working in restaurants and saving her pay. Then she returned to claim her boys. But:

"When I got there, the world sort of fell apart for me. I was told that my babies had been given out for adoption. I demanded that they give me the names of the families who had taken them, so I could get the boys back. But I was told there was a state law which kept the names of the families a secret, even from me."

There it was. (Continued on page 74)
Der Bingle dines out with his wife, Dixie. Below, their all-boy family: Garry behind Philip, Lindsay, Denis.

DID YOU ever see a legend walking? Well, I did—at the Bel-Air Golf Course in Beverly Hills. The legend was carrying a golf club. So was I. But we were approaching opposite holes.

As my path crossed that of the legend, the legend grinned, waved his hand and said as if it was a ritual we go through every five minutes, "Hello, Bob."

"Hi, Bing," I said back to him.

That’s my brother. Bing spends so little time in one place that frequently our conversation consists of a remarkable exchange involving no more than those four words. It has become pretty much of a standing joke between us.

Nor are those four words to be underestimated. They’re affection-packed.

Like the relatively few others of my countrymen so privileged, when I am face to face with my brother I feel history crawling up and down my spine, warning me to make the most of this moment before Bing zings.
Bob Crosby is starred on Club 15, 7:30 P.M. EST, Mon. through Fri., on CBS.

By BOB CROSBY

BROTHER!

Bing has to put a premium on time. He's got so many things to do, so many places to go, so many people to please. If he can't get understanding from a brother, where else could he turn?

Even at golf, Bing never knows where the next time-killing eventuality will come from. In the absence of his regular caddy, Bing drew a substitute at one of the Hollywood courses. Bing thought nothing of it until the fifth green when he called for an iron and got a song instead. A singing caddy!

Bing grinned, and waited the caddy's pleasure.

At the next hole, the caddy burst into song again. Bing waited tolerantly for him to finish, but the boy was just getting warmed up.

"If you don't like that one," he told Bing, "I've got another one."

"Is it all right if we play golf between choruses?" Bing asked.

From then until the last hole, the caddy clammed up. At the eighteenth green, he pleaded with Bing, "I have one more song. If you don't like it, you don't have to pay me." Bing held up a hand—he wanted to know just one thing: "How long will it last?"

If he wasn't in a hurry, he just wouldn't be Bing.

I was a kid at the time, but I knew I had a great man for a brother when he was fresh—and unknown—out of Gonzaga, unable to choose between law and singing with a band. Nobody could listen to the family and doubt it.

I'm a big boy now, and I can do my own thinking. The proud chatter of my folks no longer falls on impressionable ears. But it doesn't matter. Even if I had never been indoctrinated as a youngster in Spokane, Washington, I'd realize it as every other American does.

My brother is a great man—and a great guy.

I confess to one regret in life. It is that I was born fourteen years after Bing. Those were fourteen years in which I could have had a ringside seat at the childhood of a cut-up destined for immortality, a troubador whom historians (Continued on page 95)
THE Biggest Break!

By BILL LAWRENCE

WHEN Arthur Godfrey offered me a chance to stay with his show for thirteen weeks, I was so astonished that I just stood there in front of the mike with my mouth open and nothing coming out. I had two good reasons to be surprised. In the first place, I had just finished the last of three appearances I had won through my try-out on his Talent Scouts Show, and was ready to say goodbye. In the second place, we were still on the air, and business is not usually done with 30,000,000 people listening in.

So I just stood there, and I guess the radio audience took in the news before I did.

My mother was listening in from East St. Louis, and when she heard the offer she laughed and then she cried and she was running out to tell the neighbors while I was still just gaping at Mr. Godfrey.

Then the studio audience started to applaud, and I realized that it was the real thing... that I was not dreaming of getting on the big time... that this was my chance at last.

It still seems like a dream, however, because things have been happening so fast ever since. Within a week of the time I arrived in New York on borrowed money, I had a thirteen weeks contract to sing five mornings a week on The Arthur Godfrey Show, at what seems to me like an awful lot of money. I was signed to sing every Tuesday night on The Morey Amsterdam Show, and I had offers for two night club dates. There have been wires and letters of congratulation from friends and from people I never heard of, too. I have fourteen fan clubs and Radio Mirror has asked me to write my life story. What more could a guy want?

That last—the story—is almost the hardest to handle. Naturally, everything that has happened in my twenty-one years is interesting to me, but it isn't much (Continued on page 78)

Bill Lawrence was "discovered" on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS. He is heard regularly on Godfrey's A. M. show, 10:30 EST, CBS.

For a beginner, it's a long, hard road. Unless—like Bill—you bump into Arthur Godfrey on the way.
Phil, one of nature's collectors (his silver-mounted saddles are showpieces), was an easy convert to Alice's pet hobby—the accumulation of charming, curious old glass and china.

**WHEN** Alice Faye and Phil Harris were married, the event probably added ten years to my life. It also interrupted a pool game that gave promise of setting a world's record for marathon endurance and elapsed time.

These are minor results of the marriage. There are others more important.

For example, there was the night, not long ago, when Phil, brandishing a flashlight, led me out into his garden. After some groping, he turned the beam onto a small bunch of leaves.

"Tuberous begonia," he announced. "Grew it myself, and it bloomed today."

Tuberous begonia! I knew Phil Harris when, before he married Alice, he didn't know a begonia from a buttonhook.

He's the guy who used to keep me up till dawn playing pool after we'd finished our night's work on the bandstand. I guess we played pool in every sizable town in the country. He was the chief exponent of the theory that you worked at night, had breakfast in the evening, ate a midnight snack at 8 A.M. and went to bed at an hour when other citizens were hustling to their jobs. When he discovered Alice Faye he also discovered daytime, and when Phil began going home after work my health improved. I got to go home, too.

I've known Alice and Phil for a long time. In fact, I met Phil when he and his band, elegantly titled "The Dixie Syncopators" came aboard the City of Los Angeles to sail for a Honolulu engagement, more years ago than either of us wants to remember. I was playing guitar with the ship's orchestra. Phil, at the time, had the thickest Southern accent ever heard north of Mobile. I was from the south of North Dakota and I'd never run into anything like it before. We've been friends ever since that, and believe me when I tell you, being a friend of Alice and Phil is about as lucky as you can get. The loyalty, generosity and understanding that has made their marriage happy in a town where the mortality rate of marriages is high, extends over to their friends.

But, if I were to tell you that the Harrises are just like the successful young couple next door to you, I'd be cheating. They are like no one else in the world. In the first place, they're in show business, where, added to the other natural hazards of wedded bliss, there is the danger of professional jealousy.

Either they've never been jealous of each other, or they are the best actors in the world. I love them both, but I say let Olivier do Hamlet. (Continued on page 104)
Here, at last: a Hollywood couple who are not just like the folks next door. In fact, one of their best friends says they're like nobody else in the world.

Phyllis uses family playtime to practice flirting with her Dad; young Alice concentrates on records.
By PAULINE

A profusion of generalities has been aired about Hollywood in the course of its brief and turbulent history, and one of the most persistent ones is that you can make a fortune in glamortown, but you can't make a life.

And a stealthy trek of the disillusioned away from the tinsel capital back to the "real" America, back to places where snow is snow and not soapflakes, and where people are people, not reasonable facsimiles, has gone on over the years to prove it.

But there have remained a

The "Lum" family: Chester Lauck, son Chester Jr., daughter Nancy and Mrs. Lauck. They all like dining outdoors and all agree that Dad's a first-class barbecue chef.

Solid comfort and a relaxing, pleasant atmosphere — that can be said both of the Laucks' home and of their life.
few “plain folks” who dared the legend and defeated it. Among these none have come off with a better score than Chet Lauck and Norris Goff—Lum and Abner, of radio.

Chet and “Tuffy” were boys together in Mena, Arkansas, went to the University of Arkansas together, married nice girls from their own home town, and—since 1931—have been doing their homespun version of Ozark Americana on the radio.

Like all the other topliners on the air, they came to Hollywood when the radio industry...
A profusion of generalities has been aired about Hollywood in the course of its brief and turbulent history, and one of the most persistent ones is that you can make a fortune in glamorous town, but you can't make a life. And a steady trek of disillusioned away from the tinsel capital back to the "real" America, back to places where snow is snow and not soapflakes, and where people are people, not reasonable facsimiles, has gone on over the years to prove it. But there have remained a few "plain folks" who dared the legend and defeated it. Among these none have come off with a better score than Chet Lauck and Norris Goff—Lum and Abner, of radio.

Chet and "Tuffy" were boys together in Mena, Arkansas, went to the University of Arkansas together, married nice girls from their own home town, and—since 1931—have been doing their homespun version of Ozark Americans on the radio. Like all the other top liners on the air, they came to Hollywood when the radio industry...
Young Chet Lauck's passion for privacy is no secret—his hand-lettered signs calling for it are on display (together with his individualistic spelling) all around his room.

Nancy, an art major, tries a cartoon of her mother and dad. At right, Chet's gun collection—not purely ornamental, for his skeet-shooting trophies help decorate the living room.

did in the middle thirties, and have been here ever since. And they have made a fine life for themselves in Hollywood—probably because they never quite became a part of it.

Both of the "boys" are solid family men now. The Laucks have a married daughter, Shirley Babcock, a teen-age daughter, Nancy, and a young son, Chet Jr., who is eight. The Goffs' "farm" in Encino was built not only to Tuffy and Liz's specifications for comfort, but to suit Gary, who is fifteen now, and his sister Gretchen, who is ten.

ND whether you visit the Goffs at their farm, and sit in the white wicker rockers on the front porch, sipping lemonade from the old cut-glass pitcher, or drop in on the Laucks at their house in Brentwood—a one time Mediterranean villa in the "star stuff" tradition, now invitingly transformed into gracious Colonial—you are assured of a welcome which is strictly from Arkansas.

Harriet Lauck, who will get around later to telling you that "I was a city girl, I was born in Hot Springs" comes to the door to meet you, shoving a collection of friendly dogs out of your path. She leads the way through a succession of rooms bright with red and green chintz and mellowed old pine to the study, where you sit by a wood fire and look out through a ceiling-high window across an acre of clipped green grass patterned with the shadows of sycamore trees.

Harriet's right wrist is in a splint—she broke it square-dancing!—but she made the hot green pepper and melted cheese sandwiches which appear promptly on the scene, and she manages with her left hand to pour the strong black coffee which follows a moment later.

Chet, his ear glued to a small portable radio—
"Twenty years in the radio business," he com-
plains, "and not a decent radio in the house"—is 
listening to it (and the conversation), while he 
makes noises to the effect that his southpaw wife, 
who is shuffling coffee cups right over his shoulder, 
is sure to scald him. But he's not worried 
enough to move out of the way.

Both of the Laucks glow when you marvel at 
the transformation they have effected in the 
once austere big house. They trot out "before and 
after" photographs to show how green shutters 
and simple white pillars replaced the former 
Grecian columns and ornate grill work at the front. 
Old louvred shutters imported from New Orleans 
to masque two-story-high stained glass windows, 
wood floors laid over patterned tile, and wall paper 
over stucco, have made a friendly entrance hall 
out of a once coldly formal foyer. 

And at the drop of a hint they will conduct 
you on a tour of the whole place, including the "real Eastern basement" with unbelievable—for California—space for laundry, luggage room, 
freezer rooms, and a wine cellar.

The children may be off at school when you 
call, but a look at their rooms conjures up a 
fairly accurate mental picture.

The quarters reserved to young Chet—he is be-
ginning to rebel at his early "Little Chet" appel-
lation—would be inaccessible to strangers if he 
were home. Handmade (Continued on page 76)
Helen Trent is chief gown designer for her friend, Jeff Brady, who owns a motion picture studio in Hollywood, a career woman who set herself a goal and, through her own talents and efforts, has achieved it. But Helen is more than a successful and respected figure in an important industry—she is also one of the most glamorous, most sought-after, most attractive women in a city that is the mecca of glamor and beauty. Here, in the office where she has created fashions which have won her national reputation as a designer of distinction, Helen pauses in the work which gives her so much pleasure to look back through the years that are past.
The years have brought to Helen romance, success . . . and heartaches.

Gil soon became the most important man in Helen's life. He lives in a charming white house in San Fernando Valley, not far from Hollywood, where he and Helen have spent happy evenings listening to records and being served by Buggsy O'Toole, Gil's houseman.

Helen Trent's life, rich in glamour and romance, is reviewed on these pages in pictures which introduce you to the people you hear on the air in The Romance of Helen Trent.

Helen Trent is played by Julie Stevens
Gil Whitney . . . . . . . . . David Gothard
Cynthia Carter . . . . . . Mary Jane Higby
Agatha Anthony . . . . Bess McCammon
Norman Hastings . . . . Lauren Gilbert
Buggsy O'Toole . . . . Ed Latimer

The Romance of Helen Trent, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard over CBS, Monday through Friday at 12:30-12:45 P.M. EST.

2. One night, Helen, stranded in a rainstorm on Sunset Boulevard, accepted an attractive stranger's offer to drive her home. Thus began her friendship with Gil Whitney. After a date a few nights later, Helen introduced Gil to her dear friend Agatha Anthony.
4. During the last war, Gil went overseas on a government mission. Though Helen saw him off bravely, she was lonely and worried until he came back. Ironically, after his safe return Gil was seriously injured in a train wreck.

5. Paralyzed from the waist down, Gil switched from law to teaching at a small California college. Visiting him there, Helen met Cynthia Carter, pretty teacher who, in love with Gil, tried unsuccessfully to win him from Helen.

8. Shortly after Curtis passed out of her life, Helen accepted an offer to work for a London studio for a few months. On the boat she met and fell in love with dynamic Norman Hastings, a well-known author and traveler.

9. But Norman's past and personality made him so unpredictable that, by the time Helen was back in Hollywood, he had disappeared, leaving no word for her. Heartbroken, Helen needed all the comfort Agatha Anthony could give.
6. Cynthia finally married Dwight Swanson, but his death soon left her a wealthy woman—still in love with Gil. When Cynthia's uncle, a famous doctor, cured him, gratitude trapped Gil into a scene which Helen accidentally saw.

7. Unhappily remembering Cynthia in Gil's arms, Helen became attracted to Curtis Bancroft, co-owner of her studio—who neglected to tell Helen he was married. Above, Curtis enters his fabulous house in Bel Air, near Hollywood.

10. Back at her old job at Jeff Brady's studios, Helen regained a measure of happiness. Then, one day, Norman Hastings reappeared, having flown thousands of miles to reach Helen. Fate was to involve him deeply in her life . . .

11. Powerful Montgomery K. Hart, determined to groom Gil for the governorship, hired Norman as publicity manager. Both loving Helen, Gil and Norman were forced into friendship. But Cynthia still plots to win Gil for herself.
My father, Julius Marx, son of Minnie Marx—no relation of Walt Disney’s, but forever Groucho—has always admitted readily that the first time he saw me was one of the great disappointments of his life.

After brooding over this for nearly twenty years I finally got up courage one day recently to ask him: “Why?”

“Because, at the time, I had my heart set on a baby girl,” Father confessed, “one about twenty-three, with blue eyes and a figure like Betty Grable’s. As a matter of fact, I’ve still got my heart set on Betty Grable, and as soon as I get around to it, I’m going to start taking trumpet lessons.”

One of Father’s favorite devices for making time pass slowly is telling how the first time he saw me I yelled in a pretty unappealing fashion. I wonder if it’s ever occurred to him to ask himself how I must have felt the first time I saw that cigar and mustache looming over my crib. Though my recollection of that first meeting has dimmed with the years, I’d say that under the circumstances my yelling was perfectly natural, and I still insist that the disparity in our ages made it highly improper for Father to yell back.

Mother always said it was just because he couldn’t stand for anyone else to have the last word.

Anyone who has ever listened to Groucho’s radio show, You Bet Your Life, broadcast by long-suffering ABC, will probably agree with my mother that fondness for the last word is indeed one of Father’s more noticeable characteristics. This tendency of his to throw a verbal hammerlock on any conversation he gets in range of makes his show a pretty expensive proposition for its sponsors. They have to give away many handsome gifts and offer large sums of prize money to induce people (Continued on page 84)

When Groucho loses a game, it’s his custom to hit himself over the head a few hundred times with anything handy. That’s why he gave up tennis in favor of ping-pong—the paddle is so much easier on his head than the racquet used to be.
Life as the son of Groucho Marx?

It's a thought that staggers the imagination. It staggers the son, too.

Groucho, usually full of ideas, offered just one when Arthur became career-minded. "Play tennis," he said. "Write. But don't be an actor!"

Groucho Marx's You Bet Your Life—Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST, ABC stations.
WANTED... WIFE. By radio humorist just over draft age. Girl must be breathing, anywhere between ages of twenty and twenty-one. Should have poise, charm, personality and oil well. If possible send picture of oil-well. Box Q.

THAT'S it! In a nutshell... That's the ad I've been using on my commercial-less CBS program for the past couple of weeks.

Am I kidding? No... not really. Every day, people keep asking me why I'm still a bachelor. Actually, there's no good reason. I'd get married in a minute... only nobody's asked me. And frankly, I don't enjoy being a bachelor at all. I'm so darn helpless around the house. Especially when I iron my own shirts. I never seem to know when to turn the iron off. And while we're on that subject... does anybody know anybody who'd like to buy some open-toed shirts... cheap?

I'm not much good at housecleaning either. I hate that darn dusting... and I look so silly with a red bandanna wrapped around my noggin. I'll never forget the day I really got ambitious. I scrubbed the floors, massaged the ceilings and washed the walls. And you know something? I discovered two rooms I never even knew I had! So I've given up thorough dusting... I use the old rug system... as a

The Girl

"A wife might know a better way to clean out the refrigerator. What I do is to take everything out and eat it—which doesn't seem right."
matter of fact, in the past six months I've swept so much dust under my carpet that I'm now listed at the Soviet Embassy as "Hill No. 137!"

A poor batch can get so weary! Like the other morning I read in the papers that "now is the time to clean out the refrigerator." It sounded logical, so I spent all morning doing just that. First the grapefruit, then the eggplant, then the milk, then the bologna, then the eggs, then the yogurt . . . honest, by the time I got through, I thought I'd burst. You need a wife to help you out with little things like that.

And gee . . . if I had a wife, I wouldn't have to go through that awful business of shopping for my food. What prices! It's tough when you have to pay a dollar a pound for meat . . . of course, I must admit that when you pay only forty cents a pound . . . it's even tougher! But meats aren't the only things that are high. Like the other day . . . My bill from the fruit store had an extra charge of ten cents. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out what it was for! Then I remembered that on my way out of the store I'd stepped on a grape. Honest.

And some of those clerks ask the dopiest questions. Take my butcher (and believe me, he's yours with my blessing). I asked him for a small chicken . . .

"Tell me, Mr. Lewis," he asked, "do you wanna pullet?"

(Continued on page 87)
Hello There:  
Here is a page full of valentines . . .  
all kinds of valentines . . . for all  
kinds of people.  
Can you remember your first valentine?  
Mine, I think arrived in kindergarten.  
The message was to the point and terse—  
"It is it . . . I like it . . . Goodbye."  
If I could just remember . . . what  
was what.  
There is only one kind of valentine  
I don't like—  
the one signed, "Guess who!"  
My favorites come in big square envelopes . . .  
with bold round printing . . . finger-smudged sometimes  
but always addressed . . . "To Daddy . . ." signed "Bubbles and Happy."  
Ah, me! . . . I guess I'm getting old.  
Here is a page full of valentines . . .  
all for you.  
—Ted Malone

Choice
Arthur would never be my choice  
He has a condescending voice  
But I could take another  
Long look, at Arthur's brother.  
His voice is low, and I have found  
It has a slight "come hither" sound—  
I feel inclined some day to do so  
Complete—with trousseau.  
—Helena K. Beacham

When Lights are Low
When singing for him songs  
he loved at dusk,  
Sometimes a fleeting shadow  
crossed my heart.  
A yearning that these songs  
would not bring pain  
If he should hear them when we were apart.  
I did not know it would be  
my heart-strings  
These tender melodies would  
bruise and bare:  
I did not know that I would  
be the one  
To sit at twilight by an empty chair.  
—Ilsa Paschal Richardson

Wailing Wires
Her eyes held distance in their  
faded depths.  
"It wasn't bad with just the  
wind to drone  
Against the door and whip the  
willow trees,  
For winds get neighborly  
when you're alone.  
"But since they've strung the  
wires along the road  
I never hear the wind's old,  
friendly song,  
The wires wail and shriek till I  
declare:  
They'll drive a body crazy all  
day long."  
She tucked a straying hair behind her ear.  
"I wonder just a bit . . .  
hers tone grew sharp . . .  
"What Heaven's like and if  
there's wind or not,  
And how it sounds on gold  
strings of a harp."  
—Morabel Coleman Haskin

Mender
"Your pots and pans, the tinker  
cried,  
I'll mend them good as new!"  
But what about my battered  
pride?  
What can a tinker do  
About the small holes in a heart?  
The cracks in long-used dreams?  
And what can any mender do  
About joy's parted seams?  
Then I beheld an old, bent man;  
"My name is Time," he said,  
And out of his grey haversack  
He pulled a magic thread—  
"New love," he cried, "it's made  
to mend  
The heart as nought else can."  
And so I gave my tattered heart  
To Time and that old man  
Still shows me, as his needle flies,  
He is as kind as he is wise!  
—Pauline Havard

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday...
MOTHER OF LINCOLN
(“All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother...” Abraham Lincoln)

Nancy Hanks, will you stir in your lonely grave today
As a nation mourns anew your gentle son?
Will you remember him as the toulled nine-year one
Whose path you guided for such a little way?
Will you look across the valley to the hill
Where, lost years ago, he planned the rough-hewn board
To chalk the hard-earned words of knowledge stored
Against the time of need which he must fill?
When night has come and the echoed songs are drifting far,
Nancy Hanks, will the black oaks give you rest?
Will his voice come back, blest among the blest,
To reach your dust from some remembered star?
—Edythe Hope Genee

Date Night
Another hour in which to dress
and pose.
Will he walk in to find me
slacked and shirred—
And spectacled—knee-deep
and introverted
In Harvard Classics and portfolios?
Or shall I wear my turquoise
velvet—twist
My hair into an aureole of bronze,
And at the spinet, move my hands like swans
Over the Second Rhapsody by Liszt?
I could wait at the garden wall, obsessed
By moonlight with my hair a web of frost,
My eyes like fire opals, strange and lost
And dangerous. It’s time I’m getting dressed,
I’ll wear the blue-plaid gingham. Let me see—
Where is that walnut cookie recipe?
—Cosette Middleton

DEFINITION
Could the meaning of “Coquetish”
Possibly be this: “Go-gettish”?
—Dorothy Uncle

TELL ALL YOUR LOVES
Go now to those you love in any way
And say, “I love you for your gentle grace,
Your worldly charm. I love you for that day
We knelt beside the brook and watched the race
Of ripples down the stream.” Say to your friend,
“You are my friend,” and to the hearts that know
Your heart, “I love you that you understand!”
Tell all your loves your love before you go.
For, in departing, whether time or fate
Or death should close the door, that love is lost
That is not said, and on the heart the weight
Of new regrets lies far beyond their cost—
The things you might have sold, or might have done,
That now can nevermore be said or done.
—Harold Applebaum

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 Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines; 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.

through Friday mornings at 11:30 EST over ABC
Hello There:

Here is a page full of valentines... for all kinds of people

Can you remember your first valentine?

Mine, I think arrived in kindergarten.

The message was to the point and terse—

"It is... I like... Goodbye.

If I could just remember... what was what.

There is only one kind of valentine I don't like—

the one signed, "Guess who?

My favorites come in big square envelopes...

with bold round printing... superfluous adornments...

but always addressed... "To Daddy..."

Arthur

Arthur would never be my choice

He has a candlesticking voice

But I could take another

Long neck, at Arthur's brother.

His voice is low, and I have found

It has a slight "same-biller" sound—

I feel inclined some day to do as

Complete—with housework.

—Rebecca K. Blackam

When singing for him songs

He loved at slack,

Sometimes a fleeting shadow

Crossed my heart.

A seeming that those songs

Would not bring pain.

If he should hear them when we were apart.

I did not know it would be

my heart's song.

Those tender melodies would

lower and higher;

I did not know that I would be the one

To sit at twilight by an empty chair.

—Isa Peckham Richardson

When looking for him songs

He loved at slack,

Sometimes a fleeting shadow

Crossed my heart.

A seeming that those songs

Would not bring pain.

If he should hear them when we were apart.

I did not know it would be

my heart's song.

Those tender melodies would

lower and higher;

I did not know that I would be the one

To sit at twilight by an empty chair.

—Isa Peckham Richardson

WAVING WIRES

Her eyes held distance in their focused depths.

"It wasn't bad with just the wind to dance.

Against the drive and whip the wintry trees.

For winds got neighborly when you're alone.

But when they're swirling, the wires along the road I

seem to see another old, friendly song.

I know this song and know all well,

They're driven, a body every day long.

She looked a stringy hair behind her coat.

"I wonder just a bit..."

Her eyes grew open.

"What Heaven's like and if there's wind up at,

And how it sounds on gold strings of a lute."

—Ethel Colman Hahn

MENDER

"Your pants and pants, the tinker cried,

I'll mend them good as new!"

But what about my battered pride?

What can a tinker do

About the small hole in a heart?

The crooks in languid dreams.

And what can any mender do

About joy's parted seams?

Then I beheld an old, beat man;

"My name is Time," he said.

And out of his grey lavender He fell a magic thread—

"New Life, it cried, "is made to mend

The heart as naught else can.

And so, as I gave my tattered heart

To Time and that old man

Still drove me, as his needle flies,

As he is kind as he is wild."

—Pauline Howard

MOTHER OF LINCOLN

( "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my

mother..."

—Abraham Lincoln

Nancy Hanks, will you sit in your lovely gowns today?

As a sixteen months know your gentle sons

Will you remember him as the solemn nine-year one?

Whose path you guided for such a little way?

Will you look across the valley in the hill

When, years ago, he planted the rough-war border

To check the hand-made words of knowledge stored

Against the time of need which he must fill?

When might he come and the echoed songs are drifting far.

Nancy Hanks, will the black oaks give you rest?

Will the wretched come back, best among the bluest.

To reach your dust from some remembered seat?

—Eulalia Hope Geese

DATE NIGHT

Another hour in which to dress and pose.

Will he walk in and find me shanked out alowed.

And spectated—lone-deep eyed introverted

In Newton Christmas and periodic.

Or shall I wear my turquoise velvet—rest?

My hair into a muddle of bronze.

And at the spinet, move my hands like sewns

Over the Second Sonority by Liszt.

I could wait at the garden well, dressed

By moonlight with my hair o' w'ete.

My eyes like fire spots;

My hands soothing and loud.

And dangerous. It's time I'm getting discreet.

I'll wear the blue, clouded gawing

Boys. Let me see—

Where's that wot without cookie recipe?

—Cassie Middleton

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 Between the Book- ends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit three poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 209 E. 42, N. Y., 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unsolicited manuscripts. This is a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Music Made

through Friday mornings at 11:30 EST over ABC
A crusading big-city editor goes more than half way to meet—and beat—trouble.

1. Around Steve Wilson, racket-smashing editor of the Big Town Illustrated Press, has collected a small group of co-workers who are used to violence, prepared for tragedy. When Willie-the-Weep, a waterfront character who has often been useful to Steve, is attacked while trying to get to the bottom of a suspicious incident he has stumbled into, Lorelei Kilbourne and Steve swiftly come to Willie's assistance at Mozart's cafe, where he has gone for shelter. While Lorelei makes Willie more comfortable, Steve gets on the phone to one of his many "contacts" to try to learn the identity of Willie's assailant.

2. The contact in this case is Harry the Hack, another of Steve's lieutenants. Harry's knowledge of the city's unlit back alleys and his ability to deal with the characters who inhabit them make him an invaluable scout when Steve is hunting down a criminal.

Steve Wilson is played by...Edward Pawley Lorelei Kilbourne.........Fran Carbon Harry the Hack..................Bob Dryden Willie-the-Weep........Donald MacDonald Mozart......................Larry Haines
The dramas that underlie the surface life of a metropolitan city sometimes cross the line that divides excitement from tragedy. But Steve Wilson, crime-fighting editor of Big Town's Illustrated Press, and his alert assistant, Lorelei Kilbourne, have learned to disregard the sordidness into which their assignments frequently lead them. For Steve and Lorelei are crusaders, intent on making their city a clean, safe, decent place in which to live—a place where crime and evil cannot flourish. Their realistic adventures make up the stories you hear on the program about a big city's crime problems . . . Big Town.

Big Town is heard on NBC stations, Tuesday nights at 10, EST.
SOMETIMES our big decisions are influenced by comparatively small things. That's what happened when a fellow reporter tossed a remark to Dorothy Doan.

Dorothy, the charming hostess of WCBS-TV's Vanity Fair, was one of a little group of top newspaper writers parked in a corridor of Roosevelt Hospital in New York last August, waiting to interview Mrs. Oksana Kasenkina, the schoolteacher who had leaped from a window in the Russian Consulate. After a long interval, word came that Mrs. Kasenkina had been excited by a television newscast from her room and the doctors had said she must rest. There would be no more interviews that day.

"This television!" a reporter exclaimed impatiently, shaking her head indignantly at being scooped on one of the biggest news stories of the year by this upstart invention.

Dorothy Doan wasn't shaking her head. She was using it to think with, hard. Only an hour before she had been invited to throw over her hard-won place as woman's editor and top feature writer for one of the big news services and take on a television program, and she had been turning the offer over in her mind and trying to clarify her thinking about it.

"But," she spoke up now. (Continued on page 111)
YOU ARE AN Artist

The beard— but not the shirt! — gives Gnagy a look of the Old Masters that he borrows for the program.

Jon Gnagy demonstrates how viewers can turn basic shapes into pictures, laughs at those who complain that they "haven't any talent."

When pneumonia kept Gnagy from coming to the show it came to Gnagy, originated at hospital!

If television entrepreneurs got service stripes for every six months of duty, the sleeve of Jon Gnagy's bold yellow and black plaid shirt would now boast six stripes. Not even an attack of pneumonia and 104 degrees of temperature could interrupt the longest continuous record for any show on TV, dating back to 1946.

Under the watchful eyes of a doctor and nurse, You Are an Artist last October became the first show telecast from a hospital ward, except for news broadcasts in which the hospital setting was a planned part of the program. In this case, it was Gnagy himself who insisted that the show must go on and that, sick or well, he had to be in his usual Wednesday evening spot at 7:30 EST. So viewers saw him via a WPTZ mobile unit set up at Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia, propped up in a wheelchair with drawing board in front of him, assisted by his director-writer Don Hirst and surrounded by a class of his fellow-patients. Even the doctor got into the act and turned out a rather neat sketch during the twenty-minute program.

Seven days later, still a little weak and wobbly, but with plenty of spirit, Gnagy was back in his regular WNBT studio setting in New York's Radio City.

This all fits in with his (Continued on page 88)
Coast to Coast in

Wendy Barrie takes WABD's new daytime television audience on a tour Inside Photoplay every afternoon. Visitors on either side of Wendy, above, are Photoplay Editor Adele Fletcher and actor James Dunn.

Paris Cavalcade, with Faye Emerson, brings French fashions to American women, WNBT, Wednesday nights.

Paris Cavalcade, with Faye Emerson, brings French fashions to American women, WNBT, Wednesday nights.

On Philco Theater's "Rebecca" cast included, left to right, Mary Anderson,

If you're a statesman or a starlet, or just a Plain Jane who is going to be televised, you don't have to worry about that double chin or the blemish that decides to appear on the very day you have to face the cameras. That's what Helena Rubinstein says, after four years of experimenting with television make-up.

It seems that all you do is put plenty of dark shadow on the double chin, and it turns into one pleasantly rounded single. A cake foundation in beige or bronze disguises all the bumps and blotches—the darker one does the better cover-up job, of course.

Features tend to flatten out on the television screen, so you're apt
Bramwell Fletcher, Florence Reed, Howard St. John, Reginald Mason.

Viewers as well as listeners now experience the vicarious thrills of Break the Bank Friday nights over ABC. Bert Parks (with back to the camera) brought to TV all the old fun, and a new "wish bowl" as well.

Bob Smith and Dan Seymour study their scripts for the Bob Smith TV Show, as guest Turhan Bey practices his "music."

to look your best with two shades of brown powder instead of one. A lighter shade is good for the overall effect, but use a dark shade just under the cheekbones if your face is round and needs modeling. Place it a little higher to minimize high cheekbones.

Your lipstick will depend upon the lighting, but the colors range from a medium gray to dark gray to brown. Amazingly enough, girls look pretty in them! Eye shadow will make your eyes look larger by reflecting the lights.

You can't use ordinary mascara, because the heat of the lights melts it into an inky stream. So see that it's waterproof. (Continued on page 82)
Wendy Barrie takes WABD's new daytime television audience on a tour inside Photoplay every afternoon. Visitors on either side of Wendy, above, are Photoplay Editor Adele Fletcher and actor James Dunn.

Paris Cavalcade, with Faye Emerson, brings French fashion to American women, WNBT, Wednesday nights.

Co-stars of the new Cases of Eddie Drake dramas, filmed for CBS-TV; Dan Haggerty, Patricia Morrison.

If you're a statesman or a starlet, or just a Plain Jane who is going to be televised, you don't have to worry about that double chin or the blemish that decides to appear on the very day you have to face the camera. That's what Helena Rubinstein says, after four years of experimenting with television make-up.

It seems that all you do is put plenty of dark shadow on the double chin, and it turns into one pleasantly rounded single. A cake foundation in beige or bronze disguises all the bumps and blotsches—the darker one does the better cover-up job, of course.

Features tend to flatten out on the television screen, so you've got to look your best with two shades of brown powder instead of one. A lighter shade is good for the overall effect, but use a dark shade just under the cheekbones if your face is round and needs modeling. Place it a little higher to minimize high cheekbones.

Your lipstick will depend upon the lighting, but the colors range from a medium gray to dark gray to brown. Amazingly enough, girls look pretty in them! Eye shadow will make your eyes look larger by reflecting the lights.

You can't use ordinary mascara, because the heat of the lights melts it into an inky stream. So see that it's waterproof, (Continued on page 82)
Have you often longed for a kind and sympathetic friend with whom you could talk over your problems? Now you have that friend in Joan Davis, who will answer your letters each month.

When a Girl

By Joan Davis

( Heroine of When A Girl Marries, played by Mary Jane Higby)

"When a girl marries," the old adage says, "her troubles begin." Now isn't that the worst, most negative, premise in the world with which to start a girl on what should be the happiest years of her life? Let's look at the bright side of it—isn't marriage, after all, with its corollary activities of mother and homemaker, the most wonderful, most rewarding of all careers for a woman? Perhaps that sounds old-fashioned in this day of "career girls", but marriage itself is a pretty old-fashioned institution, and one that is, in spite of its age, doing a more thriving business at the old stand as each year goes by! Fortunately, most women feel as I do about marriage. (Of course they do; you can ask any marriage license bureau if business doesn't get brisker all the time.) Marriage is the nicest thing that can happen to a woman, and if she is lucky enough to add motherhood to it, she can count herself truly blessed. But marriage, like practically anything else in the world worth having, isn't all unalloyed bliss.

Marriage does bring problems, to women in real life and to women like me, in stories on the air which reflect real life. Any woman who says that she's never faced a problem in all of her marriage is either untruthful or unable to recognize a problem when she sees one. Marriage brings a multitude of problems, big and little, to be faced each day—everything from "What shall I have for dinner?" to "Can it be possible that my husband has fallen in love with another woman?" And, too, the decisions to be made after marriage are quite different from those a girl must make when she's younger, when she lives under the guidance and shelter of her parents.

When she's married (if she's wise) a girl can no longer throw her burdens on her mother or her father and expect them to provide adequate solutions. Married, a girl no longer is, and should not expect to be, a coddled and cosseted child. She's a woman, then, and half of an equal partnership, and will remain so until the end of her days, unless one or the other of the partners doesn't live up to his side of the bargain.

There are times, however, when no matter how hard a woman tries to stand on her own feet, to meet her problems and solve them herself, she searches her mind and her heart for a solution and can find none. Quite often, it's simply a matter of not being able to see the forest for the trees—of being so close to the problem that she cannot stand aside and observe it impartially, think about it without prejudice. When and if that time comes, a woman can, and should, ask for help.

Which brings me to the very important (and, to me very exciting and complimentary) purpose of this page. Here, every month, I'm going to do my best to help you—all of you who care to write to me—in solving your marriage problems. When the editors of Radio Mirror first asked me if I would handle this new monthly department, I was surprised, and not a little perturbed. "Why me?" I wanted to know. "I'm not an expert—not a doctor or a lawyer or a psychiatrist or an expert home economist—and it seems to me that to be an expert on marriage one would have to be a combination of all of those, with some help from Providence besides."

"No," I was told, "you're not any of those things. What you are, however, is a married woman. A wife and a mother. You won't be asked to solve problems, settle disputes. All you will be (Continued on page 98)
Marries—

Joan has an interested observer of her newest activity—her small son, Sammy.
Bill Cullen

Radio’s youngest quizmaster never needed a golden spoon—he was born knowing how to be in two places at once

By MARTIN COHEN

Bill Cullen, the youngest successful quizmaster on the networks.

At the age of 29, Bill’s incisive wit has made him a third degree specialist on radio’s two popular quiz programs, Winner Take All and Hit the Jackpot. Groucho Marx calls him the best quizmaster in the business. In all, Bill Cullen does eighteen network shows a week. Not bad for a kid who four years ago was riding herd on a flock of records in Pittsburgh.

And success is easy for Bill. He merely acts natural. “I’m an extroverted introvert with an inferior superiority complex,” Bill explained. “In other words—a born ham.”

He began to prove this at an early age in the public schools of Pittsburgh, his home town. He emceed student assemblies, broke up scholastic spelling bees with his clowning, organized shows to buy a new coat of varnish.

BOIL rapidly the following ingredients: a rapier wit, a triple portion of imagination and a dash of pepper. End result: Bill Cullen, the youngest successful quizmaster on the networks.

Two shows don’t exhaust Bill’s creative energy. He’s done a glamorous decorating job on the Cullens’ New York apartment.

And so—in spite of Bill’s bad practical jokes—they were married. Fellow-M.C. Todd Russell and wife were among guests.
for the gym and when he disagreed with the policy of the official school paper, he published one of his own. "Besides, I'm restless," Bill said. "I like to get things done in a hurry."

Impatience led him to announce he was quitting school at the age of sixteen. When he couldn't be argued out of it, his father, a practical man, gave Bill a job in his garage and worked him so hard that at the end of five months Bill gladly returned to high school and later went to the University of Pittsburgh.

It was during his high school days that Bill became interested in a radio career. In fact, he talked local merchants into buying the school a public address system so he could work with a microphone. But an automobile accident that left him with a permanent limp confused the next few years of his life.

"While I lay in the hospital for two months," Bill said, "I decided I could do the most good as a doctor."

He registered at Pitt in a pre-medical course. If Bill had worked his way through college selling magazine subscriptions or clerking in a store, he might be William Cullen, M.D. today. Instead he got a radio job for his after-school hours. During the next four years he nearly knocked himself out carrying a full schedule at Pitt and working full time at the station. But he convinced himself that his real interest was radio, not medicine.

Bill remembers well his Pittsburgh experience at WWSW and his friends there well remember him. Cullen's stunts are legendary in Pittsburgh radio. And when they speak of him, it's with the same feeling of awe that old timers have for a hurricane that once ripped through the country.

Because WWSW is an independent station devoting most of its time to news, record shows and sports coverage, Bill's gift of gab was a definite asset. But he would easily get dissatisfied with a program that became routine.

Early in his radio career, he announced a daily program of recorded classical music. He began to doubt the attentiveness of the listeners, so on one program he played Tschaikowsky's Fourth in reverse. There were no repercussions. The following night Bill bought himself a toy whistle and while recorded music of Wagner hit the air, Bill opened his announcer's mike and began to improvise over the Wagner. (Continued on page 101)
IT'S Sunday night at 8, EST, and by Radio Mirror's special escort you're in one of the blue-green seats of ABC's Ritz Theater in New York City, waiting for Stop the Music to start the prizes rolling. Music-wise listeners both at home and in the studio have a chance to guess the names of the songs that Dick Brown and Kay Armen half-sing, half-

Although it's a show for listeners, it is fun to be there in person, too!
hum. Maybe you won't be called as a contestant, but that won't prevent you from holding your breath as M.C. Bert Parks quizzes those who have been, or reaches out by phone to listeners in far corners of the country. For to win on Stop the Music means a fabulous gift, and to guess the Mystery Tune (it's only telephone-players who get a chance at that) is like coming into an Aladdin's cave-full of treasure. Dispensing this full hour of musical fun are, l. to r.: Terry Ross, Ken Williams, announcers; musical director Harry Salter; announcer Don Hancock; Kay Armen, Dick Brown; Bert Parks, at phone; Dorothy O'Connor, his aide. Director Mark Goodson is off-stage in the engineer's booth.
IT'S Sunday night at 8, EST, and by Radio Mirror's special escort you're in one of the blue-green seats of ABC's Ritz Theater in New York City, waiting for Stop the Music to start the prizes rolling. Music-wise listeners both at home and in the studio have a chance to guess the names of the songs that Dick Brown and Kay Armen half-sing, half-humor. Maybe you won't be called as a contestant, but that won't prevent you from holding your breath as M.C. Bert Parks quizzes those who have been, or reaches out by phone to listeners in far corners of the country. For the win on Stop the Music means a fabulous gift, and to guess the Mystery Tune (it's only telephone-players who get a chance at that) is like coming into an Aladdin's cave-full of treasure. Dispensing this full hour of musical fun are, l to r: Terry Ross, Ken Williams, announcer; musical director Harry Salter; announcer Don Hancock; Kay Armen, Dick Brown; Bert Parks, at phone; Dorothy O'Connor, his aide. Director Mark Goodson is off-stage in the engineer's booth.
Significant comment from a town that measures marriage in months: “The Carpenters? Why, they’ve been married for years!”

Being together—because they like to, want to—is the Carpenter prescription for years (twenty-six, in their case) of happy living.

"These are the Carpenters," someone said, introducing us. "They've been married for years and they go out dancing together!"

She didn't add, "Imagine!" but everyone got the idea. We had been out to dinner and had stopped by one of the less pretentious night spots for a dance before we went home.

"Maybe," Betty said later, "we shouldn't be seen together so much. People are talking."

Like the payoff line in the corny old gag, Betty and I always laugh politely when people say things like that to us—but we don't get it.

The fact that we find each other's company fun after twenty-six years of marriage evidently places us in the same category of eccentrics as if we drove a twenty-six-year-old car. We're regarded with amused tolerance—nice enough people but just a little peculiar.

No writer is ever going to use our marriage as the basis of a daytime radio serial, because it has, to borrow the writers' phrase, no gimmick. A story of people who live together without conflict, who have never had an
emotional crises of such proportion it was necessary to consult the family doctor, attorney, psychiatrist, or Aunt Mary, will not, I'm told, hold up for a fifteen minute show five days a week.

But it makes a pretty wonderful life.

Personally, I wouldn't have missed a minute of it—and I wouldn't change any of it. So who cares about serial rights?

It does seem, though, for story purposes, the least I could do is say that the first time I saw Betty there was a cyclonic second in which we both knew we were Meant For Each Other. Or, we could have met when I saved her, gasping but grateful, from drowning. Even running into each other in a revolving door would add a touch of drama. Unfortunately, there was no cyclonic second, we don't swim, and there wasn't a revolving door on the Lombard College campus.

The first time our paths crossed was the day we enrolled at college. The registration line was long, and I noticed Betty because she seemed to disprove the theory that no one can be in two places at once. She didn't notice me at all. A fine beginning for a beautiful romance. I was studying the schedule trying to find the easiest courses open to freshmen. There was a girl in a green skirt and a white jacket up ahead of me. The next time I looked up a girl in a green skirt and a white jacket was behind me. Then she was up front again. I must have remarked on this phenomenon because someone said, "Those are the Nelson sisters." Sure enough, there were two of them, dressed alike, about the same height. I took a good look at Betty Nelson. Nothing happened. I did not, believe me, have any intuition that I'd be spending my Silver Wedding anniversary with her.

She went her way, I went mine. The son of a minister (this is considered a severe handicap in many circles), I was away from home for the first time, and for the first time on my own.

For a full year, the nearest Betty and I came to romance was passing each other on the campus between classes. If we had any common bond, it was our mutual sorrow over the football season.

She was a girl with a (Continued on page 107)
Significant comment from a town that measures marriage in months: "The Carpenters? Why, they've been married for years!"

Lucky in Love

These are the Carpenters," someone said, introducing us. "They've been married for years and they go out dancing together!"

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For a full year, the nearest Betty and I came to romance was passing each other on the campus between classes. If we had any common bond, it was our mutual sorrow over the football season.

She was a girl with a (Continued on page 107)
Fit for a king — baked potatoes stuffed with a melted cheese mixture and garnished with broiled tomatoes and sausages.
So many of us think of potatoes as every-day food. They don’t have to be. In fact, potatoes can be made so glamorous, so mouth-watering, you can make them a main dish instead of a side-light! To get away from the routine of potatoes boiled, mashed or fried, I like them in casseroles, as potato nests, as dumplings. Egg yolk or minced onion in mashed potatoes transforms them completely. You can use potatoes with meat, too, in casserole combinations. Potatoes will help two cups of meat serve four with the greatest of ease. Call on prepared meats, cheeses, seasonings and your own sleight-of-hand to make these potato dishes star performers at any meal.

**Stuffed Baked Potatoes**

6 large baking potatoes
6 tbsp. butter or margarine, divided
1½ tsps. salt
1½ tsp. pepper
1/2 to 1/2 cups hot milk

Choose potatoes of uniform size. Scrub well. Dry and rub skins with bacon drippings or other fat. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 50 to 60 minutes, or until done. Cut a slice from the top of each potato. Scoop out inside, being careful not to break shells. Mash thoroughly or put through ricer. Add salt and pepper, 4 tablespoons of butter and milk. (Exact amount of milk depends on size and moisture of potatoes.) Beat until light and fluffy. Pile beaten potatoes into shells. Melt remaining butter and brush on tops; dust generously with paprika. Return to hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes or until nicely browned. Serves 6.

**Cheese Stuffed Potatoes:** Add grated cheese to potato along with seasonings, butter and milk and beat in well. Allow up to one tablespoon of grated cheese for each potato, the amount depending on the sharpness of cheese, size of potatoes and personal taste.

**Ham Stuffed Potatoes:** Chop left-over cooked ham and add with seasonings.

**Savory Stuffed Potatoes:** To the filling for six potatoes, add three tablespoons of finely chopped parsley and two tablespoons of finely chopped pimiento. If desired, three tablespoons of chopped, pimiento-stuffed olives may be substituted for the pimiento. Beat in with salt, pepper, butter and milk.

**Scalloped Potatoes**

8 medium sized potatoes
4 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 cup grated cheese

Pare raw potatoes and cut into thin slices. Place one-third of the slices in a layer in bottom of a greased casserole. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with one-third of the flour and grated cheese, and dot with one-third of the butter cut into bits. Repeat until all potatoes and seasonings are used. Add milk until it can just be seen between slices of potatoes. Cover casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 1 hour. Remove cover and continue baking for 30 minutes longer, or until top is browned and potatoes are tender. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

**Scalloped Potatoes with Meat:** Add left-over chopped ham or crumbled cooked sausage between layers of potatoes if desired.

**Potato Topping or Borders**

2 egg yolks
3 cups hot fluffy, seasoned mashed potatoes

Beat yolks thoroughly and reserve 2 tablespoonsful. Add to mashed potatoes with a dash of paprika and beat together well. For topping, drop by spoonfuls on top of hot meat or vegetable casserole. Brush with reserved egg yolk and place in hot oven (450°F.) until lightly browned. Makes 6 portions.

For Potato Border: Form potatoes into ring on oven-proof plate or platter. Brush with reserved egg yolk and brown in hot oven. Fill ring with any desired creamed meat, fish or vegetable mixture.

For Potato Nests: Form potatoes into nests on greased baking sheet. Brush with reserved egg yolk and brown in hot oven. (Continued on page 113)
There were two women of the same name. Which was the bride?

"Will the reporter who presumably works for this paper but who doesn't show up much lately," read the notice on the New York Eagle bulletin board, "please come to the Managing Editor's office the next time he's in town?"

David Farrell, the Eagle's star reporter, plucked the notice from the board before the amused and concerned eyes of the staff. He carried it into George Walker's office and held it out to his chief, saying with weary sarcasm, "I suppose this subtle notice means me, George?"

"Notice?" repeated Walker innocently, but with a gleam in his eye. "Oh, yes—that. Nice of you to take the hint, David."

"That was no hint," said David. "That was a broadside. What's the matter?"

"Why, nothing," said George smoothly. "Except that I can't find you when I want you. It's part of my job to hand out assignments to my reporters, and you haven't so much as come to the office in two days. Outside of that, everything's great!"

David sighed, and rubbed his eyes, and found that the flesh around one of them was still bruised and sore. "Let's get something straight, George," he said. "Either you have a certain amount of confidence in me, or you haven't. What do you suppose I've been doing these two days—playing hookey, or going after a story?"

The gleam in George Walker's eye became dangerously triumphant. "What story?" he barked. "Or is that a vulgar question for a managing editor to ask? The follow-up on Clifford Putnam? After you got your fingers burned once with that guy?"

David admitted it. Walker sighed.

"Look, David," he said, "I'll accept your version of the mix-up without proof, crazy as it is. Isn't that enough? A few days ago Clifford Putnam, millionaire, America's Number One Bachelor, gave you an exclusive story. He told you he was going to be married, and asked you not to reveal the name of his bride-to-be. On the same day we printed your item, Putnam denied it in every afternoon paper in town. You tried talking to Putnam, and even though he was supposed to be a friend of yours, in a distant sort of way, he clammed up and told you only that he was going away, on a long cruise. You tried advertising for the girl he'd named to you as his fiancée, and got lured into an alley and beaten up for your pains. It seems to me everyone connected with this engagement—if there was an engagement—wants the matter dropped. I want it dropped. I'm willing to concede that none of it was your fault, and forget about it. What do you say?"

"No," said David stubbornly. He hurried on as Walker's mouth tightened. "I've got a reputation for reliability," he said, "and after this mess a lot of other people besides you must be questioning it. If you'll just give me a little more time—"

"But why?" said Walker, almost pleadingly. "You've had time, and what have you got to show for it? Have you located this girl Clifford Putnam was supposed to be engaged to?"

David chuckled grimly. "Sally and I have..."
—and why had she disappeared?

found two women, both bearing that name.

"Two? What’s the name?"

"I don’t want to say—yet. Not until I can prove the connection with Putnam. But—" David grinned, deliberately titillating his chief’s curiosity. "But one of them is a sixty-five-year-old recluse who keeps herself hidden in a swank apartment on Central Park West and never sees anybody."

Walker’s expression altered slightly. The very word “recluse” had come to mean news lately. People were interested—morbidly, George Walker thought—in the odd souls who shut themselves away from the world. However, he only said cautiously, "Sounds hardly like a fiancée of Clifford Putnam."

"Hardly," David agreed. "But the other person of that name is a very pretty miss of about twenty, a senior at a fashionable finishing school. Only—she claims she’s never even met Putnam."

"I see," said Walker drily. "Now what’s your next move?"

"Not mine," said David. "Sally’s. She says this is woman’s work. She thinks, as I do, that the girl isn’t telling the truth, and she’s at the college right now, trying to talk to the girl."

"Fine!" Briskly, Walker pushed his chair back from his desk. "Woman’s work—that’s it exactly. And now, since your wife is carrying the ball, suppose you go over to the Hotel De Oro and find out if a Washington bigwig has checked in—"

But David was shaking his head. "You forget, George," he said, "that I got beaten up in connection with this Putnam business. I can’t imagine what could happen to Sally in that quiet little college town, but I can’t take any chances. Until I know she’s safe, I think you’d better give your important assignments to somebody else."

Peace lay as thick and golden as the afternoon sunlight over the little town of Fairhaven, home of Fairhaven College. There were few automobiles and few people on the streets, and these few moved at a leisurely pace; the very leaves of the trees hung sleepily still. The one incongruous note was the taut nervous face and the quick nervous gait of Miss Aldin Westwood, as she walked down Main Street a step or two ahead of Sally Farrell.

"Still following me, are you, Mrs. Farrell?" she flung over her shoulder. "You’ve trailed me to all my classes. You’ve waited outside—you follow me through town! Don’t you ever get tired?"

"Aldin," Sally admitted, panting slightly, "I’m exhausted! But I’m not leaving Fairhaven until I’ve talked with you. The only way you can get rid of me is to grant my very modest request."

Aldin stopped and turned so suddenly that she almost collided with Sally. "All right," she conceded, "you win, Mrs. Farrell. Where shall we talk? Here, or shall we go to the Coffee Shop?"

"In your room, Aldin," said Sally, "if you don’t mind." That was what she wanted—to see Aldin’s room at the dormitory. She had little hope of getting any information out of the evasive Aldin herself. But Aldin’s room—If Aldin had really been engaged to Clifford Putnam, there would surely be some sign of it in her room, if only so little a thing as his name on a dance program.

"I suppose it’s as good a place as any," Aldin agreed. "At least, you won’t be seen there... although by now anyone who wants to must have seen you with me a dozen times."

"Why don’t you want to be seen with me?" Sally asked. "Are you ashamed of me? Hasn’t my dress the new look?"

"It isn’t that!" Aldin exclaimed, shocked, flushing. Then her mouth tightened obstinately.

David Farrell (played by Staats Cotsworth)

Sally Farrell

(played by Florence Williams)
THE SILENT BRIDE

"Never mind asking why. I'm not answering any questions, Mrs. Farrell. Let's take this street. It'll take us straight to the dormitory."

They turned into a residential street that was almost dark, shielded as it was from the rays of the setting sun by the closely-spaced old trees. Hardly had they rounded the corner when a car stopped beside them and a man's voice called, "Taxi, ladies?"

"No, thanks," Sally said politely. Then she saw that there were two men in the car. She saw the dark, shiny object one of them held in his hand.

"Better get in," said the driver. "And quick!"

Sally touched Aldin's arm. "We'd better," she said, through stiff lips. "Do you see the gun—?"

But they very soon were moving toward the car, her face paper white. "You see?" she said to Sally. "I told you I couldn't talk to you, Mrs. Farrell. I begged you not to ask me to talk. Now see what you've got us into!"

None of it made sense to Sally, nothing that had gone before, nothing that followed. As David Farrell's wife, working side by side with him, she'd seen it all; she'd seen plenty of crazy mix-ups, but none so senseless, so apparently devoid of motive, as this one. Even the two thugs who were driving the car seemed to have no notion of what they were doing or where they were going. They idled aimlessly along deserted country roads with nightfall, and then they drove in circles, it seemed to Sally, so far into the night that she had hopes of their having to stop for gasoline. But instead they stopped finally before the dark bulk of an old-fashioned house, and she and Aldin were led up flights of dusty-smelling stairs and were bound securely to a pair of stout but creaky chairs. Then the men left them, and Sally and Aldin were left alone with the dark and the small of my rot and, from the outside, an intermittent zooming noise that seemed to shake the old house to its foundations.

"We must be on the edge of an airport," she said to Aldin, "can't think of a town near Fairhaven with a busy airport?"

"Near Fairhaven!" Aldin repeated shakily. "We rode for miles—"

"In circles, I would say," Sally reminded her. "My guess is that we're still close to Fairhaven. Try to think of a town that might have an airport, Aldin."

"There's Glendale," Aldin began. Then she burst out, "Oh, how can you be so calm? Don't you realize we're prisoners? And it's dark, and my wrists hurt, and I'm hungry, and those awful men—"

"Don't you know them?" Sally asked. "You said I'd got you into this by insisting upon talking to you; you ought to know what you're afraid of."

"Did I act as if I knew them?" Aldin returned bitterly. "All I know is that I was warned not to talk to reporters."

"Warned?" asked Sally softly. "By whom?"

BUT ALDIN wouldn't, couldn't talk. She was hysterical: she saw them deserted forever, left to starve in the old house, condemned to a lifetime of grim and drastic visions about their fate; she thought that it was a toss-up as to whether David found them first or whether their captors, having gained whatever point they were making, began dumping them somewhere else. She tried to convey this common-sense viewpoint to Aldin, but Aldin shivered with terror, and worked her already raw wrists against the ropes in a vain attempt to free herself. The airplane roared down upon the house. Sally began to talk to her about other things, soothing, gossipy woman's talk about her life with David, and their small son, Jimmy, who was on a visit to Sally's mother, and presently Aldin relaxed a little. She even dozed, drooping against her bonds in the chair. And as the dawn light struggled feebly through the gray windows, Sally's heart contracted with pity at sight of the sleeping girl's face.

There wasn't only fear in it; there was wistfulness, and a terrible loneliness. And suddenly Sally felt that even helping David get his story straight for the Eagle was less important than helping Aldin to straighten out her life. Aldin awoke with a moan, struggling against her bonds. Sally smiled at her.

"Don't," she said, "or you don't have to worry, Aldin. David's been on our trail for a good many hours now, and he'll soon find us. After that, we want to help you, if you'll only tell us how."

"There's nothing to tell—"

Sally interrupted quickly. "All right, I'll tell you. What do you want to know first?"

"If you really know the other Aldin Westwood who lives in New York," Sally answered promptly.

"She's my great-aunt," said Aldin. "She's about sixty-six years old, I think, and for the last thirty-five years, she never seen a soul."

"Not even you?"

"Not even her lawyers. She's rich. Mrs. Farrell, terribly rich, and I don't know why she lives in such a curious way, but the lawyers pay all her bills, and she writes them letters whenever she wants something. She has an unlisted telephone, but she only uses it for special occasions, and nobody knows the number. She's been very generous to me—"

"She's been sending me to school," Aldin went on. "I'm not rich, Mrs. Farrell. I'm poor. My mother died a long time ago. My father died a few years back, out in the midwest, where we lived. Right afterward, a man came to see me. He was one of my great-aunt Aldin's lawyers. He said that she wanted to send me to college at Fairhaven and pay all of my expenses. There was just one condition. I was to behave myself perfectly at all times and never to bring what the lawyer called news to the other Aldin Westwood. Well, I came to Fairhaven, and I suppose I behaved well enough because Aunt Aldin's lawyers paid my bills and sent me checks regularly. And then at the beginning of my senior year, last fall, I met Clifford Putnam at a dance.

Sally held her breath. The real story was coming now, and from the trembling of Aldin's lips and the light in her face as she spoke of Clifford, Sally knew that however much she'd been afraid, it would take very little to drive her back into her shell.

"It wasn't long before Clifford asked me to marry him," said Aldin, "and I said yes. I was so happy, Mrs. Farrell—"

"Sally," said Sally.

"Sally," Aldin agreed. "Not because Clifford is rich—"

Sally nodded understandingly, and Aldin went on. "I wrote a letter to my great-aunt, telling her the news. Clifford must have told it to Mr. Farrell—to your David —about the same time. And on the very same morning your husband's newspaper story appeared, one of Aunt Aldin's lawyers came to me. He said that by becoming engaged to Clifford Putnam, sooner or later I would bring my name into the newspapers. He said that my great-aunt hated publicity more than anything else in the world. And he pointed out to me that I'd have to break my engagement with Clifford before I could leave school. ""But wouldn't you have to get my name in the newspapers—"

Aldin's voice faltered, she couldn't finish. She just looked despairingly at Sally, as ifexpecting her to understand. Sally frowned; the picture, which had seemed to be clearing, had suddenly become darker than ever.

"But you didn't need her money any more, did you?"

she asked. "Certainly not."

"Yes," said Aldin. "Oh, yes." (Continued on page 89)
EVERYONE," a reader complains, "is winning something. Everyone but me! It's not fair that just the people in the big cities, where the big radio programs come from—New York, Chicago, and Hollywood—should get all the prizes. Just to hear about those people marching home with a million dollars in their pockets and six electric washers under their arms makes me want to sit down and cry. Tell me, can't we out-of-towners get on the gravy train?"

Reader, dry your tears! On the next four pages you'll find Radio Mirror's brand new "Quiz Catalogue," a roundup of all the prize-giving programs on the air, with information on how to win, at home or in the studio, and everything else you need to know—except the answers. Of course, this is no guarantee that you'll win, for remember all of the others who are listening, and trying. But you might be one of the lucky ones! (Not that you'll go home with a million dollars and six electric washers. No one ever has. But there are many valuable prizes being given away these days.)

You will not find all programs listed. Daytime serials, for example, have not been included because their contests, although of several weeks' duration, are really "short term" and any information Radio Mirror could give you on them would be out of date by the time you read it. The Quiz Catalogue includes only programs on which people in the audience can participate and win; others have been knowingly omitted. Empty spaces in the last two columns mean "You can't."

So choose your program, sharpen your pencil and your wits, and get to work. Here are some bits of helpful advice:

Category Quiz: all the questions asked of a single contestant concern one subject—usually of the contestant's own choosing from a number of categories listed by the program—such as baseball, cooking, automobiles, presidents, or one of a thousand others.

Telephone Quiz: contestants at home are telephoned by the program. Listen in and answer your phone—and the question.

True-False or Right-Wrong Quiz: The only answer expected is one of those four words, depending on whether the statement is right, wrong, true or false.

Remember, too, that if one of the traveling quiz shows comes to your town, there is no "sure way" to get on the show. The programs are fair, unrehearsed, and everyone has an equal chance.

In writing for tickets, these are the full addresses of the networks given in the "Where to Write" column. Address the show at:

American Broadcasting Company:
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.
Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois
1440 North Highland Avenue, Hollywood, California
Mutual Broadcasting System:
1140 Broadway, New York, New York
Tribune Tower, Chicago, Illinois
5215 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Columbia Broadcasting System:
485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Columbia Square, Hollywood, California
National Broadcasting Company:
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.
Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois
Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, California

Each month, Radio Mirror will publish a column of new information on quiz shows to keep you up to date; every six months there will be a new, revised Quiz Catalogue. Good hunting!
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<td>HINT HUNT</td>
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SATURDAY ONLY

<p>| ABBOTT &amp; COSTELLO KID SHOW       | 11 A.M.    | ABC     | HOLLYWOOD| Stunts and quiz for children at Costello Foundation                       |
| COUNTY FAIR                      | 1 P.M.     | CBS     | NEW YORK| Practical jokes, stunts, some quizzing                                    |
| GIVE AND TAKE                    | 1:30 P.M.  | CBS     | NEW YORK| Audience quiz                                                             |
| TAKE A NUMBER                    | 5 P.M.     | MBS     | NEW YORK| Audience quiz                                                             |
| TRUE OR FALSE                    | 5:30 P.M.  | MBS     | NEW YORK| &quot;True&quot; or &quot;false&quot; answers to general quiz questions                       |</p>
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<td>Write a letter with a helpful household hint</td>
<td>&quot;Tell Your Neighbor&quot; MBS, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 simple questions of gradu-</td>
<td>Gag prizes from the treasure chest</td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Koy Kysers's College&quot; ABC, H'wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ated difficulty</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Grand Slam&quot; CBS, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Group of five questions about</td>
<td>Merchandise, and $100 bond for &quot;Grond Slam&quot;</td>
<td>Listen; submit 5 good questions</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>songs</td>
<td></td>
<td>You do not have to write for tickets. Held at College Inn,</td>
<td>&quot;Golden Hope Chest&quot; MBS, H'wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No quiz</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>Visit Tom Breneman's Restaurant in H'wood</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No quiz</td>
<td>Orchids</td>
<td>Listen—then send in questions</td>
<td>&quot;Double or Nothing&quot; NBC, Hollywood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General information; also</td>
<td>$2 to $80, and $300 jackpot</td>
<td>Come to show if you want to be Queen</td>
<td>&quot;Queen For A Day&quot; MBS, Hollywood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hard jackpot question</td>
<td></td>
<td>Send in date of your wedding— you may share jackpot</td>
<td>&quot;Golden Hope Chest&quot; MBS, H'wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Candidates for &quot;Queen&quot; ex-</td>
<td>Much merchandise, plus 24 hours of fun</td>
<td>Write if going to be married or know someone who is</td>
<td>&quot;Bride and Groom&quot; ABC, Hollywood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plain their wishes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General information; 3 right</td>
<td>Merchandise</td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;What Makes You Tick?&quot; CBS, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>answers win jackpot</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Couple tells story of their</td>
<td>Valuable &quot;wedding presents&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Ladies Be Seated&quot; ABC, Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>courtship</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;GE Houseparty&quot; CBS, Hollywood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psychological quiz-study of</td>
<td>Merchandise</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>human traits</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General information</td>
<td>Merchandise</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>General information</td>
<td>Electrical appliances</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>None</td>
<td>Household gifts</td>
<td>Attend program if it visits home town</td>
<td>&quot;Winner Take All&quot; CBS, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hard general information,</td>
<td>Valuable gifts—diamond rings, washers, etc.</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keep playing as long as you</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>win</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Games, riddles, children's quiz | Various, appropriate for children | Listen; sometimes something in which home audience can participate | No letters |

"Where Am I?" Jackpot question | Merchandise |                                                                     | "County Fair" CBS, N. Y.                   |

General: "Who's Who" Jackpot | Merchandise |                                                                     | "Give and Take" CBS, N. Y.                |

Fact; general information | Up to $20,000 worth merchandise weekly | Listen; submit questions for prizes | "Take A Number" MBS, N. Y.               |

General information | Cash prizes |                                                                     | "True or False" MBS, N. Y.               |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Evening Programs</th>
<th>TIME (Eastern Standard)</th>
<th>NETWORK</th>
<th>CITY</th>
<th>TYPE OF PROGRAM QUZ—STUNT—INTERVIEW</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DR. I. Q. (Mon.)</td>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>TRAVELS</td>
<td>General quiz of audience</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOB HAWK SHOW (Mon.)</td>
<td>10:30 P.M.</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>10 questions: familiar C-a-m-e-l: L-e-m-a-c quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HIT THE JACKPOT (Tues.)</td>
<td>10 P.M.</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>General quiz; &quot;secret sentence&quot; jackpot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PEOPLE ARE FUNNY (Tues.)</td>
<td>10:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>HOLLYWOOD</td>
<td>Zany stunts; practical jokes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GROUCHO MARX (Wed.)</td>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>HOLLYWOOD</td>
<td>Comedy quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BETTER HALF (Thurs.)</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>Comedy quiz; husbands versus wives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What’s the Name of That Song (Thu.)</td>
<td>8 P.M.</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>HOLLYWOOD</td>
<td>Musical identification quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS (Fri.)</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>HOLLYWOOD</td>
<td>Hollywood stars discuss women’s problems</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BREAK THE BANK (Fri.)</td>
<td>9 P.M.</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>Answer 8 questions out of 9 to break the bank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SING IT AGAIN (Sat.)</td>
<td>8 P.M.</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>Telephone quiz: all over U.S.A.; “mystery voice” jackpot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TWENTY QUESTIONS (Sat.)</td>
<td>8 P.M.</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>Board of experts plays old “animal, vegetable, mineral” game</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES (Sat.)</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>HOLLYWOOD</td>
<td>Stunts; “if you can’t tell the truth you must pay the consequences”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WINNER TAKE ALL (Sat.)</td>
<td>9 P.M.</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>Contestants compete against each other for correct answers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHIZ QUIZ (Sat.)</td>
<td>10 P.M.</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>TRAVELS</td>
<td>Fact information quiz</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SUNDAY ONLY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Evening Programs</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>NETWORK</th>
<th>CITY</th>
<th>TYPE OF PROGRAM QUZ—STUNT—INTERVIEW</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>QUIZ KIDS</td>
<td>4 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>CHICAGO</td>
<td>Clever schoolchildren quizzed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUICK AS A FLASH</td>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>Quiz in which contestants compete against each other</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STRIKE IT RICH</td>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>Quiz; human interest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GO FOR THE HOUSE</td>
<td>7 P.M.</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>N. Y. &amp; TRAVEL</td>
<td>Category quiz of general information</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STOP THE MUSIC</td>
<td>8 P.M.</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>Telephone quiz: identify songs and mystery melody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT</td>
<td>10 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>HOLLYWOOD</td>
<td>Category quiz of general information. Work up to the $64 question</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Quiz Catalogue: Another Radio Mirror Reader Bonus

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Types of Questions</th>
<th>Kinds of Prizes</th>
<th>How You at Home Can Join In</th>
<th>Where to Write</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Factual, right or wrong, and biography questions</td>
<td>Lots of silver dollars</td>
<td>Listen: send in biography questions</td>
<td>&quot;Dr. I. Q.&quot; (\text{NBC, N. Y.})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General information</td>
<td>Cash and cigarettes</td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Bob Hawk Show&quot; (\text{CBS, N. Y.})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radio sound effects simulate &quot;secret sentence&quot;</td>
<td>Thousands of dollars in merchandise</td>
<td>Send in your phone number</td>
<td>&quot;Hit The Jackpot&quot; (\text{CBS, N. Y.})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>None—not out to prove that people are funny</td>
<td>Valuable merchandise; gag prizes</td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;People Are Funny&quot; (\text{NBC, Hollywood})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You can expect anything from Groucho</td>
<td>Merchandise</td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Groucho Marx Show&quot; (\text{ABC, Hollywood})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General information</td>
<td>Cash and Merchandise</td>
<td>Come to studio with your husband or wife</td>
<td>&quot;Better Half&quot; (\text{MBS, N. Y.})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs to identify</td>
<td>Cash</td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;What's The Name Of That Song,&quot; (\text{MBS, H’wood})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Human problems; topics sent in by listeners</td>
<td>Cash for letters used</td>
<td>Write, telling of a problem that might arise in your home</td>
<td>&quot;Leave It To The Girls,&quot; (\text{MBS, H’wood})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category questions; first worth $10; lost at least $1000</td>
<td>Cash only; some as high as $7,500</td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Break The Bank&quot; (\text{ABC, N. Y.})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contestant identifies person by song lyrics</td>
<td>Up to $20,000 worth of merchandise</td>
<td>Listen: answer your telephone if it rings</td>
<td>&quot;Sing It Again&quot; (\text{CBS, N. Y.})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guesses from clues given in previous answers</td>
<td>Small merchandise to listeners for subjects</td>
<td>Listen: send in something to identify</td>
<td>&quot;Twenty Questions&quot; (\text{MBS, N. Y.})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gag questions; famous &quot;Miss Hush&quot; type contests</td>
<td>Merchandise; value $15-20 thousand</td>
<td>Listen to enter &quot;Hush&quot; type contests</td>
<td>&quot;Truth Or Consequences,&quot; (\text{NBC, H’wood})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hard general information. Keep playing as long as you win</td>
<td>Valuable merchandise; appliances, etc.</td>
<td>Attend if it visits your home town</td>
<td>&quot;Winner Take All!&quot; (\text{CBS, N. Y.})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General information</td>
<td>Merchandise</td>
<td>Write local station when show comes to your home town</td>
<td>Local station</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| All kinds of questions from opera to science | $25 and a radio to persons sending questions | Listen; submit questions to stump Kids | "Quiz Kids" \(\text{NBC, Chicago}\)                        |
| General information questions | Cash |                                                      | "Quick As A Flash" \(\text{MBS, N. Y.}\)                        |
| General information; contestants explain why they need money | Up to $800 cash | Write letter telling why you want to strike it rich | "Strike It Rich" \(\text{CBS, N. Y.}\)                        |
| 7 right answers to win house | 6-room house and lot, also merchandise |                                                      | "Go For The House" \(\text{ABC, N. Y.}\)                        |
| Music only | Merchandise; $15-30 thousand worth | Listen: answer phone if it rings | "Stop The Music" \(\text{ABC, N. Y.}\)                        |
| General information. You pick your own category | $64; much more if you win the Jackpot question |                                                      | "Take It or Leave It" \(\text{NBC, Hollywood}\)             |
### SUNDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:20</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Earl Wild</td>
<td>Carolina Calling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Story to Order Words and Music</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>Message of Israel</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sunday Morning Concert Hall</td>
<td>Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>E. Power Biggs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Pulit</td>
<td>Voice of Southerners</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Voices down The Wind</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Christian Reform Church</td>
<td>Fine Arts Quartette</td>
<td>Bill Costello</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>News Highlights</td>
<td></td>
<td>The News Makers</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Solitaire Time</td>
<td></td>
<td>Salt Lake Tabernacle</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Alan Lomax</td>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Ernie Lee Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Omnia United</td>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Chicago Round Table</td>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>The Quiz Kids</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 1:00 | America United | 4:00 | News Living-
| 1:15 | William L. Shiers | 4:15 | Voice of Mystery |
| 1:30 | American Radio | 4:45 | Metropolitan Opera Auditions |
| 1:45 | Warlers Mutual Music Box |       |     |
| 2:00 | ABC University Theater |       |     |
| 2:15 | Army Air Force Show |       |     |
| 2:30 | Bill Cunningham |       |     |
| 2:45 | Veteran's Information |       |     |
| 3:00 | This Week Around the World |       |     |
| 3:15 | Mr. President's Drama |       |     |
| 3:30 | Longine Symphonettes |       |     |
| 3:45 | You Are There |       |     |
| 4:00 | House of Mystery |       |     |
| 4:15 | Ted Malone |       |     |
| 4:45 | Metropolitan Opera |       |     |
| 5:00 | The Shadow |       |     |
| 5:15 | Quiet Please |       |     |
| 5:30 | Quick As A Flash |       |     |
| 5:45 | David Harding Courtenay |       |     |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Alice Faye and Phil Harris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard</td>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td></td>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Behind the Front Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td></td>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Musicale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>A. L. Alexander</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Manhattan Merry Go-Round</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>American Album</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Take It or Leave It</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Voice of Strings Starlight Moods</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td></td>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Jimmie Filner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
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### MONDAY

<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>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in New York</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td></td>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Editor's Diary</td>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Bob Plooe Show</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td></td>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>10:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>The Brighter Day</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>10:45</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Harkness of Washington Words and Music</td>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>My Fair Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Pepper Young</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>Right to Happiness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Boston Symphony</td>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backpack Wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>Lorenzo Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>Jack Jilly</td>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Young Widdler Brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| 2:30 | Bride and Groom | 5:30 | June Palm Bill |}

### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>John MacVane Sketches in Melody</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club News of the World</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Sonoro News</td>
<td>7:15</td>
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### CLAIRE NIESEN—knew what she wanted—and got it. Born in Arizona, and raised in New York, Claire decided very early in life to become an actress. As a result of an NBC television show, she got a part in a Broadway play. This was followed by an opportunity to play Mary Noble in Backstage Wife, which she has been doing ever since.
JOHN K. M. McCAFFERY—the moderator on Author Meets The Critics, has been a professor of English; editor at Doubleday, Doran; fiction editor of American Magazine; and editor in charge of special events at MGM. John lives in Connecticut with wife Dorothy and their three sons. He met Dorothy at Brooklyn College, where she was one of his students.

**PROGRAMS**

**TUESDAY**

**A.M.**

Do You Remember 8:00 NBC

Honeymoon in N. Y. 9:00 MBS

Cleavers 9:30 ABC

Bob Bobo Show 9:45 CBS

**10:00**

Fred Waring 10:00 NBC

Road of Life 10:15 MBS

My True Story 10:30 ABC

Music For You 10:45 CBS

**11:00**

This Is Nora Drake 11:00 NBC

We Love And Learn 11:15 MBS

Jack Berch 11:30 ABC

Lora Lawton 11:45 CBS

**AFRFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

**12:00**

Harkness of Washington, Words and Music 12:00 NBC

Kate Smith Speaks 12:15 MBS

Kate Smith Sings 12:30 ABC

Welcome Travelers 12:45 CBS

Wendy Warren 12:45 NBC

Aunt Jenny 12:45 MBS

Helen Trent 12:45 ABC

Our Gal Sunday 12:45 CBS

**1:00**

Art Van Dumme 1:00 NBC

Quartet 1:15 MBS

Robert McCormick 1:30 ABC

Jack Kitty 1:45 CBS

Cedric Foster 1:00 NBC

Happy Gang 1:15 MBS

Bill Bashkhe 1:30 ABC

Nancy Craig 1:45 CBS

Dorothy Dix 1:45 CBS

**2:00**

Double or Nothing 2:00 NBC

Queen For A Day 2:15 MBS

Today's Children 2:30 ABC

Light of the World 2:45 CBS

Charlotte Courtenay 2:00 NBC

Queen For A Day 2:15 MBS

Golden Hour 2:30 ABC

Light of the World 2:45 CBS

**3:00**

Life Can Be Beautiful 3:00 NBC

Miss Perkins 3:15 MBS

Pepper Young 3:30 ABC

Right To Happiness 3:45 CBS

Fred Bensen Movie Show 3:00 NBC

Dixie Barn Dance Gang 3:15 MBS

Galen Drake 3:30 ABC

Right To Happiness 3:45 CBS

**4:00**

Backstage Wife 4:00 NBC

Stella Dallas 4:15 MBS

Lorenzo Jones 4:30 ABC

Young Widder Brown 4:45 CBS

Maggie McNellis 4:00 NBC

Josephine 4:15 MBS

Sammy Davis 4:30 ABC

Two Ton Baker 4:45 CBS

Second Honeymoon 4:00 NBC

Maggie McNellis 4:15 MBS

Evelyn Davis 4:30 ABC

Winner Take All 4:45 CBS

**5:00**

When A Girl Marries 5:00 NBC

Portia's Life 5:15 MBS

Just Plain Bill 5:30 ABC

Front Page Farrell 5:45 CBS

Adventure Parade 5:00 NBC

Captive Midnight 5:15 MBS

Superman 5:30 ABC

Tom Mix 5:45 CBS

**EVENTS PROGRAMS**

**6:00**

John MacVane 6:00 NBC

Sketches In Melody 6:15 MBS

8:30 8:45 Sunoco News

**7:00**

Chesterfield Club 7:00 NBC

News of the World 7:15 MBS

The Smoothers 7:30 ABC

H. V. Keltonborn 7:45 CBS

**8:00**

This Is Your Life 8:00 NBC

Melvyn Douglas 8:15 MBS

Alan Young Show 8:30 ABC

Hy Gardner 8:45 CBS

Edward R. Murrow 8:45 NBC

**9:00**

Bob Hope Show 9:00 NBC

Gabriel Heatter's Radio Newsmen 9:15 MBS

Loreleile 9:30 ABC

Bill Henry 9:45 CBS

**10:00**

Big Town 10:00 NBC

People Are Funny 10:15 MBS

American Forum of The Air 10:30 ABC

Nothing But The Truth 10:45 CBS

**SUNDAY**

**A.M.**

Do You Remember 8:00 NBC

Bob Bobo Show 9:30 CBS

**10:00**

Fred Waring 10:00 NBC

Road of Life 10:15 MBS

The Brighter Day 10:30 ABC

**11:00**

This Is Nora Drake 11:00 NBC

We Love And Learn 11:15 MBS

Jack Berch 11:30 ABC

Lora Lawton 11:45 CBS

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Our Gal Sunday 12:45 CBS

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Lunchen With Love 1:00 NBC

Vic H. Lindfieh 1:15 MBS

Robert McCormick 1:30 ABC

Jack Kitty 1:45 CBS

Cedric Foster 1:00 NBC

Happy Gang 1:15 MBS

Bill Bashkhe 1:30 ABC

Nancy Craig 1:45 CBS

Dorothy Dix 1:45 CBS

**2:00**

Double or Nothing 2:00 NBC

Queen For A Day 2:15 MBS

Today's Children 2:30 ABC

Light of the World 2:45 CBS

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Dixie Barn Dance Gang 2:15 MBS

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Life Can Be Beautiful 3:00 NBC

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Backstage Wife 4:00 NBC

Stella Dallas 4:15 MBS

Lorenzo Jones 4:30 ABC

Young Widder Brown 4:45 CBS

Maggie McNellis 4:00 NBC

Josephine 4:15 MBS

Sammy Davis 4:30 ABC

Winner Take All 4:45 CBS

**5:00**

When A Girl Marries 5:00 NBC

Portia's Life 5:15 MBS

Just Plain Bill 5:30 ABC

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Big Town 10:00 NBC

People Are Funny 10:15 MBS

American Forum of The Air 10:30 ABC

Nothing But The Truth 10:45 CBS

**JOAN BANKS—**was only a youngster when radio writer Prentice Mitchell promised to help her when she grew up. So, after high school, Mitchell arranged an audition for her, and within a week, she was in radio. Since then Joan has been heard on Lux Radio Theatre, The Whistler, and is currently playing Marie Wilson's friend in CBS's My Friend Irma.
## THURSDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<th>ABC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td>Editor's Diary</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Follies</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
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<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>Kay Kyser</td>
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<td>Ted Malone</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather's Mailbag</td>
<td>Kiernan's Corner</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Lora Lawton</td>
<td>Lanny Ross</td>
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</table>

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | Harkness of Washington |
| 12:15 | Lunchen at Sardi's |
| 12:30 | Words and Music |
| 12:45 | Lunchen With Lapel |
| 1:15 | Cedric Foster |
| 1:30 | Robert McCormick |
| 1:45 | Jack Kelly |
| 2:00 | Double or Nothing |
| 2:15 | Today's Children |
| 2:45 | Light of the World |
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 3:15 | Miss Perkins |
| 3:30 | Young Widdow Brown |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife |
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas |
| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones |
| 4:45 | Goldie Gray |
| 5:00 | When A Girl Marries |
| 5:15 | Portia Faces Life |
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill |
| 5:45 | Front Page Farrell |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | Sketches in Melody |
| 6:15 | Sunnec News |
| 6:30 | Local Programs |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club |
| 7:15 | John Kane |
| 7:30 | Art Van Damm |
| 7:45 | Quintet |
| 8:00 | Aldrich Family |
| 8:15 | Burns and Allen |
| 8:30 | Al Jolson Show |
| 8:45 | Dorothy Lamour |
| 9:00 | Adventure of the Thin Man |
| 9:15 | Fred Waring Show |

## FRIDAY

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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | Echoes From The Tropics |
| 12:15 | Words and Music |
| 12:30 | Lunchen at Sardi's |
| 12:45 | Lunchen With Lapel |
| 1:15 | Cedric Foster |
| 1:30 | Robert McCormick |
| 1:45 | Jack Kelly |
| 2:00 | Double or Nothing |
| 2:15 | Today's Children |
| 2:45 | Light of the World |
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| 4:00 | Backstage Wife |
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| 5:15 | Portia Faces Life |
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill |
| 5:45 | Front Page Farrell |

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| 6:15 | Sketches in Melody |
| 6:30 | Sunnec News |
| 6:45 | Local Programs |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club |
| 7:15 | John Kane |
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| 8:15 | Burns and Allen |
| 8:30 | Al Jolson Show |
| 8:45 | Dorothy Lamour |
| 9:00 | Adventure of the Thin Man |
| 9:15 | Fred Waring Show |

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**HELEN HAYES**—returned to the air this season as the star of The Electric Theatre (Saturdays, 9:00 P.M. EST, CBS). She missed the first few broadcasts to complete a London stage engagement of "The Glass Menagerie." While she was gone, famous guest stars such as Henry Fonda and Jessica Tandy ably substituted for her.

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**J. CARROLL NAISH**—who plays the title role in CBS' Life With Luigi, is familiar to most movie-goers and radio-listeners as European because of his wide variety of characterizations and dialects, but he was actually born in New York City of Irish ancestry and christened Joseph Patrick Carroll Naish. He pronounces his name "Nash," as though it had no "t."
### SATURDAY SCHEDULE

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<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td>Shoppers Special</td>
<td>CBS News of America</td>
<td>Barnyard Follies</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Coffee in Washington</td>
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<td>Garden Gate</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
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<td>Paul Nelson, News</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
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<td>Ozark Valley Folks</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Mary Lee Taylor</td>
<td>Albert Warner, News</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
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<td>Mis. Programs</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
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<td>Concert of American Jazz</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
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<td>This Is For You</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Meet the Week</td>
<td>Movie Matinee</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Smilin' Ed McConnell, Teen Timers Club</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

- **12:00**: Arthur Bartrudt, Public Affair
- **12:15**: Lionel Hampton Show
- **12:30**: Hybrid Hampton, Campus Salute
- **12:45**: Junior Junction
- **1:00**: Nat'l Farm Home
- **1:15**: Edward Tomlinson
- **1:30**: Report From Europe
- **2:00**: Time For Melody
- **2:15**: Time For Melody
- **2:30**: Time For Melody
- **2:45**: Music For The Moment

### EVENING PROGRAMS

- **6:00**: Peter Roberts, Sports Parade
- **6:15**: Art of Living
- **6:30**: NBC Symphony
- **7:00**: Vic Damone, Hollace Show
- **7:15**: Vic Damone, Hollace Show
- **7:30**: Vic Damone, Hollace Show
- **7:45**: Vic Damone, Hollace Show
- **8:00**: Hollywood Star Theatre
- **8:15**: Twenty Questions
- **8:30**: Truth Or Consequences
- **8:45**: Your Hit Parade
- **9:00**: Dearly Loved
- **9:15**: Your Hit Parade
- **9:30**: Judy Canova Show
- **9:45**: Judy Canova Show
- **10:00**: Day in the Life of Dennis Day
- **10:15**: Grand Ole Opry
- **10:30**: Theatre of the Air

**KARL SWENSON**—one of the busiest actors in radio today, learned Swedish, German, and French as a child, which makes him just about perfect for the title role in CBS's Mr. Chameleon, the man of many faces. He is also heard as Lorenzo in Lorenzo Jones, and Lord Brinlrope in Our Gal Sunday.

**Stewart-Warner** is now marketing a good looking, inexpensive console radio-phonograph combination that will fit in with many types of furnishings. Finished in walnut, the "New Minstrel" also features the center panel slide-out record changer. It retails for $149.00.

For the economy-wise buyer: the adaptable "New Minstrel."

An exclusive new feature on Stromberg-Carlson sets is the Chromatic Tone Selector for aid in tonal selection. The variable shading of the color band from red to blue provides a guide to fine adjustments of the separate bass and treble controls. Changing either or both controls to blends of these color schemes gives comparable tone blending to suit the listener's pleasure for any type of program.

**Emerson's Model 568: with the latest improvements.**

For those situated in the truly rural areas, RCA Victor has designed a farm-battery radio for quick changeover to electric power. The set, model 8-F-45, includes as standard equipment an electrifier unit. When electricity comes to an area, the purchaser can convert the battery set into an electric radio, by removing the battery and plugging in the electrifier.

**U. S. Television's "Giant Ten" is a table model television receiver with a 10-inch direct view tube, and an actual picture size of about 7" by 9". The receiver covers all 13 channels. The cabinet size is 22½" wide, 19" deep and 14" high. Price is slightly over $400.**

**It's Here!**
REALIZING that everyone anticipates old age, but few prepare for it, I was determined to search for, and find, an octogenarian who was doing more than counting her birthday candles and checking off the advancing years on her calendar. You know, someone who had passed the social security payment age, but still remained active, alert, and was perhaps suffering from fallen arches—but not from personality degeneration.

Well, the day 83-year old Mrs. Georgiana Powers Carhart appeared as Family Counselor our listeners were really in for a grand treat. Though her hair and lashes had turned white, and her complexion showed signs of lines, her pretty blue eyes sparkled gaily, and her smile was so engaging that the members of our Burton cast are still talking about the wonderful “young” lady.

The first thing she told our listeners was that we should never forget the importance of appreciation and gratitude. When I asked her if she had any regrets, she replied: “No, Terry, none. This is my philosophy: Yesterday is a cancelled check, today is cash—use it wisely; tomorrow is a promissory note—make the most of it.”

Mrs. Carhart gave our listeners a little advice about worrying, too, when she said: “I know it’s hard to say stop worrying, but most of the time we worry about things which never happen—or if and when they do—we’ve become so fretful and worn out from just plain worrying, that we find we don’t have the energy and good judgment to solve our problems.”

I was interested in learning Mrs. Carhart’s hobbies. She told me she liked best to engage in talking and singing. “But my very favorite hobby,” she added, “is living to the fullest. Staying young means making new friends, keeping interested and keeping yourself interesting.”

Her last, but most important suggestion for staying young was to act in a friendly way and with kindness if you wish to draw people to you—“and believe me,” she quickly added, “you’ll never know the meaning of loneliness—not at 23, or 83—or ever.”

On The Family Counselor broadcasts, we want to discuss problems that interest our audience. What would you like discussed by one of our Family Counselors? Won’t you send your suggestions to me, care of Radio Mirror?

Meeting Mrs. Carhart, Terry found an octogenarian whose energy put neighborhood youngsters to shame.
Your face reveals your inner self to others

Keep your face lovely, glowing, alive so it sends a happy message of You to all who see you.

Your face is the only you that others actually see. It is revealing you—whether you know it or not—everywhere you go, every day of your life. Do help it then to show you happily—and with loveliness. You can. You should.

Never be haphazard about the creamings that do so much to keep your skin softly, fastidiously clean. A rewarding “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—the Pond’s Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt and make-up as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

DO THIS—to wake up the Loveliness in Your face

Always at bedtime (and for your day face-cleansings, too) do this “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream all over face. This softens and sweeps dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—swirl on a second creaming with Pond’s. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.
Now—see your new face! It’s radiant!

REMEMBER—It’s not vanity to show yourself at your best to others. When you look lovely it makes a happy difference in your own confidence. And it makes other people feel the world’s a nicer place when they see you.

The Lady Daphne Straight

Beauty, distinction and a charming natural grace come out to meet you in her challenging face—a face you turn to look at again and again because you can’t help envying its loveliness. The Lady Daphne uses Pond’s to care for her beautiful complexion. “The finest face cream I know is Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says.
Traveler of the Month
(Continued from page 23)

Just like that. Her sons were somewhere. They were getting hungry and crying in the night. And there was no way for their mother to go to them.

"All I could do," Mrs. De Lonaìs recalled, "was to go to the stables, wherever they were, had good care, and maybe love. It wasn't much, but that's all I could do for my boys.

Life goes on, even with grief. She continued working, mainly in restaurants. After a while, the ache was duller, but it became acute, almost unbearable, each time she saw a little boy walking with his mother. We just sat and watched brothers walking down the street together.

Years of this, thirteen of them. Then she met her present husband, a city worker at Pawhuska. He was a good man who understood her grief. They were happy with each other, and tried to forget her earlier tragedy.

Meantime, what of the boys? Well, this is an odd thing.

YOU see, each knew he had a brother, and each thought that the other was his twin. It is trying enough to miss your own brother, but the feeling of loss must be tremendous when you think that life is keeping away your twin, from the other living half of yourself.

Though the boys really weren't twins, they led a single life. Roy (to whom they call himself Roy Roy Ross) was adopted by a family in Oklahoma. Coy (the younger brother, now Coy Norris) was taken in by a family in Dayton, Ohio. The families were good people, but the boys kept thinking of their own people. And eventually both boys did the same thing: each left his adopted family and wandered around the country, looking for a trace of his mother and brother.

Coy knew that the secret must be locked up, somehow, in that orphanage in Oklahoma. Three times, he went to the orphanage, trying to look at his case history for a clue as to the whereabouts of his brother. He was against the law for a minor, however, and he never saw them. But he kept looking, and it was Coy's persistence which finally reunited the family.

There were a lot of things that had to happen, however, before that happy day—things that the brothers, in some uncanny way, were doing at the same time. For instance, both joined the C.C.C. In 1938, each went into the Army, later served in Europe. In 1945, each was discharged. And later they found out that each had been humming the same favorite song, had thought the same comedian was the funniest, had wanted the same things out of life. They met and said a little goodbye, and settled down, a machinist, in Cicero, Illinois. Coy also married, became an advertising salesman working out of New York.

Now, twenty-three years after the boys had been put in a home "for just a few months," things began to happen. Coy, a veteran, couldn't return once more to the orphanage in Helena. This time he was allowed to see his own records. Also, by chance, he saw a part of his brother's record and a letter which his mother's mother had written to the orphanage. After all of those years, Coy finally had some clues.

He went to the address on his grandmother's letter, was directed to Mrs. De Lonaìs' address at Pawhuska. Let's hear the rest of this from Mrs. De Lonaìs herself:

"My mother answered the door that morning. I was in the kitchen. Coy told her that he was the boy who had run away, and I saw him right away, for she was afraid of the shock. She sat me down on the bed and talked slow, roundabout, until she finally said that my Roy Coy was sitting out in the parlor.

"I ran out. A big, good looking man was there. It was Coy, all right. I could see the baby Coy in him. I cried, and ran right at the stranger and looked at each other, and smiled and smiled, and talked and talked."

More than ever now, Mrs. De Lonaìs wanted to find her other son, to make the family complete again. From his glimpse at Roy's record, Coy knew the names of a few people who had given references for his brother's original admission. He hired a private detective to trace these people down. It was slow work, mostly disappointing.

Finally, though, a detective reported that he had found the woman who had adopted Roy. Coy drove 200 miles one night to see this woman. This was the payoff. From her, Coy got Roy's address in Cicero.

Of course, there still was the possibility of an error. Coy left his mother behind, flying to Cicero himself. Now, let get the rest of the story.

"I answered my door and all of a sudden I saw my brother. I knew it was my brother right away. We're like two peas in a pod. It was weird."

Something even more wonderful, however, still was to come. For Ma was summoned to Cicero. When her husband came there, waiting for her, after twenty-three years, were her two sons, her two sons together, calling her "Ma."

And how about this? Mrs. De Lonaìs, who, for so very long, didn't even have any sons, now has a grandson, too. There was Roy, Jr., a blond toddler, smiling at the nice lady with the gray hair.

I GUESS I never figured on grand-

children," Mrs. De Lonaìs said. "In my dreams, Coy and I talked, but babies were. And you know, it's a funny thing, Roy, Jr., looks just about the way Roy did on the day I said goodbye to him at the orphanage. So I've got my baby, and my big boys, too. Do you think there could be a happier woman?"

We gave Mrs. De Lonaìs, Roy and little Roy lots of gifts after they'd answered our questions. There was no particular question, but I have a feeling that there's one gift in particular that will mean a lot to this mother. It's an electric record player. With it, she was able to record the voices of her sons and grandson. This will be something to play when she's back home in Oklahoma. You see, the nights may be long, but they won't be lonely.

"Of course," Mrs. De Lonaìs said with a smile. "I'll go and see my boys whenever I take a notion to. And expect I'll feel like seeing them a lot. But, you know, there's something even better than seeing them. It's knowing that they're all well, and fine boys. It's knowing that they're really my sons."

The long voyage of this very Welcome Traveler—the voyage that took twenty-three years—is over. From here on in, there's only a bright and happy future.
MEDITED CARE PROVES WONDERFUL BEAUTY AID TO FACE AND HANDS!

4 Out of 5 Women Showed Softer, Lovelier-looking Skin in Test Supervised by Doctors

REMARKABLE ALL-PURPOSE CREAM SHOWS WOMEN SIMPLE, EASY AID TO CLEARER, UNBLEMISHED SKIN

Recently, 181 women of all ages took part in a careful skin improvement test supervised by 3 doctors—skin specialists! The women had many common skin troubles—roughness, dryness or skin blemishes.

The doctors explained a new 4-step Medicated Beauty Routine using famous Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream. Each woman's skin was examined through a magnifying lens at 7-day intervals.

Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in 2 weeks—were thrilled at the marked improvement that this beauty routine helped bring to their skin!

If you want an aid to a softer, smoother skin...if you suffer the heart-breaking embarrassment of unattractive, externally-caused blemishes, roughness, dryness or similar skin troubles—try Noxzema Medicated Care. It's a simply grand new way to care for your face and hands.

Softer, Whiter Hands
- Almost Overnight

Do your hands look red, feel raw and rough? Smooth on Noxzema. See how quickly this medicated formula soothes and helps heal—helps red, rough chapped skin look softer, whiter—often in 24 hours.

SIMPLE 4-STEP BEAUTY AID

Don't just cover up a poor complexion. Don't try to hide flaws. Give your skin the glorious aid of Noxzema Medicated Care.

1. MORNING—Bathe face with warm water, then apply Noxzema to a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a soothing protective powder base to hold make-up.
3. EVENING—Repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema. Dry face gently.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes, if you have any.

Try this 4-step routine yourself. You'll be delighted with the results.

"Our family doctor recommended Noxzema for adolescent blemishes," writes lovely Mrs. H. Hiestand. "Now I'm married and still use Noxzema regularly at night to help keep my skin clear and unblemished."

Mrs. Lee Smith says, "I do my own housework. You know what that does to your hands. I've never found anything better for chapped hands than Noxzema. Now I use it as both a complexion and hand cream."

Try Noxzema and see why over 25,000,000 jars are sold yearly. Now on sale at all drug and cosmetic counters—only 40¢, 60¢ and $1.00 plus tax.
Come and Visit Lum 'n' Abner

(Continued from page 33)

signs all over the door—"Scram, This Mens You, and Leat Me Sleep" and "Do Not Enter, Gemme at Work"—are enough. With Chet away, you can get a look at an awe-inspiring collection of sports equipment, electrical toys, and magic sets which his mother says are left strictly in the messy way he likes them.

In Nancy's room a half-finished painting is on the easel—Nancy is an art major at Beverly High School—and her Mina bird, Jim, makes up for his mistress' absence by singing for you his version of "In a Little Spanish Town." Nancy's room is always kept very neat and comfortable, with blue and white chintz on the white canopied beds and a blue chaise drawn up to the window for a better view of the handsome syca-

mores.

LUT'S collection of guns is only par-

tially ornamental. He is a skilful shot-

ter of some prowess—Harriet doesn't do so badly herself—and has a row of trophies to prove it. Chet's real passion, however—next only to his work, which he always comes first—is his orchids, and he can't wait to take you out to see them.

He started growing the rare blooms only because the former owner of the house left a plant, and he didn't want to see it die. Now he has all varieties and grows them with great success.

"Sold fifteen hundred dollars worth last year," he will tell you with school-

boy pride. "Enough to pay our taxes."

As an absentee owner, he takes somewhat less pride in his 143,000-acre cattle ranch in Nevada, although he says, and Harriet plans to spend much more time there after a ranch house—now under construction—is completed.

They do a lot of entertaining in a casual way. Harriet says they tried once or twice to give big parties in the Hollywood manner, and think their guests probably enjoyed themselves. But the Laucks didn't. They didn't have time. So now they have small dinner parties, which they serve buffet style—

with no more than ten or twelve people who know one another well and have a lot in common.

If the weather is good, Chet will roll the portable barbecue into the patio and have a lot of stripper steaks. Harriet mixes an enormous salad and they both still have time to get in on the good talk.

The fabulous Corny Stubbies, of the Texas oil Stubbies, are frequent vis-

itors—Corny sent Chet an elephant for a present last Christmas!

The welcome that sees a great deal of service at the Goft farm also, although during the past year because of Tuffy's serious illness—he underwent major surgery last spring in Kentucky—they had to live very quietly.

Tuffy's sense of humor and his wife Elizabeth's fresh beauty and charm are a legend in Hollywood, however, and there are many who agree that their wonderful white board and stone farm house is the prettiest place in California and the Gofts the nicest people.

At the bottom of the hill are the stables, where Tuffy and Liz and the children keep their riding horses—ten-

year-old Gretchen already has ridden her five-gaited "Duchess" in four horse shows and has brought home a trophy each time.

The Gofts chose their home site ten years ago, chiefly for a half dozen an-
cient trees which dramatized its rolling contours. A mysterious aspen blight killed the old oaks, and they had to be removed. Grieved, but not des-

pairing, Tuffy brought in a dozen seed-

lings and, although they cost a fancy fifty cents apiece, he brags. He set them out in a graceful arch along the drive to the house, and they worked their way almost as spectacular as their predecessors.

The house itself is delightful—and you can wander through the big, bright rooms without finding a single conces-

sion known as Abner in this corner.

Fireplaces in every room—the Gofts love them—and one room, The Lazy Corner, which is hardly more than a life's a pity that their kind of good liv-

ing is so often overlooked when our town gets its name in the papers.

(Continued from page 33)
This little girl went to the beauty shop

This little girl spent 2 hours at home

...and this little girl got lasting waves in an instant!

The original "curls in a capsule"

insta-Curl

makes permanents unnecessary

Never before Insta-Curl could you comb your hair into lasting waves and curls! Or get a permanent effect from a tiny capsule with perfect safety. Even more miraculous — the longer you use Insta-Curl, the lovelier, more glamorous and naturally curly your hair becomes!

Leading laboratories, including those of America's most famous stores, have found Insta-Curl absolutely safe. Contains no sulphur, resin, alum or other harmful ingredients. So for shimmering waves that last and glorious curls that stay, get Insta-Curl. Improves old or new permanents. Curls all types of hair! Grand for the fine, soft hair of children. Yes, nothing like Insta-Curl ever before!

Get Insta-Curl at all Drug and Department stores. If your favorite store doesn't carry Insta-Curl write to Beauty Factors, Inc., 139 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
The Biggest Break

(Continued from page 27)

to put down on paper. I think that maybe the best way for me to tell my story is from the money angle, because I guess just about everybody has money troubles at the start, and it might be useful to other singers to know how it worked out in my case.

I was born in East St. Louis, Illinois, on December 28, 1926. I have one brother, three years older. My parents divorced when I was eight and my mother brought us up, working as a cashier and saleslady. While we did not have any money for extras, we always had a wonderful home, with food and plenty of encouragement. My mother is the kind who says, "If you want it, I am for it. What can I do to help you?"

So, when I started singing to myself when I was about six, she bought me all kinds of records so that I could sing along with people who knew how. We didn’t have a piano and could not have afforded lessons if we had, so I got my first real music training in the seventh grade at East Side High.

WE HAD a wonderful teacher, Rose Mary Greene Brinson, who was so good that our choral group won top honors in the state. We took private pupils, too, me among them, but she gave me all of my lessons free. She worked me in between pupils who paid. I realize now that she gave me time more than she needed, when she was tired and when it couldn’t have been too much fun going over and over dictation and breathing and bombard exercises with a kid who had no way of paying her.

I started working in the summers when I was fifteen. I delivered groceries and answered the phones in the stock yard—things like that. In the winter, I sang with a high school band that got occasional dates to play for dances, and when I was sixteen I sang $100 dollars in a club on Saturday nights.

After I graduated from high school, I took a big step and went to Hollywood.

I didn’t have any idea of getting into the movies. What I hoped for was to get a club date and work up to a network show. I picked Hollywood in the head of New York because my brother was out there. He had just got out of the Marines and was restless.

My first job on the Coast was as a messenger boy for a steamship company in Los Angeles. This took all day long and kept me out of Hollywood, so I got a job as doorman at the Marcal Theater on Hollywood Boulevard near Vine. That left me free in the daytime to go around to see agents.

Seeing agents is discouraging. Sometimes I think it’s better for an agent when you are unknown than it is to get a job. Everywhere I got the same question, “What have you done?”

There are hundreds of young singers after jobs and going with naturally they take on only the people who have something started for themselves. Just the same, I kept after them. I saw two million dollars a week as doorman at the Marcal. Working there wasn’t a bit like work. It was all fun. There was a great gang of fellows and I made some real friends right away. I couldn’t afford to go to any of the famous night clubs, but we could dance at the Palladium and get a bus to Santa Monica and go swimming.

My brother had a room in a private home near Griffith Park. It cost me only four dollars a week to stay there. That was my first chance at a big network. I got an audition at CBS. Nothing came of it, but they were very nice. They said my voice was very good but I needed to develop a style of my own. That sent me back to the Marcal thinking, “Now what? What can I do? All the styles have already been developed!”

The thought of to pay a lot of attention to the words of every song and sing them with as much meaning as if I were telling a story. After I had been practicing along those lines for a few months, I entered an amateur contest at the Million Dollar Theater and won a week’s contract.

That was great. I was on a stage and singing to an audience. I could not wait to get down to the theater every day, and the week went by like a flash. It was a great break, but an even better one, though I did not know it at the time, was when a man named Ritchie Lisella came backstage to see me.

He got me a deal about bands and singers and radio. He had been with Frank Sinatra and Jimmy Dorsey and he came back to look me over and see if I had a manager. I had heard all the stories about singers who signed up with managers and had to pay them percentages for years afterward whether they did anything or not. I didn’t want to sign with you or anyone else until you show me what you can do for me.”

Considering all that Ritchie has done for so many that was definitely fantastic, but he just grinned and went out and got me a screen test at 20th Century-Fox. It was a big day for me when we went out to that enormous lot. I looked around for Dick Haymes, who is one of my favorites, and I was full of those day dreams that everyone gets about singing one song and being away and going to work with stars I had seen only on the screen. It didn’t work out that way. I photographed too young.

So I went back to the Marcal. But Ritchie was not discouraged.

I’VE got an idea,” he said, and took me to a recording studio to cut a record of my voice. This he sent to Jimmy Dorsey who was playing in Sandusky, Ohio, and I went back to the Marcal wondering if I were ever going to get that break.

I didn’t have to wait. Things began to happen in a hurry when they started. The featured singer, Bob Rose, was leaving Dorsey’s band, and he wired Ritchie to send me along immediately.

We left on two days notice. The manager at the Marcal didn’t make much of a fuss, as he didn’t have a chance to call anyone. He knew that a job with Dorsey was a break of a lifetime, and he seemed just as pleased as all the rest when he said, “Good getting.” He said, “Good luck and come back famous.”

Dorsey wanted his big new ‘47 Buick station wagon, so we drove back in style. Ritchie drove it for two days and two nights without stopping anywhere at all (Continued on page 80)
New!
Exciting Discoveries in Skin Care

Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams
...Never before such Beauty for YOU!

Your skin... ravishing!... with these new-formula Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams! Science's newest secrets... in six exquisite beauty aids. Incomparable cleaner cleansing! Superb richer softening! Veil-of-flattery finishing creams! Each of unsurpassed quality. Jars come dressed in pink-and-gold elegance, at welcome moderate prices.

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream cleanses skin the cleanest ever.
Truly, Penaten is a miracle cleansing aid! Penaten penetrates—reaches deeper into pore openings. Quickly seeps through make-up tints. Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle. Your skin looks clearer, because it's cleaner. Your first jar will prove, Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream—with Penaten—truly glorifies your skin!

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream smooths skin the softest ever!
Magically, Penaten aids the penetration of smoothing emollients. Carries lanolin's rich benefits deeper, softening tiny dry lines. Smooths flaky roughness—on the instant. Skin looks fresher, younger... lovely to see!


Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satinf- textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.

Introducing PENATEN
New Skin Beautifier in

Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.

Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.
(Continued from page 78) for sleep because we had already run out of time. I was tired just sitting there, so you can imagine how Ritchie felt, having been at the wheel.

We arrived at Sandusky at 9 P.M. and while my suit was being pressed I took a shower. It is sort of interesting about that suit. It was a dark blue one that I might not have had if my best girl had not twisted my arm. She worked at the Mar culmination after school. We were in love, though we could not think seriously of marriage because I was nineteen and certainly couldn't take care of a wife on a doorman's salary. She is a wonderful girl, brunette, a great sense of humor, interested in music, and down-to-earth. She certainly was about that suit. Naturally, she wanted me to take her to the senior class dance when she graduated, and I felt funny about it because I did not have a dark suit. She had saved some money and she insisted on lending it to me. We argued for two days, and finally I gave in and got it. It took me two months to pay her back, but I certainly was glad that she had talked me into getting it when I put it on that night in Sandusky.

Dorsey was playing in an amusement park on a little island. As we drove over, I was wondering if I could sing at all. It's tough enough making a first appearance with a great band under the best of circumstances, but it is really tough if you haven't had any sleep for two days and two nights. I sang "Time After Time" for my first number. I didn't even look at Dorsey. I didn't dare. I just concentrated on the audience, trying to get all of the meaning I could into the song. If he didn't like my style, I didn't want to know it then. I just thought, "I'm singing with a big time band. I've got to go over!"

So it was a big moment when I found out that everything was all right and that I was going to travel with the band and get $100 a week. Working for Dorsey was the big thing, but I also thought he was paying me all of the money in the world. I went back to the hotel and fell asleep happier than I had ever been in my life, and slept the clock around.

Ritchie had been paying all of his expenses so far. When I started to talk to him about a percentage of my fat salary, he sort of grinned and said, "I'm not going to take any percentage yet. You're going to need all of it yourself." I thought he was crazy. After living on $24 a week, I thought I was in the money with four times that much. But I soon found out that it was harder to get by on $100 a week than it was to meet expenses on $24 a week in Hollywood.

I don't know whether this will be interesting to everybody, but it ought to be to other young singers who are getting started.

When you are traveling with a band, reservations are made for you in advance and you all stay at the same hotel. That means you pay out on the average of four dollars a night for lodging. I like good food, and I guess everybody my age likes a lot of it. Anyway, I never tried to save on food. My mother had always panned it into us that good food and plenty of it is an economy because it keeps you healthy. So that costs around six dollars a day because you have to eat in trains and hotels. Then you have a big laundry bill because you have to get things done in a hurry, and there are endless cleaning and pressing bills, tips, taxis, not to mention the income tax.

Ritchie was right. You needed every dollar and had to plan for weeks to get a new suit to work in. So Ritchie kept on paying his own expenses. And this was the guy I was afraid to sign with because I was afraid he would sting me. Don't misunderstand me. Dorsey was paying me good money according to the usual rates for a new singer, and he was great in every way. He even slipped me an extra $100 for a new suit when we were booked into the Palladium because he knew that all my Hollywood friends would be turning out to see me there. And later, when I quit, he was swell, again.

After I had been with him for eight months, I was on even terms with contract. I talked it over with Ritchie. Dorsey was taking only two dates a week at that time, so it seemed like a good idea for me to break away and get some club dates and some more money, and Dorsey agreed that it was a good move and might lead to better things.

"You're ready," he said. "Go to it. I'll be rooting for you!"

Ritchie knew one of the top agents, Al Levy, and this time I went in the front door and into the front office, too. Levy is another wonderful guy. I am not sure that either he or Ritchie would like it if they knew I was spreading the news that neither of them has taken any money from me even yet because they are both in business and life would get pretty complicated if word got around that they are a couple of soft touches.

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Just Whistle...

by Bissell

When your buckaroo upsets the ashtray on your freshly cleaned rug . . . don't scream. Run for your new Bissell Sweeper . . .

And whistle! Bissell Carpet Sweepers now have "Bisco-matic" Brush Action for the easiest clean-ups ever!

You don't have to press down at all. This miracle brush adjusts itself automatically to every rug nap, thick or thin . . .

Even cleans under low furniture, with the handle held flat! Save your vacuum for periodic cleaning . . . use a new "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for quick everyday clean-ups. It pays!

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Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.

Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

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Don't Miss

Bing Crosby's

Gala Broadcast

Wednesday, February 9

ABC Stations

Check Your Paper For Time

for the BIG SURPRISE of 1949

Read the big news on Bing Crosby in March PHOTOPLAY magazine. Look for Bing and his four sons on the cover. On sale February 11.
They aren’t, as a matter of fact. They just aren’t money hungry. They are just about as soft as a cement wall when it comes to business, but they are big time in the way they think. They certainly have proved it in the way they’ve backed me and believed in me. For instance, Levy advanced my expenses back to New York after he decided to do my booking. I had run out of money in Hollywood and no work had turned up except the week that I won in the tryouts on Mickey Rooney’s Showcase.

“There’s nothing doing here,” Levy said. “Let’s go to New York and see what’s doing there.”

You can see that getting started as a singer can run into some real expenses.

I guess everybody knows how Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts works, but for the few who don’t perhaps I’d better explain that anyone who thinks he has discovered a talent can take his discovery there. You do not have to be a professional agent or artist to get a chance. It’s an audience show, and the applause of the people in the theater picks the winner. Everybody who gets on the air is paid $100 and the winner gets a three-day engagement at scale which brings in around another $250. All the scouts get $25 with the exception of the one who brings in the winner. He gets $100.

I HATED to see those three days come to an end. On the third day, after I had sung my last song, and was starting to leave the mike, Godfrey called me back. “What do you want to do next, Bill?” he said.

I thought he was giving me a chance to sing one more song, so I said, “This Is The Moment.”

He smiled and said, “No. I mean what do you want to do next for a living?”

“Just be on a show like this,” I told him.

“Would you really like to stay on this show?” he asked.

I thought he was just filling in a minute or so with conversation because the show had run fast. I hadn’t the slightest hint that he was serious, though I certainly meant it when I said, “That would be wonderful. I hope you let me come back again sometime.”

“I mean it,” he said. “Would you like to sign a contract to stay on this show?”

Then I woke up to the fact that he was offering me the break of a lifetime, and I just stood there with my mouth open. I had been working for a break on a network for so long that when it happened I just could not take it in.

I don’t drink, so Ritchie and I went to Lindy’s and had some cheesecake to celebrate. And, believe me, I paid Ritchie’s bill for a change.

This job brings me around $500 a week, which is an awful lot of money. Ever since it happened, people have been saying, “How are you going to spend all of that?” I know the answer. First I am going to pay back Ritchie and Al all of the money they have spent on me. They say not to worry about it, and I don’t worry—but I don’t forget it, either.

My mother has a good job, and she doesn’t need money right at this minute, but I am going to send her some anyway so that she can have a lot of nice things that she couldn’t afford when she was bringing us up. Then I want to get a little in the bank after I get out of debt.

After that, all I want to do is keep on singing, hoping that I’ll never forget that it took good advice, good bosses and good friends to get me ready for the breaks when they came my way.
When you gotta blow—it better be KLEENEX*!

Little Lulu says: When you take cold, don’t take just “tissues”—insist on Kleenex Tissues. Extra soft, plenty strong, Kleenex comforts tender noses—catches a kingsize sneeze, with ease!

* International Collotions Products Co.

POP! POP! POP! EVERYBODY LOVES Manley's Hi Pop POPCORN

IN BAGS OR BOXES FRESH FROM Manley POPCORN MACHINES IN PACKAGES FOR Popping AT HOME

Get hot, fresh, delicious Hi Pop Popcorn anywhere—the Nation’s popular food confection. Served from sparkling Manley Popcorn Machines at your movie theatre and variety store or wherever good popcorn is sold. Ask your food store for Hi Pop in the red and white candy case package. Make your own popcorn at home. Remember—Hi Pop is the same fine corn movie shows feature.

GOOD...

any old time!

the cracker with that swell cheese flavor

America’s largest selling cheese cracker!

Sunshine Biscuits.

Coast to Coast in Television (Continued from page 49)

like the kind you wore last summer when you went swimming.

There it is—and here’s looking at you on video!

A whodunit television show was given a new twist when CBS-TV and New York’s Old Knickerbocker Music Hall got together and presented it from the stage of that combination theater.

When all the clues were planted, the action of the show was halted briefly while the roving mike and cameras went among the diners. While the amateur sleuths at the tables were figuring out the criminal, viewers outside were encouraged to telephone their deductions.

A young lady in the Old Knick’s audience reaped a tasty selection of new duds by guessing right; ditto a housewife who phoned in her solution. There was a man’s outfit too.

Anyhow, the show then continued, with the mystery solved on-stage for the benefit of the non-guessers—among them your slow-witted reporter, who is still trying to figure it out!

If your hostess tempts you with an out-of-this-world dessert, an apricot mousse in a chocolate mold, you can probably thank Dione Lucas’ cooking class on CBS-TV. A rehearsal mousse Dione made was a masterpiece, but she said it would be even more luscious when she performed for the cameras. Even unrehearsed, it was mouth-watering.

That most radio broadcasts can’t be transferred to television lock, stock and barrel was proved by the Mary Margaret McBride show. She’s the same Mary Margaret with the same million-dollar chatter—but even her best friends told her that the show seems static on video. By the time this little piece is printed she and Vincent and the folks who help them out will probably have found the right formula for keeping her countless fans happy, but it just goes to show you that we’re working with a brand-new medium.

Cal York, crack columnist for Photoplay, is hogging the new television program called Inside Photoplay. It seems the irrepressible Cal calls up from Hollywood five days a week on the program and wants to tell everything he knows—and Cal knows everything about Movietown. So in order to get on with the rest of the show, Photoplay’s television hostess Wendy Barrie has to hang up on Cal. Sometimes he even calls back—and has to be hung up on a second time.

Jimmie Dunn was a guest on the opening telecast, and Wendy and Photoplay editor Adele Fletcher had a hard time making him talk about the Oscar he won for “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.” Jimmie was deep in production plans for his new Broadway play, and being a producer now instead of an actor he was too busy to bother with such little things as Academy Awards.
Inside *Photoplay* is chockful of news and pictures and feature stories about Hollywood today, and wonderfully nostalgic photos of the Hollywood that used to be, straight from *Photoplay's* famous files. It's a Monday through Friday show on Dumont's Channel 5, which is WABD in New York, at 4:30 P.M. EST.

When Faye Emerson introduces the Paris Cavalcade of Fashion on WNBT at 7:15 EST every Wednesday night, she's thinking not only of the woman who can buy these French originals or the expensive American copies—she's thinking of the thousands of women who make their own clothes and can pick up style tricks from these authentic films.

They are authentic, because they're the actual clothes made by the great Parisian couturiers, modeled by the most famous mannequins, and photographed at the Paris openings. The commentary is written by Jean Condit, who with Faye decided that it should be completely down-to-earth to give the most help to the average woman.

Faye herself is an informal person, without any chichi. When I first met her she was a Warner starlet in Hollywood.

Now she's Mrs. Elliot Roosevelt and the star of a long-run Broadway hit, "The Play's the Thing." Her clothes are a little more formal but her attitude is strictly Faye Emerson, at work.

As for fashion trends for Spring, Faye predicts that the Empire line, with high belt and tapered waistline, will be a "new look"; that slimmer skirts in front, with released back fullness to make them comfortable for walking, will be popular.

"Hollywood influenced Paris fashions greatly with the casual sports suits and the shirtmaker dress. Then Paris added the wonderful French detailing, and now we have the beautiful results of their combined efforts," she told me. She likes plain-color basic clothes, with bright accessories.

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**MARCH OF DIMES**

**FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS**

**JANUARY 14-31**

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Richard Hudnut

enriched creme

SHAMPOO

contains egg!

Easier to make smoother, long-lasting pin curls!

It's the egg that does it! By actual scientific test, the real egg contained in powdered form in Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo makes your hair easier to comb, easier to set.

You'll make pin curls more like a professional's... so much smoother, evener, they're bound to last longer! And see how much better your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent "takes" after this marvelous shampoo! So much gentler, kinder, too! No wonder your hair is left shimmering with new beauty and "lovelights"!

**Richard Hudnut Shampoo is better because:**

1. Contains egg (powder, 1%)—proved to make hair more manageable.
2. Not a wax or paste—but a smooth liquid creme!
3. Easy to apply; rinses out readily.
4. Removes loose dandruff.
5. Same shampoo Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon uses for luxury treatments!
to submit themselves to Father's furious ad-libbing.

You Bet Your Life is a quiz show, but it differs from the usual thing in that line by putting the emphasis on laughs, not cleverly phrased questions. The Marx Brothers usually manage to stay within reasonable bounds of propriety.

Occasionally, though, an outspoken cliche will explode, and one of those conversational grenades that make quiz shows an ulcerous undertaking for producers, censors, and vice-presidents; for nearly everyone, in fact, except Groucho. He seems to enjoy the unexpected as much as the audience does.

"There was the other night when a lady choir singer, telling about the interesting things that happened to her in the course of her singing engagements, quite innocently remarked that one of the most thrilling things that happened to her was the way her pants fell down while she was singing with a group on the stage at Hollywood Bowl.

"Groucho, obviously fascinated, didn't hesitate to ask the question anyone would have asked: "What did you do?"

"Why, I ran offstage," the lady replied. "But with those darn things of mine, you couldn't get to the backstage door—such short steps that it seemed forever before I finally got out of sight of the audience."

"It must have been pretty harrowing," Groucho sympathized. "Didn't the choir try to help cover your retreat? Surely they could've made some little musical diversion, such as a rendering of 'Onward Christian Soldiers' or 'London Bridge is Falling Down.'"

Fortunately, Groucho's show is recorded on wax before it is put on the air, so the radio flummery never got outside the studio.

There are times when Father gets depressed about his radio show. Only this morning he asked me how the recording of it had gone the night before, he said, in tones of deepest sorrow: "Terrible. None of the contestants won over five dollars last night. It was one of the most frustrating things I ever experienced. There I sat with great golden goblets of dough to give away—but I was giving away the sponsor's money—and nobody was answering the questions correctly. I think I'll try to make a deal with the sponsors to let me have a crack at answering the questions. I think if I just bought is costing me plenty.'"

"What did you want to get such a big place for?" I asked him.

"Why, I'm married again and starting my second family—I hope Melinda is just a start—no telling me how many nurseries we might need. And if the family grows, when as planned, I'll have ample space to put in a few pool tables and open a billiard academy."

"Fine atmosphere for Melinda to grow up in," I rebuked Father. "A billiard academy?"

But looking back on my own childhood, I can see the value of practical wisdom in Father's remark.

At the time of my arrival, 1921 or thereabouts, Father and three or four of his brothers (they sometimes carried a spare in those days) were perpetrating a vaudeville act called "On the Mezzanine." Like most vaudeville babies, I was put to bed more than once in a bureau drawer. In fact, I slept in many a bureau drawer that even now, when I go to the bureau and pull the drawer open to get a shirt, I feel an instinctive urge to crawl in and curl up.

At the time hearsey leaves off and my brothers start drawing onto the stage, Father had graduated from vaudeville to Broadway, where they were doing their first full-length show, "I'll Say." I never did find out who "She" was—Father always evaded the question, even when Mother asked him—but the show was a hit.

So were the Marx Brothers' next two—"Coconuts" and "Animal Crackers." I saw them all from backstage, and I don't imagine I was much more bewildered by some of the proceedings than the people out front who'd paid their way in.

Ultimately, as nearly everyone knows, Father and his Brothers became entangled in the movie industry. Ignoring the question of whether the movie industry has ever fully recovered from this entanglement, we will move on to Hollywood, where the Marx family moved after making their first two films in the celluloid jungles of Astoria, Long Island. It was about then my interest in sports began to displace my enthusiasm for the stage. I began to think of getting into the boxing and football lines. Father encouraged this trend. He's always been a sports enthusiast. Baseball was, and is, his great love.

I first house in Hollywood sat nearly on the minor Alps that infest the region, making the surrounding terrain most unsuitable for baseball. But that didn't discourage Father one bit; in fact, since the only level place in the neighborhood was a stretch of paved street in front of our house, that was where we had our games. There were writers who were working on the Marx Brothers' first Hollywood movie, "Monkey Business," used to come out and play with us. One of them was S. J. Perelman.

When we moved to the low-lands of Beverly Hills and joined the Tennis Club, I discovered the main interest of my life for the next ten years or so—tennis. At that time Father used to venture on the courts once in awhile with a racket in his hands, which he used mostly for self-defense, that is, when he wasn't using it to sit on between points.

I WON'T embarrass Father by telling how, before I was able to beat him, but I will tell you something that happened when I was fourteen.

In those days the Beverly Hills Tennis Club was owned by two of the best players in the land, Bill Tilden and Fred Perry. Both had been world champions as amateurs. After brooding over certain defeats he'd suffered at my hands, Father actually got so low as to enlist these two Titans of tennis on his side in an effort to humiliate me, his own son.

I had a friend my own age, who was a pretty fair Junior player, and Father challenged him and me to play a doubles match against himself and Fred. I don't want to sound bragging about this, but we two fourteen-year-olds beat Tilden and Father. We accomplished this mighty upset by being
### Plaid Prize

**SMART NEW PLAID BEST BUY FOR JUNIORS!**

**Only 2.98**

Wonderful lines for your junior figure—modest torso top; generous skirt fullness gathered into wide hems. Flattering white pique revers, puff sleeves, set-in belt, buttons to the first tier.

Colors: Beautiful bald plaid in Black and Gold or Green and Pin k; colorfast.

No. 2529 — Junior Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17.

**for only 2.98**

### Bolero Beauty

**PINNACLE DRESS WITH SEPARATE CONTRASTING BOLERO JACKET**

**Only 2.98**

- Eye catching 2-color combinations.
- Dazzling white rick-ank trim.
- Separate Contrasting Bolero Jacket.
- Pinafore Dress with wide strips.
- Full skirt; big pocket.
- Fine quality cotton that won't fade in washing.

Colors: Grey dress with Black Bolero; or Powder Blue dress with Skipper Blue bolero.

No. 2548 Misses' Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20
Women's Sizes: 40, 42, 44

No. 2528

### Peplum 2-Piece

**only 2.98**

**SIZES 9 to 44**

IMAGINE SO MUCH GLAMOUR
AT SO TINY A PRICE!

Wear it as a 2-piece dress, or the skirt separately with blouses. You'll love its honey-of-a-jacket, with pretty rosettes, wing sleeves, set-in button-back belt, and flitty peplum. Full new-length skirt.

Solid color Wandelin, looks like linen, easy to wash and iron crisp—as new; colorfast.

Colors: Aqua, Grey, Pink or Brown.

No. 2527 Junior Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17
No. 2526 Misses' Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20
Women's Sizes: 40, 42, 44

### Tested O.K.

- Quality cotton fabrics: Washable.
- Dresn and trimmings won't fade. Lines are soft. 60% cotton—40% Rayon. 100% rayon-ramie.
- Styling: a Gertie's creation—graceful, slender shoulder line, full bust, narrow waist, full hip. Front and back darts in skirt. Full peplum at hem, side seam darts in bodice, beside dart in sleeves. Flat-fell seams throughout.
- Trouser: no ruching, no hems, no gathering. No discounting the shape, the quality, the beauty. Beginners' pattern included.

### Striking Stripes

**NEW PEPLUM COAT-DRESS**

**only 2.98**

Slimming Stripes, always flattering, make you more attractive than ever in this new, idea coat dress with smart front plackets, each with pocket. Stripes are up-and-down on dress and peplum; crossways on pockets. Crisp, wheel, edging; cap sleeves; front tie belt; full skirt.

High-count, fast color percale. Colors: Green, Blue, or Wine. Stripes on White ground. No. 2514 Misses' Sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20
Women's Sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46.

### Smart 'n Gay

**DRAMATIC — EXCITING COAT-DRESS**

**only 2.98**

Daring—so smart and different—so becoming on you! Beautiful Rosebud checked panels in exciting contrast with solid black. Button-front; tie belt. Triangle pocket; turn-back cuffs. So amazingly low priced in high-count fast color percale. Colors: Pink, Grey, or Malta; all with Black.

Women's Sizes: 40, 42.

### Florida Fashions, Inc.

**FASHIONS, Sanford 135 Fl.**

Please send me these dresses on approval at 2.98 each plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return purchase within ten days for refund. (You may enclose price plus 20 cent postage, saving C.O.D. fee. Same refund privilege.)

<table>
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**P.S.** These styles in these patterns or color combinations are available only from Florida Fashions.
Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN...for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can see new sheen in your hair, feel its caressableness, thrill to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit’s magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamarizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimming beauty in all ”hair-dos” and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America’s favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

Kay Daumit, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

(Continued from page 84) extremely careful not to hit anything within reach of Vines—which made it a pretty warm afternoon for Father.

Father insisted our win was a fluke, so the next day we had to play another match. This time against him and Fred Perry. The results were the same. Father’s backhand, never very strong, cracked under constant bombardment, and my friend and I won.

Perry congratulated us, while Father stalked off to the clubhouse. I found him later in the locker-room, beating himself over the head with his tennis racket. He wasn’t hurting himself much because he was using a backhand stroke and, as I’ve said, his backhand was weak. Nevertheless, I thought it better to remove the tennis racket from his trembling hands.

It was then he declared: “If I can’t beat a couple of junior midgets with the best tennis players in the world as my partners, I’d better quit. There must be something basically wrong with my game.” I thought his logic was irrefutable.

After several years of tennis, I finally realized I was getting to an age when I had to consider how I was going to make my living.

Father had only one piece of advice—“Don’t be an actor,” he said. On that, we saw eye to eye.

But, in the line of possible careers, there was another activity of Father’s that had long intrigued me. This was the semi-secret exercise he used to perform on the typewriter at frequent intervals. He’d lock himself up in his room and, after a few hours of hacking away on his Remington, he would emerge with some pages of typewritten material which he’d stuff in an envelope and mail to a magazine. A few days or weeks later, back would come an envelope from the magazine with a check in it.

This struck me as one of the most ridiculously easy ways of making money that had ever been invented, so easy as to be almost dishonest. I decided I wanted to be a writer.

There hasn’t been a day since that I haven’t regretted it.

And now, if you don’t mind, let us close this painful subject and get back to Groucho, who is presently working in a movie with Frank Sinatra and Jane Russell. Ever since the studio came out with a ruling that Jane wasn’t going to be allowed to wear any low cut dresses in this one, I’ve been expecting to hear Father had resigned from the venture—but so far he hasn’t. Possibly he’s waiting around in hopes that Frank Sinatra will break a leg or something so that he can take over the romantic lead. If he were in Sinatra’s shoes, I’d be on the alert for booby traps.

The other active Marx Brothers, Harpo and Chico, recently finished making a picture with Groucho, after which Chico set out on a European tour. Harpo’s staying home, catching up on his sleeping and fishing. Groucho says it’s good time for a fish to catch up on their sleep would be while Harpo’s fishing.

But he wouldn’t have said that if he’d known it was going to hurt Harpo’s feelings. Groucho is really very tender-hearted and would abandon a joke anytime rather than bruise someone’s sensibilities.

Perhaps that’s why, after all I’ve gone through with him, I have to admit that, if I had it all to do over again, I’d still choose Groucho for my father. That is, I would if I couldn’t get Betty Grable.
The Girl That I Marry  
(Continued from page 41)  

"Of course not," I told him, "I'll carry it."

Oh...and what I wouldn't give for a wife who could cook a delicious meal. Not that I can't do a little cooking myself. The other evening I tried some éclairs. I have never seen éclairs so light. It was sensational. My secret is filling them with helium instead of whipped cream. Of course, I still haven't tasted my light éclairs. I can't get them down from the ceiling.

Lately, I've also been trying my hand at dinner dishes. I had my uncle over for dinner and decided to try a Welsh rarebit. I'll never forget what he said when he ate it. He said, "This is the best Welsh rarebit I've ever eaten!" Those were his last words.

It's not that I haven't tried to get a girl to marry me. I have. I think of wonderful things to say to a girl...and when I start, she giggles!

Maybe I just don't appeal to girls. Maybe...and this is the thought that kills...maybe they're mad at me for conducting a radio show that doesn't give anything away.

You see, I have no refrigerators, no washing machines, no B-29s. Not even a little six-week jaunt to Pago-Pago. All CBS allows me to offer is what we hope is entertainment. It's so embarrassing!

Yes, that may have something to do with it. I feel awful about the pretty girls who come to a broadcast, and all the girls tuned in. I feel as though I'm cheating them, being cruel and inhuman. The thing that hurts most is when I have to notify my studio audience just before a broadcast to go out to the street and dismiss those empty moving-vans they've got parked there. It hurts me!

This summer I really got a little desperate. So I decided to try my luck in Europe. I had a wonderful vacation in Paris and London. Paris was delightful. I saw all the sights...the Champs Elysées, The Folies Bergère, the Eiffel Tower, The Folies Bergère, the Arch of Triumph, The Folies Bergère...And then it happened. It was a lovely dimanche evening in Aout at about dix heures. (English translation: Sunday night in August at ten...I think.) Her name was Marie...and she was charming! We had had a magnifique diner, followed by le cinéma. Walking along the Champs Elysées with the moon shining brightly on nous, I popped the question. "Chérie, poulevez marier avec moi?" I'll never forget her ravissant reply. With a bright twinkle in her pretty yeux bleus she whispered: "What kinda jerk ya think I am, ya sho?" My conclusion: The only difference between French girls and American girls is...the Atlantic Ocean.

I haven't gotten many responses from the ad on my program. Ten percent of the replies I did get were from girls who were under-age....But the other ninety percent came from girls who were under observation.

I don't know. Maybe I made the requirements a little too tough. I asked for charm, poise, ability and personality and an oil well. That is a little demanding of me. So, just forget about the charm, poise, ability and personality. And, the oil well doesn't have to be brand new. All I want, girls...is a gushing bride.

---

Baby Expecting a Mother

Ahhh! There she comes with more of those naturally good Gerber's. Tots certainly go for them—and doctors approve them.

Lip-smacking starts with the first tiny tastes of Gerber's Cereals (often baby's first spoon-fed food).

Soon after, Gerber's Strained Soups, Fruits, Vegetables and Desserts bring delicious, nourishing variety.

When baby graduates to finely chopped Junior Foods—you pay the same low price for Gerber's!

Now! Gerber's Meats. Extra-good addition to your infant's meals. And all ready to eat!

They're ARMOUR Quality Beef! Veal! Liver!

Far less expensive than home-prepared meats for baby! Gerber's Strained and Junior Meats come in one size can—at one modest price!
FREE!

1949 FASHION DIGEST

172 GLAMOUR-FILLED PAGES

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BE FIRST TO WEAR THE LOVELIEST, THE SMARTEST!

Yours! . . . FREE! Aldens thrilling Spring showing of today's most alluring styles—certain to make fashion history coast to coast! Be first to wear the newest, the most breathtakingly lovely fashions . . . discover a new enchanting you . . . radiant, confident, heart-stirringly desirable! Mail the coupon today—get your FREE copy of Aldens 60th Anniversary Fashion Digest. See style excitement to make you catch your breath. Everything for a glamorous wardrobe for teen, junior, miss or lovely lady, at the lowest prices in America! Fashions inspired by famous Hollywood and New York designers. Beguiling name-dresses like “Gold-Lit Shantung,” “Bustle Bow Princess,” “Rose-Print Dater,” “Striped Swirlaway”—fashions to wear from sun to sunlight—the most adorable splashy plaid and stripes, suave pastels, bewitching navies, sophisticated blacks in irresistible cottons, romantic taffetas, crepes, failles . . . even glamour gingham and pique-iced calicos—news in buttons and bows, peg-skirts, tier-skirts, billowing skirts, pep-nums, tiny nipped-in waists. Fashions for your home and all your family, too! Aldens guarantees every price lowest, guarantees your complete satisfaction or your money back! Don’t delay—mail the coupon now for your Free Aldens Fashion Digest!

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ALDENS, Dept. 635

Please rush my free copy of Aldens 1949 Fashion Digest.

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ALDENS, CHICAGO 7, ILL

1889-1949

Make our 60th year your thriftiest year!

You Are An Artist

(Continued from page 47)

idea that art is a form of therapy. Asked why he began his television classes in the first place, he told me, “To reach more people and give them the pleasure of discovering that they can enjoy learning to draw. To show them that a hobby of this sort can take their minds off their problems and give their bodies a chance to relax and be well.”

He knows just how much that can mean. Some years ago he had a nervous breakdown. He gave up a flourishing commercial art career and spent three months in a sanitarium. “I went on with my drawing,” he explained, “and gave nature a chance to do her healing work on me.”

Convalescence gave him a chance to study the principle of drawing more carefully. Now, viewers working at home in front of a television screen are encouraged to draw complete compositions right from the start, just as pupils in his school at New Hope, Pa., are taught. They may not turn out very good pictures at first, but they do turn out complete creative efforts.

When Gnagy chalks in his title, “You Are an Artist,” and turns from his drawing board to the television audience, they can look right back at his image on the screen and agree, “I am.”

His television class writes as prolifically as it draws, judging from the mail he gets. Over a year ago, when sets were fewer, one teletext offering a drawing pencil to viewers who sent in their drawings brought NBC’s greatest deluge of letters—from five states, more than a thousand strong. Many letter writers tell him their new-found hobby is leading to a career in art. Many send drawings for criticism and Gnagy answers them all.

A BIG objection to art subjects on television is that programs tend to be static. Gnagy keeps his lively in several ways. He builds a picture from the blank paper, right before your eyes, explains the reason for every form and stroke. He talks easily and simply. He borrows museum masterpieces, and has them available, heavily guarded, for television study. On a recent broadcast he showed one of Degas’ famous ballet subjects, explained that the “gh” sound was pronounced because the spelling of the name had been changed from “Degaz” and the original pronunciation retained.

Gnagy saves all the black chalk demonstration sketches that he makes on the program and auctions them off for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. An accumulation of eighteen months was auctioned at a price for averages of six dollars each.

When Jon was seventeen, and the self-taught illustrator of his school background, he was asked to do a newspaper rendering of gusher oil wells. His work was noticed and he got a job in commercial art that eventually led to his becoming a high priced advertising art director in New York, skilled in poster and package design. Then illness struck, and with it time to think out a new approach to art.

If you’ve wondered whether that little pointed beard stems from his artistic calling, it doesn’t. He says it’s the result of his Mennonite background. But, paradoxically, it gives an Old Masterish look to an artist so modern that he was quick to see the new television’s scope for entertainment.
The Silent Bride
(Continued from page 62)

she said. "He has so much that—well, I couldn't help feeling that it set him apart from me. That's why I never told him I was poor. That's why I broke the engagement with Aunt Aldin and she'd stop my allowance. I thought he wouldn't want me if he knew—"

"Aldin," Sally groaned.

"I know," Aldin admitted humbly. "I was wrong. But money does make a difference in people, Mrs. Farrell—Sally. And I'd known Clifford such a short time that I wanted him to think I had the same background as his. I wanted him to think I was his kind of girl—until we knew each other well enough so that it wouldn't matter. Then when Aunt Aldin's lawyer handed down his ultimatum, I went into a panic. I called Clifford and broke the engagement, and he got angry—I—"

"He was hurt, of course," said Sally quickly. "He didn't tell us how to find you, you know. We got your address quite by accident, when we went out to try to talk to Clifford. But the rest of it I don't understand at all. Why was David beaten up when he first tried to find you? Why are we tied up here?"

"I DON'T know," said Aldin hopelessly. "But I was warned, too, Sally! Mr. Boyle warned me never to speak to you or your husband again."

"Mr. Boyle?"

"He's one of Aunt Aldin's lawyers. There's no telling what Aunt Aldin might do, Sally! A crazy old recluse like that—"

Sally couldn't envision the elder Aldin Westwood, crazy or not, going to such lengths as to have David beaten and her niece made prisoner simply to escape publicity. She was certain that young Aldin had told the truth as she knew it, but Sally was also sure that there was more to the story than Aldin knew.

"Aldin," she said suddenly, "what's that thing in the corner nearest you? It looks like the cardboard out of someone's laundry bundle."

"It is," said Aldin indifferently, glancing at the object. "Why?"

"See if you can get it," Sally urged. "Rock your chair along the boards and then tip back and see if you can reach it. There! Now hold it tight against the back of your chair, and I'll back my chair up to yours and see what kind of printing job I can do with lipstick. Thank heaven, those thugs left us our handbags."

Later, in the hospital, telling David about the events of that fantastic day, she could chuckle at the memory of her and Aldin rocking themselves along the floor like children playing captive. "We printed signs," she told him. "First we printed one reading 'Help' and stuck it through a crack in the wall that went clear through to the outside. A couple came along and saw it and laughed—"

"Why?"

"Perhaps they thought children were playing, as children do in abandoned houses. Then we printed one reading 'For Rent'—and, David, do you know a man came up and knocked and tried to get in? There's the housing shortage for you! That anyone would think of renting that ramshackle old building—"

"It was a peach of a hiding place," said David grimly. "You could have been shut up there forever if it hadn't been for the fire."

Sally nodded. "That was our pros

because her knowledge about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS is not complete or scientific?

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WHO ARE THE WINNERS? For a sneak preview, get the March issue of PHOTOPLAY magazine—on sale February 9!
"You're so good to me," said David. "But why?"
"Well, I've a conscience," said Clifford. "And I realize your reputation is worth a lot to you—"
"A belated conclusion, but a good one," David admitted.
"And then," Clifford went on, "I'm worried about Aldin. All I know is that she broke our engagement. I don't know why. I don't know why you were beaten or why she was kidnapped. But I'm afraid that whoever was after her might try it again."
Sally shot a triumphant glance at David, as if to say, "There! I told you he cared," but David ignored it for the moment. "You mean," he said curiously to Clifford, "that you don't know Aldin has a great-aunt of the same name living here in New York?"
Clifford shook his head. "No. She's never mentioned any relatives to me. How do you know about this great-aunt?"

I GOT two answers to the advertisement I ran for Aldin Westwood," David answered. "One was from the guy who promised to take me to her and instead took me into an alley and had me beaten. The other was from a very respectable, not to say stuffy, firm of lawyers, who said that their client, old Miss Westwood, lived in complete seclusion and wanted no publicity of any kind. Sally and I went up to her apartment and were told the same story by the superintendent. She said old Miss Westwood hasn't had any company, hasn't gone out of her apartment for the past thirty-odd years, except for a daily walk which she takes at dawn."

"Well, I'll be—" Clifford shook his head, dazed. Then he turned to Sally, who was fairly bursting with the desire to reassure Clifford and the fear that David would talk too much and give Aldin away. "If you know all this," he said, "do you know why Aldin broke our engagement?"
"I can't tell you that yet," said Sally. "But I can tell you this—she still loves you."
"You're sure?" Clifford asked excitedly. As Sally nodded, he swung toward David. "That's all I need to know."

Later that afternoon, David and Sally occupied a pair of deep leather chairs in the formal offices of Black and Stone, lawyers, and listened to the story of the old Miss Aldin Westwood.

"My client's story," Mr. Stone said, "goes back about thirty-five years. At that time, Miss Westwood was about thirty. She hadn't married, but she was rather attractive and perfectly normal, I've been told. And immensely wealthy. Her father was dead; she and her mother lived very quietly in the same apartment old Miss Westwood occupies now. Then, on one Fourth of July, there was a terrible accident. Miss Westwood had been doing social work with poor children on the other side of town. She'd bought up perhaps a hundred dollars' worth of fireworks for them. Her mother was afraid of fireworks, but Miss Westwood insisted. It turned out her mother knew best. Somehow, a Roman candle and some other things went off before the celebration, right in the apartment. Miss Westwood's mother was burned, so badly that she died two days later. Something snapped inside Miss Westwood, you might say. Her mother's funeral was the last public appearance old Miss Westwood ever made. She returned to her apartment afterward.
and has never left it since.
"None of us in the office have ever seen her. Now that we're losing her as a client, I'm likely never to see her."
"Losing her?" David's head came up sharply.
"Why, yes," said Mr. Stone. "About a month ago Miss Westwood sent us written instructions, directing us to turn her entire estate into cash. She'll probably take all that cash in her mat-ter and not bother with Black and Stone. And just between us," he chuckled drily, "Black and Stone won't mind in the least. Let the rose, evidently considering the interview at an end.
"That's all I know, Mr. Farrell. We didn't know young Miss Westwood was engaged; certainly we've never threat-ened to cut off her allowance if she didn't break the engagement. There is no Mr. Boyle, who you say threatened young Aldin, in our firm. Good day, Mr. Farrell, if I can be of any assistance later..."
"So there seemed nothing left but to see old Miss Westwood her-sel- self.

At dawn the next morning, David and Sally toiled up several flights of stairs in the old but still fashionable apartment house on Central Park West. Mr. Lind, the superintendent whom they'd talked with on their previous visit, was not around; they had found the elevator operator asleep, and so they had taken to the stairs, thankful that there was no one to question them.

They waited in the dimness of an upper corridor until a door opened silently, an old, tall, veiled figure came out. Sally felt her hair rise and clutched David's arm. He pulled away and stepped quickly over to the woman, placing himself strat-e-gically between her and her apartment door.

The woman gasped, gave a little shriek of anguish. "Don't be alarmed, Miss Westwood," said David soothingly. "I only want to talk to you—"

"You want to rob me!" she cried. "Go away!"

"Of course not," said David. "I'm a newspaper reporter, Miss Westwood, and this is my wife. Our name is Farrell, and it's very important that we talk to you. Do you know that your grand-niece almost lost her life in a fire yesterday?"

The woman shrank back against the wall. "What do I care? Her life is hers and mine is mine. Go away!"

"We have to find out who is responsible for what almost happened to your niece," David persisted. "If you won't let us in and talk to us, the police will come. You'll have to talk to them."

"The police! In my apartment! I won't permit it—"

"I'm afraid you'll have to," David told her. "So why not talk to us instead? It's only a few minutes, and it can't do you any harm. Why, we can't even see your face through that veil!"

"Are you sure?" The black folds of the veil quivered as she turned her head in Sally's direction, then in David's. Then she said, "Well, come in then—but I won't let you stay long."

Caustically David stepped away from the door and Miss Westwood opened it and preceded them inside, wailing, "You've ruined my day! My poor, poor, beautiful day—ruined! Sit down.

Sally obeyed reluctantly. A closer view of Miss Westwood, in ancient black coat, shapeless black hat, and of course the thick black veil, did nothing to soothe the prickling of her scalp. The notion of a寻iew of Miss Westwood, in ancient black coat, shapeless black hat, and of course the thick black veil, did nothing to soothe the prickling of her scalp. The notion of a

"I worked out one of your lawyers to warn Aldin that you were cutting off her allowance if she didn't break her engagement," David answered.

"Cut off her allowance!" The old woman sounded genuinely astonished. "Don't you hire me a fool! Aldin wrote me her young man was very rich. Why should she care about my money?"

"Because," Sally put in breathlessly, "Aldin made the terrible mistake of letting Clifford think that she was rich, too. And when you told her you'd stop sending money unless she broke off with him, she—"

"But I didn't!" Miss Westwood pro-tested. "I never heard—"

"You didn't warn Aldin not to speak to me or my wife?" David asked. "You didn't hire men to drive her away and tie her up in an old house?"

The black veil shook indignantly. "I never in my life heard such nonsense! I don't hire anyone to do anything.

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David was already starting for the stairs. "The cellar," he said. "I've a hunch you're right, Sally. In a building like this, there must be storage compartments in the cellar—"

There were. In the cellar, they found each compartment neatly labeled with the number of its apartment—and strongly padlocked. And then their luck gave out completely. David was tinkering with the lock when he heard footsteps and a voice calling, "Hello! Hello—who's there?"

"Lind, the superintendent," David muttered. "Blizz." "Ask him," Sally urged. "He was awfully nice to us the other day. Mr. Lind!" she called, raising her voice. "It's us, the Farrells, you know."

The superintendent's stocky figure rounded the corner from the basement hall. "So it is!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing down here?"

"We'd like to look inside Miss Wood's storage room," Sally answered. "We've just seen her in her apartment—"

"In her apartment?" The man's light blue eyes popped. "You couldn't! She never lets anyone in—"

"She let us in," said David. "She had to—or face the police. I didn't want to threaten you, Mr. Lind, but you've got about the same choice—"

"No, no," said Lind hastily. "I didn't realize it was that serious. Of course I'll let you in. Anything for a newspaperman, huh?"

He shook out a huge ring of keys, unlocked the heavy fireproof door. David stepped into the dark cavern. Sally after him. "Where's the light here?"

"Lind asked. "Or could you let us have a flashlight, Mr. Lind—"

"The door shut behind him, plunging them into complete blackness. "Lind!" David shouted. "What—" But he didn't need to ask. The click of the padlock, heard faintly through the door, told him all he needed to know. They were locked in.

"He did it deliberately!" Sally cried. "Oh, David—"

He put his arms around her in the dark, trying to think of words to com-
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"As I am in having you," said David, bending to kiss the tip of her nose.
Oh, Brother!
(Continued from page 25)

will not jump on no matter what their politics.
Bing is as non-partisan as Grant's Tomb. He is the successor to the cliché, "As American as apple pie." Tomorrow's stereotype, I'm sure, will be, "As American as Bing Crosby."
He is the hero of many of my boyhood memories. When he was in his late teens he always was rushing home with exciting news—a shiner. And Mom would tell me either it was time for me to go to sleep, or that I had better play in another room because this was stuff for grown-ups to mull.
Whenever Bing patted me on the head or punched me kiddingly on the chin, I sparkled like a Christmas tree. I passed myself off as the neighborhood expert on Bing, and I felt a vicarious importance shared. I was certain, by no other urchin in all of Spokane.

I REMEMBER walking down the street with my father, and how he liked to stop and chat with friends about Bing. His favorite story concerned the time Bing beat up a neighborhood bully almost twice his size. The bully's father had demanded satisfaction—meaning a parental lancing for Bing. Dad had promised to punish Bing as requested.
He picked up a formidable piece of kindling wood and ushered Bing to the cellar. When they got inside the storage room, Dad dropped the wood, put his arm around Bing's shoulder, and chuckled, "How many times did you drop him?"
Bing soon was so busy and traveled so far getting famous, keeping America happy, and stuffing money into the lining of his clothes, that he came home only often enough to keep up his citizenship and get his passport stamped. Also long enough to remind us—although it scarcely was necessary—why we loved him so much.
It was eight months after we exchanged those deathless greetings at Bel-Air golf course before Bing and I saw each other again.
I take that back. I can say, confidently, only that I didn't see Bing during that period. Bing may have seen me. It might as well come out now as later: Bing spies on me.
He skulks unseen from the American Broadcasting Company studios at Sunset and Vine, in Hollywood, to nearby Columbia Square, next to a CBS usher who is under his hypnotic spell, and stands in the rear of Studio C, watching me go through my paces in my five-times-weekly (free advt.) Club 15 show.
How do I know about his surreptitious meanderings? The boys in Jerry Gray's orchestra tell me.
During one of my more extended audiences with my kin, I penetrated the tinsel curtain which keeps one Crosby out of the hair of another—in a certain case, such hair as there is to be kept out of.
Bing asked me how many men were in the Club 15 orchestra conducted by Jerry Gray.
"Eleven," I responded glumly, I was aware, as I knew Bing was, that it represented a relatively small number for a network orchestra.
"You keep 'em blowing all the time, don't you?" Bing smiled.
I felt a warm glow all over. I thought how nice it was for Bing to take such a brotherly interest in a mere brother.
It proved to my delight, that Bing actually listened to my show. That's more than I can say about his program on ABC. I never tune Bing in on the air, play his records or see his movies. It's no secret that I don't know and admire him as the country's greatest entertainer. It's simply that I am so easily cast under his spell that if I exposed myself to him by Navy night unconsiously end up aping him.

In addition to groaners, two other things run in the Crosby clan—fires and boys. So Bing has monopolized the fires and the boys.

Poor Bing seems bewildered that I, youngest of the five Crosby males, should be able to sire a girl when all his brothers are stags.

Of course, I'm not the only Crosby with a daughter. As a matter of fact, Ted achieved that distinction before I did. That makes two things Ted does better than Bing. Most mortals—with good reason—regard Bing as a nonpareil in the art of turning a greenhouse. But Ted, quietly hibernating in his private Fort Knox in Spokane, is in a position to lend Bing money. He is in the used car business.

BING, I suspect, is willing to overlook Ted's riches, but when Ted hit the paternity jackpot with twin girls, that ranks

Ted jubilantly dispatched a telegram to Bing on the great night:

"Just had pair of queens. Congratulations!"

Several months later, Bing's twin boys were born. He wired Ted:

"Just had two kings. Kings beat queens."

I suppose it's okay now to admit that when I was a lieutenant in the 5th Marine Division and Fleet Marine Force, I wasn't past dropping Bing's name to impress my buddies—and the Japs.

When word got around the bomb-banged Pacific that we might participate in the invasion of Japan, I made plans to get a huge sign painted. I was going to hold it high over my head for all to see the moment we hit the beach. It was to proclaim in big Japanese letters:

"Don't shoot. This is Bing's brother!"

My C.O.'s in the Pacific were constantly on my neck, asking me to use my influence to get Bing to come over to entertain the Leathernecks, whom incidentally I consider the most neglected fighting men, USO-wise, in the whole war. It would have been easier if I had been ordered to snatch a uranium deposit out of Hirohito's snuff box. But the Marine colonel wanted Bing. I tried to bargain with them. I told them my folks thought I looked something like Bing—handsomer, but similar—and some misguided radio listeners had gotten hold of a delusion that I sang something like Bing. I would be willing to drop my modesty completely and sing for them. Bing was quoted as saying a counterfeit Crosby. They were set unalterably on having Bing hit the road to Palau, and I had to tackle the most difficult problem of the war. Bring Bing to the Pacific.

I began trading commiques with Bing. He had no desire to let me or the Marines down. Bing would be pleased to entertain in the Pacific. But since he could not get there from Hollywood by gopher hole, one other established method of transportation seemed open to him—by air.

Bing has nothing against progress.
shoe closet. Then he said to me:

"Here, hold this lantern. I've got to work fast."

I held the lantern dutifully—and gaped at what my brother was doing.

He was going through one old shoe after another, snaking his hand inside the toe and pulling out a roll of bills from each. He stuffed the money into all his pockets until he looked like a porcupine begotten by the U.S. mint.

Bing straightened up, a look of relief on his perspiring face.

"Bob," he whispered, "don't tell Dixie, now. This is racetrack money."

Bing loved that home very much. He was so sanguine that he moved out of San Fernando Valley to Holmby Hills.

He was desolate, also, at the loss of his records and pipes. He had amassed them with loving care for years. Outside of money, they were among his most sentiment-laden possessions.

Bing did not have to mourn them long. His myriad admirers were breath-takingly quick to translate their affection into action. When news of the fire got out, fans from every point of the compass congested the mails with old recordings to take the places of those demolished in the blaze.

**MISFORTUNE'S** aftermath had its own uncanny way of smiling upon my brother. As a result, he now has a more complete library of his old records than he ever dreamed of acquiring.

His original pipes, pardon the inscapeful pun, went up in smoke. Here, again Bing's solicitous followers inundated him with successors. Bing, thanks to that fire, has received enough pipes to build a highway from Beverly Hills to San Diego.

It is well known that while Bing does not have the other qualities of King Midas, everything Bing touches—except horses and baseball players—turns to gold. Myself unable to cultivate a prejudice against gold, I became associated with Bing and brother Larry in a scientific venture known as Crosby Research, Inc.

I have never regretted this Crosilian anschluss. The research outfit, I think, has accomplished tremendous good. The scientific magic w exacted under its aegis is little short of fabulous, but none of these miracles seemed magnetic enough to attract a common ore that glitters and answers to the name of gold.

After years of sponsoring ambitious laboratory projects, even in the wake of a slight association with the atomic bomb, this enterprise appears finally on the verge of yielding some of that gold. The profit looms not from uranium, of which Crosby Research has none, but from a better mousetrap.

Yes, Bing's touch has worked at last. The better mousetrap has been built, and Crosby Research has built it. The Crosby mousetrap owes its profitable future to the fact that it is kind to women.

Thanks to the Crosby mousetrap, a woman never has to see, touch or come in contact with a mouse.

It would be ironical, wouldn't it, if centuries from now they remember my brother Bing not as a great singer and entertainer, but as one of the Crosbys who built the better mousetrap.

Personally, though, I doubt that posterity is capable of such blindness. When, as it comes to all men, the time to rap on St. Peter's pearly gates comes to Crosby, Robert, rest assured he'll unfurl that sign he was going to wear at the Fanny sign this time in Anglina:

"Don't shoot. This is Bing's brother."

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**ABSORBINE JR.**
When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 51)

asked to give is your advice, to put yourself in the place of the woman who writes to you, and tell her what you would do in similar circumstances."

I thought about it, and decided that they were right. There are many things that a woman would like to talk over with another woman, things she doesn't want to take to an expert. She simply wants the advice of a woman like her, but who, not being as close to the situation as she is, can see it from a point of view that is not tied in with her hopes and fears and emotions. An unprejudiced point of view, but a woman's, just the same.

So that is what I propose to do in this department: to be, to the very best of my ability, your friend, the one to whom you can come with your problems, and from whom you can get an answer—not the answer of an expert, which might be cold and impersonal, but a warm, friendly, a "this is what I would do" answer.

Won't you write to me, and tell me what is on your mind? On these pages, each month, I will answer the letters, which seem to me to be of most universal interest to all the wives and mothers who will read them, and each month, too, I want to throw open to general discussion among all of you the one problem which has reached me during the previous month which seems to me most to need the consideration of not one, but a number, of married women who, like me, understand best of all what it is to be a wife, because we are wives.

We'll discuss everything that has to do with love and marriage and families and children and homes—all except two things, which call for advice far more specialized than mine can be. Questions of health I can't answer; those should go straight to your doctor. Nor can I answer questions which involve legal problems; those are matters for a lawyer or your local legal aid society. But all the rest—everything from what to have for dinner to the bettering of the relationship between a husband and wife—we'll talk about each month on these pages, and among us we'll see if we can't find an answer for every question.

For some years, although I've never before made a definite commitment to answer them, I've been receiving letters of the sort I want to answer in this department. To start us off, because of course I won't be receiving your letters addressed to me in this new capacity of mine as an adviser, until after you've read this article, I think that I'll choose one or two of those letters to answer here, as examples.

Let's start with this letter from a girl who is not yet married, but whose problem is certainly a marriage problem if ever I heard one:

Dear Joan Davis:

In three months I'm going to be married, and as the time draws closer, I'm getting more and more jittery. It isn't that I don't know whether I love George—I do. That I'm sure of. But what's bothering me is this—will I keep on loving him? When life stops being parties and dances and fun, and starts being dinners to get and housework to do and diapers to change, and a lot of good hard work, will I still feel the same way I do now?

Maybe I would never have thought of this if my parents had been different. You see, Mother and Dad are just—well, I was going to say friends, but that isn't the right word, either. It's as if they had been acquaintances who, years ago, happened to go to live in the same house and have been living there ever since without getting to know each other any better. They're polite to each other, but that's about all. They never have an argument, and sometimes I wonder if it isn't because they don't care enough about each other to bother arguing. Now they must have been in love when they were married, or they wouldn't have got married. Does everyone's love die like that, as you grow older?

Jean M.

And here is my answer:

Dear Jean:

Let me give you an overall answer first, and it's this: most definitely and emphatically no, love does not have to die after marriage! But love is like a plant; it has to have certain things in order to thrive. It has to have good soil into which it can put down deep roots; it has to be cared for, given food and drink. You can't take it for granted, nor can you
neglect it and expect it to flourish.

You sound to me as if you must be a warm sort of person—must be, because if you weren't you wouldn't have realized that your mother and father are polite strangers, but would have taken it for granted that all parents behaved in the same way. The outward show of affection is one of the most important things in making your love last, I think. Affection is nothing to be ashamed of. Harry and I hold hands in the movies, for instance, just the way you and the boy you're going to marry probably do. Harry always kisses me when we meet after being separated—whether it's for weeks or only for hours—and we kiss again when we part. Those are only two very small examples, but they're important, and all the other little manifestations of affection are just as important. In other words, don't ever be afraid to show your husband that you love him!

You ask me if you'll still love your George when, with marriage, life stops being fun and starts being work. Whatever gave you the idea that marriage is like a door which, once gone through, closes on all the happy things of life? Let me make a prediction: you'll find out that your married life is a hundred times more fun than your life as a single girl, if you want it to be, if you're willing to take it so! Marriage is doing things together, working together, planning together—everything from a helpful husband who's willing to dry the dishes for you when you're tired to the important decisions like the decision whether or not to buy a home. All those things are "together" things, and things which you do as a partnership, which you share with each other, you'll find to be vastly more interesting than being alone. Marriage is fun, and love will last a lifetime, if you'll let it!

May I ask you to do something for me, Joan? Will you write to me again? Not right away, but—oh, perhaps two years from now, and let me know how you and George are getting along? Meanwhile the best of luck, the greatest happiness, to you.

Joan Davis

Here's a problem of entirely another sort. On first glance it seems trivial in the midst of letters from mothers whose children are "running wild" as one of them puts it, from wives who suspect their husbands of infidelity, from women who believe they have fallen in love with men other than their husbands. But every small facet of marriage is important to the whole, and that's why I want to answer this letter here:

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband might just as well be a cave man—he's a meat-eater! His ideal menu consists of meat and potatoes and bread and pie, and all kinds of things as vegetables and fruits—to say nothing of salads!—he refuses completely. I've been reading a great deal lately about balanced diets and proper nutrition—have you any suggestions?

Alice G.

Dear Alice:

I took Lilly into consultation with me on this one, and together we come up with several ideas that I think may be of help to you. I realize that this could become a serious bone of contention in any household. (Lilly grumbled and said, "Bet her grand- daddy ate meat 'n' potatoes 'n' bread..."

You're gloriously, alluringly feminine in your Merry-Go-Round bra. Patented Circular Stitching, plus bias, plus faggored seams accentuate the small bust—minimize the full bust.

New! Peter Pan pre-tested SHINKAGE-CONTROL—Fit and Lift won't wash out!

Figure problem? For FREE booklet, "Your New Guide to Baseline Beauty," write Peter Pan, Dept. MA, 312 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y. Merry-Go-Round of Canada, 5645 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal

**When PRAYER FAILS**

The prayers of the most worthy people often fail. Why? The unworthy often have the greatest health, success, and happiness. The best, smartest, and most industrious people often have only pain, poverty, and woe. Why? Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman found the answers to these questions. His eyes were opened by the strangest mystic he met during his twenty-one years of travels in the Far East. Sick then, he regained health. Poor then, he acquired wealth and world-wide professional honors. He wants to tell the whole world what he learned, and offers to send a 5,000-word treatise, FREE, to everyone who asks promptly. It is a first step to the Power that Knowledge gives. No obligation. Write for your FREE copy today.

**ENJOY INSTANT RELIEF!**

Millions of people, thanks to Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, never have corns! Simply apply these thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads at the first sign of sore toes from new or tight shoes and you'll stop corns before they can develop! But if you have corns—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction and pressure. Separate medications included for quickly removing corns used the world over.
'n' pie three times a day and died at ninety-five!' which is probably perfectly true. But as long as there have been such huge strides made in the subject of nutrition, we might as well keep up with them!

Let's take fruit first, because that's easiest. I think the best Fruit pies, of course. Stewed fruit, which lots of men look upon as an abomination, can be effectively hidden sometimes under a tempting blanket of custard, radish — or nice solid puddings of the kind that men like — custard, tapioca, cornstarch — can have small pieces of well-drained, cut-up fruit folded into them. Fruits such as raisin, fig, date or prune can make good cookies a double treat if next time you're making plain sugar cookies you'll roll them a little thinner than usual and use fruit filling to sandwich them in pairs before you bake them. Raw fruit with cheese and crackers for dessert is an epicure's delight, and many a man will eat it that way when he will refuse it in a fancier form.

Vegetables? Well, here's Lilly's suggestion. She reminded me that it's been a Southern cooking tradition since goodness knows when to cook meat with vegetables. Try these: cook green or wax beans with a piece of bacon or salt pork in the water with them and perhaps a few slices of onion for good measure. Cabbage cooked with ham is a coast-to-coast favorite, and show me a man who doesn't like corned beef and cabbage or New England boiled dinner! Stews, which most men love, are an easy way of slipping vegetables almost unnoticed into the diet. Men can't very well eat around them. Try dressing up your next stew with dumplings, or pouring it into a casserole and topping with a biscuit crust — that will take his mind off vegetables.

Cheese is another big favorite with men, and cheese sauce effectively takes the curse off many vegetables as far as they are concerned. Try it on asparagus when it's in season again; make a main dish of a big head of cauliflower by masking it in golden cheese sauce and sprinkling crumbled bacon over it — a good way to make a little bacon go a long way, too, in these days of budget stretching. And do try serving the vegetables your husband dislikes in new ways. You say he loves whooves — try mashed potatoes and turnips, or potatoes and parsnips, half and half. Eggplant, scalloped, tastes like the most delightful scalloped oysters. Thick slices of tomatoes fried, hiding under a crisp crust of bread, take them right out of the vegetable class, don't you think?

Now, as for salads—keep them simple. Lilly and I agree. Perhaps just sliced tomatoes, or a plain slice of crisp lettuce, or a bowl of cucumber slices, or carrot sticks. All of these serve the purpose of salad without the name. Sometimes we'll use vinegar for dressing when they'll refuse a more fancy variety. Try, too, a selection of diced salad vegetables — onions, green peppers, radishes, green beans, cucumbers, etc., in a separate pile on a platter, with a bowl of commercial sour cream instead of dressing. Or perhaps cheese can come to your rescue. For cottage cheese, with the diced vegetables irrevocably stirred into it, or cubes of American cheese in mixed green salad, or a sprinkling of crumbled blue cheese on practically any kind of greens. Old fashioned wilted lettuce is another possibility. For this, cut bacon into pieces about an inch square, and crisp slowly in your frying pan. In a cup mix a little hot water, vinegar, sugar and pepper—no salt, for the bacon will attend to that. Take out the bacon, leaving the fat in the pan, and put in your seasoned water and vinegar mixture, and bring it to a rolling boil. When very hot, pour over torn lettuce in a bowl, and toss lightly, along with the pieces of bacon. Be sure to serve this at once—hot, it's wonderful, but cold it's impossible! And try putting a sliced, hot, hard-boiled egg on top of it when serving for a hearty, man-sized salad.

Try these—Lilly and I think they'll go a long way toward solving your meal-time problems.

Joan Davis

Well, there you are — two letters, two answers. Won't you send me your problems? I'll give you the very best advice I can. And be sure, too, to send me your answers to the problem which we're going to solve in round-table fashion each month. Here is the first one:

What considerations do you think are most important to a widow, with two young children, who is contemplating a second marriage?

Tell me what you think — from the point of view of the woman herself, the children who would have a step-father, and your own views on the matter. Perhaps you are taking on a ready-made family. First, read the instructions in the box on the first page of this article, and then let me know what your reactions are. Perhaps some of you will be able to answer from experience. Let me hear from you!

WOMAN'S FIRST RIGHT . . . "THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS"

Listen to Carolyn Kramer's courageous struggle for security and peace of mind on "The Right To Happiness," one woman's search for a richer, more meaningful life.

TUNE IN every afternoon Monday to Friday (3:45 EST) on NBC stations.

If you have overcome obstacles to your own happiness, write Carolyn Kramer about it and you may win $50. For details see the current issue of TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine. Now at newsstands.
Bill Cullen Takes All
(Continued from page 53)

A few minutes later the phone rang. "What kind of Wagner is that?" a listener demanded.

"This is a new Stan Kenton arrangement," Bill told her politely, hung up and continued tooting his whistle.

Bill's remarkable talent for stepping up to a mike cold and giving colorful and adequate descriptions of a vacuum lot surrounded by a blank fence won him the job of assisting the sports announcer. During time-outs and rest periods, he would come on the air with a quick sports resume, then do color. Only twice did he do actual play-by-play reporting and each time it was a catastrophe.

He was assigned to a high school football game that turned out to be a dud. Bored, and realizing that the radio audience must be too, Bill took off his glasses, carefully wiped the lenses and put them in his pocket.

"Now I can't see and the game won't distract me," he said.

With that he began to report a football game as he thought it should sound. He excitedly described 50-yard runs for touchdowns, intercepted passes for touchdowns, fumbles over the goal line. At the end of the afternoon, exhausted and hoarse, Bill announced the final score as 35 to 34. Actually it was 7-0.

Bill broadcast one more sports event for WWSW. It was a year later when the station's kindly and patient manager had forgotten the football circus. There was a hockey game to be covered that night and the regular announcer was ill.

"Know anything about ice hockey?" Bill was asked.

"Grew up with the game," he said.

On the way out to Duquesne Gardens that evening, Bill turned to the engineer.

"Ever see a hockey game?" Bill asked.

"No. Did you?"

"No."

It was a rare night for hockey fans. Bill memorized the names of ten players and no matter who was substituted, the original ten made all the plays. Bill called the ice, the field; the puck, a ball. When a player fell, he was "down on the twenty-yard line." If two players scowled at each other, Bill was describing a bloody fist fight. Instead of giving a resume during rest periods, he picked up a newspaper and read Dick Tracy to the sports listeners.

The pay-off was that died-in-the-rink hockey fans were laughing with him, not at him. The next day sports columnists wrote that it was the most hilarious program they'd ever heard. But the team owner never allowed Cullen in for another broadcast. Reason was that during a dull moment Bill had described the puck soaring into the bleachers and landing in a woman's cup of coffee.

As a practical joker, Bill's imagination kept the entire staff on constant alert. Perhaps it's a trade secret but most excess energy of announcers goes into horseplay—specifically, trying to break up a fellow announcer while he is on the air. Introduced to this aspect of radio, Cullen brought the full force of his imagination into play. Oddly enough, Cullen's zany stunts remind one of the kind of gags credited to Groucho Marx, one of Bill's boosters.

Take the Musical Bus show. Because

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Take the Musical Bus show. Because
Bill was on duty at the same time of day, he had to listen to another announcer do this program for months. The musical effects were provided with recorded sound effects of traffic noise and the motor of a bus. Bill figured the show needed life, made a new recording of sound effects and substituted his plier for the usual one. The announcer opened with the same stock announcement, "WWSW invites you to ride the musical bus!"

The standard effects followed a bus driving through heavy traffic. Suddenly there was the zoom of a high-powered airplane followed by the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun and the explosion of bombs. There was the sound of the bus crashing and people screaming. It was typical Cullen reaction to monotonous.

While Bill was in Pittsburgh, war broke out. Not one of his personal battles but two. Hitler was on Germany and Japan. Bill was classified 4F because of his bad leg. Being kept out of action was an emotional strain on him. He finally found a branch of the army Special Forces, that would take men with physical handicaps. He signed up, but the corps was dissolved. Still a civilian, Bill put all of his money into flying lessons. In a short time he had his pilot license and served as Air Patrol Pilot. He piled up 400 flying hours.

He was twenty-two then and developed a serious interest in current events. He asked for and got a nightly news broadcast. Immediately, he broke away from the lazy habit of announcers who rely on newscasts and telegraph reports and began to dig into newspapers and periodicals for additional information. In time, he built up a good audience, but it was on this show that another announcer decided to even up some of the gags Bill had pulled. Since Bill was a whiz at the art of ad lib, it was difficult to keep him away. He walked into the studio one night at 10:45 with fresh-off-the-wire material. He hadn't broadcast more than a sentence when his friends pulled the main light switch and turned the studio into a blackout. The laughter was loud for a minute but when they quieted down, the pranksters were amazed. They heard Bill's voice out of the control room speaker, giving the news completely unperturbed. And he continued to ad lib the news in complete darkness for fifteen minutes.

One of the announcers involved in this gag had the habit of coming on the air each night with, "We have some hot news tonight."

"That's just what I was speaking both literally and figuratively," Bill had said. His friend began the broadcast, a match touched the paper. Both the news announcer and the announcer went up in the air.

"You next another six weeks," the station manager always told Bill after one of these. The next day he was speaking both literally and figuratively. Bill had soaked part of the manuscript in lighter fluid. As his friend began the broadcast, a match touched the paper. Both the news announcer and the announcer went up in the air.

"You won't last another six weeks," the station manager always told Bill after one of these. The next day he was speaking both literally and figuratively. Bill had soaked part of the manuscript in lighter fluid. As his friend began the broadcast, a match touched the paper. Both the news announcer and the announcer went up in the air.

"That's might be the first date," Carol said. And you know how these things are. You can tell from the beginning when you pick a hot one."

Bill courted Carol with the same fresh-off-the-wire effect he puts into his shows. On her birthday they took a plane to Boston for dinner.

Last Christmas eve Carol was sharing a room with two other girls and had a date to meet Bill in a bar. He was over an hour late.
Bill finally showed up apologetic and carrying two big shopping bags. They were her gifts and he suggested she open them. She did. The bags were stuffed with nothing but paper.

"Are you upset," Bill asked.

"You're better than an hour late, pull a bum gag and ask a foolish question," I'm sorry," Bill said remorsefully.

"I'll take you home."

They walked to her apartment silently. By that time Carol was kicking herself for being a bad sport. But when she walked into the apartment, there was a huge, trimmed Christmas tree staring in her face.

"In all, he had twenty-seven gifts hidden around the room," she said.

THEY saw a lot of each other for two years. When Bill began to talk about marriage, he found Carol willing.

"Look, I'm due for a vacation in a month," he said.

"We'll have a quiet ceremony and a real honeymoon."

One month passed, two, three, four and no vacation. Finally, Bill took the matter in his own hands. It was on Wednesday, July 28th of last year.

"Let's get married," he asked Carol.

"With or without a honeymoon."

"When?"

"Today's Wednesday," Bill said, thinking aloud. "How about Friday? Friday's a nice day of the week."

Both knew that any day they got married would be a great day but there was one more to go.

"We'll keep it a secret," they said. "No fuss. No announcements. No publicity."

Bill figured he could knock off after his Friday afternoon show until Sunday evening. It fitted in with Carol's plans because she was appearing daily on the Arthur Godfrey show. Everything was so perfect until Godfrey sensed Carol's excitement. Before they went on the air Friday he coaxed the secret out of Carol.

"But don't tell anyone," she pleaded.

"Absolutely not," Godfrey promised.

Fifteen minutes later his promise slipped and the whole country knew Bill and Carol would be married that afternoon.

When they arrived at the Park Ave-

\nunchurch a few hours later, there were 500 excited fans on the street.

They had 36 hours alone in Long Island. The following Monday Bill and Carol moved into the Strand Theater with a stage presentation of Winner Take All. After three weeks in the theater, Carol and Bill went on a singles' enga-

\nagement at the Raleigh Room in the War-
wick and Bill settled down to his rou-

tine schedule of eighteen weekly shows.

"The first few months of our marriage," Carol said, "we saw less of each other than at any other time."

They live now in a four-room apart-

\nment in a Manhattan hotel. Together, Bill and Carol redecorated the living room in Chinese modern. Decorating is one of his many hobbies along with color photography, magic, sailing, painting, flying and cooking.

"And I'm a drugstore fan," Carol added.

"That's definitely a hobby. He goes out to buy aspirin and comes back with a shopping bag full of gimmicks—eye pads, face cream, tissue, bottle openers. There's no end."

Their best friends, the Todd Russells and John Reed Kings and the Joe Carnes, will tell you that Bill and Carol make a swell couple. We went, a hundred years, if necessary, for their honeymoon. Life's being good to them, even without one!
The Happy Harrises
(Continued from page 29)

Phil and Alice are each other’s best audience, and they give each other top billing. Last summer when we were in Europe, Alice didn’t work with the show and the Phil—just for our first appearance, the ovation was really great. But it was when the audience started yelling for Alice and she came on stage that night, that the old butter Beans and Candied Yams got a frog in his throat and was seized by a sudden attack of moisture in the eyes. He was just about to own his house in Encino for some time before he and Alice were married. But in those days it was just a place to go to sleep. Brother, things are different now. It’s been taken gardening seriously, but he and Alice have lately turned amateur architects. Before we went to Europe they plotted out a new wing to be added, almost the size of the original house. They did this by a series of sketches, into which Phil drew a number of original ideas involving some pretty complicated plans of concrete. He stood pat on them, too. If anyone had asked me at the time, I’d have given odds that the thing would turn out to be nothing but regrettable.

Of Harrisa’s pet ideas was a second-story archway which was to lead from the children’s wing, in the family portion of the house, directly to the master bedroom. Another was the installation of record cabinets behind the paneling of the new 25 by 25-foot room downstairs.

Well, not only did both ideas work—they’re both great. The job wasn’t finished, however, when we left town, so Alice’s brother Charlie took over the rest. He added a touch of his own by putting metal rails on tracks in the wall, so whole blocks of records can be pulled out into the room. Phil considers this the greatest invention since the bazooka and tells the most casual listener the story of Charlie’s master device. Contrary to what you hear on the street, Alice’s brother Charlie, and William, are close friends of Phil. The Harrises have close to 3000 records in their collection. This includes a recording of every show they’ve done. Because they are serious show people, they put in a good many hours listening to these on the play-back machine, figuring what can be done. They have the delivery, style, and the show generally. Phil goes over Alice’s songs carefully, and she never sings a number he doesn’t approve. Don’t believe the cracks about his lack of musical knowledge. The guy is a fine musician, and a painstaking one. If you don’t think so, try being careful when you’re playing for him some songs.

When it comes to the business of raising their daughters, Phil will go on record that Alice is the tops in mothers. Both Alice Jr. and Phyllis are well-behaved, well-mannered and unsupplied. Phil, however, is not one to shirk his responsibility and I’ve seen him take a girl who’s given them the cold shoulder and make her a good student of the house, too. He never deals with the viewpoint of another parent, gratifying results. Alice Jr., who is six, is occasionally invited by her parents to sing for guests. There’s no denying she enjoys performing, and she’s good. Phyllis, at four, is already trying to stand on her toes. Neither of their parents will mind if the girls want to follow them in show business—but they’ll be very sure the kids have real talent before they encourage them.

Both Phil and Alice are great gift-givers. They love to give to each other and they give to their friends. I would personally hate to get Alice’s flower and candy bill each month. They’ll get things little more than a few years. They are first married they gave each other gifts on what seemed like an average of once a month. He’d give her a piece of jewelry just because it was raining, and she’d give him a present because it was half past two Thursday. Any excuse would do so long as they were buying each other something. He owns a star ruby she gave him on their first anniversary, and she particularly likes a heavy gold pin made in the shape of a heart with an arrow of rubies through it that is one of his gifts to her. They are also the sort of people who give souvenir-type presents. This has caused me some worry when the band plays a hill with a particularly distinguishing but unattractive landmark.

It naturally follows that they are inveterate shoppers. They buy on different plans, but they both buy. Phil buys a house every time he goes away, that at the time the item is a good idea. This may or may not prove true. Alice shops with the idea of making life more happy, more colorful. It is a hunch, but to her friends, Turn those two loose abroad and you have something—especially when they have rationalized themselves that they are doing something necessary for the stabilization of Europe.

Alice bought hats in France, dishes and silver in England.

Phil bought a car, and among sundry other purchases, one which will go down in family history. It came to light when, after they’d come home, they were unpacking their accumulation, and Alice came upon a crystal piece shaped like a cornucopia, and mounted with a brass cover. Phil, under direct cross examination, admitted buying it but confessed he didn’t know exactly what it was. When he was asked what he was sitting in the middle of the pool table in the game room, carefully dusted every day while its eventual disposal is still under consideration.

Phil takes more than the usual husbandly interest in Alice’s clothes. He hates to see her go to the grocery stores, one which most of the other males in this country, that she’s one of the most glamorous girls in the world. He likes her to have new clothes and lost his temper the other day when a dasher’s Dream is getting a little bit conservative; but it seems to me there’s a slight tempering to the checks he wrote today.

Neither of them holds the purse strings on the other, but Alice does handle most of the household things like the grocery bills, thus leaving Curly free to dream up ideas like sliding panels and suspended corridors. Since both the Harrises practically grew up in night clubs, they almost never go near the Hollywood late spots for entertainment. I think, by actual count, they’ve put out doing the famous Sunset Strip clubs twice in the
seven years they've been Mr. and Mrs. They entertain at home, and the group of friends they see most often takes turns in entertaining.

They rarely go out to big parties, but when they do Phil complains that Alice, who has had to be urged to go in the first place, doesn't want to leave once she gets there.

"I don't know why I go through this," he says. "I spend two hours getting her started, and three hours getting her to go home. I am nothing but a martyr to sociability."

He doesn't mention, naturally, the Harris problem about the "47." The "47" is a club in San Fernando valley frequented, mostly, by musicians. Every now and again a bunch of us who followed each other in hotels and theaters, who've known each other for years, get together out there for our own private jam session. Phil plays the drums. Although old Curly says his foot gets tired fast now, I've seen him sit in until 2 or 3 A.M. All our wives protest, of course, but wives are like that. Alice sometimes comes down to listen for a while, but eventually she gets tired. Curly won't budge. Alice has to stay, but he just ain't goin' home. Not yet awhile. After all, we think there has never been music like we turn out at the "47."

PHIL is essentially a man's man. He loves these get-togethers with the boys, and he likes getting a bunch of guys together for hunting and fishing trips. Alice keeps his guns racked behind glass doors, and sees that they aren't touched by interested guests. Curly has taught her to fish, but I think he'd have a nervous collapse if he ever sees a gun in her hands. Both these hobbies are strictly for males. Besides, he plays golf—another enthusiasm Alice doesn't share. The fact that she doesn't begrudge this time away from the family is proof to me of her complete understanding of Phil.

Another thing. Phil's nervous system is contradictory—he can go from tension to complete, instant relaxation. Of course, this latter is a must when you do one-night stands, else you don't live to be even Jack Benny's age. Phil can lie down on a table top in broad daylight with a band playing ten feet away and go to sleep before you can say Phil Spitainy. I've always resented this. I have looked at him when we've been on the road, seen him sleeping peacefully in a jolting bus—and, well, it's the only time I've ever harbored any ill will for the guy. However, he is nervous. He stands off stage bouncing like a fighter going into the ring, before shows. He never speaks of it—but the nervousness is there. When this is apparent at home, Alice simply leaves him alone—another lesson to wives who feel nervous tension must be talked out and soothed over.

Phil and Alice are probably two of the most loyal friends anyone will ever have. The people closest to them now are the ones they've known for many years. When they were kids, Alice and Betty King danced together—almost their very first jobs, with the Chester Hale group in New York. Betty is still Alice's closest friend. She is now Mrs. Walter Scharf, and Walter is musical arranger on the air show.

When Phil and I were in the service, we were stationed for some time at Catalina Island. Phil was a Lt. j.g. I was a musician, and just a plain sailor. The officers at the island were quartered, two to a bungalow in a section apart from the regular barracks. Phil

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To outsiders, Wanda O'Brien's husband was a big jolly Irishman, laughing and good-natured, but at home he became a Mr. Hyde, a snarling wildman who threatened her life and the safety of their children. Read Wanda O'Brien's very own words as she describes the tragic events that led to her husband's death in February.

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asked me to share his cottage although he knew officers weren’t supposed to hob nob with the men. I’ll never forget the faces of the other gold braids the first morning Curly, all gussied up in uniform, stepped out of his cottage, followed by me in my sailor suit. But Phil didn’t care and I stayed. After we were out of service some wag asked him if I’d gotten along. He said, “Of course.”

Once,” said Curly, “I was walking down the street with a full Commander and we met Frankie. He split one salute between the two of us.”

Maybe it was just chance, but I’m a little prejudiced about the Harris family is because I fell in love with Alice, almost when Phil did. So did the rest of the bank.

I remember the day. We were playing in Oregon, rounding out a tour we’d done every year for a long time. Phil and Alice had been seeing a good deal of each other. It was thought they were probably taking this business pretty seriously. Then, one day, Alice chartered a two seater plane and flew up to meet us, to spend a few hours with Phil and fly back in time for work at the studio the next morning. Alice looks loving. Phil and I had always the same opinion that the nicest thing about flying was landing.

That afternoon we all went out to the airport. We watched the little plane come in, circle the field, and land. We figure it be love. No one would do a thing like this to spend approximately three hours with Phil unless. When she left, the whole gang got up in the middle of the day to wave goodbye. It was then we knew we were all in love with her.

For my part, I was happy too, to see them marry. These animals was pretty expensive. Alice took a trip down through the Canal, and every night Phil called her on board ship. We were playing in a hotel at the time, and as she got further away, the calls got longer on account of this unendurable separation. I was ready to hock my guitar when she got home again.

They met first when Alice was singing with Vallee. We followed him into a theater, I think. Anyway, the kids said “So pleased,” and didn’t see each other again for several years.

It was while we were playing at the Bowl in Los Angeles that they met again. Some friends called Phil and invited him to a supper after work at a valley night spot. Phil thought they said Alice was with them—what they did say was that she was also at the night club. Well, Phil had a date, a nice girl whom he took along. He went over to Alice who was sitting near his friends and, still under the impression she was in the party, asked if she wouldn’t come over to his house some morning, meet his mother who was living with him, and have breakfast. He added as an inducement that they’d have ham and eggs. Alice called and she had ham and eggs at home, thank you.

Phil devoted days to finding someone who knew her unlisted phone number. Finally he charmed it out of a mutual friend, made several calls and got set down each time.

It was on a night when he was giving his all to “That’s What I Like, etc,” that he got a phone call. Why, asked the voice at the other end, did he insist on singing about food? Didn’t he know there were some people who dieted? Couldn’t he find another song? He never criticized for his choice of serenades. The point was—he listened to him!

About three months later they married. Since they were married twice, once in Mexico and once in Texas for good measure, they celebrate two anniversaries, even after seven years. The band was right. They’re in love.

Alice has gone with us on one-nighters. She’s never complained, and she’s never asked for special favors in the way of comfort. She’s trooped behind she wanted to be with Phil. I think Phil admires most her essential kindness. She is one of the most genuinely sympathetic and kindly persons I’ve ever known. This has, from time to time, led to situations. Like when a housekeeper suddenly developed a great fondness for cats. There got to be twenty-seven of the animals. Alice wouldn’t do it, so it was up to Phil to settle the problem about whether the cats or the family went.

Once each week the Harrises bundle up their family and go out to spend the evening with Phil’s mother at Malibu Beach. Another night they have dinner at Alice’s mother’s house. Phil is thoughtful toward Alice, his mother, his daughters—everyone, in fact.

Perhaps the secret of their happiness is that they have a vast amount of respect for each other. Perhaps it is that they understand each other completely.

Anyway, there are the Harrises. A pretty grand couple. I wouldn’t, you understand, talk about them if I weren’t sure that what I say will never get back, because they are my friends, and I’m proud of ‘em.

Listen to the human stories of people like you—the homely, poignant, sentimental, re- semblances of life’s anniversaries and the secret hopes they inspired on...
Lucky in Love

(Continued from page 57)

purpose. She planned to teach and she was majoring in education. I figured college as a place of general preparation for the future but I could see no point in rushing things. I joined Phi Delta Theta, and laid the groundwork for what was an uneventful college career. Betty joined Pi Beta Phi so, and got herself practically engaged to an upperclassman, a guy who by some standards was, I suppose, popular. You know the type, president of a half-dozen organizations, good-looking, athletic. My claim to distinction was getting tossed out of the glee club after the first of the year. It seems not only did I sing off key, I sang off key loud.

It was at the beginning of our second year at school—almost an anniversary of our first encounter, that we had our first date—and even then it was some one else's idea.

I'D JUST arrived at the fraternity house and was unpacking when one of the brothers came in. The Nelson girls, he said, had rented a house and brought their grandmother up to look after them. He was going out to see Hester Nelson and if I didn't have other plans, why didn't I come along?

I think it was a few feet of food that was most appealing. Anyway I went, and that was the night I changed Betty's name. Her first name that is. She had been christened Beth. I have nothing against Beth as a name—only Beth seemed to me more like Betty. If you follow me. Let it be said here that, up until that evening, Beth had been Beth. I don't suppose that by now a single person except her parents remembers that that was her name.

Looking back, I can't find much reason for our becoming. I suppose college kids don't need a reason beyond being young and alive. Love can't be attributed to any of the adult profundities like mutual interests or desire for companionship or understanding. In college you are still experimenting with interests—or most people are. You choose them, and you discard them. A day in the beginning one day is dull the next. Heaven knows, companionship is easily come by.

It's reasonably certain we didn't know we were falling in love, although I ought to have caught the warning when I found myself spending all my available cash with a traveling jewelry salesman for a Phil Delt locket. It was the first gift I'd ever given Betty, and as I recall, I had to foresee cigarettes for a couple of months.

Still, no hell rang. No voice within me said, "This, bub, is it!" It took a telephone call and a crystal ball to consolidate my position.

The fellow to whom Betty had been all but engaged (I think she had his fraternity pin) had made a serious error in strategy. He left Lombard for another school. But he kept in touch.

One afternoon while I was at her house, he phoned long distance. They talked and they talked. I sat and I sat. Finally, I got up and walked out, slamming the door as hard as I could, and a little way (I'm a slow walker) when I heard Betty's voice. I'm the proud type so I let her call me once. She says that she made up her mind about us when she heard the slam of that door. Lord knows, I slammed it.

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hard enough she could have heard it in the next township. Anyway, I've been back in an hour or two—but this is a secret.

About this time Betty went to visit a fortune teller—a woman who lived on the outskirts of town. She looked into her crystal ball (Betty swears she had one of the things) and came up with the information that Betty would marry a man who earned his living by his voice. When she told this around, all my false friends, remembering the glee club incident, were hilarious. They speculated upon whether I'd be a train caller or an auctioneer. They advised Betty to brush me off fast. The remarkable thing about the prediction is that in those days radio was in its embryonic state, and radio announcers were one thing those friends never dreamed of.

I don't mean to leave the impression, though, that I proposed to Betty to make a fortune: announcer's dream come true. It may be that I figured I'd better get the thing set before a baritone showed up. Anyway, the prediction sort of paved the way and a Phil Delt dance noticed afterwards provided the opportunity.

I'm off to the left and the orchestra and our friends to go out of doors to look at them. When we went back inside, she was wearing my fraternity pin. She says I never proposed. Well, I must have said something, because as of then we were engaged.

Betty caught for a year after we finished school, while I began a series of experimental maneuvers to find where my talents lay in the way of photography, I tried photography, and selling insurance before I landed a job in an advertising agency. We set our wedding date when my paycheck was enough to cover the rent and the grocery bill. Betty's family had moved out to Glendale, California, and I made my first trip west to be present at my wedding. It is, of course, true that no one pays any mind to the groom at any marriage ceremony. But I still think it was carried a little far in my case. I didn't know a soul when I walked down the aisle to say "I, Kenneth, take . . ." except the bride and the officiating clergyman who happened to be my father. Someone did introduce me to my best man, but I didn't even catch his name!

We spent our honeymoon at Riverside Inn, and though we've been within twenty miles of the place for the last twenty years, we'd never been back until a few months ago when we attended the wedding of some friends there. And it's all sentimental.

We were married July 29, 1922. Twenty-five years later, Betty got a new wedding ring. Her first one, a plain white gold band, was, she complained, worn almost through.

"They don't make them to stand up more than a quarter of a century," she told me; "that's all that's expected of them."

She is now wearing a circle of diamonds, but I notice her old wedding ring is lying in her jewel box next to a Phi Delt locket.

Overcome by the sentimental import of the occasion, Betty broke a twenty-five-year-old rule on our silver anniversary. She gave me a picture of herself in a heavy silver frame. She had steadfast, flatly, refused to have her picture taken for all these years, and nothing short of a twenty-fifth an-
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THERE are, naturally, a number of things on which we don't see exactly eye to eye. One is cats. Ronny and I like them, and every now and again through the years we have lugged one home. Betty gives them away to the milkman, the grocery boy, our friends, and for all I know, to casual passersby. We are getting the idea now that cats aren't for us and we haven't tried smuggling one in for months. Betty keeps me up on my homework by reading the new books and briefing me on them. Left to myself, I read mysteries, and she will have no part of them.

Ronny and I occasionally have to nudge her into buying clothes for herself. She'd rather buy things for the house. Her only extravagance is hats and the reason she is extravagant is because she never wears them except when she has them.

Betty rarely goes to the radio station with me, and when I have to go on trips with shows she seldom goes along. This isn't because of any preconceived plan, but simply because Betty has never been the kind of woman who wants, as Jimmy Durante says, "to get into the act." Her relationship to my work is exactly the same as if I had an office job which took me to my desk at six each morning and brought me home on the six o'clock bus. Betty is essentially a homemaker. She is a fine amateur in—

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Knox

Oid Siwast' faith.

fee

he was raised in Holly-

and, we wanted him to know

there is a world east of Sunset and

Vine.

E HAS never shown any interest in

radio as a career, but last fall he did

the "color" between halves of a high

school football game in Galesburg.

He sounded so good and the reac-

tion he wasn't scared, was because

he knew I couldn't hear him.

It was a local station.

We are pretty much of a close cor-

poration, Betty, Ronny and I.

We're the sort of family that makes

a lot of holidays and anniversaries.

Betty, of course, is a good hand, and prob-

ably it is because she has made them

fun instead of an obligation that Ronny

and I seldom slip up on a date we

should remember.

Betty's never been the kind of mother who

told her child, "Wait till your father gets

home..." We've shared the responsi-

bility of raising Ronny as we've shared

everything else, and we think he's

turned out a pretty nice kind of fellow.

He and I have been through the electric

train, model and comic book

stages, and we've graduated as far as
golf.

Last summer, I may say, he
gave his old man a little more competi-

tion than was altogether tactful.

In spite of what people say, Betty

and I enjoy going together, and we
do very often.

We like going places, seeing things, doing things together.

There's a somewhat widespread feel-

ing that "happiness," when used to de-
dsrecise a marriage, is synonymous with

stuffy, colorless, dull or unromantic.

We know people who actually think

that we are one of them has ever

been happily married—not even once.

We've never spent any time analyz-

ing why we are happy. Maybe it's be-

cause each of us wants the other to be

happy, and the fact that we have mar-

ried young and have shared most of our

adult life together, so we have so much

in common.

Or, possibly, it is because we like each other.

Then again, we may be just lucky in love.

What do you think about

WALTER WINCHELL?

Your fellow citizens have plenty to say.

Some of them say it in

MARCH RADIO MIRROR

on sale Feb. 11
partly to herself and partly to the others, "by the time we get our interview and write our pieces and they're printed, some of our readers will already have seen Mrs. Kasenka and heard her voice on television, and nothing we can write will have as much force as her own words and her own personality."

Suddenly her mind was made up. All she had to do was talk to Dick about it. Dick is Mr. Doan, the fellow who shares the three-and-a-half-room apartment in the suburban Beverly Hills of Dorothy; the same fellow who was her city editor on the newspaper in Pasadena where they met and married eight years ago.

Dick thought television and Dorothy were made for each other; that clinched it. A few weeks later Dorothy was hostessing a brand new Tuesday and Thursday video program at 1:00 P.M. EST, on WCBS-TV.

It was an extension of her newspaper work. On Vanity Fair she interviewed famous personalities and newsworthy people all sorts of articles about little and big events that interest you and me.

Dick's paper is printed near the Bowery and he saw Dorothy's first broadcast from a bar on that spectacular street, perched on a chair to get a better view. "That's my wife," he announced to the people around him, and only mildly interested patrons who hadn't come primarily for the television.

The cottage setting for her program is Dorothy's idea, and it's very like her own livingroom. She577 up the king-sized sofa in the back and the back of the background on the program that would make everyone feel comfortable.

"There would be women watching who would keep in touch with all the exciting and interesting things that are happening, but they wouldn't want me to be chi-chi and insincere about it on my program. I just don't know if my friends say I'm naive and I guess I am. Perhaps it's because I come from a smaller place and am really not a sophisticated person."

DOROTHY'S husband grew up in Kansas and went to California to work as a newspaper man. Dorothy was brought up in California, went to Pasadena High School and Cumnock School for Girls in Los Angeles.

The Pasadena Star-News, where they both worked, played Cupid to Dorothy and Dick, and when the owner died suddenly they found he had left seventy-five dollars to each of his employees. That made a hundred and fifty-six dollars in the Doan treasury, counting the eight dollars they had on hand. With that nest egg, they started out in an old Essex Terraplane to seek their fortunes in the east.

They finally reached New York where Dick sold the car for sixty dollars to replenish the treasury. He wanted to live in Greenwich Village because he had heard it was bohemian and colorful but Dorothy liked the clean look of the neighborhood around Columbia University. So, they took a room near Columbia.

Things began to happen. Dorothy got a job at Time magazine, as a researcher. On the same day Dick got a job on a paper upstate in Albany—and Dorothy quit hers before she got started. When Dick moved her in Albany she was weeping over it.
Thrifty "me," bought 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 $68.30 with chest, also 76-piece service for twelve at $99.95. (No Federal Tax) All patterns made in U.S.A.

She didn't weep long. She marched herself to the Albany Times-Union and by four o'clock had an assignment to write a daily column, first copy due at the paper at nine that evening.

Dorothy got the material she needed for her column and then had to wait for Dick to pick her up and show her where they were going to live. Then she typed out her copy and hurried off to the paper just under the deadline.

When Dick enlisted in the Navy Dorothy got herself a job in the Charleston Navy Yard where he was stationed. After Dick's discharge they returned to New York where she got on the night shift at Associated Press.

NE night she was talking to a fellow in the radio department. It was his wish that she could get into radio. "I've just had a radio offer," Dorothy told her, "but I don't want it. I'm a newspaper woman."

"I know where you can get a newspaper job, as a Long Island reporter," the girl told her.

Dorothy ran, not walked, to International News Service, only to find that a Long Island reporter was the thing they had least need of. But they tried her on some radio coverage and promised to move her over to the wire later, if they liked her stuff. Before she knew it, INS had made her woman's editor and assigned her to cover the United Nations. And then the television bolt struck.

"But I take a terrible picture," was her second reaction to the offer, her first of course being her reluctance to leave the work she loved.

To Dorothy's surprise, her camera test turned out just fine. Then came the audition for the top brass of video. They stuck her out in front of the cameras and told her to start talking about herself and keep it up for ten minutes. "Just talk right out into space," they said airily.

The test was so bad she could hardly remember her own name. "But something happens to you when you get on camera," she explains it now. "You just go ahead and do the job."

She hadn't counted on the fact that a new television studio was being built and the pounding would go on during her audition. Sometimes she could hardly hear her own voice, but she was concentrating so hard that she was hardly aware of the noise.

"You're hired," they told her when she got through. "If you can carry on against all that racket you can carry this program through anything."

Dorothy went on the air a week after that. And, right from the outset, the program was a hit. Now she feels like an old hand at the game, can't imagine anything she'd rather do. Maybe it satisfies the urge she once had to be an actress. After school she spent a year at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, until she was washed out. No divine spark, they told her. So she's in love with this combining of reporting and show business, and it's her belief that good things like this don't just happen—one experience fits into another, until all together they make a perfect whole.

The Doans' Bronxville apartment has its own patch of grass and garden—and a lucky thing it is, because it has to serve as the vacation resort. Dick's job is with that bible of show business, Variety, and he has to be available seven days a week. They dream of a whole weekend away from it all, but in the meantime it's a case of sticks over the hills and dales nearby.
Something Extra

(Continued from page 59)

Remove to platter or serving plates and fill nests with hot buttered peas, buttered carrots or any creamed food.

Potato Soup

6 large potatoes 1/2 tsp. pepper
2 medium onions 2 tbsp. butter
2 quarts water 1/2 cup uncondensed evaporated milk

celery salt

Peel and slice potatoes and onions. Bring water to boiling point; add salt, pepper and vegetables. Cook until vegetables are very tender. Let start to fall apart (about 20 to 30 minutes) stirring as necessary to prevent scorching. Remove from stove and beat with rotary egg beater to break up potatoes. Or if a smooth creamy soup is preferred, skim out vegetables and put through strainer or ricer, then return to kettle. Add butter and evaporated milk. Re-beat. Add more seasoning if required. Serve hot with sprinkling of celery salt over top of each serving. Serves six.

Supper Surprise

1 12-ounce can butter
luncheon meat milk
2 cups hot mashed 3 tbsp. minced potatoes pimiento
salt, pepper 5 eggs

Remove luncheon meat from can in one piece and slice lengthwise to make five slices a scant half inch thick. Place slices in bottom of greased large, shallow baking dish. Season mashed potatoes to taste with salt, pepper and butter, and a good amount of milk. Add pimiento and beat until fluffy. Form potatoes into deep nests on top of meat slices, making sides of nests at least a half-inch thick and high enough to contain enough potato to fill each nest. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 15 or 20 minutes until eggs are set. Serves 5.

Potato Dumplings

1 egg 2 cups cooked salt, pepper, nut-
2 cups cooked salt, pepper, nut-
meg 1 cup flour (about)

Break egg into a bowl and beat slightly. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg and mix. Add mashed potatoes to egg mixture and mix well. Sift in the flour using enough water to make dough soft but firm enough to hold its shape when boiled. (If potatoes are mealy or moist, more flour will be required.) Form mixture into balls about one and one-half inches in diameter. Drop into large kettle of rapidly boiling salted water and cook at a slow boil for 12 to 15 minutes, stirring gently the first minute to prevent sticking. The dumplings will drop to the bottom of pan and will rise to the top as they cook. Remove dumplings gently with slotted spoon, drain off all moisture and serve hot with rich meat gravy. Makes about 10 dumplings.

German Hot Potato Salad

12 small potatoes 4 sprigs parsley
1 stalk celery 1/4 to 1/2 pound bacon

Boil potatoes with skins on in salted water. Dice celery and mince onion and parsley. Cut bacon in small pieces and fry until crisp. Remove skin from potatoes while hot and slice. Add drained fried bacon. Add vinegar to bacon fat in pan, reheat slightly, mix with salad. Serve hot.
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By Robert Walker

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"The Great Miss Leith"--the story of an adventurer, a woman who wanted the roads and the men, and only the roads and the men....

"Only $1.90 to Club members!"

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Each dress carries the Good Housekeeping's Seal of Approval and our own unconditional guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Fashion Frocks cost dollars less than similar garments sell for elsewhere—they are priced as low as $3.98! How can you miss getting orders right and left? You start by taking orders from friends... they'll tell their friends. Soon you're making big money like Marie Patton, Illinois, who took in an average of $35 a week... or Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland, who earned $36 a week... or Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama, who averaged $31.50 weekly.

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You can be lovelier from head to toe with the Camay Beauty Bath! Bathe every day with new Bath-Size Camay and you give your arms, your back, your legs true complexion care. You'll rise from your bath clean, refreshed—your skin just touched with the flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

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BARE YOUR BACK WITH CONFIDENCE!

LEAVES A FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE!

DESIGNED FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL!

Bath-Size Camay for your Camay Beauty Bath!
Queen of the cruise ship, 17-year-old model Pat Barnard of Great Neck, N. Y., scores a terrific hit! Pat always finds her career and her date-life mighty smooth sailing—thanks to that dazzling smile!

Naturally, Pat follows the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth . . . because dentists say it works! Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .

The Ipana Way is fun to follow, Pat tells her cabin-mate. Dentists say it works . . . and it's easy as 1, 2:

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can feel the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an Ipana smile. Ipana refreshes your mouth and breath, 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*

*In thousands of reports from all over the country.

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!
MARCH, 1949

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VOL. 31, NO. 4

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TEENAGERS

Dear Editor:
I would like to know who plays the part of Veronica in Archie Andrews. Also, who plays Oogie in Date With Judy?

Mr. E. S.
South Charleston, O.

Veronica is played by Gloria Mann whose picture you see here. She is active in motion pictures, too—her latest was "Martin Rome," opposite Richard Conte. As for Oogie Pringle, he's played by Dick Crenna. Incidentally, Dick plays another teenager, Walter Denison, in CBS' Our Miss Brooks.

PRIZES

Dear Editor:
Here's a question that has been puzzling me for quite some time. Who pays for the fabulous prizes awarded on the quiz programs? Do the sponsors, or do the manufacturers of the automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, etc?

Mrs. T. B.
Oswego, N. Y.

The manufacturers of the radios, automobiles, washing machines, or what have you, donate the prizes. In return they receive free advertising when those items are mentioned over the air as the prizes to be awarded to the lucky winners. As you can readily see, these free plugs are worth many times the value of the merchandise.

MAJOR BOWES

Dear Editor:
Please tell me what happened to our good old Major Bowes. Has he retired?

Mrs. E. A.
Friday Harbor, Wash.

We are sorry to tell you, and the many other people who have asked about him, that Major Bowes, the originator of the famed Amateur Hour, passed away on June 13, 1946.

MOOREHEAD ON SHELLAC

Dear Editor:
I was much impressed with Agnes Moorehead's version of Sorry. Wrong Number by Lucille Fletcher over CBS' Suspense program. I understand that there is now an album of this play recorded. Am anxious to know what company has recorded this sketch and where it can be obtained.

Mr. R. P.
Deer Lodge, Mont.

This album was recorded by Decca and can be ordered through your local music shop if it is not available there.

That "Left-Out Feeling" is no fun!

Get back in the picture, Sis! That's where a dream-girl like you belongs. And never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum. For Mum's unique, modern formula works entirely for your dainties—contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get a jar of Mum today!

Mum-Safer for Charm... Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of future odor after your bath washes away past perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin... Gentle Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes... No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.

Product of Bristol-Myers
Toni Twins prove magic of Soft-Water Shampooing

Lather...
Was Lila's Problem!

"This soap shampoo just won't give me enough lather," says Lila Wigren. "Our hard water seems to that!" And a lack of lather isn't the only problem, Lila. Even the finest soap shampoos leave hair with dulling film, that just won't rinse away. So the natural sparkle of your hair is concealed. Looks drab...lifeless. It's hard to manage, too.

But Ella
Got Heaps of It!

"Look at the lather I get," says twin Ella. "Imagine! Toni Creme Shampoo gives me Soft-Water Shampooing even in hard water!" And Ella—your hair shows a difference, too. Toni's thorough cleansing action leaves it glowing with lovely, morning-dew freshness. Its natural beauty is revealed...those wonderfully soft, smooth curls fairly sparkle.

Now It's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!
They've seen the proof! And the lovely Wigren twins are convinced that no soap or soap shampoo can match the advantages of Toni Creme Shampoo. For it gives you Soft-Water Shampooing even in hardest water. Leaves your hair gloriously smooth and soft, easy-to-manage. Helps your permanent "take" better. Those oceans of creamy-thick lather rinse away dirt and dandruff instantly. Your hair sparkles with lovely natural highlights. Try Soft-Water Shampooing today. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo. It's new!

Dancing or Listening

Jimmy Durante (MGM)—Inimitable is the word for Jimmy. His performance on this disc is great, wonderful and "stupendous"! "The State Of Arkansas" is a Durante original, "Dollar A Year Man," the reverse, is an infectious number.

Gene Krupa Orchestra (Columbia) — Gene's "Tea For Two" features an interpretive vocal chorus by Anita O'Day, while "How High The Moon" offers big band jazz with semi-boppish trombone and trumpet solos.

Charlie Ventura (National) —Who said that be-bop wasn't commercial? If you think that you can't "understand" this new kind of music, then listen to "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" as played by Charlie's group and sung by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. The reverse side is nothing.

Peggy Lee (Capitol)—Mrs. Dave Barbour is nothing less than excitingly wonderful on a very sexy "Hold Me" and a very jumpy "Then I'll Be Happy." The orchestral accompaniment on both sides is modern and extremely well-played. A fine disc, this.

Phil Moore Orchestra (Discovery)—The new record label has certainly discovered a great new talent in Phil Moore. A talent that has been hidden for too long. His original compositions and orchestrations are of the modern school. "Cornucopia" features Harry Schuchman on English Horn and a symphonic jazz band. "125th St. Prophet" features Calvin Jackson, Al Hendrickson, Marshall Royal, Harry Klee and Dan Lube. An excellent and interesting new disc.

* * *

Album Artistry

Sidney Bechet (Columbia) — The "grand old man of the soprano saxophone" demonstrates his musicianship and versatility on eight varied sides of jazz that run from Cole Porter songs to Bechet originals. He plays both soprano sax and clarinet here and will satisfy all—from "two-beat" collectors to lovers of "just good music."

By Joe Martin
Can you avoid catching cold? And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity? Oftentimes—YES.

It is now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset... to go after the surface germs before they go after you... to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antisptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic’s ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.
THREE NAME John Gambling probably evokes more nostalgic memories of the early days of radio than that of any other personality still on the air. To three generations of WOR listeners his voice has been as familiar as a member of the family.

Way back in 1925, when you and radio were both in knee pants, John's cheerful voice thrilled you by mentioning your birthday. Down through the years he has told you exactly what time it was each morning so you could steal that last few minutes of relaxation between the covers before surrendering to a demanding day.

Now, after twenty-four years, John is going stronger than ever. Six mornings a week he conducts a full two-hour program on WOR with only a news broadcast interrupting to give him a minute to catch his breath.

John starts his radio day at 6 A.M. on Rambling with Gambling, presenting an hour of news, weather reports, recorded music and cheerful chatter. After a fifteen minute intermission, he returns with what is probably the oldest continuous show in radio, Gambling's Musical Clock, an unpretentious informal session that has been a favorite for a quarter of a century.

In the Twenties, John gave listeners involved setting up drills in which he described every motion of each exercise and gave a detailed rhythm count. One day he decided to take an informal poll and discovered that he was the only one doing the exercises.

Since then, John's show has been devoted to cheerful early morning chatter, news, time signals and brief musical numbers featuring Vincent Sorey and his orchestra. "It's probably the only 'live' orchestra on the air at that time," says John, "and they're only half alive."

Gambling, who works without a formal script, simply jots down the jokes he intends to use on the broadcast while traveling to WOR each morning. And he never worries about the vintage of his jokes. "I just want them funny," says John. "If they are old, many people haven't heard them. And the rest have forgotten them."

Jokes, music, cheerful conversation and a friendly manner—it's a successful formula. And one that for twenty-four years has sent millions off to work or school with smiles on their faces.
HERE'S A BOMBSHELL ANNOUNCEMENT from "AMERICA'S BIGGEST BARGAIN BOOK CLUB"

Thousands Have Paid $18 for these Books—But You Get Them FREE!

THE QUEEN'S PHYSICIAN—When handsome Dr. Simeone entered the royal bedchamber, he saw that the queen's state bed was not to her liking. He removed the soft, padded mattress, and with the skill of an accomplished physician, he restored the queen's health and happiness.

EAGLE IN THE SKY—A thrilling tale of how three young heroes gathered the courage to face the dangers of the wild, untamed wilderness.

TALES FROM THE DECameron—Fables and fables, tales about the antics of the courtiers at the court of the sun. From Boccaccio.

THE GOLDEN HAWK—Adventure and love on the high seas. The story of a young pirate who falls in love with the daughter of a wealthy merchant.

YANKEE PASHA—Young Jason Steadman, a native New Yorker, finds himself in the Middle East, caught up in the political intrigue of the Ottoman Empire.

JANE EYRE—The tale of a young governess who falls in love with her employer, only to find that he is married.

ANNIE JORDAN—Vivid story of a young girl who grows up in the slums of New York City, overcoming all odds to become a successful businesswoman.

SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT—Over 50 of the shortest, most memorable stories by the master of the short story.

Nicholas COPPER—Avenged France because of one kind—Mauvaises.

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WUXTRY, WUXTRY!

At Children's Hospital stars like Slim Bryant (l.) and Bill Hinds (r.) made special recordings for the Appeal.

BIGGEST of all the many radio benefits sponsored each year by KDKA is the annual Old Newsboys' campaign for the Pittsburgh Children's Hospital, in which the World's Pioneer Station cooperates with the Pittsburgh Press, originator of the annual charity.

For four consecutive Saturday nights, KDKA turns all of its facilities over to the newsboys' campaign for all night broadcasts beginning at 11:15 P.M. Outstanding local radio talent and well-known stage and radio stars in Pittsburgh during the drive, entertain for the hospital's benefit.

Pledges to the fund are made by telephone and they come in during the night from practically every state in the union, as well as from various parts of Canada.

Each year from the efforts of the Press, its group of old newsboys and KDKA, more than $100,000 is turned over to the hospital so that any youngsters, regardless of creed or color, may get the best of treatment.

Success! Manager Joseph E. Baudino proudly exhibits some of the money collected for the Hospital through the efforts of KDKA and the Old Newsboys' campaign. Right: KDKA's model kitchen supplies food for the volunteers.
Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the $15 beauty shop wave? See answer below.)

Compare Toni with any other permanent — any home wave, any beauty shop wave — and you'll find there's no finer wave at any price!

The secret of lovelier hair is yours — with a Toni Home Permanent. For your Toni wave is so soft, so easy to manage, so natural-looking that people will probably ask if you have naturally curly hair! But before trying Toni you'll want to know:

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

Is it easy to do?
Amazingly easy! If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly simple that each month another two million women use Toni Home Permanent.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?
Because the Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon solution. Instead it's a mild creme lotion — made especially for home use. So gentle it just coaxes your hair into beautifully soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural, even on the very first day.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?
With Toni, you can have just the amount of curl you want . . . from a loose, casual wave to a halo of soft ringlets.

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

How much will I save with TONI?
The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only $2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1 . . . yet there is no finer wave at any price.

Which twin has the TONI?
Lovely Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I want a permanent that's soft and natural-looking right from the start. And that's just the way my Toni is!"

NOW over 2 million women a month use Toni
Philadelphia's famous Ferko String Band recorded Woody's own number, "Two Timer." Here they entertain in full regalia.

REBEL-HEARTED
Stutz

WIBG in Philadelphia has brought out something new in early morning radio announcers. He's Elwood (Woody) Stutz, the song-writing disc jockey, whose Wake-Up Time, broadcast from 5:30 to 6:45 A.M. Monday through Saturday, has startled staid Philadelphians right out of bed.

Stutz, who majored in music in college, was born in Virginia and is still a rebel at heart. He may start the morning off with what is usual procedure at most stations—playing a recording of the national anthem, but he announces it as YOUR national anthem. He then follows through by playing "MY" national anthem, and the strains of Dixie are wafted from loudspeakers.

His listeners are the most loyal to be found in radio. During the war years, he merely had to mention that he was unable to buy cigarettes and they came in by the carton. He kept the entire station well-supplied.

When the station's production manager wanted, but was unable to buy, a pair of purple socks to match a tie and kerchief combination he had purchased in a weak moment, Stutz made a plea for same. Listeners traveled as far as New York, after exhausting the patience of sock department clerks all over Philadelphia, in an attempt to acquire the requested haberdashery. Apparently men's hosiery isn't made in that color, because none could be purchased anywhere. Stutz's fans didn't let him down, however. Three pairs of white socks, each dyed a different shade of the required color, arrived in the mail to make his boss happy.

What makes said boss even happier is the way Stutz's listeners buy the things his sponsors sell. Everything from costume jewelry to correspondence courses are regularly and successfully merchandised.

Music got him into radio in Virginia, after which he switched to announcing, and he still hasn't decided which should be his full-time career work.

Folks who hear his programs insist that he belongs at a mike vocally, but those of you who've heard "Two Timer," recorded by the Ferko String Band, "Relatives," and "In Martha's Eyes" (written for his wife) which Columbia recorded with Nick DeFrancis, may think otherwise.

But if you're in range of Philadelphia, listen to Stutz on WIBG anyway. He may not wake you up happily, but—he'll wake you up.
Says: RHONDA FLEMING:

"Sheer Excitement... that's New Woodbury Powder!... it gives skin the most heavenly Satin-Smooth Look!"

SEE WHY WOMEN CHOSE
WOODBURY
OVER ALL LEADING BRANDS!

The moment you try New Woodbury Powder you'll know why women all over the country preferred it to their own favorite face powders.* Fluff on Woodbury and instantly your skin looks beautifully, Satiny smooth! A new, exclusive ingredient gives this flawless, Satin finish... covers tiny blemishes amazingly!

No powder ever gave this perfect look before! No powder had such cling as this—your skin stays lovely hours longer And round you, like a spell, the enchanting new Woodbury fragrance.

* In a Nation-wide test
Woodbury won by the tremendous average of 4 to 1 over all other leading brands of powder.

New Woodbury Powder

RHONDA FLEMING
David O. Selznick actress co-starring with Bing Crosby in Paramount's "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE" Color by Technicolor

7 Glow-of-Color Shades
Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. Large "Dressing Table" size $1.00. Prices plus tax.
Oakley Yale of WBEN can play a dozen other instruments, but he prefers the accordion.

TWENTY-ONE years ago, at the age of eleven, Oakley Yale won a grade school talent contest in Minnesota. As a prize, he was featured on a piano program over WCCO in that city. Since then, the WBEN headliner has tramped in vaudeville and appeared on television and radio stations from Coffeyville, Kans., to Yankton, S. D. But now his standby is the accordion—in fact, Oakley is one of the best-known accordion players in the U. S. and is president of the Accordion Teachers Guild International.

Oakley was born in Niagara Falls at the home of his grandparents and two months after his birth he was off on a vaudeville jaunt with his mother and father who were known professionally as Yale and Davis. When "Oak" and his brother Paul grew up, they looked so much alike that they were billed around the country as the Yale twins. At various times they joined forces with their parents and were billed as the Yale Family.

Buffalo knows him as an "in-person" artist; he is in great demand for club dates for his trio and about twice a year he steps out as a concert soloist and draws crowds to Buffalo's new and modernistic Kleinhans Music Hall. His accordion also is prominent as a solo instrument on the WBEN Bandbox Monday through Friday evenings at 7:30.

Oakley is an experienced family man with five children but he still is a trifle confused about the wailing proclivities of his latest offspring—twin girls born last summer. "I can't understand," he muses quizically, "how one manages to start screaming just as the other stops." In addition to the girls, he has three scrappy boys. His wife is a Kansas girl whom he married in Buffalo.

FROM LITTLE ACORNS

"Oak" plays with this trio—Tommy Roy, bass; Stan Zurek, clarinet—on Early Date at Hengerer's, mornings at 9:15.
Amusement Enterprises presents

DOROTHY LAMOUR  BRIAN DONLEVY  CLAIRE TREvor

in

"THE LUCKY STIFF"

with
IRENE HERVEY  BILLY VINE  MARJORIE RAMBEAU  ROBERT ARMSTRONG

Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER

Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster
Based on the novel by Craig Rice
Released thru United Artists

It’s a rollicking mystery-comedy based on the popular Craig Rice character (and we do mean “character”) Mr. Malone
Where are they going ... and why?

A famous columnist points out possible directions, and the reasons for them

By Harriet Van Horne

whose column, Radio and Television, appears daily in the N. Y. World Telegram.

Fred Allen Plans Retirement from Radio.
Edgar Bergen Speaks of Quitting Radio.
Jolson to Leave Radio at End of '49 Season.

If you're a reader of radio news, you've recently seen those headlines in your daily papers, and perhaps you've asked yourself what they mean, what's behind this exodus from the air.

Where are they going, the old friends we've been listening to for lo, these many years? Are they going to become the new familiar faces on television? Or have Jolson and Allen and the others simply tired of us before we tired of them? Anyway, there they go—at least, they say they're going —and such an upheaval in America's listening habits bears some looking into.

The first time I met Jack Benny I was a little surprised to hear myself say, “You know, I've been listening to you since I was a little girl.”
It was no idle pleasantry. I have been listening to Jack for seventeen years. So have you. Giving a faithful ear to the funny men of radio is part of growing up in these United States. Quotations from radio programs are always accepted as conversational currency. Perhaps that’s one reason the habit stays fixed through the years. That and the sentimental attachment one acquires to anything—a song, a custom, an idea—that has endured since the days of one’s youth.

I can’t even remember a time when there wasn’t a program called Amos ’n’ Andy. I’m sure this pair has been in radio as long as the vacuum tube.

It’s interesting that radio, unlike the stage and screen, has built its reputation (and its fortune) on a handful of stars. And short-sightedly, radio has skidded along on the happy assumption that these stars will go on forever and ever. Recent developments indicate that such isn’t necessarily so.

What radio is facing at the moment is the most serious crisis of its twenty-eight-year experience. For radio’s reigning favorites are growing restive. They want out.

Who will replace them? Nobody. At least, nobody the eye can see right now. Radio, fat and stuffy with years of success, never thought to have some eager young understudies, groomed and waiting in the wings. The result probably will be a spell of dull listening for the next year or two—until television becomes as universal as the old-fashioned, one-dimensioned radio.

Just consider now, what personalities has your family been tuning to during the past decade? Jack Benny, Al Jolson, Edgar Bergen, Fred Allen, to cite a few of Mr. Hooper’s ranking players. Of those four, Bergen has (Continued on page 103)
THE GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED!
It's Tailored of Vigorized Thorobred Crease-Resistant Gabardine
JACKET—Club Collar, Large Bellows Pockets, Inserted Square Yoke, Gold Finished Buttons & Buckle, Smart Bishop Sleeves with Tab Cuffs.
SKIRT—Smortly Tailored, the new Slim Skirt, Smart Slit Front.
COLORS: Black, Green, Blue, Gray, Brown.
Regular sizes: 10 to 18; Junior sizes: 9 to 17
2 WAYS TO ORDER: 1. Send payment with order; you save postage. You save postage and C.O.D. fee.
2. We mail C.O.D. if you prefer.

BETTY CO-ED of Hollywood, Dept. 416

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BY DUKE ELLINGTON

THE DUKE'S DISC SHOW, CARRIED BY WMCA, IS ALSO HEARD ON KVOC, Casper, Wyo.; CKLW, Detroit, Mich.; WHAM, Memphis, Tenn.

SOME of the best news we've heard in many a cliche'd moon came with the announcement that Benny Goodman was again in front of a new band. Since then, we've heard that band—and it's wonderful! It's a big band, a modern band and a show band. Playing everything from be-bop to waltzes. Benny and his boys will make the customers happy any time and any place.

Here's some more good news—Kitty Kallen, who retired about a year ago to await the arrival of her son, Jonathan, has now returned to the musical scene via radio, night clubs, television and some brand new Mercury recordings that should put her right up on top again—where she most certainly belongs.

Lionel Hampton, always a fine showman, is really at his best on his Saturday noontime Mutual program. He puts the talent contestants completely at ease, enabling them to give their best, and each program produces a celebrity with some unusual story or little-known talent in diverse fields.

If you're one of the many who've been confused by the shifting of programs from one network to another and from one time to another time, then we have a complaint in common! We spent a rainy Sunday twisting a dial for the Jane Froman show only to find that her Pause That Refreshes program is now heard on CBS each Friday night. Mr. Hooper, please note too!

There are many of us Jane Froman fans.

Be-Bop record collectors have been writing us about the Charlie Ventura group. They were right, Charlie's latest platters are in the "great" classification. The uninitiated will want to know that Ventura is now recording for RCA Victor—and, by the way, so are Fran Warren and Lucky Millinder.

Even biasé Hollywood was surprised when it was revealed that Meredith Willson is writing the commercials on his Wednesday revue. That makes him the only network star in the business doing the sales copy for his programs. The main reason is that his commercials are entertainment.

Vaudeville is opening up on the West Coast, surprisingly spurred by television. The Fox West Coast Theaters are hoping to lure some of radio's top names into a series of one-nighters and split weeks between their air show dates.

An unusual sport shirt for boys will be on the market soon, featuring many of the prominent bandleaders in the country. The shirt will have reproductions of the faces of Sammy Kaye, Guy Lombardo, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Woody Herman and Tex Beneke.
...dream girl, dream girl
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens
From a Lustre-Creme shampoo

Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-
blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN...for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness,
THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight...if you use Lustre-
Creme Shampoo today! It's Kay Daumit's exclusive blend of secret
ingredients plus gentle lanolin.

This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fra-
grantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty
in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's
favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—
—will love the loveliness results in your hair.
"It's simply amazing!"

Pan-Stik
Max Factor's New Cream-Type Make-Up in the smart swivel-stick

AS EASY TO USE AS YOUR LIPSTICK

A few light strokes of Pan-Stik... smoothed with your fingertips... a new, lovelier complexion.

Quicker... easier... convenient for any unexpected make-up need.

Women are saying!

"My skin feels soft, smooth, natural, refreshed; never drawn, tight or dry."

"It covers blemishes, makes my skin look more youthful and stays fresh-looking from morning to night."

"It's so easy to apply, goes on smoothly and evenly, never becomes greasy, streaky or shiny."

Only Hollywood's Make-Up Genius could bring you a make-up like Pan-Stik. In an instant it creates a new, delicately soft complexion. Your skin looks flawless, fascinatingly beautiful... feels gloriously natural... even refreshed. Pan-Stik takes only seconds to apply... yet lasts for hours without retouching. The new revolutionary swivel-stick means quicker, easier application.

Pan-Stik is convenience itself... it's all you've dreamed of in a make-up... "It's simply amazing!"

IN FIVE COLOR HARMONY SHADeS AND TWO EXCITING SUN TAN SHADES $1.50

Max Factor * Hollywood

Complete your make-up in Color Harmony for your type

"I believe that cosmetic color harmony is the most important single feature in accentuating beauty and charm."

Max Factor * Hollywood

FACE POWDER... creates a satin smooth make-up... in Color Harmony shades for your type... the finishing touch.

ROUGE... to harmonize with your Lipstick... correct for your type... adds color, and accents your beauty.

LIPSTICK... 3 flattering shades for your type: Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Correct for your coloring, correct for your costume.
FOLLOWING her graduation from the Duluth, Minnesota, high school, Peggy Knudsen’s parents gave her a train ticket, pocket money, and their blessing, so that she could come to New York and seek fulfillment of her stage ambitions. Peggy’s success came surprisingly soon. With characteristic modesty, she says that it was just the good luck of being in the right place at the right time.

But a bright girl like Peggy realizes that luck can be attracted. For instance, if she had relied solely on her dramatic talents, and not made the most of her good looks, she might never have been noticed by a Broadway talent scout at the Stage Door Canteen. As the result of his notice, she was soon playing the lead in a hit play. Not only because of her talent, but because of her prettiness, too, she was off to Hollywood with a long term contract in her purse. Of course, radio also claimed her. Dial twisters hear her on the air as Lois Graves, older sister on CBS’s Junior Miss program.

Although you may not have Peggy’s ambitions to become an actress, surely you’re ambitious to be as beautiful as possible. And there’s no better way to start than with good winter care. In cold weather, you know, your skin chaps easily. Even though you give it frantick, last-minute creaming and lotioning before donning a revealing dance frock, your arms and shoulders won’t be so soft and white and lovely as they could be, if they had received daily lubrication.

First of all, Peggy gives soap and water top billing in the care of her skin. After a thorough, all-over scrubbing in the tub, she dries herself well with a Turkish towel, and uses its roughness to massage a glow and a tingle to her skin. Next, she slathers lots of hand cream or lotion on her legs, ankles, feet, arms, hands, chest, and neck, and massages it until dry.

Before retiring, she carefully cleanses off all make-up. After this preliminary step, Peggy then massages an emollient cream, oil, or lotion on her face and neck—even to “way down to here” on her chest, then wipes off the excess with facial tissues.

A foundation cream or lotion, applied beneath make-up, or a creamy cake make-up, also helps to protect your skin, she says, in the chill outdoors, or in drying, steam-heated temperatures indoors.

By following these few simple procedures for winter skin care, when you, too, don your pretty dance frock, you should look as lovely in it as Peggy does in hers.

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate’s exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!
MA PERKINS has been on the air a matter of fifteen years, and when that anniversary came round recently it didn’t go unnoticed. Ma and the rest of the cast were guests of honor at a big old-time party at New York’s Old Knick Music Hall. It was a party anyone in Rushville Center, Ma’s home town, would have loved. Square dancing, sack races, a loud, fast auction—all the trimmings—made a big evening for the guests, many of whom were members of other radio daytime drama casts, all suitably costumed or identified so that they could greet one another like convention-goers, by first names. And when didn’t sawdust on the floor and a good loud “caller” for the square dancing add up to a good party—whether in New York or in Rushville Center?

One thing always ties in with the other. Now, it is said that the reduction in the numbers of pictures being made in Hollywood is responsible for cutting the prices on radio guest star appearances. Even with the lower prices, coast stars are competing for guest shots in order to keep their names before the public. And there’s a vicious circle quality about all this—as long as they keep competing, the prices are going to stay low and go lower.

Producers of the Junior Miss program are finding that teen-age type actresses are subject to special hazards. Twice in recent months, Beverly Wills has turned up at the studio with a fractured finger. The first time she broke a finger while playing volley ball at Los Angeles Emerson Junior High. The second time it was basketball that did the dirty work. (Continued on page 22)

By DALE BANKS
The Old Knickerbocker Music Hall, in N. Y. C., was decorated with Rushville Center scenes for Ma Perkins’ party. Calf was biggest of many gifts Ma got.

One of the big events was a sack race, but sitting it out gave Wendy (Florence Freeman) and Mother Young (Marion Barney) time to gossip with Ma.

New friends—Lorna Lynn, who plays Barbara Dennis in one of radio’s newer dramas, The Brighter Day, learned that Dr. Malone’s dog is really Donald Bain.

Old friends—Papa David, of Life Can Be Beautiful (Ralph Locke), claiming his rights as fellow radio veteran, captured Ma for the first square dance.

The program Ma Perkins is heard Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M. EST on NBC, 1:15 P.M. EST on CBS.
**SALON-SAFE FOR “DIFFICULT” HAIR**

**SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD**

Here’s the home permanent that even women with “hard-to-wave” hair can give themselves with real confidence of salon-type results!

For with the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent, you use the same sort of preparations—even the same improved cold wave process found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, cream waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. If you can roll your hair on curlers, you’ll manage beautifully!

There isn’t a lovelier, more luxurious, softer home wave for any head! Price, $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50.

(All prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax.)

![Image of Richard Hudnut Home Permanent product]

**ONLY RICHARD HUDNUT HAS ALL 7!**

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. Waving lotion more penetrating, but gentler!
   Ample for complete coverage, including special Hudnut pre-softening.
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 Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse—famous for reconditioning and lustre-giving.
7. Two lengths of rods, Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

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**COAST TO COAST (Continued from page 21)**

Gloria Breeneman, 20-year-old daughter of the late Tom Breeneman is setting out on a radio and stage career of her own, now. The nice touch is that she was given her first network break by one of her daddy’s friendly rivals, Bob McNeely of Breakfast Club fame.

Ted Collins has received an offer from a leading publisher to write a book on his experiences in the entertainment world. It should make an exciting book, if he writes it, since Collins is one of the most colorful men in show business.

Bill Lawrence, Director of Screen Guild Players, has been given the signal honor of directing the annual Academy Awards broadcast over ABC, March 24th. George Jessel has been appointed master of ceremonies, and the broadcast will be either an hour, or an hour and a half in length.

Look for Dick Powell to be back on the air soon, if he isn’t already a regular by the time this appears. CBS is working on a new dramatic series for Powell.

Although sponsors have dropped the Date With Judy program, they’ve retained the services of that show’s director, Helen Mack, who now produces the Alan Young show, which took up the time slot—and sponsor—of the “Judy” stanza. Miss Mack is one of the few lady producers in radio.

Lucille Fletcher’s “Sorry, Wrong Number,” the radio masterpiece which has been made into a movie and has been repeated eleven times on the air since it was first written, will probably become a once-a-year fixture on the Suspense program. Agnes Moorehead, whose superb acting has done much to make the success of the half-hour play, has recently asked the Decca company to take some legal action to prevent disc jockeys from playing her album version of the play, a move we can understand, since she gets nothing for these extra performances and they can cut into her earnings by killing interest in the show.

Don Ameche’s new air contract will keep him from making a movie for at least a year. The new deal calls for Don to headline the radio show five half hours a week. With rehearsals and preparation that takes up too much time to allow for the rigid schedules of movie work.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER... The Lone Ranger is due for filming and telecasting as a half hour video show sometime in March... Radio Actress Anne Seymour will play a leading role in the motion picture, “All the King’s Men”... Larry Adler has signed a five-year contract to star in pictures and telefilms... Clark Dennis may portray John McCormack, the great Irish tenor, in the forthcoming film based on his career... Jeff Corey signed to play a key role in Republic’s “Hide-Out”... Count Basie and Pearl Bailey have been signed for theater appearances together... Jack Bailey has turned author, his book “What’s Cookin’ now available in the stores... and that’s enough of this stuff for now. Happy listening... and remember, the stars and networks like to hear from you.
What I think of
WALTER WINCHELL

There's no middle course—either you love Winchell or you hate him!

Radio Mirror sent a reporter and a photographer out to ask people, chosen at random, how they felt about Walter Winchell—a man who is heard and discussed and judged by everyone. Here are some of the answers to the reporter's questions. Others are found on page 99.

"When something is wrong, Winchell comes out with it and tries to get something done. He'll stick his neck out on issues that other people may disagree on. I've listened to him and admired his dynamic, frank opinions. Although I don't always agree, I believe in his integrity. Winchell can't be praised too much for the boost he's given to talent that would otherwise have remained anonymous..."

"Winchell is not only a good reporter—his ability for showmanship is exciting and he tends to make every piece of news a short drama. When Winchell first comes out with some startling news people are first inclined to doubt it but he always substantiates it. I like his direct way of presentation and if he is wrong, he's not afraid to admit it. I've been listening to him for five years."

"Walter Winchell is nosy and newy. He not only finds headlines but makes them. I've known him over thirty years, and even back then his personality and writing were dynamic. His ideas are good but not necessarily unbiased because of his zealousness. A person with so much power should always remember his responsibilities. It is not right to allow personal feelings to enter into news reports."

"I don't much care for Walter Winchell, although I've been listening to him for three years, because he seems to be a bit malicious and deals too much in high class gossip to suit my tastes. I don't think he's helping us to keep the peace with Russia. He's too much of an alarmist. He wields great power and it's too bad that a man with his influence doesn't use it to promote more good will."

"I'm crazy about Walter Winchell's voice and the staccato delivery of his remarks. For five years I've tuned Winchell in regularly each Sunday night—always listen because I think he is both dramatic and honest. I love to hear his news scoops and also his interesting personal items. And one of the things I appreciate most of all is the brevity with which he presents his news items."

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WALTER WINCHELL? TURN TO NEXT PAGE
WHAT DO **YOU**

You’ve told your friends and family how you feel about Winchell—now tell Radio Mirror. Your opinion may win a valuable prize!

What does a Winchell broadcast (Sunday nights at 9 EST, ABC) leave you thinking . . . about Winchell? What you have to say may win the new 1949 Kaiser sedan, or another valuable prize.
WALTER WINCHELL isn't the kind of man, nor is his radio program the kind of program, that you can "take or leave alone." He is one of the best-known, most thought-about and talked-about men in the country. Everywhere, Monday morning conversations begin, "Did you hear Winchell last night? Now here's what I think—" Everyone listens to him, everyone—agreeing or disagreeing—talks about him.

You, too, have doubtless spoken your mind about him to your friends or your family. Now, here's a chance to win a wonderful prize for your opinion of Walter Winchell simply by putting down on paper the things you've said and thought and felt about him, and sending that statement to RADIO MIRROR. The editors of RADIO MIRROR will give, to the person whose statement they consider the most interesting and original, a brand new 1949 Kaiser automobile, just like the one pictured below. There will be other prizes, too—five dollars to the writer of each of the forty next-best statements.

Write clearly, on one side of the paper only. Put down exactly what you think, exactly how you feel about Walter Winchell, in seventy-five words or less. Fill out the entry blank below, attach it to your statement, and mail both statement and blank to Winchell Contest, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Send as many statements as you like, but each one must have an entry blank attached.

RADIO MIRROR editors will be judges and their decision will be final. Your letter must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 1, to be considered. No entries will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail, and a complete list of winners will appear in the June, 1949, issue of RADIO MIRROR.

HERE IS MY STATEMENT, IN 75 WORDS OR LESS, ANSWERING THE QUESTION, "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WALTER WINCHELL?"

MY NAME IS

MY ADDRESS IS

CITY ........................................ ZONE

STATE ......................................

I understand that the prize winners will be chosen by the editors of Radio Mirror, and that their decision will be final, and that my entry will not be returned to me. My statement is attached to this entry blank.

(Mail your statement, with this blank attached, to Winchell Contest, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. You may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by an entry blank.)
Come and Visit AMOS

Meet Freeman Gosden, the younger half of radio's oldest team

By ALICE CRAIG GREENE

TO millions of American radio listeners, the Kingfish, Amos and Lightnin' live in New York City's Harlem. Actually the three are one person, and they live—under the name of Freeman Gosden—in a beautiful white house on a winding street in Beverly Hills, California.

The younger—and Amos-Kingfish-Lightnin'—half of the most famous pair on radio, the program that began America's "listening habit" is probably as little known physically to his public as he is well-known audibly. Neither Gosden nor Charlie Correll, who plays Andy, would be any kind of a subject for a "Mr. Hush" contest, where they'd have to depend on their voices for disguise. Because for a quarter of a century now, those voices have been well-known to a delighted listening audience.

But since you could pass either of them on the streets and probably not know them, a physical description may be in order. Nervous, articulate, witty, gum-chewing Freeman Gosden, at 49, has the confident manner of the arrived guy who has come up from scratch. His reddish hair is growing a trifle sparse, his reddish eyebrows beetle over restless curious eyes. Very friendly, his enthusiasms rush off with him physically as well as mentally. When he opens his mouth to let that southern accent pour out with a story, it's ten to one he'll be up walking through it, and acting it out, before he's through. He's definitely the kind of a guy you'd like to have at your party.

A confirmed worrier, Gosden worries to make each show better than last week's. Yet he's also good-natured, and optimistic. He never has wanted to allow himself to build up things for a let-down. This frame of mind has induced success. In their entire career, the boys have never had a serious let-down. Even in the depths of the depression, they had some of their very best times financially.

Freeman lives in that house in Beverly Hills with a very lovely girl named Jane, whom he married four years ago.

"We met at a party here in town," Freeman tells it. "A dinner at a friend's house in Hollywood. She and her brother were there. All I could see was this small (about five feet two), pretty girl with the fine features and the honey blonde hair and the very, very blue eyes. But I'd caught the fact that both these kids had the last name of Stoneham, and for a minute I was afraid they (Continued on page 89)
Freeman Jr. and Virginia, children of Freeman's first marriage, are away at school, but their portraits join the family circle.

Freeman's the worrying type, and Jane sees it as part of her job to keep his at-home hours peacefully pleasant. Art is a mutual hobby; that's their prized Grandma Moses painting on the wall, above.
Off-duty, Charlie Correll doesn’t

paint or putter. His hobby is the most

rewarding in the world: his family.

CHARLIE CORRELL—the “Andy” half of the famous team—declares that any week now he is going to put up a flagpole in front of his place and a sign reading Holmby Hills Country Club. Actually, although the eighteen-roomed Georgian colonial structure the Corrells call home does look a little like a country club, it might more aptly be called Correll’s Kid Camp.

Through its spacious rooms and over its polished floors constantly race five determined and lusty Correll youngsters and their assorted friends. There is Dorothy, who is nine; Barbara, seven; Charles, five; Jack, three; and Dick, just approaching his first birthday.

Charlie, a gray-haired, stocky pixie with a wicked twinkle in his blue eyes and a ruddy complexion that grows ruddier with laughter, has a satisfying and exciting hobby—his family, the above-named five and his wife, Alyce. Alyce is a small (five feet tall) curvaceous, pretty woman, with big dark eyes and very white skin. Vivacious and filled with as great a love of laughter as is Charlie, Alyce shares his joy in a big family.

After their marriage in 1937, Charlie and Alyce lived in an apartment in town while they were having their Holmby Hills place built. From the beginning Alyce insisted on a large house, and that’s what the great Negro architect, Paul Williams, designed for them.

There’s a lot of ground, a large pool—“Just right for kids,” Charlie says. “When we first moved in, I thought it was a little silly that we’d built such a huge place. But Alyce had her mind set on a family of six all along. Now that we have the five, we don’t have any too much room.”

(Continued on page 74)
Alyce was part of a dancing team when she and Charlie met.

There is a playroom, but the kids have the run of the house.

The doll is a stand-in for Dick, whose bedtime comes early. Both Charlie and Alyce would like one more child—“an even half dozen.”
For and against, the quiz show controversy still rages. But
Bob Hawk says: "Watch a quiz audience; then watch any other audience. There's your answer!"

By BOB HAWK

A RE quiz show here to stay? What a question!

Of course they are! There's nothing on the air that can top a good quiz. What other type of show can compare to it in mass appeal, in audience participation, in spontaneity, in unrehearsed humor and in, above all, just plain, downright folksiness?

Let me prove my point. Let's watch an audience listening in to a comedy show, for instance (and you can name your own comedian, too), and then let's compare it to an audience listening in to a quiz program. The comedy show audience is thoroughly relaxed; they lean back in their chairs, puffing away on their cigarettes and, in general, taking things very, very easy. No matter how funny the act, how loud the laughter, their reaction is, nevertheless, purely passive. Their participation in the show is nil. At the most, the audience plays the role of amused observers.

Now, let's take an audience listening in to a good quiz program. Watch the way they lean forward in their chairs, the intent expressions on their faces, the breathless hush when the quiz master fires his question. Hear their exclamations of pleasure when the contestant answers the question correctly; hear their groans of dismay if he fumbles with the question or can't answer it. Observe how they then urge on the contestant, encourage him, pray for him and, in the end, call out the correct answer in the vain hope that he'll hear it.

Nothing passive about this audience! No, sir! What makes for the difference? Simple. Mostly, it's just a case of self-identification.

After all, who are our contestants but average folks from all walks of life: school-teachers, career girls, housewives, factory workers, businessmen, grocery clerks, etc., etc.? And who is our listening audience but average folks from all walks of life: school-teachers, career girls, housewives, factory workers, businessmen, grocery clerks, etc., etc.?

Thus John and Mary Stay-at-Home enjoy the thrilling sensation of identifying themselves with the contestant at the microphone. If he wins, they win; if he loses, they lose.

But it's not only a matter of identification. It's more than that. It's also a case of competition. At the same time they are identifying themselves with the contestant, John and Mary are getting the double thrill of competing with that very same contestant, pitting their knowledge against his. Is there any other type of show on the air that can supply this one-two punch?

In audience participation, a quiz show can't be beat. It can't even be touched. It stands by itself. It's a people's program. In fact, that's what a good quiz should be called: A Program for the Common People.

I remember when I first got into the quiz business. That was way back in 1936. I was out in Chicago, then. Some nine years before, in the summer of 1927, I had come to the Windy City to work for an uncle of mine. My uncle was rich and I was poor. It was natural that we should get together.

I'm kidding, of course. The fact is, I (Continued on page 88)
Bob Hawk piles up a big score on the "plus" side of the quiz question.
"One good parent," Eve believes, "can do a far better job for a child than two ill-suited parents who wrangle constantly."
At tea-party time—with baby Constance still too young to play—Liza and Eve eat enough for three.

BECAUSE, on the CBS program Our Miss Brooks, I play the role of a schoolteacher, and because a schoolteacher is supposed to know everything, I receive a great deal of mail which asks my opinion on various subjects. Also, because it is well known that I am divorced, and that I have two adopted daughters, Liza, who is just past four, and Constance, who is a year and a half, much of my opinion-seeking mail asks in essence, "Is one parent enough to guarantee a child a fair start in life?"

Although I’m not a controversial person and I usually try to avoid even mild discussions, I am now going to stick my neck out and say that I don’t think it is the number of parents in a home that matters. I think the crucial factor is the quality of the person or persons who assume the responsibility of parenthood.

Without doubt, two good parents are better than one good parent, but circumstances sometimes give no choice in that matter. That much-abused phrase "rearing a child alone" appears to have been a bugaboo down through the ages. I want to be quick to (Continued on page 84)

Can one parent do a good job? Here’s Eve’s answer, with Liza and Constance to prove it
Nora knows love’s greatest sadness, for hers is a woman’s heart—it cannot forget.
Young, lovely NORA DRAKE, nurse on the staff of Page Memorial Hospital in Anytown, USA, shares with many young women the problem of combining a career with personal happiness. But Nora's problem is doubly difficult: Dr. Ken Martinson, whom she loves, is married. And, incomplete as her own life is, Nora pities the bitter Peg Martinson. (Nora Drake is played by Joan Tompkins)

Soon after his marriage to Peg King, daughter of a wealthy hospital trustee, Dr. KEN MARTINSON realized he still loved Nora, and asked for a divorce. But Peg refused to release him, and now Ken cannot insist because a tragic automobile accident transformed his wife into a helpless, dependent invalid. (played by Alan Hewitt)

Headstrong PEG MARTINSON took Ken away from Nora—but is paying a dreadful price to keep him. The crash that crippled her occurred when, blind with rage, she drove away from seeing Nora. Now she must live with the knowledge that Ken does not love her, and that her father, for once, cannot help her. (played by Joan Alexander)
Fred Molina was a big-time gambler when, through her father, he met Nora. Deciding that she stood for things he really wanted, Fred tried to win Nora's friendship. Arthur Drake ordered him to stop seeing Nora, then in a fury shot him. But Fred remained loyal to Drake during the latter's trial and imprisonment. (Fred Molina is played by Larry Haines)

Rose Fuller, head nurse at Page Memorial, is a wise, mature woman, a devoted friend to Nora. Nora's troubles are never so overwhelming after she has talked them over with Rose. Indeed, Rose gives unsparingly of herself to everyone who seems to need her, never withholding help even though she knows she is fatally ill. (Rose Fuller is played by Irene Hubhard)

Andrew King has everything that money can buy except his daughter's happiness. He is the only one who really understands that Peg is her own worst enemy—and that she will destroy herself and others to get what she wants. Helpless to check Peg's powerful emotions, Andrew can only try to guide them. (Andrew King is played by Roger De Koven)
SUZANNE TURRIE, 18-year-old refugee, has been warmly befriended by Nora. Suzanne, whose parents disappeared somewhere in Europe, is the ward of Assistant District Attorney Charles Dobbs, prosecutor in Arthur Drake’s case. An idealist, deeply disturbed by the world’s confusion, Dobbs can forget evil for a time when listening to Suzanne’s brilliant piano-playing. But his exaltation is troubled by the suspicion that young Suzanne is falling in love with him. (Dobbs is Grant Richards; Suzanne is Joan Lorring)

ARTHUR DRAKE, Nora’s amiable but weak Dad, is gaining a new insight into himself and his relationships with others while serving his prison term for shooting Molina. Though her father’s imprisonment is a torment to Nora, Arthur may emerge a better man with a completely new attitude toward life. (Arthur Drake is played by Ralph Bell)

Friday: on CBS at 2:30 P.M. EST.
CHAT WITH A CAT

Saucers of cream,
Grode a beef,
Tender nice.
And a catalpa leaf.

Priceless cushions to sharpen claws,
Silken cushions for soiled paws.
Mine the choice to amuse or ignore
Slaves who open and shut my door.
Mine the right, should the shrimp be stale.
With lifted whisker and twitching tail.
To demand and get an apology
From the cook who dared the atrocity.

Men are a superstitious lot
And easy prey to a feline plot.
My best, by far, is the frightened stare
At things that obviously aren't there.

They locked me in when the moon was high,
And Butch, the beggar with one good eye,
Coaxed with a yowl and a wistful meow.
And I got out and they never knew.
They laid their plans for a family
From the Silver Tom with the pedigree,
But he's a snob, and his voice is vile,
And besides, MY ancestors ruled the Nile.
When not a kitten had silver hair
They washed their hands of the whole affair,
And muttered together in apprehension
Of witches and devils and fourth dimension.

Saucers of cream
Caviar,
An alley cat
With a battle scar.

One life spent and eight to go
And I dreamed last night in the sixth or so
I'll find a jungle and prowl about
In tiger stripes... AND THEN WATCH OUT!
—Mary Anspach Simon

BUTTER MOONS

Old Aunt Minnie never keeps track of money,
Never knows how much butter, as dollars go,
She's made a roll of, but close on fifty years now,
She's kept her figures, ledger row on row.
And she can tell you, positive and plain,
How many pounds have moulded to her hand,
Cool and sweet and sprinkled with drops like dew,
How many full moons fitting a harvest land
Wax to an old-gold zenith from her churn.
And she will tell you: woman need ask no more
Than a bit of labor next-of-kin to earth.
Two nimble hands, an eye that counts its store
In coin of butter, like moons for a pasture hung,
And buttermilk's wild tang beneath her tongue.
—Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

FIDDLER

No one ever knew the titles
Of the tunes that Patrick played.
He gathered them from hills and hedges
At the source where they were made.

A thousand timbres flecked his numbers,
The start of a hare when scent of flowers.
Come on the wind with voices of warning,
Then the breathless race over lichen and rocks.

Lightning in purple whipcord flashes
Sprang from his bow to the fiddle strings,
After a storm there would be the laughing
Of brooks and sun on the flapping of wings.

Patrick could play the summer over
In the icy harsh of the winter's chill,
Could bring back birdsong and a falling snow,
Then meet spring coming over the hill.

Never was there the sound of a season
But Patrick could catch its undertone,
Then out of his heart with flying fingers
Make of each one a song of his own.
—Anne Tansey
OF A FEATHER

Women bear a reputation
For making catty conversation,
And they deserve it, too. But, then—
Just listen in some day on men!
—W. E. Forbstein

FRESH BREAD

She shuddered when she heard the wind-swinged gate Slam shut, knowing he was outside and nevermore Would come in whistling from the field to chore When the sun dropped low. There was no need to wait The supper now . . . she was not the first that fate Had so bereft—other women lived and bore A double load; men had been lost before . . . But companioned misery did not abate Her pain. The bus would clatter by from school And hungry children must be met and fed; She sensed some comfort in familiar smell Of fresh-baked loaves turned on the shelf to cool And life felt safer, somehow, when the bread Was made, she thought—and it turned out so well. —Nellie Burget Miller

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 Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, 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.
BUTTER MOONS

Old Aunt Minnie never keeps track of money. Never knows how much butter, as dollars go. She's made a roll of it, but close on fifty years now, She's kept her figures, ledger row on row, And she can tell you, positive and plain, How many pounds have accumulated in her hand, Cool and sweet and sprinkled with drops like dew, How many full moons have filled a secret hand. Way to an old and famed from her store, And she will tell you women need salt no more Than a bit of labor needful to our life. Two nimble hands, an eye that counts its store In coin of butter, like moons for a pasture hung, And buttering with tenderness the bag. —Isabelle Bryant Longfellow

FIddler

No one ever knew the titles Of the tunes that Patrick played. He gathered them from hills and hedges At the source where they were made. A thousand timbres flashed his numbers, The start of a howl when overt of fox. Came on the wind with voices of warning. Then the breathless race over lichen and rocks. Lighting in purple whispered fables Sprung from his bow to the wooden strings. After a storm there would be the laughing Of brooks and our on the capsizing of siren. Patrick could play the summer over In the lay hush of the winter's chill. Could bring back bawing and a falling star, Then meet spring coming over the hill.

Never was there the sound of a season But Patrick could catch its undertone, Then out of his habit with flying fingers Made of each one a song of his own.

—Anne Towsley Glover

DISCOVERY

With words but little here below (I've learned this to my sorrow) Except what he can take by show Of force, and cunning, blow by blow Or beg or steal or borrow. —Sydney King Russell

OF A FEATHER

Women bear a reputation For making only conversation, And they deserve it, too. But, then, Just listen in some day on next. —H. E. Fairhurst

NIGHT WATCH

The cows of night milked the town. The darkness flows like water. But every child is asleep, My daughter, oh my daughter! My heart is troubled. Even now. The waves of dawn are breaking. And in the strings of the one The little lights are waking. Your father sleeps his life away: Time box for him so monotonous. But oh, I feel the tired night Upon my adorable looking! While at the threshold of my heart The kernel of fear are ambling, And if you aren't home by dawn. My darling, oh my darling! Some mother's son will surely pay. And you, my dearest daughter, Will dine tomorrow (standing up) On melba toast and butter. —Pete Chiote Walker

ABANDONED Homestead

I wonder what there was about the farm That gripped our hearts in bonds that made us still In winter we were cold; in summer, warm. Presently our perch upon the hill. What did we ever know except our hill? But feeling gentle—crisp and sharp! What pay we receive from that old, worn-out hill? For our hard years what do we now possess? And what—always have my syntax every. When we drive past. It saddens me, somehow, To see the fence so fallen to decay. . . . The fellow fields that never have a place. And once I went! I couldn't help but see A strain had told my favorite apple tree. —Mary Shawl Waters

FRESH BREAD

She abandoned when he heard the wind-swept page Stayed right, knowing he was outside and nowhere Would come to wind the field from the field she chose: When the sun dropped low, there was no need to wait The upper row—she was not the first that fate Had to her heart—the women had been born and here A double bond, one had been born here before . . . But companionship nobody did share His pain, the bus would chatter by from school And hungry children must be met and fed; She served some comfort in familiar smell Of fresh-baked loaves turned on the sides to cool And life felt safe, somehow, when the bread Was made, she thought—and it turned out as well. —Nellie Burger Miller

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Betwee the Bookends

—Edna W. Allen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 11:30 EST over ABC
when a girl

Dear Joan Davis:

I have always believed that if a person was old enough to decide to get married, she was old enough to settle any problems that might come up. But—I guess you can’t anticipate the kind of things that do come up! I’ve been married for three years to a boy I’m crazy about, and everything has been fine although (and this is a big although) we have had to make our home with his mother and father. Bobby’s father is no problem because he is a traveling man, and only home about half of every month, but Bobby’s mother is another story. Not that there isn’t plenty of room; there is. And not that she’s bossy or interfering. She’s just always there, part of the family. Or, rather, we are part of her family. But I don’t care about anything, as long as Bobby and I are together, and he feels the same way. Except, now, we’re going to have a baby. Joan, I think this makes us a family in our own right—and that’s my problem.

You see, living with Bobby’s mother, we’ve saved a lot on living expenses. Bobby doesn’t make very much—as what young veteran does, with prices the way they are!—and this saving has helped us along a great deal. We could get a small apartment of our own, here in town, that would be large enough for us after the baby came—but this would mean more than doubling our monthly expenses. I’ve figured and figured, but I can’t see any way out. We could just do it. It would mean no possibility of saving; no new clothes; no extra expenses however small; maybe not even a baby sitter more than once a month. But we could squeeze through, that way. I think we ought to try it. But Bobby—well, I guess the extra load worries him too much; he wants us to stay put. I just can’t figure out what would be most sensible—and I don’t want another woman bringing up my baby.

Helen L. K.

Dear Helen K:

I think, from your letter, that you really like your mother-in-law, are really able to get along with her. That’s not as rare as the stories and movies would have us believe, but just the same that friendship is a valuable one—valuable enough to be preserved, even if the preserving of it does entail some sacrifice. Don’t misunderstand me; I believe with all my heart that a young couple should save a part of their income. And I believe, too, that the big and wonderful happiness of marriage depends on a lot of little happinesses, some of them as unimportant as new dresses and an occasional fling.

But it’s as true today as it always has been and always will be—there’s no room for two families under one roof, no matter how well those two families seem to get along in the beginning. You and your husband and this new baby of yours are entitled to a home of your own. And, looking at the other side for a mo—

Have you a problem for Joan Davis this month? If you haven’t,
Dear Joan Davis:

I'm a small town girl. I know that sounds defiant and defensive—and it is. I've lived all my life in this town, my parents and grandparents are known here by everyone, and I met the boy I'm about to marry here because this is his town too. I've never wanted to leave it. But he does, Joan. It's Kenneth's idea that, after we're married, the thing for us to do is light out for the nearest big city, which is around ninety miles away. That means—oh, it means so many things, so many dislocations, I think the word is. Anyway, it certainly means we could only get home every now and then. We know absolutely nobody in the city—I'd have to make new friends, if I could. I've never had to do that; I've had my friends around me all of my life! And all the other strange, frightening changes—I don't see how I can face them. Ken says that if he's ever to "get anywhere," in (Continued on page 97)

try solving the one she has chosen for you

—Joan Davis

By

JOAN DAVIS

Heroine of When A Girl Marries, played by Mary Jane Higby

Each month on these pages, Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or of law. Address your letters to Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 265 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Joan will also choose, for each issue, one problem which she will ask readers to answer. Each month, to the person sending in the best answer in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final, RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS. No letters will be returned. Limit your answer to one hundred words and send it to Answers, Radio Mirror, at the address above. And be sure to listen to When A Girl Marries each Monday through Friday at 5 P.M., EST, over NBC network stations.

Here is this month's problem: $50 will go to the writer whose letter offers the best solution. Your letter must be received not later than March 1st.

WHEN HUSBAND AND WIFE BOTH HAVE JOBS, SHOULD THE HUSBAND SHARE THE HOUSEHOLD DUTIES?
Dear Joan Davis:

I have always believed that if a person was old enough to decide to get married, she was old enough to settle any problems that might come up. But—I guess you can't anticipate the kind of things that do come up! I've been married for three years to a boy I'm crazy about, and everything has been fine although (and this is a big although) we have had to make our home with his mother and father. Bobby's father is no problem because he is a traveling man, and only home about half of every month, but Bobby's mother is another story. Not that there isn't plenty of room; there is. And not that she's bossy or interfering. She's just always there, part of the family. Oh, rather, we are part of her family. But I don't care about anything, as long as Bobby and I are together, and he feels the same way. Except, now, we're going to have a baby. Joan, I think this makes us a family in our own right—and that's my problem.

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Dear Helen K.:

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I can only tell you what I'd do if I were in your place. It's this: I'd do my very best to find a home of my own. I think you'll find that all the scrapping and saving you have to do to accomplish it will be well repaid in the long run. You and your husband and child will be happier, and you'll keep that very valuable friendship and mutual respect that now exists between you and your mother-in-law.

—Joan Davis

Dear Joan Davis:

I'm a small town girl. I know that sounds defiant and defensive—and it is. I've lived all my life in this town, my parents and grandparents are known here by everyone, and I met the boy I'm about to marry here because this is his town too. I've never wanted to leave it. But he does, Joan. It's Kenneth's idea that, after we're married, the thing for us to do is light out for the nearest big city, which is around ninety miles away. That means—oh, it means so many things, so many dislocations, I think the word is. Anyway, it certainly means we could only get home every now and then. We know absolutely nobody in the city—I'd have to make new friends, if I could. I've never had to do that. I've had my friends around me all of my life! And all the other strange, frightening changes—I don't see how I can face them. Ken says that if he's ever to 'get anywhere,' in (Continued on page 97)

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When a Girl Marries

By

JOAN DAVIS

Home of When A Girl Marries, played by Mary Jane Hasty

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Here is this month's problem: $55 will go to the writer whose letter offers the best solution. Your letter must be received not later than March 1st.

When Husband and Wife Both Have Jobs, Should the Husband Share the Household Duties?
JOSEPH and Virginia Muir, of Pullman, Washington, are our travelers of the month—and our love story of the year. These two built a happy, normal home in the face of one of the toughest breaks that ever could confront a couple. And in this world of doubt and fear and trouble, their courage and simple valor are something we ought to know about.

I'm going to start my story by letting you know, in advance, that Joe and Virginia got their happy ending, as has been proper in stories about people in love since the beginning of time. But how they got that happy ending is the story.

Back on May 3, 1929, in Heber City, Utah, Joe was eighteen, a bright young student at the high school. Virginia was seventeen, one of the most popular girls in the school, a wonderful dancer. Since he had been ten, Joe had been in love with Virginia. She sort of liked him, too, but Virginia was young and heartfree, and there was no need to be serious about any boy.

On that day, though, she'd agreed to be Joe's date at a high school field day. Joe picked her up early in his Dad's car, then picked up two other couples. It was a day of brightness and promise, a day on which to be young and in love. They sang in the car, those six kids, bantered about the afternoon treats yet to come.

Suddenly one of the tires picked up a spike. There was the lurch, the second of terror, the crash. Only Virginia was hurt badly, but she really was hurt. The next day, doctors amputated her left leg.

Joe was at the hospital, just sitting, feeling miserable, when Virginia was wheeled into the operating room. He was there the next day, and the next, and the next. He was there with flowers and with a much too grim look on his young face.

Virginia recalls now:

"I thought he was just sorry for me, and I didn't want anyone's pity. I guess those visits of his weren't much fun for either of us."

Virginia was to be in that hospital from May until November. The treatments were long and painful—and expensive. People in town tried to help out. They put on plays and smokers, with all of the profits going for medical expenses. This didn't quite cover the bills, though, so Joe took over. He went to work in a silver mine, on a shift that dug out fifty tons of ore every eight hours. As Joe said: "I still get tired when I think of that work. I'd just dig and dig, and when I got tired, I'd think of Virginia in the hospital, and then I'd dig some more."

Slowly, a bucket of ore at a time, the bills were paid off. At last Virginia was home, and both of them could think of their senior year in high school. Not the senior year that they had planned on. Not the walks, the dances and the hayrides. But at least the return to studies.

I'll bet that classmates of Joe and Virginia still recall the odd, touching picture that the two of them made during that last year in high school. Joe would pick her up in the morning, carrying her from her front door to his car. Then (Continued on page 101)
DO you remember when the first radio network went into operation? Radio itself was a wonderful thing, an almost unbelievable thing—but a radio network! To be able to hear, half way across the country, a radio program that was being broadcast that very moment in New York City, seemed close to magic.

"Some day," a few dreamers said, "we'll be able to see the programs instead of just hearing them. And there'll be a network of programs to be seen, just like the new radio networks." Nearly everybody laughed at so preposterous an idea. But "nearly everybody" was wrong.

Now, more and more people are seeing their favorite programs. And, on January 11, that predicted television network came into being, linking regional networks, and making possible the simultaneous viewing of television shows in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis!

Bowing—with a great deal of pleasure—to the progress of radio's rapidly-growing little brother, Radio and Television Mirror begins, with this issue, an expanded Television Section, to keep its readers abreast of TV news.

— The Editors
Bert Lytell and Oscar Karlweis repeated their co-starring stage success, "I Like It Here", on an early Philco Playhouse.

Judith Evelyn (seated, r.) starred in Playhouse's "Camille." Below, Betty Field and Efrem Zimbalist in "Street Scene."

Bert Lytell, with stage, screen and radio experience behind him, says television is the most exacting medium he's tried. He emcees Playhouse, Sundays, NBC-TV.

ASK Bert Lytell how he feels about his job as host, narrator and sometime-actor for the Philco Television Playhouse and he comes right back at you with, "Oh, Fred Coe does a magnificent job. He's director, cameraman and cutter, all in one. He handles four cameras more fluidly and with more flexibility than anyone would think possible in television at this stage."

The point I'm making is that everyone at the TV Playhouse thinks everyone else is doing a magnificent job. They are. It has been one of the smoothest, slickest operations in television ever since that Sunday evening (Continued on page 78)
Kukla, Fran and Ollie-

Hardly anyone calls Kukla, Fran and Ollie puppets except their boss, marionette artist Burr Tillstrom. He talks for them and pulls the strings. But to Fran, who works on the NBC-TV network show with them, they're like real live actors.

Mr. Tillstrom made Kukla for a friend, back in 1936, but realized at the last minute that he couldn't let the little fellow go. But he didn't have a name until ballerina Toumanova christened him Kukla, which means "little doll" in Russian.

Ollie, the other puppet member of the trio, is the traditional dragon used in practically every puppet show—but with a difference. He's a good dragon.

The supporting stars are Mme. Ophelia Ooglepuss, Clara Coo, Mercedes, Col. Cracky, Fletcher Rabbit, Beulah Witch and Cecil Bill.

Which brings us now to Fran—who is nobody's puppet, but a pretty ex-school teacher, beloved as radio's Aunt Fanny.

Tillstrom is a Chicagoan who began his career at kindergarten age when he struggled to make his toys seem alive. By 1939 he was managing the marionette theater at Marshall Field. After a spell at the N. Y. World's Fair, he returned to Chicago, where he pioneered in television with marionettes.

On Oct. 13, 1947, the show made its television debut for RCA on WBKB, Chicago. In Nov., 1948, it joined the NBC midwest television network. This year it spread to the NBC-TV eastern net.

The eastern audiences don't think of the actors as two puppets and a girl, any more than the old audiences did. They just see Kukla, Fran and Ollie—three lively characters who make the day a little brighter, five days a week.
Big BRICK

OFFICIALLY, that Saturday morning, WBKB, then Chicago's only television station, was off the air and closed. But the public had different ideas. The snarling of the unattended switchboard penetrated even distant offices. As the sound sawed into nerves, executives swarmed around it, helpless. Then Jack Brickhouse walked in.

Expert as the blandest operator, he straightened it out, answered calls, gave information, in one of Chicago's highest priced radio and television voices.

"Nothing to it," he told his amazed admirers. "This was my first radio job. WMBD in Peoria paid me $17 a week as a telephone operator, with the privilege of announcing for free."

A student at Bradley Tech in those days, he strayed into the station because he needed the watch they offered as a prize to the winner of an amateur announcer's contest. He didn't win, but as consolation prize they put him to work on the switchboard.

Shortly thereafter, the station sent him out on tour with Bradley Tech's basketball team. He did the final broadcast from Madison Square Garden—big thrill for a youngster!

Always an athlete himself, he brought a player's knowledge to the microphone. To this, he added the advantage of being steeped in show business. His father was a trouper who had run a medicine show.

Brick, having covered sports, news and everything else he could find, moved to WGN in 1940 as sports and special events man. He served with the Marines during the war, and free-lanced on his return, covered the Giants' baseball games in New York, came back to Chicago for football season.

He learned his television ABCs by working without charge every assignment WBKB would give him. When WGN-TV went on the air early in 1948, Brickhouse was named sports manager for the Chicago Tribune's three air outlets—WGN, WGN-TV, and WGNB, the FM station.

The girl who watches her television set to find out what her husband is doing is the former Nelda Teach of Peoria. She needs that television viewing to remember what he looks like these days, for busy Brick carries just about the heaviest TV-announcing schedule in the nation.
2. By 10, she's at WNBT rehearsing for Girl About Town. Breakfast? A cup of coffee with Director Craig Allen.

3. Hyper-critical tele-cameras require Kyle and Earl Wrightson to rehearse 3 hours for their 20-minute program.

4. Lunch with Earl at the Stork Club is squeezed between TV rehearsal and "Make Mine Manhattan" matinee.

5. Hatless, still clutching taxi change, Kyle arrives backstage at the Broadhurst—finds a phone call waiting!

6. Matinee over, Kyle dashes back to WNBT. By 8, make-up and costume must be perfect for Girl About Town.

7. Run, don't walk is Kyle's watchword as back to the Broadhurst she goes for "Manhattan" evening show.

LOVELY Kyle MacDonnell is giving television one of its most glamorous programs (Girl About Town, WNBT, 8 P.M. Wed.). And TV is doing a lot for Kyle, whose pre-video claim to fame rested on her performance in the Broadway hit revue, "Make Mine Manhattan." This mutual aid society works well—except for New York traffic. For—with TV rehearsals and performances on one side of town, "Manhattan" rehearsals and performances on the other side of town, costume, clothes and career details in between—Kyle's life has become a long series of cross-town gallops during which she leans out taxi windows urging drivers to "please go faster!" Here's an outline of her day in pictures. Work...but fun!
If a snow-suited youngster comes running toward the pigeon you're feeding in Central Park and begins to yell happily to his nurse, "Look, it's Wilmer,"—he's been listening to Pat Meikle's Dumont Kindergarten on WABD, Channel 5.

Pat's a serious young lady in her mid-twenties. Wilmer, a pre-school age pigeon, is her co-star on the show. Their sole co-purpose in life between 8:30 and 9:00 every weekday morning is to keep pre-school children entertained while mama does the dishes or gets the older children off to school.

Some of the older kids don't want to leave. They like Pat and Wilmer too—and such assorted "guest stars" as Tootsy the Turtle, Gertrude the Goldfish—and even Crosby the Canary, named after "a famous Mr. Crosby," Wilmer explains.

Because Wilmer is merely a big drawing that Pat produces with crayon and paper each morning, Wilmer has to let Pat do his talking. The children, of course, know he could talk, even if he is a drawing, but they're satisfied with Pat's explanation that Wilmer speaks only pigeon English.

Although the program's original idea and original title was "Your Television Baby Sitter," it now promises to be i-n-s-t-r-u-c-t-i-v-e. (This is spelled out so the children won't overhear, because they're supposed to think the whole thing is all in fun.)

But there's that alphabet they're learning which turns out to be a drawing game that any child can join. A's an arrowhead with a couple of straight little legs attached. B's a straight line attached to two big bumblebee wings, and of course B stands for bumblebee. C is a cup turned on one side, and so on, right through.

Pat always tells a story about Wilmer that she writes herself, and later in the program she tells one of the fine fairy tales. Her big eyes look right at the watching child, and her face lights up with the excitement of the situation she's relating, just as mommy's does when she tells stories.

She is overcome with the responsibilities of her show, and she takes them very seriously. A little girl got so fascinated with the letter D which Pat had taught that morning that she drew big Ds all over the walls in her house. Wilmer the pigeon had to mention on next day's program that when he was flying past her house he noticed she was drawing on walls instead of paper. Her mother reported that it worked just fine.

Pat and her actor-husband, Hal Cooper, met at the U. of Michigan, were married during the war, and now Hal does all the behind-the-scenes work for Pat's show. Also, they do a teen-age show together on Dumont, weekdays at 7:45 A.M.
WMAL-TV

Top: Talent Hunt—Jackson Weaver, Ted Dunlap, in a “booking office” setting, offer variety show. Below: The Modern Woman, emceed by Ruth Cramer (seated in white lace skirt) discusses the intelligent woman’s world. Sometimes there’s a party, like the wedding shower shown. (Tues., 7:15 P.M.)

WTTG

Top: Hazel Markel (between guests) does woman’s angle on Mr. and Mrs. Markel (Tues., 7:30 P.M.) Right: Station Mgr. Walter Compton reviews news (Mon.-Fri., 6:45 P.M.). Below: On Club Video, M. C. Arnold Fine, right, hosts “Miss Nation’s Capitol,” and bandman Guy Lombardo.

WNBW

Left: Gene Archer’s Music Shoppe holds songs together with comedy (7:10, Thurs.) Right: On TV Journal, Johnny Bradford talks about the world. The horse was a guest. (Sat., 6:30 P.M.)

RADIO MIRROR  TELEVISION  SECTION

49
OPENING night tickets for the Metropolitan Opera, even opening night standing room, has been the dream of thousands. But if you were within the range of the ABC eastern television network you had a front row center seat for Verdi’s “Otello” at your own television set, courtesy of the Texaco Corporation. Tickets were very nice to have but about the only things you missed at home were the color in the costuming and scenery, and the glamor and excitement of the traditional first night audience in all its furs and finery.

You got some of the latter in the long shots of the interior of the Opera House and the between-the-acts interviews with famous operatic and society personalities. Even a few of the standees had their moments at the mike and cameras—the devoted who had stood in line all day in the rain for the privilege of standing through the performance.

It was the first time any stage production had been telecast in its entirety from the theater where
WABD's cameras cover producer Jack Rayel's Sidewalks of New York interviews (Mon.-Fri., 12:45 P.M.) on New York's Madison Avenue.

WJZ-TV's telecast of "Otello," from the Met., also caught opera-goers between the acts. Gordon Fraser (1) interviewed Margaret Truman, Dorothy Kirsten, George Hicks and Gladys Swarthout in the Green Room.

It was playing. It was the first telecast of the opera. It was the first use of a special infra-red light adapted especially for this occasion. Known as "black light," it's invisible to the audience but effective for TV. The lighting might have been better, but that's not the point. It was good, very good, for a "first."

Milton Cross, whose forte is opera commentary, handled this one in his usual capable way, and George Hicks and Gordon (Continued on page 94)

Pretty Tawny L. sprawls lazily while chatting with boyfriend Bugsy on the Tawny L. Show, WPIX, Tues.

CAROLE COLEMAN

IS the girl who teams with dancer Bill Skipper and singer Larry Douglas in Make Mine Music, on CBS-TV, 7:45-8:00 P.M. EST, Monday through Friday. How she signed a three-year contract with CBS-TV is quite a story.

Carole came from Charlotte, N. C., a few years ago, and after a while she was understudying big names in musicals. She began to dream of those lights on Broadway that would spell out her name.

Then suddenly one day there was a gap in Barry Wood's Places, Please, television program. Quite at random, Barry picked three minor cast members from "High Button Shoes." They went on with hardly any rehearsal. One of them was Carole.

The big brass at CBS-TV took one look, took another, signed her to that contract. The lights were turning on.

WENDY BARRIE

HAS BEEN leading a double life. Monday through Friday, she's the hostess of Inside Photoplay, WABD, 4:30-5:00 EST. On Wednesdays, at 8:20-8:30 EST, she's hostess to the country's leading cartoonists on Picture This.

Wendy is Irish and English, was born in China, went to school in England and Switzerland, and at seventeen had been around the world seven times.

Hollywood couldn't pass her up. She made a great number of pictures. But real stardom was still waiting for her—on television.

TV gives her the scope for her talent, her easy ad libs and her quick wit. And somehow or other, the warmth of her personality comes right through that cathode-ray tube in your set and lights up your living room.

Sorry, boys—she's married. He's a New York business man, David Meyer. And she says it's for keeps.
One of the projects Johnny and Penny most enjoyed was the party they arranged for Pamela Lamphere (head of table).

Piggy-back race was won by Pam, with Basil Rathbone her steed. Johnny, carrying a young guest, came in second.

YOU think radio stars have no problems? That the only worry is income tax in the lives of the boys and girls who talk happily into the microphones as though everything were just too, too right with the world?

Here's the story of the Olsons, Johnny and his ever-present Penny, who, while giving away thousands of dollars worth of gifts to radio listeners, themselves owned only the clothes on their backs. This is how it happened:

You know Johnny and Penny. They've visited with you in the past on Rumpus Room and at various times they've interviewed you and given you prizes on Ladies Be Seated, Get Rich Quick and Whiz Quiz. They long ago lost track of the dollar value of merchandise they have handed radio listeners. Their bad luck started with two telephone calls.

The first reached them in Chicago when a veterinarian phoned to say that Suzette,
Giving things away is a thing Johnny Olson enjoys doing—for he and Penny know how it feels to be given something you really want.

their beloved Pekinese, had died while they were on tour.
The second came during a broadcast of Get Rich Quick from ABC's Radio City studios in New York.

Phones don't ring in control booths during coast-to-coast broadcasts. Network operators simply say, "They're on the air. Will you call back?"

Yet despite soundproofing, Penny, on stage, heard the insistent, constant ring of a telephone bell. Through the glass she saw the frowns deepen on the faces of the producer, director and engineer. Even though it bothered them, they couldn't answer.

She could tell Johnny heard it too. She could see him grow tense. Already he was tired, for Monday was their long day. It began with Rumpus Room, continued with their television show, Doorway to Fame over WABD, and ended with a wild dash up Manhattan to (Continued on page 95)

HAPPINESS

It was after Penny and Johnny had been "burned out" that they learned how it felt to be on the receiving end. Their families gave them a gift shower to replenish their household stores; one replacement was a beautiful handmade quilt.

Saturdays, 11:30 A. M. E.S.T., on ABC Stations.
It was late one afternoon back around the beginning of the year 1946 when my agent telephoned me. The place, New York City.

"Gini, will you do me a favor?" he began. I thought he was about to ask me to do a benefit show—there was that note in his voice. I wouldn't have been surprised. I was understudying Ella Logan for a Broadway show at the time and also singing in the Four Chicks and a Chuck group on radio; benefits were routine. My answer, as I remember it, was something highly original like "I'll try."

"Gini, will you join us on a double date tonight with a client of mine? The girl he was to go with has developed a bad cold and she can't make it."

"Frank Cooper," I retorted—logically, since that was and is his name—"I loathe blind dates. You're an enterprising, talented and honest agent. Don't get out of character trying to play Cupid."

"Gini, listen. You'll like this chap. He's a young comedian. . . ."

"A comic? Oh, no! Blind dates are bad enough without that!"

"Well, this one is different. He's quiet. And he's tall and blond and has blue eyes and you'll like him. He's practically shy!"

I won't bore you with the (Continued on page 79)

Alan Young is heard on his own program, Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M. EST, and on the Jimmy Durante Show, Fridays, 8:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.
Virginia and Alan are in love and love makes anything— even housecleaning and Blue Monday— fun when they work together.
A very young contestant joins Tom Moore for a song-hint.

When Aunt Jemima talks about food, everyone listens!

YOUR ticket to Ladies Be Seated, which Radio Mirror brings you this month on these pages, is going to admit you into one of the fastest, funniest—and most colorful—half hours you’ve ever enjoyed. Against the gold-toned backdrop of the stage, Aunt Jemima’s vivid calico clothes balance the brilliance of M.C. Tom Moore’s very special raiment. Tom may start the show in a bright green Prince Albert with an orange weskit and finish in a somber purple swallow-tail. (He changes clothes at the program’s mid-point, when he changes sponsors.) Whatever he’s wearing, you get a good look at it as he circulates through the audience, microphone alert to catch your answer to his questions-in-song. For example, he may sing: “Let me call . . .” and if your answer is “. . . you sweetheart,” up you go to the stage as a contestant. From there on out, of course, the melody-quiz gets more difficult. But the prizes are well worth your most concentrated effort. If you keep on being right, you may leave the big Merchandise Mart studio with a diamond ring, a chest of silver, a lounging chair. The day you’re there, Tom may have himself brought in on a stretcher. But there’ll be nothing pale or weak about the fun he master-minds when the show gets started! Ladies Be Seated is an ABC Monday-through-Friday feature, at 2 P.M. CST, 3 P.M. EST.

Producer Phil Patton looks as solemn as a professor but the zany stunts he thinks up for the show have a different kind of wit.

Why wouldn’t they crowd into the studio well before air-time? Some of them are going to come out of it with diamonds, silver.
When the Dennings (Richard, right) visit the Arnazes (Lucille, left) the visit may begin ...

... with gin rummy for the men (that's Desi, Lucille Ball's real husband, on the left) ...

My Favorite

By RICHARD DENNING

AFTER twenty weeks of playing "Mr." to Lucille Ball's "Mrs." on My Favorite Husband on CBS, I find that I have a favorite husband of my own. He's my wife's.

Now in case that first sentence confuses everyone else as much as it does me, I'll put it this way:

I think Desi Arnaz, Lucille's real husband, is great.

I had never met either of the happy-wacky Arnazes before Lucille and I got together across a microphone and I didn't know what I'd been missing.

Until you get acquainted with Lucille and Desi on their own home grounds, you haven't lived.

Soon after the show got rolling, Lucille asked me quite casually to bring Evelyn—Evelyn is Evelyn Ankers, my wife—out for a Saturday afternoon at their house.

"If Desi feels like cooking," she said tentatively, "you can stay for dinner."

Their place is in Northridge—the swell-ranch country about twenty miles north of Hollywood.

We were a little late. For one thing, Northridge is one of those places people in Hollywood talk about as just over the hill, and it isn't. It's a lot farther than you think. And for another thing, Evelyn and I slowed down at every fancy ranch gate we saw after we turned onto Devonshire, which is the Arnazes' street.

We were surprised when we came to a very simple wooden gate where there was no house visible at all, to find that the numbers on the mailbox matched the numbers on the map Lucille had drawn to show us the way.

We drove in through a line of orange trees and there was a house—a lot of houses, in fact, low and scattered, somewhat as though they had been thrown there out of an airplane.

We rang the bell at the biggest one and Lucille popped it open.

"We're sorry to be late . . ." I began. "We thought it would be—"

"Don't say it," she said, "Everybody says it, and they sound so disappointed. 'Why, we thought you lived in that big place up the road.'"

"We'll impress you yet," she added with a grin. "'Desilou' is a lot bigger than it was when we moved in nine years ago. Come on in. Desi will be along in a minute. He's cooking."

We came into a room which was so riotous with color that Lucille's flaming hair seemed no longer particularly remarkable.

Wallpaper on the walls, (Continued on page 92)
because the girls are busy going over Lucille’s treasure-trove (Evelyn Denning, right).

Generally, a man with two wives is a man in trouble. But, for a radio star, it’s simple . . . one wife is real, one make-believe, both wonderful.

Wives

But the division doesn’t last—Desi’s rhythm reminds them that they’ve all got the same kind of music in their blood.
"My Favorite Wives"

By RICHARD DENNING

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Wallpaper on the walls. (Continued on page 92)
Speaking of Women—

Mary Margaret McLeod
Mary Margaret won't stay in the kitchen, and her audience proves a lot of other women feel the same way.

EVEN if Mary Margaret McBride wanted to—which is doubtful—there's probably no way she could escape being called the First Lady of Radio. Too many eager female listeners stand ready to defend to the death her right to this title. There's no question, either, of her strong claim to a high rank among radio's best salesmen. Her breathless, chatty commercials have sold so much of everything, from life insurance to syrup, that no sponsor would dare request a greater degree of formality in the handling of his advertisement than Mary Margaret is prepared to give it. It's enough that she's willing to endorse a product at all, for her listeners know that she isn't merely reading the product's label: anything testable, Mary Margaret has put to the test herself.

Born on a Missouri farm, Mary Margaret worked her way through the state university, often so short of money that she lunched on half a chocolate bar. (That's very likely why it's so easy, even now, to turn her thoughts to food. And where her thoughts turn, there turns her conversation; a program that starts out with contemporary art may easily wind up with Mary Margaret's version of the ideal dinner menu.) By way of cub reporting in Mexico, Missouri, and Cleveland, Mary Margaret finally worked her way to New York's Greenwich Village and a feature-writing job with the old New York Mail. She followed this with traveling assignments that took her all over the States and Europe for leading magazines, and wound up as the author of eleven books.

In 1934, when Mary Margaret became "Martha Dean" on a local New York station, she almost made a mistake. She started out being exclusively a homemaker. But instinct swiftly told her she wasn't "jelling" in this role, so she came out of the kitchen and relaxed into the chat-about-anything technique which has crystallized into her present radio personality.

Undoubtedly, some of Mary Margaret's success with the ladies is due to the phenomenon of "identification." When listeners hear her exasperated mutterings as she tries to find a misplaced note among her papers, they can't help thinking of all the misplaced telephone numbers cluttering up their own purses. And—in spite of the fact that a staff of twelve does careful research for every broadcast—Mary Margaret's broadcasting manner would not disillusion her radio friends into mistaking her for a high-pressure executive. Informal, friendly, woman-to-woman—that's the Mary Margaret the studio audience (a small one) sees, and the radio audience hears. And the ladies love it!

The Mary Margaret McBride Show is heard at 1 P.M. EST Monday through Friday, wherever WNBC can be tuned in.

One of Mary Margaret's most memorable guests, a while back, was Eleanor Roosevelt (l). With them, a group of Goldwyn Girls who helped decorate the broadcast.

The foods Mary Margaret advertises are first well tested, and products that do not meet her standards are turned down. There's always another sponsor along!
A particularly rousing cheer for cheesecake, smooth and creamy and melt-in-your-mouth. Serve it, and you'll know you've found one of the best possible ways to a man's heart!
GRANDMA liked good food, too. What she called a light supper was sure to end up being a hearty one. She'd serve a big bowl of steaming soup, hot biscuits and a crisp salad. Then, the main part of her meal would be the dessert. I'll never forget her yummy cheese cake—rich and oh, so smooth!

So, many times, I purposely plan my menu backwards and start with the dessert. Those with cheese, I think, must be my favorites. Cheese is hearty enough for light Lenten meals. Because it's made mostly of milk, cheese is rich in food value. It is comparatively low in price, too. Most of all, cheese can be fixed in so many different irresistible desserts.

A cheese tray is perhaps the simplest way to use cheese as a dessert, especially if you serve cheeses of different flavors, colors and consistency. Have several different kinds of crackers on the tray. Include one familiar soft cheese such as cream, cottage or the commercially processed cheeses. Guests may prefer their mildness to that of the nippy, unusual flavors. The mellow ones, like Camembert, Brie, or Leiderkranz are served with crisp crackers. The firm Swiss, Edam, and Cheddar types of cheese call for buttered wafers. It’s fun to have a “specialty”—a home-made cheese spread whose flavor builds up your “hostess rating.”

The ones I've included may be changed to suit your individual taste. Or use them as a starting point for developing something new of your own. Mild cream cheese served with fruit on the side is an exceptionally good dessert. Preserved or candied figs or a clear guava jelly are wonderful with cream cheese. Perhaps Bar-le-Duc, the sophisticated combination of French currants preserved in honey, appeals to you.

Cheese Cake with Cornflakes Topping

4 cups cornflakes
1/4 cup confectioner's sugar
1 tbsp. cinnamon
1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1/2 cups water, divided
1/4 cup sugar
4 eggs, separated
3 cups (1 1/4 lbs.) cottage cheese
2 tbsp. grated lemon rind
3 tbsp. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups cream or evaporated milk, whipped

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks, heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, on Mutual network stations.

Crush the cornflakes into fine crumbs. Mix well with confectioner's sugar, cinnamon and butter. Press half into the bottom of a well greased 9-inch spring form. Soak the gelatin in 3/4 cup cold water about 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks slightly. Place in a saucepan with the other 3/4 cup water and the sugar. Cook until slightly thickened on medium temperature about three minutes. Remove from heat. Add cottage cheese which has been rubbed through a sieve. Stir in lemon rind, juice and salt. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and mix until smooth. Then gently fold in the whipped cream or evaporated milk. (To whip the latter, first chill thoroughly by storing overnight in refrigerator.) Pour cake mixture onto crumbs in spring form. Top with remaining crumbs mixture. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmold. Makes 12 to 14 servings.

Liptauer Cheese Spread

2 packages (6 ounces) cream cheese
1/4 cup butter
1 tsp. capers
1 tsp. paprika
2 tps. anchovy paste
1 tsp. finely chopped scallion or green onion
1/2 tsp. caraway seed
1/2 tsp. salt

Cream the cheese in a bowl. Blend in the butter until smooth. Add the remaining ingredients. Blend well with a rubber scraper. Press into small mold or form into a roll in waxed paper. Cover or wrap well and season in refrigerator. Serve on cheese tray with plain crackers. Makes 1 cup of spread. (Continued on page 91)
Fred Allen says to Fred Allen, "Take a letter!"
So Fred Allen sits down at his portable typewriter and knocks out another pungently-worded epistle. He's at it day and night, week after week, year in, year out.

As thousands of people must already know, Fred's personal stationery is decorated with a shrewdly drawn sketch of himself done by the inimitable theatrical artist, Hirschfeld. It pictures Fred seated at his desk, buried deep in thought. And buried, also, beneath stacks of scrips, news-clippings and correspondence. It's a clever caricature, but it also gives you a fairly accurate glimpse of Allen's chief preoccupation during most of his waking hours.

"He's the hardest-working man I know," declares Jack Haley, stage-radio-screen comedy star and friend of Allen's for more than twenty-five years. "When Fred is invited over to someone's house, I'm sure Portland has to beg him not to take his typewriter along. If he isn't working on a script, you can bet he's busy writing letters."

A different side of the Allen personality is seen by another of Fred's old vaudeville cronies, the veteran comic, dramatic actor and jester, Benny Rubin. "Fred was always quick, mentally and physically," he'll tell you. "Not many people are aware of it, but Fred was a great boxer—could have been champion in his own weight. He always had the priceless gift of being able to concentrate on a problem until he had it solved. He could have been a success at anything. He chose to be a successful entertainer."

Obviously, there is more than one side to the Allen story... so many angles, legends and anecdotes that confusion is the result unless his story is unfolded in fairly chronological fashion.

The starting point is Cambridge, Massachusetts, on May 31, 1894. That's when a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Sullivan. The boy was christened John Florence. Four years later John's mother died, and Mr. Sullivan, a man who earned only a meager living at the bookbinder's trade, moved in with his sister Elizabeth, on Bayard Street.

"Dad was the local humorist," Fred recalls. "Always ready with a joke or a gag. He died while I was still a kid in school. I like to think I inherited dad's wit. Of course, if I'm only fifty percent correct in this belief..."

Aunt Elizabeth took over the job of John Florence Sullivan's upbringing. With what equaled a mother's devotion, she guided him through all his childhood troubles and growing pains. She sent him first to parochial school and later to Boston's High School of Commerce.

Nowadays, Fred Allen speaks of that school with noticeable pride. "Commerce High was one of the first to equip youngsters who came from poor families with a really practical education," he says. "We were trained to step right into useful jobs because, for most of us, college was out of the question. A lot of the fellows who graduated from Commerce High later became leaders in their respective fields. Why, Mayor Tobin of Boston was one of them. Later, he became Governor of Massachusetts and now he's Secretary of Labor."

Fred (known as "Twit" to his school chums) took the commercial course and, along with it, economics and languages. Fred liked to clown around but high marks consistently appeared on his report card. He was a good student and a good athlete, too... notably a fast, long-limbed forward on the junior basketball team, which won many an interclass championship. It is also recalled that Fred edited, single-handed, a one-page daily school paper. Its columns were loaded with news—and with wisecracks concerning students and teachers alike.

Outside of school, Fred played sand-lot baseball and all the other kid games. He had another not-so-usual boyhood hobby—attending vaudeville shows. They fascinated him. Every spare nickel he could muster was hoarded for his regular weekly admission to variety shows at B. F. Keith's or the old Columbia Theater on Washington Street.

Those days, however, nickels were not plentiful at Aunt Elizabeth's house. Fred fully realized that fact and so he decided to pick up a few nickels of his own. He took a part-time job... and perhaps the Fred Allen story really begins here.

It was in the bookish atmosphere of Boston's Public Library that Fred first began to develop his talents as an entertainer. After school hours, he worked as stackboy down in the library's vast basement, which contained a million-odd volumes dealing with just about every subject under the sun. His wages were twenty cents per hour. (Today, all Fred Allen need do is peck out a measly little semicolon on that typewriter of his and he's richer by twenty dollars!)

The Fred Allen story proves

that comics are both born and made.

Born with wit, made by hard,

hard work. Plus that something extra...
THE LIFE OF FRED ALLEN

Since that head of his contained a lively and inquisitive mind, Fred took full advantage of his surroundings. At off moments, he packed in plenty of book-learning. One fateful day he came across a tattered volume on the technique of juggling. On that day, the die was cast... the pattern of his future was set.

To keep half a dozen bright objects spinning and tossing in mid-air, his dexter hands never faltering for a moment; smooth, self-assured, while out beyond the footlights his audience watched breathless, spell-bound—such was the dream inspired by Fred's newly-discovered book. Visions of future greatness on the stage beckoned, but common sense told him the dream would never come true unless he practiced untiringly.

He did just that, day and night, at home and down in the library stack room. At length, he mastered one little trick. Crooking his right elbow, he would place a book on it and then let it slide off. Quick as lightning, his right hand would dart after the falling book, catching it an instant before it hit the floor.

After putting a polish on that one, he went on to more ambitious things. His fellow-employees began getting butterfly stomach as they watched him practice with pencils, golf balls and the supervisor's derby hat. Before many months passed, their jitters gave way to undisguised admiration. Fred was missing and fumbling only half of the time. And, at long last, when the library's staff held its annual entertainment, the snappy juggling act put on by that kid from the stack room was a high spot on the program.

A real, honest-to-goodness audience had applauded his very first performance. To Fred's way of thinking, that applause was practically a mandate. It said: "Son, this is your profession. Get busy."

In the year 1910, America's high-brow minority could turn to drama, concerts and the opera for its amusement. But for the vast majority, there was only vaudeville. No radio, no movies... just vaudeville.

And, in the Boston of 1910, there were two types of vaudeville. Type One was the legitimate kind, the Big Time which brought to town all the really important headliners. Type Two was a relatively new racket called Amateur Night. As applied here, that word racket meant an almost unlimited supply of local talent, dirt cheap, available for every promoter of stage shows. It also meant audiences so internally tough and noisy that anyone who voluntarily appeared on a stage before them could rightly be regarded as a candidate for the lunatic asylum.

Fred had his choice of several Type Two theaters. His public, armed with ripe tomatoes and rotten eggs, was waiting for him and he chose to make his debut at the old Hub Theater.

"Only," says Fred Allen, "I usually refer to that vaudeville house as the Pandemonium. It was that noisy."

Wearing his best suit, his latest-style notched collar and his pointed tan shoes, Fred stood in the wings waiting to go on. On stage a would-be basso profundo was bellowing "Asleep In The Deep" while at the same time trying to avoid being hit by a variety of ancient vegetables hurled by hooligans in the audience. He was more agile than talented.
"Holy smoke!" Fred muttered to himself. "If they'll do that to a guy who can actually sing, what'll they do to me? I'm not really a juggler."

Out front, the audience boomed, howled and called. The pit band struck up lively exit music. The bass profundo, the tenor falsetto, the baritone falsetto, the soprano falsetto, the alto falsetto. The audience, as I'd drop a hat or a plate, I'd say, "Now, that there was a mighty difficult trick, folks. You should have been here last night when I did it." At least, I was trying to get alleged witticisms like that across but, against all the uproar, I didn't stand a chance."

Finally, Fred finished and ran off. He was met in the wings by the house manager who growled, "I heard some of that patter, boy, but the audience didn't. There's another amateur contest here next week. Come back and really live up to your billing as The Talking Juggler."

One week later, Fred returned to confront another bloodthirsty audience at the Lotus. He was more confident, he talked louder and he won the first prize. Something of greater importance, however, was the outcome of that return engagement. As Fred left the theater, tired but triumphant, he encountered the man who was going to play a significant part in that early phase of his career.

Sam Cohen was a big, good-natured fellow. His original profession was that of circus strong man and, during the season, he toured with various troupes throughout the neighboring states. With the approach of winter, however, Sam would return to Boston where he had built up a solid reputation as New England's leading booker of amateur talent.

To state it simply, Sam had amateur nights in Boston and environs in the bag. He made a pretty penny out of his operations but it was profitable for all concerned. The theater managers were provided with an entire evening's program in one convenient package, and the stage-struck kids who aspired to stardom were assured of steady engagements on the Sam Cohen Circuit. Maybe it wasn't B. F. Keith's, but it was a start in show business.

Sam outlined all these advantages within one minute after introducing himself to The Talking Juggler and, as of that moment, figured large in Fred's scheme of things. Under Cohen's management, Fred became a professional booker and was booked seven nights a week, each night at a different theater. It was Cohen's system to send his boys out in teams, or units, of five. Pretty soon, Fred became a team captain... recognition not only of his artistic merit but also of his honesty. It was Fred's job to bring back the team's winnings to Cohen.

"Winnings" was a highfalutin word. After every performance the theater's master of ceremonies would line up his crew of magicians, comics, jugglers, tenors and tumbler. He would then hold a fistful of dollar bills over each of their heads. The volume of applause coming from the audience decided which of them had won the ten dollar prize, the five dollar prize and the three dollar prize, respectively.

"It was strictly a routine," Fred explains, "because no contestant ever received more than a single buck for his efforts. If carfare was involved, maybe he got a dollar and a half. The difference between what the audience thought we got and what we actually received went to Sam Cohen who, by the way, did not originate that lop-sided arrangement. That pay-off system was standard practice long before he entered the field."

The fact is, Cohen's personality was such that he contributed more to the amateur night business than he took from it. Every Night at Cohen's was a flourishing institution, a proving ground for talented New England kids like juggler-monologuist Fred Allen, comic Benny Rubin, singer Jack Haley, dancer Hal Sherman and many other "names."

"Sam often appeared as master of ceremonies and was a sure-fire attraction with his slapstick heckling of the contestants," Fred says. "Some poor bird would be drawing loud razzberries from the audience and so Sam would rush in from the wings with an enormous hook and drag him offstage. Sam originated that device and pretty soon 'Get the hook!' became a national catch-phrase. He also invented a trick curtain. It had several doors in it and while some hopeful was trying to sing or dance, Sam would keep popping out of a different door every few minutes, heckling him. Many a time, Sam startled an ad lib out of me when he'd suddenly open a door behind me and tip over my juggling props. The audience would howl!"

Even with those wild audiences and Sam Cohen's crazy distractions, Fred (and every other amateur, as well) pitched hard each night to win the first prize. Fred did his juggling routine with ever-increasing skill. He enlivened it with bright patter. And yet, it was not entirely talent that determined a winner. Sometimes, first prize was won by means of a certain thing called schmaltz... a bald-faced, unabashed bid for audience sympathy.

Fred preferred to trick his audience into cheers rather than tears. Then, as now, he would win them with his born showmanship and his clever monologues. While his quick hands tossed things in fascinating fashion, that nasal, sandpapery voice of his would keep up a lively, amusing comment. Living in Boston, he knew (and made it a point to know) all the local news and, playing neighborhood theaters, he took advantage of local names and characters to get laughs.

But Aunt Elizabeth wasn't laughing. Right from the start she had a low opinion of this outlandish activity of Fred's. What had got into the boy, she asked. Was this to be the result of her careful upbringing? Was it for this that she had been practically a mother to him? Hadn't she hoped that his training at home and in school would lead him into a decent, respectable livelihood? Look at him now! Gallivanting around town every single night in the week... falling in with heaven knows what kind of disreputable people... making a public spectacle of himself! Let Fred mark her words... all this night-lifeing and all this mixing with low company would lead to no good!

"I couldn't seem to make (Continued on page 105)"

In 1942, Portland Hoffa and husband Fred celebrated their first ten years on the air.
# INSIDE RADIO

**All Times Below Are EASTERN TIME**

For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

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### SUNDAY

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<tr>
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<th>NBC</th>
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<td>Earl Wild</td>
<td>Carolina Calling</td>
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<td>Story Order of TV</td>
<td>Tone Tapestries</td>
<td>Sunday Morning Concert Hall</td>
<td>News of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Back Aria Group</td>
<td>Chamber Music Society</td>
<td>Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel</td>
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<td>National Radio Puppet</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<td>Voices of the Wind</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>Message of Israel</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<td>Christian Radio</td>
<td>The New Makers</td>
<td>Salt Lake Tabernacle</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>Eternal Light</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Horace Heidt</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>Bob Hope</td>
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<td>Alice Faye and Phil Harris</td>
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<td>Fred Allen</td>
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<td>Art Linkletter</td>
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<td>Jimmy Durante</td>
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<td>Don Ameche</td>
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<td>Manhattan Merry-Go-Round</td>
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<td>American Album</td>
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<td>Honeymoon in New York</td>
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<td>Clevelandaires</td>
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<td>This Is Nora Drake and Friends</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>Words and Music</td>
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<td>Boston Symphony</td>
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<td>Robert McCormick</td>
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<td>Jack Kirby</td>
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<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<td>Today's Children</td>
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<td>Light of the World</td>
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<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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**ARTHUR FIEDLER conducts the Boston "Pops" orchestra every Sunday on NBC's RCA-Victor Show.**
JOHN GRIGGS, story-teller Roger Elliott on House of Mystery, Sundays, 4:00 P.M. EST. Mutual, has been telling stories to little children ever since his high school days when he worked in five libraries in DuPage County, Illinois. Griggs, an enthusiastic devotee of the silent screen, founded the Sutton Cinema Society of New York which is composed of others who love the silent drama.

<table>
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<tr>
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<td>8:00</td>
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<td>News</td>
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<td>Honeymoon In N. Y.</td>
<td>Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Pool Show</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America Barnyard Follies</td>
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<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Faith In Our Time Say It With Music</td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Club Time</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>This Is Nora Drake This Is Nora Drake</td>
<td>Passyng Parade Victor H. Lindlahr</td>
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<td>We Love And Learn</td>
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<td>Jack Berch</td>
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<td>Lora Lawton</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
<td>Luncheon At Sardi's Maggi McNeills</td>
<td>Hellen Trett</td>
<td>Helen Trett Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<td>Big Sister</td>
<td>Ma Perkins Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<td>Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light</td>
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<td>Golden Hope Chest</td>
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<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Red Benson Movie Show</td>
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<td>David Harum Hilltop House</td>
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**EVERYDAY PROGRAMS**

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| 6:00 | John MacVane | Local Programs | Eric Seravel | "You and Me" \*
| 6:15 | Sketches In Melody | | Lowell Thomas | |
| 6:30 | Sunoco News | | | |
| 6:45 | | | | |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club | Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date | Headline Edition | Bill Hudson Bill Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow | |
| 7:15 | News of the World | News of the World | Dinner Date | Loner Ranger \*
| 7:30 | The Smoothies | The Smoothies | News of the World | \* |
| 7:45 | H. V. Kaltenborn | H. V. Kaltenborn | Inside of Sports | | |
| 8:00 | This Is Your Life | George O'Hanlan Show | Youth Asks The Government Earl Godwin | Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North | |
| 8:15 | Ralph Edwards | Official Detective | America's Town Meeting of the Air | | |
| 8:30 | Alan Young Show | Hy Gardner | | | |
| 8:45 | | | | |
| 9:00 | Bob Hope Show | Gabriel Heatter Radio Newreel | Erwin D. Canham Detroit Symphonic Orch. | We, The People Morey Amsterdam Show | |
| 9:15 | | Lane Wolf | | | |
| 9:30 | Fiddler McGee | Bill Henry | | | |
| 9:45 | Molly | | | | |
| 10:00 | Big Town | American Forum of the Air | Hit The Jackpot | | |
| 10:15 | People Are Funky | Dance Orchestra | | | |
| 10:30 | | | | |
### AFTERNoon PROGRAMS

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<td>Mia Perkins</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Sanoco News</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Art Van Damme</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Quintet</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Aldrich Family</td>
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<td>Burns and Allen</td>
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<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
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<td>Bob Ponder Show</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Fred Waring</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>The Brighter Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>We Love and Learn</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>Cities Service Band</td>
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<td>Eddie Cantor Show</td>
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<td>Meet the Press Dance Orch</td>
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**JEFF CHANDLER** considers himself a lucky guy playing opposite Eve Arden in CBS’ Our Miss Brooks. Born and raised in Brooklyn, Jeff studied art but gave it up; acted in vehicles ranging from modern sophisticated comedies to Shakespearean tragedies; did some singing, work, and finally wound up in radio. He’s married to Marjorie Hoshelle, and they have a seventeen-month-old girl, Jamie.
### S A T U R D A Y

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<td>Paul Neilson, News</td>
<td>Ozark Valley Folks</td>
<td>Barnyard Follies</td>
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<td>Mary Lee Taylor</td>
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<td>Concert of American Jazz</td>
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<td>Albert Warner, News</td>
<td>Miscellaneous Programs</td>
<td>This is For You</td>
<td>Romance</td>
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<td>Meet the Mkees</td>
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<td>Don Gardiner</td>
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<td>Smillin' Ed McConnell</td>
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### A F T E R N O O N  P R O G R A M S

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<td>12:00</td>
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<td>Nat'l Farm Home</td>
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<td>Frank Marshall</td>
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<td>Junior Junction</td>
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<td>American Farmer</td>
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<td>Truth or Consequences</td>
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<td>Your Hit Parade</td>
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<td>Hawai'i Calls</td>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Judy Canova Show</td>
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<td>Day in the Life of Dennis Day</td>
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<td>Art of Living</td>
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<td>Bands For Bonds</td>
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<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
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<td>Tony Roberts</td>
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<td>Hayloft Hoedown</td>
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### Q U I Z  C A T A L O G U E

**NOTES TO KEEP YOUR RADIO MIRROR QUIZ CATALOGUE UP TO DATE**

**J U S T HOW** does Stop the Music select its irritating and tricky mystery melodies? Affable m.c. Bert Parks gives this inside information; there are three unidentified musicologists, known only to orchestra leader Harry Salter, who research the obscure melodies that bring lucky telephone listeners bountiful loot.

These three song sleuths do not even know each other. They live on different parts of the country, Salter says, some typical folk tune like "Old Grey Mare" and then has each researcher work independently to trace the song's origin back through the years until it is possible to find its original title. The use of three tune detectives gives the show triple checking.

By the time newspaper columnists and quiz experts have retraced the paths of the Salter researchers, Stop The Music's giant jackpot has become king size and grown to an average amount of $20,000.

The merchandise accumulated for the show is not paid for but received in exchange for those liberal, wordy plugs that you hear each Sunday night on ABC 8-9 P.M., EST.

If you detect a woman's touch in the type of prizes selected for the show's jackpots, it's because Producer Mark Goodson's pretty wife is the program's imaginative shopper.

Since Stop the Music started last March, over $250,000 in prizes have been given away. Largest loot totaled $32,000. Biggest individual haul was a $5,000 nine-day trip on a round-trip boat. Most spectacular was an "in person" visit to the winner's home town by Cab Calloway. A little, sixty-seven-year-old lady who "won" Cab, made him hi-de-ho for her church supper. Turned out fine.

There are always about fifty tunes in Salter's books ready for playing on each hour-long broadcast. Solos Kay Armen and Dick Brown learn about fifteen ace. The rest are instrumental numbers.

The show originates from a former theater, the Ritz, on West Forty-eighth Street, New York. Studio tickets are at a premium, since lucky stub holders get a chance to win the smaller prizes which phone contestants fluff. However, studio players don't qualify for the big jackpot.

Don't call Stop the Music. They'll call you ... if your name is in a phone book. They've got most U.S. phone books. A celebrity is blindfolded and picks from a fishbowl the names of various phone books. Then by a series of reshuffling processes, actual listings and numbers are drawn. These are sent up to the three telephone operators and they go to work contacting the names selected.

Listeners contacted are invited to play and given the call in from their nearest ABC station so they can tune in at the telephone operator then signals the control room where the director gives the high-sign to the sound effects man. He simulates a telephone bell, an actor shouts Stop The American Music! and the operator is on call to somebody, somewhere, in the U.S., much to the pleasure of the listener and the continuing discomfort of one Fred Allen.

**You Should Know That:**

Even if the FCC decides against the telephone giveaway shows as illegal lotteries, no definitive action will be taken until July and the Stop the Music impresarios will appeal the decision to the highest courts ... Todd Russell, m.c. of Strike It Rich, had his good friend, quiz m.c. Bill Cullen, standing by ready to pinch hit during Mrs. Russell's serious and prolonged illness. Mrs. R. is making sure but slow recovery ... CBS's fast growing quiz, Sing It Again, has moved up from 8 to 10 P.M., EST on Saturdays and looks set for sponsorship ... Waitramer, producer of Strike It Rich, is readying a new audience participation show for CBS called Exchange For Happiness. It's modeled after the Swap Shop Show Pittsburgh listeners may remember ... Don't be surprised if Stop the Music expands to an hour and a half ... Ralph Edwards tells close friends he'd like to do a show in Truth or Consequences now that imitators have watered the original down ... On Sing It Again a parody about Miss America was recently sung. M.C. Dan Seymour asked a listener to identify the parody. "Who is the All-American Miss?" Dan riddled. "Tom Dewey," was the prompt but technically inaccurate reply. Come to think of it, the contestant should have received some consolation prize for quick thinking.

MILTON J. CROSS came to radio twenty-seven years ago as a musician and stayed to become one of the most distinguished announcers on the air. As announcer for the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts on Saturdays, he says he's in love with his work and wouldn't trade it for anything else. During the summers, he hides away on his snug farm in Woodstock, Vermont. Naturally his favorite hobby is music.
WE WERE pleased to welcome John J. Burke, executive staff member of the National Better Business Bureau, as a recent Family Counselor. The Better Business Bureaus, located in principle cities of the United States and Canada are non-profit, service corporations, maintained by ethically-minded business firms to elevate the standards of business conduct, fight frauds, and assist the public to achieve maximum satisfaction from its relations with business. Bureau men are experienced also in preparing evidence for presentation to law-enforcing bodies.

Mr. Burke pointed out that while nearly all business is fundamentally honest and deserving of support, an unscrupulous minority of schemers and cheats does exist. For instance, complaints are now reaching his office telling of the "survey approach" used by phony pollsters. The bona fide opinion researcher has nothing to sell, but the phony pollster, once he has his foot in the door, may be able to get signatures on contracts the customer doesn't understand and wouldn't enter into if he did.

Mr. Burke reported the case of a woman who has defrauded a midwest community and may approach others. Using a personal sympathy appeal, she offers to publish a history of the local church in the town, to be financed by advertising. She solicits the advertising (on a payment-in-advance basis), then leaves town. He also told us about two appeals which had all the earmarks of being honest: investigation proved otherwise. Quite recently a letter asking for donations to purchase a Seeing Eye Dog was sent to remote sections of the country. Mr. Burke explained that the Seeing Eye, Inc. disapproves completely of such appeals, and while the dogs cost $150, no applicant capable of using a dog has been refused one, for payment can be made at the blind person's convenience. "The other type of letter appeal which bears watching is the plea from unknown persons abroad asking for food, aid and information," he remarked. "These letters might represent the workings of an organized black market and should be turned over to reputable relief agencies."

In closing, Mr. Burke told us that schemes can be recognized by three ifs: IF you are offered something for nothing, or a lot for a little, IF the offer is made especially and confidentially to you, and IF you are asked to act now, immediately, without a chance to think it over . . . watch out. If you suspect dishonesty in your business transactions, call your nearest Better Business Bureau and check. They make no charge for services; they have records and files—and they're there to help you. Investigate before you invest.

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?
Her Lovely Face shows you the gracious charm that is her Inner Self.

Famous for her vivid starry beauty, the world responds to Mrs. Drexel's loveliness wherever she goes. The minute that you see her, you are aware of her inner serenity, of the cultured, friendly charm that is the keynote of her exquisite self.

Your face is the only You that others actually see. It is the You they first take to their hearts. It is the You that they remember best. Do, then, help your face to say only pleasing, lovely things about you. Its loveliness, its charm, rest very much with what you do for it.

She uses Ponds!

"I think it's a superb cream — the best I know,"

Mrs. Drexel says

Let your face show you to others as the delightful person you really are. Keep it softly lovely with the cream-cleansings that do so much for skin. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment, this way:

**Hot Stimulation**—splash face with hot water.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore-openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—swirl on a second Pond's cleansing. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment literally acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt and make-up as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Never feel it is merely vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. When you look lovely, it spreads out from you to all who see you. It gives you a charming air of happy confidence. It brings the real Inner You closer to others.
Come and Visit Andy
(Continued from page 29)

Each child has his own bedroom. The playroom is equipped with a stage, a 16mm. moving picture outfit, and a big screen—a child’s dream of a playroom.
Or, at any rate, a show-business child’s dream. Little Charlie, Jr., is—so far—the only young Correll to show an inclination toward show business.
He’s crazy about television and sits and watches it by the hour. And one of his favorite shows is Hollywood Opportunity which N. T. Geemes, a sort of Hollywood amateur show. Currently Charlie, Jr., is in a pre-primary Catholic school. Shortly after he was enrolled one of the Sisters told the class an exciting story, showing, apparently, an excellent feeling for drama.
When she had finished, there was only the briefest pause before Charlie, Jr., piped up with, “Give her a great big hand!” It was suggested that young Charlie confine the language he’s picked up from the show to his after-school conversation.
Charlie Jr. doesn’t encourage or discourage Charlie Jr. He thinks there’s plenty of time to come before definite interests will be forming. “But,” he says with a twinkle, a show-business picture in the playroom almost every night. And for those who don’t want pictures—well, there’s always television in the next room.
Something new is always being added at the Corrells’. Currently, Charlie is in the process of putting in another bathroom in the servants’ quarters. (Four servants run the Correll household.) He was going to get Paul Williams to figure out a new arrangement, and then decided to do it himself. And very well, too. He took out the pantry and made it into the new bath, made a new pantry out of the utility closet, and added on another utility closet in such a way that no new roofing or foundation was necessary.
Soft pastel tones are the basis of the house’s color scheme. Alyce’s bedroom is a dreamy thing, all in lush pink satin. Charlie delegates a lot of the work to the people who take care of his house, since for him—outside of his work—that home is his world. The Corrells seldom go out for their fun. They have it all right where they live.
Charlie met Alyce in Fort Wayne, Indiana, while he and Gosden were doing a personal appearance there. At the time, they were doing their broadcast from Chicago. Weekends they went around and played personal appearances in the smaller towns nearby. Alyce, who is still a very accomplished dancer, was on that bill in Fort Wayne with a dancing act. Charlie was standing in the wings during her act.
She had to come off and make three different changes during her performance. “I kept thinking the poor girl must be hot as the devil. The weather in Fort Wayne in summer leaves a little something to be desired. I’d stand there in the wings with a towel and fan her like mad when she’d come off for a change.”

Finally Charlie got up enough nerve to ask Alyce where she lived, because after one look at her, he decided she was something special. When she told him she lived in Chicago, Charlie immediately made it his business to find out all about her. If she was single. If she was still “heart-free.” She was. “How about calling you up some night and going out to a show or dinner?” Charlie finally managed to ask through the flapping of his improvised fan.
It was all right with Alyce, so as soon as they got back to Chicago, they got together. A four-year courtship came to a happy ending with marriage in Los Angeles, at the Wee Kirk of the Heather, in 1937. We were married on Saturdays and I had to be back on Monday. I had my own plane then and we took off from here at three in the afternoon, and at five-thirty we were in the Hotel Del Monte.”

“I brought the plane in at Monterey. I don’t know whether it was the honey-moon idea that made me nervous or just that we had traveled all the way at 10,000 feet and let down so fast—anyway, I lost my sense of altitude. But I hit the short runway at Monterey just in time to see a fence pop up in front of me. So I took off again and made it on the second try.”

“I have no time to fly now,” he says. “I darned near went back to it, and was going to buy a plane not long ago. Then Alyce said, ‘Well, it’s all right. But where are you going?’ I told her, ‘I’ll go—well, I’ll go—’, then, ‘where in the devil will I go? What do I need with a plane?”

“Family my family is just too sensible. Even my daughter Dorothy, who at nine is in the threes of a grand passion for Hopalong Cassidy, keeps me in line.

“There was the time I wanted to buy a boat. I (Continued on page 76)
Mrs. Eugenia Roberts of Atlanta had a dry skin problem. "Now," says this lovely young mother, "I use Noxzema as my all-purpose cream, my night cream and powder base. It certainly helps keep my complexion looking soft and smooth."

"I apply Noxzema before putting on make-up and use it before retiring after a day outdoors," states this charming Baltimore sports enthusiast, Jean Patchett of Preston. "I also use Noxzema to help protect my hands against chapping."

**Which of these 6 American Women is the MOST LIKE YOU?**

If you have some little thing wrong with your skin—and who doesn’t—be sure to read these exclusive interviews.

- Recently we called on women across the country, asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of six typical women who are using a new idea in beauty—Medicated Skin Care.

**New Beauty Routine**

It’s a simple home treatment developed by a doctor. It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women from all walks of life took part in this skin improvement test under the supervision of 3 noted doctors—skin specialists. Each woman had some little skin problem.

**Based on Scientific Tests**

Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema’s new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks!

Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled at the improvement in their skin!

**For Externally-Caused Skin Troubles**

If you want an aid to a softer, smoother looking skin, if you suffer the embarrassment of externally-caused blemishes, rough, dry skin or other similar skin troubles—try Noxzema.

**4-Step Beauty Routine!**

1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, with a wet cloth apply Noxzema and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes.

Follow this new routine faithfully morning and night. See if you aren’t amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. At all drug and cosmetic counters, 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax—Trial Size also now on sale.
(Continued from page 74) chartered a beautiful boat to try it out, took all the kids, and went out for the day. We left from Balboa. Balboa is a little seaside resort about 30 miles south of Los Angeles, on one of the busiest stretches of highway in this part of the country. I was pretty excited about buying the thing. I thought the kids would like it and we could go fishing and sailing. Dottie said, "Won't you get tired riding down?"

"I got to thinking about that. A three-hour round trip. I drove down once most to see. Coming back in the weekend traffic took me two hours. Why, I wouldn't have one if they gave it to me! It's too tough to get to. I told Dottie that because she saved me that big chunk of dough I'd have put out, I would deposit it in her account."

The Corrells are easy-going, happy people. Friends visit often and stay long. Naturally, their closest friends are Freeman and Jane Gosden. But there are many others. Charlie maintains he plays "fine bar-room piano," and the singing sessions that go on some nights are legendary. He's very proud of his repertoire of old songs. "I can keep going hours after these modern pianists run out of tunes. We started out as singers," he'll remind you. "Worked for nothing in 1924. Neither of us could sing, but we were smart enough to know it. Did patter and comedy songs that didn't need singing voices. I did the piano playing for the act. In 1935, for eight months I got those fifty-cents-a-week lessons—Strictly a saloon piano player."

But easy-going as Charlie is, he has certain definite standards which he maintains for himself, and which he expects the people around him to live up to. He doesn't, for example, believe in "pushing around"—either for the pusher or the pushed.

The Corrells recently acquired a new servant who was almost too eager to do everything anyone asked him to, whether or not it was his job. Charlie took him aside and briefed him.

"Don't let other people push you around," he said. "Just take care of me, and of the definite job to which you've been assigned. That's all you have to do. If you do that well I'll take care of you—not only now, but in my will."

It seems strange that despite the fact the boys—Amos and Andy—are great celebrities, they are almost completely unknown. Their names are known in every home in the land, their patter has become definite American, their malapropisms a part of American language—but they can walk in any crowd un molested.

Furthermore, when Amos and Andy go on television their faces will still be unknown to the general public. Because they do not look like the public's idea of a chair—when they play, they will get other players to play them, and dub in their voices on film.

This division in the public's mind, between the boys and the characters they have created, does not operate in the minds of Amos and Andy themselves. In fact, they have to be on the watch for slips into "character" which come upon them suddenly and almost unconsciously. Charlie's pitfalls come because he prepares the scripts. (He types every bit of the show.) "I've been writing this for so many years," he complains, "I find myself turning personal letters with words like 'regusted'."

Though Charlie and Freeman work together, they need two halves of a beautifully-balanced machine, they're temperamentally so unlike that it's difficult for outsiders to understand their perfect cooperation. Charlie goes all the way to the other point of view for his explanation. Perhaps, he thinks, it's just because they're of such different moods that they get along so well—Charlie firm, but calm, relaxed; Freeman more tense, inclined to worry.

It must be something, for, as Charlie points out, "We've been inseparable for nearly thirty years. We've worked together, played together, lived together before we were married. And our personal, business, and social lives still run parallel. The idea for their first sixteen years of our association, that we couldn't live apart. If we didn't actually live in the same apartment, at least in the same building or the same block. It was part practical—because of the necessity of working together. And it was part superstition, I guess."

"In all our together we never had any real words. I guess we even knew each other too well. Sometimes we'd each make cracks, but before one of us begins really to get the other fellow's goat, we'd have it fixed and stop. In our program we think so much alike we seldom have differences of opinion. If we do, we simply argue them out. It isn't difficult, because we respect each other's opinions and judgment."

It is an interesting sidelight on the character of the "boys" to know that in more than 10,000,000 words of broadcasting, they never have had a single word censored. And if Charlie Correll is representative of some of the best in American entertainment today, his personal life, too, is an example of the best kind of American living.

Rendezvous for the best in popular music

BOB CROSBY
Singing
Master of Ceremonies

CLUB 15
Every Night, Monday through Friday, 7:30 EDT—

MORGAN BEATTY
"NEWYORWORLD"
Mond. thru Fri.

CBS

Read Bob Crosby's own story in March TRUE ROMANCE magazine
At newsstands February 23.
New!
Introducing the Beauty Discovery of the Century...Penaten
in Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams

—a revelation in skin care!
—cleanses, brightens, softens as never before!
Now, from Woodbury scientists comes Penaten—newly developed penetrating ingredient. Here in Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams are just-discovered formulas—for deeper, cleaner cleansing!—for superb richer softening!—for sheerest make-up flattery! Your happy promise of flawless new skin beauty!

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Penaten penetrates deeper into pore openings

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream...incomparable cleaner cleansing! Penaten makes this De Luxe Cold Cream deeper-cleansing. Helps cleansing oils actually penetrate deeper into pore openings. Seeks out clogging soil and make-up more effectively.

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream...superb richer softening!
Magically, Penaten aids the skin absorb rich emollients in this De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. Lanolin's softening benefits...four more skin softeners...penetrate deeper into pore openings. Tiny lines soften. Flaky roughness softens. Your skin looks gloriously younger!

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Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.


Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.
DeLong
Bob Pins
set the smartest
hair-do's
stronger grip—won’t slip out

Two on the TV Aisle
(Continued from page 44)
of October 3 when Actors’ Equity and
Philco presented “Dinner at Eight,”
with the all-star cast of Peggy Wood,
Dennis King, Mary Boland, Vicki Cum-
rong, Phil Silvers and Matt Briggs.
“Television means hard work, for
everybody in it,” Mr. Lytell goes on.
“It uses every bit of knowledge you’ve
learned in any other medium. It’s
completely new, and yet it really gets
back to the stock company idea. We
do a different play every week and we
build new sets for each of these one-
hour plays. We have to get actors who
are quick studies. They must be ac-
curate, sure of themselves. If they’re
not, television isn’t for them.
“For instance, we did one play in
which an actor left out about a page
and a half of the script. Luckily, it hap-
pended toward the end of a scene. But
a thing like that could throw the other
actors and ruin the play.”
Rehearsals start early in the week,
and by Saturday they’re on all day,
under lights and camera. It’s the same
thing most of Sunday. That’s why from
9:00 to 10:00 P.M. EST, over the NBC
network, you can sit comfortably in
your home, get all the excitement
of the theater, and see the best of
Broadway acting.

DeLong Bob Pins, with their new rounded
ends, slide in easily, stay in indefinitely.
Get DeLong Bob Pins on the famous blue card.

Your hair is short and to the point this season.
The new brief styles are easy on the eyes
—easy to set, yourself, with DeLong Bob Pins.
DeLong Bob Pins, with their new rounded ends, slide in easily, stay in indefinitely.

The Short Halo—
created by Helen Hunt, famous Hollywood hair
stylist. Make 3 rows of pin
curls. Work clockwise from
left part toward face. Pull
hair slightly forward as you
pin. Brush out hair upward,
away from face. Let ends fall forward. Brush back
hair upward.

In your favorite chain variety store
Nationally Advertised Brands Week
March 4-12th

do you know someone with a
HEART OF GOLD?
Someone whose good works and unselfishness
deserve recognition? You can tell about it
and win a valuable prize on

"Second Honeymoon"
Monday-Friday ABC Stations
featuring BERT PARKS and Dick Todd
For details of the "Heart Of Gold" contest, read the current issue of TRUE ROMANCE
magazine now on sale.
ensuing conversational details. Let it suffice that Frank is a born agent which means he's a born salesman; finally he sold me on the idea. I was reluctant, but I went.

My escort that night was named Alan Young. He had been in New York about a year, I had heard him on the radio—and he was a complete surprise. He was different. He honestly was refreshing. It took him half of the evening to discover which girl was supposed to be his date. I liked him. It wasn't precisely one of those zing-went-the-strings-of-my-heart occasions, but I liked him.

**ALAN** was gay and amusing, witty and fun, but he didn't corner the conversation for the evening. In the entertainment world there is an expression for a performer who always is acting: "he's always on." Most comedians are constantly "on." Alan wasn't.

Alan asked me for another date. In the following four months we had lots of them, and invariably we went to night clubs. At the end of that time I told him, "Alan, I'm a frank character. I don't like night clubs. Would you mind if we go someplace else?"

Such a sudden change in my mind I've never heard from anyone as the one which followed from A. Young. "Am I glad to hear that!" he admitted. "I thought you were the New York type who loved them."

So, for our next date Alan planned a surprise. He took me to one of New York's swankiest and most exclusive French restaurants. He ordered guinea hen under glass, and it was as tough as the glass that protected it. Then we went to the theater to see "The Late George Apley," at that time a sell-out hit. When we arrived we discovered that some enterprising scalper had sold the gullible Alan two seats in the same row—but at opposite ends of the row. Alan finally traded them for box seats, which at best are not good but at least they were together. Poor Alan, he was so upset! But his embarrassed confusion made me like him all the more.

After that—never underestimate the power of a woman—I took over, gently but firmly, on where we went on some of our dates. Alan, despite his year in New York, was still rather like a little boy from the country. (I had been in Manhattan about four years so I was an old New Yorker.)

I started by taking him sight-seeing. We took rides on the Staten Island ferry, visited the Statue of Liberty, Chinatown and the Bowery. We walked across Brooklyn Bridge. Then we began on the museums. Alan loved them because in his youth he wanted to be a cartoonist, has a real flair for drawing, and a great appreciation of art.

Our Four Chicks and a Chuck had meanwhile been booked—happy circumstance—on Alan's radio series. The show was moved to California. Then Alan stayed in Hollywood and I went back to New York on another job. Eventually I returned to Hollywood and, briefly, two years and three proposals after that agent-arranged blind date on May 11, 1948, I became Mrs. Alan Young.

Alan hasn't changed in the years I've known him. He's fun and funny, but not always "on." Like most comedians...
“We’re Not Supposed TO FALL IN LOVE!”

What do two young people do when the powerful emotions of love draw them closer and closer to each other and further from the bounds of convention? Read the breathtakingly tender story of Cathy and Pete whose love hangs in the balance of one fateful night!

In March

True Story

Now At All Newsstands

Other Exciting Stories In This Issue:

* INDIAN GIRL—The ageless story of an Indian maiden who married a white man and tried to bridge the gap between their backgrounds.

* WE Couldn’T AFFORD Our BABY—Has any woman the right to give up her unborn baby? Read Mary’s story... the ending will bring tears to your eyes.

Plus: * RALPH EDWARDS Tells His Own True Story—How he rose to his current popularity as radio’s top master of ceremonies.

* BAD TOWN—The Truth About Young Morals Honestly Portrayed.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

All this and much more — fashions, beauty, homemaking and furnishing features you won’t want to miss in March

True Story

LISTEN TO: “My True Story” Monday-Friday ABC Stations

At Newsstands Everywhere

he worries about his scripts, but not annoyingly. There is no pretense in his nature. He is completely the artist-actor; he doesn’t try to be the handy man, cabinet maker or gardener type. His present success in radio—with Jimmy Durante and on his own new show, both on NBC—rests very lightly indeed on his shoulders and I’m sure always will.

Alan was born in England of Scottish parents who journeyed to Vancouver, British Columbia, when he was four. A few years thereafter he began sketching and planning a future as a cartoonist. At six, however, he made his stage debut—just a walk-on bit, but it sparked the idea that entertaining was as much fun as cartooning. At sixteen he decided his sense of humor might be more profitable on the air than on a drawing board and he started earning $2.20 a performance on a local radio program.

Alan also did amateur shows in vaudeville, was a junior m.c. at Vancouver clubs and civic organizations. After he graduated from high school in 1938 he was hired to write “Stag Party” on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network. It was an afterthought that he was starred on the program; for that chore he received $5 extra!

As is true of most men who worked up through the ranks of radio, Alan became a utility character at his Vancouver station. He wrote a half-hour show, acted in two programs a week, was an assistant news editor and part-time announcer, for all of which he earned $15 a week. When he asked for a raise he was fired.

Alan landed on his feet, however. He was signed for a comedy show and after a hitch in the Canadian Navy won a similar spot in Toronto in 1942. It was on the latter assignment that a talent scout in New York heard him and suggested that he come to the United States. In 1944 he was summer replacement for Eddie Cantor, and hailed as the great new comedy find of the year. The Young stock went up and down a few times after that, but now has steadied at a high point.

Besides, Alan now is doing movies. He made his screen debut in “Margie,” in which he had to ice skate. The director, knowing Alan was from Canada, just assumed he knew how to skate. Alan had never ventured on blades in his life; Vancouver doesn’t have icy winters! So he took some very fast lessons at a local rink and felt confident.

When he reported for the skating scenes the director told him he wasn’t supposed to skate too well. That was fortunate. Alan is by nature a good athlete, but camera jitters combined with uncertainty on his skates made him fall twice during the sequence. “That was perfect! Great idea for you to fall!” the director told him later.

Not always does he blunder into things so conveniently. There was the time, shortly after we were married, when we were invited to our first party at Atwater Kent’s. Those parties are always plush affairs, so I had bought a silver satin evening gown and spent most of the afternoon getting ready. Alan had loaned his tuxedo to a friend who had thoughtfully sent it to a cleaner—I’d like to meet him some dark night!—and returned it late that very day. When Alan put it on the lapels drooped like a bloodhound’s ears and there was a swag effect around the waistline like the valance of old velours
The Gown Doesn’t Fit, Honey...

—you’re not ready for an adult size yet. . . And mother knows it’s the same in aspirin—you’re not ready for a 5-grain adult size tablet because it doesn’t fit your special dosage needs.

Mother... HERE’S THE ASPIRIN TABLET THAT “Fits” YOUR CHILD’S NEEDS

IT’S ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN! Approved by mothers everywhere because it solves child dosage problems and eliminates all guesswork about correct dosage. Easy To Give because it’s not necessary to cut or break tablets. Assures Accurate Dosage because each tablet contains 1½ grains of aspirin —¼ the regular 5-grain adult tablet. Easy To Take because it’s orange flavored and sweetened to a child’s taste. Bottle of 50 tablets, 35c.

Be sure to always ask for the original and genuine St. Joseph Aspirin For Children because there is no other product just like it! Buy it now!
Freckles had recognized Alan's voice and set up that clamor to attract attention. Freckles hasn't run away since.

Alan had bought our house, a white clapboard on North Hollywood, before we were married, but he gave me a free hand in redecorating. He agreed that he liked the colors I chose—chartreuse in the bathroom, cocoa brown in our small sunny dining room, gray-rose in the bedroom and an old green in the kitchen. His sole objection was to the deep gray I used for one wall in the living room. He said it was too close to Battleship Gray, of which he had seen enough in the Navy.

As I said, Alan's not the handy man around the house that you read about. Somehow the fires he builds in the fireplace just don't burn. (But he never fails with those in the barbecue pit. Do you suppose he's encouraged by the thought of food?) With all good intentions he bought a Home Manual, determined to learn how to fix things around the house. His first try was to plaster around the laundry sink; it all flaked off. Perhaps that is why now he never uses the work bench or the tools my Dad gave him.

But one can't expect everything. Much more important to me is the fact that he's consistently cheerful, even early in the morning when I can't say the same for myself. Alan always gets up first, makes the coffee and gives the dogs their milk. And he's warm-hearted and considerate—those things you can't buy for all the money in the world, and goodness knows you can always hire a handyman! And furthermore, I wouldn't trade Alan's eye for women's clothes for all the plastering skill in the world. Several times he's just gone off on his own and bought me things he liked—and what's more, I liked them too. It's not any old husband who has this particular talent!

When Alan spent several weeks in Dallas with the Jimmy Durante show last Autumn he brought me an Empire style dinner dress and a stunning peg-top skirt, just in my size. As he gave them to me he said he hoped we'd never have to be separated again. That's one reason why I'm not trying to continue my career, although I was trained as both a coloratura soprano and dancer.

I'm singing now, with our quintet, on Alan's show, and that's fun—working together—but nothing else. I want to be free to go on trips with him, when he wants me, as I did on the location near Reno for "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," in which Alan is appearing with Clifton Webb and Shirley Temple.

Besides, I honestly believe that one career in the family is enough. I like being domestic. I like picking up the little scraps of paper, matchbooks and old cigarette packages on which Alan writes gag ideas as he thinks of them. I like having to remind him of appointments; for which he is always prompt, if he remembers them. I like our lazy evenings at home, listening to records—mostly classical, but Alan also has a weakness for Spike Jones. I like discussing the books we read, and the things she always way ahead of me. He reads very rapidly and always three books at once—serious, too. I like Alan's sentimen. He presents me with the heart-shaped earrings and pin he has just given me.

For the record, I'll admit that now I am a hearty cooker for blind dates—in theory, that is. For myself—I'm going steady with my husband, so I'll never need a blind date again.
America’s Shopping Wonderland...

...your “5 and 10”

VARIETY STORES

always Open House for-

Value!

...famed the world ‘round for penny-ful values, “5 & 10” variety stores feature many articles at original pre-war prices.

Variety!

You’ll find it at the “5 & 10”, because the average store carries many thousands of articles for the family and the home!

Convenience!

Shopping is easier, faster, more convenient in “5 & 10” variety stores. Open display counters... easy to see, easy to select.

Reliability!

The integrity of famous “5 & 10” variety store companies is a bond behind every article displayed on their counters.

Known Brands

To emphasize their high standards of quality the nation’s “5 & 10” are celebrating Nationally Advertised Brands Week in Variety Stores March 4 to 12, 1949.

In an era of soaring living costs, “5 & 10” variety stores provide first aid to family budgets with lowest possible prices.

Nationally Advertised Brands Week in Variety Stores, N.Y.C.
Life Without Father
(Continued from page 33)

admit that in pioneer days, a woman left alone with children to care for was in a precarious spot. I shrink to think of firing at Indians with one hand and changing diapers with the other.

Life itself was a two-party struggle in the days of the dinosaurs. The man had to beat a bear to death; the woman had to skin the carcass and tend the fire to make a blanket. She had to cook the flesh on a fire built by an antediluvian boy scout. She had to dry the bones and carve them with stones to fashion her kitchen utensils.

The old days had one definite advantage over our era. It was possible, even as recently as grandfather's time, to make plans for the future with a reasonable hope that the plans would be fulfilled. "Security" was a fundamental word with unshakable meaning. Families lived in the same house through succeeding generations for a hundred years. Fortunes could be established; a way of life could be built up and maintained.

In short, our American world—although vast and constantly expanding—operated on established lines. Our grandparents' era was a closed corporation. They knew it. They liked it. Our parents made the nasty discovery, revealed by the first World War, that an ocean no longer had protective meaning. Our cherished line of physical security had been wiped out.

The country was just beginning to recover from that shock when the 1930 depression broke the forlorn news that there had ceased to be such a thing as economic security.

World War II introduced such chaos into family relationships as they had never before known. In America, and the development of the atomic bomb forever blasted from the minds of thinking people any conviction that the future is a commodity on which we can count.

Furthermore, not only wars and depressions have been responsible for dispersing our old notions of security, but the small facts of our daily life have caused them to vanish. With traffic as cataclysmic as it is in every large city today, who knows when he will start to the corner drugstore for a pack of cigarettes, and end in the traction ward, or some other division of a hospital?

Considering that geographic, economic, and physical security are things of the past, I suppose we human beings would be in a bad way if it weren't for the fact that a new type of knowledge of basic human needs has been developed. I know that there has been a good deal of kidding about psychiatry; nevertheless, the earnest people I know agree that our only chance for contentment lies in understanding one another. We must, in the absence of all other things, establish emotional and intellectual security.

Psychiatrists have found that the very first need of a child is to be loved. Tests have proved that it is definitely bad for a child to grow up in a home where there is obvious friction. If one parent gives the child one hundred percent love and understanding, the other parent is indifferent, the child feels only fifty percent successful. Clearly, sometimes the child of a "broken" home has an advantage over a child in a two-parent home. If those parents use the child as a net across which to fire volleys of anger at one another. And we know inescapably that the "ideal"—or even nearly ideal—home, in which both parents are emotionally mature and equipped for parenthood, is more unusual than otherwise.

I, personally, feel that there is too much mishmash in the business of adopting children. An adoptive parent must be protected, by investigation, of course, and a child must be placed in an investigator's home. But it seems to me that there is too much attention paid to absurd detail. For instance, there are definite rules in most states that a child must be given into a home which has so many square feet of floor space or more, thus—and so much window space, a monthly income of known—a home in America, and the development of the atomic bomb forever blasted from the minds of thinking people any conviction that the future is a commodity on which we can count.

Not the possession of some riches, and not the owning of a certain type of home in a certain type of neighborhood, should be the basis for awarding children a study of the adoptive mother's capacity for love and her ability to meet life situations with mature common sense.

If I hope it doesn't sound fatuous to say it, I feel particularly qualified to write about the one-parent home because I was what is now described rather pityingly as "a child of divorce."

Statistics (Continued on page 86)
Are you in the know?

How to cope with a cowlick—
- Fight it
- Favor it
- Forget it

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying all 3 absorbencies of Kotex—to find the one just right for you. Regular, Junior and Super are designed for different girls, different days. Why not be sure to have a Kotex napkin that's very personally yours?

What "new note" does this coat bring?
- Back interest
- A break for teen teens
- Another beauty ritual

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest," styling that flatters "glamazons." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in dresses is often a matter of eye-catching trimming, rather than flare. So on those days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special, flat pressed ends of Kotex, you're smooth—from any view!

While someone's phoning, should friends—
- Go dumb
- Keep talking
- Comment on the conversation

During a get-together, if a keen dean gets a buzz—don't let your conversation lapse. You may think it's polite, but he'll think you're listening! So keep up the charmin' chatter (tuned low) and spare the buzz boy needless blushes. Embarrassment is always needless, for clever girls—on calendar days. Because with the extra protection of Kotex, "accident" worries say bye-bye—thanks to Kotex' exclusive safety center. Keeps your confidence shatter-proof!

When buying sanitary needs, should you—
- Wait til next time
- Buy a new sanitary belt
- Buy 2 sanitary belts

After a bout with the daily grind, you welcome a shower... a change to fresh togs. Of course! But to make your daintiness complete, on "those" days you'll want a fresh sanitary belt. You'll need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a change.

Remember, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You'll find your adjustable Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. (It's all-elastic.) So—for extra fort, choose the new Kotex Sanitary Belt, and buy two—for a change!

Kotex
Sanitary
Belt

Buy TWO—by name!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Which square dance is he calling?
- Birdie in the Cage
- Address Partners
- Dosey-do

How about giving a square dance party! Scene: your home (playroom preferred!). Music: courtesy of folk dance discs or the crowd's own vocal cords. First, learn the steps and calls—such as "Birdie in the Cage" (see picture above). Don't let difficult days keep you "caged," when Kotex can free you from discomfort. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape. You're ready for every gay fray!

* These ads are from an old magazine and contain gendered language that is not reflective of contemporary standards. The Kotex brand is a well-known sanitary napkin brand that has been marketed towards women for decades. The text provides advice on how to cope with cowlicks, what to do when someone is phoning, and how to choose between Kotex's different absorbencies. The text also includes a square dance question and an advertisement for Kotex sanitary belts.
NOW I FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

"Droopy posture gone... low-down feeling banished... the energy and young spirit reappeared... TUM-E-Lift makes me feel like a young girl again!"—such are the phrases in the voluntary testimonials we constantly receive. For example: "I like my TUM-E-Lift... I feel like 16 and I am 37 now," says Mrs. A. S. of St. Louis. So don't let waistline bulge and a tired back get you down! Lift the TUM-E-Lift sagging abdomen with a TUM-E-Lift, the controlling, slenderizing supporter-belt which brings invisibly to your figure that perfect contouring beauty that only the TUM-E-LIFT can provide.

You Will Feel New, Too! Because you'll find TUM-E-Lift a pleasure to wear. You'll rejoice in its energizing all-day support. Mrs. C. L. of Atlanta writes: "I can't tell you how much your TUM-E-Lift has meant to me. It is a life of difference in my figure and I feel great comfort wearing it. Don't throw yours away, I warn you. The TUM-E-LIFT should be without it again." Mail coupon below for your TUM-E-Lift today ON 10 DAYS TRIAL and see for yourself how you feel and look fresh and younger at once!

(Easy to Slip on and Off! With Front Laces for People of Special Shape)

TUM-E-Lift is scientifically constructed to provide ideal postural support. Elastics—amazingly strong! Adapts to every figure. The Voile—beautiful! The lace—what you want it—lightly, tightly or known tension. The laces go from waist to waist, or from hips to hips. If you lose them, send for free replacements, beautiful satin, durable,不妨大, portia, well to cost. THE TUM-E-LIFT is a permanent beauty accessory that someone will be glad to buy for you. Send coupon for your 10-DAY TRIAL now.

HOLLYWOOD INSPIRED! HOLLYWOOD DESIGNED!

Here's the secret of TUM-E-Lift. It is made of genuine Hollywood material—a glamourized voile. $3.98 is worth $9.98. Pay by check or money order. No drawback. You will not be charged if return within 8 days. You may keep the TUM-E-LIFT until we receive your money. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid. No money to send. Designer: Ina W. Tum-E.

Mail Coupon

Mail coupon below for your TUM-E-LIFT today ON 10 DAYS TRIAL and see for yourself how you feel and look fresh and younger at once!

(Continued from page 34) indicate that most juvenile delinquents come from broken homes, but I have a strong suspicion that the alleged horrors of the "broken home" is the primary cause of delinquency. The trouble usually lies in the fact that the parents of delinquents were human beings who tried to be parents in the first place, and made no attempt to mature into proper parents.

I am also putting out my neck when I can and am willing to use the alleged horrors of the "broken home" as a cudgel to keep their husbands in line, but I'm afraid it's the truth. It is easy for some women to scare good old John into quitting the miserable fate that would snatch Baby if John were to run out, too, than it is to be a good and competent wife. Too many women ungratefully and thoughtlessly involving their children in order to save their marriages.

In the case of my own childhood, I was very young when my parents parted. I had no sense of loss or deprivation at all. My mother, a rare human being, completely satisfied my need to be loved and protected. Moreover, she was a natural generation so that she grew up along with me.

I knew that some of the other children at school had fathers, of course, but then there were some others like me whose fathers were divorced or dead. I accepted my parental situation as casually as I accepted the fact that I had blonde hair and blue eyes. One fact which is, I sometimes think, overlooked by the mourners who cry the one-parent home, is that all human beings live in a private world in which the child is the star of his own life drama, and he or she is interested in parents primarily as they contribute to that drama—as bit players, of course.

When my mother said "no," that was final; I couldn't take the question to a higher court. When I had spent my pocket money, it was gone (a lesson to learn in this world in which, unfortunately, money-trees do not grow.) When there was a circus in town, I arranged for me to go if we could afford it, and if she could make arrangements to accompany me herself or to have someone take me. (It was good for me to learn early that good fortune is a matter of the baby's things— and would always be—dependent upon the plans of those with whom I lived.)

I am trying to instil those concepts in my children, partly because it is good lesson to learn in this world in which, unfortunately, money-trees do not grow. When Liza insists that I remain at home to play with her instead of going to the studio, I explain that men and women must work in this world. She must pick up her toys every day, she must hang up her clothes, she must help Nana look after Baby Constance... and I must go to the studio. One parent is an absolute handicap as well as two—though, of course, two whose ideas and projects are shared make an unbeatable combination.

We are keenly aware that we are teaching our little girls in the world, just as I had hoped, Liza began to ask when we were going to have a baby of our own. The newcomer turned out to be Constance, who has blue eyes, bubbles, and the disposition of a cocker spaniel puppy. Liza thinks her baby sister is the most entertaining thing in the world.

During the first few months after Constance's arrival, I was careful not to hold her and fuss over her without first cuddling Liza, and then suggesting that she pick up the baby and teach her to talk. Liza has been my partner in rearing Constance, who has blue eyes, bubbles, and the disposition of a cocker spaniel puppy. Liza thinks her baby sister is the most entertaining thing in the world.

When I was putting together this article, I was careful not to hold her and fuss over her without first cuddling Liza, and then suggesting that she pick up the baby and teach her to talk. Liza has been my partner in rearing Constance, who has blue eyes, bubbles, and the disposition of a cocker spaniel puppy. Liza thinks her baby sister is the most entertaining thing in the world.
school a few hours each day. I felt that this was an important part of her development, and I wanted her to be around little boys so that she could get used to the idea of having a small brother. We are now ready for a boy in our household whenever the agency can find one for us, as revealed by Liza's recent observation, "When our brother gets here, I hope he's nice like Bobby instead of being a cry-baby like Jack," she observed in reference to two of her nursery school buddies.

"If he starts to be a cry-baby like Jack," I suggested, "we'll simply have to teach him better. We'll have to help him."

"Constance gets nicer all the time, so I guess a brother would too," said my philosopher!

I intend for my children, both boys and girls, to attend co-educational public schools throughout their educational training. I believe strongly that all American children should be trained in our public school system, and I believe, kingsize, that children of singleton parents should have the advantage of mingling with children of both sexes and getting to know youngsters from many different types of homes.

CHILDREN are more analytical than the average adult thinks, and—if given very little guidance—can arrive at correct interpretations of life. A child who sees many homes and meets many children is better equipped to meet all types of social emergencies than one whose field is limited. Singleton parents are sometimes more acutely aware of this need than team parents.

Another pet theory of mine is that every child should learn, early, how to earn money. I think that one of the saddest things that can happen to a person is to inherit vast wealth which has been unearned. Everything has to be paid for in this world, and I wouldn't want my children to pay for economic security by giving up the self-respect that comes from knowing that one can earn his own keep.

After I have given the above fifteen-minute lecture on one-person parentage, my long-suffering friends usually observe, "So you don't plan to marry again?"

That gets a big rise out of me. Of course I hope (one can't "plan" such a thing) to marry again. I would make it a point to have the candidate join us for dinner often before we made marriage plans so that I could indoctrinate my family, while making notes of the man's candid attitude. I would want to be quite certain that he wasn't pretending an interest he didn't really feel, simply to be polite to the children.

Once I had satisfied myself that we were right for the man and he was right for us, I would marry without hesitation.

However, I don't want my motives to be misunderstood. I would marry again, not because I think it is difficult or hazardous for a woman to bring up a family alone, but simply because I think a woman needs a husband every bit as much as she needs children. Everyone's life should be as complete as it's possible to make it!

Children belong, not to their parent or parents, but to the future.

A real home houses love and mutual respect between the generations. It is wonderful if that older generation consists of a man and a woman who are equal partners; wonderful, but not absolutely necessary, for the welfare of the children!

Lots of our customers are converts

In recent months many young housekeepers have learned a valuable lesson—"you can't wash clothes with coupons". Nearly every day this very practical experience makes more converts to Fels-Naptha Soap.

It doesn't take long to see why Fels-Naptha is the real 'bargain' in laundry soap. Fels-Naptha combines two great cleaners—mild, golden soap and active naptha. It gets out the grime most soaps can't budge. It is quick and ever so gentle with delicate fabrics—especially baby things. It's a positive time and labor saver for "The Lady of The House".

These are the "specials" and "extras" you always get with Fels-Naptha Soap . . . at a fair and modest price.

GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO.

87
Please don’t walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There’s big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year. As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

But the “big” news deals with a very tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called Tampax and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. Tampax frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of, Tampax is only 1/9 the bulk of older kinds and you can shower, tub or swim without removing it!


This Quiz Business (Continued from page 31)

intended to spend only the summer in Chicago. In my pocket, I proudly carried the draft of a contract to teach that coming fall at Northwestern College, Alva, Oklahoma.

That June, I had been graduated from Southwestern College, Weatherford, Oklahoma. Weatherford was my home town. My folks had moved there when I was five. And ever then, I was interested in dramatics.

My folks viewed my interest first with sympathy, finally with surprise. They ended up by sending me to a dramatic school. Here, I courted around to my heart’s content.

Shortly after I was graduated, I received a letter from my Chicago uncle, asking whether I would care to work in his firm that summer.

It was during that summer that I was bitten by the radio bug. I sensed its vast possibilities, its tremendous future.

And I wanted to be a part of that future. At the end of the summer, I wrote to Northwestern declining the teaching job. I decided to stay on in Chicago and make a place for myself in the gangly and adolescent world of radio.

My first job on the air was to read poetry twice a week.

Soon after, I was in charge of a news broadcast. I worked myself into a good sport. I became sports announcer.

Then, at long last, I landed the position of a disc jockey. It was here I found myself.

It all happened accidentally.

One afternoon, while awaiting the signal to go on the air, I suddenly decided to toss away my prepared script and go solo. During the intervals in which I changed the records, I spoke about everything under the sun, ranging from the latest women’s fashions to Adolph Hitler’s mustache.

When the program was over, the men in the control room marched out and strode over to me. Before I could apologize, they had surrounded me, congratulating me on my “swell show.”

Frankly, I was a little bewildered by their praise.

I asked one of them, an electrician, why he had liked the show so much.

“I couldn’t say exactly,” he responded. “It just struck me right, that’s all!”

But was I but four you were acting yourself all the way through. And that’s what I like to see and hear the best—people acting themselves.

What a debt I owe that man! It was he who put me on the right track. It was he who, unwittingly, gave me the idea of putting on a show that would be spontaneous and unrehearsed. A show that had naturalness, all those little things writers and paid performers. A show that would write itself while on the air.

A show whose star performers would be Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen playing themselves. A show in which I could extract all the natural wit and humor and shrewdness inherent in the American people.

A QUIZ show was the only answer. It was the perfect hat rack for the type of entertainment I was envisioning.

I put my first quiz on the air in 1936. I’ve been in the business ever since.

I go to the studio, on quiz show night, with twelve to fourteen question routines which I have prepared for the evening’s program.

By the time I arrive there, the contestants have already been chosen from among the audience; an assistant of mine, Art Gentry, has seen to that job. Finally, the show goes on the air.

The first contestant is called. His name is Tom Smith. He’s married and has two kids. Tom owns a hardware store in Lansing, Michigan. He is here in New York for a two-week vacation with his wife and children.

Tom is nervous. His hands are trembling. He keeps forgetting how to phrase a question.

I spend the next thirty to forty seconds kicking around with Tom. I’m trying to put him at his ease.

But my bantering also serves another purpose. During these thirty to forty seconds, I’m testing Tom, feeling out his interests and range of knowledge.

I finally decided that sports is the field with which Tom is best acquainted. I take out my sports routine and proceed with the questions. I am on the alert lest Tom make a bad slip. A decent, humane quiz master will never allow the audience to laugh at any blunder committed by the contestant. If Tom shows me such a slip, I am prepared to cover up for him immediately.

Tom falters on the third question. He doesn’t take his defeat badly. He’s had the experience up there in front of the microphone before. And the audience seems agreeable.

The next contestant, a woman, is called. With her, and with all the succeeding contestants, I follow exactly the same pattern of conduct I employed with Tom.

From the beginning to the end of my program, I am busy working away on my contestants, trying to open them up, to get them to think freely, to talk freely, and to act freely.

Before signing off, I want to say that I didn’t intend this piece to be a eulogy of the quiz programs.

There are some pretty serious defects in the way some of the present quiz shows are being run. I’d be the last to deny it. For instance, I am completely against the huge prizes offered by some of the quizzes. I have a very decided feeling that the sponsors of these shows are attempting to gain an audience by the size of their awards rather than by the excellence of their entertainment.

SPEAKING for myself, I wouldn’t tolerate the device of large prizes on my program. It would destroy the entire atmosphere of my show. When people are competing for $5,000 or $10,000 in cash or prizes, all kindness and good will fly out of the window. Then the Quiz, instead of being entertainment, becomes a tense, grim sort of business—like playing a roulette wheel.

But outside of this accusation, I doubt whether any other serious charges could be flung at the quizzes. At any rate, there can be nothing wrong with a quiz show as such; there can be only something wrong in the way a quiz is presented.

If a quiz is controlled correctly, if its sponsor and quiz master know how to the proper line, it should outlast any other program on television.

There’s only one thing that can beat a good quiz show... a better quiz show.
Come and Visit Amos

Continued from page 27

might be married. Just a fast minute, though. One look at the wedding ring finger, and three quick questions, and I had determined the status quo. I spent the whole evening talking to her and finding out all about her—and then didn't go out with her again for a year and a half.

"Jane was from the east—New York. The family lived in Westchester, and her old man was Charles Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants. Jane and her brother still have an interest in the team. I don't have any stock in it, but I think I'd like to get some. I'm interested in baseball. Jane is a quiet girl. She never was in our business.

ANYWAY, like I say, she and her brother and mother were living right out here in the valley, but we didn't start seeing each other for a long time. One night a friend of mine, Paul Hesse, the photographer, wanted me to go out to dinner. 'Get me a girl,' he said. I told him 'That's carrying coal to Newcastle—you have forty gorgeous models, forty.' He said, 'I know, but I want to meet someone new.' So I said, 'I know someone you might like,' and I called up Jane and said 'Let's all go out together—I'll chaperone you.' We went to dinner some place, and Jane looked so darn cute that I paid the check to make an impression—and asked her out the following night for dinner—alone this time. That did it. We went together about a year before we were married."

Freeman and Jane were married on September 1, 1944 at a ranch up in the heart of the redwood country. The place was the home of their friends, the Stanwood Murphys. Murphy is the president of the Pacific Lumber Company. Everything in the house is built of redwood, including the dishes. A stream runs through the house—you can fish off the front porch.

"Jane and I had planned to spend a week there as a sort of vacation. The kids—my two kids, Freeman and Virginia—were with us. And we were going to come back to Hollywood and be married September 5, in 1944. But the Murphys thought it would be nice to have the marriage up there, so we agreed. Charlie and Alyce (the 'Andys') drove up and brought a little portable foot organ for Charlie to play. Because we changed the date from the fifth to the first, I took a fingernail file and chinned the date from 5 to 1 on the inside of the wedding ring. For gosh sakes, the preacher's name was Andy! Andy Anderson, from Eureka."

Charlie played the wedding march for his partner's marriage on the little portable organ. Freeman Jr., and Virginia stood up as best man and maid of honor. Jane and Freeman went on a fishing trip for their honeymoon.

Not content with being a one-man orchestra for the newlyweds, Charlie Correll found the house for them in Beverly Hills. When Freeman and Jane came home, they got to work remodeling it together, putting in everything that they both wanted.

"Everything they both wanted" has accomplished a miracle in the way of a gracious home. The house is smooth-looking, with simple, plain lines, from the outside. A small place, California-Mediterranean style white stucco, only five rooms. The small inside and opened little rooms into each other, making large ones.

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, N.Y., for a free jar.
Their outside garden is their living room most of the year. They have great floor-to-ceiling windows which open into the garden from the main section of the house, and each a part of the other. This arrangement, by which the garden is brought into the house, gives a feeling not of a small place, but of a great deal more space than actually exists. But two servants can take care of all household needs.

"We're all on one floor," Gosden says. "Hallway, living room, sun room, and library—and two bedrooms. That's all we need. Virginia, my daughter, who is eighteen, goes to Bradford Junior College in Massachusetts. When she's home, she uses one bedroom, and Jane and I have the other. When Freeman Jr. is home, he sleeps out in the guest house over the garage. He's twenty, a junior at Princeton. The two of them come home in the summer time and at Christmas. Virginia graduates this June, and we're going to the graduation if we have to move the show!"

Freeman's children are by his first marriage. He was a widower for some years after his first wife's death.

The Gosden place is one of the prettiest small houses in Beverly Hills, beautifully decorated and appointed. The color throughout the house is a restful bottle-green and white. Their furniture shows exquisite taste. Moderns and antiques are combined for unusual effect. Beautiful French Victorian chandeliers and candelabras reflect themselves in the many small mirrors which line the walls to make the place seem larger.

They have no "collection" of art, but what they have is carefully selected for their own pleasure rather than for sale or style. A wonderful Grandma Moses painting is prized by both of them.

Freeman's most important hobby is short wave radio. He has a transmitter at the house and spends a lot of time contacting other "hams."

"The other night I was talking," Freeman said, "and a guy in Cleveland came on. I listened and then responded, and he said, 'Oh, hello, Kingfish! How'd you know it was me?' I asked him, 'I listen to you every week on your CBS show,' he told me."

Both the Gosdens and the Corrells take a large part of their outdoor life down in Palm Springs, a place that is always been a favorite with Amos and Andy during the California winter. Back in the thirties, for four months each year, they broadcast from there.

The evolution of Amos 'n' Andy from the characters they originally created, Sam 'n' Henry, is a classic that bears repeating. "Sam" equaled "Amos," "Henry" equaled "Andy." The Sam 'n' Henry idea was owned by the Chicago Tribune, as the time. "We'd been on the air for two years, a ten minute nightly program, as Sam 'n' Henry, when we got some ideas of expanding. The Chicago Tribune had the program idea sewed up for local stations, and the networks were not yet going through. In 1928, we switched over to work as Amos 'n' Andy at WMAQ. We made records and sold them to sixty stations around the country, so when we went on the air the next day, they were actually playing that same record all over the country in the big towns at the same time. NBC started wondering why they couldn't sell ten o'clock anywhere, in any of the big towns and they re-searched the deal. They found out—it was us." NBC signed Amos 'n' Andy on the network in August 1929 as the first fifteen-minute program on the air, and the first nightly continuity broadcast.

"We're in the sixth season of our weekly show now, as a change from the daytime shows, as Amos 'n' Andy in the thirties, we were seen playing that same record all over the country in the big towns at the same time. NBC started wondering why they couldn't sell ten o'clock anywhere, in any of the big towns and they re-searched the deal. They found out—it was us." NBC signed Amos 'n' Andy on the network in August 1929 as the first fifteen-minute program on the air, and the first nightly continuity broadcast.

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Cheers for Cheese
(Continued from page 63)

Potted Cheddar Brandy Cheese Spread
2 cups (1/4 lb.) grated Cheddar cheese
2 tbsp. soft butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. paprika
1/2 tsp. confectioners' sugar
1/2 tsp. cider vinegar
2 tbsp. brandy

Cream together cheese and butter. Add salt, paprika, sugar and vinegar. When well blended, add enough brandy to make a stiff paste. Pack into a small jar. Cover. Allow to ripen in refrigerator. Serve on cheese tray with crackers. Makes 1/4 cup spread.

English Cheddar Savories

1 cup (1/4 lb.) grated Cheddar cheese
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
2 tbsp. worcestershire sauce
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
6 slices bread

Blend the cheese with butter or margarine, worcestershire sauce and mustard. Trim crusts from bread or cut into fancy shapes. Toast on one side. Spread untoasted side with cheese mixture. Broil a few minutes until cheese is bubbly. Serve on individual plates, after dessert. Makes 6 servings.

Cream Cheese Petite Suisse

2 packages (6 ounces) cream cheese
4 tbsp. heavy cream
1 tsp. confectioners' sugar
strawberry jam

Blend the cheese with enough cream to hold its shape. Add sugar and stir until smooth. Pack into small molds lined with wet cheesecloth, using about three tablespoons to each mold. Chill in refrigerator. Unmold on individual serving plates and serve with strawberry jam. Makes 4 servings.

Normandy Sauce for Pears

1 package (3 ounces) cream cheese
4 tbsp. heavy cream
2 tbsp. confectioners' sugar
4 tbsp. sherry
8 canned pear halves
1 tsp. finely chopped candied ginger

Cream together the cheese, cream and sugar until fluffy. Add the sherry and stir until smooth. Refrigerate for 24 hours. When ready to serve, place two pear halves, cut side up, on each dessert plate. Fill with the sauce. Sprinkle top with the candied ginger. Makes 4 servings.

Frozen Strawberry Cottage Cheese Pie

1 8" baked or graham cracker pie shell
1 cup cottage cheese, sieved
2 cups (1 package) frozen whole strawberries
1/2 cup sugar
3 tbsp. cornstarch
1 cup heavy cream or evaporated milk, whipped
1 tsp. lemon juice (if evaporated milk used)

Spread cheese over the bottom of cool pie shell. Drain defrosted strawberries. Save some of the best-shaped berries for top decoration. Place half of those remaining in the cheese-coated pie shell. Mash and strain the other half until juice is well extracted. Bring to a boil over medium heat. Slowly stir in the sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed together well. Reduce heat and continue cooking 8 to 10 minutes or until slightly thickened, stirring occasionally. Cool. Pour over berries in pie shell. Top with whipped evaporated milk and lemon juice or whipped cream. (To whip evaporated milk, chill first overnight in the refrigerator.) Decorate with whole berries. Makes 6 servings. If fresh strawberries are used, increase the sugar to 1 cup.

The Double Life of Teresa Wright!

On the Screen
Teresa plays a love scene enchantingly... thrills millions with the magic of her graceful, smoothly perfect hands.

In Private Life
Teresa is a popular hostess and an excellent cook. Her specialty? Chef's Salad à la Teresa! And her hand care specialty? Jergens Lotion! Teresa says: "Jergens keeps my hands wonderfully soft in spite of kitchen work."

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care

For the Stars — for you — today's richer Jergens Lotion gives finer than ever care.
Now Jergens:
Protects longer against roughness.
Smooths hands to even softer, finer loveliness.
Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs.
Never sticky or greasy. Only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World!
My Favorite Wives

(Continued from page 59)

with big red flowers. Bright colors on the furniture, green, yellow, more red. "We're going to do it all over," Luci
cibe said, waving a stack of upholstery
swatches. "Red carpets, blue uphol-
stering, white curtains."

"White?" Evelyn said, and I knew
the girls were off.

Evelyn and Lucille settled down to
their swatches, and I looked around.
The big fireplace with a fire all laid
for the evening, stacks of clown pic-
tures on the window seat—"Perry
Charles did 'em," called out Luci
to me over there—an empty antique
picture frame with a scribbled mes-
gage. "Sorry, we have nothing for you as yet."

At the dining end of the room—this
big room is one of those living-dining
combinations so popular in California
ranch houses—I stopped to admire a
wonderful old cranberry glass chand-
ler suspended over the big pine table.
I just turned from the kitchen
burst open and in came Desi, in a white
apron and a cloud of flour.

Indicating that he was glad to meet
his "husband," and his wife's husband's
wife, Desi climbed out of the
apron.

There was nothing more to do in the
kitchen for now, he said, and he would
show us around the place.

"Wait," Lucille said suddenly, "I
think I ought to warn you—about Desi.
He has a hammer and nail complex.
If he gets up in the morning with that
hammer and nail look in his eye, I'm
in trouble. I have to think of something
I want built before he gets to the tool-
shed or anything could happen.

Thus warned, we wandered on out
into the garden, in the middle of which
was a rustic swimming pool, designed
by Desi.

We met, as we wandered, the
Arnazes' family—Captain Dandy, Sir
Thomas of Chatsworth, and Pinto the
Great, the three cocker spaniels; Hi
Ball, the fox terrier, who entertained
us by diving into the swimming pool
after a ball; Princess Lydia, the cat;
Harold and Helen, the pair of friendly
hugging hounds who came to Desilou
on their honeymoon on the same time its
owners did.

"I'm sorry we can't show you the
Duchess of Devonshire," regretted Desi.
The Duchess, Lucille explained, was
their cow. "She was just wonderful,
until she fell in love with Desi and
tried to climb in our bedroom window.
We found her a husband, and took her
away."

Since our family is fairly small—just
Evelyn and me and Deedee (for Diana

They're Inside Stories of Life"

"That's why the MY TRUE STORY
Readers put us in "the group". A
complete, real life drama every
Monday through Friday, taken from
the pages of True Story magazine.

TUNE IN ABC FOR
"My True Story"

The latest
fashion—
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These are two blocks
of steeling, silver inlaid
at back of bowls and
handles of most used
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Holmes and Edwards
silverplate. They make it
finer, different...keep it
lovelier longer. Fifty-two
piece service for eight
$100.50 with chest, also
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twelve at $99.95. (No
Federal Tax.) All patterns
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Getting greeting cards, nazkins, coasters, stationery and a complete line with name on. Costs nothing to
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Hurting You?
Immediate Relief
A few drops of OUTGRO bring blessed relief from
fermenting pains of ingrown nail. OUTGRO tough-
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Earn $40 a week

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as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years
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Easy-to-understand lessons, supervised by physicians.
One graduate has charges of 30-bed hospital. Nurse
Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others
earn $2.00 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

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Mrs. R. C., of Texas, earned $47.50, while taking
courses. Mrs. J. T. started on her first case after
her 7th lesson; in 14 months, made $500.00. You,
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Dept. 182, 41 East Pearson Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 10 sample lesson pages.

Name
Age__
City__
State__
Denning) our four-year-old daughter—we were impressed, and said so.

"What?" said Desi, "no humming birds?"

And Lucille, serious for a minute, said "We'd rather have a Diana."

A second later, she was off to the bath house, calling over her shoulder to us to get into our bathing suits.

We swam, and chased the water ball with Hi for a while, and wound up in the play-room for some cool drinks. Evelyn found one of Desi's Egyptian drums, Desi picked up a Cuban one, and things began to happen.

"That's enough pure percussion," Lucille said after a while, and handing me a pair of mysterious looking gourds, she sat down at the piano. We had an orchestra.

Desi was magnificent. The drums, guitar, piano—he dazzled us with them all. He even made up a son on the spur of the moment—something about his wife's husband and his wife's husband's wife.

It was always like this, with Desi around, Lucille said. On her birthday, for a surprise, she told us, Desi had filled the place with musicians—his whole band—and a chorus of wonderful singers, the Guadalajara boys. There were brand new songs about everybody. And nobody went home.

"And he cooks too," sighed Evelyn, I'm afraid a little wistfully.

"I suppose he has his faults," Lucille put in quickly. "He never answers a wire or a letter or a phone call unless at the point of a gun."

SUDDENLY it was eight o'clock and Desi was calling us to dinner. He stood in the doorway beaming. Back of him, on a table beautifully set with Lucille's best blue and white china and cranberry glass goblets, candles were burning.

"Everything ready except Cuban Pete," said Lucille, going to a cupboard. She came back with a colorful little figurine of a Cuban boy, carrying two bulging fruit baskets.

"Desi gets Cuban Pete for a centerpiece whenever he gets dinner all by himself," she explained.

Dinner, naturally you will say by this time, was sensational. Arroz con Pollo, a wonderful chicken and rice thing with saffron, fried green bananas, hot French bread, an avocado salad, and a bottle of authoritative red wine. For dessert, guava jelly and cream cheese with toasted crackers, and black, steaming coffee.

We were all in a delicious coma when we collapsed around the roaring wood fire after dinner. Lucille and Evelyn managed a little lady girl talk, but I was content just to lie back and muse about my good fortune in meeting up with the husband of my wife.

I guess most of the girls in the world dream of finding a husband like that. But my radio "wife" got him.

IN APRIL—

The stars YOU voted for—
The shows YOU prefer—
YOUR BALLOTS are the basis for

RADIO MIRROR'S
SECOND ANNUAL AWARDS

Get April Radio Mirror for some big surprises!

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The Amazing ELECTRIC FAUCET HEATER
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24 HOURS A DAY!

Think of it! THE HOT WATER YOU WANT—the moment you want it—from any sink cold-water faucet... just by plugging the amazing new Little Marvel Faucet Heater into the nearest electrical outlet. No boiler or tank needed! No fussing with fires. Attached in a jiffy—takes seconds to attach or remove. You merely turn faucet to regulate temperature.

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FULLY GUARANTEED!
The Little Marvel Electric Faucet Heater is skillfully made and guaranteed against any and all defects in material and workmanship. With ordinary care it will give years of satisfactory service.

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*I Rush LITTLE MARVEL HOT WATER HEATER C.O.D., I'll pay postage.

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The Amazing ELECTRIC FAUCET HEATER that gives

NOW HOT WATER from your COLD WATER FAUCET!
Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 51)

Fraser manned the interview mikes. There were eight TV cameras on the job, and the far-from-perfect but thrilling telecast paved the way for many more to follow.

It's just a question of who'll pay the bills indefinitely. We understand it cost in the neighborhood of $20,000.

On January 12, when the eastern and midwestern NBC television networks were interconnected, the seven midwest stations joined the eight eastern ones. Besides those, eight additional stations got kinescope recordings of the programs, so the actual total became twenty-three. The plans for NBC alone will bring the total number of TV network stations up to at least forty-five before the end of 1949.

You may not know that Korko, the monkey puppet on CBS-TV's Kobb's Korner program, got his name from an entry that a little boy's mother thought he ought not to send in, at least without re-copying. It seems that eleven-year-old George Pross, Jr., of Valley Stream, Long Island, had decided to take the first two letters of the name "Korn Kobblers," featured on the show, but he got a little too earnest about his writing and ended up with a pretty emended piece of paper.

Mamma Pross thought he ought to be neater, but George was a little weary from all the effort and begged a stamp to send it in "as is."

So George is richer by an Emerson television set and an imported Korji motor scooter. Won by a smudge, you might say.

It's a field day for fans of western movies. New York's WPIX started a new daily program (at 6:05 EST) featuring action films last December. But a lot of other stations are in the syndicate too, among them WBAP, Fort Worth; WGN-TV Chicago; and WJW-TV Detroit. By the time you read this they may be on one of your stations, if you can't get these.

This particular series is called "Six Gun Playhouse," and the favored players are Jack Perrin, Tom Tyler, Bob Custer and your old friend Rin Tin Tin, Jr., noble son of a noble father.

And if you're a "Hopalong Cassidy" fan, you have probably been having a wonderful time these early winter Sunday evenings watching that rootin' tootin' character played by Bill Boyd.

The USO isn't forgotten, even though the war years are beginning to dim in our memories. Its goal for 1949 is $7,000,000.

DuMont's Fashions on Parade program is doing its bit with a slogan and identification contest. The three best slogans each week win $50 in fashion merchandise. Then, if one of them has identified the "mystery girl"—whose face would be familiar, except that she wears a mask on the program—that person has won a complete wardrobe valued at $3,500.

Incidental Intelligence: The door of the ladies' powder room at the Dumont Television Station in New York is labeled "Tillie Vision."

Relieve Constipation Pleasantly!

Get away from harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! Relieve constipation pleasantly with Ex-Lax!

First, you enjoy that delicious chocolate taste. Then you get gentle and thorough relief. What's more, Ex-Lax is so easy on the system. Take this dependable laxative many doctors use in their practice. Still only 10c.

Got a COLD?

Don't let constipation add to your troubles. When you need a laxative, take gentle Ex-Lax. It gets thorough results without upsetting you.

When Nature 'forgets'... remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

Help Relieve Distress Of MONTHLY FEMALE COMPLAINTS

Are you troubled by distress of female functional periodic disturbances? Does this make you suffer from pain, feel so nervous, tired—at such times? Then try Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's has a grand soothing effect on one of women's most important organs?

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

EASY NEW METHOD SHOWS HOW TO PLAY GUITAR IN 2 WEEKS

Try it on MONEY-BACK OFFER

Now let Bob West, radio's favorite guitar player, show you how. Most "Cowboys" have only 6 or 8 pictures—but Bob's new method has 45 actual photographs! It not only teaches you how to place your fingers, etc. Most others offer a few songs. Bob provides 101—chosen for their radio popularity so you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or record!

SEND NO MONEY: Just send name and address to Bob West and pay postage $1.65 plus C.O.D. and postage. Start playing beautiful chords the very first day, the playing beautiful music in two weeks or get your money back.

BOB WEST, 1101 N. Paulina, Dept. 413, Chicago 22, Ill.
High Score in Happiness
(Continued from page 53)

reach Radio City in time for Get Rich Quick.

Catching Johnny's eye, Penny tried to steady him. She shaped her mouth into the word "home." Johnny caught it, grinned, gave away $1500, and the show was over.

The ringing stopped. Some one in the control booth had answered the phone.

The producer dashed out the door, pulled Johnny and Penny away from the autograph seekers. "Kids, you heard that call? Your apartment is on fire."

Even as they urged their taxi driver to hurry, Johnny and Penny couldn't believe it. That apartment was the first real home they had furnished in eight years of marriage. Just that morning, on Rumpus Room, they had told listeners that it finally was completed. For weeks they had talked about it on the air. In their enthusiasm they had made the listeners, too, see the way it was arranged. And this was their undoing.

The flames were out when they arrived, but the stench of smoke and wet charred wood burned in their nostrils.

Johnny, climbing over debris to inspect a bedroom, called back, "Penny, we've been robbed."

They took stock. The closets were empty. Dresser drawers were stripped. Clothes, furs, bedding and jewelry were gone. The living room was the same. What hadn't been stolen had been destroyed by fire.

They had no insurance.

Police pointed out that through the conversation on their shows they had given a blue print for the robber.

All the Olsons had was the clothes on their backs. They searched the ruins until 4 A.M., then in the show-must-go-on tradition, they left to play a four-day personal appearance at Reading, Pennsylvania.

But the Olsons' bad luck didn't end there.

BACK in New York, Penny's physician decided she must have an immediate operation. She went into Doctors' Hospital. The exploratory operation showed Penny did not have cancer, as the doctor had feared. She was out of the hospital in a short time, but with no place to recuperate.

At that point, Penny's aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Haas, came to the rescue. She invited the young couple to Sunny Slope, her farm just outside Waterford, Wisconsin.

It was a chance to relax, and reminded them of their courting days. They met at a dance where Johnny, then a band-leader for WTMJ, was playing. Penny and her parents were there. By the time the evening was over, Johnny's history was an open book to Penny's Irish father. He had, he informed the family, come from Windom, Minnesota; he had worked a bit at WCCO while at the University of Minnesota, then set out to conquer the airwaves.

Conquering started humbly. To support himself while breaking in as an announcer at Mitchell, South Dakota, he had also been janitor for a jewelry store. When he worked up to being Harness Bill, he was really achieving fame. In due time he had moved on to WIBA, at Madison, Wisconsin, where

Go Without Lipstick and Have a Wider Choice of Men!

It's only Natural that Men are More Attracted to Lips that Wear Thrilling Color — BUT NO GREASE

Think of it! No more lipstick to come off on him. Men will adore you. No more staining tea-cups and napkins. Hostesses will welcome you. Other women will envy you. You'll be the star of every party—the most desired girl of all, with your lips radiantly colored in your favorite red, but entirely without greasy coating. Yes, it's true. The new Liquid Liptone does not rub off! It does NOT come off on anything—at anytime! Put it on once before you meet him and your lips will remain completely beautiful until long after "good-night."

CHOOSE YOUR COLORS FROM THE COUPON BELOW

Let me send you a trial flacon

You cannot possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. These exciting colors that contain no paste or grease give your lips a tempting charm they never had before—and of course, they DON'T BUB OFF ever! Choose from the list of shades below. Check coupon. Send it at once and I will send you, by return mail, trial bottles of the shades you order. Expect to be thrilled! You WILL be!

liquid liptone

Mail Coupon for Generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 9143, 2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. Tax) for each, as checked below:

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Sizes: Mary

Street

City Zone State

R M
There is a **GOLDEN GLINT Rinse** for BOTH!

Golden Glint Rinse gives the finishing touch to your shampoo. Whether you want added brightness to glorify your natural hair color... or whether you merely want cleaner, more lustrous hair without added color, there is a Golden Glint Rinse for you.

Golden Glint Lustre Rinse (colorless) dissolves dulling soap and hard-water film instantly. Tangles and snarls vanish. The natural color and lustre of your hair is revealed in all its glory, and your hair is so responsive to your comb that setting it is no problem.

Each of the eleven other shades matches a natural hair color, adding just a whisper of true color for a tiny tint highlight. Whether your hair is raven black, platinum blonde or any shade between, there is a shade of Golden Glint Rinse for you. The color shampoo out, but will not rub off.

**Simple, Easy to Use**

A Golden Glint Rinse after your permanent leaves the curls tight, but the dull lifelessness of your wave is gone. Even hair that changes color an inch or so from the scalp can be naturally blended with a color rinse.

So simple, so easy, so economical to use, Golden Glint should be a regular part of your shampoo. Buy a package today. Try it tonight. A single rinse will show you why America's loveliest women have bought over 60 million packages.

**5 RINSES, 25¢ — 2 RINSES, 10¢**

SEE COLOR CHART AT

**GOLDEN GLINT**

**Hair Rinse**

R.

MY HAIR NEEDS COLOR TO GLORIFY ITS NATURAL SHADE

I WANT MORE LUSTRE WITHOUT ADDED COLOR

he swapped that title for the one of Buttermilk Kid, and took part of his pay in meal tickets.

Johnny made himself sound so respectable that he was granted permission to take Penny home.

He didn't know that home was fifty miles away. They arrived at daybreak, with Olson sound asleep in the back seat and one of his musicians driving.

Johnny's courtship continued in the hectic manner. When he reached the state of mind where he couldn't live without Penny, he (proud of his Viking heritage) invited her to take a boat trip from Milwaukee to Chicago.

Lake Michigan bucked, but that didn't deter Johnny. He went right ahead and proposed.

Penny is no sailor. Recalling that day, she says, "I'll bet I'm the only girl who listened to a proposal between dashes to the rail to be seasick, and said yes wearing a pale green complexion."

**They** had rented an apartment before they left on their honeymoon, and the WTMJ engineers had found out about it. They wired it with microphones, and to.

**Simple, Easy to Use**

A Golden Glint Rinse after your permanent leaves the curls tight, but the dull lifelessness of your wave is gone. Even hair that changes color an inch or so from the scalp can be naturally blended with a color rinse.

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Lake Michigan bucked, but that didn't deter Johnny. He went right ahead and proposed.

Penny is no sailor. Recalling that day, she says, "I'll bet I'm the only girl who listened to a proposal between dashes to the rail to be seasick, and said yes wearing a pale green complexion."

**They** had rented an apartment before they left on their honeymoon, and the WTMJ engineers had found out about it. They wired it with microphones, and to.

**Simple, Easy to Use**

A Golden Glint Rinse after your permanent leaves the curls tight, but the dull lifelessness of your wave is gone. Even hair that changes color an inch or so from the scalp can be naturally blended with a color rinse.

So simple, so easy, so economical to use, Golden Glint should be a regular part of your shampoo. Buy a package today. Try it tonight. A single rinse will show you why America's loveliest women have bought over 60 million packages.

**5 RINSES, 25¢ — 2 RINSES, 10¢**

SEE COLOR CHART AT

**GOLDEN GLINT**

**Hair Rinse**

R.

MY HAIR NEEDS COLOR TO GLORIFY ITS NATURAL SHADE

I WANT MORE LUSTRE WITHOUT ADDED COLOR

he swapped that title for the one of Buttermilk Kid, and took part of his pay in meal tickets.

Johnny made himself sound so respectable that he was granted permission to take Penny home.

He didn't know that home was fifty miles away. They arrived at daybreak, with Olson sound asleep in the back seat and one of his musicians driving.

Johnny's courtship continued in the hectic manner. When he reached the state of mind where he couldn't live without Penny, he (proud of his Viking heritage) invited her to take a boat trip from Milwaukee to Chicago.

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When a Girl Marries
(Continued from page 41)

business he means, he'll have to go to
a bigger place than this. But there
are other things in life than getting
somewhere, that way—and we've got
them all here. Understand me—I'll go
anywhere with Ken, but I just don't
see how it will work out, his way. Am
I keeping him back? Or should I try
even harder to talk him into staying?
Dorothea O'C.

Dear Dorothea O'C:

Maybe this will sound a little bit
old-fashioned to you, but it's true—a
man is the family bread-winner, and
he likes to be respected as such. Of
course, I don't know your Ken, and
I'll have to generalize, but I do feel
very strongly that if you talk him into
staying at home instead of striking out
for himself in the world, he may—well,
perhaps "hold it against you" is too
strong a term, but I doubt that the little
unconscious resentment would ever
quite die out. (Particularly if he doesn't
do well in his small town job!)

As for making new friends, creating
a new world for yourself—that's not
nearly as hard as you might think. I'm
inclined to think that those difficulties
are more in your mind than reality, but
I do know that if you face them with
a defeatist attitude, you never will find
happiness.

Go to your big city—and ninety miles
certainly isn't a long distance now-
adays!—with the feeling firmly fixed
in your mind that this is a great adven-
ture, not a distasteful chore. If you
look at it from that point of view,
I'm almost willing to guarantee that
you'll have fun. After all, you're young,
and being young it will be easy for
you to readjust, if you'll try. And you'll
have Ken and he'll have you, and that
will make any hard road easier.

Even if the idea seems distasteful to
you, make yourself into a joiner, for
a little while. Go to church—you'll find
friends in the women's auxiliaries
there. Perhaps you can do some helpful
charity work that will throw you in
with young workers like yourself. Or
you might even take a job for a little
while—perhaps a part-time job—which
will bring you new friends, if you
doesn't object to your working, and
which will help the new family budget,
always larger in a big city than a small
town. And, of course, your husband
will meet new people at his new job,
and you'll enjoy entertaining them and
going to their homes.

It can be fun—it can be wonderful.
It depends on you. Can you do it?

Joan Davis.

Dear Joan Davis:

When I write you that I'm fifteen
years old, I'm pretty sure you are going
to think I want to complain that my
mother will not let me use lipstick
or stay out late enough. Well, Joan,
that isn't my problem at all. That is,
it is connected with dates and going
out, but my problem is quite a different
one. My mother wants me to go out.
She always is trying to push me out,
getting me invited to parties that
friends of hers—my mother has a lot
of friends and was very popular when
she was a girl—are giving, even if there
are no others my age to be there. Or
she will arrange a date for me with
the son of one of her friends, and then
when he comes to pick me up I can see
by looking that it was not his idea.

Don't fail your daughter...
You must tell her these
Intimate Facts of Life!

And here's up-to-date information you and she can trust...

Every daughter has a right to know
these intimate physical facts before she
marries. You must inform her how
important vaginal douching two or
three times a week often is to feminine
cleanliness, her health, marriage hap-
piness—to combat odor and always
after menstrual periods.

And you should make her realize no
other type liquid antiseptic-germicide
tested for the douche is so powerful
yet so safe to tissues as modern ZONITE!

Zonite Principle Developed By
Famous Surgeon and Chemist

Be sure to caution your daughter about
weak products for the douche. Pick the
girl who, through ignorant advice of
friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts'
as vinegar, salt or soda. These never can
assure the great germicidal and deodor-
zizing action of ZONITE.

On the other hand you must warn
your daughter about dangerous prod-
ucts—overstrong solutions of which
may burn, harden or scar delicate
tissue lining, and in time even impair
functional activity of the mucous glands.

Remember, while ZONITE is power-
fully germicidal, it's non-poisonous,
non-irritating and absolutely safe to
delicate tissue lining. You can use
ZONITE as directed as often as needed
without the slightest risk of injury.

Truly A Modern Miracle

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-
cauing waste substances. Leaves you
feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard
against infection. ZONITE 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. You
can buy ZONITE at any drug counter.

Zonite for newer
feminine hygiene

FREE NEWS!
"Don't be a public pest—use Kleenex!"

Little Lulu says: Block that sneeze and those germs with soft, strong Kleenex Tissues to help keep colds from spreading. Be considerate in another way, too. Don't just "drop the Kleenex"—use that waste basket!

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All of this embarrasses me very much. I am not comfortable out on dates with boys, and do not at all enjoy it. But my mother says that unless I learn how to have a good time on dates when I am still young, I will never go out enough to meet people and, eventually, the one I will marry. I know all the other girls in school go out, every Saturday night almost, some of them, and even in unusual clothes to dances and so forth. But I feel I am not ready for this, and anyway so far no real boy has asked me of my own free will. Do you think my mother is right to embarrass me in this way, by making arrangements for dates? My father just laughs about it and says I will have more serious problems later on, but this really is causing me great trouble now and indeed I worry about it so much that my school work is falling down.

Natalie M.

Dear Natalie M:

Let me say this first—please be as patient with your mother, as understanding of her, as you can possibly be. Perhaps some of the things she does are embarrassing or even distasteful to you—and believe me, I'm not so far from my "going out" days that I can't remember exactly what an agony of embarrassment a girl your age can feel—but she is, in her way, trying to do her very best for you.

Perhaps your father can help you. I know that you say that he treats it all as a joke, but have you seriously tried to present it to him as exactly what it is—a problem which you need help in solving? Don't go to him with the attitude that you are complaining about your mother. Tell him, as you told me, that you know she's doing these things with the best will.

Meanwhile, perhaps you're making the mistake of reading into the boys' minds thoughts which really aren't there. I think if you could learn to forget your embarrassment you'd have a really wonderful time on the dates your mother arranges—and, even more important, if you enjoy yourself. I think you'll find that soon you'll have as many dates as a girl your age should have, without help from your mother! So why not try this—next time you go on one of these pre-arranged dates, go with a changed attitude of mind. Dress with the greatest of care, and make yourself as attractive to look at as you possibly can.

Let the boy do the talking. But do listen—so that you'll be able to answer, to look as if you understood, to make an intelligent comment now and then. If you do listen, you'll find that you're interested. And if you're interested, you're also interesting. Go out with the idea that you're going to have the best time of your whole life. Even if the boy's mother did make him ask you for a date, in collusion with your own mother. I'd be willing to wager that by the end of the evening he'll ask you for another one, on his own initiative!

Joan Davis.

To Fight the Nation's Greatest Killer—Heart Disease

Give to the American Heart Assn., 1775 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., or to your local heart association.
WALTER WINCHELL
(Continued from page 23)

"I've heard Winchell for five years and think he's swell because he has added to the investigation of corrupt people. He should be opineditioned,
but I don't always go along with what he says and don't agree with all of his attacks on Russia. I feel he's for the people—a person who can't be influenced by money or graft. He does a good job and I admire him."


Alexander Smith
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and Make up $12 in a Day!

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City_________________________ State_________________________

"Winchell, I think, is a very dynamic personality. I usually agree with him but like to listen whether he's wrong or right. When he goes after them, I always loved him for loving President Roosevelt and don't think anyone in America could have done better on the cancer drive or on exposing the Communist underground."

(Continued on page 100)
WHAT I THINK OF
WALTER WINCHELL

(Continued from page 99)

"I came to the United States from Malta in 1920 and since Winchell went on the air I've always listened to him because he is a very good American. He tells off Republicans or Democrats and has no party affiliations. I agree with nearly everything he says and I feel he is honest. I believe he thinks a lot of the country and everyone in it."

Joseph Solerno
Maintenance Man
New York City

"I've enjoyed Winchell for seven or eight years because he's definite and I like definite people. He seems sure of himself and very sincere in what he says. I have confidence in his reports and generally agree with him. I listen for news, not personal items. The only thing I don't like is the tinge of sarcasm that spoils what he's already said. He seems bitter."

Mildred M. Purcell
Teletype Operator
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I think Winchell has become narrow-minded. He doesn't give two sides, only his own opinion. I listened for three years, but stopped a year ago. He seems to have become vindictive, although I don't think he's actually vicious. He has a bad effect on people who believe without questioning his statements and like the pollsters he's sway too much opinion."

Shelina Katz
Student
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Traveler of the Month
(Continued from page 42)

he'd carry her into school, and carry her home at the end of the day.

"He was sweet and attentive, all right," Virginia remembers, "but I still thought he was being sorry for me."

Virginia did relent a little, however, when the Senior Prom rolled around. She agreed to go as Joe's date. He came around that night, all slicked up, and there she was, lovely as a summer night in her prom dress. At the High School gym, they sat on two chairs which had been moved right next to the floor. All night, while their classmates Waltzed by, wrapped in all of the sweet-sad feeling of growing up that comes with proms, Joe and Virginia chatted on.

He told her (and he meant it) that she was the prettiest girl there. She told him (and she didn't mean it, because she knew he hardly talked to the others) that he told that to all the girls.

The town was thick with honeysuckle scent that night as Joe carried Virginia home. And there probably wasn't a girl in town, a girl who could dance, or walk, or run, who was as happy as Virginia when she watched Joe walk home through the sleeping street.

THAT fall, Joe went off to the college. This was depression time, and many of the boys hurried right out to try and find work, but Joe knew already that he wanted to take care of Virginia forever, and he wanted to take care of her in style.

While Joe was in college, Virginia still was careful to give him every opportunity to free himself of any obligations he felt toward her. As she said: "I thought that maybe going to college was his way of gradually getting out of my life. I expected him to see me less and less, until, all of a sudden, he wasn't coming around at all."

"Don't know where she got an idea like that," Joe cut in. "I don't think I ever seriously considered another girl since I was ten years old. But she sure was hard to convince."

But when Joe was graduated from college, Virginia was there, up front. A year after that, they were married.

You'd think that this might be the end of their story. Certainly, they'd gone through enough to have earned the happy ending. It didn't happen that way, though. Not quite.

Two days after the marriage, Joe lost his job. Three days later, he got another.

Love-quiz ... For Married Women Only

WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?

A. Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.

Q. What is that one fault she is unaware of?

A. Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.

Q. Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?

A. Absolutely not. Because they cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus. Destroys the source of objectionable odors ... kills germs on contact.

Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?

A. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone ... and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

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! No wonder three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined!

For Feminine Hygiene rely on safe, effective "Lysol"

AN Easy to use ... economical A Concentrated Germ-Killer

NEW ... INTIMATE HYGIENE FACTS
FREE! New booklet of information by reputable gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

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101
er as a bacteriological surveyor. Those were tough times, though, and he was in and out of work—a shoe salesman, a bouncer in a night club, a guy looking for a job.

"I'll never forget Christmas of that year," Joe recalled. "We were having dinner with Virginia's folks, but it wasn't a happy time for me. A baby was coming, and I'd just spent my last ten cents to buy Virginia the only Christmas present I could afford—a powder puff."

After dinner, feeling blue, he walked upstairs and, just out of habit, looked into his box at the post office. There was a letter inside, a wonderful one that announced his appointment as county agricultural agent.

"I felt bad about Joe when he walked off that day," Virginia went on, "and I was kind of looking for him through the window. All of a sudden, he came running down the street, waving the letter. I knew something wonderful had happened, and that we would have a good Christmas after all."

After a spell as county agent, Joe went to Washington State College where, today, he's Professor of Animal Husbandry. The Muirs have their own home, and to fill it they have Sybil, twelve, Russell, ten, Bruce, five, and Ginny, two.

"People sometimes ask me how I ever managed all of those children by myself doing the housework and the wash besides," Virginia said. "Well, I've always loved working around the house, and it all just seemed to come natural to me. I learned how to carry a little baby while walking on crutches, and after that, everything else was easy."

After Mr. and Mrs. Muir answered their quiz question, we were most happy to pass on some Welcome Travelers—how about a brand new suit for him, a fox fur for her. Also, as part of their entertainment in Chicago, they were given a night of typical Chicago fiddle—dinner and a floor show at the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Some friends of mine bumped into the Muirs that night. They said that in that whole magnificent room there wasn't a happier couple. The entire wide, shining world seemed to belong to just the two of them—the man with the nice smile and the pretty woman.

Compare these two serene people with the boy of eighteen and the girl of seventeen who were flung, that day away back in Utah, from the caring care. Their story might have been so different—bitterness, recombinations, a lifelong feud. It turned, instead, into that happy ending I told you about because it had the one ingredient that most happy endings need. That ingredient, of course, is love.

There's spine-tingling excitement and hair-raising thrills in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Tune In This Sunday Afternoon, on MBS

Check your local paper for time.
Unrest in the Air
(Continued from page 15)
talked a lot about retiring. Jolson and Allen have filed for permission to retire at the end of the season.

Arthur Godfrey, for years the reigning funny man on the CBS morning schedule, recently quit his breakfast program cold, turned his back on several thousand dollars a week. "I'm going to concentrate on television and sleep a little later."

Suppose, by next year, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Burns and Allen and the McGees of Wistful Vista decide they've had enough of radio. The dial is going to become as chill and empty as it is today. The long winter evenings won't seem nearly as cozy. Whom are we to blame for this sad state of affairs? The comedians? The radio industry? Edgar Bergen blames radio. It isn't possible, he maintains, to be funny week after week, year in, year out. The imagination runs dry after a while. All that's left is for a performer to start repeating himself. Either that, or compromise his standards.

Fred Allen blames the tyranny of Hooper ratings. Next time you see a radio comedian with his hair gray before his time, his cheeks sunken, his step halt, please understand that he isn't dying... He has been caught with his Hooper down, that's all.

Both Jolson and Allen have suffered from low Hoopers this year. Fred's decline can be traced to formidable opposition: a program called Stop the Music that gives away everything but the U.S. Mint.

Last year, Al Jolson was consistently high in Hooper's First Fifteen. Today he ranks twenty-sixth. One network man summed up the situation thus: "How many times can you listen to 'Swanee'?"

Perhaps, one respected critic of radio suggests, the medium is all talked out. It has been on thousands of days. Its prime talkers are getting tired and a little hoarse. Its knee ever bent to Hooper, accent has been on keeping alive the old stars instead of developing new ones.

Just how far radio will go to "keep alive" an old-timer was seen recently in the capital gains deal that won Jack Benny over to CBS. He will receive considerably more than a good many of the nation's top industrialists. And because he and his troupe have been bought as "a company" rather than hired as individuals, the taxes will be very much lower.

CBS reportedly is prepared to spend as many millions as necessary to woo the top Hooper away from NBC. No doubt this is good business. But NBC may, in the long run, turn the loss into profit—by developing some bright newcomers who will hit the air before right back to their original setting.

It can be safely said that all of radio's prominent stars are casting a wistful and distant eye toward television. At the moment of course, television pays poorly. If half a dozen more stars follow the lead of the re- signers and those who threaten resigna- tion, listeners living in areas too remote to pick up a television picture clearly might as well resign themselves to a new kind of listening.

What will the future of radio be? I don't know. The news and weather reports will always be with us. Likewise recorded music. A new shift to local program-
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Self-conscious about your flat looking bustline? Figur Beauty starts with a glamorous bustline. This sensational "Up-and-Out" Bra has an exclusive secret patent pend, feature that tends to lift and cup flat, unshapely, small busts into fullness. Well-Rounded, Exquisite, Fashionable, like magic instantly NO PADS—no stretchy, bulk, build-up needed! Now wear All Dresses, Blouses, Sweaters, etc. (No Matter How Form Fitting) With Bustline Confidence! With the "Up-and-Out" Bra underneath all your clothes with ease display the sweater and feminine style you desire and require to look a little taller. Firm elastic back and easy to adjust shoulder straps. Beautiful Fabric—easy to wash. Colors: Red, White, Black. Sizes: 30, 32, 34, 36. Only $2.50. Mail coupon for FREE SAMPLE. SEND NO MONEY.

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I DO recall, though, a few young comedians who tended to crash the big time in radio. They fared badly. One was Jack Paar, who replaced Jack Benny a few summers back. He started out fresh as a daisy. At the end of his thirteenth week the show was as funny as a disc jockey in South Sioux, Mo. It brings us back to Bergen's original complaint. Radio wears out talent. It saps the energy, drains the imagination. We don't expect our major novelists to turn out a new book every single year. But we expect radio comedians and their writers to turn out a frothy bit of business as smart as new paint, every single week.

The present state of radio has been blamed on the fact that the industry is run by men rather than women. Selling time, say critics, is rated above developing talent.

Nobody is so foolish as to fancy that radio can get along without selling time, of course. But it does seem that a certain amount of the profits could be set aside for a "talent laboratory." Here would be "cultured," in the proper test tube environment, "when the old directors and performers of tomorrow. All of them would be trained not simply for radio but for television. Too often, when their hour came, they would be ready.

Proof that radio and radio alone can develop stars is seen in three individuals, Garry Moore and the aforementioned Mr. Godfrey. Edwards started his career as an announcer. Garry was master of ceremonies on an early morning local show. So was Godfrey.

There must be other announcers and early morning humorists who are worthy of larger audience. Some may need only a good writer. If radio is to survive, it must find the young hopefuls, push them through the proper paces, polish them up for stardom. Who knows? The next few years in radio may be the most exciting to date. It will be a time of revolution; the best time to be alive, according to Emerson’s definition, "the old and new stand side by side and admit of being compared." That’s what we are seeing now. Maybe we’ll be tuned in some night when a star is born!

There is no magic at all about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibs you may, perhaps, acquire the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

In No More Alibs the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood’s brightest stars with their figure problems. She names most-tells you how she developed this star’s legs—how she reduced that star’s waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Nearly 100,000 copies sold at $1.00. Now published in paper cover edition for only 50c postpaid.

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DENDEX COMPANY, Dept. 77-C
The Life of Fred Allen
(Continued from page 67)

Aunt Lizzie understand what being behind those footlights meant to me," Fred says. "I couldn't seem to describe the sense of complete satisfaction that came to me in that work. For months on end, she opposed the whole thing until suddenly one day she bowed me over with some words of encouragement. It was a complete about face. I was baffled until she confessed that she had sneaked into a theater, the night before, and had seen my amateur act. She got a whirl of a kick watching her own nephew perform. After that she was quite happy about my career."

Less than two years after Aunt Lizzie's change of heart, Fred turned professional. It happened this way: a juggler, who was appearing at the regular Boston vaudeville house, did a bit too much drinking one night. His hangover was so deadly that he couldn't even toss a beanbag. He remembered having seen Fred, and asked the budding juggler to fill in for him (with the proviso that Fred kick back part of his pay). Fred played the date, billing himself as Paul Huckle, Celebrated European Entertainer. His performance was well received, he split the five dollar fee and, from there on he spurned all further amateur work.

J O N H F L O R E N C E S U L L I V A N, who became first, The Talking Juggler and, next, Paul Huckle, Celebrated European Entertainer, now took a third name, borrowed from a Boston vaudeville house, and called himself Freddy St. James—which he regarded as pretty classy.

One night, over coffee and sinkers, Fred was having a confab with an old buddy of his. "Johnny, I've got a hundred bucks saved. I'm going to try my luck in New York."

"The big time, is that it?"

"Right—and I want to ask a favor of you."

"Anything you say, Fred."

"I'd like you to take forty dollars out of this hundred and hold it for me—just in case New York doesn't fit me. I'm any good, and I need carfare home."

Not long after that conversation, Fred was making the rounds on Broadway. He had rented a Coney Island room from which his diet had leveled down to a steady crackers, cheese and coffee... and his ability to impress looking agents had leveled down to zero. With his morale even lower, he was at the point of sending a telegram to Johnny requesting his forty dollars for train fare, when one of the previously unimpressed agents contacted him. Would Fred be willing to play a split week in Paterson, New Jersey? Fred said, yes, he'd be willing.

He put everything he had into that engagement. He played it so well that lots more work followed. A major turning point in his fortunes had arrived. He had realized his keenest ambition: recognition by New York's bookers. It was time, Fred decided, to change his name again. He needed something more in harmony with his type of routine, so did with the "Saint," that was misleading, anyway, he figured) he revised his billing to: Freddy James, The World's Worst Juggler.

Freddy James would make his entrance and go through his act at a brisk pace. Then, at what everyone thought was the end, he would bow...
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BLONDIES!
STAY LIGHT!

THE MAIL ORDER COMMISSION FIRM, INC.
SEEMINGLY endless are the stories concerning Fred's insistence on Doing Things Just So. Having them, you begin to think that his ring must be part slide rule, part calculating machine and part stop watch. Take, for instance, his custom of meeting Jack Haley for the purpose of attending Mass at St. Malachy's Church, the actor's Chapel on 49th Street off Broadway. This custom had been observed over a period of many years by both median-pals happened to be in New York.

"Fred's way of doing things is so self-disciplined, so systematic and methodical, you would think his ancestry was German instead of Irish," Jack testifies. "He would insist that we meet in the same drugstore he patronized every day. Not any drugstore, but that particular one. We would then set the meeting time at exactly 10:30 A.M. The arrangement was that after breakfast there, we'd go off to Mass. Well, I noticed every time that at exactly 10:27, the drugstore man would start preparing Fred's orange juice and it would be ready and waiting on the counter within thirty seconds of the time Fred arrived. That drugstore man was never wrong. Never once did Fred fail to arrive right on the dot."

Even such a guy as "Uncle Jim" Hawkins, Fred's old-time vaudeville buddy and present-day Man Friday, is filled with constant awe at his passion for promptness. "Every one of Fred's daily sixteen work hours is carefully planned and time-tabled," asserts Uncle Jim. "He's his own secretary, too. You'll never find Fred without his little notebook, always jotting down
Anywhere in the world, Irene finds the few minutes needed for her regular stream-lined shampoo with GLO-VER. No other shampoo can do more for your hair—for glorious sparkle, glamorous luster, that natural-looking hair-beauty. GLO-VER contains mild, efficient cleansing agents, made from fine blended vegetable oils. Runses out instantly—no trace of unsightly film. Removes loose dandruff, dandruff scales.

Ask for the regular size package at Drug or Cosmetic Counters today—or mail Coupon for free Sample.

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Glover’s, Dept. 553
1012 West 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.
Send free Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail. Ask for GLO-VER, Make up Samples.
Manage Medicine and Hair Dress in 3 hemor- 
cial movements, then comb out. But good for 
no other shampoo can do as good a job. 

MUCH to Fred’s puzzlement, the man began making some skillful dabs on that side of Fred’s face. Finally, the job was completed and Fred walked toward the makeup set. On the way, he discovered the much-wanted cupid’s bow. When he appeared on the set, the di-rector took one look at him and yelled, “That face, Allen—who hit that hole in your cheek?”

A mirror was brought; Fred looked into it and realized that the makeup expert had painted a line of radio days in his life. It had offset Fred’s “swollen” cheek with a greasesmear shadow so dark that it looked completely hollow.

Fred freely admitted that, for him, radio has been more to his liking than films. In radio, he’s been happier and better organized. It is fairly rea-sonable to assume that his set habits and habits of radio days may be as different as the two names. It seems they took really def-inite form somewhere along in the middle nineteen-thirties. By that time, he had too many hours of broadcasting to his credit. By that time he had kept a large slice of the population amused with such programs as Fred Allen’s Bath Tub Club, The Salend Bowl Review, The Sal Hepatica Review, later titled The Hour Of Smiles and still later known as Town Hall Tonight. Now, this sort of work allowed a fel-low to stay put. None of this traips-}

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108
his filing cabinets, bulging with old scripts and news-clippings; the walls are lined with bookshelves containing part of his four thousand volume collection (the balance in his own public library being spread around the other rooms) and, central point in the work-shop, the desk and typewriter to which he chains himself for hours on end.

Notwithstanding the sour expression that sometimes accompanies these chores, Fred, if faced with a final choice between acting and writing, would choose the latter. In Fred's opinion, an actor's income is always dependent on the enterprise and productiveness of other people, and as an actor gets old, his value decreases. An old actor without a job is hard put to keep his head above water. But a writer, he argues, can enjoy employment as long as he has strength enough to push a pen or peck a typewriter.

"To me, there's no greater satisfaction," Fred maintains. "Welding words and phrases has always taken me. I only wish that years ago I had the education and the opportunity to enter the writing profession. Today, who knows, I might be a veteran re-write man on the obituary page of some small town newspaper."

Mrs. Allen has her own inner sanctuary, too,—the kitchen in which she shines as diligently as Fred. Not one of the theoretical kind, but a real artist. Although the routine chores are ably handled by Marguerite, who has been with them for many years, Portland always-in-there whispering up some mouth-watering dish for her famous husband.

Fred outlines their other hobbies, too, saying: We're fond of the theater, and we like to go exploring for unusual eating places—Armenian, Japanese, Russian, French, Yiddish,—any kind of exotic entry, providing the food is excellent. Also, after the thirty-nine weeks of radio each year we like to hide away in the summer and read."

Fred Allen, the man with set habits, has never changed his tastes in regard to keeping in physical trim at one particular gymnasium...a Y.M.C.A. gym on Manhattan's west side. On more than one occasion, a writer has asked, "Why don't you join the New York Athletic Club, Fred, or some other place where you're more likely to meet people in your own income bracket?"

Fred has always come back with the same answer—he doesn't judge his associates by their incomes, he thinks his "Y.M.C.A. facilities" compare with the best in New York. It is only a pleasant, five-minute walk from his apartment, and, besides, he enjoys mingling with the fellows whom he meets there regularly.

Time was when Fred and his gang would go through a really stiff workout twice weekly.

In 1943, though, there was a warning from his doctor—cut out all kinds of physical and nervous strain, or else that high blood pressure of his might prove really troublesome. The implications of that warning were felt throughout the entire radio industry...

Fred's program went off the air for a full season. Fred knew his self-discipline stood him in good stead; dismissed all thoughts of weekly script deadlines and broadcasts from his mind. He cut out smoking and tobacco, substituting gym; instead. He stopped taking even the occasional highball he indulged in. He and Portland took it easy for the first time in a long spell.
They just gypsied around ... to Cape Cod, to their farm and out to the West Coast (as tourists).

That high blood pressure of his was even good for a few laughs. At any rate, on his return to the air he put many a gag about it into his scripts.

Despite his elevated blood pressure, Fred continued to sneak in as many games of handball as he dared, but in the Spring of 1948, his doctor laid down the law and Fred hasn't played since. Nowadays his exercise is limited to brisk walks in Central Park. He shows up each week at the "Y" gym, however, for the expert massages he receives there ... and for locker-room talk sessions with the gang. That's one habit he'll never willingly break.

The Allens are rarely, if ever, seen at night clubs. Portland is bored stiff by them and Fred has good cause to be wary of them. Some of the miserable evenings he has spent in Manhattan's night clubs remain as scars on his memory.

He can remember being lured into one famous club by Jack Haley. On entering the place, Fred protested, "It's pitch dark in here! Do you equip each customer with a miner's lamp?" After sitting through a long floor show, they departed ... not alone, though, for a drunk had attached himself to them, highball glass in hand. The tippler climbed right into their taxi, spilling its Scotch-and-soda and his life story all over Fred.

On another occasion, Fred was invited to a night club premiere by Libby Holman, the club's new after-theater attraction. That was when he was co-starring with Libby in "Three's A Crowd." Quite naturally, Fred expected to be seated at a good table, close enough to be at least within ear-shot of the singer. But it seems the reservation got mixed up. After palming a fat tip, the captain stuck him at a tiny table right beside the kitchen door. Nor only did he not hear one Libby Holman, but every time a waiter went through it, Fred got the kitchen door against the side of his head.

Nor is Fred's memory soothed when he recalls his first flapper. It involved a gala night club opening in which the extravagant floor show was climax'd by a festive New Year's Eve effect: gorgeous girls more or less gorgeously gowned, streamers, confetti and, from the ceiling, a sudden cascade of colored balloons. Unknown to Fred, one balloon floated down ever so prettily, bounced off a whipped cream cake on an adjoining table, and then settled in his direction. Presently, Fred and his companions (including a very worried-looking Jack Haley) paid the check and left. "Woo!" Fred beamend. "This is the first time my evening wasn't spoiled!" He revised that statement later at home, when he discovered the whipped cream all over the back of his dinner jacket.

On the other hand, eating places like Lindy's, Max's Stage Delicatessen and Toots Shor's get a much higher Allen rating. In these he often lingers for a pleasant hour to enjoy conversation and coffee with other notables of the radio and theater world.

In such places echo and re-echo some of the more enduring Fred Allen stories. Eavesdropping, you're likely to hear that famous story about Fred's verbal one-two punch at Jack Benny (for whom, really, Fred has boundless admiration and affection). Guesting on the Fred Allen Show, the Waukegan Kid made a fatal mistake: he tried to depugnt from the script and give Fred the slip. Exactly what Jack said was lost in the confusion but, whatever it was, Fred hopped him down with a devastating rejoinder. Struck speechless, Jack looked helplessly into the studio audience (and several million listeners) gasping, "I'll give a thousand dollars for an answer to that one!"

In fact, Fred no longer makes out-ad-lib mistakes: these have been carefully eliminated from his inner box. He also carefully and exently wrapped Christmas package bearing the impressive label of Cartier, fabulous Fifth Avenue jewelers. After opening several layers of colorful paper, Fred discovered there were F.D.R. stamps in the inner box also carefully and exently wrapped. When this was opened, its contents were revealed—one single, solitary, precious coffee bean.

As THE portrait stands now, you're ready to grant that Fred is a talented entertainer, a wit, a perfectionist. But the Allen story is incomplete unless you search a bit deeper and discover what lies underneath his smooth, brittle shell of cleverness.

Allen couldn't publicize this aspect, but many of his friends don't hesitate to. Among the people who know him well, it's an old story. Fred, they will tell you, is a little too embittered at his father, Old Fred's, Auto-Wax, for a kangaroo story that ended one day with 

The Softest Touch In Show Business. They say it with genuine respect and admiration.

They cite instance after instance of Fred's warmhearted generosity toward temporarily or chronically down-and-out show folk. They will tell you how Fred used to walk down Broadway, popping with money, ready with unquenching, substantial hand-outs for his less fortunate friends. They will tell you he once gave a600,000 hotel to a person who had given Fred's former's sad, sad story, and then promptly put up $200 so that the man could buy a trained kangaroo for his animal act... and how Fred financed the tour of a boy band for several months until the act got booking. They will tell you of the Main Stem Mootcher who tried to boost Fred from some $200 down to a ten-dollar one, explaining he needed that amount to get his teeth out of hock in order to work in Hoboken as master of ceremonies. Fred said, "I came all the way from San Francisco—just to attend your broadcast!" After a stunned moment, Fred answered, "Madame," he purred, "if you see a man like me over here, and I had only known you were coming all that distance just to catch my little old radio show, we'd have gone to Omaha. Shucks, the least we could do is meet you half way." Generally, however, Fred sticks to the genial sort. Back in '34, when Town Hall Tonight highlighted not only Minerva Pious, Charlie Cantor and Harry Von Zell in The Mighty Allen Players but also featured one of the first amateur shows in radio, Fred demonstrated his spontaneous humor when one contestant, an accordionist, became too overcome to start promptly, the young musician forgot to undo the strap that kept his accordion bellows from spreading out to swallow him.

Handball, Fred's game, was used to swing right into a lively, jivey treatment of "Twelfth Street Rag," but before he had played four bars of the tune, Fred stopped him. "Son," he drawled, "you ain't no slacker, but you're too-insistent. I'll sell you a little answer for five hundred!"

That story naturally leads to the one concerning Fred's guest appearance on Jack Benny's show, shortly after their so-called feud started. Jack's introduction of his guest was a long string of withering remarks. Fred took it for a while to warm up in with, "Oh, Mr. Benny. If I get any more insults out of you, I'll knock you flatter than the first six minutes of this program!"

Sooner or later, you'll hear that story about Fred and the too-insistent automobile hunter. It was after a broadcast. Fred had already obliged by autographing his badge for several dozen people and, pleading fatigue, had just asked the crowd of clamoring women to excuse him. "Oh, but Mr. Allen," one wailed, "you simply must autograph this by me, I came all the way from San Francisco—just to attend your broadcast!" After a stunned moment, Fred answered, "Madame," he purred, "if you see a man like me over here, and I had only known you were coming all that distance just to catch my little old radio show, we'd have gone to Omaha. Shucks, the least we could do is meet you half way."

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Curls and Waves without permanent waving!

No Machinery!
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safe! The most sensational beauty discovery in years. Imagine! One tiny capsule ... gives you lovely, long lasting, glorious curls and waves . . . in minutes, not hours. No fuss, no bother, no tedious waiting. Absolutely harmless ... use after every shampoo ... the more you use, the more naturally waved your hair becomes — the longer your wave lasts. Easy now to "control" your new short-styled hair-do! Independent Laboratory tests on the four leading waving capsules PROVED Minit Curl far superior in every way ... in giving curl, lustre and longer-lasting waves.

Exciting, Safe easy way gives soft, natural looking, longer lasting CURLS and WAVES in MINUTES

EASY TO USE: Just empty contents of one capsule in 2 to 3 ounces hot water. Comb solution generously through hair (after shampooing, with hair slightly damp) and set in waves, pin curls or curlers. (Use any type curlers or pins — metal, plastic.) Allow to dry, then comb or brush. Minit Curl contains a special conditioning element Glorium ... it encourages each silken strand to acquire the natural lustrous wave or curl — you have always dreamed of having.

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DO NOT BE MISLEAD BY SUBSTITUTE CAPSULES — Remember this formula was perfected by the same chemist who pioneered the first original SAFE home cold wave solution. Be sure you buy the original, genuine Marlene's Minit Curl Caps in the green and brown package!

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Reds for every hour...every occasion...every costume...for the smartest
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Wear! Nothing equals Lastron, Revlon's ever-improved nail enamel in the fabulous
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"Lip-Fashion" in the slim golden case.

Smart hands always look smarter with Revlon!
This Oh-so-delightful "must"—

**to Guard the Glory of your Hair!**

**Y**es, countless thousands make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing routine. If you're not one of them you ought to be. This delightful aid does so many things to help you be proud of your hair.

It goes after oily film, floats away loose dandruff flakes, and combats scalp odor. But, most important of all, it kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff... that troublesome, persistent disorder so prevalent among women.

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Because of its quick, cleansing germ-killing action, Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff, as well as an effective twice-a-day treatment once the condition has started.

For the glory of your hair, for the health of your scalp, make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair-washing. Also, it's an intelligent routine for your husband and children who are by no means immune to infectious dandruff.

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

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P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?
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 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, 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. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Cremogam, is guaranteed not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. 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.

People on the Air

"Thanks for Listening"—by Kate Smith...
Radio Mirror Awards Winners for 1948...
"I Call Him Kingheley"—by Genevieve Tobin Keighley...
"You Can't Let Up"—Bill Stern...
The Wever Way...
Suspense—in pictures...
Quiz Kids—Daily...
Wendy and the Widow...
The Blonde I Prefer...
The Most Important Things...
Mable Flaspaddle—Alias Sara Berner...

Inside Radio

Collector's Corner...by Margaret Whiting...
What's New From Coast to Coast...by Dale Banks...
Facing the Music...by Duke Ellington...
Information Booth...by Jay Schwartz...
Look at the Date...
Inside Radio...
Quiz Catalogue...

For Better Living

What Makes You Tick...by John McCaffery...
Date Data...by Mary Jane Fulton...
Traveler of the Month...by Tommy Barlett...
Between the Bookends...by Ted Malone...
When a Girl Marries...by Joan Davis...
Living Within Your Income...by Terry Burton...

Your Local Station

WLAB: Look to your Laurels!...
KDKA: Busy as a Beaver...
WFIL: Predicting the Unpredictable...
WBEN: Buffalo's Bearded Sage...

Television

The First Big Link...
Lucky Lass...
Douglas Edwards and the News...
Coast to Coast in Television...
One Wonderful Guy—Milton Berle...

Radio Mirror Reader Bonds

The Skelton Saga...Red Skelton's life story by Pauline Swanson...

On the Cover: Arthur Godfrey; color portrait by Ozzie Sweet.

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Collector's Corner

By MARGARET WHITING

Being born the daughter of a famous songwriter can be a hindrance to a young girl's career. No one ever wants to hire the daughter of a close friend. Margaret Whiting, however, wouldn't be stopped. Her many radio programs have made her nationally famous. Her Capitol recordings have made her nationally loved. Perhaps her choice of "favorite" records will offer a "look-see" into her musical life.

If my selections for a basic library don't include records of songs that were written by my dad, it's only because I feel it obvious that they are and always will be my favorites. Naturally, too, I have every one of my own records—specifically because I use them all the time to improve my singing.

I've never believed in concentrating on one kind of music for a collection of records. While at any one time I may expand my catalogue of discs by collecting a whole batch of one style or school, I always fall back on a few top favorites. For example, I'll never be without an album of Serge Rachmaninoff's "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra" No. 2 in C Minor—Opus 18. I shall always, also, have Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë" Suite No. 2. And, who, may I ask, doesn't like "Clair De Lune" as played by the Boston Pops Orchestra?

Among album sets by popular artists, Frank Sinatra's songs (Volume 1) will always keep its honored place on my record shelf. The way Frank sings "Someone To Watch Over Me" is a classic of recorded music. Johnny Mercer's recent record release of a song that was performed on the screen by Fred Astaire immediately became a collector's item for me. It was his discounting of "One For My Baby." The truly great musicianship of Duke Ellington is superbly expressed on his record of "Congo Brava." Tutti Camarata's version of "The Haunted Ballroom" with the Kingsway Symphony Orchestra, although a recent recording, is also one of my all-time favorites.

So, you see, my musical tastes are quite varied. They run from symphonies to swoon and from seventy-nine-cent discs to the more expensive albums. And if I may be bold enough to offer any advice about record collecting, then it is to listen to everything with an open mind and buy all types of records. Let your musical tastes be expanded by sampling everything that is written.

TONI TWINS prove magic of
SOFT-WATER Shampooing

BUT KATHLEENE
GOT HEAPS OF IT!

"Look at all this lather", smiled her twin, Kathleene. "I discovered that Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing even in hard water! I never saw such suds! Never saw my hair so shining clean before, either!" That's what Toni's Soft-Water Shampooing means. Even in hard water it means billows of rich, whipped-cream suds that leave your hair shimmering clean!

NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!

Yes, it's Toni and only Toni for both the Ring twins from now on. Because Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! That creamy-thick lather rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Leaves your hair fragrantly clean, gloriously soft! And Toni Creme Shampoo helps your permanent to "take" better—look lovelier longer. Get a jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. See it work the magic of Soft-Water Shampooing on your hair!
Look to your LAURELS!

STARGAZERS, according to Webster's dictionary, are dreamers and idealists. In 99 out of 100 cases, that's true. But the hundredth case is WLAW's program of that name heard Thursdays at 8:30 P.M. These "Stargazers" are not those who stand and moon at the night skies, but an ensemble which, for four years, has been lifting its voice in song over WLAW for the pleasure and entertainment of listeners from Portland, Me., to Newport, R. I.

"Stargazers" are not hopeful, untried amateurs; they are auditioned and accepted for the cast only after they have displayed talent suitable for broadcasting, and, by performance, have proven their right to take the first step up the ladder of success.

Stargazer programs are of true professional standards. Their repertoire includes both popular and semi-classical compositions; they have been so warmly received at all appearances that they maintain a busy weekly schedule of rehearsal dates and stage engagements in addition to their radio show.

The group, on the whole, is comparatively young; most of the members are in their twenties. This includes women who work in factories, stores and offices, and men who may be doing any form of work from piloting a truck to pumping gasoline into a car.

More than fifty people participate each week. This includes a chorus, individual soloists (including a budding star each broadcast) and a studio orchestra.

The chorus is directed by Edward Comtois, who incorporates many of Fred Waring's techniques into the ensemble's renditions. Musical director Charles Annalaro adds his own novel arrangements.

The future may hold much for these youngsters, and—who knows—from out of their midst may come the names to take the places of those who today survey the world from the top rung of the ladder.

"Stargazers" may be dreamers and idealists, but WLAW's Stargazers are trying to make the ideal a reality, and the dream come true.

Edward Comtois, a pupil of Fred Waring, leads "The Vocalaires" (Stargazers' chorus) in song.

During Stargazers' rehearsal, Beatrice McKenzie runs over a song while Dorice Shorten idles at the piano.

A pre-broadcast conference: Charles Annalaro, I., musical director of the show, checks with Producer James T. Mahoney, center, as announcer Harvey Chester looks on.
For lips men love—and love to kiss—Tangee

"KISS ME"
as interpreted by
MEG RANDALL
AND
RICHARD LONG
in a scene from
THE LIFE OF RILEY
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A new pink...to give extra “kiss appeal” to your lips.

TANGEE RED-RED—Best bet for brunettes. This rich, intriguing red is a sure magnet for kisses.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—This dramatic color makes red-heads look doubly warm and tempting.

TANGEE GAY-RED—Terrific for blondes...gives lips that gay, reckless, “I-dare-you” look.

Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!
BUSY as a BEAVER

KDKA's Elaine Beverley is a frequent entertainer at the Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh, which is her favorite charity.

KDKA's petite Elaine Beverley has a stock answer for folks who want to know how she became successful. Says she, "I was always a busy beaver!"

Since the age of eight she's been on the stage, screen and radio, acting, dancing and singing. Her first dancing lessons came when she was four and all through grade school, high school and college she thought she might become a dancer. But three years as a singer with Maurice Spitalny's orchestra changed that, even though she had been featured in the Pittsburgh Civic Ballet and on the stage of the Stanley Theater. KDKA's regional network show, Memory Time, gives her a chance to show her versatility as a singer. She does pop numbers, duets with singing-M.C. Buzz Aston, sings in the chorus and is highlighted in tunes of the "Gay Nineties" type.

A latent dramatic talent was developed on Brunch With Bill where she portrays various female characters in skits by Brunchmaster Bill Hinds and Actor-Writer Ed King.

Away from the studio, Miss Beverley likes to cook and go to baseball games. She's married to Joe Mann, Pittsburgh radio announcer, and, because they spent their honeymoon at Miami Beach, they return each winter for another "honeymoon."

One of the busiest persons in Pittsburgh's entertainment world, Miss Beverley can't say too much for the help given her by Mamie Barth, Maurice Spitalny and her announcer-husband. "Joe keeps my feet on the ground," she says. "He's the severest kind of critic, but he's good for me."

Petite Miss Beverley is 4' 10", weighs 88 pounds, once wanted to be a dancer.

Elaine perches atop the piano with the Memory Time chorus: left to right, singing-M.C. Buzz Aston, Florence Berg, Bill Sutherland, Ev Neill, seated, at the piano, Dick Fischer, Bernie Maxwell, Bob Hughes, and Ray Griffin.
I was ashamed of my face until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week

(from a letter to Betty Memphis sent her by Ethel Jordan, Detroit, Mich.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

Just follow skin doctor’s simple directions

By Betty Memphis

I just want to be alone!” Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only promised her relief—but gave it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor’s formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when my friends began to rave about my “movie-star skin.” No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes “Bad Skin” Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time “stretch” the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unattractive, unlovable skin. The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too. In fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn’t. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 96, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor’s directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn’t cost you a cent.

Advertisement
THERE'S a lot of headshaking going on in radio circles over the cancellation of "Mr. Ace and Jane" after such a brief trial run. People in the know feel that it wasn't fair for the sponsor to judge by the regular rating systems, because the show, which they consider one of the most adult and best written in radio comedy, didn't have time enough really to catch on. Seems that sponsor's offices are the only remaining places in the country where pollsters—Gallup, Roper or Hooper—still retain any prestige.

* * *

Hollywood is still chuckling over the plight of Norman Chandler, owner of the Los Angeles Times and video station KTTV. It seems Mr. Chandler lives in Sierra Madre, California, near KTTV's Mt. Wilson transmitter, but so close to an intervening mountain that it casts a heavy "shadow" and he can't get his own station.

Guest of honor at recent Hollywood party: Lucille Ball of CBS's My Favorite Husband.

Giving the party for Lucille were co-hosts Keenan Wynn, l., and Peter Lawford, r. Beside Joan Evans is Desi Arnaz (also above with Lucille) who's Lucille's real-life "favorite husband."
Lucille’s “program” husband is Richard Denning, above. Favorite Husband is on CBS, Fri., 8:30 P.M.

And Richard Denning’s real wife (this becomes complicated) was there too: Evelyn Ankers.

Actress June Havoc and producer William Spier came to share the fun.

Louella Parsons helped Lucille tag host Peter with a “favorite” sticker.

Singer Helen Forrest and husband Paul Hollahan were late-comers.

Frank Goss, “Hallmark Playhouse” announcer, says he has a couple of friends who’ve been taking tales of the rapid rate of Hollywood weddings and divorces very seriously. Goss has been married four years, but on the anniversary of his wedding this year, he got a wedding present inscribed, “It looks as though you’re going to stay married, so here’s your wedding gift.”

* * *

It’s nice to see that somebody got real smart and put Georgia Gibbs to work as a comedienne. Why they waited so long is a mystery, considering the number of times her particular zany touch has enlivened the shows of top laugh provokers like Danny Kaye, Jimmy Durante, Herb Shriner, Groucho Marx and Milton Berle, just to name a few of the stars with whom she’s appeared. As far as we’re concerned, her acting on the Morey Amsterdam show is a delight to the ear and the ribs and her singing, as always, is but swell.

* * *

The recording ban may (Continued on page 11)

DALE BANKS

Peter’s parents, Sir Peter and Lady Lawford, got a big welcome from their son and everyone else.
PREDICTING the UNPREDICTABLE

"No matter what the weather, here's a good day to you."

With those words, Francis K. Davis concludes three five-minute weather programs every weekday on Radio Station WFIL in Philadelphia. Usually we think of the weatherman as the target of a lot of bad jokes but since Davis joined the WFIL staff in October 1947 he has become one of the station's most popular radio personalities and his mailbag is always packed with specific requests.

"Straight weather information usually is dry—even when the weather is wet," says Davis, so he set about building a program that would be packed with human interest as well as authoritative facts. From his own weather stations at WFIL and his home eighteen miles away, from the U. S. Weather Bureau offices in mid-city and at International Airport, he gathers his information. Human interest elements come from the library, the record books, and the news wires.

Davis received his Bachelor's degree in physics at West Chester College and his Master's degree in meteorology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Four years in the Army with Air Force weather squadrons gave him experience in forecasting in all parts of the country and he received a special commendation for his forecasting for the B-29 "Dreamboat" flight from Tokyo to Washington. His research work has been published by the Army and the American Meteorological Society. Recently he addressed their 100th national meeting on the meteorologist's role in radio and television.

A Davis day starts at 4:30 A.M.; when he leaves his wife and three-year-old son for work. He stops at the airport weather station enroute. After his morning program, he goes to Drexel Institute of Technology where he is assistant professor of physics. In the afternoon he tries to work in some post-graduate study at Temple University or the University of Pennsylvania before preparing his evening programs. He gathers data at the mid-city bureau before his 7 P.M. show and again for his late evening program. Then home and bed.

The WFIL staff relies on Davis' predictions... ever since the summer of 1948 when Francis Davis went on vacation just one day before the worst heat wave in Philadelphia history.

When Francis K. Davis discusses the weather it's never dry. His program includes human interest items as well as factual reports.
be over, but for many top recording artists the ban was less deadly than what gives now. Then, they weren't recording because they'd agreed not to. Now there's a wave of jitters among platter stars due to the way contracts are being dropped on all sides. Columbia has dropped Woody Herman, Claude Thornhill, Cab Calloway and Tommy Tucker and rumor has it that Decca and RCA-Victor are cutting their lists, too.

* * *

No one will ever be able to explain how Hollywood works to us. It seems that recently a movie called “She” was re-issued and box office reports on the oldie have been most satisfactory, which has caused movie execs to start scurrying around after Helen Mack, contracts in hand. Helen starred in the film ten years ago. The thing we don't understand is that Helen has been in and around Hollywood and Broadway all that time and has made quite a name for herself as a director and producer and actress in radio—and what were the big brains doing all that time?

* * *

It's likely that Jack Carson will be another radio star who'll be recording his shows after his return to Hollywood in mid-March. He and his company recorded one show before they started out on their 10-week vaudeville tour and, like everyone else who's done it that way, Carson was pleased with the result.

* * *

Bits of odd information: The Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, Tenn., from which Grand Ole Opry is broadcast every Saturday night, came into being as the result of a river boat captain's attendance at an Evangelist meeting. Back before the turn of the century, Capt. Tom Ryman, a wealthy river man from St. Louis, had his soul "saved" at a Nashville tent meeting. He was so impressed by the traveling preacher, the famous Sam Jones, that Ryman contributed a large sum of money to build an auditorium for his annual revival meetings. Nashville citizens added to

(Continued on page 15)
ALTHOUGH Martin Block, WNEW's Make-Believe Ballroom conductor, wasn't literally in rags when he started on his way to riches, his story is an amazing and fantastic version of the usual success formula. Just fourteen years ago two ten-dollar bills comprised his weekly wage. Today, that wage is reported to consist of approximately two one-thousand-dollar notes.

This disc jockey-to-be arrived in New York in 1934 via California stations and a sound truck stint—the latter having given him his first broadcasting experience. At that time, WNEW was only a few months old, and Block, who was down to his last few dollars, landed a job with the infant outfit. His job was to play records and announce the titles and that was about all. Then came the Hauptmann trials. He was assigned to fill in with music between the trial bulletins. He got one sponsor, called the program Make-Believe Ballroom, and won enough listeners with his ad lib before-and-after chatter to insure the success of the program.

That single sponsor wasn't lonely for long. The program now plays for about two dozen paying accounts, and has a long waiting list of firms that are eager to place their money with radio's super-salesman, the mellifluous Martin Block.

Although today Block is the best known and best paid platter spinner in the business, the early years of his career in radio were not easy ones. In the beginning both recording companies and band leaders were dead against the airing of what they respectively termed "unfair competition" and "self-competition." But time, and many figures on the profit side of the ledgers, convinced them that recorded programs such as Make-Believe Ballroom had given the ailing phonograph and record business a much-needed shot in the arm. Instead of harming the bands, disc shows tended to increase the popularity of the various orchestras. Today, top flight band leaders grow frantic if Block leaves them out of his mythical ballroom for even a few hours, and, in order to show their appreciation to him for using their recordings, these same band leaders act as guest directors of the program when Block goes on vacation.

Twice yearly Block conducts a popularity contest in order to find out which band rates highest in the public's favor in this area. He also conducts a contest to find out which male and female vocalists have the number one spot on the public's popularity list. These contests invariably bring a deluge of balloting mail to the station.

Martin celebrates his own birthday and the anniversary of the "Ballroom" every year. On that day he surrounds himself with all of the staff members of the station, his sponsors, band leaders and radio artists, and other friends. This celebration has become part of WNEW's tradition.

Whether the constant playing of melodies made Block tune-happy, or whether he was just born with music in his make-up, the fact remains that he is responsible for several hit songs, including one jive number. He is the composer of "I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest," "Faithful to You," and "Flat Foot Flogie."

There couldn't be better proof of Block's standing in the disc jockey community than this honor that Radio Mirror readers have just bestowed upon him—naming him their favorite disc jockey in the Radio Mirror Awards for 1948. The first big disc spinner is still going strong—and the rest of us are glad to hear it!
Music

Martin Block, band-master of the Make-Believe Ballroom, comes out on top as Favorite Disc Jockey in the Radio Mirror Awards.
BUFFALO'S
Bearded
Sage

76-year-old Dr. Hodge has six children and seven grandchildren. The three shown here are Mildred, 10, Charles, 15, Roberta, 18.

H'ES "the spirit of '76," in age, undoubtedly the dean of America's radio commentators and one of the few radioites with three academic degrees. That, as almost any Buffalo-area listener will tell you, would be the bearded sage of WBEN—Dr. Frederick A. Hodge, whose quarter-hour of pertinent news comment, Reading Between the Lines, follows the noon news bulletins Mondays through Fridays. He selects one subject—history, background, late news, possible strategy—and discusses it thoroughly.

He may talk about the United Nations when it's in session or discuss something like the significance of the life and sudden death of Gandhi. The scope of his program and its appeal may be measured by the success of a recent talk on the Bible as "a good book to live by," which brought numerous requests for copies of the broadcast. In addition, there were so many phone calls that it was repeated a month later and another repeat may be forthcoming.

Dr. Hodge was born in Bridgeport, Conn. He received his A.B. from Virginia Christian College, Lynchburg, Va., and his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Virginia. While obtaining the latter degree, he also was a faculty member there. Later he taught at the Farmville, Va. Normal School and then at Winthrop College in South Carolina, where he was professor of psychology and education. He also was assistant director of the University of Virginia Summer School. During World War I he entered the chemical engineering field with the duPont Co.

He continued as a chemical and mechanical engineer in Pittsburgh and New York City before coming to Buffalo in 1935, where he planned to retire and live near a son and daughter in the area. "But the thought of retiring made me ill-at-ease," said the doctor, so he became supervisor of teacher training for Buffalo's Adult Educational Program.

At that time he was invited by WBEN to broadcast a series of six talks analyzing Adolf Hitler's Mein Kampf. The series attracted such wide attention that a radio career was born—at the age of 63. Until recently Dr. Hodge broadcast five times a week, but lately he has been preparing the scripts for delivery by WBEN's versatile announcer-producer, Fred Keller, and only occasionally does the doctor broadcast.

He is an avid reader of news magazines, historical books and newspapers and does his best writing at night and in bed. His hobby is chemi-culture of plants and his favorite amusement in playing with his grandchildren. One thing he would like to see in radio is a spirit of optimism in daytime dramas in place of what he calls "hysterical sob stuff."

His favorite joke on himself occurred when a three-year-old spotted him on a bus and shouted to his mother, "Look—Santa Claus!"

He sums up his philosophy of life by his favorite motto: "Keep an open mind."
his contribution and the result was an auditorium for public use in religious and educational meetings and for entertainment—and, while the Grand Ole Opry show comes under the heading of entertainment, the Ryman is still used for its original purposes, too.

We're thinking that one of the ways to make history an interesting subject for youngsters would be to get them the new Columbia album, "I Can Hear It Now," the records which contain some of the actual, on the spot sounds and words of the most important events in the world's recent history. They can hear the actual surrender of the French at Compiegne in World War I and the marching feet of Hitler's Storm Troopers, as well as many other vital and chilling things. The album was prepared by Edward R. Murrow with the assistance of Fred W. Friendly, former combat correspondent.

Any day now you're liable to find your dentist's chair wired for soothing sound—soothing sound for you. And you have Al Span, CBS's Hollywood sound effects chief to thank. Al was sitting in the dentist's chair when a trolley car passed along the street and Al noticed that for the brief instant that the car's passing drowned out the whine of the drill, he felt less pain. In a few days, he had translated his mind-over-clatter discovery into a new device, a speaker which attaches to the headrest on the dentist's chair and bone conducts music through the patient's jaw. The dentist pipes in the patient's favorite kind of music by record or radio, adjusts the volume just loud enough to cover the sound of his drilling, and immeasurably improves his reputation.

From all over the country, teachers are writing in their approval of Our Miss Brooks, which presents a schoolteacher as a modern, clever, capable and attractive person. The teachers feel that this kind of show will tend to encourage the right kind of young people to choose teaching as a career.

The late Tom Breneman's restaurant has been given a new name—in case you ever try to find it out in Hollywood—The Empire Room. But the edifice housing the eatery will still be known as the Breneman Building.

Gossip from All Over... Bob Hope is bidding for a radio station all his own. ... Gabriel Heatter has signed a five year contract with Mutual covering video and movies as well as radio. ... Bill Virdier, until recently an NBC sound effects man, has been promoted to a producer handling several of NBC's Hollywood shows. ... Jesse Lasky and Jack Bailey have reached the contract stage in their talks about making a movie of the Queen For A Day stanza. ... Alan Young slated for star billing in his next movie for 20th Century-Fox, because of rave notices for his performances in "Chicken Every Sunday" and "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College." ... Jimmy Durante is off to England this summer, headed for London's famed Palladium in July ... and Spring is in the air.

Gail Russell

Told me The Truth about Men!

Men never got serious about me.

One date, or two—but nothing more. I couldn't understand it 'til I read Gail Russell's words: "A man wants his special girl to be feminine...wants her hands to be soft and romantic." The magazine said Gail Russell uses Jergens Lotion on her hands, so—

I decided to try Jergens too!

What a difference! My hands felt smoother, looked lovelier overnight. And soon, Bill noticed! "Such beautiful hands!" he said. And tonight he told me so again...when he slipped his ring on my finger!

Your own hands can be so much lovelier—softer, smoother—with today's finer Jergens Lotion. Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. And no stickiness! Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle.... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts

from bath to bath!

Information Booth

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me how many different people have been Dr. I. Q.? Which one is on the air now?

Mrs. L. L. T.

York, Pa.

Altogether, there have been three Dr. I. Q.s. The first was Lew Valentine who was with the program when it started in 1939. When World War II began he enlisted, and Jimmy McClain replaced him. In 1946 McClain left to join the ministry and Valentine resumed his original role. He stayed only a few months, leaving to take a job in an advertising agency. Then, Stanley Valentine took the role but remained only four months. Valentine again returned, and, at this writing, he is the Dr. I. Q. you hear every Monday night on NBC stations.

MINNEAPOLIS-BORN

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me where the Andrews Sisters were born? They are my favorite singers. If possible, couldn't you print a picture of one of the girls?

J. B.

Palmyra, Illinois.

The Andrews Sisters—Maxene, La Verne, and Patty—were born and raised in Minneapolis, Minnesota. And here's La Verne, the oldest of the three.

QUIET PLEASE THEME

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate your telling me the name of the music played on Sunday night's Quiet Please. It's vaguely familiar.

Mrs. S. B.

Pawtucket, R. I.

If you've ever listened to César Franck's Symphony in D Minor you'll recall the Quiet Please theme as an excerpt from the second movement. And here's Ernest Chapel who so skillfully narrates the unusual stories on this ABC program which is broadcast on Sundays at 5:30 P.M., EST.

NEW CHICHI

Dear Editor:

Who is the new Chichi on Life Can Be Beautiful and why did Alice Reinheart leave?

Miss S. T.

New York, N. Y.

Pretty Teri Keane replaced Alice Reinheart when Alice left Life Can Be Beautiful to take a featured role in a Broadway play.

LITTLE ALICE

Dear Editor:

We're in a quandary as to whether or not the two children portrayed on the Phil Harris-Alice Faye show are actually Phil and Alice's children or whether they are actresses.

Miss G. S.

Davenport, Iowa

Little Alice and Phyllis are played by two young professional actresses: Alice is played by Jeanine Roos and Phyllis is played by Anne Whitfield.

WHO'S WHO

Dear Editor:

Please tell me who plays the following roles on Junior Miss: Mr. Graves, Mrs. Graves, and Hilda.

M. E. S.

Amherst, Virginia

Mr. Graves is played by Gale Gordon, Mrs. Graves by Sarah Selby, and Hilda is played by Myra Marsh.

NO REUNION

Dear Editor:

We are sorry to tell you that Hometown Reunion, formerly heard on CBS, is no longer on the air. As for the Ink Spots, they are on a tour of personal appearances. At this writing, they are a featured attraction at the Capitol Theater in New York.

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me what station Eddy Arnold's radio show called Home Town Reunion is on? I have tried unsuccessfully for the past three Saturday nights but to no avail. Secondly, can you tell me what the Ink Spots are doing and where they are now?

Miss M. M. S.

Plymouth, Pa.

We are sorry to tell you that Hometown Reunion, formerly heard on CBS, is no longer on the air. As for the Ink Spots, they are on a tour of personal appearances. At this writing, they are a featured attraction at the Capitol Theater in New York.

EDDY ARNOLD

La Verne Andrews

Ernest Chapel

Jeanine Roos

Myra Marsh

Eddy Arnold

Teri Keane

La Verne Andrews

Ernest Chapel

Jeanine Roos

Myra Marsh

Eddy Arnold

Teri Keane

For your information—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 300 W. 49th St., N.Y. We'll answer in Information Booth or by mail. Be sure to sign name and address, and attach this box to your letter.
DANCING OR LISTENING

BERYL DAVIS (RCA Victor)—The British Songstress, who recently married disc jockey Peter Potter, sounds fine on the Camarata-Russell ballad "No More," with Camarata supplying the orchestral backing. "If I Had A Penny" with the Russ Case orchestra is almost as good.

JOHNNY MERCER—PIED PIPERS (Capitol)—If by this time you've been hearing people say "Yay, yay, yay," you can blame it all on a Mercer record called "Would You?" It's a cute-as-a-button version. "Let's Fly" is a let's-get-away-from-it-all type of song that suffers from comparison with the first side.

SY OLIVER (MGM)—There are many who will agree that it was Sy's orchestral arranging that accounted for the greatness of such bands as Jimmy Lunceford's and Tommy Dorsey's. Here, Sy takes a jumpy melody written by Billy Kyle and George Duvivier and makes it into a great instrumental. It's called "Four To Go." Tommy Roberts does an excellent vocal job on "Sad Sad Story Blues."

STAN KENTON (Capitol)—June Christy is featured on the novelty "He Was A Good Man As Good Men Go," while Eddie Safranski is featured on bass along with Stan pianistics on "How Am I To Know." We prefer the latter—a less frantic Kenton arrangement.

ILLINOIS JACQUET (RCA Victor)—Mr. Jacquet follows his recent pattern by dedicating one of the sides to a disc jockey. The Detroit platter spinner gets the nod on "A Jacquet For Jack The Bellboy." "Embro" features the usual tenor sax solo.

* * *

ALBUM ARTISTRY


FLICK, THE LITTLE FIRE ENGINE (MGM)—A wonderful story for children is excellently narrated by Robert Dann. Greta Holm supplied music for Bert Reisfeld story.

By JOE MARTIN

LOOK AT THE
RECORDS

No other Lipstick... has these Exclusive features

★ THREE SHADES...keyed to your individual coloring.
★ LASTS LONGER...actually stays beautiful until you take it off.
★ NON-DRYING...keeps your lips moist and lovely.
★ SUPER-FINE TEXTURE...means smoother application.

Clear Red
The pure red most flattering to your coloring for a clear, sparkling, vivacious you.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
Costarring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "LITTLE WOMEN"

Blue Red
Your red with a subtle blue cast...suitly, glamorous for matching costume changes.

Rose Red
Your red, but on the pink side...for your delicately feminine moods and costume colors.

U.S. Patents No. 2435667
2211495

3 shades for your coloring
...choose your favorite red...or have all three for costume changes

BLONDES  BRUNETTES  BROWNETTES  REDHEADS
CLEAR RED No. 1  CLEAR RED No. 3  CLEAR RED No. 2  CLEAR RED No. 1
BLUE RED No. 1  BLUE RED No. 3  BLUE RED No. 2  BLUE RED No. 1
ROSE RED No. 1  ROSE RED No. 3  ROSE RED No. 2  ROSE RED No. 1

IF HAIR IS GRAY, USE FORMER HAIR COLORING AS GUIDE

Max Factor * Hollywood
Flavor makes all the difference in the world!

And there's one thing you can always depend upon...the consistently high quality and fine flavor of

Beech-Nut GUM

It's "Always Refreshing"

John McCaffery, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 P.M. EST, daily) has prepared a special set of questions for Radio Mirror readers, designed to help you (and your friends and family, unless you manage to evade them) find out more about yourself. When you've added up your score (and if you cheat, that tells something about you, too!) you'll have the answer to the question: "How Adventuresome Are You?"

Give yourself 10 points for every "yes" answer. 80 points or more indicates an extremely adventuresome spirit and chances are that as you look back over your life, this penchant for the untried and the unknown has caused you more than one embarrassing moment. 40 to 70 points indicates a more or less normal outlook toward adventure, while 30 points or less might indicate that you are missing a lot in life by not "letting yourself go" occasionally.

1. Do you like to try strange and exotic foods?
   - Yes No

2. Have you ever been tempted to throw an egg into an electric fan just to see what would happen?
   - Yes No

3. Have you ever put your finger all the way up the coin return slot in a pay telephone just to see what was up there?
   - Yes No

4. Do you like blind dates?
   - Yes No

5. Did you ever try to pick up a girl? (or fellow?)
   - Yes No

6. Have you ever tested yourself on your capacity for beer, watermelon, ice cream sodas, etc.?
   - Yes No

7. Have you ever pelted anyone with a snowball during your adulthood?
   - Yes No

8. Do you make a habit of exceeding the speed limit when you drive?
   - Yes No

9. Do you like to play practical jokes?
   - Yes No

10. Do you (or did you) look forward to parenthood?
    - Yes No
By Mary Jane Fulton

PAT BARNARD and Burt Hilber thought their being in love was a deep secret. All winter they had been trying to avoid casting fond glances at each other during rehearsals and broadcasts of Adelaide Hawley's Fashions on Parade TV program, on which Pat is a model, and Burt the singing lead. So when we pounced on them for our how-to-look-on-a-date story, they were surprised. But they happily admitted that they plan to be married soon. And they didn’t mind a bit being “shot” at New York’s famous Versailles Restaurant, where other young folks go on very special dates.

Wrong: Though they’re engaged, Pat and Burt would never think of presenting a picture like this to the public gaze. Demonstrations of affection in public, they both agree, are definitely in the worst taste.

Right: In moderation. It’s permissible for a girl to do a small amount of face-lifting in public—particularly if she keeps her puffs spotlessly clean. But remember…don’t overdo!

Wrong: Not every pretty girl acts pretty. But Pat does. She put her elbows on the table for this picture only; normally, she lifts her cup to drink, then returns it to its saucer.

Right: No fumbling around in Pat’s purse. All equipment is “filed” to be easily accessible. She cleans purses weekly so there’s no odd-and-end accumulation. Burt approves daintiness!

Wrong: Tabling an elbow isn’t the only way to spoil a date. Talking with mouth full, waving utensils, smearing lipstick on cup or napkin—Burt says that’s not the way to have happy dates or have many of them!

Radio Mirror for Better Living

Irresistible
NEW, LONGER
LIPSTICK

For the beautifully shaped lips men admire, try softer, smoother Irresistible Lipstick in the new long “make-up-artist” case of mock-gold metal. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer…smoother.
UR traveler of the month is a modern heroine whom this nation, as a reward for her valor, has made a guest of America. And when you learn how Rena Rosso-Bishop personally saved the lives of thousands of Allied soldiers in Italy during the war, and became a key link in Allied Intelligence, I think you’ll agree that she’s a most Welcome Traveler to our thankful shores.

Rena Rosso-Bishop is forty-five years old, a simple seamstress from a farming town near Turin, in Northern Italy. Just another person caught up in the chaos of war, you might think at first. But as I chatted with Mrs. Bishop at our Welcome Travelers party at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, I realized that she wasn’t just another person but a very unique person who, with quiet courage, had helped to control and change those war tides.

And in the United States, England and Canada, there are many young men who owe their safe return from Italy to this unpretentious seamstress who didn’t give them away under the horror of a German torture chamber or the menace of a Nazi firing squad.

But let’s start this strange story at its beginning. As a young Italian traveling in England after the last war, Rena Rosso had met and married an American named Bishop. There was one daughter, Betty. Eventually, the marriage had ended unhappily, and Rena, now calling herself Rosso-Bishop, returned to the little farm village near Turin. The end of her marriage also meant the end of the American citizenship she had gained with the marriage vows, but it didn’t end her love for this country. As she said:

“I always have loved America, and felt very close toward all of your people. But I never thought then the time would come when I could prove my friendship.”

That time came, all right, with the war. If you recall those days, the surrender of Italy led to a very strange situation inside that unhappy, Fascist-ridden land. Thousands of Allied troops, who had been Italian prisoners, suddenly were freed. Very often though, these newly-liberated young men were in greater peril than they had been while in prison camps. For, suddenly they were walking through German-held territory, dodging Nazi patrols and trying to make their way to the Allied lines. These were strange, cynical days for many of the people of Italy. Some, who still thought the Germans might yet win, turned these men over to the Nazis. Others, like Mrs. Rosso-Bishop, tried to protect them.

When Mrs. Rosso-Bishop heard that there were Allied soldiers in the neighborhood, she went out looking for them. She found groups of two, three, four—
finally, ten. She took them to her home, fed them from her own inadequate rations, doctored them and, later at night, passed them on their way to the Allied lines. This was the beginning of a long saga of heroism.

But if Mrs. Rosso-Bishop was a heroine, she also was a mother. Almost at once, she sent word to her daughter in Turin and warned her not to come see her mother under any circumstances. The woman knew that she was beginning a dangerous adventure, with death a likelihood at any moment, and she wanted to keep her daughter from becoming involved.

And that's how it was for the rest of the war—a woman alone, outwardly a seamstress and farmer, foraging for enough to eat. A woman alone, but inside her small house, or in the woods beyond, were the tough Allied fighting men who depended upon her for their lives.

In 1944, the Allies started dropping their parachute intelligence teams into Northern Italy. One night, standing at her front door, Mrs. Rosso-Bishop saw the billowing chutes float down. Again, she felt her duty. Though this was even more dangerous than sheltering a ragged band of freed ex-prisoners, she ran through the fields and collected the confused parachutists. Because she spoke English, it was easy to explain to these boys that she was their friend, and offered them aid. She took them to her home, gave them food, agreed to keep them in the house by day, so they could slip through the countryside by night.

When the first band of parachutists returned to headquarters, they reported that there was a woman, Mrs. Rosso-Bishop, living right smack in the enemy territory who could be trusted. Wave after wave of British and American secret agents followed. All were protected, sped on their dangerous way.

One night, a British intelligence man stopped to thank his benefactress. And she said this to him:

"Any way I can help will please me. Use me or my home as you will. I really want to help."

This, too, was passed back to Headquarters. At this time, top British officials were looking around for some secret headquarters for a cloak-and-dagger mission inside German lines. Mrs. Rosso-Bishop's home was the best bet. The message went to her. She agreed. Thus, a few days later, the mission parachuted to her home—a pink-cheeked but stern young Major not long out of Oxford, a clandestine radio crew, experts on Italy who would get in touch with the partisans, experts on Germany who would infiltrate the Nazi ranks. This was a major espionage operation, one of the most important in Northern Italy. It was successful, too, and because of that, thousands of American and British lives were saved.

(Continued on page 22)
TRAVELER OF THE MONTH
(Continued from page 21)

Mrs. Rosso-Bishop, the seamstress, didn't know much about higher military strategy, or the significance of intelligence reports. She knew, though, that these men had to eat, so she spent her days finding food for them. She knew, also, that they mustn't be caught, so she sent them to the woods each night and remained alone in the little home to meet the German patrol.

The Nazis, however, were closing in. They knew that a clandestine radio was operating from somewhere near her home. Methodically, they began rounding up all persons who even remotely might be suspect. Mrs. Rosso-Bishop was fair game because it was known that she spoke English, and the village Quislings had passed along reports that she always spoke well of America.

After preliminary questioning, the Germans got tough. Mrs. Rosso-Bishop was locked in a foul-smelling room without food or water. She still was silent. One morning, she was marched to a stone wall and a rifle squad stood ten yards from her. She would be executed at once, she was told, unless she confessed within one minute. The minute passed—in silence. The Germans shrugged, led Mrs. Rosso-Bishop back to her cell. Finally, she was freed.

When Mrs. Rosso-Bishop returned to her little home, it was empty. She was lucky to be alive. Mrs. Rosso-Bishop knew that here on in she would be under the strictest surveillance.

It was at this point when she began the most hazardous adventure of her amazing career: the escorting of over 1,800 Allied Intelligence men and airmen across the Italian border into safe territory.

"How did you manage this?" I asked. "I walked with them," she said. "Just like that. She walked with them. Traveling by night, freezing and hungry, with death behind each tree, she walked with them.

Each of these furtive caravans took ten days and on all those perilous journeys, she lost only five men.

When the war ended, Mrs. Rosso-Bishop's mission ended with it. She did her day's work, slept at night without fear of a German raid. The American and British young men were home, too—also sleeping without fear.

Then, one day, Mrs. Rosso-Bishop had a visitor. A natty British officer. While curious fellow villagers crowded around, he stood before her and read a dispatch from Field Marshal H. R. Alexander, Supreme Allied Commander, Mediterranean Theater.

Mrs. Rosso-Bishop took the paper and folded it up. She had asked for no thanks; this was more than enough.

There was one more thank you, though. A most wonderful one for Mrs. Rosso-Bishop. After a while, she thought that she might like to come to the America—which she had befriended. Hesitantly, she went to the U. S. Consul at Turin. It was arranged, and America too, had extended its thanks.

So Mrs. Rosso-Bishop came to America, and, in the course of visiting friends came to visit with us at Welcome Travelers. She had come, she said, to start a new life here. Well, I'm sure that we all wish her well in that new life—in very partial payment for all of the American lives which she saved.

Welcome, Traveler! Welcome to the land you helped to keep free.
THIS is the issue of Radio and Television Mirror which you, the readers, ordered. The ballots on which you voted, during November and December of last year, for your favorite stars, your favorite programs, served as a guide for the editors in planning this, the annual Awards issue. Your votes told us, as clearly as though you were speaking for yourselves right here in our office, just which radio features were giving you the kind of entertainment you wanted . . . what, of all the listening fare provided during the year by the four networks, you wished us to single out for particular honor.

Radio and Television Mirror carries your message of approbation to these programs in two ways. First, we have devoted this entire issue to the offerings which won your applause. And, during the coming month, you will hear the editors make many Award presentations on the air.

Remember that, as radio is important to you, you are important to radio. Continue to support and to demand the kind of entertainment that satisfies you.

THE EDITORS

For full color pictures of the winners—see following pages
The warmth of Kate Smith's personality, always apparent in her singing, also makes Kate Smith Speaks a looked-forward-to treat for daytime listeners.

By KATE SMITH

Before you go on to the rest of the Radio

Mirror Awards Winners for 1948, read this summing up by the star whose comment—according to your votes—is among your favorite radio fare.

HELLO, everybody! This is Kate Smith writing instead of speaking or singing. And I'm writing about a particularly happy and pleasant subject—the annual awards that are being given by Radio Mirror Magazine to the people and the programs of radio which you, the listeners, have selected as your favorites.

I am proud and flattered and grateful to be among those you have chosen. And I'm humble, too, for a very special reason. You see, you are the people who really matter. I know I am speaking for everyone in radio when I say that. We who broadcast are failing if we don't please you. We may please the sponsor and his advertising agency, we may please the critics who write for newspapers and magazines (and of course we try to) but if we don't please you, as you sit in your homes and turn the radio dial, we just...
aren't doing the job we want to do.

The Radio Mirror Awards are strictly the listeners' choice. As you know, there are all sorts of polls to measure the popularity of radio performers, but as far as I know, Radio Mirror's is the only national one, inviting listeners from all over the country to express their preferences. Radio trade papers poll the critics and editors. The telephone surveys call up people in large cities and ask them what program they are listening to at the moment. But if you aren't a professional critic, if you live in the country or a small town, or don't have a telephone, the Radio Mirror poll gives you an opportunity to vote, in the time-honored way of democracy, for your favorites. Your ballot is just as important as that of the network president.

So we know, all of us to whom you have given your awards, that we are being honored by the people who really count. And it gives us a fine warm feeling, deep down in our hearts.

Looking over the list of the awards, I notice something rather significant. Nearly every person, nearly every program you have chosen is a radio veteran. Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, Lowell Thomas, Bill Stern, Portia Faces Life, the Lux Theatre, Horace Heidt, Fred Waring, myself—we've been around the broadcasting studios for a good many years now. Even the newer names, such as Art Linkletter, Jo Stafford, Red Skelton, and Arthur Godfrey (as a network star) aren't precisely novices. And while it isn't always tactful to emphasize the accumulation of the years, in this case I think no one I have mentioned will mind, because there is something very heart-warming about the way you have remained loyal to old friends.

I don't mean that you are inhospitable to newcomers. On the contrary, since you chose a new singer and a new program for special commendation. But you aren't much impressed by the sudden, skyrocketing new personality. You want to be sure, before applauding, that he or she has what it takes to please you, week after week, over a long period of time. Then, once you are sure of your judgment, you stick to it.

Of course, your loyalty makes its own demands on us. If we are to enjoy it, we must continue to give you the best that's in us. We must be just as loyal to you as you are to us. We must not become tired or indifferent or cynical. If one of us does, you soon know it, because you can't and won't be fooled. Loyal you may be, but you won't accept less than our best. For one, I hope you never will.

Radio has (Continued on page 80)
**Your Favorite MALE SINGER**

Bing Crosby's career has made him an American idol. Wasted time in odd jobs till he got into show business as a drummer; became one of Whiteman's Rhythm Boys; began soloing in radio in 1935. He was 1947 Awards winner too.

*Bing Crosby's program is heard Wednesday nights, 10 EST, ABC.*

**Your Favorite COMEDIEENNE**

Eve Arden made her amateur debut at 7, her professional at 16—has always been a comedienne. Graduated from Ziegfeld Follies to movies, where her chief success came in supporting comedy roles. One radio season has made her a major star.

*Eve Arden in Our Miss Brooks, Sunday nights, 9:30 EST, CBS.*

**Your Favorite COMEDIAN**

Jack Benny really earned some money as a fiddler till he found out about comedy. Smart enough to leave vaudeville for radio early (1932), he's now so important in the industry that his recent network switch made history. He was 1947 winner.

*The Jack Benny Show is heard Sunday nights, 7:00 EST, CBS.*

**Your Favorite QUIZ SHOW**

Garry Moore: 33-year-old proof that radio does develop young talent. Radio-trained in news and other departments, he worked with Durante for five years. Last year he inherited Take It Or Leave It, has carried that quiz to a new high.

*Garry Moore emcees Take It Or Leave It, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, NBC.*

**Your Favorite AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION PROGRAM**

Don McNeill began in radio while still in college, by 1933 had perfected informal style NBC wanted for its new Breakfast Club. Tries to combine inspirational with entertainment values on show; audience response proves he's succeeded.

*Don McNeill emcees Breakfast Club, Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M. EST, on ABC.*

**Your Favorite SPORTS ANNOUNCER**

Bill Stern, at 14, was reading *Variety* in his Rochester, N. Y. high school. Plenty of discouragement, climax by accident that cost a leg, only sent him straighter toward goal of sportscasting. His "human side" touches rate high with listeners.

*Bill Stern's Sports Newsreel—Friday, 10:30 P.M. EST, NBC.*
**Your Favorite HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM**

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard: co-workers since Harriet sang with Ozzie’s band in 1932. Radio switched them from music to comedy; they’ve been playing themselves—a family—with increasing success since 1945. They were 1947 winners.

Ozzie and Harriet: heard Sunday nights at 6:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.

**The Best MUSICAL PROGRAM**

Fred Waring operates a musical organization rather than a band. His Glee Club and other features have been popular since radio began to show them off in 1933. He’s also a composer and inventor: the Waring Mixer is one of his ideas.

The Fred Waring Show: NBC, Mon.-Fri., 10 A.M.; Thurs., 10:30 P.M., EST.

<table>
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<th>Your Favorite</th>
<th>QUIZMASTER</th>
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<td>Joe Kelly says his success with the Quiz Kids results from his own schooling having stopped at 8, when he became “Irish Nightingale.” He really wants the answers when he asks the Kids questions—and for 8 years they’ve cooperated by telling him.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Joe Kelly emcees Quiz Kids, Sundays, 4 P.M. EST, on NBC.</td>
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**Your Favorite MASTER OF CEREMONIES**

Art Linkletter, a Canadian who conquered the States, wanted to teach, got sidetracked into radio. He’d been a deckhand, harvest hand, meat packer, knew so much about people that his job as announcer had to lead to emceeing.

Art Linkletter emcees G.E. Houseparty, Mon.-Fri., 3:30 P.M., ABC; People Are Funny, Tues, 10:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

**Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS**

Florence Freeman, an English teacher, got her first radio job by asking for it—most unusual. It only lasted six months, but the results have kept her working at the microphone since 1934. She’s a busy wife and mother, too.

Florence Freeman is Wendy Warren, Mon.-Fri., 12 N., CBS; and Young Widder Brown, Mon.-Fri., 4:45 P.M., NBC.

**Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR**

Ned Wever went from Princeton to the Broadway stage, left it in 1929 to concentrate on radio acting. He still has a musical avocation, has written the lyrics to a number of popular songs—“Trouble in Paradise” was one.

Ned Wever is Anthony Loring in Young Widder Brown, heard Mon.-Fri., 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.
WINNERS for 1948

OZZIE & HARRIET

FRED WARING

JOE KELLY

ART LINKLETTER

FLORENCE FREEMAN

NED WEVER
Bill Lawrence, voted best newcomer of the year, was a Talent Scouts winner, now sings regularly on Godfrey show.

Janette Davis holds down female vocal honors on the morning show. The orchestra is directed by Archie Bleyer.

With Arthur is Margaret "Mug" Richard, chief snag-smoother-upper and head of Godfrey's big assistant staff.

In 1947's Awards, Arthur Godfrey tied himself—his A.M. show and Talent Scouts came in neck and neck as "Best Program on the Air." History hasn't repeated itself only because this year's Awards added a new category: "Favorite Variety Program." Which the unstoppable Godfrey went ahead and won with his daytime show (this page) while Talent Scouts (facing) retains "Best Program" honors.

The Mariners—four reasons for the Godfrey Show's twice-running victory.
Two Programs—Two Awards!

For the second time, Arthur Godfrey's charm is behind the success of two Award winners.

Receptionist Ardyn Kahn helps prospective "talent" to apply for auditions.

Their applications approved, contestants await auditions. Nail-biting gives away nervousness they hope won't show!
Radio Mirror Awards

Your Favorite WOMAN SINGER

Jo Stafford is a native Californian who just likes to sing. She started out with her sisters, was one of Tommy Dorsey's Pied Pipers, persuaded herself (she was timid) to solo in 1944, has broken disc sales records ever since.

Jo Stafford Show, Thurs., 9:30 P.M. EST, ABC. She is also on the Supper Club, Tuesdays, 7 P.M. EST, NBC.

The Best EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

George V. Denny, Jr., Pres., of N.Y.C.'s Town Hall, helped originate Town Meeting of the Air in 1935, remained as moderator—a ticklish job, since topics are always so vital that debaters and audience become as heated as the air allows.

Town Meeting of the Air: Tuesday nights at 8:30 EST, on ABC.

The Best RELIGIOUS PROGRAM

Basil Loughrane produces Light of the World, which has proved that religious drama, properly presented, can win and hold devoted radio audiences. (Light of the World also placed first in its category in 1947 Radio Mirror Awards.)

Light of the World: Mon.-Fri., 2:45 P.M. EST, on NBC.

Your Favorite VARIETY PROGRAM

BEST PROGRAM ON THE AIR

Arthur Godfrey, lazy-voiced radio phenomenon, wins two Awards this year as he did last year. The ex-disc jockey who substituted sincerity for routine commercials now has only to ally himself with a program, it seems, to shoot it upwards.

Talent Scouts (best program): 8:50 P.M. Mon., CBS. Arthur Godfrey Show (best variety): Mon.-Fri., 10:30 A.M., CBS.

Most Promising NEWCOMER

Bill Lawrence, most promising newcomer, is a mere 21. And—partly due to Godfrey—is on his way to who knows what success. For it was on Talent Scouts that Bill sang to his first nation-wide audience, got his first major contract.

Bill Lawrence sings on the Arthur Godfrey Show, CBS Mon-Fri.
Radio Mirror Awards

**Your Favorite NEWS COMMENTATOR**

Lowell Thomas holds the title he won in last year's Awards. Till he began broadcasting in 1930, Thomas was chiefly known as Lawrence of Arabia's biographer; now this adventurer-reporter's comments on any topic make news.

Lowell Thomas is heard Mon.-Fri., 6:45 P.M. EST, on CBS.

**Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL**

Portia Faces Life, starring Lucille Wall, began on the air in 1940. The story of a successful woman lawyer who tries to be a homemaker as well, Portia is written by Mona Kent, produced and directed by Hoyt Allen.

Portia Faces Life is heard Mon.-Fri., 5:15 P.M. EST, on NBC.

**The Best DETECTIVE STORY**

Dashiell Hammett's hard-boiled detective, Sam Spade, made a radio debut in 1946. Produced and directed by William Spier, written by Gil Doud and Robert Tallman, starring Howard Duff, Sam has earned an enthusiastic listening audience.

The Adventures of Sam Spade: Sun., 8 P.M. EST, on CBS.

**Your Favorite PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN**

Jimsey Somers is one of the cast of Let's Pretend, whose original listeners (it went on the air in 1930) presumably now tune it in for their own children. Originated by Nila-Mack, who also produces and directs it, Let's Pretend won last year too.

Let's Pretend is heard Saturday, 11:05 A.M. EST, on CBS.

**Your Favorite ORCHESTRA LEADER**

Vaughn Monroe was willing to earn money as a musician, but definitely didn't want to be a bandleader—too many worries. So, he became a bandleader, and in 1940 began to be one of the most successful in the country.

Camel Caravan, with Vaughn Monroe: Sat. 7:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**The Best NEW PROGRAM**

When Stop the Music exploded onto the airwaves last year, Bert Parks came with it as m.c., Mark Goodson as director. Its fabulous success proves that the drama of sudden wealth—even going to someone else—is today's most exciting listening.

Stop the Music: heard Sundays, 8 P.M. EST, on ABC.
Bill's green thumb shows all over the place—in the terrace strawberry urns, in the flowers with which his lovingly-tended gardens fill Genevieve's bowls.

I call him

OCCASIONALLY the master of ceremonies on a quiz show asks a woman contestant to give her reasons for having chosen the husband she did.

Because I'm just Irish enough to be unable to see a motion picture, visit an art gallery, or listen to a radio program without feeling personally involved, I have often tried to answer that question in the privacy of my own living room and to the satisfaction of my own heart.

It is a question that, for me, requires no deep thought whatsoever to produce a long answer. In my opinion, William Keighley—whom I sometimes call "Bill," sometimes call "Keighley"—is that rare combination: a successful businessman and a great artist. He is enterprising, has great lust for life, is capable of intense effort; he is also humorous, great-hearted, thoughtful, and sentimental. He is, at the same time, an utterly natural human being and a cultured gentleman.

And he keeps his wife in a state of mingled admiration and astonishment.

"Why don't you continue your picture career?" someone asks me, often enough to keep me quietly complacent. This is a question every actress loves to hear.

I always answer, "For me, marriage is a full-time job."

I believe that some women are able to combine marriage and a career with ease and grace; it depends largely upon the husband. My own husband has projects enough to keep both of us busy all the time. How well I remember the first morning I planned to resume my career after a brief honeymoon!

The maid tapped on our door at 5:30 A.M., the customary time for an actress to arise; I dragged myself into robe and slippers and was wandering around in the dark, when a sleep-fogged voice demanded from the other twin bed "What's wrong?"

"Nothing at all," I chirped. "When I'm working in a picture I always get up at 5:30. I must be on the set, dressed, made-up, coiffed and ready to be vivid for (Continued on page 81)
KEIGHLEY

When a star leaves the screen, at the peak of her success, for marriage . . .
she's marrying someone like "Keighley"

By GENEVIEVE TOBIN KEIGHLEY

Bill likes not only art, but artists; Everett Shinn, who painted "The White Ballet" (above), is a good friend. Below, terrace brunch is served by Tommy, the Keighleys' indispensable houseman.
There's one quality all champions have. Nobody knows better than Bill

By MARTIN

YOU'VE heard Bill Stern tell of athletes with the guts and determination to fight their way to the top. But there's one courageous story he will never broadcast. It's the real life story of a fighter who slugged his way through obstacles and handicaps to become a champion in his own right. Bill Stern will never tell this one because it's the story of his own life.

It was perseverance and a strong heart, pluck, not luck, that accounts for his winning every National Award for sports announcers since 1938. Bill Stern is the top sportscaster in the country. But it was a rough and tumble battle all the way up.

"There's no easy road to success," Bill will
Bill's sports reports show understanding of the players as well as of the game.

Stern what it is . . . and why COHEN
tell you. "You sweat blood from start to finish and then you can't let up."

Bill knows. And perhaps this accounts for his insight. He knows that behind the All American or the boxing champion, there is a tale of broken dreams and human effort that is as heroic as the sports event itself. Bill realizes that it takes more than strong legs and good wind to make an Olympic runner. He knows that the personal victory is bigger than a silver trophy and headlines. He knows these things from the depths of his own experience.

Yet, in paradox, his childhood was a far cry from hardship or distress. Bill Stern was born into a comfortable home in the pleasant town of Rochester, New York. If he had been an average person with average ambitions, he would have had every opportunity to build a quiet, prosperous life. But even as a boy he knew where he was going. His only interests were sports and show business.

Too frequently he played hookey from school to see a ball game. At the age of fourteen, teachers scolded him for carrying Variety into study halls. When he should have been preparing an arithmetic lesson, he was designing and building a miniature theater. As a result, his chores and studies were neglected.

"Look, son, you've (Continued on page 101)
Mary May, five, has one complaint. "Dad and Mom play with our toys!"

Peter's verdict on announcers: "They talk too much." But his verdict on Bill as a father is the same as Mary May's: "Perfect."

"You've heard Bill Stern tell of athletes, with the guts and determination to fight their way to the top. But there's one courageous story he will never broadcast. It's the real life story of a fighter who struggled his way through obstacles and handicaps to become a champion on his own right. Bill Stern will never tell this one because it's the story of his own life.

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"Look, son, you've..." (Continued on page 101)
The thirty-foot living room, decorated (as is the whole house) by Carla, offers space for everything the family likes to do together. Being read to by Ned (above) is a favorite after-dinner pastime for the girls—Pam, left, and Pat—as well as Carla. And when Ned supervises piano practice, Pam and Pat are getting a professional’s opinion. Their dad is an accomplished musician.

Ned Wever’s commutation ticket is

By IRA KNASTER

Ned Wever is heard as Anthony Loring in Young Widder Brown, Mon.-Fri. at 4:45 P.M. EST, on NBC network stations.
FIVE days each week, a tall, trimly athletic, impeccably tailored man and his strikingly beautiful, smartly dressed wife leave their dream house, nestled amid two acres of delightful Old Greenwich greenery, and drive to the railway station ten minutes away in Stamford, Connecticut. The New York express rolls in. The handsome man gives his attractive wife a farewell kiss and then he boards the train. An hour later, he arrives in Manhattan, all set to carry on with his career as suitor to another woman.

Respectable society isn’t the least bit shocked by this sort of double life. In fact, a tremendous number of people have voiced approval of the handsome man’s activities by voting him winner of the Radio Mirror Award for best daytime serial actor.

His name is Ned Wever and, these past nine years, as Doctor Anthony Loring, all the world knows of his romance with the “other woman”—Ellen, of Young Widder Brown. For fifteen absorbing minutes every afternoon, Monday to Friday, Ned lives Doctor Loring and fairly breathe the highly-charged atmosphere of Simpsonville. He becomes emboiled in the problems and intrigues of Ellen Brown, Lawyer Temple, Victoria Loring, Norine Temple, Maria Hawkins, Doctor Virginia Mallory and the host of other vivid characters who people that imaginary community.

But when the studio clock ticks 4:59 EST, all of these memorable characters fade out and Ned Wever is ready (commutation ticket in hand, almost) to rejoin his real-life companions . . . his lovely wife Carla, his pert eleven-year-old Patricia, his impish seven-year-old Pamela (a comedian!) and their bosom pal Koko, an ultra-affectionate French poodle. They’ll all be waiting for him when he returns to the house on Random Road, Old Greenwich.

Does he return to an atmosphere of serene calm and quiet? Not for the first ten minutes, anyway. Bracing himself, Ned meets the onslaught as Pat, Pam and Koko charge at him with uproarious welcome. In a clamorous confusion of poodle barks and small-fry exuberance, Ned will be given to understand that everything has proceeded normally during his absence.

His two blonde and blue-eyed daughters regale him with breathless highlights of their doings at the Old Greenwich School where Pat’s in the sixth grade and Pam is in the second. (Continued on page 85)

his passport between two worlds: the problem world of drama, the peace of his Connecticut home.
For half an hour every week
there's a nation-wide epidemic of cold
shudders—that's Suspense!

SUSPENSE was first heard over CBS, as a sustaining program in
July of 1940, and has been ever since that happy-and-rare-
combination, an artistic as well as a commercial success. In the
typical Suspense script there are few characters, and there is no
question as to "whodunit," for the program specializes in what is
known as psychological drama. Those who want head-bashings, a
murder a minute and a detective who talks out of the side of his
mouth will have to look elsewhere. Instead, there is a single dra-
matic situation in which suspense is built to an excruciating pitch
before the sudden surprise ending. Tony Leader, producer-director,
is that stories must be logical, believable. There must be no
false clues to mislead the listeners, no use of the supernatural
to gain the effects of terror and . . . Suspense.
Rehearsal: Leader never reads lines for an actor—says they know how better than he. His way is to explain what he wants, let them achieve it.

Rehearsal: No comedy role for Danny Kaye tonight; Leader likes to give movie performers a chance to get out of the Hollywood type-casting rut.

Rehearsal: While others have a turn at the microphone John Johnson looks at the news, and announcer Harlow Wilcox reads over commercials.

Standby: Ready to go on the air, the cast, keyed-up for performance, watches Leader, who is now in the producer's booth, for the signal to begin. Except during the actual show, Leader seems composed, relaxed, soft-spoken, even when faced with making big cuts in script—at a few minutes to airtime. But with the program actually on the air, a change comes.

Control room: stopwatch in hand, Eileen Kilroy keeps a close check on the time; Frees follows lines, Leader and engineer iron out a problem.

Sound: Dave Light and Clark Casey, sound men, produce those amazingly real effects for which Suspense is famous. Leader insists on realism.

Music: Lud Gluskin conducts the Suspense orchestra, which interprets the original musical scores composed for the program by Lucien Morawek. Airtime finds everything in the Music department, but rehearsals can be, to say the least, confusing, with Gluskin and Morawek arguing hotly in a torrent of French, to the confusion of the other musicians.
The Quiz Kids know the answers—but Joe Kelly knows how to ask the questions.
KELLY

THE GUEST is the star of the show from the moment chimes announce his arrival at the Joe Kellys' apartment, far out on the western edge of Chicago.

Right on cue, Joe flings open the door and says heartily, "Come on in. We've looked forward to seeing you." And Mary appears behind him, echoing his words.

As she stands framed in the doorway to the huge living room, the rose-beige walls accent her dark beauty, and rays from the windows, curved widely in a bay, give her a dramatic highlight. It's an impressive, formal room, but the den, down the hall, is where the Kellys usually "visit." "It's a good place to talk," Mary explains.

That's exactly what it is, too—the right size for three or four friends. A combination trophy room, study and office-at-home, it's warmly intimate. Joe's desk and file cabinet are pushed back into the corner. The red pattern of the Navajo rug contrasts with the Kelly-green desk gadgets.

Comfortable maple chairs are flanked by tables holding well filled candy trays, cigarette boxes and lighters which work.

Joe, clad in (Continued on page 78)
The Quiz Kids know the answers—but Joe Kelly knows how to ask the questions.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jr. (standing) and his grandparents, Mary and Joe Sr., congratulated young Joe III after his recent radio debut. He gurgled with the poise of a veteran.

The Quiz Kids' Kelly

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Joe, clad in (Continued on page 78)

"I'm strictly a sandwich man—three-decker!"

The dining room is Mary's "favorite place." Joe's success has meant that, after years of yearning for beautiful things, she can now have them.
Florence's M.A. in English helps out a lot in the homework department. (Judy, left, is 16 months older than Deana.)

No skimping on kitchen chores—Florence enjoys cooking too much.
Wendy Warren and Widder Brown have one important thing in common: Florence Freeman

By Rose A. Englander

A GROUP of women sat sewing in their Red Cross production quarters. The time of this scene was the war years. The place, the vestry room of a house of worship in Jersey City, a large New Jersey community just across the river from New York.

Women stood at long tables cutting cloth into garments; women sewed by hand. And off to the side whirred the quick girls, the ones who could make a sewing machine fairly fly.

The production chief looked at her watch, called to one of the machine operators, "Florence! Time!"

No response. Florence bent her pretty head with its mass of ash blond curls over her work, her delicate features almost frowning in concentration. Only when nudged did she come out of it.

"Florence! Get going. You'll be late for rehearsal!"

The star of Young Widder Brown grabbed her coat, head kerchief, purse, her carry-all bag stuffed with war knitting, and ran. The women shouted "Goodbye . . . Give a good show . . . We'll be listening."

They certainly told the truth. At 4:45 their dials were set daily to hear Florence Freeman as Ellen Brown, the young widder. Today they listen to two programs, for every noon Florence becomes Wendy Warren, glamorous newspaper girl.

That people listen to Florence Freeman isn’t news—as witness this year’s Radio Mirror Award. She’s known for a long time that her fans are scattered over the nation, for their gifts—the friendly, homemade gifts of crochet work and cookies and such—bear postmarks from California, New England, the Middle West, the South.

But it’s fun too to have your family doctor say, “Florence, I caught your show in the car today. Now you know I like your Dr. Anthony Loring very much, but I must say I don’t agree with the way he’s handling this case.”

It’s good to have your ten-year-old daughter Judy ask earnestly, “Mommy, why is it when you’re sad on the radio it makes Deana and me cry, but when other people are sad we’re sorry for them but we don’t feel like crying?” Deana, sixteen months younger and a merry youngster, doesn’t cry easily, either.

It doesn’t hurt any radio actress’s feelings to know that several thousand friends and neighbors are lavishly proud of you.

“And don’t think it comes easy for women to be so proud of another woman,” one of her friends says. “When they first came here twelve years ago people were surprised—to say the least—to learn that the new clergyman’s wife was (Continued on page 90)
WENDY and the WIDOW

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"And don't think it comes easy for women to be so proud of another woman," one of her friends says. "When they first came here twelve years ago people were surprised—to say the least—to learn that the new clergyman's wife was (Concealed on page 68)."
JANUARY 1949 will be a month to be remembered in television. On January 11, at 9:30 P.M. EST., the first coaxial cable was opened to link the eastern TV network and the midwest network, with ceremonies that were greeted with mixed emotions, but chiefly with wonderment and enthusiasm.

On January 12 regular programming began both east and west over the coax and the cities which are connected with it by radio relay, making a total of fourteen principal cities within the two nets. Changes in days and dates of existing programs, and additional new shows began coming so thick and fast that your TV editors could—and can—hardly keep up with them. The baby who just yesterday was learning to walk now has us on the run.

On January 20 the inauguration
ceremonies of a president and vice president of the United States were televised for the first time in history and viewed simultaneously from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi shore. The far west saw it all later by kinescope recording.

Opening night on the coax, as it has now been dubbed for brevity (and pronounced co-ax, as if hyphenated), included formal, but (Continued on page 100)
JANUARY 1949 will be a month to be remembered in television. On January 11, at 9:30 P.M. EST, the first coastal cable was opened to link the eastern TV network and the midwest network, with ceremonies that were greeted with mixed emotions, but chiefly with wonderment and enthusiasm.

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Lucky Pup and Jolo can now be seen by eastern and middle-western viewers, courtesy of the new east-midwest cable.

Doris Brown emcees the activities of Lucky and his cohorts. (That's Foodini on her shoulder.)

When Doris Brown got a chance to be on Barry Wood's CBS-TV show, Places Please, she never thought she was being discovered to play mistress of ceremonies to Lucky Pup, Foodini, the wicked magician; Pinhead, a dim-witted stooge, and Jolo the clown.

And just a little while ago, when Doris turned her back a minute, a couple of new characters sneaked into the show. One of these is Phineas Pitch, a circus barker. The other's a fellow named Hotchkiss, a butler by profession. Lucky, being a big shot now, seems to rate one of those things.

We've seen some other shadowy figures hanging around lately—probably more characters trying to get into the act. They'd better be good, if they're going to get past Doris—and the Bunins.

Hope and Morey Bunin own the puppets, and all of them were discovered at the Music Hall in New York's Radio City, while they were playing a six-week engagement. CBS signed them up fast for television, and now they're on, Monday through Saturday from 6:30 to 6:45 P.M. EST., not too late for the children nor too early for father to catch up with them before he reads his evening paper. Pop seems to appreciate puppets just as much as the kids do. At least he does these puppets.

Whereas Howdy Doody, that other great favorite of the kids and pop, is a marionette manipulated by strings, Lucky Pup and his playmates are hand puppets, manipulated by the Bunins' fingers. They're the product, too, of the Bunins' own hands—made by their master and mistress, every one of them. And they've traveled all over the world, have made homesick servicemen in the Pacific laugh heartily for the first time in weeks, made weary infantrymen in Europe forget their feet.

They make us forget ours, too. And we've heard tell that it isn't only the puppets Pops like. It's the pulchritudinous Doris Brown they hurry home to see on their TV screens.
Douglas Edwards
AND THE NEWS

Mrs. Roosevelt, with plenty of radio and TV experience, is a sought-after TV “interviewee.”

In roving interview, Edwards catches Bernard Baruch and grandchild on Mr. B’s famous “office”: a park bench.

Being a news analyst on television is a little like being an actor, even if you don’t strike poses. You do have to learn that script. Douglas Edwards looks at his now and then to check names and figures, but he has to work mostly from memory. Otherwise, all you’d see is a fellow looking downward while he reads. Most unimpressive, even when interspersed with film clips, pictures and maps.

Easterners see and hear Edwards on CBS-TV at 7:30 weekday nights. Mid-westerners get him an hour later. What you see is a five-foot-nine, 160-pounder, with sort of sandy hair that televises darker than it is. He looks straight out at you a good part of the time, and tells the news in easy conversational style.

Very deceptive, that style. Makes it sound as though someone just told it all to him, and he’s repeating it to you. You’d never guess he had spent about ten hours of reading news reports, sifting, preparing for this telecast.

Pre-video, Doug was the New York man for the CBS World News Roundup which specializes in short-wave reports from overseas reporters six mornings a week. He is still featured, five noons a week, on Wendy, Warren and the News.

Want to know how he started in broadcasting? Well, when he was twelve he used to practice newscasting into a telephone. When he and his pals rigged a 100-watt station he was the big broadcaster—natch! But his first real job came later when he took on a regular radio reporting stint at WAGF, in Dothan, Ala., in 1935. He has been with CBS since 1942.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION
Americana quiz, conducted by Ben Grauer (Mon., 9:30 EST, WNBT) has one "regular" (Vivian Ferracci, 1), three visitors.

Archdale Jones and Val Lewis (center) interview client on Key to the Missing (DuMont), Fri., which traces missing persons.

"What's it Worth?" is producer Gil Fates' question to appraiser Sigmund Rothschild. CBS-TV, Fri., 3 P.M. Frances Buss, l, directs.

Bob Howard plays a rippling piano and sings 'em sweet and low five times a week over the WCBS-TV network and affiliates at 6:45 EST. He makes his own arrangements of the music he plays—mostly popular stuff and sentimental ditties—and he interrupts himself to ad lib about practically anything and everything and to talk about his sponsor's product.

New Yorkers knew him face to face even before they met him on TV. He plays their neighborhood theaters, and most recently, the Capitol Theater on Broadway. He did a stretch of small roles in movies, too, and a Broadway run in the play, "Early to Bed," with Richard Kollmar.

Bob got his start on a ukulele and went on from there to a player piano. He would put his hands on the keys and follow the score, then turn off the mechanical player and do an imitation. He still does it, as a stunt.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION
All this went on back in Newton, Mass., where he was born. After he won first prize in an amateur contest he decided to try New York. Tillie's Chicken Grill, on Harlem's Lenox Avenue, was one of his first stops. He was discovered there and before long was touring this country and Europe, capturing audiences with his songs, his smile and his tunes.

Bob's marriage to a graduate of the New England Conservatory increased his interest in more formal study, and he got good coaching from his wife who had majored in musical theory and harmony. That polished off the Howard talent, but his easy style is all his own.

Besides his TV work, you can hear Bob sing and play his own accompaniments on Sing It Again, the CBS network quiz program. (Continued on page 110)
Bob Howard's piano arrangements and ad libs are heard five days a week on CBS-TV at 6:45 P.M., EST.

**Coast to Coast in Television**

Bob Howard plays a rippin piano and sings 'em sweet and low five times a week over the CBS-TV network and affiliates at 6:45 EST. He makes his own arrangements of the music he plays—mostly popular stuff and sentimental ditties—and he interrupts himself to ad lib about practically anything and everything and to talk about his sponsor's product.

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Radio Mirror Television Section

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One Wonderful Guy

Milton Berle, courageous enough to pioneer in TV, emerges victorious—a one-man army with banners. They’re calling him Mr. Television!

By IRVING GRAY

He’s Mr. Television. Of course, I’d rather call him Mr. Show Business, because I think he’s tops in every department. You’d expect that from me. I’m his pal. And, incidentally, Mr. Berle is my business. Don’t look now, but business is great.

I have been referred to as Berle’s one-man army—writing, booking, doing public relations, sorting his socks, laundering his shirts—and worrying for him. I guess with the Hooper he has in TV my worrying days are over, but it didn’t come easy.

It took television to project all of Milton’s talents. It was the medium for him to use all of his great knowledge of show business. He has proved himself a master technician.

It all started last June. Myron Kirk, of the Kudner agency, representing Texaco, foresaw the success of Milton in television and signed him to do four shows. The rest is history.

Pioneering in TV was as tough as the rugged days of the Covered Wagon. All alone, facing the uncertainty of a vast wilderness. We didn’t know where we were going—or how soon we were going to get there. But Milton “Daniel Boone” Berle was not to be denied.

Milton was an instantaneous hit. He opened an entire new world for entertainment-seekers and performers. I might add that Milton’s genius was completely responsible for the artistic and technical success of the Texaco Star Theater.

He’s the sole director of the entire show. He has created new gimmicks to facilitate the speedy production of a one-hour revue that goes into production at twelve noon on Tuesday and is completed and presented at eight that evening. Actually he is presenting a production that might take four to six weeks in Hollywood.

Originally, Milton and I wrote the entire show. As things began to snowball, of course, this became a superhuman job and now we have a staff of top writers—Hal Collins, Jay Burton, Bob Gordon, Jesse Kaplan and Joe Erens. But Milton and I are still in the writing department.

Our production staff, headed by Arthur Knorr and Ed Cashman, is the best—but always there is Mr. Berle to pitch in.

Musically, we have the services of a top-show conductor, Allen Roth, and the most capable musicians available. Milton occasionally handles the baton.

We’ve got stage hands, but, when permitted, Milton can be seen shoving scenery around.

And we get top-drawer talent. Harry Kalcheim, of the William Morris office, is official booker. We meet weekly. Milton is the final word on talent. “He okays the appearance of the act because he can, quicker than anyone else, see the complete picture. He knows what makes a great show and is always aware of what is best for him.”

He’ll say to a guest star, “You do whatever you do best. You’ve done your act before. You know where the laughs are.” When they get through (Continued on page 108)

Writer Irving Gray, subject Milton Berle.

Your Favorite TELEVISION PROGRAM

Milton Berle, in Texaco Star Theater, is seen and heard Tuesday nights at 8, EST, on WNBT

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION
One Wonderful Guy

Milton Berle, courageous enough to pioneer in TV, emerges victorious—a one-man army with banners. They're calling him Mr. Television!

By IRVING GRAY

He's Mr. Television. Of course, I'd rather call him Mr. Show Business, because I think he's tops in every department. You'd expect that from me. I'm his pal. And, incidentally, Mr. Berle is my business. Don't look now, but business is great.

I have been referred to as Berle's one-man army—writing, booking, doing public relations, sorting his socks, laundering his shirts—and worrying for him. I guess with the Hooper he has in TV my worrying days are over, but it didn't come easy.

It took television to project all of Milton's talents. It was the medium for him to use all of his great knowledge of show business. He has proved himself a master technician.

It all started last June. Myron Kirk, of the Kuhner agency, representing Texaco, foresaw the success of Milton in television and signed him to do four shows. The rest is history.

Pioneering in TV was no tough as the rugged days of the Covered Wagon. All alone, facing the uncertainty of a vast wilderness. We didn't know where we were going—or how soon we were going to get there. But Milton "Daniel Boone" Berle was not to be denied.

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He'll say to a guest star, "You do whatever you do best. You've done your act before. You know where the laughs are." When they get through. (Continued on page 108)
THE SKELTON SAGA

From the father he never saw, Red inherited two

weapons: a stick of greasepaint, a pair of clown's trousers.

With them, he began to fight for what he wanted

By PAULINE SWANSON

EVERYBODY calls him Junior.
Women who've never met him knit him
socks and bake him cakes. Women who
know him well and love him take care of him
as though he were indeed a child.
He's like a child in many ways, guileless
and irrepressible, or rather like a big, friendly
puppy, loving everybody matter of factly and
taking it for granted that everybody loves him
back. And everybody does, too, everybody,
including the readers of Radio Mirror, who
have just voted Red Skelton's show their
favorite comedy program.
Like so many other stories of the great
comedians of our times, the story of Red Skelton
begins with tragedy. It is the story of a
perennial child with perennial man-sized re-
sponsibilities. It is a success story, checkered
with failures; a story full of contradictions in
which the biggest laughs light up the hardest
years, and the lump in the throat bows in
along with ultimate triumph.
It would make a pip of a movie, the Red
Skelton story—and it could be simply titled,
"The Clown.
Red's father was a clown, but the boy never
knew him. Joe Skelton was killed in a freak
accident under the big tent a month before
Red was born. But he left Red something.
So far as anyone knows, Joe Skelton—and
Red—were the only performers in the family.
But Red got the itch for grease paint, and got
it bad, from the father he never saw.
His father's costumes and props and make-
up were his favorite toys from the time he was
old enough to toddle. They were his only toys,
as a matter of fact, for Ida Skelton had all she
could do to feed her four sons—all under ten
when Joe died. Luxuries, even some neces-
sities, were out of the question.
Like most show folk in those days, Joe
Skelton died broke. Ida was left with the little
one-story frame house—and its mortgage—in
Vincennes, Indiana, and enough insurance
money to give Joseph a decent funeral.
Red was still in swaddling clothes, sleeping
in his hand-me-down cradle, when Ida went
out to work, scrubbing floors in downtown
office buildings at night, running an elevator
by day.
The older boys, Denny and Chris and Paul,
took care of little Richard, already tagged
"Red," fed him and changed him and rocked
him to sleep. And when Ida came home tired
from work, they rubbed her sore feet while
she relaxed, for a brief interlude, in the

*Your Favorite COMEDY PROGRAM*

This novelette-length biography of Red Skelton is the April Radio Mirror Reader Bonus.

Red Skelton is heard Friday nights at 9:30 EST, on NBC
In 1934, at Loew's in Montreal, Red got his first vaudeville break. After this the

front porch swing, and warmed up the luncheon soup
to give her a hot supper.

Ida Skelton was—and still is—a remarkable woman.
She wasted no time worrying about her sons' growing up on their own.

"I have raised you to know right from wrong," she
used to tell them in her rich Irish brogue. "I trust
you to do right."

She never gave them advice—unless they asked
for it. And that rule still goes.

And although actually they "ran loose" all their
growing up years, not one of Ida's four boys ever
got into trouble.

The family had its own scraps—"noisy, Irish fights,"
Ida puts it—as "noisy, Irish families will."

"There was practically never anything we agreed
about. But just let an outsider try to criticize any
one of us—and watch out!"

Violent antagonists in the living room, the boys
were just as violently loyal to one another once they
faced the outside world. And it's still like that.

One by one, as they grew big enough for long pants,
In 1936, Red and Edna had to use “leg art” in their pictures to get newspaper space.

By 1937, Red and Edna were booked in Chicago—better paid, better dressed.

Red's second marriage made him a family man. Valentina Marie, shown below when she was an infant, is now almost two.

RADIO MIRROR
READER BONUS

States wanted him.

the four brothers went off to work themselves, and brought back their slim pay envelopes so Mom wouldn’t have to work so hard. Red’s turn came when he was ten, and he ran away from town with a medicine show.

School had been an ordeal, but this man’s job was heaven to Joe Skelton’s son, who had known all along that he too had to be, would somehow manage to be, a clown.

For four years, Red—in blackface and his father’s cut-down floppy pants—sold Dr. R. E. Lewis’ “Famous Miracle Remedy” on street corners and vacant lots in every one-horse town in the middle west.

He worked twelve hours a day, seven days a week, and he made $10 a week, which he sent home unbroken every Saturday to his mother.

“We get plenty to eat, and we sleep in the wagon,” he wrote home. What more—so long as the audiences laughed—could an actor want?

At fifteen, he landed in the Gaiety Theater in Kansas City, the youngest comedian in burlesque, and the strip-tease queens, (Continued on page 93)
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At fifteen, he landed in the Gaiety Theater in Kansas City, the youngest comedian in burlesque, and the strip-tensequeens. (Continued on page 35)
Cy's friend Irma has been a problem from the day she was born—but you can't help loving that girl.

Irma (Marie Wilson, center) once more drives her friends to the brink of madness—but not over. Professor Kropotkin. L. is Hans Conried; Jane is Joan Banks.
I wish I could say, that there is—or was, in my past—one real Irma. That she was an incredibly beautiful girl who broke my heart when I was a youth, and that the radio program is a sort of monument to the great love of my life.

Being the creator-producer of My Friend Irma, it would be very nice to be able to say that in answer to the hundreds of people who write to me, saying, "You must be a wonderfully happy married man with a lovely wife and six beautiful children." But the truth is that there was no one real Irma and the further truth is that I'm a thirty-two-year-old divorced bachelor, I'm disgusted with women, so I put two of them into a radio program and let them both suffer.

A less interesting, less romantic truth is that there was—and still is—a real Mrs. O'Reilly, however, and a real Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house. (There had to be—how could a man in his right mind make up a thing like that?) But more of that later . . .

As for Irma, I made her the beautiful-but-dumb blonde type who really is smarter than the girl who makes fun of her. Next I created Jane, the girl who lives with Irma and loves her, but frequently is even more stupid. To make it worse, I gave Jane a masculine mind. In fact, Jane is me—she uses my brains. So I have two girls—Irma and Jane. And I'd rather write about them than marry them, thank you.

If you want to know how My Friend Irma came to be, you have to go back with me a few years, because a lot of the Irma people I met along the way, and a lot of the situations in which Irma and her friends find themselves I found myself in, too. You have to go back with me, as a matter of fact, to the real Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house in New York City. Dear old Mrs. O'Reilly, the aristocrat of 73rd Street. She had a face like a ploughed field and a heart bigger than all outdoors. There were lace curtains on the first floor of her old brownstone front and from that floor up it didn't bear investigation. I was the inmate of the third floor front. Mrs. O'Reilly had the nerve to call it a "suite" because I had a screen which turned the one room into two. But there was a gold chandelier on one side of the screen which created an air of ancient elegance. On the other side was a fireplace which worked when you had four bits for wood. If you didn't, it was a cold, hard winter.

So it was a cold, hard winter.

Mrs. O'Reilly knew before I did when I'd be going out. Only dropping dead, which she never did, would have prevented her from appearing in the ghostly lower hall out of nowhere and murmuring in sepulchral tones: "Mr. Howard, could I trouble you for the rent?"

My inevitable, only possible reply was, "Don't worry about it for a moment, Mrs. O'Reilly, I'm seeing George Kaufman about a new play in the morning."

This was breaking Mrs. O'Reilly's heart. Broadway was (Continued on page 74)
The Most Important Things

With the helping hand he reached out toward young talent,
Horace Heidt pulled himself back to the top

By M. A. McCANN

LIKE a heavyweight boxing contender, Horace Heidt has many times been counted out but always has come back to challenge again. Into his present successful radio comeback, he has again brought a competitive spirit, a shrewd business sense and a driving ambition to endure longer working hours and more strenuous road tours than most men in the entertainment field.

"Kites fly highest against wind," wrote Emerson and it is Horace's favorite quotation. His kite has bobbed erratically at times and he has seen sudden calms when it crashed to earth. Each time, he has had the perseverance to build another kite and look for better flying conditions.

Until Horace broke his back in a football game at the University of California, his ambition was to be a great athlete and coach. He had been luckier than most boys for he had the physique and stamina for rough and tumble games. Only at his mother's insistence did he practice the piano daily.

He was sent to Culver Military Academy and loved the school, but here again his parents' permission to stay at Culver was contingent on continuing his music lessons. A few years later he was grateful for his mother's guidance. That was after the accident on the football field.

"No more football for you," the doctor said. "No more sports of any kind for a long time."

That was one time Horace saw the kite string slip from his hand and his ambitions disappear over the horizon. Till that point he had put every ounce of effort into conditioning himself for greater glories on the playing field. Suddenly he was all washed up. He was alone. Even his father, who had once been able to offer him excellent contacts, had suffered a business reverse. To pay for his education, to help support his mother and youngest brother, Horace turned to the piano and played dance music.

Horace Heidt and His Californians was the name of his first band. After graduation he got the pit job in the Golden Gate Theater in San Francisco. But their music was secondary; another band was hired for the prominent spot on the stage. Horace's problem was to get his band out of the pit and behind the footlights. He solved this by suggesting a way that the theater manager could save $1500 a week. The policy of having an extra band on the stage was discontinued, the pit closed and the Californians moved into the spotlight.

Horace created new specialty numbers that proved to be very successful with San Franciscans and the idea of using only one orchestra proved to be very popular with other theater managers. Shortly, Horace was offered a year's contract at the Center Theater in New York. He felt the wind tugging (Continued on page 88)
Hello There:
An April page of poetry should include almost everything . . . because April does!

Showers and rainbows . . . spring cleaning and spring hats . . . and of course . . . love . . . because it's usually in April "a young man's fancy lightly turns . . ."

And then, in certain years . . . Aprils are special because they also hold the Miracle of Easter.

April is rich with all these things this year, and if you will read closely, you will see the poets have included them all in their April songs for you.

—TED MALONE

CONFESSION
If love had never found my door
I might have never guessed
What wonder evening held in store—
The heaven of your breast.

I might have mourned the barren year
And found the days too long
If I had never thrilled to hear
The music of your song.

I might have walked a lonely shore
With bitterness for wine
If love had never found my door
And brought your lips to mine.

—Sydney King Russell

AGE
Age is a funny thing
Cherished in a tree,
And cheese
And furniture
And wine—
Mast anything
But ME.

—Helena K. Beacham
POEM TO BE PINNED IN A PURSE

Sa carefully we learn frugality
Who need not, penny saved by penny earned,
That we've forgotten, or have never learned,
How bracing some extravagance can be.
You may renew your courage with ballet,
I may be happier for a lovely print
That I could ill afford for many a day;
You may walk tall and confident by dint
Of some enchanting hat, I, at the drift
Of some elusive fragrance, trailing after—
But ah, no matter what it takes to lift
The heart, relight the faith, or sweeten
laughter,
No matter what the need we have of bread,
Sometimes let us buy hyacinths, instead.
—Elaine V. Emans

TO A GIRL WEEPING

You've called him false and fickle;
In tearful rage you've railed
Against your fair successor.
But come, admit you've failed.
I know your rival's triumph
Is harsh as April frost,
But child, love can't be stolen;
Love only can be lost.
—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

BROOM CLOSET

You'll see baskets and nails,
Curtain rods, mats,
Five-gallon pails,
Ten-gallon hats,
Frayed magazines,
Parts of machines
And a million things more,
When you open the door . . .
In fact, you can safely assume
You'll find anything there but
a broom!
—W. E. Farbstein

RAINY DAY

She saved them for a rainy day:
A crimson satin bow:
Two velvet roses—somewhat worn—
"To trim a hat, you know . . ."
A few bright buttons tucked away:
And here a strand or two.
Of crystal beads—the catch was gone—
Somehow they'd see her through.
She never had much time to think
About her own affairs.
Who always lent a sturdy hand
To other people's cares.
Now she is dead, it makes me cry
To hum her little song.
She never knew most people thought
It rained her whole life long.
—Harriet Scott

WHIST CLUB ARISTOCRAT

Wealthy, old Miss Emily
Is the milliner's despair;
She's worn the same old style for
Years—perched on her cher-
ished hair.

Velvet toque for wintertime
With crocheted grapes upon it;
Cabbage rose sunk in maline
Is June's aspiring bonnet.

Tiered concoctions rivaling
Bakery specials a-la-mode;
Delectable, covered-dish
Affairs, crimped and wreathed
like Spade.

Veiled and crowned Miss Emily
Thinks modern hats are
“funny—”
(I'll bet if she could wear one
She'd part with half her
money!)
—Helen Darby Berning

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 Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit
poems to 30 lines, 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.
Haven't you often longed

THE PROBLEM submitted to readers for answering last month was: What considerations do you think are most important to a widow, with two young children, who is contemplating a second marriage. The reader who, in the opinion of Radio Mirror's editors, submitted the most interesting and comprehensive answer to that question is Mrs. Francis O. Bassett of 1822 Seventh Avenue, Troy, New York. A check for $25.00 has been mailed to Mrs. Bassett. Here is her prize-winning answer:

"The mother must be sure she truly loves the man, and likes his way of dealing with her children. She must be sure the children do not resent him; they must respect and enjoy their new father-to-be, and adjust to the fact that he will take the place of their own father, especially if they remember that father. The man must feel equal to the financial responsibility of a ready-made family and genuinely willing to work to make the children fond of him. He must also be willing to spare time for the children as well as for the wife."

And now, here are the problems which I have chosen, because of their interest and general appeal, to answer this month:

BEING ATTRACTIVE

Dear Joan Davis:

I admire your way of solving problems that confront you. In this letter I am seeking help with a problem in my marriage, and that is: How can I attract my husband so that he will be more affectionate toward me? Also, how may I act so that he'll think I'm the most wonderful person in the world? We have been married five years. We truly love each other, but I would like my husband to be more affectionate and take me out more often.

Edna W.

Dear Edna W:

Did you ever stop to think of this? Your husband must think that you are the most wonderful person in the world, or he wouldn't have married you! So I wouldn't, as long as you are happy with him and he with you, worry about that for a minute. As for his
for a sympathetic counselor? Bring your problems to Joan Davis

being more affectionate, taking you out more often—try to see his side of the picture, as well. A man who has worked hard all day doesn’t feel too much like going out in the evening. Why don’t you have a little talk with him, and make arrangements for a regular evening out, once or twice a week? Explain to him that you’re cooped up in the house all day, that you need some fun and diversion—I’m sure he’ll agree with you. As for being affectionate—I’m sure, my dear, from the tone of your letter that your husband does feel very affectionate toward you. But some people are just naturally more demonstrative than others; some people seem to be almost incapable of displaying their emotions. Have you tried to draw out his affection by a display of it on your part? If you want to be attractive to him—be affectionate—always neatly dressed, waiting for him when he comes home at night, and as neatly dressed across from the breakfast table next morning. Are you as careful of your appearance now as you were when he fell in love with you, five years ago? If not, there’s room for improvement. But believe me, Edna, you’re a lucky girl to have a husband as nice as yours sounds—don’t brood over trouble which only seems to be trouble to you because your marriage is running smoothly—because you really haven’t any troubles at all!

Joan Davis

“I LOVE THEM MORE THAN ANYTHING!”

Dear Joan Davis:

I wish with all my heart I could be as happy as you! I have been married eight years to a wonderful husband, and have two fine children, a boy, eight, and a girl, four. I love them and my husband very much, but for the last four years I have been sick with heart trouble. I know you can’t help me with that—only my doctor can. But my husband thinks I don’t love him and the children any more, because I do feel ill so often and sometimes I don’t even feel like talking to them. I just want to be alone and don’t want anyone around.

My husband works very hard on a farm and doesn’t earn much money. With the children to feed and clothe (Continued on page 106)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25.00 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25.00 WILL BE PAID to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month’s best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Here is this month’s problem:

A widow has lived with her son for some time. Now the son is to be married, and the widow does not wish to live with her son and new daughter-in-law. She is not able to do any sort of hard work. She says, “I do think marriages are better if the young people can start out by themselves. What can I do?”

What is your answer to this problem?
## INSIDE RADIO

For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

- **12:00** - Wings Over Jordan
- **12:15** - Lutheran Hour
- **12:30** - America United
- **12:45** - Chicago Round Table
- **1:00** - One Man's Family
- **1:15** - News Living—1940
- **1:30** - The Quiz Kids
- **1:45** - The Shadow
- **2:00** - Quick As A Flash
- **2:15** - One Man’s Family
- **2:30** - The Shadow
- **2:45** - The Shadow
- **3:00** - Wings Over Jordan
- **3:15** - Lutheran Hour

### EVENING PROGRAMS

- **8:00** - The Cataldo Hour
- **8:15** - D.J. Rogers
- **8:30** - Family Hour of Stars
- **8:45** - Spotlight Revue
- **9:00** - Horace Heidt
- **9:15** - Adv. of the Falcon
- **9:30** - Mayoral of the Town
- **9:45** - Fred Allen
- **10:00** - Under Arrest
- **10:15** - Take It or Leave It
- **10:30** - Who Said That?

### MARDAY

**12:00** - Do You Remember
**12:30** - The Honeymoon in New York
**12:45** - The Brighter Day
**1:00** - The Love and Learn
**1:15** - Jack Birth
**1:30** - Lora Lawton

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

- **12:00** - Harkness of Washing-ton
- **12:30** - Words and Music
- **12:45** - Double or Nothing
- **1:00** - Today's Children
- **1:15** - Life of the World
- **1:30** - Life Can Be Beautiful
- **1:45** - Poor Young
- **2:00** - Right to Happiness
- **2:15** - Miee Programs
- **2:30** - Two Teen Biker
- **2:45** - Superman
- **3:00** - Cast. Midnight
- **3:15** - Tom Paine Farrell

### EVENING PROGRAMS

- **9:00** - Mon MacVane
- **9:15** - Sketches in Melody
- **9:30** - Sunoco News
- **9:45** - Sunoco News
- **10:00** - Chesterfield Club
- **10:15** - News of the World
- **10:30** - H. V. Kaltenborn
- **10:45** - Cavalade of America
- **10:50** - Voice of Firestone
- **11:00** - Telephone Hour
- **11:15** - Dr. I. Q.
- **11:30** - Contented Program
- **11:45** - American Forum of the Air

MARYLIE ROBB—graduated from reading commercials to playing Marjorie on NBC’s Great Gildersleeve.

---

JOHN BROWN—looks less like an actor than anyone else in the business; he is often mistaken for a gate-crasher in Hollywood’s radio city. Born in England, reared in Australia, John got into radio through the Mighty Allen Art Players in Hollywood. When Allen moved his show to New York, John stayed behind; joined the Life of Riley cast—is Digger O’Dell.
**TUESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</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>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Bob Poles Show</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Bob Poles Show</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>The Brighter Day</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine</td>
<td>The Air Club Time</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>We Love and Learn</td>
<td>Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
<td>Grand Slam</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Lora Lawton</td>
<td>Galen Drake Rosemary</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>CBS News of America</td>
<td>Barnyard Follies</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Ohio Express</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>The Road of Life</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>The Brighter Day</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Lora Lawton</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<thead>
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<th>Location</th>
<th>Host</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Eric Sevareid</td>
<td>“You and…”</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Suono News</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Beulah</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>The Smoothies</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Beulah</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>This Is Your Life</td>
<td>Ralph Edwards Show</td>
<td>Headline</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Alan Young Show</td>
<td>Official Detective Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Sid Caesar Show</td>
<td>Official Detective Show</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
<td>H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>This Is Life</td>
<td>Youth Asks The Government</td>
<td>Headline</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Mrs. District Attorney</td>
<td>Youth Asks The Government</td>
<td>Headline</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Bob Hope Show</td>
<td>Youth Asks The Government</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>The Big Story</td>
<td>Comedy Playhouse</td>
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**ROBERT TROUT—**is the quotemaster on NBC’s lively Who Said That? (Sun., 10:30 P.M. EST). Born in North Carolina, Bob began his radio career as a news writer in Washington in 1931 and got his first break in newscasting when he was rushed to the mike to pinch hit for a missing announcer. Since then his radio reporting has taken him over 250,000 miles through 48 states and 20 foreign countries.
BARBARA FULLER — became the petticoat because there were too many pianists in his hometown. He played and studied under Sousa, was a member of the N. Y. Philharmonic, has been a musical director for NBC, and now directs his unique show, Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EST, ABC. And he has found time to compose two symphonies and write a book called “And There I Stood With My Piccolo.”
One good thing about CBS's quiz show with a heart, Strike It Rich (Sundays 5:30 to 6 P.M., EST), is that folks all around the country can serve as contestants even if they don't own a phone. The question that's asked is, do you need money? And, with, except Arthur Godfrey and Rockefeller, doesn't?

However, affable and stoutish m.c. Todd Russell and his fast-talking producer, Walt Framer, must get an interesting and purposeful reason from a listener as to why he wants to Strike It Rich.

The contestants are picked from the mailbags and a staff of researchers searches out the more provocative candidates. Todd and Walt then invite them to appear on the show.

Every Sunday about twenty of the best applicants show up at CBS Playhouse No. 3 and tell their story in person. Show-wise Framer picks out the best contrasting contestants, rehearses them in their little stories and then they're on their own.

In the year and a half that Strike It Rich has been on the air, over $100,000 has been given—in cash. Most any one player can win $80,000. And a jockey's wife who won one of the biggest things, Break the Bank jackpot with $9,000 cash. The FCC said on telephone shows expected any minute. Borden's County Fair has switched to Wednesday at 9 P.M., EST on CBS. Borden's this show had as its guests the winners of the three biggest jackpots on other giveaway shows. All said they would never want to go through it again. CBS auditioning a new audience participation show called Earn Your Apples, the contestants will all be school teachers. Prize: a trip to anywhere in the world.

**QUICK CATALOGUE**

**Notes to Keep Your Radio Mirror**

**Quiz Catalogue Up to Date**

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Oh! To know financial security and peace of mind. But how could we? Stan’s department store was falling apart at the seams and we had no funds to buy the new Spring lines. Mother Burton’s prolonged visit meant another mouth to feed and Baby Wendy was proving to be a joy... but an added expense. As if that weren’t enough, the sky-rocketing prices were burning big holes in my purse. Was there any way of trying to make ends meet? And then something happened. I heard about a book called: How To Live Within Your Income... and what a wonderful book it is. Its co-author, Sylvia F. Porter, agreed to visit the Burtons as Family Counselor and this is what she told our listeners.

“You'll have a difficult time finding financial peace of mind with a budget because there's no fun in living within a statistical strait-jacket, or in attempting to fit yourself into a ready-to-wear financial suit... regardless of your individual wants and desires. But—a money manager will work wonders.” “A money manager?” I asked. “Yes,” she said, “and it's something the whole family can work on together.” Miss Porter explained that all it meant was keeping a record of your proposed income (earnings, returns on investments—and even money gifts) and not just planning with the cash on hand. Your expenses are listed as they occur and before long you'll begin to see the big expenses as well as the nibblers and find out just where you can begin to cut down, substitute—and juggle your funds.

“You know, Terry,” she said, “the art of living within your income really means getting the most satisfaction out of what you have to spend, while the science of living within your income lies in knowing how to spend what you have so it brings you this satisfaction.”

Miss Porter then gave our listeners some helpful points to follow.

1. Get what you really want for your money through wise buying. And this means knowing values.
2. Remember that your leisure time can produce funds as well as fun. Ask yourself—what can I make that other people will buy—or perhaps you have a service to sell.
3. Minimize your tax payments. Minimize your tax payments, many tax payers overpay... know the deductions to which you're entitled and be sure to use the right forms.
4. Carefully planned investments in life insurance and United States Government Bonds will pay fine dividends.

Miss Porter concluded with this thought by saying: “Remember—just as a fine set of paint brushes doesn't make a fine artist, so a seemingly good income doesn't make a good financial life.” And added: “the happy family is that which can use its income as a means to a full, rewarding life... for knowing the tools and how to use them is the science of living within your income.”

On The Family Counselor broadcasts, we want to discuss problems which are of interest to our listeners. What would you like discussed by one of our Family Counselors? Won't you send your suggestions to me, care of Radio Mirror?

Sylvia F. Porter, financial expert, gave Terry Burton and listeners some penetrating advice on when, and how, to budget.
NOW—in 1 Beauty Special

Accept
Pond's delightful lanolin-rich
Dry Skin Cream

Given to you
with purchase of 79¢ jar of
Pond's wonderful Cold Cream

Pond's times this wonderful two-cream
offer to come just when your face is beg-
ing for some special springtime pamper-
ing to make it prettier. Right now you can
get two of Pond's loveliest creams to
work together for you—and get both for
the price of the Cold Cream alone.

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt says, "Two of
the most important creams I know to
keep skin immaculate and soft are Pond's
Cold Cream and Dry Skin Cream."

Don't wait! Women are smart about
bargains in beauty. And this bargain is
their favorite Pond's combination. Hurry,
get your Pond's 2-cream special, today.

See your lovelier face! Immaculate! Soft! Rosy!

So much that is YOU speaks for you
in YOUR FACE

Does your face say the happy,
confident things about you that you
want it to say? It can—but it needs
help. Always at bedtime (for day
cleansings, too) give it this reward-
ing "Outside-Inside" Face Treat-
ment with Pond's Cold Cream:
Hot Stimulation—splash your face with
hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl on Pond’s Cold
Cream to soften and sweep dirt, make-
up from pore openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—swirl on more Pond’s to
rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic
cold water splash.

And for special softening, use
lanolin-rich Pond’s Dry Skin Cream
generously each night after cleans-
ing. Wipe off lightly so a soft film is
left to help your skin all night. Use
just a touch of cream under your
make-up for extra day-softening, too.

Remember
you get both these wonderful creams for the price of the Cold Cream alone!
For a limited time only! Stop for them today!
The Blonde I Prefer
(Continued from page 61)

than the clipped and brittle, capable and American one, the feminine countenance of "Jane" is a good, dependable name. So's Stacey. So there she was—Jane Stacey.

Then off to the West Coast I went, armed with a script and a briefcase full of network exposure. There was no band waiting to meet me.

When I arrived in Hollywood to set up shop with Irma I had to find her. I knew that Howard, every now and then, had taken a girl and introduced her into the business. I didn't know what they were applying for. I needed an Irma who wasn't as stupid as she sounded, but who'd be willing to work on the Coast. I thought of Jane. Jane who'd always known what she was doing and enjoy having a friend like Irma who'd polish up her ego. The whole cast had to be people who, standing by themselves, could be called quite normal, but when thrown together at Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house would become a comedy concert.

See what I mean? There's Al. Irma knows he's not so much, but she loves him. And she's right. Al's a good fellow, but he's influenced by Joe who's a fellow Khorowitz. Khorowitz who never gets anywhere—but in different circumstances he might.

It took a year and a half to put all this together. I went to see Ken Murray's Blackouts. I had an idea about Marie Wilson, the leading lady, and I confirmed it by going backstage to see Mrs. O'Reilly's boarders. The idea was to find a place where the sweetness and charm of my Irma needed. Also she seemed like the Ph.D. of Dumb Dolls. I explained Irma to her. "Oh, Mabel," she said, "I couldn't do a character like that. I tried radio once. I can't read lines. Somebody'd have to dub for my dialogue."

That long parade of would-be Jane Staceys I heard about Cathy Lewis and called her up. She said, "I'm very busy. I'll give you exactly five minutes of my time. And in the end you'll take someone else."

THAT did it. Cathy's aggressiveness and basic sincerity hit the character right on the nose. Cathy was one of the greatest talents I've ever known. When we learned at this season's beginning that Cathy couldn't go on, even after working the dress rehearsal, I was horrified. She just didn't have the stamina following her illness of the summer before.

There were hours of nightmarish auditions trying to perform a miracle. We couldn't come up with another Cathy, but Joan Banks seemed closest to her definition. And Wilkie was excellent. With less than an hour's rehearsal, Joan went out and had delivered an outstanding job ever since, although by the time you read this there may be another Cathy. And Professor Kropotkin? That was another tough one. I was nutty about the character and wanted to play him myself, which was why I was so happy about The Fred Rogers Show. Once, I thought of trying the right man. One day I was rushing through the lobby at CBS when I spotted a great actor by the name of Hans Conried. He was wearing a long, flowing tie and looked so preoccupied that I swear he walked through the front door without opening it.

"Hey," I exclaimed. "Do you drink tea out of a glass with the sugar in your mouth?"

I looked at him as though he'd be infinitely happy (Continued on page 70)
Lazarus
COLUMBUS 15, OHIO

juniors! misses!
look just $8.99

for this wonderful dress of Bates Broadcloth

- Juniors' sizes 9-11-13-15-17
- Misses' sizes 10-12-14-16-18
- Order in aqua, lilac, pink, powder blue, navy
- Youthful Johnny collar, tiny tucks on bib front
- Enriched with simulated pearl buttons
- Buttons in back from neck to waist
- Four-gore swing skirt, washable belt
- Fine combed cotton yarn, Sanforized, vat-dyed
- Easy to wash, easy to iron
- Versatile style for any hour, any occasion

Mail your order now!

The F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus 15, Ohio
Please send me the Bates Broadcloth dress advertised in April.

Name______________________________________________________
Address____________________________________________________
City_________________Zone____State_________________________
Quantity_________________Size_________________1st Color Choice
________________________________________________________
2nd Color Choice
________________________________________________________
Payment Enclosed______C.O.D._____Charge______B.C.A.______

Mail Orders Prepaid Anywhere in the U.S.A.
Ohio residents please include 3% Sales Tax

Dept. #374
and #382
if I crawled back into the woodwork. Then he spoke in rumbling, resonant tones.

"It is none of your business, Mr. Horowitz," he said, deliberately lousing up my name. "But as a matter of fact, yes, I do drink tea out of a glass with sugar in my mouth." That made two of us, and I knew we would enjoy indulging.

Then came John Brown for AI. I seriously suspect that John, one of radio's original iron horses, makes more money than I do. He plays so many characters in various shows. Another of the war horses is Alan Reid, who plays Mr. Howard. You know, Marie is his girl. Additionally, he is with the greatest, including Donald Woods as Richard Rhinelander.

As for Gloria Gordon, what can a mere producer say about her work? That's later. For some time someone suggested that to save time we take away her credit on the show. "Take away her credit?" I howled. "Look, aside from the fact that she is sensational, she owns six houses and she's always late for rehearsal because she has to collect the rent. Why, I suspect that half of Sunset Boulevard. Take away her credit and maybe CBS has to start looking for a new building.

In a spirit of credit, I hate to pick up my fee for directing these people. In case you don't know it, a good director is simply a fellow who has the sense to put a gang of performers like this together.

That's why I have such a calm disposition. People go away from rehearsals for My Friend Irma thinking I'm here to give them hell. I'm afraid he wanted to punch me in the nose.

I'd been rehearsing one scene over and over. My temperament overthrew the ad-lib mark when Marie Wilson giggled.

"Shut up!" I roared. "You're a miserable actress. You've got no talent. You do every line the wrong way and on top of that you are insolent!"

There was a slight pause. Marie looked up at the booth. "Thank you, Mr. Howard," she said silkily. "I accept your apology."

I was told later that the reporter went out of there declaring he'd wait for me in the lobby. I would have given him an unkind reflection after the rehearsal when Marie came up to me and inquired anxiously, "Cy—are you feeling all right? Sure you're not sick?"

"You may yell at me for ten minutes today."

It's hard to explain why I do those things. I have an habitual attitude when I walk in on a rehearsal. The whole room is sitting around a table reading their lines. Before I can hear what they say I yell, "Stop! Do it over—it's all wrong!" It's self-defense because I never get my lines right. Then I would have given him an unkind reflection after the rehearsal when Marie came up to me and inquired anxiously, "Cy—are you feeling all right? Sure you're not sick?"

"You may yell at me for ten minutes today."

"It gives me new zest for life"

So writes a regular listener to "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program. "It's the realness of these complete daily dramas that's so refreshing!"

Listen to radio's greatest morning show, adapted from the pages of True Story magazine, and you'll understand why so many women are fascinated by it every day Monday through Friday.

Tune in My True Story

American Broadcasting Stations
Today, for beauty as never before... a wonder cream that cleanses skin cleaner, brighter! Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream contains Penaten — new miracle cleansing aid that penetrates. Reaches deeper into pore openings. Cleanses today's heavy make-up as no cream ever. Delightful — the clear, fresh radiance of your skin!

Glorious smoothness, too! Penaten carries Woodbury's rich skin softeners deeper, to smooth more effectively. Just one deep smoothing cleansing—just one jar of Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream—will convince you! Penaten truly glorifies your skin!


If your skin's dry... New, Deeper Softening with PENATEN in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream

New... quicker to velvetize your skin! Rich in lanolin's benefits—plus four special skin softeners. Now Penaten helps carry these smoothing emollients deeper—right into pore openings. Never before has a cream softened tiny lines so soon... smoothed dry skin to younger-looking beauty!
Quiz Kids’ Kelly

(Continued from page 45)

gabardine shirt and frontier wigwom, floats in his desk chair. Mary’s red calico skirt and white peasant blouse splash brightly against the dark upholstery of the couch.

Each celebration pervades the room and everyone in it.

Before you know it, you’re chatting away, asking what President Truman said, where his church is, and hearing about Bob Hope’s encounter with the Quiz Kids. The photographs on the walls constitute a virtual Who’s Who of entertainment. In the back of your head, you’ve been growing to think you sound brighter, wittier than you ever have in your life.

About the time you think you’re being won over, Quiz does tell you, for his on you that’s exactly what is happening.

That’s Joe Kelly’s genius, an ability to spark other people—kids or otherwise—to do something different.

THAT’S what has made him so brilliantly successful in an assignment that had stumped plenty of men with more experience.

Lou Cowan and Walter Wade originated the Quiz Kids program in 1940. Without difficulty, they found the kids, but they had to be covering the right master of ceremonies.

Finally, Walter Wade thought of Joe Kelly, then under contract to him for National Barn Dance, where he was doing a job.

Kelly was reluctant, but as a favor to Wade, he auditioned. So far as he was concerned, he wasn’t eligible for the job. He was in school, and had ended the third grade when he went on stage as the Irish Nightingale. Subsequent learning had been the informal variety gleaned by touring as star boy soprano with a minstrel show.

He had no desire to pit his wit against kids who could confuse Einstein.

Audition completed, he left for a Canadian engagement, was called by a telegram reading, “Come on back. You’re the Chief Quizzer.”

Sensing this sincerity the kids felt, the radio audience has, for the second time, chosen him to receive Raston Minson’s award as the nation’s favorite quizmaster.

Joe Kelly’s den gives evidence of how much Quiz does to raise it for his on you exactly opposite ways,” he confides. “She reads the ads, then Jeno’s. I’m a window shopper.

Soon as I get into a new town, I revert to the vaudeville habit of scouting the main stem. I look at all the windows. Then if I get back to that, I go too crazy in New York. Then I can’t make up my mind. But that’s nothing to what happens when I get into a western trading post. Then I want everything.

“And yet,” Mary puts in, “his interest in the cow country hasn’t made him a steak enthusiast. He’s still a sandwich typer. You can tell me the name of yellow mustard.

To justify this ad, Joe leads the way to the gleaming kitchen, sets the stage for a production.

That present, Mary whisks you out. “Come in,” she says. “It’s the rest of the house,” she suggests. “Joe goes temperamental. He never fusses before a show, but sandwiches are different. He wants to be alone when the crowd comes.”

Opening a door, she says, “Here’s the room that really suits me.”

WHITE woodwork contrasts with deep green-blue walls. The plum-colored carpet adds warmth. Across an entire wall, draw curtains present a collection of hundreds of ham and cheese sandwiches.

“We get them as close as we can to the fixings,” Mary says. “One of our best orders is for something unusual.”

She is proud of those pictures. “I married my boss,” she grins. “She was a prettier than the leading lady. It was at Sault Saint Marie, Ontario, St. Patrick’s day, 1923. Snowdrifts were eight and a half feet high and the thermometer was hitting bottom. Before the service, I had to help build the fire to warm the church.”

Baby pictures of Joe Jr. date from that same ceremony and down in Michigan. They lived first in Benton Harbor, then in Coldwater, and finally, in Battle Creek. Joe has a little house job, ranging from pianos to pinstriping a clothing store. No venture was very successful. Joe and Mary belonged in show business.

Kelly’s Klown’s second edition, gave them their first picture. They were the manager of the new radio station. WELL, to put the band on the air. The venture brought both bookings and a few shows.

Eventually, he became an announcer.

Mary points to a framed map. “Here, near Waterlilt, Michigan, is where we have our summer place. We’ve fixed it like the Navajo rugs and the other western things we’ve found. We go out in May and don’t come back until October. We’re comfortable in frontier clothes and more or less of a great time. That’s where we really live.”

Joe goes into character, flourishing a six-shooter which turns out to be a cigarette lighter. He has nearly fifty lighters, many of them souvenirs of Quiz trips.

“Mary and I shop exactly opposite ways,” he confides. “She reads the ads, then Jeno’s. I’m a window shopper. Soon as I get into a new town, I revert to the vaudeville habit of scouting the main stem. I look at all the windows. Then if I get back to that, I go too crazy in New York. Then I can’t make up my mind. But that’s nothing to what happens when I get into a western trading post. Then I want everything.”

“And yet,” Mary puts in, “his interest in the cow country hasn’t made him a steak enthusiast. He’s still a sandwich typer. You can tell me the name of yellow mustard.

To justify this ad, Joe leads the way to the gleaming kitchen, sets the stage for a production.

That present, Mary whisks you out. “Come in,” she says. “It’s the rest of the house,” she suggests. “Joe goes temperamental. He never fusses before a show, but sandwiches are different. He wants to be alone when the crowd comes.”

Opening a door, she says, “Here’s the room that really suits me.”

WHITE woodwork contrasts with deep green-blue walls. The plum-colored carpet adds warmth. Across an entire wall, draw curtains present a collection of hundreds of ham and cheese sandwiches.

“We get them as close as we can to the fixings,” Mary says. “One of our best orders is for something unusual.”

She is proud of those pictures. “I married my boss,” she grins. “She was a prettier than the leading lady. It was at Sault Saint Marie, Ontario, St. Pat’reck’s day, 1923. Snowdrifts were eight

W HITE woodwork contrasts with deep green-blue walls. The plum-colored carpet adds warmth. Across an entire wall, draw curtains present a collection of hundreds of ham and cheese sandwiches.

Silver gleams on the mahogany table.

Everything important in the Kelly household has a story. From a cabinet, Mary lifts a cherished treasure. “The Quiz Kids gave us this on our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.”

Engraved on the face of the tray is the first question from the first show: “What is the capital of Maryland?”

“Mary bought an antimacassar, a dingly, a sarong, and an apertly?” Well—what would you?”

In their long to the living room, she tells you she likes to keep house, but doesn’t care much about cooking. With the aid of Mrs. Robert McNamara, hired seventeen years ago, and Clark, a woman so designated by Mary as “my Chicago mother,” she keeps the place in coffee-and-apple-pie order.

She’s an inspired home-maker, though, and an avid collector. Her best-beloved possessions are Royal Doulton figurines which bracket the Eastman Home-Recorded film, "The Dresden," she says. “Growing up in Canada, I always yearned to have one, but couldn’t afford it. Collecting them has been a great hobby since I married.”

She planned the apartment herself. Because she hates to shop, she has often asked a professional decorator to do the preliminary scouting, but final selection of what is used in the rooms is hers.

And the effect is unique. Mary’s rooms are planned as settings for people, rather than to display furniture. They’re harmonious and attractive as a background, but never overwhelm you.

It is good theater without ever being theatrical.

THE Quiz Kids have their own special spot. That’s the rumpus room in the basement, scene of the annual Christmas party, and “borrowed” on other occasions by the kids. Kids and stage stars who head for the Kellys’ have fun.

Talk to these friends and you’ll hear one described, “jovial and jovial. "We always have a magnificent time. So good a time, in fact, we don’t have sense enough to leave. Visit the Kellys and you just never go home.” It’s testimony that with Mary and Joe, good theater also proves to be good hospitality.

From the kitchen comes a shout, “If you’re a kitchen come to the kitchen.”

You hasten back to the den. The production number justifies its advance publicity. It takes a blueprint rather than a recipe to chart a Joe Kelly sandwich. Here’s the way he described the process:

On the foundation slice of fresh bread, smoothly spread creamed butter. Next, add a spread of yellow mustard. Several slices of ham and a handful of Spam or what have you. Top with mustard and spread over it a thin layer of Worcestershire sauce. Add a slice of onion, and then a cutting through the head rather than peeling off a leaf. Rounds of sweet pickle come next. Spread with mayonnaise.

Fit the second slice of bread onto the structure. Spread with butter and mayonnaise. Place cheddar, tangy Old English or smoked cheese on top. Spread with Worcestershire, then mayonnaise. (Hold it firmly. It’s getting to heavy by this time.) Cut a slice from the biggest, sweetest Bermuda onion you can find. That’s the climax. A third slice of bread.

Trim off the crusts with a very sharp knife and cut the sandwich into fours before serving. This is important, for Eats, any who attempt to break it into dainty morsels ruins the masterpiece. Spike olives with toothpicks, and use these to fasten each section. Serve with cold milk.

You are anxiously as you take that first cautious bite. You’re a little leery of it, especially that onion.

There’s a hushed pause while you gather the crumbs together. Suddenly you beam. It’s a perfectly balanced blend of flavors. Onion and all, it tastes just wonderful.

“Just like it,” says Joe with satisfaction. “Joe Jr. and his friends always did. I’d fix a floppy of sand-

78
Just shocks from Joe conclude that *Is on your. Who A and retire minstrel a rest,*

Joe does not practice his song. He recognizes the Kellys substitute radio circuits for nervous systems. Joe flips the switch of the television set. You're soon into a technical discussion of zoomar lenses, lighting, etc.

Quiz Kids is one of the few shows adaptable to simultaneous radio and TV broadcast, and Joe looks forward to the time the audience can see the kids waver their hands as well as hear their eager shouts, "I know, Mr. Kelly," A new program comes on and Joe recognizes its origin. "That's an old vaudeville act here. I'll show you." You pelt after him along the hall to the living room.

Joe sits down at the piano, turns minstrel man again. Mary takes up the song. They go into a duet that's their own take-off on a familiar number.

Joe tells a story. He acts it out, using that well-planned open space. You see why his living room has to be uncluttered.

He bounces back to the piano, goes into the Quiz Kids song he wrote:* Why did London Bridge fall down? Is it true Jack broke his crown? Just ask the Quiz Kids, They know all the answers. Was Simple Simon really dumb? How big was Little Tom Thumb? The Quiz Kids, those whiz kids, Just ask them and they'll tell you. Could poor Mother Hubbard afford a cupboard? Can a cow jump over the moon? Who found the sheep lost by little Bo Peep? Did the dish run away with the spoon? Was old King Cole such a merry old soul? Who were Enie, Meenie, Minie, Mo? Just ask the Quiz Kids They're sure to know. From that, he swings into Irish songs, and even though you know you can't sing, you're soon making like Melchior, practically drowning out Mary and Joe. It's traditional that every Kelly guest winds up at the piano, convinced he is possessed of undiscovered talent. A sidewise glance at your watch shocks you. You had no idea it was that late.

You've kept the record intact. Like all the rest, you've stayed far beyond a reasonable time. And also like all the rest, you have enjoyed every moment of it.

Going out into the crisp air, you conclude you need to borrow a phrase from the cirbus. For the greatest show on earth, visit Mary and Joe Kelly.

*Copyright Famous Music Corp.

... and naturally, when he came home from a long trip, Mrs. T.S. was very happy—*until she unpacked his bag.*

The clean white shirts he took away always came back with a "mourning band" of railroad dust ground into the collars and cuffs. And the job of getting those shirts white again was not only a test of wifey devotion—it was very hard on the shirts.

The happy ending to this story came the first time Mrs. T.S. tried Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. To use her own words, "I never had any white shirts come out any whiter—and no rubbing!"

P.S.—Golden Fels-Naptha Soap gives you THE EXTRA WASHING HELP of TWO CLEANERS—MILD, GOLDEN SOAP and ACTIVE NAPTHA...

This better laundry soap turns out cleaner, whiter washes in less time, with less hard, tiring work.

Look for the Fels-Naptha Bar or Fels-Naptha Soap Chips next time you're out shopping.

GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
changed a great deal since I first went on the air. That was on May 1, 1931, eighteen crowded years ago. I sang on a sustaining program over CBS, in a small studio with an eight-piece combination to accompany me, and I was paid fifty dollars a week for five fifteen-minute programs. A studio audience was unknown in those days—no, that's not quite right. Rudy Vallee's variety hour had a studio audience, but it was separated from the performers by a sheet of plate glass, so there was no danger of its laughter or applause going out over the air.

There was an easy comradeship about radio in those days that's missing, somehow, from the broadcasting machine of today. We were building something, and we knew it. Sometimes we disagreed among ourselves, but it was always because each of us was eager to create—and almost there were the parties, the jokes, the informal after-broadcast get-togethers, to prove that the disagreement didn't cut very deep.

I REMEMBER a night when I introduced one of your award-winners for the first time on the air as a solo performer. It was when I left my seven-o'clock sustaining spot on CBS to take my first commercial. The young man whom CBS had chosen to take my place was virtually unknown, and it was decided that on my last program I should introduce him to the listeners and ask him to sing a song for them. I don't think Bing Crosby—the magnificently poised—will mind at this late date if I tell you that as we stood at the microphone that evening, he was one of the most frightened young men I ever saw. After all, he had a good reason—besides being unknown, he was suffering from a bad case of laryngitis.

But perhaps it is better not to be nostalgic. Although I said a paragraph or so ago that radio has changed since I entered it, in the most important respect of all it hasn't changed a bit.

Radio is still a personal contact between someone standing or sitting at a microphone and someone sitting near a tuned-in receiver. Television, as it grows, will be just that too, only in its case a camera is added to the microphone. Those two words, personal contact, are the mystery and the glory of radio and its bouncing new brother, television. We, the entertainers, come into your homes. (That is, if you invite us.) We are a part of your daily lives—more so than we could be on any other medium, the movies or the stage.

That personal tie is still as strong as it ever was. How can I doubt it, when I read the thousands of letters that come to me every week—friendly, chatty letters about household and neighborhood events, about son John's new baby, the family next door, Dad's illness or his happy recovery? You send me a new recipe for apple dumplings. "Just try it," you say. "I know you'll like it." I've never seen your faces, but you are all my friends. You know I'll like the apple dumplings, because—with the certainty of old friendship—you know what I like.

So you can see why, besides being proud and grateful, I am also humble, because I want to go on deserving your precious friendship.

Thanks for reading!
I Call Him Keighley

(Continued from page 37)

the camera at nine. You know, darling, an actress really works.”

My director husband, who could arise at eight and be on the set on time, hunched his shoulders and turned over. “Back to bed,” he ordered. “Five-thirty rising is not for my wife.”

“Whatever you say,” I sighed.

That scene took place nine years ago. It had a sequel. On an occasion only last summer, Bill found it necessary to make a flying trip to New York, so I followed my usual routine of getting the tickets, packing, calling for him at the studio, and accompanying him on the journey. We were in the air over Phoenix when Bill turned to me casually and observed, “Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you . . . RKO wanted you for a part in the next Shirley Temple picture, ‘What Every Young Bride Should Know.’ But if you had done that you couldn’t have come on this trip.”

Missing a trip with Keighley, let’s face it, would be my idea of a minor catastrophe. I would give up the best part ever written if it interfered with one of Bill’s numerous careers.

Bill’s is the most agile intellect I’ve ever encountered. I have more than my opinion to offer on that—I think his background shows it. He started out as an actor, and was successful on the stage in both New York and London. While in Hollywood on vacation, he directed several productions for the Old Curran and Belasco theaters. Then he signed with Warner Brothers as a movie dialogue director—his first brush with films—became a co-director, and ultimately was given full directorial charge of a picture called “Easy to Love,” in which were Adolph Menjou, Mary Astor, Edward Everett Horton . . . and Genevieve Tobin. (That was 1934. In 1938, we were married.)

Bill had quite a number of screen successes behind him when he came to the Lux Radio Theatre in 1945, after his war service. In fact, many of the stars he directs on the Radio Theatre he has directed in films. But that’s far from saying that he uses the same techniques in his radio direction as he does for movies. On the contrary—the difference is just what he likes. He finds it stimulating. It makes for more of that mental agility I was talking about.

Take, for example, his hobbies. Most men have one hobby; Keighley always has several afloat at the same time. When he became interested in paintings, he bought every art encyclopedia, every art collector’s manual, and every book of art criticism he could find. He steeped himself in color until I expected him to wear a rainbow ‘round his shoulders.

Bill loves art talk and artist’s talk, and so do I. He and a group of our friends involve themselves in long historical art discussions which carry far, far into the night. A fine night it was, for instance, Bill was rustling through a copy of Bacon’s Atlas for 1929 to find an answer to a riddle that had arisen at two o’clock in the morning!

At first, when my women friends began to hear about Bill’s art hobby, several of them said in dismay, “However will you fit a collection into your decorating scheme?”

I hadn’t given it a thought because Keighley is a man of quite good taste. Also, we’re fortunate in having large,

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference . . . and you will never know how lovely you can be until you use Fresh.

Fresh is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use . . . Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the free jar of creamy, smooth Fresh we will send you.

Test it. Write to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.

use Fresh and stay fresher.
high-ceiled rooms. With a color scheme keyed to greens and muted greys, there isn't anything to clash with the paintings that line our walls. The truly exceptional thing is that Methuselah, who knew little about Japan, very nearly missed out on this. When we returned home from our round-the-world honeymoon, we were married on September 10th, we went immediately to San Francisco. From there we went to Honolulu, then to Japan, China, Saigon, Bangkok, Singapore, Java, Bali, India, Egypt, Italy, up through Europe, and then home.

During that trip, Bill took pictures, pictures, pictures. Whenever I missed him from my view, I was either studying some spectacular view, or I had only to glance at a nearby ledge where he would be hanging precariously by his foothold, trying to get the best possible angle shot. Not only did he make a photographic record in color of our entire trip but he also made copious notes. When it was inconvenient to make jottings on the spot, he would wait until we returned to our hotel in the evening, then he would write down collected facts about stores, streets, dwellings; about native customs, native dress, even characteristic sounds.

This has been of enormous help in his radio work. A story can be set in almost any part of the world, yet Bill will be able to suggest authentic details which should be worked into a script to give it validity and color.

This collection has made awkward embarrassing if Bill hadn't been the sort of resourceful tactician he is. When we were in Japan, we promptly encountered the old-time Japanese avenger around the corner who was equipped with a camera. It was forbidden for anyone to take a picture which included anything which might remotely hint of a foreigner. Between Tokyo and Yokohama is the Daibutsu Shrine with its massive Buddha, Kamakura, the largest in Japan. Naturally, Bill wanted to include it in the story. When we reached the shrine we found that not only did it border a body of water, which made it a forbidden subject—but it was owned by sailors.

My husband busied himself with several official-looking gentlemen. I couldn't hear the conversation, but it seemed to proceed with mutual complacency and an air of cordiality. The next thing I knew, my diplomat was taking extensive footage of the handsome object.

I had never told him how I blamed the official, who must have known that relations between our two nations were more than a little strained, into permitting him to take his pictures. But the official, who is a tall, broad-shouldered, and occasionally called "Invincible" because of another of his triumphs on our trip, was allotted the honor of taking the pictures and getting the chief's autograph.

When we reached Siam, I had to resign. Keighley fell in love with a fruit known as the durian. This is a melon-shaped fruit with a thick skin which is peeled back to disclose a pinkish flesh similar in consistency to a banana. In a picture, this agricultural

cultural product has charm, but no picture has a sense of smell. The durian smells like limburger moldered in rotten eggs.

My husband, holding his nose, could eat the durian and enjoy it. I couldn't even watch the process. I think you can work too hard for an education.

This is a sentiment with which my husband would have agreed. He refuses to miss anything. When we were in Tokyo, we saw portions of five plays in one night, and Bill went backstage in order to get the best possible angle on the play. When we were in Shanghai we visited four playhouses in one night, and also met the casts.

He likes people of all ages, from birth to Methuselah. He likes them all shades, sizes, and states of cleanliness. I have seen him shake hands with a leper, which I think is tops in brotherly love.

I don't think he has ever met a human being whom he didn't like at once. Sometimes his faith has been abused and his trust betrayed, but even then he has given his fellow man the benefit of every possible doubt. In short, Mr. William Keighley accepts human nature as he finds it, and refuses to rule out the possibility of a mistake, intentional or accidental.

But my husband doesn't limit his interest to human beings. At the other end of the scale, he also likes worms. I think he has rated one billion earthworms quartered here and there around our garden. Bill says that I exaggerate every story I tell, so I suppose I play off for a mistake, intentional or accidental.

Earthworms, I have learned from Keighley, are sort of minute, round-radius planets. They eat their way through dirt, twirling day and night. This aerates the soil, which is very good for plants of all types. All of which brings up the fact that my husband is an earthworm enthusiast.

Between pictures and when he is not busy with his chores for the Lux Radio Theatre, he may be found in disreputable avocados, an earthy blue shirt and a tattered old coat, coaxing some shrub, tree, or flower into more abandonned bloom. On our hilltop he grows nearly a hundred different varieties of shrub, flower, and fruit. We have such trees as lemon, orange, coral, monkey, cork, peach, and tangerine. He also nurtures sixteen avocado trees, which is my idea of a good joke.

Keighley loathes avocados. He raises the trees only because they challenge the ingenuity of any gardener—no reluctance to produce really fine fruit.

I would not have anyone think that this concentration on gardening suggested a good deal of form in Bill's mind. There is no one as full of drive and humor as Bill, once he is stripped of his canvas gloves and his trowel.

During the last war, for instance, he joined the Army Air Force and was given a major's commission (later he was retired as a colonel) and an assignment to develop the Force's communication system. He knew in general that we were going to give up our California home temporarily and live in Washington, but I knew very little else. I would have to do the best I could to qualify for all his responsibilities until—one morning—I received one of those non-committal little cards sent out by the War Department.

It notified me that my husband was physically able to fly at altitudes ranging up to thirty thousand feet.
I dropped the notification from nerveless fingers, and it fell on a newspaper beside an item which told of the collapse of a series of football players when subjected to conditions which simulated flying at an altitude of twelve thousand feet.

The boys blacked out; my husband, who, during the first World War was working with Lewis Stone and Henry Stephenson in “Inside the Lines” and with John Barrymore in “Richard III,” was able to fly at thirty thousand feet and feel just fine.

I am a little smug about this.

I am sternly forbidden, in our household, to utter a single word about my husband’s war record. It was a good one; I am determined to report that General Arnold himself said that Bill took the Air Corps Photographic Unit when it didn’t have a Brownie and developed it into an outfit superior even to the highly equipped and briskly trained German units.

His mother lives with us now, but during the war he would telephone her at her Hollywood hotel suite whenever he hit town, and give her one of his impersonation routines. At one time he announced that he was the desk clerk (mimicking the man perfectly) and that there had been complaints about Mrs. Keighley having a gentleman caller in her suite. You can imagine the indignation which this caused. Mrs. Keighley asked the clerk to come upstairs at once for conference. When she opened the door... Ah, great reunion!

“The next time I will not be fooled,” she said.

The next time an “Italian plumber” asked her to fill her tub with water because the pipes were to be drained for two days. Bill nearly joined the Navy when his mother learned the truth about that one.

No one should draw the conclusion that Bill is not a great sentimentalist, because he is. For our first anniversary he gave me a solid gold bowknot set with small diamonds.

For our tenth anniversary he added a second gold bowknot to the set. He slipped the clip out of its strongbox, unknown to me, had it copied, and returned it to the safe before I missed it. When, on our anniversary morning, I opened the velvet jeweler’s box and discovered that the two knots could be attached to form one resplendent brooch, I was overwhelmed with tears.

We plan to spend the summer of 1949 in France, so my farsighted husband has already started our preparations: another of my Christmas gifts was a huge brown calfskin purse. It is about eighteen inches in diameter, and it is fitted with a kingsize coin purse, a passport holder, and a series of zipped compartments.

Not only has he taken steps to prepare me for the trip, he also has begun a refresher course, for two hours each day, in French.

When one of our friends asked if I were studying with him, Bill answered with a chuckle, “Genevieve doesn’t need to speak the language more fluently than she learned to do when she was a youngster in school in Paris. She has always used her hands and her eyes to get anything she wanted.”

I know that modesty should forestall my repeating this praise, but every married woman who reads this will know how much the teasing tenderness of a husband can mean. Particularly when that husband is as fascinating as Mr. William Keighley.
Mable Flapsaddle—Alias Sara Berner

THE TELEPHONE skits on CBS's Jack Benny Program, in which two saucy-voiced "bella girls" keep cutting in on conversations, are some of the choicest bits on the Waukegan Wit's show.

The operators are played by Sara Berner and Ben Brandt, and their various methods of acting. When the bill was over, she'd repair to the ladies' lounge where she entertained the attendant (and scared the other customers) with an amateur version of what she'd just seen and heard.

Thus was evolved Sara the Mimic, who today delights radio audiences with her roles of Jack Benny's airwave girl—"Droopy," Gladys Zybisco, as Mable Flapsaddle, the Brooklyn-voiced telephone operator.

One of four children, Sara was born in Albany, N. Y. Her father, an auctioneer, his family to Tulsa, where Sara attended both grade school and high school. Naturally, she took part in the school plays but her first real dramatic effort took place just following graduation, when she was given the role of Mrs. Cohen in the initial amateur presentation of "Abie's Irish Rose." She remembers proudly that the players were paid $1,000 from a three-night stand.

Soon after, Father Herdan moved his family east again, this time to Philadelphia. Sara went to work as a salesgirl in Wanamaker's department store, where life was bearable only when she had time to mimic the customers.

One day she picked the wrong moment—and customer-to-mimic. An elderly Main Line dowager whom Sara thought had left was one of the interested viewers of a shredding impersonation of herself. That night, as Sara walked by the statue of John Wanamaker for the last time, she promised herself that someday she would return, not as a salesgirl but as one of the customers.

She had not lost her theatrical ambitions. She spent all her spare time at Columbia's station WCAU. Counting the experience more valuable than the few dollars to a budding amateur, Sara played running parts, impromptu roles, last minute substitutes, anything and everything.

"In those early radio days," says Sara, "we thought nothing of doing umpteen shows a day, switching from one dialect to another at a moment's notice. It was wonderful experience and I finally wound up with my own fifteen minute show, written by Arthur Q. Bryan. At that time Jan Savitt was staff conductor for WCAU.

Later, Sara headed for New York to be closer to the growing hub of radio. Getting a salesgirl job in a millinery shop on Broadway, she continued her rounds in an attempt to break into radio as a professional. Never one to miss an opportunity, she entered her name for the Major Bowes amateur show. Her appearance flooded the Major with phone calls, and so tremendous was her debut that the following morning she joined the Bowes Number One theatre troupe. Several years of cross-country touring gave Sara the polish and assurance she needed. Then she went back to radio, where she's been ever since.

Five feet, three inches tall, weighing a scant 115 pounds, Sara has reddish-brown hair and brown eyes asparkerl with energy. During the war, she established a record of more than 110 camp shows, innumerable canteen appearances, an entertainment stint on the aircraft carrier Saratoga for the Navy and junkets to entertain the Armed Forces at desert camps where it was 140 degrees in the shade.

Besides her roles on the Jack Benny program, Sara also has been heard on the Amos 'n' Andy show. Her voice has been heard in five Academy Award-winning cartoons, including "Red Hot Riding Hood," "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood" and others. She also has done the cartoon voices of "Little Jasper."

Her squeaky-voiced role of the animated mouse with Gene Kelly in "Anchors Aweigh" helped add "Look at me, I'm dancing!" to American jargon.

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Vic Damone

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Dean of America's radio and television stars

The Manley family's 1943 Christmas gift to the world

ANDREW LORENZ

Writer, Producer, Director

America's TV and radio top executive

American
torial board of The Pinger, the humorous monthly ... an editor and contributor to Princeton's Nassau Literary Magazine ... a working member of the Princeton Press Club, through which he functioned as campus correspondent to New York metropolitan newspapers.

And, as if all that pencil-pushing didn't occupy enough of his time, Ned was active with Princeton's Triangle Club, famous for its presentation of original musical comedies. Identified with Triangle productions during each of his four years at college, he acted in principal roles, became its president and, in his senior year, wrote the book, lyrics, music, acted in and directed its "They Never Come Back."

"The fact is, I'd turned professional even before I finished with my thesping at Princeton," says Ned, "In between my sophomore and junior years, I did summer stock with the Stuart Walker Company in a management deal. That took the curse off my amateur training when I began making the rounds after graduation."

VIDENTLY, the Triangle Club-Stuart Walker experience was just the right blend of collegiate-professional training. At any rate, they combined to insure Ned's immediate acceptance on Broadway. Only months after completing college, producers of "The Fan" cast him in a key role. Subsequently, he played important roles in Broadway plays with Paul Kelly, Grace George, Melvyn Douglas and other stage notables. He clicked brilliantly in the Scott Fitzgerald-Owen Davis version of "The Great Gatsby." In fact, the performance of young Edward H. Wever (for his full name always appeared in the program) was almost always singled out for special praise.

Having gained acceptance along Shubert Alley, Ned sought recognition on Tin Pan Alley. Mindful of his senior year Triangle Club triumph, Ned began to utilize the remainder of his valuable training at Princeton. He turned his pen to writing song lyrics.

In due time, he held membership in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ultimate goal of any tunesmith) with such popular songs as "Spellbound," "I Can't Resist You," "Trouble In Paradise," "Trust In Me" and others. Ned dashed off a brace of special lyrics for Billy Rose's "Crazy Quilt" revue. One of them, "I Wanna Be a Number With The Boys," sung by Fanny Brice, was a show-stopper.

At one end of the long living room in the house on Random Road, there are a small desk and a spinet piano and a considerable part of Ned's spare time is spent at them, developing ideas for the lyrics of tomorrow's hit tunes.

Like most prominent actors, Ned is frequently the target for the inevitable "How can I break into radio?"

"Frankly, I don't know the formula, if there is any such thing," he says. "I got in by the merest fluke. One day, in the early thirties, I had business at Chamberlain Brown's office. After leaving him, I chanced to turn east instead of west on Orange Street. Because of that, I ran into Allyn Marsh, a fellow Princeton alumnus who was then a sales executive for Columbia Broadcasting System. We exchanged the usual greeting and chatter and, although I had a stage commitment at the time, I remarked, 'I understand you use actors in radio.' "Allyn evidently took that as a bid for work. A week later, he sent me a letter of introduction, a sort of open sesame to the CBS production people. An audition was arranged. I stood at the
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- Recently we've been calling on scores of women asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of four typical women who are using a new idea in beauty—Medicated Skin Care.

**New Beauty Routine**

Now there is a simple home treatment developed by a doctor. 181 women from all walks of life took part in a skin improvement test supervised by 3 noted skin specialists. Each woman had some little thing wrong with her skin.

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Each woman followed faithfully Nozema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine developed by a skin specialist. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in just two weeks!

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2. Apply Nozema as a powder base.
4. Massage Nozema lightly into your face... a little extra over blemishes.

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Try it. Start using Nozema regularly, morning and night. See why over 25,000,000 jars are sold yearly. See if you aren't amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. At all drug and cosmetic counters, 40¢ 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.
at the kite string then and during the opening week in New York, he worked hard to make his band a hit. At the end of seven days, the theater had lost $30,000.

"We're going to have to let you go," the manager said.

"Give us a decent chance," Horace urged.

"Sorry. You're through."

Horace remembered the papers he had signed only a few days before.

"You can't fire us," he told the manager. "We've got a year's contract."

The manager shrugged and said, "In the contract is a clause that says the agreement may be broken by an act of God." He smiled without joy. "When we lose $30,000 in one week, that's an act of God."

**WHY** had he flopped? Horace got off by himself to analyze the band business and immediately realized that the only successful orchestras were those with a radio reputation. So he took his outfit back to the West Coast and concentrated on developing a good radio show.

"And I was up bright and early every morning knocking on doors," he will tell you. "Every time a big executive came to town, I met him and gave him the pitch."

There were many polite rejections and auditions that missed the mark. For many months, he and his band worked around the clock, rehearsing during the day and playing jobs at night. Before he got his first network show, he had experienced the heartbreaks most people know in show business.

But his kite was flying high and handsome when he met his wife Adaline. She was teaching English at a Long Island school and he was playing at the Biltmore Hotel in Manhattan. Their meeting came about in an accidental, romantic, and a pretty convincing case of love at first sight. From the first moment Horace felt they were the woman he wanted to marry. But to win her required the same perseverance he put into his band.

Adaline, although a fine violinist, was a stranger to show business. Her home was in upstate New York. Her father was a violinist and composer. During two years of courtship, Horace made fast friends with her father. He arranged to have some of his waltzes published and broadcast over the air. Many evenings were spent in the living room with Adaline while her father gave them violin recitals. After the wedding, Adaline learned the extent of Horace's sacrifice and discomfort.

"I'm not a hard man to get along with," he said. "But I can't stand the fiddle. You'll have to give it up completely."

They were married in December and it turned out to be a lucky month. Their children, when they came, were December-born.

Two-year-old Slugger, christened Horace Jr., travels with them and gets his kicks out of the Youth Opportunity concerts. He currently makes unscheduled appearances with the band's musical toy specialists.

Jack and Jerry, the twins, have little inclination to be performers. They are at Culver now, trying to live up to their father's school record.

Their only girl, Hildegarde Harriet, has started school in Berkeley. She was named after a nurse and the Harriet was tagged on in case she didn't turn out to be the Hildegarde type. But she did. Her heart and imagination have been tied up with the stage since she began to talk. At the age of six, she made an unexpected debut.

It was ten minutes before curtain time in Indianapolis when Horace heard the audience applauding and cheering. He peeked through the curtain and there was Hildegarde finishing a ballet and taking her bows.

Horace grinned, waiting for her to come off the stage. Instead Hildegarde walked to the mike, which was a foot in front of her specialty. She spoke, "I will now recite a poem."

Horace finally got her off the stage.

"You know you shouldn't be out there," he said sternly.

"But, Daddy," Hildegarde explained. "I was only trying to warm up the audience for you."

"I've taken great pains to see that their children are raised properly in spite of the demands of show business. It was one of the things Horace and Adaline discussed before marriage. One other thing was decided, this by Adaline.

"My philosophy is that next to being in love, a wife must respect her husband's work," she will tell you. "So I decided that I would never sit by the fireside while Horace was on the road."

She's lived up to that. Adaline has never missed a one-night stand whether it meant sleeping in a bus or hotel lobby. She's not the kind of wife who plays the role of a grandstand observer. At all times, she has been right down alongside Horace, helping him carry the ball and buck the line. And he needed her help in 1944, when he was forced into retirement from the band business.

**Soon** after Pearl Harbor, Horace began to tour the country for Bond Sales. Then, after the Pacific jobs, the band worked in a war plant during the day and entertained at night. There was no let-up for several years. The 24-hour routine was exhausting. Then his voice began to give out. His throat got worse and for the second time in Horace's life, a doctor's verdict changed the course of his career.

It meant your husband will have to give up band business for an extended length of time. It was a hard, punishing blow that forced him to reconsider his future. He made a decision he couldn't keep—to give up radio.

"Do you think I'll be good at anything else?" he asked Adaline.

"You'll be good at anything you put your heart in," she reassured him.

So Horace went into real estate. He bought a hotel in Palm Springs and a restaurant and the Dianon Ballroom in Los Angeles and another one in Las Vegas. By any business standards his ventures were very successful, but it didn't take anything for him to lose his heart to the Scalpions with the footlights.}

"Is it the dance business you miss to much?" Adaline would ask.

"No," he'd say truthfully. "I don't think so..."
But when he reminisced, he talked most often about Gordon MacRae or Frankie Carle or Alvino Rey and the King Sisters—stars he had discovered and given a helping hand. Perhaps he thought so much of them because he received a lot of letters from soldiers he'd met during bond tours. They were young boys and girls asking how they could get a start in show business.

"There ought to be some way of helping these kids with talent," he often told Adaline.

It wasn't till 1947 that he had the answer. Then he had the basic idea for the Youth Opportunity concerts. Instead of establishing a typical amateur show in a big city, he would tour the entire country in a talent hunt. His network of broadcasts would originate from wherever city or whistle stop they were working.

In 1948, with the bulldog tenacity that has marked his career, Horace's troupe gave 20,000 auditions in a 50,000 mile tour through 48 states. They soon learned to deal with more than the routine problems that face a traveling unit. Adaline has found herself doing more work than most of the people in the troupe. In addition to handling publicity and raising their children, she is chaperone and teacher to the teenage youngsters who travel with them. Most of the kids come fresh from their homes into the show and it's quite natural that the parents first want a good look at the Heidts. Adaline accepts responsibility for their health, education and general welfare. She has had as many as sixteen youngsters to care for; one boy only three years old, Ernie Camerotta, traveled with the Heidts for six months.

People have been generous in their praise of the Youth Opportunity program, have gone out of their way to honor the show.

But there are greater compensations than plaques for the Heidts. There is the thrill of taking boys and girls from the obscurity of a grocery store or the stenographic office into radio. There is the satisfaction of seeing them become seasoned performers. There is a sense of achievement in hearing huge audiences applaud these youngsters.

Today Horace's kite is flying higher than ever and he has achieved the most important things you can get out of life.

"The Youth Opportunity concerts have given me more satisfaction and happiness than any other show," he will tell you.

And it's funny the way it happened. He got the idea when he'd reached a crisis in his own life. He'd solved that by turning away from his own problems to think of others.

If only she'd learn here scientific truth she can trust about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

Often a young wife is too timid or shy to learn these intimate physical facts. And because of this her husband may become sulky and resentful. She feels her marriage is breaking up—heading for divorce. Yet she finds herself helpless.

It's this pitiful young woman who definitely needs to be instructed on how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and married happiness—to combat one of woman's most offensive deodorant problems. And what's even more important—why she should always use ZONITE in her douche.

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Check your local paper for time.
Wendy and the Widow
(Continued from page 47)

not only young and beautiful but a radio actress too.

Then she became a star. And then she became a mother—three times—and kept right on working at home, and running her home beautifully. But the important thing is that—she was always right there beside her husband, and as he became a leader in the community, she became a community leader too, in the women’s groups. She made a bowing success of everything she handled. So it’s only natural she should be highly respected.

But,” with a philosophical grin, “with all that on the ball, to be well-liked and loved too.”

And that is the crux of this story: that Florence Freeman is as much a community leader in her own setting as Ellen Brown is in hers and Wendy Wen in hers.

All three women are strong characters to whom people turn for strength in time of stress. All three have courage, sympathy and love for others. All three are deeply religious.

Florence says these similarities help her interpretation of the roles.

“O H. I could play a bad woman and give a creditable performance,” she laughs, “but to my husband’s ear, for instance, the lack of authenticity would be recognizable.”

Of the Florence-Ellen-Wendy trio Florence is the luckiest—she hasn’t the enemies the other two must make to keep the programs going. But she has always become just as “invincible—and not in radio intrigue but in large-scale projects that end up as hard work.

The war years, of course, were hardest. Along with “Widder Brown” five times a week and other radio jobs, there were many benefit appearances. There was the Red Cross.

Nor did the war diminish the visits—in joy or in sorrow—that a clergyman’s wife makes with her husband.

But this is no family in which service is limited to war years. Neighborhood capricies in Community Chest drives, benefit readings in churches and synagogues, directing plays for “young marrieds” and sometimes playing the lead because a “pro” might not, are all the ticket for some good cause—all this goes into community service.

Two shows a day, fifteen minutes each, sounds like an easy schedule—if you say it fast. But listen to this.

“Up at eight, breakfast with the family, out of the house by nine-thirty, to New York by Hudson Tubes and subway,” Florence ticks off. “At CBS, Madison and 52nd, by ten-thirty to rehearse steady till twelve. Show from twelve to two, fifteen. “My time is just my own, for several hours unless I lunch with writers, directors or publicity people or must shop for the house or the children or forget gifts for people, I receive so many gifts from fans, but I give gifts too, to my friends and their children—and so I shop.”

Once in a while, for relaxation, she gets a message before going to NBC at Radio City for the Widder Brown rehearsals—three-fourths to four-fifths. Then the show until five.

“I used to go with my husband on all his calls of condolence or congratulations, but now I can’t go on daytime calls,” she says regretfully, “so I write notes. And of course I don’t want to stay away from a funeral or a wedding if I can help it. These are my friends. And we certainly don’t intend to short-change the children,” she continued. “So we have to be sandwiched in. That’s better than sandw iching the kids.”

So Mommy, who has her Master’s Degree in English, often helps with nothing less than the actual writing—everybody makes a dash for the television set. And weekends are reserved strictly for family and fun. Florence will take no weekend radio call, however tempting.

Furthermore, one of the two leisure days is gone to something glamorous. The family can do as a foursome—a picture at a museum, the ballet, a Broadway show. Both girls are good horseback riders and Mommy drives them to the distant stable on many fair Sundays. On the other hand, both parents are ardent golfers and the little girls have been known to be extremely generous about “letting” them play on a Sunday.

The girls can go into a huddle with their Daddy sometimes when they think I look peaked,” Florence relates, “and come up with a prescription: Mommy should go play golf.”

It was the horseback riding that brought Princess, the family Dalmatian, into the script.

When the kids “cooed” and “saahed” over some new-born Dalmatians at the riding stables and wanted one, Daddy suggested, “Why not find a good pedigreed Dalmatian instead? Some day you won’t want one.”

So all four set out hunting and found the sprightly, endearing imp with one of her black polka-dots set askew on her brown and white back for all the world like a permanent grin.

The girls are taking their new responsibility seriously, all the way to Fabulum. The oldest has read the newest addition to the family library: “How to Raise a Dog in the City and Suburbs,” by Dr. James Kinney of the Elfin Prince Speyer Hospital of New York.

A S a matter of fact, Judy is one who takes a good many things seriously. And really it is an awfully good sport. She tries to encourage others. Her mother recalls a tale from Judy’s nursery school days when, at three and a half, she single-handedly transformed a little boy from a poor eater into a good one. It was simple. All she did was exclaim to the teacher, “Oh, look, Mrs. Little, look at David! He’s eaten all his potatoes—almost.” From then on David always ran to Judy with his cleaned-up plate because her praise had meant so much.

Both girls are also beautifully, play the piano and ice skate—and do everything together. Including squabbling—which they get over quickly, being devoted sisters. They attend the same private school, Bergen School for Girls, not far from their home.

“Deana is impulsive, noisy and so funny,” continues this analytical mother. “She’s a complete extrovert and can entertain herself endlessly. Doesn’t need other people, yet enjoys them when she has them. They enjoy her, too.”

“And she’s so quick on the uptake— why, I’ve seen her poke her nose into Judy’s studies, waste Judy’s good, pictures and information to get by on and then surprise everyone with
With no one in the family exactly slow-witted, table talk moves along in a sprightly manner, with Deana and her father providing a good share of the laughter. They’re the teasers. Meals aren’t the serene, low-voiced interludes one might expect in this wellordered household, for earlier-dining neighbors think nothing of walking in and joining the conversation during coffee. There’s a great deal of trekking back and forth on the block anyway, and this house is one of the most popular.

“Our house and furniture take a beating,” Florence explains. “I don’t mean the children—they’ve always had a playroom and have had too many interests to consider furniture-jumping a pastime. But we have an open house for friends, parishioners, everybody. We use our house hard. We want it that way. You can always replace furniture, but not people.”

Florence loves curries and elaborate desserts but her clothing tastes go in reverse, her favorites being plain suits or severely smart frocks relieved by costume jewelry. She is not happiest in evening clothes, which comes as a surprise from a slim, trim woman.

“I can’t help it,” she pleads. “I just don’t like décolleté gowns.”

WHAT hats she has are fine “going out” affairs, but chiefly she wears head kerchiefs, even to New York, or leaves her well-coiffed hair uncovered.

She is extravagant about some things, amusingly economical about others. At rehearsals these days she is knitting covers for dress hangers, complaining that new hangers are “much too expensive.”

Some of her loveliest possessions are handmade gifts from fans. “A Mrs. Ethel Henderson sent me exquisite sterling spoons when she and her husband retired to a private home for elderly people. She wrote that on breaking up her home she wanted me to have some of her most precious belongings. I treasure those spoons.”

From California come boxes of native fruits from another fan’s ranch. From New Hampshire, frequent letters from an admirer who began corresponding in her maiden days, sent a card every day of her honeymoon and now writes whenever something momentous transpires in her married life.

And from Brooklyn, N. Y., come letters from a young blind girl, member of a society of blind teen-agers who often get together to listen to their favorite radio actress.

How does one get to be the favorite daytime actress of millions of Americans? Florence will tell you that on the one hand it has meant hard, hard work. Yet on the other it all seemed to start with dreamlike ease.

“I always wanted to act,” she told me. “All the while I was earning my B.A. at Wells College, N. Y. State College for Teachers, and taking my M.A. in English at Columbia—on such a learned topic as ‘Discovering the German Influence in Galahad’—I wanted to act. I took dramatic and stage production courses and acted in college plays.”

But after graduation she landed not on the stage but in a Pearl River, N. Y., school teaching English. Not for long, though. Came a young clergyman and marriage in 1933.

When the couple moved to Brooklyn, and New York with its producers, and theatrical agencies was so temptingly near, she succumbed, learning her way to astounding collection of unrelated information.”

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Chains of intimate physical neglect can bind wives away from husband’s love...

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Coming This Month To Your Local Theatre...

don't miss it!

around the metropolis—and getting nowhere with the stage urge.
Her new sister-in-law asked, "Why not try radio?"
"Oh I'm not interested in radio," was the quick response.
"Huh," said the in-law, "bet you couldn't get an audition if you tried."
She was joking but Florence took it seriously.
She went to New York, to WMCA. The reception girl said, "No auditions."
They chatted anyway, a chat that ended with the receptionist getting her in to see the head of dramatic programs. He gave Florence a script to read, asked her to wait, disappeared for twenty minutes and returned with a job starting that day at $50 a week. Leading lady of the sustaining dramatic company, no less.
"So up to that point it really wasn't so hard," she relates with admirable understatement.

AFTER six months at WMCA the new actress reached for the networks and found the same method doesn't always work twice. Her husband said, "Buy a copy of Variety."
"What's Variety?" asked the actress.
"Variety," patiently explained the clergyman, "is a publication devoted to the entertainment world in all its aspects—theater, films, radio, and so on."
They bought a copy of Variety, found the names of some advertising agencies—one on the west side and many on the east side.
"I will go to the west side one first," said the practical job seeker, "and then take a cross-town trolley for all the east side ones."
She never caught the trolley, for the west side agency placed her with NBC on Madame Sylvia of Hollywood. That was fourteen years ago and she's been working ever since.
At rehearsals the star is indistinguishable from the bit actor.
In the few minutes' break sitting around the studio table, she chats softly with the others in the cast, voices down while the director irons out problems with the sound man or control technician. She is friendly to everyone and her directors will tell you she never, never gives a display of temperment.
"She's got temperment, all right," one of them told me. "After all, she's an actress—a good one. But she keeps a lid on it. And she never blows up."
A favorite story around one studio illustrates Florence's quick thinking and control.
Two well-known actresses were in the cast that day. The show was on the air. Miss A, reading a resounding dramatic speech, flipped over the page of her script to go on, saw the page was missing and turned white.
But she quickly pulled herself together, walked around the microphone to Miss B's side and began reading her part from that script.
Miss B, who didn't catch on to the situation, looked worried and nervous and walked around the mike to the other side. Miss A began to follow and Miss B to edge away again.
It was Florence who stopped the game of tag. She'd sized up the situation in a flash, firmly seizing Miss B by the arm she held her quiet while Miss A read all the lines she needed for that page.
Florence admits the story is true. But—and this is typical of her particular kind of niceness—she won't tell you who Miss A or Miss B is.
40—Beautiful Girls-40, competed for the job of mothering him as women—except his own mother, perhaps—always have mothered him.

A year later he met the girl who was to take on the job for keeps, Edna Stillwell, who for ten years was his wife, and still is his manager, writer-producer of his radio shows, and general Solver-of-All-Problems.

The gossips buzzed in Hollywood after Edna and Red were divorced in 1942, and—although both remarried very soon—Edna stayed on as chief of the inner circle of Red’s professional life.

The gossips didn’t bother Red. His ears just don’t hear anything unpleasant. Edna heard it all right, but she shrugged it off.

"Let them criticize," she said. "I’m not going to leave Red. He’s all the family I have."

Edna Stillwell’s childhood had been just as rugged as Red’s. Her parents had separated when she was six months old, and her mother—like Red’s—had to work hard, long hours for a bare living.

When she met Red she was fifteen. He was seventeen, and they were married six months later without asking any adult’s permission.

"When you’ve been working since you were ten, you’re old enough at fifteen to know your own mind," Edna says.

Edna was a contestant in a walkathon—her first, last, and only walkathon. Red came on from burlesque to join the show as master of ceremonies. Edna won the endurance contest, after walking for four and a half months. Red says his job was comparatively easy. All he had to do was be funny for seven hours a day, seven days a week.

They didn’t think it was too tough.

"Hell," Red says, "that was 1931, remember. We were working. A lot of folks weren’t."

But it takes a lot of material to keep people laughing for four and a half months, and the contestants—to say nothing of the throngs of people who kept the 10,000 seat auditorium filled day and night all that while—were pretty impressed with this unknown red-headed sprout who could do it.

Except for Edna, they admired him without qualification.

She opened up kindly. "You ought to have a raise," she told him. "The comic is the mainstay in this business. You hold the show together. Also, you need better material."

Red was pleased, both with the praise and with the prospect of getting his hands on more money. He never had any sense about money.

"Why don’t you fix it?" he said.

"I will," she said. And, little by little, she did. Little by little, Red changed from a brash burlesque clown with a hat full of bang-bang jokes to the subtler and funnier character comedian he is today.

Edna’s job just grew. She didn’t plan it or even look for it. "He couldn’t afford to hire anybody," she says. "So whatever he couldn’t or wouldn’t do for himself, I did!"

Her wife’s job was half mother-job from the first. She loaned him the $2 to pay for their marriage license.

She covered the agents’ offices trying to sell Red to vaudeville, cooked his
favorite fried bread and stews for him on a two-plate grill they kept hidden in the bottom bureau drawer in their cheap hotel room.

Although he was a big hit on the walkathon circuit, Red wasn't satisfied. Vaudeville was the big thing in the early Thirties and Red from the beginning wanted to be the biggest in the biggest.

When an offer came along to do a show in Harwichport, Massachusetts, Edna said he had to take it. It was at least closer to New York, hub of the vaudeville world.

They spent the last of their money for an old broken down Packard, borrowed Edna's mother's last five dollars and hit the road.

Harwichport was 2,000 miles away. They got as far as St. Louis before the five dollars dwindled to fifty cents.

"GUESS we have to grub for tinfoil," Red said cheerfully.

"Come again," said Edna.

"Pick up empty cigarette packs," Red ordered, "and save the tinfoil."

They worked for a couple of hours and grubbed up quite a lot.

Then Red spent the fifty cents for a few bars of ivory soap, which, in the back seat of the Packard they sliced with a razor blade into one inch cubes. Each cube they wrapped in smooth-out tinfoil.

"Voila," said the old Medicine Man, "fog remover for your eyeglasses."

With a pocket full of silver cubes, and a spel remembered from the "Miracle Remedy" days, Red took to the street corners, and sold the fog remover tablets for fifty cents apiece. Edna collected the money and kept an eye out for the cops.

They slept in a hotel that night, and every night on their way to Harwichport, which they made in good time to keep their engagement.

Red doesn't see anything unusual about the story.

"I never had anything," he says. "I never got anything the easy way. And everything I ever did get was gravy. I didn't mind working for it. I thought everybody had to."

Still nobody but Edna—and the legion of walkathon fans—that thought Red had the stuff for the big time.

As master of ceremonies for the endurance contests, Red had broken all records. His show played for a solid year in three spots in Camden, New Jersey in 1933. Just red ribbons were willing to come back again and again—at 10 below zero, at 10 o'clock at night—to laugh at Red.

But he knocked out of their trademark at all of them. Edna set auditions for him, but the big, cold, empty theaters with no people in them depressed him, and he couldn't as he puts it, "get off the ground."

Their good friends Jim and Marian Harkins, former big timers in variety, were "thrown out of every agency in New York trying to sell Red." Red and Edna, in the meantime, were being thrown out of their room at the Old Flanders Hotel on 40th Street in default of nine dollars rent.

They doubled up with Marian and Jim that night.

Red always had friends like that, biding away at the closed gates for him.

Another was Eve Ross, who was in charge of the Gae Foster chorus lines at the Roxy theatre in New York.

Eve "knew an agent," but Eve's agent, like so many others, couldn't see Red.

But Eve would not be put off.

"Let me take him up to the Lido Club in Montreal," she begged. "I know he's got it."

Eve won, and went with Red and Edna to Montreal. Opening night Red felt he had to toss him out. But Eve had heard him when he was good.

"The kid's just scared," she said. "Let him stay the week out and if he isn't a hit, I'll pay his whole week's salary."

Red was a hit. He always is on the second bounce. And he stayed at the Lido for months.

That was the beginning.

Considering the fact that it was a nightclub, his success was startling. Red doesn't like clubs, and as a rule he never fits. He's not a wise guy, he doesn't know how to insult the customers—who expect it. His work is largely pantomime. But at the Lido, with his second wind, he mopped up.

Harry Angers, booking agent for Loew's Montreal, caught the act one night, and joined the Skelton fan club.

He spoke to Edna, backstage.

"I'd like to book the kid into Loew's," he said, tentatively, "if he has any free time."

Free time! Red didn't have anything else. But Edna didn't let on.

"We have a booking in Atlantic City after the Lido run. After that, we could work you in."

They went off to Atlantic City expecting never to hear from the little man again. But a few days later a contract arrived with railroad tickets back to Montreal.

In Montreal, Shea's in Toronto—Harry Angers booked Red into the entire Canadian circuit. He played for a solid year. All of Canada loved him, and the United States—hearing about his record-breaking runs—began to wonder about this "unknown Canadian comic," who was killing the people up there.

So Red finally crashed American vaudeville—as a Canadian.

First American stop was the Capitol Theater in Washington, for Carter Bar.

John Bar. Red transferred around the corner to the Earle Theater, then being booked by Red's old friend Harry Angers.

Red, overwhelmed with gratitude, decided to buy Harry a car, and he and Edna went shopping for it.

They wrapped it all in cellophane, draped it with red ribbons and had it delivered to Harry's office door, only to discover that Harry couldn't drive.

He couldn't, but he did, and in quick succession knocked down his own garage door, hit a tree and piled up six cars in traffic.

I don't know whether to thank you," his "wife" told dna. "On the phone, 'or sue you."

A hit in Washington, Red proceeded in style to Chicago where—true to his own erratic traditions—he "laid the biggest egg in vaudeville history."

Two weeks after this debacle Red was booked into the Chicago Palace. There, also true to tradition, he was a sensation.

Up, down! High! Low! And never certain that the next performance wouldn't be a frost.

And the vaudeville itself began to get shaky. A thing called radio was sticking its nose into show business.

As though Red didn't have enough trouble.

He made a few auditions, with the usual frightening results.

Radio could go hang. Red would...
stick to vaudeville until its last breath. He could always go back to Montreal. He didn't know that he had yet another friend to front for him.

At about this time—it was early 1937—Freeman Keyes, an advertising man in Chicago who had made an early reputation in radio with hillbilly shows, was looking for a comedy variety show for one of his clients. Something fresh, different.

He took his headache home to dinner with him one night and his wife—along with two aspirins—gave him some advice.

"I saw a red-headed fellow in Chicago once," she said, "who was the funniest person I ever saw. He did an act dunking doughnuts."

Too tired to explain that doughnut dunking was a pretty visual operation for radio, Mr. Keyes contented himself with "What was his name?"

Mrs. Keyes didn't remember.

Mr. Keyes went on auditioning aspiring comics, and his headache grew. And at home the barrage of propaganda proceeded for the funny man with red hair who dunked doughnuts.

Finally, as he puts it "to get my wife out of my hair," Mr. Keyes called every talent agency in Chicago to ask if by any chance any of their clients had red hair and dunked doughnuts. Red Skelton, playing a vaudeville date in Indianapolis, got wind of stuff going on when his agents in Chicago called on Monday to say they were flying in, and his agents in New York popped in unexpectedly the same day. This was the big break, the agents explained.

All Red had to do was run over to Cincinnati and audition for the fellows who sold the soap.

Red, who can be a contrary little boy, stomped his foot and said "Uh-Uh."

"No more auditions. I've done auditions until I'm blue in the face. They're never any good."

And he went back out on stage and dunked doughnuts.

Edna agreed. "If they want to see him work they can pay him for a guest shot."

The poor agents, drooling at the thought of all that money just lying there, had to go back to Chicago and tell Freeman Keyes that their man Skelton didn't do auditions.

Keyes raged.

"Don't you think the guy's a little uppity," he said, "considering he needs the work?"

He told his wife who gave him two more aspirins.

And more advice.

"I think the boy is right," she said. "Why shouldn't he be paid if he works? And, besides, he's much funnier than the others."

So Red played a guest shot on the Barn Dance, and two weeks later was signed for his own show.

He worked for a year for Keyes—and Avalon cigarettes—and then quit in a huff because the raise stipulated in his contract was not forthcoming.

"I don't care what you do to me if you tell me," Red said, "but it hurts if you don't keep your word."

A year later, Red and Keyes—by then abbreviated to "Boss"—kissed and made up, and have been a radio team since, for a series of sponsors.

Whoever hires Red for radio must hire Keyes' agency—Red is loyal to his friends—and nobody but Keyes can give Red orders from the sponsor. That's in the contract. And Keyes has


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kept his word. There even is a clause in the contract which says Red can quit if he isn't happy.

"I wouldn't try to work with Red if he were in a pout," Keyes explains. "There are easier ways of earning a dollar."

But there hasn't been a pout—about radio, at least—in ten years.

In Red's film career, the weather has been more changeable.

He did his first movie in 1937, playing the camp social director in "Having Wonderful Time," and as he himself says "was so bad it took me five years to get back in."

In 1941, he signed the now legendary seven-year contract with MGM where his embroils with the big shots have made trade paper headlines every other week since he arrived on the lot.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**, more than any other studio in Hollywood, is boss-heavy. And at Metro, Red has had himself a circus throwing his weight around.

Edna recalls the day that she answered the phone to hear a secretary's voice proclaim, "Mr. Mayer would like to speak to Mr. Skelton."

"Mr. Skelton doesn't talk on the telephone," she said, "but he's right here. I can relay a message. Or if Mr. Mayer wants to see Red, he'll drive out to the studio," she added.

Face to face across the desk, the Boss and the Bad Boy gloomed at one another.

"Don't you think it's a little early for you to be 'going Hollywood'?" the Boss asked.

"I'm not going Hollywood," Red snapped back. "But I don't talk on the telephone. That's what Edna is for."

"What did you do," Mr Mayer remarked acidly, "before Edna was around?"

"Before Edna was around," Red replied, "nobody called me up."

Edna had been around for a long time, taking care of things for a long time, and it is revealing no secret to say that at the time Red was taking his marriage pretty casually.

It wasn't much fun for Edna, as a good many of Red's friends noticed—particularly Frank Borzage who directed Red's early pictures.

Edna was young, too, and pretty, but she wasn't having any flings like Red's. She remembered one night when Red came home for dinner at 9:30, bursting with explanations.

"ran into Uncle Frank and Uncle Boo at the club and they wanted to sit around and hash," he said. (Uncle Frank was Mr. Borzage, and Uncle Boo is Boo Roos, Red's investment manager.)

"Well," said Edna quietly, "you go on in the study and relax. I'll try to dig you up some supper."

Red suntered into the study to find Uncle Boo, waiting with papers for Red to sign. He had been there for four hours, by appointment.

Edna laughed, but you can't go on laughing forever, and in 1941 Edna decided to divorce Junior, let him have his fling with no strings attached. Red was indignant.

"What you gonna tell that judge?" he demanded, "If you tell him that I made you sick, that you just wasted away, if you tell him anything like that I'll—"

What Edna finally did say was, "We just didn't get along."

"Didn't get along?" the judge asked.

Who does? was implied.

"Well," Edna went on, "I got sick of the same old alibis."

"Such as?"

**SUCH** as the night he came home at 3 A.M. and said I'm sorry to be late, but I've been waiting for the Sunset-Sepulveda light to change."

The courtroom rocked, and in the hub-bub Edna could just barely hear the judge's voice saying, "Divorce granted."

Thus, to the accompaniment of a belly laugh, Red was set free to have his fling, and Edna was free to marry Frank Borzage, who had admired her from the very day she brought "Junior" onto his MGM set.

Red had his lonely days; it was then that he began painting. He had never had any training in the arts, never had a paint brush in his hand, but his first painting was an oil and good. It was a portrait of a clown.

That first painting is now the center of interest in Edna Borzage's Westwood apartment, and the walls of all the rooms are hung with later Skelton clowns.

Red shouldn't have complained about time on his hands, for in June, 1944, as it must in those days to all men young and hearty and unencumbered by dependents, came the President's Greetings.

Red reported to Camp Roberts, California, a very private private assigned to Battery F, 53rd Field Artillery.

It shouldn't have happened to the Army.

Things started happening at Camp Roberts the day Junior arrived.

The battery was sent into the field for maneuvers. Paired up to dig slit

When Richard—already known as Red—was a few months old, the Skeltons lived in Vincennes, Indiana. Because Mrs. Skelton worked, Denny, Chris and Paul looked after their baby brother.
trenches, then camouflage them, the raw recruits fell to with their bayonets in soil that was like cement.

But when the whistle blew for inspection, Red and his buddy were covered with glory. Or at all the slit trenches, their obviously was the deepest. Junior's red hair behind the tangled camouflage branches hardly showed at all.

"Great work," the Captain commended them, and he challenged the others, "watch these men and learn how to dig."

Then he walked around in back, only to find Red and his buddy walking around in their trench on their knees. Red wasn't out of trouble during his whole army career.

Red limped back to the barracks one time after a twenty-five mile hike to find the big barn-like structure draped with banners, "Tour of Movie Star's Home, Twenty-Five Cents!"

He was so pleased that that night he gave the boys a show.

From that day, he did double duty. A private in the field by day, the camp's Number One morale builder at night.

At this point, Edna received a frantic telephone call.

She expected the usual Sunday night wail in Junior's bad-boy voice:

"YOU tell my mummie I'm broke and if she doesn't send money, I'll be in the guard house."

This time it was different.

"Mummas. I'm in real trouble. I've run out of jokes."

It took nineteen people working day and night to do it, but a week later Red had a gag file with 80,000 jokes and sight bits, all on 12 by 12 sheets, just the size of his foot locker.

After that, it was easy to get up a new show every night.

The army didn't think much of Private Skelton in the field, but Private Skelton on the stage was worth his weight in K-rations.

And the Captain with whom Red had tangled so often found himself in the interesting position of offering his problem child a stripe, for Private First Class.

Red refused it.

"Tomorrow I'll get in dutch again and you'll make me take it off, and I'll have to explain to everybody how all those stitch-marks got on my sleeve," he explained politely.

"If you please, sir, I'll give you four dollars a month to keep it."

"Just for that," said the Captain, "you won't get it."

But he did come home with a Good Conduct Medal.

In the spring of '45, during a three-day furlough at home, Red married Georgia Davis, a girl from Kallispe, Montana, with hair and freckles as flaming as his own.

Red had met Georgia—who was modeling in Hollywood, and playing small parts in films—at a party at the Garry Davises just before he was drafted. And Red found that he missed her. She was definitely not just another of the pretty girls he had met at parties. Georgia was different.

He asked her to marry him two hours after his train got into Los Angeles. And they were married—with all the trimmings—twenty-four hours later in the interdenominational Beverly Vista Church in Beverly Hills by the Reverend J. K. Stewart.

His army service finished, Red came back to a new kind of life. With Georgi...
Radio Star

Gossip

Barbara Luddy
Leading Lady

"FIRST NIGHTER" Reveals Secret!

Twice winner of a national poll as America's Best Radio Actress, diminutive hazel-eyed Barbara Luddy says:

"One of the true secrets for success as a radio, stage, movie actress or career girl is to have a flawless-looking, lovely complexion.

"That's why I'm so completely happy with the new cream make-up—Magic Touch—which I consider the finest make-up I've ever used.

"Magic Touch, being a cream, never dries my skin. And it's absolutely magical the way it hides little skin faults, blends so quickly and easily, gives your complexion a look of perfection—without ever making you appear 'made-up.'"

Take a tip from Barbara Luddy, use Magic Touch. Send for FREE Beauty Booklet of make-up secrets. Campagna Sales Co., 1000 Lincoln Way, Batavia, Ill.

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gia, he moved into his first real home.
Red and Edna had had a couple of
houses, but they were never really fur-
dowed and guests who were invited to
dinner were enjoined to bring their own
dishes.
I always believed Uncle Boo when
he said we couldn't afford to furnish the
living room," Edna says.
Red and Georgia bought a beautiful
Georgian Colonial house in Bel Air,
where he works.
They furnished it tastefully with
fine antiques, and soft, comfortable
sofas and chairs. They soon had to
furnish the nursery as well, for Val-
entina Marie, the first of their twins,
red-heads, arrived in May, 1947, and
Richard Freeman a year and a month
later,

IN THE meantime, professionally, he
was rejoicing in the greatest suc-
cesses of his career. His radio program
was climbing to the top of the heap, and
"The Fuller Brush Man"—made away
from his quarrel-shadowed home lot
—established him among the "all-time
great comedies of the screen.

Red saw no occasion to be a good
boy, just because his new picture was
produced at Columbia.

When Harry Cohn, boss of the
studio, walked onto the set one day
and started to make some bookkeeping
silenced him with "Hey, Harry, you
can go back now. They've just
cleaned out your cage."

Nobody can say that Junior made

good by buttering up to the boss.

Christmas, in 1948, was a milestone
for Red. For the first time in twenty
years he didn't have to work.

He helped decorate the tree, wrapped
up the children's presents which he
had brought home in carloads from the
stores himself, and on Christmas Day
shot a hundred 16mm. stills and 8mm. pictures
taking pictures of the babies.

And at his New Year's Eve broad-
cast, when his friends asked him
whether he would ring in the New Year,
he said:

"You know that big pine tree right
outside the living room window at our
house. At two o'clock, I'm going out and
stand under that pine tree and
say a little prayer."

Red Skelton is a big star now, center
of a tremendous organization with no
other care than to keep Red sets of gold
can keep his fan letters answered, re-
quests for pictures filled, his script
files and scrapbook records up to date.

Edna and three new assistants—Ben
Freedman, John Murray and Harry
Eller, toil just as steadily to whip the
week's radio script into shape for
Junior's critical eye at the Tuesday re-
hearsals and preview.

His radio "family"—Producer Keith
McLeod, Musical Director Dave Rose,
Sound Technicians Fred Cole and Jack
Robinson, Announcer Red O'Connor,
the versatile regulars of the cast, Lur-
ene Tuttle (Daisy May), Willis Lump-
Lump's mother) Verna Felton, (Na-
maw, Cactus Kate), Pat McGeehan,
(the cowboy), Engineer Art Brearley,
and Script Girl Zelda Lamarr work like
beavers to keep America laughing.

Skelton, the man they proclaim

boss-Hating Junior is the best little boss in the world.

Red doesn't think he's a boss—
doesn't even believe he's a boss, ever. He
would like to be a great comedian,
but hero worshipper that he is, he will
name a dozen others—clowns in cir-
cus, Edna, and radio—he thinks have reached greater
comedic heights than he has.

Greatest of them all, Red thinks, is
the great Chaplin. He would shout out
the whole story to say that Red, Red, himself, is touched with the
Chaplin quality, that he too can evoke
the tear within the smile which is the
essence of "the little tramp's" genius.

But he has it. His friends say he
has. And they say, further, that Red
hasn't scratched the surface of what
he can do. They tell him, they say. He
hasn't begun to act.

What Red Skelton will be tomorrow
is another story.

What is he today?

Essentially, he is still Junior, the lit-
tle guy who can stand in the middle
of the room without touching a thing
and the joint falls apart.

Junior, who does have a temper tan-
trum one minute and forget what it
was about the next. "Are you still
thinking about that?" he will ask in
amazement, after throwing everybody
into a whirl.

A little guy at heart, he likes little
guys best.

In an argument, if he sees that a lit-
tle fellow is taking a beating he will
switch sides to back him up. Pretty
soon the little fellow is in the clear,
but Red is in trouble.

On his way back from last summer
with Lou Borzage he drove all over the
South in a station wagon, stopping
in little towns, talking with every-
body who shouted "Hey, Red" at
him, going home every night with
some brand new friend for a fried chicken
and corn pone dinner.

Even his charities are aimed toward
helping the little guy in trouble. Red
supports practically alone Pacific
Lodge, a school for juvenile court
wards in Los Angeles.

"Not a bad boy in the lot," he will
insist. "Just kids who never had a
chance to live decently."

His own slim chances, his own hard
year can do—to keep deep in the uncon-
scious—forgotten.

Still perennially broke, with no idea
what he did with all that allowance,
still fond of baubles—his sponsor has
always been lovely Edna—Red to
and he carries them all—still super-
stitious—he wears the same lucky cuff
links, the same lucky burgundy tie
every time he goes on the air. He
start at every program—still burning
his brand new suit every time he lights
a cigar, still sorry honestly and never
gives up his brand new Junior. He's

For the most revealing picture of
Red Skelton as he is today, everybody
should tag along with him—as I did in
assembling the material for this story—
on his traditional show day stroll along
Vine Street.

Rehearsals breaks at five. Red has
an hour before he must be back in the
studio for the final run-through.

He stops for a moment in his dress-

ing room, reads letters his secretaries
have written in response to mail from
fans, suggests changes in nearly every
one, stops for a moment across the hall to hear Jimmy Durante run through a song. "That Durante is great," he says.

And then, with Edna, and anybody else from the show who wants a little air, he saunters out of the NBC building into the throng of people who mill up and down Hollywood's main stem.

"Hi, Red," says a teen-age girl, "hey, did I tell you I'm going to get married next week?"

"Great, Margie," he says. "Congratulations."

"One of my best fans," he says proudly.

Willie, a Vine street character whom most performers think is a pest, comes up to offer to sell Red a new gimmick he has invented.

"Red looks at it seriously. "Speak to Mrs. Skelton—I mean Mrs. Borrage—" he says, indicating Edna, "she takes care of all those things."

Most radio folk, at the break, hurry up the street to the Brown Derby for a refresher. It takes Red a lot longer to get to his rendezvous, which is nearer, a ramshackle hot dog stand called Mom's. Mom's is right across the street from the Derby, but very few tourists drop in. The Brown Derby has a thousand pictures of stars on the walls. Mom's has two: Red's and Edna's.

AT MOM'S, leaning against the oil cloth counter, Red has two hot dogs, with everything. Then he goes next door to Tommy's—Tommy is a Negro shoeblack—for his pre-show shine, signing autographs, of course, all the while.

Next stop is a camera shop where Red picks up sixty-four dollars worth of prints of pictures of Valentino and Richard which he shot on Christmas Day.

"Sixty-four dollars," he says, in amazement. Maybe that's where his allowance goes.

"You haven't seen anything yet," the clerk tells him, amused. "There are eight more rolls come."

Last stop—for dessert—is the Thrifty Drug Store. Red and his entourage, grown somewhat unwieldy by now, crowd up to the counter and order coffee and oatmeal cookies.

"Still dunking doughnuts, I guess," he explains, apologetically. At the Derby, things are fancier and he knows it.

Two marines are sitting across the way, chowing on their chocolate ice cream sodas at this unexpected break in their Movietown furlough. Stars, and in person.

After a few minutes, one of them comes up.

"I have a camera with me, Mr. Skelton," he stammers. "Would you mind if I took a picture of you?"

"I'd love it," says Mr. Skelton, "and by the way, call me Red."

The Marine carefully sets his focus, and shoots. The flash has gone off but the shutter didn't click. He tries again. The shutter clicks, but the bulb doesn't go off.

The kid is out of bulbs. And desolate.

Everybody at the counter is hurting. "Here, leatherneck," says Junior, digging down into his pocket, "here's one of mine." He pulls out one of Valentino's flash bulbs.

"And hurry, will you. I have to get on the air."
informative talks by Wayne Coy, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission and by the heads of the four networks—ABC, CBS, NBC and DuMont. There were greetings from Mayor Martin H. Kennelly of Chicago and President of the City Council Vincent Impellitteri of New York. The AT&T showed a masterly film, "The Story of Network Television," for which someone should get an "Oscar." It made complicated TV technicalities seem relatively simple, at least that until the few minutes the film was being shown. Even those who forgot some of it soon after will never be quite so much in the dark about how TV is carried long-distance.

In Chicago, when announcers said, "We now switch you to New York," both viewers and workers felt small tingles creep up their spines. At station controls all along the line engineers scanned scopes, watched monitors, listened to cue lines, their tension showing up only in pipe stems bitten a trifle harder, buttons punched a trifle faster. Through television one got the feeling of being in two places at the same time.

From New York, CBS's Arthur Godfrey led the strictly entertainment portion of the opening night show with a preview of Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, which made its actual debut the next night. There were also a sample of a Lucky Pup puppet show and a Douglas Edwards news telecast. (You'll find more on those programs in the TV section.) DuMont introduced a brand-new sixteen-man studio orchestra with Ted Steele as emcee conductor and pianist, a comic violinist, a harpist and a seven-year-old ballet dancer. NBC, for this historic occasion presented a shortened version of a typical Milton Berle show, one of this top comedian's best on television. Harry Richman flew up from Florida to work with Berle and their performance ended with blackface impersonations of Cantor and Greenspun, at least.

While all this was going on in New York, Chicago's back-stage excitement was concentrated at ABC's WENR, ABC being the only network prepared to feed the east-bound line that night. Since the Chicago telecast was pooled, only engineers worked at the other three Chicago stations—WGN, WBBK and the NBC station WNDQ.

When the New York portion of the entertainment program was over, an announcer said: "We now switch to Chicago." These switches were unquestionably the big thrills of the occasion. There was a cut. A gun nosed into the title card, and a voice proclaimed, "Stand By for Crime!"

Plenty of praise was heard next day, for the fifteen-minute capsule mystery show, with viewer Marc Connolly in New York playing guest detective, and the slick, smooth television-theater performances weren't confined to its time belt.

A fellow well known to radio listeners could take a bow for his part in the smooth way the opening night programs moved along. His name is George F. Putnam.

Now that the cox is carrying its full load of westbound and eastbound shows, the rivalry is on. Here is the competition for which we were all waiting, for out of similar rivalry for time and attention great shows were born in the early days of radio. Daytime TV, an accomplished fact since DuMont led the parade with its full-dress programming in the east last November, is booming now both east and mid-west.

No one's making any definite predictions at this point, but they say there's a date somewhere in 1960 when you'd better get set for another historic occasion. That will be when the coaxial cable and the radio relays carry the programs to the far west and bring their talent to us. Those little copper tubes about the size of a pencil, enclosed in coaxial cable, and buried underground, with their amplifying equipment and with all their complicated apparatus, are heeding the old admonition to "Go West." So are the radio relay towers, with their directional antennas that beam the super-high frequencies called micro-waves.

But the technical problems of TV, fascinating as they are to engineers, are not the matters of chief moment to the average viewer. What does matter most to us is quality, and the vital fact that as the cable expands, television's all-day, all-evening programming, the increasingly high standards that competition must develop, are going to have profound effects on our daily lives. We're looking forward eagerly, curiously—and hopefully.

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**Alan Young**

One of radio's best-loved comedians starring on his own half-hour program

"The Alan Young Show"

every Tuesday night
coast-to-coast over NBC

Read "My True Romance" by Alan Young in April TRUE ROMANCE magazine On Newsstands March 25.
"You Can't Let Up"

(Continued from page 39)

get to straighten out," his father said more than once. "You've got to buckle down in school."

To make this point stronger, Bill was shipped off to a boarding school at the age of fifteen. His parents hoped that strict supervision would keep him in line but they overlooked a simple geographical fact. The school was in Tarrytown, a stone's throw from New York City and the avenues of Broadway.

Bill was often AWOL to the theaters and eventually expelled, but in the meantime his desires were whetted and he made many friends in show business. One in particular was a young lady named Ruby Stevens, hoofing in a Broadway musical. Today their friendship continues although their careers parted. Bill was struck into radio and Ruby went to Hollywood. Now Ruby Stevens is one of the country's favorite screen stars. You know her as Barbara Stanwyck.

ONE more effort was made to prep Bill for Cornell and he was sent to a private school farther from New York. But when the time came to take entrance exams for Cornell, he flunked cold. Then he was enrolled as a student at Pennsylvania Military College.

"It was the turning point in my life," Bill admits. "I learned to discipline my energies."

He graduated one of the top three men in his class. He had learned the hard way that it was easier to obey the rules than walk guard duty with a seventy-five-pound pack. There was an incentive to work his way from private to captain when he had to polish shoes of boys who outranked him. He had even found time to quarterback the varsity football team.

"But we had one of the most unsuccessful seasons in the history of the school," Bill says.

His family had every reason to be proud when he graduated in 1930. Bill had gained the respect of the faculty and proved himself to be a good scholar. His parents assumed he had also given up his boyhood dream of being an athlete or actor. They were half right. By then Bill knew that his slight build limited his athletic ability. But he rejected the jobs his family offered and headed for Hollywood.

At the Rover Club and other places Bill soon found that the high studio walls were not props, that a director was as hard to get next to as the crown jewels of England. He flamed from one casting office to another for days that ran into months. Just as his money and spirit ran out, Bill finally made a connection. He got a job with a major studio playing fence post holes at five dollars a day.

Was he discouraged? A little, but in the fighting vernacular, he was down but not out. If he didn't get a foothold in Hollywood there was still New York. On his way east he stopped off at Rochester. Again his family tried to persuade him to give up acting. But Bill had made up his mind to get into show business even if it meant getting a job as an usher. And that was the job he got, in a small, second-rate movie house.

"I was much too ambitious to stay there," Bill explains wryly. "I soon went to the Roxy theater."

At the Roxy the famous stage shows more frequently than the paying customers, but only from the front.
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McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

He wanted to get backstage, into the inside. However, ushers were not allowed to watch rehearsals.

Bill took the matter into his own hands. On Wednesday nights, when the show changed, he hid in a broom closet till the theater was cleared and closed. Then he would sneak into the dark recess of the balcony. From 2 A.M. until late morning when he reported back to the ushers' room, he watched the new stage show being put together.

He sat through many rehearsals unnoticed. One night the house lights suddenly went on. Then a man was walking toward him. Bill looked for an escape but there was no way to move. He was caught. And this was no ordinary employee approaching. It was Roxy himself.

"Who are you?" Roxy asked.

Bill told him that he was an usher and why he was watching the rehearsal.

"Oh, an usher," said Roxy. "Well, come this way."

Bill followed, not knowing whether he would be turned over to the police or merely fired. Instead, Roxy had Bill sit by his side and during the long hours of rehearsal occasionally questioned Bill's judgment on the acts. At seven in the morning, he gave Bill a job on the stage and jumped his salary from $16 to $50 a week.

"But for the next couple of months," Roxy advised, "keep your mouth shut and your eyes open."

Six months later, Bill became Assistant Stage Manager and grew to love and respect Roxy.

"He was a rare kind of man," Bill tells you. "If you held the job, you got the dough whether you were fifteen or fifty. None of this hokum about working for experience.

A year and a half had passed when the stage manager announced he was quitting. Roxy was traveling abroad. Bill asked the manager for his job and was told he didn't have enough experience. It was then that he took action with the same audacity that was to get him in trouble later with NBC. Bill gave Roxy's foreign address and cabled: "Can I have stage manager's job and salary?"

Then he waited uneasily for Roxy's answer. He had done the wrong thing. He had gone over the stage manager's head. In a few hours he might be out on the street looking for work. The next day, after twenty-four anxious hours, a one-word cable came back from Roxy: "Yes."

Bill was elated, although today he agrees that his experience didn't warrant that job. But he hung on and worked hard. When Roxy moved into the Music Hall in 1932, Bill went with him.

Sometime during the next few years of kicking around and being kicked, Bill had solved the answer to his conflicting love of show business and sports. He knew definitely that he wanted to be a sports announcer. And while other people were singing in the shower, Bill, under the noisy chatter of water, rehearsed imaginary games.

When NBC moved into Rockefeller Center, Bill made it his business to meet John Royal, vice president in charge of programming.

"Plagued Royal as often as I could see him," Bill said. "Years later I learned they gave me a try-out only because I was a nuisance."

NBC sent Bill to Baltimore to cover the great Graham McNamee to cover a collegiate football game. Royal was allowing Bill only two minutes of air.
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time to show his stuff. Bill was keyed up and sat expectantly in the radio station's booth waiting to get the mike. It was a slow game and Navy suddenly came to life and began a march to the goal. When Navy was on William and Mary's 2-yard line, a touchdown looked almost certain. The stadium crowd was on its feet.

"It was then that McNamee gave me the mike and demonstrated his big heart," Bill said. "I gave him the most exciting part of the game to report."

NBC executives were satisfied with Bill's announcing and told him he could do one fourth of every football game that season. But Bill began to get anxious. He doubted that John Royal was really impressed with his work. He wanted to do something to insure that job. So he asked fifteen of his friends to send telegrams to Royal saying that Bill Stern was the best sports announcer they'd ever heard. They did, and the next day Bill was called to Royal's office.

"I've got a pile of wires telling me how good you are," Royal said.

Royal wasn't smiling and Bill sensed something was wrong.

"Not only do I think you aren't the greatest sports announcer in the world," Royal continued, "but I'd say you're stupid." Angrily, he asked Bill, "How would ordinary football fans know my name? They would send telegrams to NBC, not me."

Then Bill knew what was coming, even before he heard Royal's last words.

"Stern, you're fired."

Now what? Bill could be a stage manager again, living with the knowledge he had been beaten. Or he could take another announcing job out of town and work right back up—or maybe get lost forever. In a little time, he decided that if the sportscaster job was worth having, it was worth fighting for. When he was offered an assignment to cover football in the Southwestern Conference, he drove to Texas. It was then, in the fall of 1936, that he had his most shocking experience.

Early on a Sunday morning he was driving back to Austin. The day before he had broadcast a football game. It had been a good game and this was a beautiful morning. The highway was clear and the road was pushng his convertible along. As he topped the rise of a hill, he tensed, his foot jerked to the brake and he tried to swing his car aside. He was too late. He smashed into a truck coming out of a side road.

The rear of a car lifted into the air, slamming and rolled into a ditch. There was a crackle then an explosion as the car caught fire. Bill dragged himself into some weeds, then lost consciousness.

When he awoke, he lay in a small hospital in Tague, Texas.

"It's a compound fracture of the leg," the doctor told him, "but you'll be all right."

He was in that hospital for four days; then a friend came and took him to New York on a stretcher. Ten days later he was in the hospital for Gangrene. Diseases and Bill knew it wasn't all right.

"We're going to open up your leg again," they said. "Infection has set in."

An hour later the doctors told him.

They told him they opened the wound and took out gravel and sand and dirt that had been there over a week. They said something else too. One dreaded word: "Gangrene."

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miles away, had neglected to perform the elementary duty of cleaning an injury. Bill Stern lost a leg.

That was the lowest point in his life. He came close to giving up. His friends couldn’t cheer him. They could hardly talk to him. Bill was living within himself and the mind was a desolate pit of gloom and despair. He didn’t have a fighting chance now, he thought. Not a chance.

News of Bill’s accident got over to NBC and an executive who remembered Bill stopped at the hospital on his way to work. As he walked into Bill’s room—Bill was wheeling out a breakfast tray, the food was untouched. The man looked at Bill and immediately realized the state of his mind.

“Better eat that food and get well,” he told Bill. “We want you back at NBC.”

Bill looked up, not believing what he heard.

“We’re going to make a real sports announcer out of you,” the executive repeated.

Bill was speechless. He barely murmured his thanks. The man left the hospital not realizing he had actually saved a man’s life, for only Bill knew that he was about to give up. And the strange thing is that the executive was John Royal, the same man a year before had fired him.

It was June 1938 that Bill was permanently assigned to the NBC special events staff, and what he has done since is public knowledge.

Blow by blow, stroke by stroke or play by play through the action and color of an event into the home so vividly that you can feel the impact of bodies and taste the mustard on the hot dog. His delivery, which may run as high as 350 words a minute on a hockey game, is accurate and unfaltering. If there is a slight pause or halt in his report, engineers check their equipment. They know Bill Stern has never fed his audience dead air.

What makes him the best sports announcer? Hard work and more of the same. The fifteen minute show you hear every Friday night is not ad lib. Bill spends ten hours rehearsing and correcting the timing down to a split second. All this he learned from Roxy. For a football game he may spend a week on concentrated research and two or three days with the coaches and players.

“But I still pull my share of boners,” Bill admits and tells of the embarrassing incident when he was reporting the Indianapolis Speed Classic in 1938.

Below the broadcasting booth, the cars sped around the track, sometimes too fast to see the numbers. Bill was talking about Floyd Roberts. He was the man to watch.

“I’m keeping my eye on Roberts,” he said into the mike. “He’s been leading the pack all afternoon and he’s still in front.”

There was a tap on Bill’s shoulder and he looked around.

“I guess I’m doing pretty good,” the man said.

It was Floyd Roberts. He had pulled his car into the pit for quick repair and hopped up to the booth to say hello.

Bill will go on to tell you that the same day Roberts sacrificed the race and his life on the track to save a man who was already dead.

It’s coming to grips with dramatic events of this kind and probing into the personal emotion behind every athlete’s loss and victory that has made Bill top
man. But to know the inside facts requires constant alertness and a continuous expenditure of energy.

"Sometimes Bill reminds me of a man who's auditioning for a nervous breakdown," his wife says apprehensively.

Harriet Stern is a pretty woman, two inches over five feet tall, with brown hair and eyes that may be gray or green depending on the color of the room.

"I gave up inviting people to dinner a long time ago," she said. "Either Bill was terribly late or didn't show up at all. It's worse than being married to a traveling salesman. I think.

Harriet and Bill are lucky if they have one evening a week together. For two nights a week, Bill is working on newsreels, another night on a monthly movie short. He does five other broadcasts in the metropolitan area and there is the network show on Friday. The weekend is usually shot on a football game or some other sports event. He has written three books and does a monthly article for Sport Magazine.

Wednesday he flies to an army camp in New England, the South or East. Every year he travels 100,000 miles and in spite of rain, sleet or snow has never missed a broadcast. In the past twelve years, his work frequently kept him from attending a wedding anniversary or a birthday party with his children. He has two: Peter, aged eight, and Mary May, five.

Once Bill had Peter on his Friday show and asked him if he'd like to be a sports announcer some day.

"No," Peter said.

"Why not?"

"You talk too much."

The children are crazy about their father. They have only one gripe. Bill likes to play with their toys. It's one of his few relaxations. Like few other celebrities, Bill has no time for hobbies and certainly none. What he usually brings home with him is more work or someone to interview.

Yet there's one thing Bill finds time for. He has time to be a human being. His friends, and he has many, will tell you Bill is a kind and considerate man. It shows in the material he uses and the way he talks to his audience. He's a champion of the underdog. He's never far from a cause, a friend or a disagreeable human being.

BILL told the story over the air, not because he wanted a bicycle fund, but because he knew there was a moral there worthy of anyone's equal. It was incidental that enough contributions came in to buy the kid one hundred bikes.

It's things like this, the human drama, that keep Bill going. For his job is more than just being on the air. He's never in the position where he can sit back and enjoy the sport event. Every sport event is something new and different all over again, requiring complete preparation. There are always new athletes to be studied and watched.

"It's a tough job and I'm crazy about it," Bill will say, sometimes add. "If I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't."

His close friends think he would. For Bill Stern accepts a challenge to stay with the spirit of an athlete. It's not a blind, dumb courage. As a sensitive and intelligent man, he knows when the odds are against him but it only strengthens his determination.

That's a good reason why, next time you hear Bill Stern dramatizing the life of a champion, you might remind yourself that the man with the voice is in every way a champion himself.

---

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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 67)

and doctor bills to pay. I worry. I can’t make my husband understand that I do love him and my children want to make them a wonderful home, be a wonderful wife and mother. I pray that God will make me strong again so I can be with them for many years and show them I do love them more than anything else in the world that makes them happy. Can you help me?

Zelma H.

Dear Zelma H.:

I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that I could help to make you happy in some way more concrete than this. But here is my advice, and I hope it does help a little. Have you talked this over with your husband— with your children, too, especially the boy, who is old enough to understand, at least a little? Perhaps, if you find it hard to put your problem into words to your husband, you could show him this letter. And ask your doctor to help you— ask him to explain to your husband that your condition makes you so tired sometimes that you can’t show the affection that is really in your heart. Here’s something else— don’t do anything more than you have to do in the way of housework. There’s a time and a place for everything, but your present condition doesn’t call for your being a good housekeeper. Do as little physical work as you possibly can. In that way, you can save a little strength to spend on your husband and family— and believe me, they’re much more important than any housework. But best of all, tell your husband exactly how you feel— tell him in the words you’ve used to tell me. Surely, if those words touched my heart— the heart of a stranger— they can’t fail to reach the heart of the man who loves you! The very best of luck to you, and my sincere wishes for your speedy recovery.

Joan Davis

"I DON’T KNOW"

Dear Joan Davis:

I have been married three months. My husband is very much in love with me and I with him. I want to please my husband, so I always ask him if he wants this or that. He never gives me a satisfactory answer. He either says "I don’t know" or "maybe." It puzzles me so much, and I don’t know what to do. Please tell me what to do.

Mildred J.

Dear Mildred J.:

You will find—you’re already finding—that the early months of marriage are a period of readjustment. You’re finding out that there are a number of things you don’t understand about this new husband of yours—and he’s doubtless finding a great number he doesn’t understand about you! But you love each other—and so, you’ll find when these first few months are over and you’re adjusted to your new way of life, that most of those things aren’t worth bothering about, that, as a matter of fact, you’ve forgotten them.

Let’s look at it from your husband’s point of view. Perhaps you ask him if he’d like such-and-such a dish for dinner. And he says he doesn’t know, or "maybe." Well, perhaps he doesn’t know—perhaps he’s never tried it. Or perhaps he doesn’t know whether or not it’s a lot of trouble to prepare, and if he says yes he may be letting you in for a lot of extra work. Or perhaps you...
ask him just after a good, hearty breakfast, when nothing in the way of food would sound very appealing. Or perhaps he's the kind of man who's good about making decisions in a crisis, but no good whatever about insignificant matters—if he is, you'll just have to make up your mind to grin and bear it. (And if and when a crisis does come along, you'll thank your lucky stars for him!)

Try to understand, when your husband says "I don't know" or "maybe," when he makes that sort of answer along the lines of the one I've given you. It's just possible you'll find that some of your questions don't deserve a better answer! And be patient—please me, in a way or so you'll laugh at things which—in this period of readjustment which comes, I repeat, in every marriage—seem like insurmountable obstacles.

Joan Davis

BUDGET BLUES

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband and I are very much in love, and have two wonderful children, a boy and girl. Now, if I do it: Unbelievably I think people could get by without a budget. Now I don't think so. My husband makes very good money, but where it goes, I'm not sure. What I want you to help me do is figure out a budget so we don't spend so much of our money for food. I know groceries are high, but we spend too large a percent of our money on food. I try to give my children and my husband what they really need for meals; we have only a few very small debts. If you can, please figure me out a budget. I will be waiting to hear from you.

Virginia C.

Dear Virginia C.:

I'm sorry that I can't work out a budget to fit your exact needs, but I'm sure you'll understand that I have to know a great deal more about you and your family to be able to do that. However, I do think I can help you.

In the first place, if you have a checking or a savings account at a bank, the bank will help you work out a budget that is right for you and your family. If you haven't a savings account, why don't you go to the bank and ask them to help you figure out a budget that will allow for a savings-account deposit, however small, each week. If you don't have savings, emergencies may arise which can wreck your careful budgeting plans for a long, long time!

If you prefer not to go to the bank, there are other institutions which will give budget help—your local newspaper or perhaps you have a friend or relative who will help you set up a budget.

You are quite right in lamenting the high cost of food. The Dept. of Agriculture has published a booklet, "Helping Families Plan Food Budgets", which should be of assistance to you. This can be obtained by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., and enclosing fifteen cents.

Here are two more pieces of advice which may aid you. In planning a budget—and sticking to it—you must guard against the idea of "keeping up" with anyone else. The second is this: take stock of your household and of yourself. Have you any goods or services you can sell or trade? Besides a new budget, try to get a new perspective—and, who knows, you might get a brand new interest in life, an exciting spare-time interest, as well!

Joan Davis
Goodbye Headache

If you have never tried Alka-Seltzer for headaches, find out how fast it works. There's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer! It contains one of the world's most effective pain-relieving agents. It also contains alkaline buffers to speed relief. Alka-Seltzer's fizzing effervescence further speeds its pain-relieving action. The next time you have a headache, try Alka-Seltzer.

One Wonderful Guy

(Continued from page 55)

demonstrating what they want you to do, he usually says, "That's great. Now we've got a little gimmick. If you don't like it, don't do it. But it has some more laughs for you.

It's a hundred to one they'll love it. He gets into most acts, but never without permission from the performer.

A good TV revue requires all the pace and variety of the old vaudeville stage, but it has to be compressed in space. You may not realize it, but the television camera holds only four people comfortably. Otherwise you have to go to long shots, and you can't see faces and eyes. So you have to sacrifice some of your settings and keep your action confined to small groups. You have to depend on showmanship—and that's where Milton's long experience counts.

Once in front of the cameras there can be no coaching, no covering up, no retakes. That's why some of the best actors in other mediums fall by the camera-side in this one. Some of the Hollywood stars have been super on Broadway, like Jane Blair and Vivian Blaine. Stage and screen stars like Gracie Fields and Gertrude Niessen, Harry Richman, Ted Lewis, Henny Youngman. And men and women who, with Alka-Seltzer before this is published. But the home audience is fast becoming show-conscious, and consequently more critical. People who never saw a vaudeville show before are beginning to be actually amazing at spotting the good and the bad in it.

Milton knows what a job falls on Harry Keitel's shoulders when he has to book acts for a full hour show every week. We have brought talent in from the west coast, from overseas, from Florida for a one-night performance. If performers are busy—and the best ones are apt to be—it's difficult to book them for a one-night date. It's a tribute to Mr. Keitel that we can get both Keilner and Knobloch, knowing he never settles for second best. We hold out occasionally until the last minute for an act that we think is good theater.

Milton has been responsible for the creation of some of the excellent camera work, widely copied now, but some of it is still our secret. He felt that TV should give to the viewer at home the same feeling of being in a theater. That wasn't easy, because of the space element, but once again Berle conquered.

It becomes imperative that the man in the control room has a complete understanding of comedy. Berle makes their job easy. In directing performers he never fails to bring to the attention of cameramen the importance of shooting vital moves and expressions that put the punch lines over.

Sitting in at rehearsal you begin to realize that comedy is serious stuff to Milton. He directs the actors, not only in the business but in the dialogue. Should they find a line difficult, he alters their lines and forth back and across the stage and watches the monitor on the set, to see how the scene is televisual. "Arthur," he'll call out. "Dinner's more important than a line. I can't see them in the monitor. They blend too much with the set." Or he'll stop the scene and shake his head. He doesn't like what he has seen on the monitor screen. He supervises the props and the cos-
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But, he tries them on, and everyone signs with relief when he nods okay. He goes into a dance and you're surprised at his grace. Until he hokes it up, deliberately.

He's off the stage again, grabbing a sandwich and downing it while he moves around like a snowflake in a blizzard. You get dizzy just watching him. Nobody stands still for a moment at a Berle rehearsal. But he thinks he has been lounging, and that everyone else is. "What's the matter?" he calls out sharply. "Come on. Let's go. There's a lot to be done yet."

He's up on the stage again, coaching, directing, cueing the music, shouting instructions to everyone, leaving off the stage frequently to look in the monitor.

Each show requires from twenty-five to thirty-five pages of solid material. Being so completely involved in directing more or less for Milton to memorize his own lines. So at five minutes to eight Tuesday night, just before the show goes on, Milton will point to the script and say, "I don't know one line of this thing I've got here. I don't remember a thing."

I'm used to his "back-stage" fright. I know he never feels he has given himself sufficient time. "When you get out on the stage," I tell him, "you'll remember."

The minute he's on his fright is over and he's in complete control of the whole show. He remembers his own lines and makes few fluffs—and he remembers what everyone else should and does. It's amazing to me how well everyone does the show, with so little preparation. It's where talent tells.

Not the least talented, I might add, is Sid Stone, who puts across the best commercial in the business. Milton's a pushover for performers who are getting a rough deal. He has been known to give freely of material, even some of his best, so they can land a job.

II SPENDS freely. Never taking a drink himself, the people around him are apt to become teetotalers. He's a chain smoker of cigars and he passes them out constantly.

He craves company, and can't seem to enjoy his food unless he has to distribute young people at the table with him. He's tiresome himself, and when he asks a crowd to dinner after rehearsal he can't seem to understand why they're a little weary of it all, after a day of his driving energy.

Seeing a show relaxes him, when he can take the time. He's a great audience for actors. He applauds, he laughs, and even whistles. Above all, he pays the actors the compliment of giving them his full attention. He'll go miles out of his way when he can to see an act or an actor that interests him.

He himself plays to home people—the audience who watch him for homes wherever television reaches, from the east coast cities to Chicago. When the great coaxial cables and the relay stations of the network, he'll still be thinking of the home audiences, rather than the Broadway minority. He values their opinions too—but he values most the huge fan base he's drawing from as many men as from women, and from youngsters who were born after vaudeville's decline and have discovered it for themselves on the Milton Berle Texaco Star Theater.

Mr. Winchell, you are Mr. Right. He is Mr. Television.
Coast to Coast in Television
(Continued from page 53)

Out of Hollywood comes a new one-hour variety, audience participation and giveaway telecast, originating at station KLAC-FM, and singing star of the show is Benay Venuta, musical comedy and movie star. Title of the show is Punch with Judy — and though the show didn't last long enough to fix the customers, remember Miss Venuta as a girl who has a way with a song. She still has.

The coaxial cable to the far west won't be a reality for many months to come, but television is booming there locally. That pioneer in TV, the Don Lee Station in Hollywood, has already televised about 9,000 hours since its start in 1931. They started way back then with as little as fifteen minutes a day of TV. Now the 1949 schedule averages 331/2 hours a week, exclusive of such special events as the Rose Bowl Parade and other one-time telecasts.

Sunday nights, Don Lee Station is devoted to film. That stand-by of TV, the Western feature, leads the procession. Kinescopes of DuMont's Alan Dale Show and the Original Amateur Hour give the west a sample of what goes on in eastern TV.

The wrestling matches are televised from the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood on Monday nights. Ditto the boxing matches on Friday nights. The Don Lee Music Hall goes on TV every Tuesday at 8:30 P.M. Guest stars on this program have included personalities like Abe Burrows, Helen Forrest, Lina Romay, Larry Adler and Helen O'Connell.

Lee's, a broadcasting stunt, is an original ballet created solely for television, presented by Semon Semonoff, formerly of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, every Wednesday night. Sets are specially designed by Harold Helvenston.

Film is flown from the east daily for a nightly Telenews program, a complete coverage of the highlights of world news, very similar to movie newsmagazines. Two programs for children carry on Monday through Friday, The Adventures of Mr. Do-Good, and Sleepy Joe, and also the annual telecasts of the annual telecasts of the Annie Awards for children's shows.

Sleppy features Jimmy Scribner, the man with twenty-two voices. He tells stories mostly Uncle Remus tales — to his 7-year-old daughter Gail. Mr. Do- Good dramatizes many of the old stories to delight little listeners, such as the fairy tales of Cinderella and Jack and the Beanstalk.

Another program to show — case new ideas and talent is called the Don Lee Workshop. A different type of show is presented each week and viewers are asked to write candid opinions — which seems like a good way to get a cross-section of what interests the TV audience.

Vaudeville and variety programs have moved into the first place in audience preference, according to a television survey made recently by Geyer, Newell & Ganger advertising agency. But sports remain very strong in second place.

"A university has a duty, not only to its students, but to a wider public in the United States," said Dr. Isaiah Bowman, president of Johns Hopkins, commenting on the CBS-TV "Johns Hopkins Science Review," weekly broadcast over the network from Baltimore. "Television has opened to us an entirely new medium of bringing educational values into the home in a dramatic visual form. It provides educational instruction with the opportunity to expand its programs of general education to include all persons of all ages who wish to keep up with the rapid developments in today's world."

More persons witnessed the inaugural ceremony of President Truman in 1949, because of television, than have been present to see all of the inaugurations of the preceding thirty-one presidents. That's the way Carleton D. Smith, director of NBC-TV operations put it in a recent talk.

And says the New York Daily News: "There are now being advertised such items as 'television ice-box snacks' (to grab your attention); 'lightweight video children!' (that can be moved around the set without getting a rupture) and, so help us Howdy Doody, 'television lounging pajamas.'"

watch for it! . . .

**medals for HOLLYWOOD STARS**

**Ralph Staub's on-the-scene newsreel of the famous Photoplay Gold Medal Award Dinner featuring the winners:**

**Ingrid Bergman**

**Bing Crosby**

**Bob Hope**

**Esther Williams**

**June Allyson**

**Jennifer Jones**

**Alan Ladd**

**Rita Hayworth**

**Gregory Peck**

**Humphrey Bogart**

* and other screen celebrities

A Columbia Picture Short Coming This Month To Your Local Theater

* Don't Miss It!

---

"It gives more definition and separation.

"Breaks up a continuous flat expanse, gives depth."
Which Twin has the Toni?
(and which has the $15 beauty shop wave? See answer below)

Compare Toni with any other permanent—any home wave, any beauty shop wave—and you'll find there's no finer wave at any price!

Now's the perfect time to give yourself a Toni—before the rainy spring weather starts! No more struggling then with limp, straight, rainy-day hair. Rain or shine, your Toni wave is soft and curly, beautifully natural-looking! But before trying Toni you'd like to know:

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

Is it easy to do?
Amazingly easy! If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly simple that each month more than two million women use Toni.

Why do most women prefer to use Toni?
Because the Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon-type solution. Instead it's a mild creme lotion—made especially for home use. So gentle it just coaxes your hair into soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural, even on the very first day.

Will my Toni wave be loose or tight?
With Toni you can have as much curl as you like, from a loose wave to a halo of soft ringlets. Just follow directions.

How long will my Toni last?
It's guaranteed to last as long as a $15 beauty shop wave...or your money back.

How much will I save with Toni?
The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only $2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1 . . . yet there is no finer wave at any price.

Which twin has the TONi?
The blond feather-cut curls belong to Marcelle and Jeanne Pastoret of Long Island, N. Y. Jeanne, on the left, has the Toni. She says: "I've never liked a permanent so much before. My Toni curls feel so soft and natural." And Marcelle says: "From now on we'll both have Toni waves!"

The wave that gives that natural look...Toni
Gladys Swarthout
One of America's most popular singers... star for many years of the Metropolitan Opera, motion pictures, concert, radio and recordings.

The famous mezzo-soprano and opera's brilliant, new coloratura agree...

Camels for Mildness!

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

Millions of people who have smoked Camels for years already know about Camel's cool, cool mildness. If you're not among those Camel smokers... if you've never given Camels a real, day-to-day trial... start your own 30-day test of Camel mildness today!

Try the mildness and rich, full flavor of Camels in your own "T-Zone" (that's T for Taste and T for Throat — your proving ground for cigarette mildness... for smoking enjoyment).

Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I AGREE, MISS SWARTHOUT—EVER SINCE I MADE THAT 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST, IT'S BEEN CAMELS WITH ME!

AND WHEN YOU'VE SMOKED CAMELS AS LONG AS I HAVE, VIRGINIA, YOU'LL APPRECIATE THAT MILDNESS AND FLAVOR EVEN MORE!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!
'MY HUSBAND IS IDEAL'
Mrs. Jack Smith tells why
THE BRIGHTER DAY
Our pages of family pictures.
Watch your Skin Grow Lovelier with your First Cake of Camay!

Charm and good looks, dates and romance, can begin with a lovely skin! And your skin can be softer, lovelier, with your very first cake of Camay. Give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested mild Camay care on scores of women—found most complexions grew softer and smoother with just one cake of Camay! Follow directions on the wrapper for a lovelier skin!

READ ABOUT A ROMANCE!

Marjorie met Ben when she was at Skidmore—he called with Dartmouth friends. It was love from the start! She thanks Camay; "My first cake brought a lovelier look!"

Honeymooning at Sea Island, bride and groom rode the ocean without a tumble. But Ben's "overboard" for Marjorie's complexion. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!
"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior model Mary Mohr shows how it can work for you, too

A dream dances... 21-year-old model Mary Mohr of Jersey City, clicks at a college prom. This popular gal brightens many a magazine page with a smile her beaux find irresistible!

"I follow the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth... because dentists say it works!" says Mary. Here's how her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too...

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes
Healthier gums, brighter teeth*

Products of Bristol-Myers

See? The Ipana way is simple as 1, 2," says Mary:
1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. You can feel the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an Ipana smile. Ipana refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. A good dentifrice like a good dentist is never a luxury!

*In thousands of recent reports from all over the country.

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!
MAY, 1949

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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York, N. Y. Robert McFadden, Publisher and Advertising Office, 40 East 44th St., New York, N. Y. Robert McFadden, President; Joseph S. McFadden Jr., Vice President; Robert McFadden, Jr., Secretary. Copyright, 1949, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission. Contents of this issue will be made in return those found unessential to be more or less in color and size. Bound in color is registered in U. S. Patent Office. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. By Art Color Printing Co., New York City.
INFORMATION BOOTH

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

KEN CARSON

Dear Editor:
Please give me the name of the singer on the Lustre Cream Shampoo commercial on the Day in the Life of Dennis Day program. I'd also like to know what he looks like.

Miss A. P.
Culpepper, Va.

The singer is Ken Carson, who was formerly on NBC's Summertime Bandstand.

NO RELATION

Dear Editor:
I have heard that Peggy Lee is the sister of Bing Crosby's wife, Dixie Lee. Is that true?

Mrs. J. K.
Buffalo, N. Y.

No. As a matter of fact, Peggy Lee is not her given name—it's really Norma Egstrom.

OLD TIMERS

Dear Editor:
Could you tell me who plays the parts of Wallace Wimple, Mr. Old Timer, Mayor La Trivia, and Doe Gamble on the Fibber McGee and Molly program? They've been on that program so long that they seem like old friends to me.

Mrs. T. K.
Chicago, Ill.

Wallace Wimple and Mr. Old Timer are played by Bill Thompson who, except for a two-year hitch in the navy during the war, has been on the program twelve years. He has also played Nick Depolus and Horatio K. Boomer. Mayor La Trivia is played by Gale Gordon, who has been with the show for eight years. Arthur Q. Bryan, whose picture you see here and who plays Doe Gamble, joined the cast seven years ago.

FAMOUS UNCLE

Dear Editor:
I have often wondered if James Meighan, the actor who plays the part of Larry Noble in Backstage Wife and Cary Donovan in Just Plain Bill, is related to the late Thomas Meighan of the silent screen?

Miss I. K.
Detroit, Michigan

Thomas Meighan was James Meighan's uncle.

STOP looking on while others go places, Honey. Join the gang and be welcome—but first remember this: never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum!

This unique cream deodorant makes you sure of charm. Contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl—get Mum today!

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of future odor after your bath washes away past perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin ... Gentle Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes ... No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this important use, too.
Scent of Spring

"MM, you smell nice!" This is the compliment Joan Alexander, who appears regularly on NBC's The Big Story, often hears from her husband. Like most men, he doesn't beat around the bush with fancy words when he has something nice to say to his wife. And, like most wives, Joan likes this modern male approach to flattery.

Being a surgeon, Joan's husband breathes in an antiseptic atmosphere all day long. So he especially appreciates having a wife to come home to who not only keeps herself looking attractive, but who also takes the trouble to add that final touch of glamor to her toilette—perfume.

During their courting days, this was one thing he liked about her. She hasn't forgotten it. So every evening before he comes home she puts some on. Because their two-year-old little girl, Jane, sees Mommy doing it, Joan has to put a little toilet water, cologne, or sachet on her, too, so that when Daddy lifts her in his arms for a great big hug and a kiss, he'll notice how nice Jane "smells." Her mother touches just a drop or two behind her daughter's ears. One time little Jane tried putting it on herself, when Mommy wasn't looking, and got it in her ears! That's what she thought Joan did.

Over a period of time, Joan has built up a scent wardrobe of colognes, toilet waters, perfumes, sachet powders, and of course she always has at least one favorite fragrance in bath crystals and bath powder. The perfumes are mostly in small bottles, because she likes having a fragrance for every mood, one to match the make-believe flowers on her hat, or the artificial or real corsage she's wearing. She's fond of bouquet fragrances, too, because they're a mixture of many flowers, and are neither too heavy nor too sweet, but just right for any time of the day, any outfit, and any mood. However, when she dresses in tweeds or sports costumes (she's a great outdoors enthusiast), she applies either an "outdoorsy" scent, or borrows her husband's clean-smelling toilet water which he uses after shaving. If he's wondered who's been swiping it, now he knows!

You can be sure that if you use too much fragrance, your best beau will tell you. If too little, he'll not notice it at all, and that's proof that you've been wasteful with it. By trying different ones, you'll soon learn the scents he likes best on you, and the ones he doesn't. Behind your ears, at the nape of your neck, and on your wrists are the usual places for applying fragrance. But have you ever tried Joan's trick of spraying a dash of perfume, toilet water or cologne inside your gloves, purse, or on the veil or flowers on your hat? You can also saturate a clean piece of absorbent cotton with toilet water and pin it inside your brassiere, sprinkle a little toilet water or cologne in the final rinse water after you've shampooed your hair, tuck sachet envelopes or petals in among your lingerie, and place some between sheets, pillow slips, and towels in your linen closet. And did you know that the sprinkling of fragrant bath crystals in your bureau drawers, and fragrant soap, tucked in them, will also scent your underwear and linen nicely?

Spring flowers are blooming, and you want to "smell pretty" too!

By
MARY
JANE
FULTON

Joan Alexander matches a floral scent to her new Walter Florell bonnet—and Spring is here!
But he was doing it—and doing it deliberately—breaking the biggest date of the year on very short notice! This was the party she had dreamed about... for which she had bought a lovely new evening dress and adorable new shoes.

Now he was calling the whole thing off with excuses that, to say the least, sounded phony.

Looking back at their last date she recalled that he had acted strangely indifferent. What had she said to merit such treatment then? What had she done to deserve it now? The more she searched for an explanation the further she got from the truth.

Are You Sure?
Unpleasant breath (halitosis) is the offense unpardonable... a hurdle that is hard for romance to clear. The insidious thing about it is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it. Moreover, it may be present one day and absent the next.

So why take your breath for granted—ever? Why risk putting yourself in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful, extra-careful precaution against offending?

Lasting Protection.
You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and, lo, your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Not for seconds. Not for minutes. But for hours, usually.

If you want to be at your best, don't rely on makeshifts. Put your trust in Listerine Antiseptic—the extra-careful, lasting precaution. Use it night and morning and before every date where you want to be at your best.

Most cases of simple bad breath yield readily to Listerine Antiseptic; cases of systemic origin are for your doctor to treat.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

Before any date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
to help you be at your best

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?
Mrs. Anthony, David and John J. His institute lobbied for outlawing of breach of promise suits, revision of the alimony law, compulsory pre-marital health tests, a 3-day wait after license securance.

HAVE YOU A Problem

JOHN J. ANTHONY's back and WMGM's got him. After eighteen years of married life, the man who has made a career of helping people solve their domestic difficulties has a very creditable domestic entourage: attractive wife Etille and nine-year-old son David.

When Mrs. Anthony has a problem, to whom does she turn? Why, to Mr. Anthony, of course. "But she sometimes thinks I'm too close to her problem, and so she goes elsewhere. She usually finds out I was right about the whole thing."

Etille, a vivacious brunette from Montreal, was a modern dancer and shared the stage with Charles Weidman, Doris Humphrey, Martha Graham, and others of that stature. She gave up her dancing when she married and has no regrets.

"I guess if John had been a businessman or something that didn't interest me, I might have been sorry, but his work is so stimulating and so satisfying that I have never felt I missed anything by deciding to be a housewife," she said. "And then," Mr. Anthony's wife points out, "John has so many interests."

First, there is his weekly Monday night (8 to 9 P.M.) WMGM session, which is re-broadcast over WPEN, Philadelphia, the following Sunday night (6 to 7 P.M.).

As head of the Marital Relations Institute, which he helped found almost twenty-five years ago, he keeps abreast of the marital laws, always mindful that the efforts of his organization brought about reforms in New York State that set the pattern for many of the State legislatures.

Mr. Anthony also lectures, writes and paints. Irritated by the bother of cleaning his palette, he invented a disposable palette, which is now marketed.

The Anthonys spend their weekdays in a Manhattan apartment overlooking Washington Square—they want David to have the experience of walking to school. But weekends the three of them head for their home in suburban Woodmere, Long Island.

John J. Anthony, who began his painting as the result of a dare, now turns out acceptable abstractions. He also has published six books.
More than 2 million women a month use Toni
... the wave that gives that natural look!

See how flattering a Toni is ... how soft and beautifully natural it looks. Because there's no frizzy stage with a Toni. Even on the first day your Toni wave looks naturally curly with lovely deep waves and soft curls! But before trying Toni you'd like to know:

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

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?
The exclusive directions in your Toni Kit give you exactly the wave you want—from loose, casual curls to a halo of adorable ringlets. You're sure of success with easy-to-follow Toni directions because they've given millions of perfect permanents. Actually, more women use Toni than all other cold waves combined.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?
Because the Toni Waving Lotion isn't harsh like hurry-up salon type solutions. Toni is a creme cold wave made especially for home use. That's why Toni leaves your hair in such wonderful condition—so shiny soft and natural-looking!

How long will my TONI last?
Your Toni is long-lasting and is guaranteed to look as lovely as a $15 beauty shop wave ... or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?
The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers cost $2. For a second Toni get the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1 ... yet there's no finer wave at any price!

Which Twin has the TONI?
Talented, teen-age Kathlene and Helene Crescente won the Beauty Contest for Twins in New York City. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I never knew a permanent could look so natural." And Helene says: "Next time it will be Toni for two!"
KDKA's famed "Singing Strings" ensemble. The show has been aired by the same sponsor since 1945.

Marked by distinctive and unique orchestral arrangements, the program presents an ensemble of string instruments and a clarinet. A variety of types of music—popular, light classical and selections from musical comedies—is highlighted.

Pittsburgh's popular tenor, Johnny Kirby, honored this year by the Junior Chamber of Commerce at its "Man of the Year" banquet for his achievements in the world of music, is the vocal star of the show. Johnny has been active with the Pittsburgh Playhouse and the Civic Opera, is a young man who should go far in the entertainment world.

Produced by Ed Young, the program is under the direction of Bernie Armstrong, who heads KDKA's musical department. The string ensemble is made up of violinists Clement Landiorio, Wilberd Frisch, Charles Riley, Louis Longdon, Francis Kleyle and Ruth Behringer; clarinetist Charles Klug; cellists James Younger and George Wilkins; harpist Marion Berger; bass viol August Frisch and pianist Russ Merritt.

Announcing duties are in the capable hands of Paul Shannon, two-time winner of the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers' Award and the program has had the same sponsor, the Duquesne Light Company, since its inception—a good record for a fine program.
ANOTHER SENSATION  
BY THE CREATORS OF *Suspants®*

**Blue Swan**

**MINIKINS**
THE SMART MINIMUM IN UNDIES

As brief as a wink ... as smooth as a suntan ... that's Blue Swan's MINIKINS. They're smartly styled in SWANTONE, an amazing new runproof rayon that wears longer and washes and dries in a jiffy.

You'll love MINIKINS in each of the three popular styles ... look for them at your favorite store ... in gay colored cellophane packages.

A size for almost every figure. 
Tearose, pink, white, blue, black, maize.

79¢ at all stores

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DIVISION OF McKAY PRODUCTS CORP. • 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

IF NOT AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE—ORDER BY MAIL—SEND NO MONEY.

Blue Swan Mills • 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. MCF-5-49

Please send me MINIKINS, through my local dealer (order by letter A, B, or C), at 79¢ a pair.

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________

CITY ____________________________ ZONE ______ STATE ______
Vivian Ferrar, of Americana quiz: pink dotted Swiss blouse, pink broadcloth skirt.

The Grace Line's Santa Rosa was the setting for a recent fashion show in which NBC stars modeled Rojay's new spring blouses. Jane Pickens, svelte as a model herself, was the commentator.

Filmtown is getting more and more worried by the trend which threatens to move the entertainment capital from Hollywood back to New York City. The movie industry made Hollywood, killed vaudeville, and forced Manhattan-minded radio barons to originate their shows in the west coast "reservoir of talent." And now that the movie business has started suffering from retrenchment pains, cinema stars and supporting players in fairly large numbers are fleeing Hollywood for employment on the New York stage or in vaudeville tours across the country. The talent reservoir is getting lower and television may well empty the dyke. Video, in Hollywood, must remain on a local station basis for another two years, at least, until the coaxial cable system has become transcontinental. In the meantime, New York is the keystone of the TV network extending to St. Louis. New York, feeding a network of stations, can afford to pay more than Hollywood, which can offer only the extremely low talent fee paid for single station telecasts. The answer is obvious. The stars may like California's climate, but with film production slowed down, they will desert for the east—vaudeville, legitimate theater and video.
Kyle MacDonnell (Girl About Town): pale, delicate blouse, high-wrapped rustling skirt, flower coronet.

from COAST to COAST

More about trends... Contracts for radio artists seem to be for shorter terms, rather than for two and three years as heretofore. Both artists and sponsors feel they don't want to be tied up with exclusive radio contracts now that TV is making such rapid strides.

Now that Ozzie and Harriet can tape-record their show, they will probably introduce the bona fide Nelson offspring in the roles of David and Ricky. Seems that, until now, the Nelsons were afraid the live broadcasts would be too taxing for the children.

Spyros Skouras has denied buying the ABC network for 20th-Century Fox, but info trickling through from Wall Street indicates that someone has just purchased the controlling interest in the web through purchase of stock on the open market.

Sentimental note. Thanks to Vaughn Monroe, Georgetown University is richer by $5,000. The University has reported to the popular band master-singer that shortly after he heard Monroe sing the Georgetown alma mater song, a misty eyed alumnus sent the (Continued on page 13)
Hundreds of music lovers gather daily at The Eagle in the Grand Court to hear the broadcasts of the John Wanamaker Great Organ. This picture was taken during one of the special Lenten Cantata programs which also featured the Wanamaker Choir.

The organ is in truth the grandest, the most daring, the most magnificent of all instruments invented by human genius. — Honore de Balzac

PHILADELPHIANS believe that Balzac never wrote anything truer than this, and all because organs and organ music have been a part of the John Wanamaker tradition since 1876, when an old Pennsylvania freight depot became the Wanamaker store in Philadelphia. John Wanamaker believed that music should be a part of daily living and working as well as a form of relaxation and amusement.

Because of that, a member of the Wanamaker staff was sent to St. Louis to buy the Louisiana Purchase Exposition organ. Rebuilt in the Grand Court of the Wanamaker store, it was heard publicly for the first time in the Quaker City on June 22, 1911.

Since then the John Wanamaker Great Organ has become one of the largest and finest in the world, with additions from 1914 to 1930 increasing it to a six-manual console instrument with 451 stops and 30,067 pipes.

World-famous organists have been impressed by the beauty, completeness and accessibility of the console and the musical obligation entailed by this majestic instrument has been recognized and observed ever since its first concert. It has been played every business day since its installation and has undoubtedly been heard by a greater number of people than any other organ in existence.

In 1945, after a full month of tests by engineers of radio station WIBG in Philadelphia, the Great Organ was heard in a new series of daily recitals, Monday through Saturday, from 10:05 to 10:30 A.M., making it one of the longest commercially-sponsored organ programs in the history of Philadelphia radio.

Alone, the organ stands in majestic splendor. A month of testing was necessary to discover the correct microphone placements that would encompass the great range of the instrument's divisions.
COAST to COAST
(Continued from page 11)

university a $5,000 check for gymnasium maintenance.

You want to know why it costs such a lot to put on a radio show? Here’s one sample. The Stop the Music radio series requires a staff of ninety-nine people to operate the show. Now that a theater unit has been added, this staff has been increased by fifteen, which does not include the house bands that will be used. A staff like this makes the show practically an industry.

Radio producer Jack Johnstone always appears at the studio carrying a briefcase, but let no one get the idea that this is because there’s a lot of paper work connected with his job. Jack works like a frantic beaver during rehearsals and, following the dress rehearsal, he retires to a sheltered corner, unzips his briefcase, and takes out a fresh shirt and tie to put on before he faces the studio audience for the broadcast.

Zany lady Minnie Pearl has a hobby that’s literally gone to her head. She collects antique hats and, having let her audience in on her hobby, she’s getting a lot of help. Recently, she received a choice number, a 112-year-old straw lid, which was sent to her by a Kentucky listener. It’s a wide-brimmed affair with a small crown covered by a complicated combination of lace and tulle. Minnie ought to hold a show to prove that women’s fashions don’t really change much, they just rotate a bit. This bit of straw and veil doesn’t sound much different from what the gals have been wearing these days.

The staff of CBS’s You Are There, the show that makes great moments in history come alive in your living room, pulled a cute stunt on Robert Lewis Shayon, producer-director of the program. Recently, without warning, they played him a specially written and produced version of the program called, “The Casting of a Show, CBS, New York,” a gentle but satiric ribbing of Shayon’s relentless insistence on perfect casting, authentic atmosphere and epic treatment of the historic events which the show features.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HITHER AND YON ... Sammy Kaye is now in the bowling alley business. He’s started a chain in the Midwest. ... Inner Sanctum host Paul McGrath is appearing on Broadway in Clifford Odets’ new play, “The Big Knife.” ... Elliott Lewis acting in a new film being directed by Irving Reis, ex-radio cue tosser ... Marie Wilson busy at the flicker studios, putting her role in My Friend Irma on celluloid ... Lucille Ball is at work on the Columbia pic. “Miss Grant Takes Richmond,” between stints at her radio role in My Favorite Husband ... Jack Bailey’s first book is on the stands. Title, What’s Cookin’ ... Jimmy Stewart reported interested in doing a comedy series for CBS ... Professor Quiz is writing a book on the history of quiz programs ... Janice Olsen and Johnson are being submitted to an auto sponsor in one of the most costly programs yet devised for television ... Phil Davis, head idea man for Ralph Edwards, has sold an original story, “Moon Over the Catskills,” to George Jessel for screen production ... That’s all for now. Good listening ...

TONI TWINS prove magic of
SOFT-WATER Shampooing

Lather ... was Alva’s problem!

“Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather,” complains Alva Anderson. “And that’s just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!” Of course, Alva won’t ever get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo—especially in hard water! And she can’t rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That’s what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!

But Alice got heaps of it!

“Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!” says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean ... shinier ... more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmering with all, yes all its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking ... soft as a moonbeam!

Now it’s Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there’s nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! Nothing like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather ... rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant ... sparkling with precious new highlights. Helps your permanent “take” better ... look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It’s for you!
Singer Anne Shelton's glamor isn't confined to her voice.

Niece Stephanie gets a special Shelton lullaby.

With sister Jo, r., a spot of "snooker" for fun.

Anne Shelton can steal the time, she golfs—and prize chow "Jet" always comes along, too.

Anne Shelton, the young British singer whose records are becoming so popular over here, has a favorite Big Moment she likes to remember. It happened when Bing was touring England during the war on a series of USO shows. Anne was invited to make the tour with Der Bingle; sharing a mike with him is her favorite memory.

Anne is one of those rare people who decide at an early age what they'd like to do and then go right on to do it. When only ten years old Anne had made up her mind to follow a singing career. She started with entertaining at local functions. By the time she was fifteen, Anne had already been heard over the English radio on a BBC radio program. English bandleader Ambrose heard that program and immediately asked Anne to join his famous orchestra. After a short tour with the band, Anne was given her own radio program. Her broadcasts to the troops were heard all over Europe. Immediately after the war BBC officials kept Anne on the air with a program called Introducing Anne. The English vocal star was also featured with the Glenn Miller Band, and was the only British vocalist on American Forces Network.

In her personal life, Anne has permitted herself two luxuries: a limousine and a huge collection of perfumes. Her favorite hobbies are golf, her dogs and horse-back riding. She rides as often as possible. Fact is, she prefers the outdoor life with the passion that's possible only to a confirmed city
dweller. If she had her way, she would turn country squire.

Anne's new home, in a suburb of London, is complete with a nine-hole golf course, kennels, billiard and ping-pong room and a complete music and recording room. She shares most of her activities with her younger sister Jo, who at the age of fourteen is well on her way to vocal stardom, too. Anne and Jo's biggest critic is their mother—Anne's most enthusiastic listener is her little niece, who gets a personal song every night around bedtime.

Anne's London Records are already being featured on every radio station in the United States, and, in addition, her English radio program is regularly beamed to this continent via short wave. At the moment, she is weighing offers to come to the United States before the year is out. Whether or not Anne comes will depend on English radio commitments and a very heavy recording schedule.

Petite organist Ethel Smith flies to London this month for a three-week engagement at the Palladium, and then on to Paris and Sweden. Since the Hammond Organ people have not exported their product to Europe for almost ten years, they are shipping an up-to-date model overseas for Miss Smith, with an expert mechanic going along for safety.

Lena Horne's first stop on the personal appearance tour she starts this month will be "The Cave" in Vancouver, B. C. After that the gorgeous Lena takes her songs to San Francisco, Las Vegas and points East.

English singer Beryl Davis, who's now Mrs. Peter Potter, will be rocking the cradle some time this summer. Peter Potter is the Los Angeles disc jockey.

Eddy Arnold has a new Boxer puppy, named Duke. It seems Duke came from occupied Germany and has a German pedigree a mile long. When singer Eddy turns on his yodeling he dog rebels and shakes his head at the high notes. The dog, however, is probably Eddy's only censor— that is, judging from the Arnold popularity.

Even though Illinois Jacquet is an exclusive RCA Victor recording artist, you'll find his name on the record labels of five different companies. Many of the discs he recorded before signing his last contract are now being offered for sale.
HISTORIAN
OF THE AIR

ALL of the romance that goes on around a radio microphone isn't confined to the script, according to Harry Webb, now WBEN's popular morning newscaster.

Back in 1948 when Harry was an announcer at WSNY, he met pretty brunette Betty Sheffield, who was conducting a women's program on the Schenectady station. This was all very well except that Harry was announcing nights and Betty was working days.

But love laughs at time schedules, so Betty slyly arranged to do her script-writing at night—in the studios—and they were married on Aug. 24, 1946. Their daughter, Melanie Boyd Webb, was born Nov. 8, 1947.

Harry, a handsome six-footer, is a native of Fulton, N.Y. Graduating from Williams College with an A.B. in German, he was active in drama there and was a member of the Williams College Glee Club which sang at the New York Hippodrome in 1936.

Leaving Williams in 1938, Harry engaged in insurance work in Syracuse, then joined WSNY. He later became a public relations man for the Chamber of Commerce in East Orange, N.J., before becoming affiliated with WBEN.

During the war he sang in many War Bond shows. Betty majored in dramatics at Mills College in Oakland, Calif., and still retains an abiding love for that state.

Harry likes his work although he can't say the same about the hour at which he arises—4:45 A.M., six days a week. He broadcasts bulletins at 6, 7, 8, 9 A.M., and Noon from The Buffalo Evening News editorial rooms. A conscientious worker, he listens to practically every newscast possible in order to check pronunciation and diction.

His most interested fan outside his own family is a court stenographer with offices near the WBEN studios. She practices at home by taking in shorthand the complete 9 A.M. news round-up; is one of Harry's severest critics, and never fails to tell him when he talks too fast.

Young Mr. Webb, who was born during the historic week when the United States declared war with Germany in World War I, also participated in a historic Buffalo radio inaugural. On his first day at work, Armistice Day on Nov. 11, 1946, he had the honor of putting The Buffalo Evening News' frequency modulation station WBEN-FM on the air for the first time.

WBEN newscaster Webb is on the air weekdays at 7, 8, 9 A.M. and noon.
John McCaffrey, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 PM. EST, Monday through Friday) has prepared another special set of questions for Radio Mirror readers who are anxious to trip themselves up . . . or, if it sounds more polite, who are anxious to learn more about how they seem to other people. (And who, these days, isn't worrying about that?) Answer these honestly, add up your score, and you'll know a little more about your answer to the question: How stubborn are you?

1. Have you ever been called stubborn?
   Yes ♡ No ☑

2. When you go out for an evening, does it distress you if the rest of the gang wants to go to a different place than you?
   Yes ♡ No ☑

3. As a child did your mother have a hard time getting you to eat certain foods?
   Yes ♡ No ☑

4. Have you ever wanted to make up with someone after a fight but were too stubborn to do so?
   Yes ♡ No ☑

5. Would you say that you had above average "snap" judgment?
   Yes ♡ No ☑

6. Would you adhere to your political affiliations after you had committed yourself strongly, though in your heart you knew your candidate wasn't the best?
   Yes ♡ No ☑

7. Have you ever argued with another driver about the right of way?
   Yes ♡ No ☑

8. Would you wear a piece of clothing that you liked, but most other people made fun of or criticized?
   Yes ♡ No ☑

9. Have you ever caught cold because you sat in a draft or didn't wear your rubbers, though you had been warned beforehand?
   Yes ♡ No ☑

10. Do you think your stubbornness has gained you anything?
    Yes ♡ No ☑

Give yourself 10 points for every YES answer. Stubbornness is a very childish emotion for the reason that most times it draws a curtain on one's ability to reason and think clearly and, even worse, it sometimes destroys one's sense of equity and fair play. If your score is over 80, better take stock of yourself and give the other fellow a break, for in doing so you'll be giving yourself a break too. People will like you much better. 40 to 70 is about right for most people. As everyone knows, a certain amount of stubbornness is highly desirable, if it's tempered with reason. 30 and below probably indicates that people take advantage of you in many instances. Better stiffen up a little, pal, because no one admires a "wishy-washy" attitude.

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

Because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!
On the Miss Brooks program, Jane Morgan plays Eve Arden's pixilated landlady with delightful abandon. That's the CBS Sunday evening program—9:30 P.M. EST. She's equally funny as Mrs. Foster on the Jack Carson Show (CBS, Fri., 8 P.M. EST).

But the real Jane Morgan is a serious, sensible and very dignified lady, whose lifetime dream is to have a million dollars with which to hire a staff of practical nurses to relieve tired mothers who would then be sent on vacation. To which a lot of mothers can say hallelujah!

Miss Morgan, who was born in England (she came to this country when she was a year old), became one of Hollywood's most demanded character actresses by way of violin and voice training. Her childhood ambition was to be a concert violinist, toward which end she studied at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. She added voice training to her curriculum and after graduation joined the Boston Opera Company, with which she doubled as a violinist and singer.

It was there that an operatic role, which demanded some dramatic interpretation, introduced her to that branch of the arts and from that time on Miss Morgan leaned more toward acting than music. It wasn't long before she decided to devote all her energy to the legitimate theatre. A character actress from the beginning, Miss Morgan toured all over the country.

She made her radio debut in 1930 in a program which featured the old-time movie actor, Lew Cody. In the years that followed, she has appeared on programs like Lux Radio Theatre, Dr. Christian very often and with Jack Benny, Bob Hope and others.

Her first job at the Boston Opera Company paid her only $25 a week, but it brought big dividends in the way of romance. She met and married Leo Cullen-Bryant, also a violinist with the Opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant now live in the San Fernando Valley and their home is mute evidence of Jane's second most important hobby—the collection of Oriental art treasures. A Chinese screen is her most valued possession.

But Miss Morgan's major hobby is her granddaughter, the small daughter of her daughter, Frances. About this youngster, she behaves and talks exactly the way every proud grandmother ever has and Frances is one mother who will never need one of those practical nurses for tired mothers.
Collector's Corner

BY ELLIOT LAWRENCE

(The youthful Mr. Lawrence came right out of the University of Pennsylvania and into the top of the music-making world. After conducting the studio orchestra on WCAU in Philadelphia, he formed his own dance band, started recording for Columbia and became the fastest-rising star on the musical horizon. College dates are the Lawrence band specialty. Here's Elliot's second list for Collector's Corner—his first appeared in an earlier issue.

My likes and dislikes in music follow no defined pattern. I like music which pleases me, dislike the kind that rubs me the wrong way. As far as an orchestra's vocalist's interpretation of music goes, I respect the rendition if it proves that the person interpreting it has a knowledge of music. On the other hand there is nothing that makes me throw up my hands more quickly than an interpretation which shows that the bandleader or singer knows nothing whatsoever about music—and believe me, there are many such individuals whose incomes are in six and seven figures annually! Please don't take all this to mean that I'm a prude in my musical tastes. I like all types of music. However, I thoroughly dislike a dishonest or shabby interpretation of any piece of music. In this light I would like to list my ten favorite records, all of which I believe are worthy of being in any collection of the finest in music:

1. "Bijou" by Woody Herman—with Bill Harris's wonderful trombone.
2. "Artistry In Rhythm" by Stan Kenton—a thoroughly sincere artist.
3. "Voice of Frank Sinatra" album, my favorite being Frank's superlative rendition of "These Foolish Things."
4. "Tenderly" by Sarah Vaughan, who is one of the finest new singers.
5. "Benny Rides Again" by Benny Goodman—great because of Eddie Sauter's outstanding arrangement.
6. "For You" by Tommy Dorsey, who is one of my favorite bandleaders.
7. "I Can't Get Started With You" by Leonard Tristano—a great piano solo.
8. Ravel's "La Valse," as rendered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
10. "Oo-Pah-Pada" by Dizzy Gillespie—a great be-bop rendition.

New Improved Pepsodent Removes FILM Amazingly!

In just 7 days—you'll have brighter teeth and fresher breath—or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Why FILM must be removed

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth

Now Faster Foaming!
New Pepsodent Sweeps FILM Away!

New improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, a new freshness to your breath—or we'll return twice what you paid!

No other tooth paste can duplicate new Pepsodent's film-removing formula! It foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film: (1) Pepsodent ruts discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It checks film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent helps protect you from acid produced by germs in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the cause of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains Irium—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent!

Try new fast-foaming Pepsodent with Irium for 7 days. If you're not convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth—mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent, Division Lever Brothers Company, Dept. G, Chicago, III.—and you'll receive double your money back, plus postage! Offer expires August 31, 1949. Remember, for the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

—Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company
Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN...for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can see new sheen in your hair, feel its caressable softness, thrill to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanent. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

LOOK AT THE

ELTON BRITT (RCA Victor)—When Elton's girl friend prefers candy kisses to his own, it's time for him to sing about it. The title naturally is "Candy Kisses." The reverse of this disc is "You'll Be Sorry From Now On." A good buy.

JANE HARVEY (MGM)—You'll recall that Jane sang with Benny Goodman, Bob Hope and toured with Eddie Cantor and Mickey Rooney. Her first record, coupling "Always True To You In My Fashion" and "So In Love," is fine. Listen to Jane, you'll like her.

PAUL WESTON (Capitol)—"La Raspa" and "Hot Canary" are paired to offer you excellent listening. "Hot Canary" is the cutest instrumental record we've heard in a long time. "La Raspa" is a potpourri of "Mexican Hat Dance," "Three Blind Mice," "Pop Goes The Weasel," and be-bop.

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia)—"The Voice" sings a pair of ballads that were both originally French chansons. "Comme Ci Comme Ca" is the lighter side of the record, while "While the Angelus Was Ringing" is based on the famous Edith Piaf recording of "Les Trois Cloche." Musically, both are above average.

DORIS DAY (Columbia)—The beautiful Miss Day does very well by the latest Irving Berlin opus, "I'm Beginning To Miss You." The side entitled "Don't Gamble With Romance" is an attempt to duplicate "You Can't Be True Dear"—it doesn't quite make it.

CHUBBY JACKSON (MGM)—Chubby's group is made up of ex-Woody Herman musicians, which the bearded Chubby is himself. They play two original bop compositions replete with bop vocals in unison. The musicians are Chubby on bass, Tony Aless on piano, Conte Candoli on trumpet, Emmett Carle on tenor sax, Mel Zelnick on drums, and Billy Bauer on guitar. It's almost weird.

KISS ME KATE (Columbia)—This is a twelve-inch set of six records that almost completely captures the spark and vitality of the new Cole Porter show. Cou-
RECORDS

tained in the set are almost every musical number from the show as performed by the original Broadway cast. Particularly effective are Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. Lisa Kirk sounds just fine. It's a good set to add to your collection of show music.

PERRY COMO—SUPPER CLUB FAVORITES (RCA Victor)—None of the three records are new Como songs, but each one will probably replace Perry's discs in your collection that have been played and played and played. All in one package are "Prisoner of Love," "Temptation," "Because," "Fill the End of Time," "When You Were Sweet Sixteen" and "Song of Songs."

SOUND OFF (Capitol)—The command, "Sound Off," familiar to millions of servicemen and other millions of radio listeners, refers to the original Army radio show of that name. You'll recall the distinctive "Sound Off" chant that identified each broadcast. Two Sousa Marches are also included in this set by Mark Warnow and the Army radio program cast and chorus.

STAN KENTON ENCORES (Capitol)—This may well be Kenton's recorded swan song. We don't know whether or not Capitol will be able to issue any more new Kenton recordings since Stan broke up his hand. Each of the selections in this album is in typical Kentonish "Progressive Jazz" style. You will think these records are either glorious or terrible. No matter what, though, you'll know that they are unusual offerings of recorded music.

1. "For my everyday duties, a smart, sophisticated bronze and black taffeta and wool ensemble, studded with scatter pins. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth, too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "For my evening date, I remove the jacket and set off the gleaming dress with a tawny leopard print stole, black velvet belt and gloves. I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . because the Halogene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known."

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!
SHE was our traveler of the month, but for Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald, of Glasgow, Scotland, it was the travel story of her life.

It's the American Story in reverse—the story of the person who didn't come to America with the rest of her family, the story of the woman who stayed home and dreamed of American plenty, while she had to keep working as a maid even when she reached the age of seventy-one. Yes, this is the companion piece to our much-told story of The Immigrant, and I think it's well worth telling.

When Mrs. McDonald, a round, smiling little old lady, came to our Welcome Travelers party, she was halfway through her dream trip—her once-in-a-lifetime journey to see two daughters, a son, four brothers and two sisters, all of whom live in this country. When I asked her what traveling she had done before this trip, this is what she said into our ABC microphone:

"I never traveled anywhere. The farthest I ever went from Glasgow was to the town of Ayr, home of Bobby Burns, just thirty miles away. I never even saw things in Scotland, such as Loch Lomond, that other tourists come thousands of miles to see. No, I was never anywhere."

Now, understand. This wasn't said in bitterness or regret. It was said matter-of-factly, a simple statement of inexorable truth, an acceptance of the life of trouble she had led. And understand also that here was a lady who could smile, and did so often. And when this Scotch lady smiled, she had the sweetness and goodness of the universal grandmother.

As we chatted, I forgot for a moment that I was in the ultra-modern College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago. I had the feeling that I was in a Scotch cottage, with a good, thick broth simmering on the fire, and a worn, much-read volume of Bobby Burns' poems on the old table nearby. And this is the story I heard, in the pleasant burr of old Scotland.

Elizabeth McDonald was the oldest child in her family, and the first married. When she herself had three children, her parents, brothers and sisters decided to set out on the great adventure—the trip to America. Elizabeth herself didn't feel she could go. Her husband James, an honest workingman, was working steady, and the bairns—that's her name for kids—were used to their home in Scotland. Later, maybe, but not right now.

"Besides," Mrs. McDonald told me with a wink, "I never was one for riding boats or trains. They frightened me."

"If that's so," I said, "and you were afraid to travel, how did you get over here to America when you finally came?"

"It's simple, Laddie," the old lady said, "I came by plane."

But that's getting ahead of my story. Let's go back to Elizabeth and James McDonald and their family in Scotland. That family kept growing, a new child almost every year, until eventually there were eleven in all.

Then, the first World War. James went marching off with Scotland's famed Highlanders—the kilts, the fierce music of the bagpipes, the proud traditions of the men from the highland...
clans. Elizabeth, at home, began taking occasional day jobs as a domestic to help her war-thinned budget. Though she didn’t know it then, this was the beginning of a long, long night.

James fought bravely. He was fighting bravely in a forest in France when he was gassed and hit by shrapnel. For months, he was in a hospital in France. Finally, he was able to write a letter to Elizabeth and the bairns. The worst was over, he said, and soon he would be home. And maybe now, that he had been mercifully saved, they could think about going to America at last.

So there was a homecoming. Not the way he had gone—one in a bright brigade of trim Highlanders. Just James alone, with a duffel bag over his shoulder, knocking at the door. Just James, too thin, grayer than he’d been, and coughing too much.

But James had plans now. He really would go to America, as Elizabeth’s family had done, and perhaps he would prosper as all of them had.

In America, James found work all right, and for a while it seemed as if he soon would be able to bring over the family. All of a sudden, though, a blur came into his eyes. At first, he ignored it. Finally, he had to go to a doctor. The doctor wasn’t certain what was wrong, said it seemed to be something tracing back to James’s war injuries. James, knew, though. He knew he was going blind. There was only one thing for him to do now—get back to Scotland, get back there quickly. This homecoming was even sadder than his return from the war. At least there had been hope that time, hope of going to America. Now there was only a confused man, stumbling over the furniture, sinking into a long silence.

Soon, James’s sight was so bad he couldn’t work. Before long, he was completely sightless. The family over in America heard the news, and an endless stream of (Continued on page 85)
"Let's Have the NELSONS"

1. Shop in person, Barbara says—you see what you're getting, and it's fun!
2. Home early, full of pep. "Give yourself plenty of time, keep it simple."
3. Shop in person, Barbara says—you see what you're getting, and it's fun!
5. Shop in person, Barbara says—you see what you're getting, and it's fun!
6. Shop in person, Barbara says—you see what you're getting, and it's fun!
7. Shop in person, Barbara says—you see what you're getting, and it's fun!

As a Bride of almost six months—on the radio I'm Dennis Day's girl friend, and Babs in The Life of Riley, but in private life I am Mrs. Don Nelson—I feel like an old married woman.

Don and I were talking about this happy settled-down state of affairs just the other evening. He too confessed that he felt that we had been married all our lives.

It was high time, we decided then, to break out of our honeymoon seclusion and face up to that traditional first hurdle for newly married couples—the first company dinner.

There was no question about whom we should invite as our first guests. It had to be Don's brother, Ozzie Nelson, and Harriet.

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, as everybody who listens to the radio knows, are Happy Young Marrieds not only in their personal lives, but on the air. Their wonderful life together gave us a goal to shoot for when we got married. I don't think I've ever known anyone who combined the jobs of wife, mother, homemaker, and career-woman with more success than Harriet, and no husband more appreciative and more helpful than Ozzie.

And certainly no bride and groom ever got off to a better start through the help and good counsel of their prospective in-laws than Don and I.

I met Don through Ozzie and Harriet in the first place. I was working on their program—playing Emmie Lou for a series of several Sunday shows.
I noticed the handsome and serious-looking young man who came in the first day to hear the run-through, and was very pleased when Ozzie brought him over and presented him as "my kid brother."

I found out that Don was a musician—had played originally with Ozzie's band, and now was in the orchestra on the Groucho Marx show. But his real ambition was to be a writer. He was going to U.S.C, daytimes, he said—his job kept him busy only at night—to learn the craft. This impressed me. I have known a lot of young fellows who think they want to be writers. But most of them, frankly, just want what they think is a glamorous and remunerative job. Don, on the contrary, wanted to write. Harriet liked this quality about Don, too, she told me when we were talking about him several days later.

"Don is a lot like Ozzie," she said. "He'll get what he wants out of life, because he's willing to work for it."

Later, when Don and I were going about together regularly and were beginning to think about getting married, it was Harriet again who answered the unasked question. "Don't wait," she said. "You don't have to have your first million in the bank to get married. You don't have to move immediately into the home of your dreams. It's more fun to work all that out together."

So without the million—and with no home at all—we did it. We were married in my mother's home in Los Angeles last September 17, and Ozzie was Don's best man. We were full of plans and hopes. (Continued on page 78)
I guess most of us who are happily married figure that
our husbands are the Ideal Ones. But we never give any
particular thought to why we think so—at least that’s the
way it was with me. Then, all of a sudden, up came a special
award for my husband, bestowed by the Society of Photo-
graphic Illustrators in their annual “Ideal American Family”
competition. And they named Jack the Ideal American
Husband!

I think it was more of a thrill for me than it was for Jack.
And I got to thinking about it, started checking up on this
mate of mine. Counting my blessings, so to speak. Because
I wanted to figure out just exactly why my husband is ideal.

When I got to around the thousandth reason, I gave up and
decided to relax and enjoy myself.

But, seriously, there are a lot of very sound reasons that
make Jack the most wonderful guy in the world to be mar-
ried to. For one thing, he has the kind of sense of fun that
appeals to me. He’s a trifle wacky in a dry, droll way. Adap-
table, and so easy to get along with. That’s how we manage to
have so much fun just in our everyday life, because it always
turns out to be full of things that other people might not think
were special, but that appeal to us.

For instance, there’s Uncle Fud.

Over our fireplace hangs the most amazing portrait of a
long-eared dog that anyone has ever seen. It’s one of those
wonderful old chromosomes that everybody's grandmother used
to paint. Fud is posed in a sort of man of distinction attitude.
The only incongruous thing about the picture is a small
flowered locket hanging at one side of his neck.

Jack and I were up in Connecticut one weekend—while we
were living in New York—on one of our endless antique-
hunting jaunts. And in a shop, I came face to face with Fud.
I knew life would be absolutely empty without him, now that
we’d made his acquaintance. I called Jack, and he agreed.

“He looks like somebody’s ancestor,” Jack said. “We have
no family portraits. Go ahead and get him if you want. We’ll
put up a name plate and call him—how about Fud?—Uncle
Fud?” So Uncle Fud he was. I accosted the woman and
asked how much the thing was. She told me $75. I cringed
and looked at Jack, and he nodded solemn assent. Reluc-
tantly I handed over the money.

“It seems like a lot,” I said, “but it’s such a wonderful
picture!”

“The picture!” she shrieked. “I thought you meant the
frame! Good Heavens—you can have the picture for five
dollars!” So Jack and I escaped with (Continued on page 99)
Ideal

after all — who should know better?
At first I was going to tell the fellow I wasn't in. That I couldn't write anything about Jack Carson because I am not a writer. But then I got to thinking that I've written a lot of insurance in my time. That's pretty good writing—keeps people from dying broke and it's a lot of good all around.

So I'm going to write about Jack Carson. I think it's about time someone dug up a new slant on children. You remember the little trouble George Washington had with his son and how the boy said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie—I chopped down the cherry tree with my little hatchet."

I had the same experience when Jack Carson was about seven years old, except that it had nothing to do with a cherry tree. The boy came scooting home one night with blood streaming out of his forehead. After the doctor left, I said, "That's a nasty gash you've got in your head, son. Tell me what happened. Tell me the truth."

At that age, Jack was acutely aware of the Washington plan. He looked at me stubbornly and replied, "Dad, I can't tell a lie—and I'm not gonna tell the truth either."

What can you do with a boy like that? I didn't do anything. Five years later he opened up one day, "Dad," he said, "remember the day I came home with that big cut on my head? Well, I was helping Bobby, the boy next door, chop wood. We had a fight. He said he'd chop my head off. I told him he didn't dare, and that's where I was wrong!"

My first memory of Jack goes back to a few hours before his birth. This was at our home in Carmen, Manitoba, Canada, at a time when blessed events usually did not call for a trip to the hospital. The doctor had been there for more than an hour, while I paced up and down in the living room, engaged in the usual useless business of husbandly anticipation.

Finally I had to say something. I went to the foot of the stairs and called up, "Is everything all right up there?"

My wife's voice called back faintly, "Yes, Dad, everything's all right. This should be a fine boy—he's an awful lot of trouble."

A couple of hours later Jack arrived. He weighed close to eleven

That's My Boy!
pounds, but barring his debut into the world he wasn't so much trouble. He slept 20 out of 24 hours for the first six months. He must have been saving up his energy for the noise that was to come later on.

I was working for a trade journal along about this time and we lived around Moosejaw (which Jack later adopted as a nickname for himself) until I was transferred to Des Moines, Iowa. Then Mrs. Carson put her foot down. When Mrs. Carson puts her foot down, even today, all the Carson men take notice. What she said at the time was that I could choose between my work and my family. I liked my family, so we moved to Milwaukee where I went into the insurance business and Jack went into (Continued on page 76)

Quote from Jack Carson, age seven: “I can’t tell a lie—and I’m not gonna tell the truth!” What can you do with a boy like that? Jack’s father still doesn’t know

By E. L. “KIT” CARSON

The Jack Carson Show is heard every Friday night at 8, EST, on Columbia Broadcasting System stations.
A first I was going to tell the fellow I wasn't in. That I couldn't write anything about Jack Carson because I am not a writer. But then I got to thinking that I've written a lot of insurance in my time. That's pretty good writing—keeps people from dying broke and it's a lot of good all around.

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Come and Visit

Nancy practices at home what she preaches on the air—in a house boasting a secret stairway, a roofless bath!

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

Reading is a delight to Nancy and her husband. The collection—still growing includes 400 cookbooks.

The Package Parents Plan—packages of useful items for war-orphaned children was Nancy's idea for those who want to help, but cannot afford adoption costs.

Billy and Alice are very much in evidence in all household activity. Their parents make a point of letting nothing interfere with weekday family meals.

Nancy Craig is heard Monday through Friday, 1:15 P.M. EST, on ABC.
NANCY CRAIG'S husband opened the door of their Long Island home to a caller one morning, and, after a short conference, came to Nancy with a startling question.

"Tell me frankly, dear," he said. "Are you secretly a member of the Nazi Bund?"

The lady who holds some millions of housewives in thrall every day with her advice on homemaking, child care, cooking, fashion and the woman's angle on house, garden, education, books, theater, health and public welfare in general looked at him aghast.

"What's the joke?" she said.

"No joke," said her husband. "There's a man here from the FBI. He is serious. He really wants to know."

With that, Nancy went down to deal with just one more hilarious emergency brought to her by her extraordinary house in the country.

Needless to say, the FBI cleared up the mystery in a hurry after a few words with the one hundred percent American Nancy and her radio executive husband, and after an astonished tour of the house.

Eventually, the reason for his official interest was traced to a party that Nancy had given in her home for the girls at the studio. They were impressed, as is...
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everyone who sees it, and were still talking about its astonishing features the next day—about the fortress-thick walls, about the seven exits from the living room via concealed doors, stairs, balconies, terraces and windows; about the hidden closets and the glass-roofed shower. It was during the war, and one of the listeners, more excitable than sensible, heard just enough to send her rushing to the FBI.

"Nancy Craig has secret doors in her house!" she told them. "And the roof of her bathroom comes right off! You better find out why! They could hide spies—send up balloons or pigeons—signal to enemy airplanes—goodness knows what!"

As the FBI man found out, many of the closets are concealed behind panels, but they contained nothing more subversive than a little boy's tricycle, sheet music, canned goods or wool for Nancy's favorite needlework, petit point. He left after an hour's tour of one of the most unusual houses ever seen, north, south, east or in the movies, assured that its occupants lived a life above suspicion, but stunned by their background, as you would be, too, if you visited Nancy Craig at home.

The house was built by Rolf Armstrong, the famous illustrator, after his own design and for his own use. He loves it so much that he will not sell it, but he has rented it to Nancy and her husband for the last eight years. It is half an hour's easy driving from the studio in Rockefeller Center where Nancy broadcasts over ABC stations each weekday at 1:15 EST. The approach is between glorious trees that completely conceal it from the road. It over-

looks a tidewater lake, lovely wooded shores and a sweep of Long Island Sound. Its exterior is stone and so is much of its interior—stone set in cement for steps and stairs and floors, and fireplaces built of gigantic boulders. Its beams are huge hand-adzed timbers, and much of its furniture has been carved out of enormous slabs of handsome wood, polished until it shines like mirrors. One whole side of the two-story living room is a vast half circle of glass overlooking the Sound, and one of the showers really does have a glass roof.

It is a beautiful shower, lined with dark blue tile. Overhead is the blue sky above waving branches of an apple tree. The tree was the inspiration for the glass room. Mr. Armstrong loved its blossoms so much that he installed the transparent top so that he could watch the clouds and the flower-laden branches while taking his morning shower. Needless to say, house guests fight to be assigned to it. Also, needless to say, it is quite respectable, and spies look neither in or out of it.

The way they came across the house is a story in itself. Nancy and the man she always calls "my best beau" on the air had driven out to the country one Sunday to look for a little weekend cottage for the summer. Her husband dresses with the quiet conservatism that becomes a successful executive, but on that particular day, because the wind was high and his hat would not stay on, he had bor-
rowed Nancy's beret to keep his hair from blowing across his eyes.

It gave him a definitely rakish air. To Nancy's secret amusement, he forgot that he had it on when they entered the office of a real estate agent. The agent took one look.

"I have just the house for you!" he cried. "I've been waiting for artists to come along. It is just the place for a painter."

Her husband gave Nancy a baffled glance. Secretly convulsed, she kept a straight face as the realtor waved them into the astounding stone house on the shore and continued to sell the "artist" its north light, its paintable views, its seclusion from the distractions of city life.

It was not at all the simple little vacation place they had in mind, but they could not resist a thorough inspection, and as they looked their interest in it grew. It was far too big for two people, but it was the right distance from their weekday jobs in New York. The garden was beautiful. The house was cool. The view was superb. They could not resist the combination, and they took it for the summer.

After living in New York apartments, it was a delight to have plenty of room for visiting family and friends. They found themselves hurrying to it every evening after the sweltering day in New York. After Billy, now nearly six, and Alice, three, came along, the extra space was heaven—(Continued on page 74)
Everyone who sees it, and were still talking about its astonishing features the next day—about the fortress-thick walls, about the seven exits from the living room via concealed doors, stairs, balconies, terraces and windows; about the hidden closets and the glass-roofed shower.

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LIZ, eldest daughter of minister RICHARD DENNIS, is housekeeper, sermon-typist, and holder-together of the family. She keeps track of money (when there is any), cooks, sews, mothers the other children, and even finds time to be nice to wives of the deacons!

(Liz: Margaret Draper; Richard: Bill Smith)
Here are some newcomers to join your daytime radio friends. The Dennises may startle you, worry you, make you smile—but if ever you’ve been part of a family yourself, you’ll understand, and like, this one

GRAYLING—the Dennis family’s only boy—is restless, charming, spoiled. He writes poetry, plays the violin, has a long string of girl friends who adore his flashing eyes and his wonderful tennis, and drinks too much. But none of these activities has helped Gray, at twenty-three, to “find himself.” (Bill Redfield plays Grayling)

ALTHTA is the Dennis family’s allotment of glamor. Nineteen and single-minded, Althea has her eyes on Hollywood; endless, expensive self-development lessons in dancing and singing are designed to pave her way filmward. Althea’s neither very talented nor very bright—but lovely to look at. (Althea is played by Jay Meredith)

The Brighter Day is heard Monday through Friday at 10:45 A.M. EST, on NBC.
BARBARA—who is naturally called Bobby—is, in a way, the strangest member of the Dennis family. At fourteen, Bobby ought to be beset by adolescent problems. But—and this is the strange part—she isn’t. She’s placid, obedient, uncomplicated—and if she does eat too much of everything, that hurts only her own figure.  
(played by Lorna Lynn)

PATSY is a forthright sixteen-year-old who would rather have been born a boy—she thinks. But Liz is sure that some day Patsy will shed her horn-rims, take a good look at herself in the mirror and be quite glad she’s female, after all. In the meantime, blunt, honest Patsy is Liz’s most important aide in family crises.  
(played by Pat Holsey)
The Dennises are newcomers to the little town of Three Rivers; they moved in just a few months ago. But they're already very much a part of the town's warm, friendly life. Thoughtful gifts are always arriving at the big, dilapidated Dennis house from parishioners who know that the family—or rather, Liz, who does all the managing—is having a hard time getting along on a minister's small salary. Wherever there are young folks, of course, there are problems; but with Three Rivers—and Liz—behind them, the other Dennises don't worry about the future. Except that, like all of us, they spend a lot of time wondering whether—and when—they'll get the things they're hoping for.
I ALWAYS like to think of Grand Slam's broadcasts as one big, nationwide living room, with neighbors joining in the game everywhere.

But many of you, for good reasons, can't get to our New York studios, and many of you have written that while listening at home you answered the questions better than our contestants.

Well, here's your chance to play, and win prizes wherever you are. Each of the following question groups has been presented on the Grand Slam broadcasts. Follow the instructions—tell us why you like to play Grand Slam—then send in your answers. You may make a Grand Slam!

FIRST PRIZE . . . $100

NEXT TEN PRIZES . . . EACH, $10

WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN AUGUST RADIO MIRROR

Watch for Irene Beasley's picture on the cover

RULES—PLEASE OBSERVE CAREFULLY:

1. All questions must be completed. Your entry will be judged on correctness and neatness of your answers. In the event of a tie, the winners will be determined by originality and aptness of thought of their statements, completing, in twenty-five words or less, "I like to play Grand Slam because . . . ."

2. Submit your entry on a separate sheet of paper with answers clearly typed or printed. Do not repeat questions on your entry; give only answers. At right is an example of the proper way to submit your entry, with correct answers given you for the sample group of questions.

3. Clip the box on the last page and fill in your name and address. Then finish, in twenty-five words or less, the statement, "I like to play Grand Slam because . . . ." Attach this box to your entry.

4. Contest closes April 30, 1949, and entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of that date.

5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given.

6. No entry will be returned, and decisions of the editors of Radio Mirror, who will be the judges, will be final.

Here is a bonus of five tricks for you, and an example of how to submit your answers. Print or type only the answers as below:

1. What holidays do these represent? Each picture represents a well-known song title. Name the song.

A. WHITE CHRISTMAS

B. FASTER PARADE

C. I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

D. WEARING OF THE GREEN

E. TURKEY IN THE STRAW

Your answer should look like this:

1. (a) WHITE CHRISTMAS

(b) FASTER PARADE

(c) I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

(d) WEARING OF THE GREEN

(e) TURKEY IN THE STRAW
2. Pa's Photo Album. Here are well-known song titles, illustrated by the pictures. In each title, one or more words are omitted. List the omitted words to complete the titles of these well-known songs.

(a) Pa and his girl friend sit "By the ............... By the ..............."
(b) The quartet harmonizes an old favorite, "Wait Till The ............... Shines, ..............."
(c) Pa takes his girl for an evening boat ride "On ............... Bay"
(d) Pa masquerades as a Thanksgiving gobbler, doing "The ............... Trot"
(e) On a bicycle built for two, Pa takes his girl, whose name is ".............." for a ride.

3. List the musical terms which can be substituted for the blanks in:

Recipe For Cherry Pie: (a) and seed one quart of cherries, (b) one cup of sugar, 4 tablespoons of flour, and mix with cherries. (c) a 9-inch pie tin with pastry. Add the mixture; (d) with butter. Cover with top crust; trim edges of pastry with a (e) knife. Bake 45 minutes in a hot oven.

4. Play butler and announce the guests shown in the pictures. They've come to the masquerade dressed to represent well-known song titles. List the missing words indicated by the blanks in the titles below:

(a) "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. ..............."
(b) " ............... Bill, The Sailor"
(c) "Steamboat ..............."
(d) "Poor ..............."
(e) " ............... Bailey"

5. When it comes to composing the following melodies—whodunit?
   (a) "Fantasie Impromptu"—Whodunit: Chaminade, Chopin or Chaminetz?
   (b) "Prelude in G Minor"—Whodunit: Rachmaninoff, Rubinstein or Rimsky-Korsakov?
   (c) "Malaguena"—Whodunit: Lalle, Leccono or Liszt?
   (d) "Kamenoi Ostrow"—Whodunit: Rubinstein, Reinhold, or Rimsky-Korsakov?
   (e) "Hungarian Dance No. 5"—Whodunit: Bach, Beethoven or Brahms?

6. (a) What bird was asked, "Why do you sit singing 'Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow'?
   (b) What bird went to sea with a pussy cat?
   (c) What bird awoke me last night when all was still?
   (d) To what bird are we urged to listen?
   (e) To what bird are we urged to hark?
   All of these birds occur in well-known songs or verses.

7. These descriptions will help you list your answers to fill the blanks in the following well-known song titles:
   (a) A matter of donation of osculation: "Gimmie A Little ..............."
   (b) A trio of utterances: ............... Little Words"
   (c) Feeling slightly free of obligations: "A Little Bit ..............."
   (d) Snuggle with slightly greater proximity: ............... Up A Little Closer"
   (e) Concerning a small, elderly woman: "Little ............... Lady"

8. Five children played a musical race, choosing the same piece of music, and starting exactly the same moment, but each child played in a different tempo. Name the order in which the children finished if each played in the tempo indicated below.
   George played ALLEGRO.
   Jack played ADAGIO.
   Walter played PRESTO.
   Sammie played ALLEGRO.
   Horton played ANDANTE.

9. Here are the incomplete titles of famous compositions often
heard at weddings. Composers are given, clues are in the pictures. List the words which complete the titles:

(a) Wagner: “Here ................. Bride”
(b) MacDowell: “To A Wild .................”
(c) De Koven: “O Promise .................”
(d) Cadman: “At .................”
(e) Mendelssohn: “ ................. March”

10. List your corrections of the five mistakes in the following paragraph:
Gilbert and Sullivan wrote many light operas. The music of W. S. Gilbert was very inspiring, and combined with the clever lyrics of Sir Arthur Sullivan, they created a pattern individual unto themselves. Arthur Sullivan also wrote music, and is famous for such compositions as “The Lost Chord.” Among contemporary composers, I like George Gershwin and Ira Berlin. I especially like Gershwin’s “Rhapsody in Blue” and “Easter Parade”; Berlin’s “Chickery Chick” is my favorite nonsense song.

11. Each picture represents a well-known song which Mother remembers on Mother’s Day. The pictures will give you clues to the words left blank in each of the well-known song titles Mother remembers. List the missing words:

(a) “Rock-a-bye .................”
(b) “Just a Baby’s ................. At Twilight”
(c) “School .................”
(d) “On ................. Day”
(e) “Somebody Else Is ................. My Place”

12. Here are five musical instruments and five parts of instruments, but they are not properly matched. List the instruments together with the part that belongs to each:
(a) Xylophone (1) Tuning Peg
(b) Clarinet (2) Water Key
(c) Snare Drum (3) Tone Bar
(d) Cornet (4) Tension Key Rod
(e) Ukulele (5) Reed

13. Here are five “Roses” who are not flowers—that is, “Rose” is a part of the name of each of the five people who are identified by the following pictures and descriptions. List the parts which are omitted which will complete each person’s name:

(a) “On the Road To .................”, where the flying fishes play,
(b) They’re hanging “Danny .................” in the morning,
(c) You’re a better man than I am, “ ................. Din.”

14. Who are these classical composers?
(a) Little Wolfgang, so they say, at the age of four began to play.
(b) Father of German music is Johann; always near-sighted, became a blind man.
(c) Ludwig astounded noble and rich; even though deaf he made his niece.
(d) And there was Edward, most versatile; his compositions have a Scandinavian style.
(e) Franz composed peerless song and melody; never completed his renowned symphony.

15. The lyrics of these songs are poems by Rudyard Kipling. List the missing words to complete the song titles:

(a) “The composer of “Holiday for Strings” is ................. Rose.
(b) This Rose, associated with “The Diamond Horseshoe” and husband of Eleanor Holm, is ................. Rose.
(c) The composer of “Deep Purple” is ................. de Rose.
(d) This woman, indicted as a war criminal, was an unpopular disc jockey during World War II called ................. Rose.
(e) This Rose, of Irish descent, was a popular song several years ago. She is “Rose .................”
So ’ere’s to you, “Wuzzy”, at your ‘ome in the Soudan.

These “.............” go movin’ up and down again!
There’s no discharge in the war!

16. What author wrote each of the following:
(a) “Alas for those who never sing, but die with all their music in them.”
(b) “Show me the home wherein music dwells, and I shall show you a happy, peaceful, and contented home.”
(c) “It’s the song ye sing, and the smiles ye wear, that’s making the sunshine everywhere.”
(d) “If music be the food of love, play on.”
(e) “And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.”

On this box, or on another sheet of paper, complete the statement “I like to play Grand Slam because——” in 25 words or less. Be sure to give us your name and full address. Send statement and answers to Make A Grand Slam, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

I LIKE TO PLAY GRAND SLAM BECAUSE

NAME
STREET ADDRESS
ZONE
CITY
STATE
heard at weddings. Composers are given, clues are in the picture. List the words that complete the titles.

(a) Wagner: "Here ................. Bride"
(b) MacDowell: "To A Wild Rose,"
(c) Dr Karon: "O Promise"
(d) Cadman: "At ................. March"

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Gilbert and Sullivan wrote many light operas. The music of W. S. Gilbert was very inspiring, and combined with the clever lyrics of Sir Arthur Sullivan, they created a pattern individual units themselves. Arthur Sullivan also wrote music, and is famous for such compositions as "The Lost Chord," Among contemporary composers, I like George Gershwin and Ira Berlin. I especially like Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Faster Parade." Berlin's "Chickery Chix" is one of the rock songs.

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(b) Father of German music is Johannes; always near-sighted, became a blind man.
(c) Ludwig's son noble and rich; even though deaf he made his wife.
(d) And then was Edward, most versatile; his compositions have a Scandinavian style.
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(e) This Rose, of Irish descent, was a popular song several years ago. She is "Rose ................."

17. Each of the following questions can be answered by naming a part of the human body.
(a) What is the lower part of an organ pipe called?
(b) Who plays a musical instrument without knowledge of music, is said to play, how?
(c) One of the three parts of any note is called what?
(d) What is that part of a violin which extends from the head to the body?
(e) To know a piece of music so well that one can perform it without use of the music means that one can perform it by what?

18. This chart is some ladies' names. Under the "M" column are pictured clues to names beginning with M, each of which is the name of a well-known, one-word song title. Below you give clues from the lyrics of the songs themselves. Can you list the names beginning with M, which are the titles of the songs.
(a) "................. I'm always thinking of you.
(b) "................. the drum is breaking.
(c) "................. I still hear you calling me back to your arms.
(d) "................. with your hair all over me,"
(e) "................. there's a minister handy.

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I LIKE TO PLAY GRAND SLAM BECAUSE

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

ZONE

CITY

STATE

ADDRESS

STATE

On

41
It looks like junk, this pile of—things:
The desk top fairly bristles
With toys and gimcracks, guns and strings
And horns and bells and whistles.

This tired old box is an iron-bound chest,
Souvenir of the Spanish Main;
If I were you, I wouldn't molest
That drawing: (secret plane
The FBI
Might buy).

This gadget's a trap, placed here in the hope
Of catching a fox, or a bear;
That broken-down second-hand telescope
Is strategically balanced there
Should a spy
Pass by.

Though it's something less than picturesque,
Let the light touch be your theme
When re-arranging a small boy's desk
Or his dream.
—Mary McGrane Powers

Hello There:
Here are some May verses . . .
for everybody who likes
spring mornings . . . apple blossoms . . . sunshine . . .
little boys and girls,
and especially, mothers.
Since this is their month . . .
what could be better than
a maybasket of stories
including "sugar 'n' spice and
everything nice . . ." and all
the spring mornings since
time began.
—TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 11:30 EST over ABC.

YOUNG FARMER
It seemed he sow the new-green wheat thrust through
The sun-wormed field, before his very eyes,
And, sensing its shrop urge to grow, he know,
With mon-grown wisdom, that his course was wise.

It had been hard, at first, to be pine-toll,
And bound by mule-drawn plough to narrow field,
When his young hands could almost feel life's will
Crumble before book-learning, break, and yield.

But now his eager mouth shaped summer's song
As he looked past a forty acres' girth
To thin-ribbed children, growing brown and strong,
Because long furrows reached around the earth.
—Anobel Armour
THEN AND NOW
It's not so long ago that he
Stood barely heart-high to my knee;
And told me all his griefs and joys;
His plays and fights with other boys.
Today his pain and pleasure swirls
Around, not boys, but pretty girls.
It is the same yet changed, for now,
He stands full heart-high to my brow.
—Enola Chamberlin

FIRST LOVE
When I had tucked her safely in her bed
And was about to dim the last, small lamp,
"Please wait a moment," hesitantly she said,
"I'll tell you something . . . I'm in love." The clamp
Of fear fell swift and hard within my breast . . .
"What foolishness," I was about to say,
Passing the moment with a casual jest,
And then I saw her eyes, recalled the way
(With sweet nostalgia and sudden tears,) That I had felt once . . . long, so long ago
Before the rush of time, the sting of years.
When first love brought my heart and soul a glow
As delicate and pure as candle-shine . . .
Good-night, dear little girl . . . in love . . .
at mine!
—Christie Lund Coles

THE HOUSEWIFE
Strauss glowed and slaved before a stubborn score;
She dreams, with apple parings on the floor.
Keats spent his heart on one immortal spell;
She broods above her bubbling cherry jell
Was Rembrandt careful of his tints, his curves?
No single flaw may mar her peach preserves.
Hands stained by grapes, arms filled with jars of pears,
Men see in her no angel on the stairs
But splendid wraiths drift earthward from the skies
To watch the shining wonder of her eyes!
—Geraldine Ross

VACATION WEEK
Oh, Monday is well-water in a shiny tin dipper,
Tuesday is a bowl of grapes,
Wednesday is a new-baked loaf,
Thursday is a daffodil, smelling like Mary
Friday's a yellow bird singing
in a cherry-tree;
Saturday is butterflies drifting
in a wreath;
Sunday is a toy balloon, slipping from its tether
And Monday's a persimmon
that is wry between the teeth!
—Louise Owen

WHAT'S COOKING?
Mary Jane is baking
Mud pies in the sun.
Pretending she's a grown-up
Is her idea of fun.

While I look out my window,
My fingers deep in dough,
And dream I feel the mud again
I played in long ago.
—Esther Baldwin York

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 Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, 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.
Hello There:

Here are some May verses... For everybody who likes
spring mornings... apple blossoms... milkshakes...
little boys and girls, and especially, mothers.
Since this is their month, what could be better than
a Maybasket of stories including "Sugar 'n' spice and
everything nice..." and all the spring mornings since
time began.

—Ted Malone

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**The Housewife**

Storms played and shivered before a scaffold's entry; She dreams, with apple parings on the floor,
Keats spent his heart on one immortal spell She knows, above her bubbling cherries tell.
Was Rembrandt careful of his tint's, his curves? No single flaw may mar her peach preserves.
Hands stained by grapes, arms filled with jars of pears, Men see in her no angel on the stars But splendor washes drift seaward from the skies To watch the shining wonder of her eyes.

—Geraldine Rees

**First Love**

When I had tucked her safely in her bed And was about to dim the last, small lamp, "Please wait a moment," breathlessly she said, "I'll help you wrap—" I'm in love," the singing
Of four full sails and hand within my hand... "What foolishness," I was about to say, Passing the moment with a casual jest. And then it was her eyes, unveiled the way (With sweet unlightened and sudden tears) That I had felt over... long, so long an hour Before the rise of the, the sages of years When first she brought my heart and will a place A delight and peace to candle-shine Good-night, dear little girl... in love... at nine!

—Christie Lund Cadle

**What's Cooking?**

Mary Jane is baking Mud pies in the sun Pretending she's a grown-up Is her idea of fun.

While I look out my window, My ears deep in dough, And dream I feel the mud again I played in long ago.

—Esther Baldwin York

**Radio Mirror's Prize Poem**

**WARNING: PROCEED WITH CARE**

It looks like Latin, this pile of—things; The deck top fairly hovels With toys and gingerocks, guns and strings And home and bells and whistles.

This tined old box is an iron-bound chest, Souvenir of the Spanish Moors. If I were you, I wouldn't meddle Then drawing: secret plans The FBI Night boys.

This gizmo's a toy, glowed here in the hope Of reaching a foe, or a bear; Then broken-down second-hand telescope Is structurally balanced here Should a spy pass by.

Though it's something less than picturesque, Let the light touch be your theme When re-arranging a small boy's desk Or his dreams.

—Mary McGonigle Powers

**Vacation Week**

Oh, Monday is well-written in a shiny no dipper: Tuesday is a bowl of grapes, Molasses, Tubby: Wednesday is a new-baked loaf, brown and crisp and creamy. Thursday is a derisible, atolling like May Friday's a yellow bird sleeping in a cherry-tree: Simmering in butterflies dancing in a wreath: Sunday is a key bellum, slipping from its tether And Monday's a penniesworth that is very between the teeth!

—Louise Owens

**Radio Mirror Will Pay Fifty Dollars**

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If you’ve a problem . . . or the answer to someone else’s problem why not tell Joan about it?

LAST month I asked for your answers to the following problem: When husband and wife both work, should the husband help with the household duties? Your letters certainly proved one thing: there are no lukewarm reactions to this question! And—surprisingly—some of the most outspoken letters came from men, agreeing with Mrs. D. Sirotkin, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., whose letter was chosen as the best we received! Here’s the letter that won Mrs. Sirotkin a $25 award.

“Yes! Yes! Yes! Where is there a better place to exchange the day’s experiences than over a sinkful of dirty dishes or a swirling tubful of clothes? There is little time left for recreation if the husband sinks deep in the divan, waiting for the wife who sinks equally deep in the rut of endless housework. My advice? Housewives, if you’re helping pay for that new furniture, make your husband help you clean it. Husbands, to keep a marriage partnership on its feet, stay on yours until the housework’s done!”

And here are the letters I chose to answer this month, letters that ask questions I think many of you have had to answer—or may have to answer—sometime in your lives.

GOING HALF WAY

Dear Joan:
I live in a small village on the seacoast. It’s a beautiful place and we have a very nice house—we’re trying to buy it on the GI Bill of Rights. I have a nice husband and two wonderful boys aged one and three.

But I feel out of place in this village, and I don’t have any friends here. The only ones I know are relatives. No one wants to be friendly. I don’t have any outsiders call on me or ask me to join their clubs or to visit them. I have had this feeling ever since I came here, but my husband says it’s my fault because I don’t want to go out of my way to make friends. He can talk—he’s lived here all his life and he knows everyone! I don’t feel I should go around and try to make friends. I think the people should at least come half way.

By JOAN DAVIS
Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of When a Girl Marries, heard Mon.-Fri. at 5 P.M. EST, NBC.
Everyone in my family loves it here. But I want to leave, and start over in some other place, where people are people. Do you think I should give up my home and take my boys and leave? I know it would hurt them to have to leave and it would more than hurt my husband. But I can't see living here the rest of my life where people think you are imposing, or that they are doing you a favor letting you stay here. Maybe my husband is right—maybe I am just a little backward wife and don't want to make friends.

Mrs. W. R. F.

Dear Mrs. W. R. F.:

Look back to that sentence where you say, "I think the people should at least come half way." Are you sure that you have gone at least half way to meet them? And wouldn't you be willing, for the sake of your husband and your sons—for your own sake, and the sake of your marriage—to stop standing on ceremony and go more than half way?

I think that in one way, your problem is not as acute as it would be if your whole family were strangers in the town—if your husband, too, knew no one. But in another way, I'm inclined to think that much of your trouble stems from that very fact that your husband does have friends, and because of that you perhaps feel more left out of things than actually you are.

Have you explored all possible avenues open to you for making friends? Your church, and the groups involved in doing church work? Have you any special talents or skills that you can offer which would make you a valued member of one of those clubs of which you speak? Have you tried to make friends with, discuss your mutual child-raising problems with, the mothers of your son's little playmates? Have you genuinely tried to be friendly with your husband's old friends instead of standing aloof and waiting for them to press friendship on you?

No, I don't advise—not yet, certainly—going away and "making a fresh start." That would mean another strange town, wouldn't it? And more strangers? And the whole business to begin (Continued on page 106)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25.00 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25.00 WILL BE PAID to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Here is this month's problem:

How can a housewife, untrained in business and with small children to care for, earn money at home to help the family budget?

What is your answer to this problem?
If you've a problem ... or the answer to someone else's problem, why not tell Joan about it?

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"Mom.—But at 5 P.M., E.S.T., NBC.

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Here is this month's problem:

How can a housewife, known in business and with small children to care for, earn money at home to help the family budget? What is your answer to this problem?
Winner (at table) really takes all: Emcee Bud Collyer presents him with a complete dinner—with service de luxe—to take place in his home.

WNN CLAYTON "BUD" COLLYER, television emcee of Winner Take All every Thursday night at 8:30 EST, and radio emcee for the same show Monday through Friday at 4:30 to 4:45 EST, graduated from law school and worked as a law clerk for two long years. Collyer senior was a lawyer, and Bud was going to follow in dad's footsteps, quite overlooking the fact that there was an actress mother in his background and a grandfather, Dan Collyer, who had died during the run of a play in which he was appearing.

There was also sister June Collyer, who had become famous in motion pictures and retired from the screen after she married actor Stuart Erwin. And there was also that boyhood up in Maine where Bud used to amuse the family by setting up a little theater in an empty room of the big house and give ad lib plays; the glee club at Horace Mann school; and the little theater productions at Williams College.

So how could he escape his theatrical fate?

He didn't try—not too hard. "The pull was too great," he tells me. "At Fordham College, where I took my law course, I helped pay expenses by singing on the radio."
After I graduated I'd slip away from law every little while and do a broadway play—even though they were always flops.

"One day Helen Claire introduced me to some people in radio who helped me get a sustaining show at CBS. After that, the law didn't have a chance."

Bud's radio career hit a high peak with his portrayal of that children's delight, Superman—still part of his triple job, the other two being "Winner" and a program called Beat the Clock. It takes a Superman to carry a load like that.

On the television version of Winner Take All, as you undoubtedly know if you're within seeing distance of the CBS-TV eastern-midwest network or its kinescope recordings, Bud is a lively quizmaster, awarding refrigerators, washing machines, paintings and painting courses, dresses for the ladies, shirts for the men, meals for the family, and a little bit of everything for everybody.

There are two people competing against each other on the show—a Champion and a Challenger—and once on, a player remains as long as (Continued on page 90)
Gloria Shannon helps Bud with makeup.

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NBC's tele station KNBH, in Hollywood's Radio City, opened January and is now going full blast. Besides kinescope films of popular eastern shows like Philco Television Playhouse, Chevrolet on Broadway and Howdy Doody, KNBH is putting on some good live shows of its own.

Locally produced live shows include The Pickard Family—a real family group of six musicians. Mother plays the piano and organ, a daughter Ruth plays the accordion, sons Bub and Charlie perform on the string bass and guitar. And there's the youngest, Ann and Dad Pickard.

A Woman's World is a discussion group, Starlight Time, featuring singers Anita Gordon and Bob Graham, includes dancing and instrumental music in a modern night club setting.

At Hollywood's CBS tele station KTTV there are kinescopes of such well known eastern programs as Toast of the Town, Lucky Pup, Winner Take All, Kobb's Korner, and others—and some good local live shows.

Fred Beck's Kitchen features radio and newspaper columnist Beck as emcee of a program on which guest chefs and specialists prepare foods for special panel of gourmet guests.

Students at the famous Pasadena Playhouse give one-act plays. Discussion programs include Hollywood Talks It Over, which features screen stars as guests, and What Do You Think?, which features guests who talk about the great books.

And of course there are charades—what TV line-up would be complete without them! And sports—and western films.

So here you have it—the old TV standbys—the kinescopes that bring some of the best of what the east and mid-west can offer—and the local talent—all lined up together to make California TV-conscious.
Jerry Mahoney's Private Album

BRASH and bold—but bright enough to carry it off—wooden-headed Jerry Mahoney is talking his way into a leading position in the TV picture. At least, his master Paul Winchell does the talking, but it's Jerry's personality that makes the combination. They share the cameras with mind-reader Dunninger, Thursday nights at 9:30 EST, on WNBT and on the cable. From Jerry's star-studded album, here are some of his favorite pictures—with comment.

"Phil Harris gets Alice Faye on his show. I get Paul!"

"Paul's daughter Stephanie used to be scared of me."

"I was glad to meet Howdy. Was Paul glad to meet Bob?"

"Jackie Robinson of the Dodgers was a big success."

"For Sinatra, a joke from my special, private stock."

"With Dunninger around I can't even think what I want."
It's Rhoda Mann who pulls the strings for Howdy Doody, heard and seen on NBC.

**Howdy Doody's Boss**

Ten years ago, when Rhoda Mann was eleven, her father bought her a puppet doll for Christmas. That began a career which seven years later landed Rhoda in show business and, before she was twenty-one, made her the puppeteer for that puppet with personality, Howdy Doody, whose voice is, of course, Bob Smith.

By the time she was at Taft High she had added other puppets to the troupe. They all sang and danced, probably because those were the things Rhoda liked to do most.

At eighteen she turned professional and for two Christmas seasons put on shows in department store windows.

To maneuver Howdy, Rhoda clammers up a little iron ladder and swings over to her own private catwalk, about two feet wide and fourteen feet above the floor. The platform is high, and Howdy's twelve strings are unusually long, because Bob Smith is a tall fellow and Rhoda has to be way above him out of the camera eye. Long strings are harder to control than short ones. "But it's not hard," she says. "It's like a harp."

But the best part of all is watching her follow Bob's conversation without a smitch of a script. Before the show goes on Rhoda takes a quick look at the beginning and end of the script, or listens to Bob talk about it. That's all. The minute the "on the air" sign lights up she glues her eyes to Bob.

Rhoda got her job when Frank Paris, her associate on the Toby of the Circus shows, got into TV and brought her with him. They both worked on the Howdy Doody show with Bob. Then they both left to do another show. But Rhoda came back. "They asked me how I'd like to come back and be Howdy's boss," she told me. "I didn't want to seem too eager, so I just said yes three times. It took me three seconds to accept."

In private life Rhoda's the one who jumps around; Howdy's a quiet type.
On Your SCREEN

Allan Frank: Charade Quiz, DuMont
Wednesday nights at 8 P.M. EST.

Allan Frank looks like a serious theologian. And what do you know—that's what he almost became. But Fate saw that half-hidden twinkle in his eyes and made him give up the study of theology for an acting career before he was twenty. It's true that he was cast as a serious actor, getting his basic training with an experimental acting group, invading Broadway in a series of children's plays, and joining such serious successes as "Angel Street" with Vincent Price and "Skipper Next to God" with John Garfield.

But that twinkle just had to out, and a director at DuMont was the first to notice it. Before our Mr. Frank had time to draw himself up to his full six feet and one-half inch and remind the guy that he was talking to a fellow who nourished ambitions to play "Hamlet," he found himself one of the regular actors on Bill Slater's Charade Quiz which is televised every Wednesday night from 8:00 to 8:30 EST, over the DuMont network.

He's been on the show so long now that he can't remember the time when he wasn't expected to take at least one comedy fall and give out with at least one comedy cackle, all in the course of a half hour's program.

He works with four other regular charade actors, one of them a small girl—and three regular expert guessers. They're Bob Shepard, Minabess Lewis and Harold Rowe.

Allan was born in Brooklyn, brought up in Connecticut, and married a Connecticut girl while he was in the Army Air Forces. Right now they're back where he started from—living in Brooklyn.

The third member of the Frank establishment is Allan's mother-in-law—and his wife's only complaint is that her mama sides with Allan whenever there's an argument.

Dan Seymour: Emcees We, the People,
CBS-TV, Tuesdays at 9 P.M. EST.

Dan Seymour moved into the emcee's spot on We, the People, just as naturally as the proverbial duck takes to you-know-what. He was the show's announcer for six years, so when former emcee Dwight Weist left to produce some TV shows of his own, there was Dan—ready, willing and able, every Tuesday at 9:00 EST, over CBS and CBS-TV.

Dan got into radio in Boston, in 1935, when he was twenty and newly graduated from Amherst. Before the year was out, he won the audition as announcer for a Community Sing show with Milton Berle, and went on from there to announce the Major Bowes Show for CBS in New York. Before long our Mr. Seymour was adding announcing chores for such top personalities as Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Al Jolson.

In addition to his present combined audio and video broadcasts of We, the People, which spotlights weekly guest-celebrity hosts, Dan doubles as emcee of CBS's big audio musical quiz, Sing It Again, and triples as announcer for The Aldrich Family and Aunt Jenny, and the TV Dunninger-Winchell show.

When he really needs a rest now and then he romps with six-year-old Stephan Dana, nine-year-old Judith Ann, and twelve-year-old Nancy Louise. They all live in a pleasant nine-room Dutch Colonial house in White Plains, New York. Their summers are spent on Cape Cod.

Oh yes, and there's mama too. Dan met Louise when he was a senior at Amherst College in Massachusetts and she was at Mt. Holyoke College nearby. They were married during spring vacation but kept it secret because it would have meant expulsion from college. Then came graduation, which fell on a Monday; by Tuesday, he was one of the announcers for the Yankee network.
COAST TO COAST in TELEVISION

ALL'S right with television—the Goldbergs have taken over! Last January 17, over the CBS network, at 9:00 P.M. EST, Molly and Jake and Sammy and Rosalie and all their relatives and their neighbors in the Bronx began to brighten our screens. Complete episodes in themselves, each telecast is different, but always the same as far as family life and family problems and family joys are concerned. Molly's sorrows are every mother's tears—Molly's triumphs are every housewife's overcomings—Molly's laughter is joy in which every listener shares. There's something universal about this woman—a timelessness that few personalities have been able to capture.

Stop and think about it—The Goldbergs went on the radio for the first time on November 20, 1929. During two periods the show totaled seventeen years on the air, one of the all-time favorites in radio. For two years it has not been heard, but in the meantime Molly and Jake and their brood did a stage play based on the radio series, called "Me and Molly."

It's a quiet evening at The Goldbergs with Jake (Phillip Loeb), Molly (Gertrude Berg), Sammy (Larry Robinson).
So now they're on the stage again every Monday night, but for the exclusive benefit of TV viewers. Look and listen at 9 EST, CBS-TV.

* * *

Mondays and Wednesdays, if you hear a sudden drawl and a chuckle coming from your television set, one quick look will confirm your suspicions—it's the irrepressible Arthur Godfrey, emceeing his Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts (Continued on page 89)

Kathi Norris of WABD's Television Shopper (daily) displays some children's bargains on her niece (l.) and daughter.
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RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION
That DAY Girl
by Bob Hope

FIRST I want to say that everything Doris Day has written about me is untrue. I haven't read it, but I deny the whole thing. I asked her to let me see it so I could refute it in a nice way, instead of like this, but she said she'd already sent it in to Radio Mirror.

She didn't improve things any by saying, "I thought it would embarrass you if I read it to you."

What did she mean, "read it to me?" I can read—why, I went to college! I remember those happy days well—all three of them. And they're proud of me at my old school. They've put a plaque over my old desk. It says "Bob Hope slept here."

One of the nice things about making a personal appearance tour of the country is that you get a chance to look at famous landmarks like that. Another nice thing is that you get a chance to really know the people you're working with.

Doris joined the Tuesday night NBC broadcast last September, and she showed no signs of breaking under the strain of working with me by the time we left Hollywood in January. But after five weeks of one night stands, I can really give you the lowdown on her.

It's one thing to do a half-hour show on the air once a week from Hollywood. It's quite another thing to play nine two-and-a-half-hour shows a week on the road as well as the network show.

If there is any gravel in a girl, that routine will bring it to the surface.

We set out from Hollywood on January 4, cheered on by my friends—my brother and two others. It was wonderful to see all of those smiling faces and to hear those shouts of "Keep moving—you need a change and we need a rest."

It did not work out quite that way. The hotels got all of my change and the government got the rest, but we had fun, even when we were in the air.

We traveled in a United Mainliner DC6 that stayed with us throughout the tour. They named the ship after me, "The Bob Hope"—not, as has been erroneously reported, "The Hot-Air Lift."

A lump comes into my throat every time I think of that splendid flying crew. It isn't my stomach. My stomach went in the other direction. I leaned over to find it as we crossed the Santa Rosa Mountains (Continued on page 102)

That HOPE Fellow
by Doris Day

WHEN you first meet Bob Hope you think he is wonderful because he is kind and nice, and the gags keep pouring out and you have a lot of laughs.

After you have done five weeks of one night stands with him you really know that he is wonderful because you have heard out a lot of things about him that he would never tell—things that you would not get a chance to see unless you were traveling with his company and spending practically every waking minute caught up in the activities that move around him like a tornado.

For the first week, your head is in a whirl because there are about fourteen things happening each minute and every minute. There seem to be hundreds of people swarming around grabbing at his attention and thousands of demands on his time. As you see this go on and on, you understand why they call him "Mr. Perpetual Motion," and you begin to wonder how he can keep up the pace, and when he is going to begin to wear thin and snap at somebody. But it never happens.

Gradually you begin to realize that his good nature goes on forever, and so does his sense of humor. It isn't an act. He really is just as funny all the time off the stage as he is on. Then you begin to notice something about his gags. They never are mean and if there is a sting in them it is always pointed at Bob, himself, never at anybody else. He never hurts anybody's feelings because he really likes people and he shows it in a hundred different ways. I'll tell you about some of them later.

Though you may die laughing at some of his gags about himself, nobody ever tries to make you laugh by making that kind of a crack about him. In the first place, you respect him too much for all he is and all he has done and all he knows.

In the second place, he just isn't the kind of man anybody gets fresh with. He is easy and friendly and just the same to everybody, from the most important people in the land to the guys backstage, but he just isn't the kind of a man you would play a practical joke on, for instance.

He hasn't any pose or side; he always seems to be just himself. But pretty soon you find out that he is really hard to get to know. He seems to have a little wall built around him. It is a wall made of laughter and fun, but it is there, just the same. (Continued on page 104)
Sharing a program, they've learned a lot about each other. And both Doris Day and Bob Hope just love to talk!
"I can't even get

As Herb Shriner tells the story of his life, it's a sad one:

When he was struggling toward success, he couldn't afford
to date; now that he's on his way—he can't afford the time!

By MARTIN COHEN

If you know a girl who won't mind competing with a boat—tell her about Herb Shriner.
HERB SHRINER may have to wait for women's hair styles to change.

"I picture her with soft, long hair, brunette or Titian," the tall, blond humorist tells you as he describes the kind of girl he'd like to marry. "She's petite and her eyes should be bright blue with a kind of slant, almost Polynesian."

But Herb Shriner, young and handsome star of his own CBS program, doesn't have time for romance. When a girl attracts him, he just can't do anything about it.

"I can't even get a haircut," Herb says. "That's the way it is. When you're poor, you can't afford a haircut or much courtin' and when you're making a buck, you can't find the time."

He shrugs his shoulders and looks away. Although Earl Wilson and Milton Berle have praised him as America's great new humorist, Herb is still shy.

"You know, I've never met a girl who can cook a Swiss steak like my mother," Herb continues. "But that's not the only qualification. I got a lot of other ideas about what kind of girl she should be."

Herb's mother learned that, too. Until a year ago, when she passed away, she brought many girls around to meet Herb. As usual, mother and son never saw eye to eye on women.

According to official records, Mrs. Shriner's only child first saw the light of day in Ohio, but according to Herb he was born at the age of four when they moved to Indiana. He has great affection for the Hoosiers and their country.

"It's so peaceful and fertile," Herb says, "that if an atomic bomb were dropped there it would just blossom into a garden of roses."

He picked up a lot of his grassroots humor at his grandfather's general store near Fort Wayne. It was an old-fashioned store complete with pot-bellied stove, cracker barrels and characters who never let the crackers get stale. More merchandise was borrowed than bought and you could always tell when the candy was fresh. It didn't have finger marks.

Herb explains, "I figure that the loafers used a running patter of jokes to divert grampa's attention while they sampled his food."

He spent much time with his grandfather because usually his father and mother were working. Mrs. Shriner was a store detective for many years and Herb recalls he once earned $7 as a (Continued on page 86)

Is there, at last, a humorist who might fit into Will Rogers' shoes? Acute show business critics think CBS's Herb Shriner is it. But Herb isn't resting on his laurels, yet. He works so hard he's scarcely resting at all!
If you were in Hollywood, in the neighborhood of NBC’s Radio City studios, some Saturday night at about quarter of six (Pacific time) you’d see a lot of eager people waiting to get in to see the Judy Canova Show. Well, even though you’re not, most of you, in Hollywood, your copy of Radio Mirror this month makes it easier for you to get into that studio than it is for the folks right on the spot. You’re in your comfortable seat in the maroon-draped studio in plenty of time to get the benefit of the pre-air-time warm-up show that Judy and her cast never fail to put on. And hillbilly Judy, trying desperately to fit herself into the elegant suburban life of her aunt’s Brentwood home—and always managing to do the
Wrong thing—is just as funny to watch as you've imagined, from hearing her, that she would be. When the On-the-Air signal flashes, this—up above—is the line-up you'll see on the stage, left to right: Sportsmen Quartet; Judy herself; orchestra leader Bud Dant, ready to give the downbeat; announcer Howard Petrie; seated, Mel Blanc (who plays Pedro and Roscoe Wortle); Gale Gordon (the neighbor); Hans Conried (Mr. Hemingway, William Boswell); Ruby Dandridge (Geranium); Verna Felton (Patsy Pierce). The program is written by Fred Fox and Arthur Phillips, produced by Joe Rhines.

You can hear the Judy Canova Show every Saturday at 9:30 P.M. EST, 6:30 P.M. PST, on NBC.
If you were in Hollywood, in the neighborhood of NBC's Radio City studios, some Saturday night at about quarter of six (Pacific time) you'd see a lot of eager people waiting to get in to see the Judy Canova Show. Well, even though you're not, most of you, in Hollywood, your copy of Radio Mirror this month makes it easier for you to get into that studio than it is for the folks right on the spot. You're in your comfortable seat in the maroon-draped studio in plenty of time to get the benefit of the pre-aii-ti™ warm-up show that Judy and her cast never fail to put on. And hillbilly Judy, trying desperately to fit herself into the elegant suburban life of her aunt's Brentwood home—and always managing to do the wrong thing—is just as funny to watch as you've imagined, from hearing her, that she would be. When the On-the-Air signal flashes, this—up above in the line-up you'll see on the stage, left to right: the Spivs; Judy herself; orchestra leader Bud Esty; ready to give the downbeat; announcer Howard Petrie; seated, Mel Blanc (who plays Pedro and Roscoe Wortle); Gale Gordon (the neighbor); Hans Conried (Mr. Hemingway, William Bowers); Ruby Dandridge (Geranium); Vema Felton (Petey Pierce). The program is written by Fred Foy and Arthur Phillips, produced by Joe Rhines.

You can hear the Judy Canova Show every Saturday at 9:30 P.M., EST, 6:30 P.M., PST, on NBC.
"The CRISIS we learned

Lawson's "Frank Merriwell" role expanded from an acting job into a research project. At Yale, "Frank's" Alma Mater, he absorbed atmosphere.

The doctor's words
might have plunged another
man into despair. But
Lawson Zerbe had two safeguards
... courage, and Doris

Two branches of the same art serve as hobbies. Lawson, above, sketches; Doris (right), more ambitious, tries oils—with a favorite model.
When Lawson asked for his first date, he offered tickets to a show as his qualifications. But Doris quickly discovered more important ones.

SOMETIMES I think of it, to myself, as "the day the roof caved in." And then I remember that it was only the day the roof might have caved in... if Lawson had had just a little less courage, and if I had had a little less faith in him. And I count my blessings!

It's quite an experience, you see, sitting across a restaurant table from the man you're falling in love with, expecting the gay and friendly words that have been part of his charm for you, and hearing him say, instead, "Doris... I've just come from my doctor."

It would have been foolish to ask "What's the matter?" Even if I could have spoken, that is. I just sat, waiting, trying not to look as frightened as I felt. And Lawson told me.

A few weeks before, he'd had his physical examination for army service (this happened during the war). He hadn't mentioned it to me, thinking he'd wait until he got his actual notice to report. Instead, he was turned down... because of a heart ailment.

"Which," Lawson told me grimly, "I never knew I had. I went to my own doctor, of course, and he gave me the works—cardiograph, everything. I got his reports today. Those army doctors had the right story, Doris. My heart's in bad shape."

"How bad?" I asked at last. "Just because the army wouldn't take you—"

"The doctor ordered me to give up radio... Go to some quiet place and stagnate. I can't do that, Doris. There's got to be some other answer."

(Continued on page 81)
The doctor’s words
might have plunged another
man into despair. But
Lawson Zerbe had two safeguards:
courage and Doris

By
DORIS McWHIRT ZERBE

SOMETIMES I think of it, to myself, as “the day the roof caved in.” And then I remember that it was only the day the roof might have caved in... if Lawson had had just a little less courage, and if I had had a little less faith in him. And I count my blessings!

Two branches of the same art serve as hobbies, Lawson, above, sketching; Doris (right), more ambitious, tries oils—with a favorite model.
SPRING is here. And when the soft little breezes come my way, I start thinking about something different for dessert. Something sweet and good, of course—but something refreshing too. That's when I like to trot out a refrigerator pie. These pies are good year-round, of course. Chocolate and coconut cream are probably your old family favorites. But these are all a little extra special—a touch of rum here, an extra garnish there. Rum cream peach pie and nesselrode pie are in the best French manner. Straight from the Deep South comes lime pie—and there's one that looks as springish as it tastes!

Start with a good pastry shell. Dress it up with a fancy edge, if you like. If you want to serve the pie on a plate (as in the picture), just remove the shell from the tin while it's still warm. Want to make the pastry part extra good eating? Brush it with melted jelly, then dust it with very finely chopped nuts, before pouring in the filling.

All these pies will taste and look better if they are chilled for two or three hours before serving. And with a steaming hot beverage, they're a perfect ending for any meal!

**PIE SHELL**

1 cup, plus 2 tbsps. sifted enriched flour
6 tbsps. shortening
3 tbsps. ice water
½ tsp. salt

Sift flour and salt together into mixing bowl. Gradually cut in shortening with a pastry blender or two knives, until lumps are the size of small peas. Sprinkle ice water over shortening, a tablespoon at a time over the mixture. With a fork lightly blend in each bit of water, until pastry clings together, leaving bowl clean. Wrap dough in waxed paper and chill. Roll out dough on a lightly floured board to a 10½-inch circle. Fit into a 9-inch pie tin with a 1-inch overlap all around. Trim overlap evenly and fold under to make a double standing rim. flute the edge, or press down with fork to make a lacy pattern. Prick entire surface with a fork. Bake in a very hot oven (450°F.) about 15 minutes, or until lightly brown.

To Make Tarts: Cut rolled out dough into circles large enough to cover your tart pans. (Use the bottoms of muffin tins or custard cups.) Press firmly onto pan (do not stretch). Pinch excess into folds. Prick well all over with fork. Bake in very hot oven (450°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 3 to 5 tarts.

**TWO-TONED CHOCOLATE PIE**

3 squares (3 oz.) unsweetened chocolate, divided
2 tbsps. butter
½ cup cornstarch
1 cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
2½ cups milk, scalded

3 eggs, separated
¾ tsp. vanilla
2 tbsps. rum
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
1 cup heavy cream (optional)
¼ cup shaved semi-sweet chocolate (optional)

Melt 1 square of the chocolate with butter (over hot water) in the top of a double boiler. Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt and stir into chocolate, mixing until well blended. Add 1 cup of hot milk and stir until smooth. Add remaining milk and cook, stirring occasionally, until smooth and thick (about 15 minutes). Beat egg yolks well. Stir in a little of the chocolate mixture. Then pour into hot mixture and cook 2 minutes more, stirring constantly. Pour half of this filling into a bowl and cool. Grate remaining chocolate and add to filling in double boiler and stir until well blended (about 3 minutes). Pour into shell. To the remaining filling, add vanilla and rum. Beat egg whites until they stand in peaks and fold gently into cooled chocolate filling. Pile lighter (Continued on page 88)
This episode from the life of Ma Perkins is told here for the first time in story form. Ma Perkins is heard Mon.-Fri. at 3:15 EST, on NBC, and at 1:15 EST on CBS.
tonight," he said easily. "I thought I heard you coughing once or twice, back among the coats and hats."

She mustered a faint smile. "Once or twice," she agreed. "It's getting better, though."

"And the job?" he asked. "How do you like it?"

"It's—" But she couldn't lie, he noted with satisfaction. "It's all right," she said hopelessly.

"Which means that it isn't," he laughed. "It's not what you're used to, is that it?"

"Well—it doesn't take much brains to put coats on hangers."

"No," he agreed. "But then, we don't pay much. We don't pay for brains."

She smiled wryly. "It's the only job I could get. Maybe that means I don't have any brains."

"Maybe," said Eddie. "But maybe on the other hand you have other assets. On which you could capitalize."

He saw the quick alarm in her eyes, and he was angry at himself for the stupidly premature remark. He was angry, too, that she must have heard his reputation. Ordinarily, he didn't mind too much what people said about Eddie Markel's way with women, but for some reason, he hadn't wanted this girl to know it.

"They're getting busy out there, Mr. Markel," she said quickly, rising. "If there's nothing special you want—"

"Sit down," he said grimly. "Yes, there is something special I want to ask. You've run away from home, haven't you?" Pretending not to notice the sudden intake of her breath, he went on, "Or are you running away from a boy friend? Or college? Were the teachers mean to you?"

"College?" Again the faint smile, and she looked relieved that he hadn't, after all, known exactly what she was running from. "No, I wasn't in college."

"You're a college type, you know," Eddie confided. "Respectable, good background, dainty, clean cut—or maybe it's your voice. You speak very well." And he was proud of himself for his own speech. Once he would have told her that she "talked good."

"My father was a great believer in grammar," she said. "He spoke very well himself."

"What was your father?" Eddie asked. "A minister?"

"A—" He couldn't read the thoughts behind her eyes. He
couldn't know that she was seeing her father, the polished, persuasive "Professor" Bassett speaking of God and life and love eternal to the aged and the lonely—to the well-to-do aged and lonely—until he was stopped finally, forever, by the citizens of a little town called Rushville Center and a little old lady called Ma Perkins.

"No," said the girl. "He wasn't a minister. I'd rather not talk about myself, Mr. Markel, if you don't mind. I told you I'd like to keep my job, and so of course I'm a little afraid of you—it's nothing personal so far as you're concerned, but—"

"But you know I'd like you to be my girl, don't you, Jane?" He was smiling lazily, keeping it all sounding very casual. She gasped, and before she could reply he leaned forward and pointed to a button on the wall. "See that?" he said briskly. "Punch it—it opens a closet. I want you to try on what's in there. Go on," he ordered impatiently as the telephone rang. "Do as I say."

He reached for the phone. She rose as if mesmerized, her eyes fixed on his face, pushed the button.

"There's a plain cloths man here, Mr. Markel," said his switchboard operator, "from the Bureau of Missing Persons. Shall I—"

"I'll be down right away," Eddie told her. But he wasn't fast enough. He had to watch the girl's face as she touched the mink coat that hung in the closet, had to urge her again to put it on. And when she obeyed, moving like a person in a dream, he had seen her pull the silky rich folds around her. It was thus that Sergeant Leahy, entering uninvited, found them, the girl in the mink coat and Eddie watching her avidly.

"Now listen, copper—" Eddie swung toward him.

"Young lady, you can come with me now, or you can come after work," said the sergeant, ignoring Eddie. "There's a fellow downstairs who's put a lot of sweat and heartaches and life's blood into looking for you. If you don't come down until four A.M., I guess he'll have to wait, but he'll be waiting. Your husband, girlie. One Joe."

"Joseph?" she whispered. "Downstairs?"

"Husband!" Eddie repeated. But he wasn't really surprised. "Have you a husband, Jane?"

"Joe," confirmed the Sergeant. "Nice fellow. And her name isn't Jane. It's Starr."

"Starr," repeated Eddie. "Are you married?"

Her frantic glance went from him to the officer. "I—I—tell the boy who's waiting to go away. I can't see him. I'm very busy with Mr. Eddie Markel—who's just given me a lovely fur coat. Haven't you, Mr. Markel?"

"Why, yes," said Eddie softly, pleased, hardly believing his luck. "Yes, I certainly have."

"Now just a minute," said the sergeant desperately. "You don't know what you're doing, girlie. This guy's a crook and a liar and he's got a record as long as your arm, and when he throws you away, you won't even have a fur
coat for a souvenir. Now come on downstairs and make up with—

"You heard the lady," Eddie barked.

"Get going, copper. If you're coming here to preach, bring a warrant next time."

"Maybe I will," said the sergeant.

"If, for instance, we find out this girl isn't quite as old as you may think she is—"

"Oh, let me alone!" The girl's voice, low and intense, cut across his words like a scream. "Tell Joe—tell him to let me alone! Tell him if he doesn't, I'll go someplace else! Tell him to go home where he belongs and I never want to see him again—ever, ever, until I'm dead!"

"Okay—okay," The sergeant moved toward the door. "But you're making a big mistake. You'll see—" The door closed on his words. Eddie turned to the girl.

"How old are you, Starr? Is that your name?"

Her lips trembled. "I never want to hear it again!"

"It's a pretty name," said Eddie, trying it over again on his tongue. "Starr. It suits you. You're no plain Jane. But how old are you?"

"I'm going to be nineteen."

"Nineteen." He sighed. She was even younger than he'd thought. Although just now, with her lips shaking and her eyes held wide to keep back the tears, she looked about fourteen.

"Mr. Markel," she said, "I said something in front of that policeman that— Well, I really don't want this coat. All I want is a job. And I'm all mixed up about some things, so I'd rather you wouldn't—I'd rather not be—Oh, gee, I'm scared!"

Eddie laughed sympathetically. "Of course you're scared! A policeman, and that crazy kid who's looking for you—enough to scare anybody. Now I'll tell you, you take the rest of the night off—take three or four nights off, I amended, thinking rapidly. Rest up, and get rid of that cold. And don't worry about your job. The policeman was right, Starr. I'm a roughneck, but you're a nice girl. And maybe I want you around to help me be nice. So don't worry about your job. Just rest up, and get beautiful, and your job'll keep for a long, long time."

Starr accepted—perhaps because she was obviously too tired and ill to do otherwise. But Eddie left her to remove the coat and repair her make-up and went down the stairs to the cafe, and that crazy kid who seemed equally determined to get in. The young man was tall and slightly stooped, and in spite of having what Eddie would have called a stoopish face, he was doing very well at holding his own against the three of them.

"I tell you," he was insisting, "I came to see Mr. Markel. And I'm going to see him—"

Eddie went swiftly forward. "Scram, stupid," he ordered his men. "Try using your brains instead of your muscles for a change. As for you—" he turned to the young man—"I'm Eddie Markel. What do you want?

"My wife. I know she's here, and I don't want to hear any more blither about her being busy with you and mink coats. I've come to take her home."

"Your wife," Eddie repeated quietly.

"Suppose I say she's my sweetheart? That makes us even, doesn't it? And suppose she doesn't want to go with you?"

"She's not your sweetheart!" the young man exploded. "Next you'll be telling me she's your partner in this dance hall, or whatever you've got here! I never heard anything so crazy—"

Eddie shrugged. "Maybe," he said. "Suppose we leave it up to her. You can see her, Pugnacious. First door up those stairs, in my office. But if she doesn't want to see you, suppose you go back where you came from, and fast, and don't come back. Fair enough?"

"Fair—The young man hesitated, and burst out, "I'm not making any bargains with you! I'll do as I think best—"

"Oh, no," Eddie shook his head. "I think you'll play it square. You're the type. And when you've seen her, maybe you'll see something else—that it's just possible I'm better for her than you are."

The young man bounded past him up the stairs. Eddie looked after him for a moment, then he went into the bar for a drink. He was smiling confidently, but in his heart was the closest thing to a prayer that Eddie Markel had ever shaped.

In Eddie's office, Starr had hung the coat away in the closet and was trying, with lipstick and finger tip, to rub some color into her pale mouth when the door opened.

"If it's all right with you, Mr. Markel," she said without looking up, "I think I'll leave now—Joe!"

"Hello, Starr," he said quietly. And then he looked at her, really looked at her. "Honey," he said brokenly, "you look terrible. You're thin—" His voice gave out. He stopped, swallowing.

"You—you look so thin, Starr!"

For a terrified moment, she thought he was going to cry. Then he moved as if to scoop her into his arms, to warm her thinness, her coldness against him. She backed a step convulsively. Her voice rose to a scream.

"Get away from me, Joe! Don't! Go away!"

He shook his head, bewildered. "What's the matter, Starr? What's happened? What's happening?"

She'd backed to the desk, as far as she could go. But Joseph had stopped, too, and she drew a deep breath, trying to control herself.

"Nothing's happened," she said, except that I've left you, for good. Go home. Go back to college and forget that you—Joe, how can you be here? Why aren't you (Continued on page 91)"
DINK TROUT—is the meek little Mr. Anderson on the Dennis Day Show, Saturdays, 10:00 P.M. EST, NBC.
STAAATS COTSWORTH—was working hard to become an artist (the studied seven years in Paris) when his funds ran low. Since he was fond of eating he turned to the stage where he found almost immediate success. That was fifteen years ago and since then he has appeared in twenty-three Broadway plays and entered radio. He is Crime Photgrapher, Thursdays CBS.

TUESDAY

A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS
--- | --- | --- | --- | ---
8:30 | Do You Remember | | | Local Programs
8:45 | Honeydew in N.Y. | Bob Poole Show | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America
9:00 | Clevelandaires | | | This is New York
9:15 | Fred Waring | Faith in Our Time | My True Story | Music For You
9:15 | Road of Life | Say It With Music | Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air | Arthur Godfrey
9:15 | The Brighter Day | | | Indo Canada
11:00 | We Love And Learn | Passing Parade | Queer For A Day | Dick Tracy
11:30 | Jack Bierch | | | Grand Slam
11:45 | Lora Lowman | Gabriel Heather's Mailbag | Light of the World | Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS
--- | --- | --- | --- | ---
12:45 | Harkness of Washington | | | Welcome Travelers
1:00 | Words and Music | | | Wendy Warren
1:15 | Art Van Damme Quartet | Lumencia At Sardis Happy Gang | Big Sister | Big Sister
1:30 | Robert McCormick | Hollywood Theatre | Nancy Craig | Nancy Craig
1:45 | Jack Kelby | | | The Guiding Light
2:00 | Double or Nothing | Queen For A Day | Second Mrs. Perkins Mr. Perkins | Kay Kyser
2:30 | Today's Children | Golden Hope Chest | Bride and Groom | David Harum

EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:30 | John MacVane | | | Eric Sevareid
6:45 | Bill Stern | | | "You and..."
6:45 | Sunoco News | | | Herb Shriner Time
7:00 | Chesterfield Club | Fulton Lewis, Jr. | Headline Edition | Budush
7:15 | News of the World | Dinner Date | Elmer Davis | Jack Smith Show
7:30 | The Smoothie | Inside of Sports | Silver Ring | Club 15
7:45 | H. V. Kentborn | | | Edward R. Murrow
8:00 | stomie | | | Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15 | Puriyama D'Souza | | | Mystery Theatre
8:30 | This is Your Life | Line of Sports | Blackstone | Mr. and Mrs. North
8:45 | Ralph Edwards Show | News of Sports | | Edward R. Murrow
9:00 | George O'Hanlan With | Youth Asks The Government | We, The People | We, The People
9:15 | Official Detective | | | More Amsterdam
9:30 | Hy Gardner | | | Show
9:45 | The Bob Hope Show | | | Erwin D. Canham
10:00 | Gabriel Heatter's Radio Newsroom | | | Dewey Morgen
10:15 | Air Force Hour | | | More Amsterdam
10:30 | Bill Henry | | | Show
10:45 | The Big Story | | | The Big Story
10:50 | Curtain Time | | | Bing Crosby

Beverly Younger—who plays leading roles in Curtain Time. Wed. NBC, has been a regular trouper ever since the age of two when she made her debut as Little Willie in "East Lynne." She has appeared in leading roles on the stage and made her radio debut in 1936. If she ever retires, she says it will be in order to concentrate on homemaking or social work.
### AFTERNOOON PROGRAMS

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<td>12:00</td>
<td>Harkness of Washington&lt;br&gt;Words and Music</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers&lt;br&gt;Kate Smith Speaks&lt;br&gt;Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Wendy Warren&lt;br&gt;Aunt Jenny</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers&lt;br&gt;Kate Smith Speaks&lt;br&gt;Kate Smith Sings</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>Lunchen With Lumen&lt;br&gt;Robert McCormick</td>
<td>Nancy Craig&lt;br&gt;Hollywood Theater</td>
<td>Big Sister&lt;br&gt;Mrs Perkins &amp; Young Dr. Malone</td>
<td>Nancy Craig&lt;br&gt;Hollywood Theater</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing&lt;br&gt;Jack McRob</td>
<td>Kay Kyser</td>
<td>Hit Hunt&lt;br&gt;Ethel and Albert</td>
<td>Winner Take All&lt;br&gt;Robert Q. Lewis</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries&lt;br&gt;Just Plain Bill&lt;br&gt;Front Page Farrell</td>
<td>The Green Hornet&lt;br&gt;Tom Mix</td>
<td>Galen Drake&lt;br&gt;The Chicagoans&lt;br&gt;Alice Satter Time</td>
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<td>Bill Stern&lt;br&gt;Burns and Allen&lt;br&gt;Screen Guild Theatre&lt;br&gt;Fred Waring Show</td>
<td>Local Programs&lt;br&gt;Western Hi Reue&lt;br&gt;Dance Orch.</td>
<td>Eric Severaid&lt;br&gt;Abbott and Costello&lt;br&gt;Child's World</td>
<td>Eric Severaid&lt;br&gt;Abbott and Costello&lt;br&gt;First Nighter</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Sunoco News&lt;br&gt;Chicken Club&lt;br&gt;At Jolson Show&lt;br&gt;Dorothy Lamour</td>
<td>Local Programs&lt;br&gt;Dinner Date&lt;br&gt;Inside Sports&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel</td>
<td>Herb Shriner Time&lt;br&gt;Headline Edition&lt;br&gt;Our Job is Manhatan&lt;br&gt;Mysteries Traveler Bill Henry</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club&lt;br&gt;Art Van Damme&lt;br&gt;Al Jolson Show&lt;br&gt;Dorothy Lamour</td>
<td>The F.B.I. in Peace&lt;br&gt;Elmer Lewis&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel</td>
<td>Beulah&lt;br&gt;Headline Edition&lt;br&gt;Gala Heatter&lt;br&gt;Personal Autograph&lt;br&gt;Suspense&lt;br&gt;Ja Stafford Show</td>
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<td>Aircheck Family&lt;br&gt;Burns and Allen&lt;br&gt;At Jolson Show&lt;br&gt;Dorothy Lamour</td>
<td>Our Job is Manhatan&lt;br&gt;Inside Sports&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel&lt;br&gt;Mysteries Traveler Bill Henry</td>
<td>The F.B.I. in Peace&lt;br&gt;Headline Edition&lt;br&gt;Gala Heatter&lt;br&gt;Personal Autograph&lt;br&gt;Suspense&lt;br&gt;Ja Stafford Show</td>
<td>The F.B.I. in Peace&lt;br&gt;Headline Edition&lt;br&gt;Gala Heatter&lt;br&gt;Personal Autograph&lt;br&gt;Suspense&lt;br&gt;Ja Stafford Show</td>
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<td>Western Hi Reue&lt;br&gt;Dinner Date&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel&lt;br&gt;Dance Orch.</td>
<td>Abbott and Costello&lt;br&gt;Elmer Lewis&lt;br&gt;Gala Heatter&lt;br&gt;Child's World</td>
<td>The F.B.I. in Peace&lt;br&gt;Headline Edition&lt;br&gt;Gala Heatter&lt;br&gt;Personal Autograph&lt;br&gt;Suspense&lt;br&gt;Ja Stafford Show</td>
<td>The F.B.I. in Peace&lt;br&gt;Headline Edition&lt;br&gt;Gala Heatter&lt;br&gt;Personal Autograph&lt;br&gt;Suspense&lt;br&gt;Ja Stafford Show</td>
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<td>Bill Stern&lt;br&gt;Burns and Allen&lt;br&gt;At Jolson Show&lt;br&gt;Dorothy Lamour</td>
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<td>Eric Severaid&lt;br&gt;Abbott and Costello&lt;br&gt;Child's World&lt;br&gt;First Nighter</td>
<td>Eric Severaid&lt;br&gt;Abbott and Costello&lt;br&gt;First Nighter</td>
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### KAY ARMEN—THE SINGER ON STOP
The Music (ABC, Sundays), Saturday Night Serenade with Vic Damone (Saturdays, NBC) got her start at WSM, Nashville, Tenn., after graduating from a Chicago high school where she was an A student. A year later, 1944, she decided to try her luck in New York, and, as everyone knows, she found fame immediately.

### FRIDAY PROGRAMS

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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember&lt;br&gt;Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td>Editor's Diary&lt;br&gt;Tell Your Neighbor&lt;br&gt;Bob Poles Show</td>
<td>Breakfast Club&lt;br&gt;GDS News of America&lt;br&gt;This is New York</td>
<td>Breakfast Club&lt;br&gt;GDS News of America&lt;br&gt;This is New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club&lt;br&gt;Hilltop Club&lt;br&gt;Chicagoans&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel</td>
<td>Headline Edition&lt;br&gt;Elmer Lewis&lt;br&gt;Dorothy Lamour&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel</td>
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<td>News of the World&lt;br&gt;News&lt;br&gt;News&lt;br&gt;News</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Citi Service Band&lt;br&gt;Wayfarers&lt;br&gt;Big Band&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel</td>
<td>Great Scenes From Great Plays&lt;br&gt;Yours For A Song&lt;br&gt;Serente&lt;br&gt;Enchanted Hour</td>
<td>The Fat Man&lt;br&gt;This Is Your FBI&lt;br&gt;The Sheriff</td>
<td>The Fat Man&lt;br&gt;This Is Your FBI&lt;br&gt;The Sheriff</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Eddie Cantor Show&lt;br&gt;Red Skelton Show&lt;br&gt;Sports</td>
<td>Gala Heatter&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel&lt;br&gt;Dance Orch.</td>
<td>Gala Heatter&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel&lt;br&gt;Dance Orch.</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>Local Programs&lt;br&gt;Local Programs&lt;br&gt;Local Programs&lt;br&gt;Local Programs&lt;br&gt;Dance Orch.</td>
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<td>Al Jolson Show&lt;br&gt;Dorothy Lamour&lt;br&gt;Screen Guild Theatre&lt;br&gt;Fred Waring Show</td>
<td>Our Job is Manhatan&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel&lt;br&gt;Dance Orch.</td>
<td>The F.B.I. in Peace&lt;br&gt;Radio Newsreel&lt;br&gt;Dance Orch.</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Life of Riley&lt;br&gt;Sports</td>
<td>Meet the Press&lt;br&gt;Boxing Bets</td>
<td>Meet the Press&lt;br&gt;Boxing Bets</td>
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**QUINCY HOWE**—the CBS news analyst (Mon-Fri. 11:10 P.M. EST) was born in Boston and educated at Harvard. Upon graduation he joined the staff of Atlantic Monthly. Later, he worked for Simon & Schuster as head of the editorial department. His first taste of radio came when he became a regular commentator for WQXR, and in 1942 he joined CBS as news analyst.
### S A T U R D A Y

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<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td>Paul Nelson, News</td>
<td>Shoppers Special</td>
<td>CBS News of America</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Coffee in Washington</td>
<td>Clark Valley Folks</td>
<td>Barnyard Follies</td>
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<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>Jery and Skye</td>
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<td>Mary Lee Taylor</td>
<td>Albert Warner</td>
<td>Concert of American Jazz</td>
<td>Romance</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Meet the Meeks</td>
<td>Normal Girls Corps</td>
<td>What’s My Name?</td>
<td>Junior Miss</td>
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<td>Smilin’ Ed McConnell</td>
<td>Magic Rhythm</td>
<td>Abbott and Costello</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Public Affair</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>American Farmer</td>
<td>Grand Central Station</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>Luncheon With Loops</td>
<td>R.F.C. America</td>
<td>Symphony for Youth</td>
<td>Stars Over Hollywood</td>
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<td>Nat’l Farm Home</td>
<td>Maggie McNelis, Herb Sheldon</td>
<td>County Fair</td>
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<td>Lunchon At Sardi’s</td>
<td>U. S. Navy Hour</td>
<td>Give and Take</td>
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<td>R.F.D. America</td>
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<td>Frank Merrill’s</td>
<td>Family Theater</td>
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<td>Adventures</td>
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<td>Tomlinson &amp; Repton from Europe</td>
<td>Choral Society</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>Pioneers of Music</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:30 | Peter Roberts | Music | Speaking of Songs | News From Washington |
| 6:45 | | Smoky Mountain | I Love My Honey | Memo From Lake Success |
| 6:00 | | | | Starting Saturday Sports |
| 6:15 | Religion in the News | | | Review |
| 6:30 | | | | Larry Lesueur |
| 6:45 | | | | |
| 7:00 | | | | Camel Caron with Vaughn Monroe |
| 7:15 | | | | |
| 7:30 | | | | |
| 7:45 | | | | |
| 8:00 | | | | Gene Autry Show |
| 8:15 | | | | Adventures of Philip Marlowe |
| 8:30 | | | | Gus Banters |
| 8:45 | | | | Tales of Fatima |
| 9:00 | | | | |
| 9:15 | | | | |
| 9:30 | | | | |
| 9:45 | | | | |
| 10:00 | | | | National Guard Military Ball |
| 10:15 | | | | |
| 10:30 | | | | |
| 10:45 | | | | |

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**Quiz Catalogue up to Date**

**Quiz to keep your Radio Mirror**

CBS's big Saturday night giveaway show Sing It Again has a distinguished creator, the big band host himself, William S. Paley. When the network's handsome and brilliant chief executive noticed the meteoric success of ABC's Stop the Music, he developed a similar project for his own web. That was last April and now, after more than 15 of its consecutive broadcasts, the one from 10 April, is helping you phone subscribers and radio fans win extravagant prizes.

Sing It Again differs sharply from the ABC hour quiz in two specific ways. It stresses top-flight musical entertainment and it uses the parody format for brain-busters.

Such well-known recording and radio performers as young Brooklyn-born Alan Dale, Eugene Baird, who used to chirp with Bing Crosby, The Ames Brothers, clearance of Bob Howard, and Ray Bloch's crack 21-piece orchestra sing and play well known popular songs. Then they do them again, with specially written parody versions containing clues to persons, places, and things. Phone listeners, picked at random from a collection of U. S. telephone directories, are asked to identify the parodies, then qualify for jackpots ranging from $12 to $30,000.

Then radio's most active announcer—m.c., Dan Seymour, plays a recording of a "phantom voice." This is usually some well-known living American who sings a little song that contains pertinent information about his or her career.

The show carres a staff of six top flight parody writers, all well known song writers. They concentrate on writing parodies about famous movie and radio stars, special figures, and comic strip characters, follow the issues of Photoplay and Radio Mirror as guides to what personalities the public is most interested in at the moment. Phone listeners have the most troubleshooting parodies about historical personalities, geographic landmarks.

A battery of telephone operators work directly off stage and don't put calls through until the show starts its broadcast at 10 P.M., EST on Saturdays. The show originates from CBS's largest radio theater and despite the 1,400 seating capacity, there's usually standing room. Tickets are at a premium but out of towners visiting the Big Town get preference.

Though Sing It Again has won respectable ratings it is still sponsorless. The pending FCC decision regarding giveaway shows has made interested advertisers wary. But CBS is still determined to stick with the show, remembering that it took more than a year to get Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts a banker.

Even Dan Seymour considers Sing It Again his biggest radio opportunity. The 34-year-old splicer got the emcee job on We, The People mainly on the showing he made with Sing It Again. He and his pretty little wife, Louise, dine at Gallagher's Steak House every Saturday before the broadcast, make sidebets between them on which parodies will stump the phone contestants. The three Seymour children monitor the show in their spacious White Plains home, usually leave their combined comments and criticism on the nighttime table for their talented father to peruse before he hits the sack.

**You Should Know That—**

Strike It Rich lost its cough drop sponsor and is now heard on CBS Tuesdays, 9:30 P.M., EST. . . The FCC will soon have a new chairman and this may delay any decision on their part regarding the legality of such shows. . . . When Stop the Music goes on television shortly it will have an entirely different format from the radio version. . . . It will be supervised if one of the network's oldest quizzes, Take It Or Leave It, returns to CBS, its first home. . . . The show was recently sent to our soldiers in Germany. . . . Stop the Music's theme song is now available in sheet music form in your favorite music store. Kay Armen may record it soon.

They're not a near riot in the studio audience of a certain Mutual network quizzer when the audience wasn't exactly satisfied with the method of choosing contestants. Such red faces in the control room. . . . The booing could be heard on the air.

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**QUIZ CATALOGUE**

Benefits the quiz master on It Pays To Be Ignorant, (Sun. 10:30 P.M. EST, CBS) came to radio after years of vaudeville and movies. His real name is Tom Black but he changed it—to spare his mother's feelings. She wanted him to be a clergyman. Tom was married to Ruth Berg 39 years ago. They have a daughter, Ruth and son, Thomas.
That unseen woman within you

can make you over... if you
will only let her

Many women feel in their hearts that they have missed full self-realization.

Many live always with a numbing sense that they are of little importance.

Yet they need not accept this—help is within themselves. You can feel it within you—an inner drive for happiness. The close interrelation between this Inner You and the Outer You, the almost uncanny power of each to change the other—can change you from drabness to joyous self-fulfillment.

Never think of yourself as cut to a set pattern. You are not—you are changing every day. You can direct this change. Let the strong, beautiful Inner You help you to lift your life up.

This inner force in all women is tied inextricably with need for physical attractiveness. This is the real reason that nothing so shakes your confidence, your whole outlook, as the uneasiness that comes from not looking as you should—not appearing at your best.

It is also the reason that nothing so bolsters your faith in yourself as the warm, sweet knowledge that you look lovely—and that this outer loveliness is actually drawing others closer to the true You within.

Right now—today—start an inspiring new way of living, that will send a new and lovelier You flooding out through your face and lift you right out of the class that nobody notices.

Base this new living on the great laws of health and beauty: Exercise each day—so circulation keeps renewing you! Relax—let go a few minutes at least twice each day. You'll be amazed how this soothes and lifts your spirit. Enough sleep. A balanced diet. Enough water. Cleanliness.

And then—your face—that constantly changing outer expression of You that always seems more fascinating than anything else about you. A new understanding of its care will bring the real Inner You singing through it for all your world to see and love.

New “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment

Never underestimate the little miracles that can be wrought by simple daily habits.

That luminous look—for instance—which true cleanliness gives to skin. The fineness and softness of texture that can come to you through faithful, meticulous grooming. Yes—the gratitude of skin for the care you give it is a lovely thing to see.

You'll find it takes no time at all to give your face this Pond's new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—the Pond’s Cold Cream is softening, smoothing and cleansing your skin, as you mas-
Mrs. Vanderbilt's charming, mobile face sends a fascinating challenge from her vivid Inner Self — gives to all who see her a lovely, stirring picture of the truly magnetic person she is.

Is yours Dry Skin?

Dry skin requires a special cream—one that will give your skin more oil. From 25 on, many women find their natural skin oil starts decreasing. Lots of you will lose as much as 20% of this natural oil before you are 40. If you have any tendency to dry skin, give your face the extra softening help of lanolin-rich homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Very rich, yet never sticky—you'll love the way dry skin really seems to drink it up.

For a greaseless Powder Base!

If yours is skin that does not like a heavy foundation, it will like the different feather-light foundation Pond's Vanishing Cream gives. Completely greaseless—it leaves no "coated" look. You have no shade problem. It leaves only a smooth, protective film that's transparent on your skin. Powder goes on smoothly, looks more natural—and lasts!

Discover, too, the quick "beauty-lift" a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream can give you. Just cover your face (except your eyes) with a cool, snowy mask of the cream. After 1 full minute, tissue off. See your skin look clearer, brighter, silker—immediately!

Have the "Angel Face look."

You look sweet and smart and completely natural when you wear Pond's Angel Face—the newest kind of new make-up that is actually foundation and powder—all in one. Not a cake make-up, no wet sponge; not a greasy foundation, no smearsy finger-tips—Angel Face goes on with its own downy puff—and stays! And it can't spill in your handbag or "snow" over dark dresses. You are just bound to love Angel Face—and you can choose from five heavenly shades.

Then—for your lips—you'll find subtle flattery in Pond's satiny-pink "Lips" shade—"Dither." A perfect shade for Spring—it is completely adorable on blondes—and downright bewitching on brunettes.

Don't just take your face for granted. Every face needs loving care and understanding. What are you doing for your face? It is the You that others see first. Do help it to show you at your very best.

Always remember—The you that others see first is in your face!
Come and Visit Nancy Craig

(Continued from page 33)

sent, as were the country air and the safe places to play, inside and out. Now city-born and bred Nancy says, “I will never live in a city again if I can help it.”

She was born in St. Louis and was christened Alice Maslin. Her father’s parents had brought that good Irish name straight from the county side. Her mother’s family, combines German and English strains, accounting for the practical approach that she brings to the many problems of organizing her complicated program.

When Alice was quite small, she was educated to be a concert pianist, and it was as a musician that she first made her mark on radio. Since then she has studied Home Economics in Colorado College, however, and she admits that she rather fancied herself as a cook. This led to a dismaying experience when she was first married.

She has met George Junkin, then manager of Station KMOX in St. Louis, when she applied for an engagement there as a pianist. She got the job and the manager, too, but neither on the strength of her cooking. Not until after their wedding did she learn that what a paragon in the kitchen he had won.

“What is your favorite dish just name it,” she said, confident.

Mr. Junkin, a Philadelphian, named dishes he had not been able to find since he left the city of brotherly love. Would it be sauerkraut or schnitzel he settled on? Could she really make it?

“I had learned to cook practically everything else, but for some reason I never had cooked tripe,” says Nancy. “But I had no hint of impending disaster. I ordered it, and asked the butcher what next. He said, ‘Just sauté it three minutes on one side, turn it over and give it three minutes on the other.’ What he had neglected to tell me was that it is a good idea to boil it for about five hours first.

She served the tripe with a flourish, finding her sauce to cries of joy from her enchanted husband.

“Any bride will know how I felt,” she says. “It was so much leather. It was some years before I heard the end of that.”

The days at Station KMOX were packed with activity, and it was here that Nancy got the real experience that laid the groundwork for the program she was to make famous later on a national network. She became program director doing everything from selecting music to filling in for her hostess, acting in skits, directing an orchestra, singing in a trio, and broadcasting special women’s programs.

On cue some one who can never refuse an offer to Mr. Junkin from an agency in Philadelphia brought them east. That led to an offer to him from a recording company in Chicago.

“There the idea for my show came of itself,” says Nancy. “I found the town so fascinating that I sold NBC the idea of bringing it alive to listeners by showing many aspects of it that everyone does not have a chance to see—fashion shows, first nights, unusual restaurants, interviews with celebrities.”

Her delight in her big-time program was somewhat dimmed by a suggestion from the network. Since it was a combination of their time and facilities and her personality that was making “Alice Maslin” famous, they wanted her to assign the rights in that name to them so that their promotion and advertising of that name would not be lost if she decided to retire.

“It’s my name,” she protested. “It would make me feel lost to give it away. I don’t want to.”

After some searching of minds, someone came up with Nancy Booth Craig because the initials were NBC. And that was how Nancy Craig was born.

She didn’t like her new name at first. “As a matter of fact, I couldn’t stand it,” she says. “To me Nancy was someone very tiny and dependent and feminine. I never did become accustomed to it until the name became my own property. Now I love it.”

Because she is famous by the name that part of NBC known as the Blue Network became American Broadcasting Company, and she went with the new company. When contract time came, they had rights to the old name were transferred to her and she now owns it just as completely as she owns her own. Young and fit it pretty well. “I have two mommies,” she said proudly. “Mommy and Nancy Craig, too.”

If you were spending an average day with Nancy, you perhaps need to get a good night’s sleep beforehand to prepare you for its strenuous demands.

Her day starts early. The bus from the nursery school picks up young Bill at 8 A.M. The family has had breakfast together by that time. Nancy’s mother, who has lived with her for the three years since Mr. Maslin’s death, gives little Alice her bath while Nancy settles down to two hours work at her typewriter. She is in her office by eleven.

The office is more like a series of small comfortable living rooms than a place that anyone could be proud of. There are pictures of the family on the walls. There are green plants and many books on low shelves that ring the walls. There is the typing, the writing, and mail, and goes over the day’s script.

At one o’clock she goes to the sound-proofed hotel to meet her guest and to chat for a few minutes before going on the air. About twice a week the pressure of detail is so heavy that she will have lunch at her desk. Other days she will attend one of the glittering fashion luncheons for the press or in one of New York’s glossier restaurants for a talk with sponsors, future guests, agents who can contribute material for future programs. During the afternoon, she catches up with movie previews, exhibits and interviews in the studio home before six, but she never fails to be back in the country by six-thirty for dinner with the children.

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 the 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 apocrine glands to fairly gum 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. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Cremagem, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is in every way the finest cream deodorant you’ve ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carrier Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don’t be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid at your favorite drug counter—only 39c plus tax.

(Advertisement)
home in New York, a tiny house in Greenwich Village. They decided to furnish it in the Victorian manner. Gradually, the house began to take perfect shape except for one thing. Mr. Junkin is well over six feet tall, and all agreed that he should have a really big and roomy couch. They looked at dozens, but nothing was quite right. One evening a decorator friend called up excitedly. "I have found just the couch for George... hurrah!"

They rushed over to the rooms where an auction was in progress, and, sure enough, there was the couch of George's dreams—vast, down-filled, and plump as a feather-bed. It must have been built for a hotel.

George's eye lit with a happy gleam. "That's it," he said. "We've got to have it!"

There was not so much money in those days as there is now in the household. The decorator gave him an apprehensive look.

"Let me do the bidding," she said. "You look entirely too eager, George." George could not contain himself. He plunged into the bidding, himself, frantically raising his own decorator's bid at one point in the evening. But he won, and triumphantly arranged for delivery that very night.

It was pouring rain by the time the truck pulled up at their house, and not until then did they discover that their enchanting new possession would not go in their front door! The proud owners rented a tarpaulin and tenderly covered it for the night. The next day they had to saw the couch in sections to get it inside and the process has been repeated every time they have moved since, but the couch still is their treasure of treasures, and they would no more think of moving without it than without Margaret, who is their maid, familiar to all regular listeners to Nancy's program. She has been with them since before they moved to the country. Not only has she a fine hand in the kitchen, she loves the children and they adore her.

Of all the honors that have come her way, Nancy is proudest of The Foster Mother Award which was given to her in 1947. This award goes each year to the woman who has done an outstanding service for needy children, and it was given to Nancy for originating the Package Parents Plan. She knew of a number of families who could not afford the $15 a month required to become a foster parent to one of the war orphans of Europe, but who wanted to help. Nancy arranged for these people to send a package a month, rather than money. It has been estimated that 200,000 people became Package Parents and are still sending packages of food and clothing to children overseas.

"It is a good plan for everyone concerned," says Nancy. "It is good for the children overseas to get personal things and to feel that some family here is taking a continuing interest. And it is good for our children to pass along toys that are still good and so learn to share with others."

Her own children send some of their things, but their greatest source of joy cannot go through the mail. This is the menagerie that has included at various times ducks, goats, dogs, cats, chickens, squirrels and turtles. The urban Nancy welcomes them all. How could she do otherwise? The weird and wonderful house she lives in came equipped with a special cat and dog entrance!

All work and No Fels-Napthaa...

"I'm not the complaining kind, goodness knows... but it does seem as though some one in this house would think about me once in a while.

"Nobody works any harder than I do... week after week... washing the family's clothes... with never so much as a 'thank you' or a pat on the wringer.

"I'm not choosy, either... whatever they hand me... fine linens; the ladies' lingerie; Junior's grubby play suits; the Boss's work clothes...

I get the dirt out—somehow.

"Seems to me it's about time I had some capable help on this job. After all, I don't ask for too much... just some Fels-Napthaa Soap."

Golden bar or Golden chips
Fels-Napthaa
banishes 'Tattle Tale Gray'
the first grade. These were two momentous events.

At the end of his first year of schooling, Jack’s teacher paid us a call. “Something has to be done about your son,” she said, “He’s turned into quite a nuisance. He does all his own lessons and everybody else’s and then he looks around for more to do. The only thing to do, I think, is to have him skip a grade.”

Mrs. Carson and I were delighted. We thought that our youngest was going to turn into a great scholar. When we told him what was going to happen, Jack said, “Good. Now I can be in the same class with Bob.” The next year he didn’t work so hard.

Bobby Carson, it naturally follows, is Jack’s older brother by something more than a year.

Jack always wanted to be like Bob, and he worked at it so much during twelfth grade that he was selected to make a speech at the presentation to the school of a new flagpole. He dropped the ice casually a few days in advance. I knew Mrs. Carson was worried when I heard her ask him a couple of times, “How’s the speech going?”

He’d say, “All right.” Then I’d nudge him a little by suggesting, “Jack, if you want to tonight, Mother and I will go upstairs while you practice your speech.”

He was quite reassuring. “You don’t have to do that.”

Mrs. Carson and I went to the ceremony in fear and trembling because he hadn’t to our knowledge rehearsed the speech once, and if there was a loose shutter murmuring in the house we always knew about it.

The flag was raised. Jack got up and made a speech. It was such a good speech neither of us could remember what he said. The neighbors congratulated us and really meant it. That night after supper I casually brought the subject up.

“Jack, about that speech of yours today. Out of curiosity, just when did you practice it?”

“I didn’t,” he said, gulping down his strawberry shortcake. “I just went over it in my mind.”

“Well, what do you know! All in all, we had about as smooth-running a family as you could find anywhere. That is until Mrs. Carson became involved in a nearly fatal accident. One New Year’s Eve I went home early while she stayed to help some of the ladies clean up in the kitchen. Then she came home in a cab which skidded on the streets, turned over and smashed all over a lamp post.

We never expected Mrs. Carson to walk again.

She did, mainly by virtue of her great spirit, but that accident changed our lives a good deal. We thought that it would be best to send the boys away to school so that they would be removed from the unnatural atmosphere of a home with an invalid mother. So they started what amounts to Senior High School at a highly rated Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin.

They did all right, including the times they got themselves in trouble. Jack, one time, committed an infraction I never found out about. But it was important enough to reach the attention of the School Captain. There was no official punishment involved, but Jack was asked to put on the gloves with one of the school’s best boxers. Jack knocked him out. This was not the way the dressing down should have turned out. The two put up a better boy. Jack knocked him out. Finally, the School Captain had to put on the gloves himself and finish Jack.

When Mrs. Carson was back on her feet we moved to a cottage on Lake Pewaukee, which is twenty-five miles outside Milwaukee and six miles from the school. It was here we ran a boarding house with seldom fewer than a dozen boys around.

Jack, who was crazy about music, finally beved me into buying him a saxophone for his birthday. That was hard on Mrs. Carson’s ears and mine, but it didn’t last long. Jack came to me a couple of months later and said, “Dad, about this sax. It’s a tenor and what I should have had is an alto, but what I’d rather have is an auto.”

I considered the discord we’d been through and Jack found a boy who needed a sax and gave it to him. He barely got an alto. The trade was made and now we had a Buick in the family. Jack and Bob painted it different wild colors, took a huge searchlight off a boat we had, and with the aid of this extra precaution against the dangers of night driving they managed to smash it up against the side of a freight train.

There was more damage to the freight train than the boys, and it taught them a good lesson in the value of insurance, too, and good driving.

However, the boys were never much to worry about. Each summer they took off for YMCA camp where they won their Life Guard and Red Cross certificates. By the time they were ready for Carleton College at Northfield, Minnesota, they were a couple of good men.

Carleton is one of the finest colleges in the country, with extremely high scholastic standards. The boys did pretty well there, played football and Jack, who displayed considerable swimming prowess. That they didn’t graduate is more my doing than theirs. I’d held them an extra year at St. John’s. After a couple of years of college, we had a talk with the Dean and he agreed that they were ready for business careers.

They were ready, but I didn’t know that the acting bug had really bitten Jack. He got together with a young fellow named Dave Willock and they formed a band and played in vaudeville. They played in this that and Jack and his mother had their first real clash, with me as the referee.

We were riding along in the car when Jack said calmly, “Mother, I’m going on the stage.”

She took a deep breath. “No you’re not, Jack. Dad, tell him he’s not.”

I couldn’t. All I said was, “Let him get out of the car if it’s behind the wheel.”

Dave and Jack broke in their act at Madison, Wisconsin. Mrs. Carson wouldn’t go—not because she was angry, but afraid to see him get hurt. But she did stand in the lobby until it was over.

When I came out I said, “They’re not bad.”

After several weeks they arrived at the Riverside in Milwaukee. This time Mrs. Carson went along. I made a mis-
take on purpose so we arrived while they were on stage with Jack in the middle of his Mussolini imitation.
She loved it.
Jack had it rough when he hit Holly-
wood, but by accident he wound up at
Ben Bard's school. He didn't get any
work for seven months, then he picked
up a bit part, followed by a week's
work in a Ginger Rogers picture, which
brought him $500.
The studio wanted to sign him for
$100 a week, but his agent, Frank
Stempel turned it down.
Jack called me, "Dad," he said, "I
don't know but what it's foolish to turn
down $100 a week.
I pointed out that Stempel was turn-
ing down $10, and he must know what
he was doing. The price went up to
$150. Jack came to me again. We
were living in an apartment together
while I recovered from a sick spell.
"Now," I reasoned, "Stempel is turning
down $15. Let's see what happens.
The price went to $200 and then $250.
Jack was fit to be tied. "I think I feel
well enough to go home," I said, and
did.
Jack signed for $250.

BY this time Jack had gotten around
quite a bit; by this time his friend
and agent, Frank Stempel, was turning
down parts that ran into the thousands.
When Jack was almost a nervous
wreck, he got a job in "Strawberry
Blonde" at Warners, with Jimmy Cag-
ney. Next thing he knew he was under
contract at Warners at $1,000—plus the
unheard-of thing at the time—the right
to do his own radio show.
Today the firm of Carson-Stempel
is a real going concern. It owns a fine
ranch with twenty-two head of cattle,
a lot of turkeys and chickens. It is
developing new talent in radio and
television shows. Jack has his beauti-
ful two-story semi-ranch home in the
San Fernando Valley. Bob is living in
Van Nuys and stirring up quite a bit
of interest over at the Century Theater,
an up and coming group of Hollywood
players. I expect to see both of them
going big in television one of these
days.
But in the meantime, it's only a few
miles' round trip from where Mrs.
Carson and I have our home in North
Hollywood to the establishments of our
two boys. Jack has had a little domes-
tic trouble, but that's nobody's business
but his. Mrs. Carson and I are crazy
about his two little fakes, John and
Kitten, or Katy, her real name.
My only trouble is that about twice
a week I make the mistake of going
out on the golf course with Jack. I've
never been a good golfer. Bob is the
family champ and has been ever since
he began to caddy when the golf bag
was bigger than he was.
My problem is that I keep taking
Jack on. I have a handicap that ranges
between 12 and 17. Jack is consistently
8 and 10, but he's either hot or cold—
on the course or in the soup. I play
on and on trying to lick him at the game.
What upsets me is that I never will—
and now he's kept me so active that I
just can't keep away from golf or busi-
ness.
Sure as I'm the father of Jack Car-
son, the guy is going to come to me in
about five years and say, "Remember
when I made you go out that day and
golf with me in the rain? Shucks,
I only did that because I was afraid you
thought you were getting to be an old
man—come on, where's your clubs?
Let's get going!"

THE GLORIOUS NEW DESIGN IN
SILVERPLATE BY HOLMES & EDWARDS

Sweet Spring Garden!
So gay, so adorable!
At last, all the bright glory
of springtime has been
captured in silverplate
by master designers.
First, you see tiny flowerets
deeply carved upon a
 gleaming surface...and at
the very tip, a gay surprise!
Bursting forth in all its fresh
beauty, is a delicate budding
flower. A brilliant touch, that
forever will give distinction
to Spring Garden.

And terribly important:
Spring Garden is Sterling
Inlaid silverplate with two
blocks of sterling
silver inlaid at backs of bowls
and handles of most used
spoons and forks to keep it
lovelier longer. The 52 piece
service for 8 is only
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4 FIVE O'CLOCK TEASPOONS FOR ONLY $1.89

These lovely spoons in the New Spring Garden Design
are ideal for desserts, ice cream and sherbet. At all
jewelry and department stores for a limited time only.
With the dramatic example of Ozzie’s and Harriet’s happy marriage before our eyes, we were determined to prove again that two careers in a family are an asset, not a liability, if you work together toward common goals.

(Funny, though. It was Harriet who warned me against sharing everything with my husband. “If you work together and play together all the time, you’ll have to be bored sooner or later. Let Don and Ozzie have their golf. You come ice-skating with me.”)

We faced only one serious problem at the start. The only vacant apartment we had been able to find was one of those brutally functional, white-tile-and-chrome things, about as homey as a hotel room and about as big. We tried to make it livable, but it was no use. The place just wasn’t made to be a home.

Again it was Harriet who came to our rescue. She scouted around all over town and found a spacious apartment in a big, old apartment house. Old-fashioned—and as comfortable—as an old shoe, it had room for all of our prized wedding presents, our books and our records—and with a great deal more scope for my first lessons in running a home of my own.

Of course it had to be Harriet and Ozzie, when we got around to inviting the guests to our first dinner party. And nobody will be at all surprised that it was one more piece of Harriet’s sterling advice which made it possible for me to have fun at my own first party.

When I called to invite them—dinner at seven, Tuesday night—there was a long pause before she said, “We’d love it.”

The explanation came with her next words. “I’m remembering the first dinner I ever cooked for guests,” she said, “and it gives me goose pimples.

“I tried to be fancy. Cooked a duck, with all the sauces and fixings. When the company arrived, I was still in the kitchen in my Mother Hubbard, red and perspiring, and I spent most of the evening there, fussing over the dinner while Ozzie and the guests loll’d lazily about—or so I thought then—in the living room.

“I had to dig deep for my sense of humor that night—or that first family dinner party would have been the occasion for our first family quarrel.”

Well, I got goose bumps at that, and asked her—as I had asked her every time a problem had come up since our wedding day—“What should I do?”

“Make something you’ve made a hundred times before. A recipe you know by heart. I don’t care if it’s boiled beef and parsnips. Cook something easy.”

Have one hot dish and a salad. Otherwise you’ll be jumping up and running in and out of the kitchen all through dinner.

And for heaven’s sake, plan a menu most of which can be prepared well in advance. That last-minute dash can be torture.”

Don and I talked over the menu that night. I don’t suppose I had cooked anything more than once or twice unless it was waffles—we have those every Sunday morning for breakfast, from one of those ready-mix packages. But waffles wouldn’t do for dinner.

“Make spaghetti and meat balls,” Don suggested. Mother and I had cooked the first night Don came to our house for dinner, and he had loved it. It was easy, certainly. The sauce and meat balls could be prepared way ahead of time and it was the “one hot dish” Harriet had recommended.

But we couldn’t resist fancying things up a little. It wouldn’t be any fun playing hostess unless we could get at least one “however do you make this?” from replete and admiring guests.

Janet Waldo had served a wonderful hot crabmeat canapé when we went to her first company dinner, and I had come home with the recipe. And Don had been practicing up on a tremendous Caesar salad. He’d mix that at the table, he said. That would impress them. All those eleven ingredients!

We’d have a bottle of wine, and some crunchy French bread with unsalted butter, and fruit and cheese for dessert.

And I know,” I said, coming up with the fanciest idea of all. “We’ll see if we can borrow Romeo’s steamer and make Espresso.”

Espresso is a thick, strong Italian coffee that we always order when we go to Romeo’s Chianti, our favorite restaurant.

We were feeling gay already. Why,
having guests for dinner was a lark, not torture!
And fortunately, we turned out not to have been fooling ourselves. It went off very well.
I went shopping early Tuesday morning, got a bundle of the long fine semolina spaghetti at the Italian grocery store Harriet had told me about. Got the olive oil for the salad there, too—
the real thing—and a long loaf of sour dough bread.
Don shopped for the other salad things himself. This was to be his production. I got the cheeses and some dramatically beautiful fruit at the Farmers' Market, and stopped by on the way home to borrow the Espresso machine.
I got home still full of pep, after our Life of Riley rehearsal, and set the table. My gay red and white table cloth and napkins were just right, I decided, and the fruit in a big bowl made a wonderful centerpiece. Some big fat candles—have to have candles with spaghetti—the silver, my pretty new white dishes.

The apron went on at noon, and came off before two—and it stayed off. Unless you count the frilly little thing I popped on over my hostess dress for the very last-minute jobs.
I made the meat balls first, and then the sauce (I'll give you all the recipes later), toasted the bread squares for the canapés and made the crabmeat mixture. I dosed the French bread liberally with garlic butter and wrapped it up again. It was all ready to pop into the oven.
Don was at class during the early afternoon (he's a musician, plays the tenor sax on the Groucho Marx show, but he wants to be a writer and is taking an advanced English course at U.S.C. under the GI bill). He came in at four—I was luxuriating in a hot bath by then—and heard him splashing about in the kitchen washing the greens for the salad.
They have to be washed and thoroughly dried well in advance, then chilled in the refrigerator.
He was in a state when I finally came out, all clean and perfumed, to see how he was coming. He had made up his tray of ingredients for the dressing, and there were only nine. He counted again: croutons, the oil, garlic, lemon juice, wine vinegar, salt, fresh ground pepper, two coddled eggs, a hunk of Italian cheese to be grated later. With the romaine, that would make ten.
What, oh what, was Number Eleven?
I racked my brains. Don had made this a couple of times before, but I had stayed strictly at a distance. I looked in the cupboard.
"Worcestershire!" I cried, triumphantly.
That was it. So the stage was set for the Salade Grande.
"What are we going to do until seven o'clock?" Don wondered nervously. I couldn't have been more pleased. Here we were with time on our hands, and everything ready for our first party!
Salted water was boiling for the spaghetti when Ozzie and Harriet arrived. I popped the canapés under the broiler when the doorbell rang and joined Don at the door to greet our guests before they'd had time to say hello.
I was not red, I was not perspiring and I was not in a Mother Hubbard. I could see Harriet was impressed—and a little smug. After all, who had told me how to do it?
Don opened the wine, and I disapp...
the Tampax Girl is easy in her mind!

Ask her—and she'll probably freely admit that her attitude towards "those days" underwent a decided improvement the first month she used Tampax for sanitary protection.

AS AN AID TO RELAXATION at such times Tampax has a great deal to offer. It is worn internally, discarding belts, pins and external pads. Therefore no awareness of restraining bulk. No self-consciousness about outlines that might show under dresses. No fear that odor would form.

HOW TAMPAX WAS INVENTED is a simple story. A doctor applied the medical principle of internal absorption to this special need of women. Tampax is made of pure, highly absorbent cotton compressed into easy-to-use applicators. When in place it is unseen and unfelt.

SOME PRACTICAL MATTERS: Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit varying needs. Not necessary to remove for tub or shower. Changing quick and disposal no trouble. An average month's supply slips into your purse. Or an economy box will provide 4 months' average supply. Sold at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

peared into the kitchen to bring out the canapés. The spaghetti went into the boiling water at the same time and I set our clock to ring in fifteen minutes.

The meat balls were simmering away in the savory sauce. The bread went into the oven. When the alarm went off, I told Don to show Ozzie and Harriet their places. I came in a moment later with steaming spaghetti and meat balls.

Don poured more wine and passed the hot bread.

Nobody said anything for a few moments, which I thought was highly complimentary.

Don's salad show—and it is a show—made my replacing spaghetti plates with salad plates very inconspicuous.

When the salad was served, Don attached the Espresso machine and our guests were really flabbergasted. We made like we had things like this for dinner every night—oh boy!

"Next time," said Harriet, "you give me advice."

What a fun evening! And here are the recipes—if you want to have fun too.

**CRAB CANAPÉ**

1 cup crabmeat 3-inch rounds of bread
Dash of seasoning (worcestershire or other)

Pick over and shred crabmeat. Mix with enough mayonnaise to hold it together. Add the seasonings. Toast bread rounds. Peel and chop cucumber. Season lightly with salt and pepper. On each toast round spread thin layer of cucumber. Cover with a mound of crabmeat. Smooth it over. Place under broiler to brown lightly.

**MEAT BALLS**

1 ½ lbs. ground round steak
1 onion minced
1 garlic clove minced
pinch each: marjoram, thyme and parsley (these same herbs go in the sauce)
1 egg
salt and pepper

Beat the egg lightly and add seasonings. Add to meat and blend very lightly. Form into loose balls. (The egg will hold them together.) Brown on all sides in four tablespoons sizzling olive oil and remove to a covered pan. Make the sauce with the same oil, now seasoned with the meat.

**SAUCE**

The oil in your frying pan
1 clove garlic
1 onion
1 carrot
⅛ green pepper
2 cups tomato sauce (2 small cans—you can add water if the sauce gets too thick)
salt
pepper
1 tsp. each marjoram, thyme, parsley
(you can use more if the herbs are fresh from your own garden)

A few dried mushrooms, chopped, add a real Italian touch.

Mince the garlic, onion, carrot and pepper into the hot oil. Cook, stirring gently, for 10 minutes. Add the tomato sauce and the seasonings and herbs. Cook slowly for about twenty minutes, stirring often. Put aside for last minute reheating.

**GARLIC BREAD**

½ cup butter
⅛ cup chopped parsley
1 tbsp. minced garlic
1 loaf French bread

Cream half of butter with parsley and remaining butter with garlic. (Just occurs to me that if you don't like garlic, you're going to hate this dinner.) Cut bread in half crosswise and lengthwise (four parts). Spread cut side of two parts with Parsley butter mixture and cut side of the other two parts with garlic butter mixture. Cut slices down to, but not through, the crust. Place in a hot oven to brown.

I have no special recipe for the spaghetti—only a warning not to overcook it. Ten minutes boiling is often enough for the commercial varieties—it is a lot better when it is a little bony. I pop a piece of butter into the hot pot after the spaghetti has been removed to the colander to drain. I run just a little water over the spaghetti to take off excess starch, then turn it around quickly in the melted butter. The sauce, in which the meat balls have been cooked for approximately half an hour, should be mixed with spaghetti before serving.

I can't give you the exact proportions for Don's salad. That's his secret. But I advise you to experiment, as he did. Then the final triumph is all your own.

As for the Espresso—the recipe for that is: "You gotta know Romeo."

**LISTEN TO RADIO'S TOPNOTCH QUIP-MASTER**

**ART LINKLETTER**

on "People Are Funny"

Every Tuesday Night 10:30 EST

Over NBC Stations

Read Art Linkletter's own true story in May

**TRUE STORY** magazine on sale April 15.
"The Crisis We Learned to Live With"
(Continued from page 61)

"Acting isn't everything," Lawson. You were quite willing to give it up to go into the army. Now, just because the reason is different—

"To give up the important for the more important is a natural thing. But to give it up for—emptiness ..."

I stared back at the first time the full impact of Lawson's news. An actor lives to act. If there is a war, he goes to it—laying the acting aside—but fully believing that when the war is won he will act again. It's trite, but perfectly true to say that it's something in his blood.

"Well," Lawson said after a pause, "Don't worry. There are answers somewhere and I'll find it. Say—it's almost one-thirty. You'd better get to your rehearsal."

"What about your program tonight?"

Oh, I can make that all right," he assured me. "Why don't you meet me at the studio after the show and we'll have dinner between the broadcast and repeat?"

"Fine."

We parted at the restaurant door and I walked down to the Sixth Avenue slow-thinking and remembering. Although I had known Lawson for only eight months, I was sure that nothing had happened in his life could leave mine untouched. What he felt for me I didn't know and probably never would, now.

I thought back several years to the days when Lawson Zerbe had been only a name to me. I was sixteen then and just beginning my radio career in Washington, D. C. Practically everyone I met around the Washington studios had worked with Lawson at one time or another—in Dayton, Ohio, his home town, at Station WLW in Cincinnati, or in New York where he now worked at the law firm. These people were proud of Lawson's success and made constant references to the numerous programs on which he worked regularly. I became curious as to how one man could possibly handle so many parts and finally decided to question an announcer who seemed to know him quite well.

"Lawson is the man of a thousand voices," he told me. "He can play any kind of character a script writer can dream up. And double! He can play two characters on the same program—switch flawlessly from one to the other without batting an eye. Why, once at WLW—"... And so it went, until Lawson Zerbe became a sort of myth to me. In my spare time I began to listen to some of the programs on which he was featured and soon found myself studying his technique and wondering what Lawson Zerbe, the person, was like.

Two years later when I left for New York a number of Lawson's Washington friends told me to be sure to look him up, but I was too busy lining up auditions and tracking down casting rumors to bother. Finally, after several discouraging months of pavement pounding, I found myself in radio with a job on the commercial of Pepper Young's Family.

A tall, blondish young man played the role of 'Pepper Young' and I could tell immediately by the way he worked that he was both talented and experi-

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### SALON-SAFE FOR "BABY-FINE" HAIR
### SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

Have you got soft, fine, "baby" hair? No wonder you worry about ordinary home permanents.

Now with the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you use the same sort of preparations...even the same improved cold wave process found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, cream waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. *If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!*

There isn't a lovelier, more luxurious, softer home wave for any head! Price, $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50.

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### HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT!*

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
2. Quicker by far—saves 1/2 hour or more per permanent.
3. Easier too! Special Hudnut pre-soften makes waving easier; ends less difficult.
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—light or loose—but never a frizz on the ends.
5. Lasts longer—it gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness.
6. Doesn't dry hair or split ends includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross-section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.
Slo»e.

Before we arrived, I saw a sign with the word "Pepper." Was it for us? I asked. Mr. Vincent grinned. "Stood up, Pepper!" That's right. A last minute call for a show—occupational risk of dating an actress. Pepper, have you met Doris McWhirt? Mr. Vincent asked, grinning again. Doris, this is Lawson Zerbe.

So, at last, I'd met the flesh and blood Lawson. The wonder was that I hadn't recognized his voice in the studio, but I suppose I was thinking more about making the commercial sound good than I was about the actors on the show. "Hello, Doris," Lawson said easily. "I don't suppose you're free for dinner tonight?" Before you answer, let me state my other qualifications—I have two tickets for a show.

Go ahead," Chick Vincent said. "I'll vouch for Lawson. He's not half as fresh as he sounds."

"Oh, I know all about him," I blurted out. "I've heard his whole life story from a dozen mutual friends in Washington."

"Good," said Lawson. "That gives us the whole evening to talk about. How about a nice thick steak?"

I learned more about New York radio during the next few hours than I'd been able to find out for myself during months of pavement pounding and reception room inquiries. Lawson knew which shows were handled by which agencies; which directors would give a newcomer a chance; he not only knew where each director could be found but when he was likely to be in his office; he knew about new programs still in the audition stage; about transcribed shows, cast and waxed in New York for one of town broadcast. To a neophyte like me, this kind of information was priceless.

We had reached our third cup of coffee when I became aware suddenly that the restaurant seemed quiet and, looking around, I discovered that most of the tables were empty. My watch pointed accusing hands at ten o'clock and I realized that we'd talked right through the first act of the play! During the months that followed, Lawson and I saw each other frequently. He seemed to take a genuine interest in my career and thanks to his advice and guidance, I was making excellent progress. There was no tinge of romance in our relationship then; we were just good friends with a common ambition, but we did enjoy being together. Lawson never relaxed. He rushed from program to program; rehearsal to rehearsal; broadcast to repeat broadcast as though demons were chasing him. And after a time, I found myself worrying about this for although Lawson needed to take this breathless schedule in his stride, to me the pace seemed to be all out of proportion to human endurance. Perhaps, even then, I had a premonition of tragedy...

I reached the studio for my rehearsal a little early but the director was already there and I took the script he handed me and sat down. It was a relief to escape from my own thoughts and submerge myself completely in the character I was to portray.

That night, I arrived at Lawson's studio, but after the program had gone off the air and Lawson met me in the lounge.

"Let's get out of here," he said by way of greeting. "I've something to tell you."

The elevator was crowded and I had to wait until we were in the street before I could voice my eager questions. "What is it?" I demanded as soon as the street door had closed behind us.

"What's happened?"

"I've found the answer to the whole thing right here," Lawson answered, taking a bulky script from his pocket and tapping his knuckles against it. "In a script?" I asked incredulously.

"I don't understand..."

This character named 'Sandy' that I played on that Special Service Program tonight had the same problem I have," Lawson explained. "He wanted to get into the army but they wouldn't take him because of a heart condition. But Sandy wasn't the kind to take the verdict lying down. He decided to join the American Field Service, a volunteer ambulance service and—"

"Lawson, what are you getting at? If the doctor says you're in no condition to continue with your work, surely you don't think you could get into an ambulance service?"

"Why not? All I'd have to do would be waive all responsibility of health."

"Sandy was a character in a script," I argued. "His story ended where..."
yours would begin—isn't that right?"

"Doris, if I can get into the American Field Service, I'm going. I don't think that sort of work would be half as hard on my heart as radio. The doctor said this condition was brought on by mental strain and constant pressure. Well, driving relaxes me. This is the answer and I know it. Now—how about that dinner I promised you?"

I didn't hear anything from Lawson during the following week and when I didn't see him around the studios, I began to wonder hopefully if he had taken his doctor's advice and had gone away for a rest. Facing the possibility of a long separation made me realize that aside from my work, Lawson had been the focal point of my existence for many months. I simply couldn't imagine what life would be like without him. During the days that followed, I fought back a hundred impulses to call him and then one afternoon, after I'd finished a stint on a radio show at NBC, I found Lawson waiting for me in the lobby as I got out of the elevator.

"I have only a few minutes," he said casually, "but I wanted to say goodbye. I'm leaving in the morning."

I TRIED to keep the anxiety out of my voice. "You're going to take that rest, then?"

"Of course not. I'm going overseas. The American Field Service accepted me and I asked for an immediate assignment."

"Well, I suppose you know best." We were both ill at ease and that was strange because there had never been any tenseness between us. Finally, I asked, "Will I hear from you?"

Lawson avoided my eyes. "You'd better not count on that, Doris. But when this is all over, you'll hear from me sure enough. In the meantime, you have fun."

"Certainly," I said smiling. This was a situation that called for some real acting because my heart was crying out, protesting the strange emptiness of this farewell. I wanted to beg him to write, to tell him how deeply I'd learned to care for him, to entreat him to take care of himself, to tell him I'd wait if he wanted me to . . .

"Well, I still have a lot of packing to do and a dozen loose ends to tie up so I'd better get going." He reached for my hand and pressed it tightly in both his own. "So long, kid." He turned abruptly and I watched his broad back until it disappeared through the door.


The swift, brutal agony of our parting was easier to bear than the long siege of silence that followed. Lawson never wrote a word to anyone. I told myself over and over again that Lawson was lost to me and, in self defense, I tried to put him out of my mind. Sometimes for short periods I succeeded and, eventually, when the war ended and demobilization began I found that I could think about Lawson again without feeling the old hopelessness.

His return was as abrupt as his departure. I returned to the Rehearsal Club late one afternoon after a particularly grueling day in the studio to find this message waiting: "Lawson Zerbe will call at five o'clock to take you to dinner." Just like that—as casual as if he'd merely been away for a weekend.

The little Italian restaurant we had chosen was a perfect place for talk—quiet, romantic, secluded—and as Lawson and I faced each other in the dim candlelight, all the tenseness that had

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stood between us at our parting fell away and we were frankly happy. It was easy now to ask the question that was uppermost in my mind. "Lawson, tell me honestly, how do you feel—you heart, I mean?"

"Better than when I left," he assured me.

"Have you seen your doctor yet?"

"No, but I have an appointment for tomorrow at two. If you're free—why don’t you come along?"

"This young man is a bad patient," the doctor told me when the nurse finally summoned me into the consulting room. "The last time I saw him I ordered him to the country for a long rest and now I find that he’s been overseas driving an ambulance. That might kill some people but in his case it seems to prove that radio work is harder on the heart than anything else.

"Then he’s better?" I asked eagerly.

"He’s in better health generally but if he goes back to those ten-hour-a-day studio grinds, he’ll get worse."

The doctor looked across the room to where Lawson was sitting. "I’m not going to say that," he said. "If I did, I don’t think he’d take my advice any way. How about a compromise, Lawson? You can work on an average of five hours a day, provided you take one day off each week and sleep for ten hours every night."

Lawson drew a long breath. "It’s half a loaf, but I’m grateful for it," he said slowly. "Now all I have to do is manage those radio jobs."

Lawson had no trouble at all getting back into the radio swing. As soon as directors learned that he was available, the calls started coming. We made some weekly work charts with the following Sundays eliminated. He would accept jobs for other days up to the five-hour limit, but a ten-hour sleeping period was charted for every twenty-four hours. This schedule eliminated any active participation in sports, of course, and that angle worried me.

Then fate took over again. Lawson was chosen for the role of Frank Merrill on a new adventure series on NBC. As everyone knows, Frank Merrill excelled in every type of sport and pursuits without scarlet a thrilling touchdown, a last-minute home run or some other sports feat. I soon discovered that Lawson was getting a vicarious thrill out of playing this part, for he could let his imagination take wing and carry him over the goal line or into home plate.

I used to listen to this program gratefully and to the parts he played for Hi Brown on Bulldog Drummond, The Thin Man and Inner Sanctum and I could feel the impact of his expert pretending as if I had never felt it before—for now he actually lived these adventures in his imagination. They were his escape from the bonds of his own physical limitations. He had found a way to compromise with destiny and he was safe.

As I helped Lawson make these adjustments to his new life our friendship deepened and I began to think often now about the future. He had accepted the ‘‘half a loaf’’ philosophy for himself so it was up to me to show him in the hundred subtle ways that only women know that it was everything I wanted too. I must have succeeded rather well, for on one of those bright false-Spring afternoons that sometimes come in late winter as Lawson and I walk along through the park he asked abruptly, "Doris have you ever thought of getting married?"

"Why yes—of course I have," I answered promptly. "I’ve thought about it for a long time and hoped you’d ask me." This wasn’t any time to be coy, I decided. I wanted Lawson to understand how I felt about him.

"Well I’ve thought about it a lot too. I knew I loved you even before I went away but I couldn’t say anything about it then because I really thought I was washed up. Now things look fine again, but—"

"Lawson, for heaven’s sake, if you love me that’s all I want to know."

"I do love you. More than I ever thought one person could love another, but—"

"Are you asking me to marry you or not?" I interrupted. "If you are, let’s do it right away."

By Sun Ring Wednesday we had our license and set about comparing work schedules because we wanted to leave for my home in Washington the minute the ceremony was over. Finally we figured out that we could both be free from eleven o’clock Saturday morning until the following Wednesday morning if Murray Burnette would replace me on True Detective on Sunday and if we didn’t accept any other jobs in the meantime. So our marriage, like everything else connected with the radio, was neatly fitted into a schedule.

The story books usually end with "They lived happily ever after"—and certainly that is certainly an excellent finale—but for those who have been challenged by some artful quirk of destiny, I think it’s more cheering to remember something Shakespeare said: ‘Our remedies oft in ourselves lie, Which we ascribe to Heaven.”
money and packages began coming back to Scotland. That wasn't enough, though. And neither was the dole—about $40 a month. Thus, it was up to Elizabeth. And while her husband stayed home, trying, in his sightless way, to keep track of the younger children, Elizabeth began going out every day to scrub and clean and serve in the homes of others.

Sometimes, sitting alone in her kitchen at night, Elizabeth allowed herself a luxury—she took the time to dream of life in America. In that dream there were picture shows and dinners at fine restaurants and bright colored clothes. It was a dream, though, and the tea pot over there, the tea pot with the few shillings in it, was the reality.

In 1933, James McDonald, a good man, a man conquered by the madness of a world he didn't make, finally died.

Mrs. McDonald's brood began to move away. Two daughters and a son came to America. They, at least, made the grade, and they did well. This was some relief, of course. Meantime, back home, there still was the business of getting up early to go out on domestic work. A grandmother, who should have been home by her fire, going off to do the work of a younger woman.

The cavalcade went on. World War II this time. Bombers roaring out over Scotland. American soldiers in the streets—young laughing kids with independent, friendly ways. Elizabeth looking at their well-fed bodies, their innocent swagger, and wondering if her own boys would have been that way had she gone to America years ago.

Finally, though, the war was over. And Mrs. McDonald began thinking more and more about America. Her daughters and son wrote urgent letters. They would gladly pay her passage over. Then, as she put it: "All of a sudden, I just took a notion. I wouldn't take one of those frightening boats, of course, but I would fly. Yes, I'd fly to my family in America."

After fifty years of waiting, the arrangements were astonishingly simple. Almost before she knew it, she was tightening her safety belt in a huge airship which would take her to Ireland, Boston, New York.

Had she found her relatives here different from the people back home? And if so, in what way?

"Oh yes, my people are all Americans. I mean they smile more, and don't seem to have to count their pennies, and every day is a holiday. Yes, I'll say they're different all right. Now, me. I always had something to keep me back. Nothing really seems to keep these people back."

One of these days, Mrs. McDonald will be going back to Scotland. All of her children are away now, and she'll be living in that house all by herself. I wondered if she'd be lonely.

"Lonely?" she asked. "No, not hardly. For I'll still be going out to do my domestic work three or four days a week. And the rest of the time, I'll be glad to just be home taking it easy."

Well, I hope this wonderful little old lady really has a chance to take it easy. And as she sits near her fire, and maybe drops off to sleep, I hope she dreams again of her rare and wonderful holiday in America. I hope she's stored up enough memories to make up for those fifty years of waiting.

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference ... and you will never know how lovely you can be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use ... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried.

use FRESH... and stay fresher
“I Can’t Even Get a Haircut”
(Continued from page 57)

“private eye” for tailing a car. His mother told him stories of the odd personalities she met and he believes this explains his love of odd characters.

Herb’s father was a tombstone engraver and a Eminent inventor. Until his mother gave him a harmonica for Christmas, Herb imitated his father and spent most of his time in the cellar tinkering with gadgets. He didn’t find the Indiana weather conducive to sports.

“Summers are too short here,” Herb explains. “Usually they come on Tuesdays.”

But Mrs. Shriners encouraged Herb’s interest in the harmonica and often coaxed him into performing for her friends. She had a great Irish wit.

At the age he savored, Herb had become a semi-professional musician. It started when a group of his friends organized the Har-Maniacs.

THey discovered quickly that professional mouth organs cost about $25 apiece. With typical Hoosier bargaining, Herb made a deal with a music merchant. In exchange for good instruments, the Har-Maniacs would give a concert in his store window every Saturday night. The idea was good and successful, too successful. Police complained that the crowds on the street created a traffic hazard.

After that engagements were easy to get and the Har-Maniacs were heard on the Mutual Network of a CBS Network show that originated in Ft. Wayne and they played in the surrounding small towns. A year later Herb lit out for Detroit and the big time. Instead he wound up as a harmonica soloist in the Keith circuit.

“We just kept moving and playing seven shows every day,” Herb recalls. “And for that I got $10 a week and all the road maps I could eat.”

However, if it hadn’t been for the heavy demands of vaudeville, Herb might have become a humble desk clerk. It happened just about the same way Jack Benny switched from the violin to gags. In Herb’s case, his lips were so sore and cracked one evening that he felt blood would flow if he blew on another note. But there he was alone on a stage with an audience waiting.

“I’m sure an unlucky guy,” Herb thought. “And there was the audience watching, waiting for him to explain. “Yesterday I bought my first new suit in two years. It was a suit with two pairs of pants, so this morning I burned a hole in the coat.”

It was a borrowed joke, but it worked. Laughs rolled down from the balcony and Herb was on his way. A few more weeks and Herb felt gratified. As the audience quieted, he felt panicky again. They were watching and waiting for more. Out of desperation, he began to talk about his family and friends back in Indiana. He heard chuckles. He got laughs. A humorist was born.

Herb had plenty of chance to polish up his routine in the States and later in a six-month tour through Australia. Where he was given the Antipodes “Just for the broke.” He immediately booked passage on a Canadian ship and, fortunately, missed the boat. It was sunk.

A few days later he boarded the last civilian ship to New York. He had a quick visit with his mother before he began a tour with the USO and the famous Caravan shows. And just before he went in the army, he got his first chance at the big time. He was invited to appear on the Kate Smith radio program.

Even more exciting, he traded a train for New York. As the cars rolled across the country, he worked out his routine and worried: “Would the audience be cold? Would it take off? Would they expect sophisticated gags?”

As it turned out he was too good. The audience laughed so hard that Herb forgot the studio clock and the frantic producer. His routine ran over time, committing radio’s first, worst and most unforgettable sin.

He didn’t have much time to feel low, for the next time he sold out the European theater with a rifle, a packetful of rations, a few musicians and instructions to go into the front lines to entertain the boys. He even played for foreign troops and one or his most famous lines he often told through an interpreter, “The mail in our military unit is very good. Packages are delivered as fast as they can smash them.”

Before Herb returned to the States, he was made tech sergeant, was subjected to a patriotic retreat from the Battle of the Bulge clad only in woolen underwear.

As overseas he received a letter from his mother who with typical wit wrote, “You’ll be coming home soon, Herb. It seems that the war will last forever so they’ll have to retire you.” But shortly thereafter Herb was writing his mother in a more serious tone from a separation camp in Virginia, “I guess I’ll be going into some other kind of work this coming year. Who remembers me after three years overseas?”

He WAS wealthy then. Before he was discharged, Perry Como invited him to appear on the Supper Club. Other engagements followed but Herb decided to give up the night club rounds. He bought a lunch truck, a bus-sized van with complete household facilities. He toured the country, stopping off in little towns and country schoolhouses to give his show, meet the audience.

The feeling for American humor, civilian humor, had returned and seven thousand miles later Herb was back in New York, appearing comedy honors with Beattie Lillie and Jack Haley in “Inside USA.” The drama critics praised Herb. One wrote that he thought Shriners was a better Bumpus hammill, and Will Rogers. A few months later Herb had his own radio show, five evenings a week over CBS, where you hear him today.

Would you like to get married some day,” Herb tells you now. “But how would you expect a wife to put up with the kind of life I’ve got to lead!”

Herb’s third thirty when he goes into a huddle over the evening radio show. He and the producers work right through till five o’clock when they have the news and an average working hours for the average working person but Herb isn’t finished. Not yet. At seven, he reports to the Majestic Theater for his “Inside USA” appearance. That is six nights a week plus two matinees.

“Besides they tell me nowlyeds like
to spend a lot of time together, especially the first year," Herb says. "How could I do it?"

So now he's a Sunday Romeo. When he has a date it begins at midnight, after the Saturday night performance, and they make the rounds of Hungarian cafes where Herb has made many friends among the gypsies.

Sunday morning he gets up early and drives out to the yacht basins looking for a boat. He's hoping to save enough money to buy one for the summer.

"It's different from getting married," Herb draws. "Maybe a man will look over twenty girls before he gets hitched up but when he picks out a boat, he looks at a couple hundred.

"Trouble is, though, longer you're single, more difficult it is to get married," Herb will tell you. "Like jumping off a high bridge. Longer you look down, harder it is to jump off."

Herb doesn't think he's so demanding in the virtues he expected to find in a wife. She should be a good homemaker and be able to cook Hungarian goulash and, of course, Swiss steak. On the mental side, she should have broad interests. He'd like her to be pretty.

"Beautiful women are pace-killing," he said. "They have a cynical attitude because of the men they have accumulated and they demand a lot of fuss."

Even though he prefers petite women, he wants his girl slightly rugged, hardy enough to rig a sail. And she shouldn't be finicky about putting on coveralls and taking apart an engine with him. She would be between twenty and twenty-five. Older women, he thinks, have their own routine and are as stubborn as old bachelors.

"And she should have a lot of imagination," he concludes.

He figures a woman with imagination would be better able to accept his ideas, impulses and hobbies. Herb's hobby is collecting gadgets, cameras, ship models, automobiles, characters and other hobbies. He has shelves and boxes full of complicated mechanical contraptions.

"Now supposing my wife needed a new refrigerator," Herb asks, "how would she react if I spent our money on a four-wheeled harmonica?"

He cites the land cruiser he bought when he's already garaging two Cords, an all-aluminum Yugoslavian Tatra and a custom-built Packard which was the showpiece in the Paris Auto Show. In his pocket, he usually carries catalogues of new foreign cars which are for sale in New York showrooms.

"Is there a woman who would put up with that kind of garbage?" he asks.

Actually, a lot of women would like to, for Herb is a sensitive, intelligent young man with real talent for humor as distinguished from the gib wise-crack. But the woman who cares for Herb would find her real competition with the picture he carries in his wallet. It's a snapshot of the small schooner he hopes to buy. This summer he plans to take a two-month cruise out of New York, south through the Panama Canal, then up to California.

"I'll probably find the ideal woman, marry her and when she gets aboard my ship, she'll get seasick," he gloomily predicts.

But if you know a girl who doesn't mind crawling under a motor, cooking goulash, seeing her husband maybe two hours a day, and prefers bright talk to bright lights, tell her about Herb. She might even be in time to make this summer's cruise.

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   7. YES.

   8. NO.

   9. YES.

   10. NO.

   11. YES.

   12. NO.

   13. YES.

   14. NO.

   15. YES.

   16. NO.

   17. YES.

   18. NO.

   19. YES.

   20. NO.
mixture over darker. Garnish with whipped cream and shaved chocolate if desired. Chill until firm (about 3 hours). Makes one 9-inch pie.

**RUM CREAM PEACH PIE**

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{3}{4} & \text{ cup cornstarch} \\
\frac{3}{4} & \text{ cup sugar, divided} \\
\frac{3}{4} & \text{ tsp. salt} \\
1 & \frac{1}{2} \text{ cups well-drained canned sliced peaches}
\end{align*}
\]

Mix cornstarch, \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup of sugar and salt in the top of a double boiler. Add \(\frac{3}{4}\) cup of scalded milk. Stir vigorously until well blended. Add remaining hot milk and cook over direct heat until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks well, stir in a little of hot mixture and pour back into double boiler. Cook over hot water 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in butter, vanilla and rum. Beat egg whites until stiff. Then beat in remaining \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup sugar until thick and smooth. Fold meringue into hot filling. Pour into pie shell. Arrange peaches over top. Chill. Makes one 9-inch pie.

**COCONUT CREAM TARTS**

Make Rum Cream Peach Filling as directed above, omitting rum and peaches. Fold in \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup moist, shredded coconut, just before adding meringue. Pour into tart shells. Garnish with additional \(\frac{1}{4}\) cup coconut. Place in a moderate oven \((350^\circ F.)\) for 5 minutes or until the coconut is browned.

**APRICOT CHIFFON PIE**

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 1/2 cups unsweetened apricot pulp
1 cup brown sugar
3 eggs, separated
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tbsps. granulated sugar
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1/2 cup heavy cream
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Combine gelatin, apricot, pulp, brown sugar, egg yolks, and salt in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Then gradually beat in granulated sugar. Fold the meringue into the cooled apricot mixture. Add lemon juice. Whip the cream and fold into apricot mixture. Pour into baked shell. Chill. Top with additional whipped cream, if desired. Makes one 9-inch pie.

**NESSELRODE PIE**

3 eggs, separated
1 1/2 cups milk
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 cup sugar, divided
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 tbsp. cold water
2 tbsps. rum, or rum flavoring
1/4 cup finely chopped maraschino cherries, well drained
1 9-inch baked pie shell
2 tbsps. sweet chocolate, shaved

Combine egg yolks, milk, salt and \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup sugar and gelatin in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring occasionally. Remove from hot water. Chill. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Beat in remaining sugar. Fold into gelatin mixture with rum and cherries. Place in shell, sprinkle with chocolate. Chill until firm. Makes one 9-inch pie.

**LIME REFRIGERATOR PIE**

3 eggs, separated
1/2 cup lime juice
1/4 tsp. freshly grated lime rind
1 15-oz. tin sweetened condensed milk
1 drop green food color
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
1/2 cup confections' sugar

Beat yolks, add lime juice and rind and beat slightly. Add milk. Mix thoroughly, then add color. Pour into cool shell. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition until smooth and thick. Pipe lightly over filling. Bake in moderate oven \((350^\circ F.)\) from 10 to 15 minutes. Chill thoroughly. Makes one 9-inch pie.

**GRAHAM CRACKER CRUST**

1 1/2 cups crushed graham crackers (18 crackers)
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted

Combine graham cracker crumbs, sugar and butter. Press firmly into the bottom and sides of a greased 9-inch pie pan. Chill one hour before filling. For extra-rich flavor, bake the crust in a moderate oven \((350^\circ F.)\) 8 to 10 minutes before chilling.

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Coast to Coast in Television
(Continued from page 53)
(CBS-TV Mondays, 8:30-9:00 P.M., EST) or his other program Arthur Godfrey and His Friends (Wednesdays, 8:00-9:00 P.M., EST). The Monday night telecast has a simultaneous radio broadcast, for the benefit of those not blessed yet by TV.

No one has ever figured out, I'm sure, how many talented young people have been launched on successful careers by the talented Mr. Godfrey or how many others have been encouraged to stay right in there and keep pitching—but the list gets longer every day. Most recently he's been forming "touring units" of players, all hand-picked talent from his programs, starting from such famous stages as the Capitol Theater in New York and fanning out to the north and the south and the west. Why, the thing threatens to become a Godfrey monopoly!

But jesting aside, it all adds up to that old adage, "It pays to be yourself." That is, it does if you're a guy named Godfrey.

If you think you have headaches, consider the producer of a television show—Owen Davis, Jr. of Chevrolet on Broadway, for instance, when he was planning to put "Jinxed" on video a while ago. Jackie Cooper, Peggy Knudsen and Ernest Truex were to star in the George Mosel original. It had all been planned well ahead. But on the first day of rehearsal Peggy had to fly back to Hollywood from New York because of a child's sudden illness. Truex, who was expecting his play to fold momentarily, found that "Oh Mr. Meadowbrook" had taken a box-office spurt—which made him unavailable. And to top it off, Cooper had been signed for a concurrent band date (Jackie is a super drummer) in New England all during rehearsal week.

Davis grabbed the aspirin, sent the script up to Jackie to study between his performances, and grabbed off Mary Anderson for the Knudsen role and video veteran Vinton Hayworth for the Truex role. Jackie shortened his band engagement, flew in for quick last-minute rehearsals and the performance, and everything went off smooth as silk. Only a fluoroscope of producer Davis's stomach can tell what it did to those incipient ulcers.

NBC has made itself the pioneer in Sunday morning TV programs. Last January 30, at 10:30 EST, the popular Horn and Hardart Children's Hour, so long familiar to radio listeners, began to invade the Sabbath stillness with childish voices raised in song and all the ritual of children's entertainment, followed by another program beamed at the kids, called Pow-Wow. This one's about Jack and their Lora.

It won't be long now until telecasting is a mass to midnight affair, seven days a week, twelve months a year. And wait till you see those disc jockeys on their all-night shows, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes as the music goes round and round.

Something new has been added to Lucky Pup. There's an extra half-hour weekly kinescope recording, made up of the five Monday through Friday episodes condensed into one Saturday night.
show, presumably for the benefit of those who can’t manage to catch Lucky during the week. The show goes on at the same time as the weekday one—6:30 to 6:45 P.M. EST, over CBS-TV.

Oh yes, and Doris Brown, the pretty girl who every day tells you what the puppets are up to, makes a personal appearance on Saturdays too. Otherwise you’d hear a long loud squawk from the papas of the nation. Papas seem to prefer puppets with cute little emcees like Doris.

* * *

The Admiral Corporation, plus NBC and DuMont, inaugurated the Friday evening Broadway Revue with a gala telecast from the stage of the International Theater on Columbus Circle, New York. The opening and the subsequent telecasts starred Sid Caesar, the funnyman who happily is coming into his own, after a movie success in “Tars and Spars” and a stage success in “Make Mine Manhattan.” Featured prominently in the cast are Imogene Coca, one of the funniest gals that has hit out TV screens, and Mary McCarthy, late of the play “Small Wonder,” now getting ready to go into a Moss Hart-Irving Berlin musical come early summer. Roy Atwell, the tongue-twisted comedian, mans the commercial and manages to fill it with static and interference, to everybody’s delight, including presumably the sponsor’s.

Twenty-four TV stations in sixteen cities see the revue. In fact, in some places it’s telecast simultaneously over both NBC and DuMont channels, so you can choose the one your set brings in most clearly. Fourteen cities in the South, the West and on the Pacific Coast get a delayed showing by tele-translation.

At the party following the opening telecast, two motion picture stars almost stole the show from the TV shiners. They were Dean Jagger, fast becoming well-known to television too, and Lon McCallister, who had come east for exploitation on his newest Eagle Lion movie “The Big Cat,” and a role in a Colgate Theater television play.

WINNER TAKE ALL
(Continued from page 41)

he is winning. Five or six contestants are used each week, chosen from the studio audience. If that incubated challenger are still in the running when the time runs out they’re invited back the next week. Longest TV run for one champion to date has been five weeks.

To bring the popular show to television, questions had to be made visual, with stunts like a song-and-dance man starting to tell an old-time joke and asking for the punch line. Or blown-up cardboard cut-outs of three American military medals, one of which is to be identified as the highest decoration. There’s never a chance for a tie, because if the champion’s bell is pressed even a split second before the challenger’s buzzer, or vice versa, the other signal is blocked off electronically.

One of Bud’s favorite contestants was a little Irishman named Patrick, who had been in this country only eight days when he got on the show. He stayed on for four weeks, routing all challengers. When he left, he took prizes that included bicycles for his three girls and two boys, complete football uniforms for the boys and pretty dresses for the girls. “America is certainly a wonderful place for kids,” was Patrick’s comment as he departed triumphantly.

Two beautiful “Chevvy Girls” assist Bud in his pleasant and often hilarious duties. They are blonde Gloria Shannon and brunette Evelyn McBride, and their fan mail reaches from here to there, as you may well imagine.

But the girls of his dreams are the three who live with Bud and son Michael, who’s six, going on seven—in a lovely farm in Franklin, Conn., on a Greenwich, Connecticut hilltop. They are Patricia, almost eleven, Cynthia, seven; and wife Marian Shockley, a softly good radio actress in her own right.

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in school? Why did you have to come?"

"What are you doing here?" he countered. "Why aren't you with me in school?"

"Joe!" she cried wildly. "You haven't quit, have you?"

"Maybe that depends on you," he answered. "Have you really quit me, or haven't you?"

"You're crazy—" A fit of coughing stopped her. "You have quit," she said when she was able to go on. "I can see it. Well, we'll just mark it up against Starr again— the lone last thing she figured out wrong in the big run of Starr and Joe. It never occurred to me you'd quit college and come after me. You've got to go right back and make them take you in at the Seminary."

"I'd like that," he agreed, "if you'll come with me."

"Her voice shot up again. "Stop it!" she cried tearfully. "I'm bad for you, and we both know it. All I've ever done is spoil things for you! Won't you understand? Do you have to be hit on the head with a club? I spoiled things for everybody in Rushville Center for Ma and Fay—everyone! And then when you started school and we were off by ourselves in Fort William, I hated the life we were living! I hated the Quonset hut and the movies once a week for a big celebration—and if you had any brains, you'd know it wouldn't be long before I begin hating you!"

He took it all in silently, his eyes incredulous, searching into hers. Then he said slowly, "I sure don't have the brains to see that. We're married, Starr, and you can never tell me that doesn't mean anything to you. Just tell me one thing, and look at me when you say it. You—you really don't want to live with me any more?"

She lifted her head, suddenly strong and proud, and looked him full in the face. "From the bottom of my heart," she said distinctly, "I don't want to live with you any more!"

His expression didn't change; only his eyes probed more deeply into hers. "And is it for your sake, or is it for some crazy idea you think it's for your sake? Let's not be generous; let's be selfish. Selfishly, would you rather be here, or with me?"

Starr fixed her eyes upon Joseph's eyes and her mind upon the mink coat in the closet. It would help her to sound convincing. Because she did want a mink coat, and all the things that went with it. She only wanted Joseph, who never could be able to give them to her, to give them to her. And more than anything else she wanted Joseph himself—but she mustn't think of that now. Just think about the coat, and sound convincing.

"From the bottom of my heart," she said, "I'd rather be here."

He'd made up his mind to take her at her word, but now he found that he couldn't. "Starr—" He reached for her, pleadingly. She jerked back as if stung. "Oh, go away!" she cried hysterically. "Can't you see what you're doing to me? In the name of heaven, go away!"

"All right, Starr," he spoke quietly, soothingly. "I'll go, and I won't bother you any more. But won't you see me just once again—tomorrow, when you feel better? I'd feel surer about it if you told me all this when you weren't so upset—"
She nodded. She was crying and coughing and making ineffectual dabs at her eyes, but she gave him the address of her hotel and agreed to see him there at three the next afternoon.

Then he left her, although he hated leaving her, even for a few hours. She looked sick—she was sick, in body and spirit. He couldn’t wait to get her out of New York, to take her home with him, back to Ma—And there his thought stuck. The burden would fall upon Ma again. Ever since he’d met her, when Starr’s father, Professor Bassett, had established his “religious refuge” in Rushville Center, bringing Joseph and Starr with him, Ma Perkins had been shouldering Joseph’s and Starr’s troubles. Not just because she was Ma and could no more resist offering a helping hand than she could stop breathing, but because she loved them—loved Joseph, especially, as her own son. He looked like her John who’d been killed in the war; he had the same speech, the same mannerisms. Sometimes Ma called him by John’s name; sometimes she actually forgot that he wasn’t John Perkins.

There’d been an element of truth in the words Starr had flung at him so hysterically. Going back to Rushville Center meant more trouble for Ma. But then, Ma wanted them back. She had helped Joseph make this trip to search for Starr; she had arranged to house him, stay with her friends, the Fentons. For Ma’s sake as well as his own, he had to take Starr back with him to Rushville Center.

Promptly at three the next afternoon Joseph walked into the lobby of Starr’s shabby little side street rooming house—hotel. He’d been afraid to come early; it would have seemed too much like pushing his luck.

“Miss Jane Smith,” he told the girl at the switchboard. “She’s expecting me—"

“Miss Smith has checked out.”

He didn’t believe it; his first reaction was an irrational anger at Starr for having chosen a name that could so easily be mistaken. “She can’t have,” he declared. “She’s expecting me. It must be another Miss Smith.”

“Only one in the house, believe it or not,” said the girl dully. Then she looked more closely at him, and her face softened sympathetically. “I’m sorry,” she said. “She was leaving when I came on at noon—a red-headed girl.”

“But she wouldn’t—” He had to stop and clear his throat, which had suddenly become dry and scratchy. “She’ll be back, or she’ll call—and when she does, will you tell her I’m waiting. I’ll be in that big chair over there—"

He sat down facing the lobby clock, his eyes riveted on the creeping minutes. And it seemed that with each completed circle, the hand twisted his heart tighter and tighter. He jumped as a voice spoke at his elbow. “Say, Bud—your name Joe? Joseph?”

“Yes,” Joseph stared at him, dazzled.

A nondescript little man—but Starr must have sent him! “You have a message for me?”

“Yeah,” said the man. “Annie doesn’t live here any more.”

“Annie—What—” And then he understood. His eyes narrowed ominously. “See here,” he said, “are you from Eddie Markel?”

“Let’s name no names, Bud. Just go home. Nothing to wait for. She’s gone away. She doesn’t want to see you. So long, friend—"

“Wait!” But it was incredible how fast the little man faded. Joseph followed him out of the lobby, out into the street, before he realized that it was no use. The man was gone. And Starr was gone.

He walked the twenty-odd blocks back to the Fenton’s apartment, hardly knowing where he was going, knowing only that he had lost all direction, all purpose—for the rest of his life. He was back with Francis and Zenith Fenton came home and found him.

Francis warned Zenith away with a look that said, “This had better be man to man,” and asked, “Going someplace—junior?”

Joseph looked at him blankly. “She’s gone,” he said. “She’d left the hotel, and then she came back up and said she didn’t want to see me.”

“You mean she’s gone with Eddie Markel?”

“I hadn’t thought about it,” said Joseph. “The point is, she’s gone of her own free will. I’m running out of money; she knows I can’t stay in New York forever . . . so she must want me to go back.”

“And leave her with Markel?” Francis’ voice rose. “Listen to an old newspaperman, junior. Markel’s a hoodlum. Not too bad as hoods go, but a hoodlum just the same. I wouldn’t take the word of one of his stooges for what my wife wanted. I’ll wait until I heard it from her own lips.”

“I did,” said Joseph wryly. “Last night.”

“Did you feel that she meant it? That she was telling the truth? Do you really

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believe that she's through with you?"

"I felt she was lying," Joseph admitted. "But maybe it was because I wanted to feel that way.

"Joe, listen," Francis was pleading now. "I'd never forgive myself if I let you go home without seeing her again.

And rather than let her fall into Eddie Markel's hands, I'd tear down every building in New York City until I found her and got it straightened out. A little fight in there, boy—a little of the old scrapperoo!"

"Yay!" Zenith's voice came from the other room, "That's telling 'em!"

"Hey," Francis yelled. "You weren't supposed to be listening to this!"

"I wasn't!" began Zenith with dignity, but then she snickered, and even Joseph laughed.

THAT was how he and Francis Fenton came to pay a call on Eddie Markel the next afternoon. It was well that Francis went along. Eddie was indisposed to see them, and admitted them only because Francis was a newspaperman and could, if he wished, do him harm. It was Francis who kept Joseph's temper in leash and asked Eddie pertinent questions that had to be answered. The whole thing had an unreal, nightmare quality for Joseph. He couldn't be begging this slick, too-well-dressed night club operator for information about his Starr; it couldn't be true that Starr was going to divorce him and marry Eddie Markel.

Eddie had her installed in an apartment in the best part of town. Adele, one of his other hat-check girls, was staying with her as nurse and chaperone. Eddie was treating Starr very well and was obviously proud of it, and proud of his honorable intentions. He regarded Joseph as a poor loser who was welshing on his bargain.

"Look, Mister," he said, "we agreed to let Starr make up her own mind. And she did, and now you're crawling. What'll it take to convince you?"

Joseph didn't answer immediately. Then he asked, "You must have a safe somewhere, Mr. Markel. Isn't there someone you trust with the combination?"

Eddie blinked. "Well—sure. But what's my safe got to do with it?"

"Just this," said Joseph. "How do you know that person won't run away with all your money?"

Eddie shifted uneasily. "Because it's somebody I know. Somebody I trust."

"Exactly," said Joseph. "You know that person, and therefore you know that he wouldn't play a dirty trick. It's the same with Starr and me. I know her; I know what makes the wheels go round. She's sick; she's been under a great strain for a year—and, yes, for years before that. As for her running away from me—it was to help me. I know it sounds crazy, but that's what's in her head. She thinks she'd make a bad wife for a minister, and that's all it is!"

"A minister?" asked Eddie. "Are you a minister?"

"No," said Joseph. "I'm studying. Was studying."

Eddie started at him thoughtfully, and then he sighed. "Okay," he said. "I ought to have my head examined, but I'll call the doctor and see if she can have company. If she can, you can put it up to her, for the last time. Not whether she'll marry me—she hasn't got any hint about that, yet—but about whether or not she's sticking with you. And this time it's final. If she says 'go you go. That fair?"

"Um," Francis put in. "How do we

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know you won’t stack the cards before you take Joe to her?”

“Use your brains,” Eddie told him impatiently. “Why should I stack the cards and win up with a dame who plays tricks on me like he says she plays on him? I’m just as interested in getting at the truth as you are!”

And this too, was part of a nightmare, Joseph thought the next afternoon as he and Francis entered the imposing apartment house lobby—going to see his own wife, with the permission of Eddie Markel and Eddie Markel’s doctor. He left Francis in the lobby and took the elevator up. The girl who opened the apartment door was un-naturally redheaded and pertly pretty.

“So you’re her husband,” she greeted him. “The Jimmy Stewart type. This way—” He followed her, and there was Starr, propped up against a small moun-tain of pillows wearing a delicately embroi-dered bed jacket that Joseph knew instinctively must have cost more than he earned in a season. Starr, with a down puff across her knees, and a dress- ing table covered with cut-glass bottles and a view of Central Park from her window—

“Hello, Joe,” she said tremulously.

“Come on in. And look,” she stared at her speechlessly, silently, she asked.

“Aren’t you even going to say hello?”

“I”—He could contain himself no longer. “Starr, when I got out of the army, I said I’d never fight with anything but one again, that I’d try to understand the other fellow. But I—right now—what’s my wife doing in another man’s apart-ment? With him treating me as if I”—Starr, if you weren’t sick, I’d pick you right up out of that bed and take you home where you belong, and if Eddie Markel tried to stop me, I’d break his neck!”

“You shouldn’t be mad at him, Joe,” she said in a small voice. “He’s been nice to me. I was sick and broke—and he’s done everything for me. That girl out there, Adele, she’s staying here, looking after me—Joe!” She broke off, alarmed. “I hope you don’t think there’s anything wrong about me being here!”

“Will you tell me what’s right about it?” Joseph shouted, “I”—He broke off, choking. “Starr,” he went on, try-ing desperately to sound calm and reas-sonable, “naturally, I don’t think Eddie Markel means anything to you. What’s important is, I want to know when you’ll be well, so I can plan when you’ll come back home with me.”

Her eyes were huge, wistful—she was nothing but eyes. She looked as if a puff of wind could lift her and carry her away. “What’ll we do back home, darling?” she asked softly.

“Do?” he repeated. And a vision of home rose before him. Starr in the Quonset hut off the campus, waiting for him when he came in from class; Starr walking home from the movies with him, hand in hand, gazing wist-fufully into shop windows and then turn-ing to him pathetically when they reached home, saying, “You’re every-thing, Joseph! I’ve always wanted so many things, but you’re all I’ve ever loved.”

“Why,” he went on, “we’ll just be there, darling, like we were before—only better. I’ve been selfish—I see that now. This time we’ll do it your way.”

“What do you mean, my way?” Her voice was low, coaxing.

“Well—my job, for one thing,” he said. “I was too fair to you—me having classes all day and then that job until midnight. I’ll get a different job, and we’ll try to find a better place to live than the Quonset hut. And then our neighbors, like the Blattners—I don’t blame you for the way they affected you. They meant well, but they were awfully loud, and I guess you’re just more sensitive than I am. From now on, I won’t fuss at you for not being pals with a bunch of people who really don’t mean much to me, either. I don’t do that to you.”

“Oh, Joe!” She swallowed, and her eyes were bright with tears. “You’re so sweet—so very sweet. I guess I did right to fall in love with you. I guess I’ll never again know anything as good as loving you has been.”

Panic rose in him. She spoke as if it were all in the past. “What do you have in mind?” he demanded ex-citedly. “You still love me, Starr. You can’t fool me about that—”

She gave him a long, strange look, and for a dizzy moment she reminded him of—of all people—Ma Perkins. There were no two people in the world who were less alike than Starr and Ma, but he had seen that same expression in Ma’s eyes—a deep, compassionate look, as if she knew depths of love and understanding that others could only guess at.

And her voice when she spoke was like her eyes—full of love and infinitely sad and wise. “Oh, lover,” she said, “you mustn’t ever talk to a girl the way you just did—make her promises like those! If you do, it’ll be the end of Joe—and that’s what must not happen!

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"Starr, for heaven's sake, talk sense!" he exclaimed. "Listen, all I want to know is—when you can—"

"You listen," she cut in passionately. "I'm no good, Joe, not for anybody. About my mother I don't know, but she couldn't have been too wonderful or she wouldn't have married my father. About my father you know—"

"What of it?" he cried. "There's no such thing as a person being born bad—"

"I was," said Starr. "I've been bad for everyone. Ma Perkins took us in—and look what I did to her and to Fay, almost crippled Fay for life! I had to get rich in a hurry, so I lost my money, and you had to work like a dog. And now you tell me it's you who's going to change! Do you think I want that on my conscience, too?"

Joseph walked over to the bed and laid his hands on her shoulders and shook her. "Stop it," he ordered through set teeth. "Stop trying to do my thinking for me. I'll think what I want, and you think what you want—"

He twisted away from him, so violently that some of the little heaped-up pillows slid to the floor. "I am thinking of myself! What kind of life would I have, watching out every minute that I wouldn't hurt you, wondering every minute what sort of sacrifices you were making for me? How long would it be before I wanted you—or myself? This way is better, Joe. We get divorced; it's over; you go your way and I—"

"You'll what?" Joseph's eyes were dangerous. "Be Eddie Markel's girl?"

"So what?" She sat bolt upright, her face twisted, tears pouring down her cheeks. "Maybe I'd just love being Eddie Markel's girl! He's a crook too—maybe we'd get along fine!" She fell back, moaning, "Oh, get out—get out, Joseph! Can't you see what you're doing to me? I'm only trying to do what I know I've got to do, and you stand there torturing me—"

It hit him, then, that he was torturing her. This meeting was accomplishing no more than the other. There was no reasoning with Starr, no pleading, no way to persuade her. All he was succeeding in doing was to reduce her to gibbering hysteria.

"All right," he said, his voice barely audible. "Maybe you're right, Starr. I've known for some time that emotionally you—well, you need a rest. But if I'm the one who makes you balanced, maybe you're right, Starr. It's over. I don't want it to be—but every word I say just makes it worse, doesn't it?"

She didn't answer. She cowered back among the pillows, her face buried in her hands.

"Doesn't it?" Joseph repeated, pleading again in spite of himself. And when she didn't move, when there was no answer, he turned and walked out.

He had one satisfaction. In the little hall outside Starr's room he met Eddie Markel, spruce, and—after one look at Joseph—self-satisfied.

"Well!" Eddie exclaimed, "I don't have to ask how it came out. Now, no hard feelings, brother. And if you want to write to her every once in a while, it's perfectly all right with me."

Joseph's hand, doubled into a fist, went back, came forward again with the speed and accuracy of a bullet. Eddie went down. Unhurriedly, Joseph

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walked on to the outer door. Eddie
scrambled to his feet, pure poison in his
eyes, then, as the door closed, he began
to grin, ruefully but triumphantly.
He was set, now. The would-be mis-
inster had hit him, and so had conclusively admitted defeat. From now on
Eddie's dreams, which had grown more
elaborate by the day since he'd met
Starr, would begin to come true. He
saw an estate in Maryland—no slick,
vulgar penthouse for his Starr, with a
columned colonial house and rolling
grounds, horses, dogs, an army of ser-
vants, and Starr there, living like the
queen she was. His queen, to serve, to
give things to... and for that matter
why not start giving her things now?
Christmas was just around the corner;
was there any harm in rushing the sea-
son just a little bit?
It was Christmas Eve, the day the mink coat was delivered, that the little
old lady came. Eddie had just left
Starr with the coat and was in the living room with Adele, receiving Adele's
effusive thanks for a wrist watch, when
there was a tap on the door. Eddie went
to open it; a little old lady stood on the
threshold, a picture-book old lady, with
white hair waving under a tiny velvet
toque, a neat scrap of fur at the throat
of her neat cloth coat.
"Mr. Markel?" she asked composedly.
"I'm Mrs. Perkins from Rushville Center—only back there everybody calls
me Ma. I'd like to see Starr, please."
For a moment Eddie was speechless.
But a genie appeared on his doorstep,
he couldn't have been more surprised.
Then he stuttered, "Who told you—
How do you know who I am?"
"My friend, Francis Fenton, called me," the old lady explained sweetly.
"He told me that our Starr was here,
and that she was ill and upset, and that
he thought someone from home ought
to see her. And—I'd like to see her, Mr. Markel."
Eddie recovered quickly. "Sorry," he
said, "But the doctor said she's to have
no visitors. Maybe some other time—"
And he made as if to shut the door.
The old lady didn't move. Her blue
eyes remained gentle, her face sweetly
composed, but for some reason Eddie
changed his mind about closing the door
and took a step backward.
"Let's get straight to the point, Mr.
Markel," she said. "Are you scared to
let Starr see an old friend? If your hold
on her is so small, you can't have much of
a hold at all."
"What are you talking about?" Eddie
blustered, and turned quickly at a sound
from the back hall.
"Adele—" Starr stood in the hallway,
calling. "Where is my—Ma?"
"Starr, the child!" the old lady rushed
past him. The next few minutes were
busy ones, with Starr and the old lady
embracing, and the old lady bundling
Starr into bed, and Eddie banishing the
fascinated Adele to the outer room.
Starr and the old lady were talking
about people Eddie'd heard of—people
called Shuffie and Willy and Evey and
Fay and a little Paulie. They were all
just fine, it seemed; they were all
anxious to know when Starr was coming
home. "And I brought you this," Ma
said, placing a small package in Starr's
hands, "from someone who loves you
very much."
"Joseph!" Starr whispered. "Has he—
is he—?"
"No," said Ma, "he didn't go back
home, Starr. He's right here in New
York—right down in the lobby, for that
matter."
"In the lobby!" Eddie echoed con-
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My Husband Is Ideal
(Continued from page 27)

our five-dollar Uncle Ed and a lot of hysterical laughter.

We love to celebrate. We celebrate at every possible opportunity. Excuse would be the better word. Jack never forgets an occasion or a holiday. He puts great thought into gifts. Asks people what I would like, rushes around making all sorts of preparations, usually drives Vivian, his secretary, crazy, double checking on everything. St. Patrick's Day. Valentine's Day. Whatever it is. Easter. I got a pair of earrings. I wanted very much. Fourth of July. I got the pin to go with them.

But our anniversary is the big thing in our lives. Then Jack really goes all out. He couldn't very well forget it. You see, it also happens to be the date of both our birthdays. We're exactly the same age, Jack's 55 minutes older and because it was so unusual, having both birthdays, the same day we chose that date for our wedding, too.

This year Jack had a party for us at the Beverly Hills Club, complete with the special reservations, flowers, and a sealskin stole I'd been longing for. Then he brought home a magnificent piece of furniture that contained a combination radio, television, and record player set-up, and informed me that was my gift to him!

Actually, Jack and I met because of our double birthdays. My cousin went to Hollywood High School, where Jack went too, and she told me about the new boy she was going with, whose birthday was the same as mine. She wanted me to meet him, and asked him to my fifteenth birthday party. This was a big mistake on her part, because Jack and I hit it off right from the first. They soon broke up and Jack and I began going together.

He started to work that next year—left high school to go to work. It was a big thing. He and two other boys had been singing in the high school assemblies. More or less on a dare, they tried for a job in the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel. And they got it! Jack had two years of school to finish, so he went to school during the day and worked at night. But he still had a half year left when he went East with the trio.

It was Phil Harris who took the three boys East with him. While there, Kate Smith asked Jack to join her show. In the meantime Jack was able to see me only during the summer vacations. When Jack was nineteen (which is four years after we met) he came West during the summer vacation and proposed to me. I accepted and we made plans for the marriage on our mutual birthdays. At the end of this summer, Jack returned East to resume with the Kate Smith show-alone. That fall I went East for the first time in my life—to become a bride.

Jack and his brother, Walter Reed, met me at the station when the train pulled into New York. We were all so shy and young and bashful that when I got off the train I kissed Walter and shook hands with Jack! However, it didn't take long for me to get over my shyness—and so we were married.

Anyway, back to Jack's schooling. Although he'd only attended school for three and a half years, technically he had enough credits to get his diploma. So, this last year in 1947 on
"homecoming day" at Hollywood High School the officials invited him over and made a big ceremony of presenting him with that long missing document. We were back on our oyster bed. We then develop a hobby that both of us are mad about—collecting antiques. We had wonderful weekends, poking into little old shops and museums or barns up through New England, finding all sorts of treasures. Jack started our milk glass collection long before it was a fad. We have not outgrown our love of growing things and it's far more fun for me to collect, when Jack enjoys it so much, too.

So many men don't really care anything about the garden, and wouldn't have as much interest as I in getting the right lamp, the right table, the proper chair. We have all our own furniture in our home here in Hollywood.

The house we now have was the first place we looked at. We liked it immediately, but looked around a lot just on principle before we gave in and came back to it. We haven't been sorry. It's an English-type place, dark wood and brick outside, and we both knew our early American furniture would fit it. The rooms are large, and our furniture, which is massive, requires large rooms. It is a two-story house high on a hill overlooking the town. You always say, panther as he finally gains the front door, "A couple of hundred feet higher, and you'd have edelweiss growing in the garage here."

And it's bigger house than we'd ever want to buy. It's eight rooms, and since I do all the housework I don't fancy any such chore as a personal maid. I'm always growing things and I don't want anyone to get in the way of my gardening. I'm just as happy, because I like to preside over the kitchen.

Currently, Jack's project is building a Spanish-style house for our cocker spaniel. He's doing a very good job, too. I'm impressed. He has something that is called a post hole-digger, with which he digs big holes for the fence posts. He talked me into painting part of the fence. I painted a whole day and finally gave out. It's an awful lot of trouble to paint a fence. I'm glad I got it over you after a while that there are four sides on every picket!

Another thing that makes Jack wonder is that he has grown along so well with my mother. And he, too, is blessed with a likable family. My mother lives with us, and if an argument ever does come up, and lead me on, and mother gets roped into it (which is seldom), it's ten to one she'll side with him.

We both love to travel, and summer before last, we took a long trip with both our mothers along. We drove for four weeks to a lot of places we'd both always wanted to see—Banff, Lake Louise, and the like. We plan to make a trip to Europe as soon as we can find the time, maybe this summer. We went to Hawaii last summer, and we have been to South America, too.

Jack keeps up our picture albums. We take lots of pictures, but he keeps hers in order, with dates and places carefully noted. We had a tragedy in this department on our South American trip. Our camera was stolen, and we lost our mother in Argentina, and wound up with only a few pictures of Rio de Janeiro.

Jack has seven weeks free every summer, which gives us a chance to be together. Too, he is careful to make no commitments on weekends. I know he's one of the most conscientious workers in all of radio, and his week is so planned that he should have our entire weekend for each other.

The French doors from our living room open out into a small garden, which is a real piece of work. It's very small, but just what we want. I'd never done any gardening before, but I was anxious to try my hand at it. I put a lot of chemical fertilizer in the holes under some bulbs I planted. Everyone said dire things—that it
would burn them up, that they’d be rotted, that nary a bulb would see the light. Now I’m triumphant. They’re all coming up anyway.

Jack is the neatest man ever made. He could go into his room in the darkest night and find any single thing he owns. He has a place for everything, and everything in its place. I’m the exact opposite, but he never complains about my practice of hanging things on the floor. He once tried to show me how to fix my things, straightened them all out—and every time, for weeks afterwards, when I wanted anything, I had to yell for him. It took me three months to mess them up again properly so I could find them.

Jack seems to like doing things that most men wouldn’t stand still for. For instance, I make all my own clothes, and I have one of those bulbs for hem marking. He’ll always help me, when I’m making something new, and marks all my hems.

Both of us seem to like the same kind of people and the same kind of life. Neither of us smokes and as for drinking—a little wine with dinner sometimes. This bowled my father over when he first met Jack. It was a selling point, despite the fact Dad didn’t warm up to the idea of my marrying "an entertainer." Now Dad is one of Jack’s greatest fans.

I think one of the qualities that I find most endearing in Jack is his thoughtfulness. I suppose when you get right down to it, essentially, it is kindness. For instance, there were four little girls, fans of Jack’s who came to his show every night in New York. They sat in the front row at the studio. Finally, Jack had their seats reserved for them each night. Terribly faithful fans. Even now, they call us up long distance. And on our birthday, knowing how we loved it, they sent us a huge cheese cake from Reubens. Jack had some mention of it written into the lyrics of one of his songs that night.

But before we left New York, he wanted to show the girls his gratitude for their faithfulness. He planned a surprise for them. The only thing he would tell them was that they should dress up on a certain night. They showed up all washed and polished and radiant. He knew they wouldn’t want to go on a party in regular street clothes, so he had to risk giving away the surprise by warning them.

And what a party it was! He had reservations for them at the Barberry Room, gave them gardenias, took them there and had a wonderful feast for them, winding up with Baked Alaska. The kids were in seventh heaven!

He’s always been the ideal husband and now, after twelve years of being married to Jack, we have more fun than ever together. It’s been such a wonderful life! And it seems as if every day I discover new reasons to make me know that my husband is ideal!

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That Day Girl
(Continued from page 55)
and got it back just west of Kansas City. By that time I didn't want it.
That is when I first found out how sympathetic and kind Doris is.

"What are you doing down here under the seat?" she asked.

"Lying down with a sick friend," I said.

"Goodness," she said. "Who?"

"Me," I said.

"Oh, good," she said. "Then if you're taking care of Bob, I think I'll just take a nap."

We were coming in under a ceiling so low all the clouds were wearing shoes, but that didn't bother her. I had taught her how to make every minute count in the air. For instance, on the way east I read a book—on the way back west I read the second page.

On this tour, everybody from the Tuesday broadcast was along; Les Brown and his band; our announcer Hy Averback; Billy Farrell, Jack Kirkwood and the two that everybody looked at—Irene Ryan and Doris Day.

Everywhere we went, I got a rousing response.

"Oh, boy, OFF! Get away! Fade! OFF!!" rang from the rafters every time Doris and I made our first appearance together. The applause was deafening. The only way I could control my fans was by withdrawing. That calmed them.

What I like about Doris is she did not mind all of that attention going to me. She just stayed out there all alone by the mike and gave the customers a show—a real trooper.

Seriously, she is just that in every best sense of the word. She is on the up and zooming in one of the fastest-moving careers I have ever seen. When I say "fastest-moving," I can think of only one comparison—but she is moving even faster than the vegetables did the night Les Brown and his band came to my house to dinner.

Doris has hit the jackpot in everything she has touched in the last year, but she hasn't let success go to her head. That cute little noogin is on a string, and she still wears the same size hat.

Let me tell you a little about the gal in case you haven't seen her first movie, "Romance on the High Seas." She is just as cute looking off the screen as on. Maybe cuter, because she has a lot of freckles and she doesn't care who knows it. She doesn't wear any make-up except lipstick and freckles, and she's the girl to get away with it. She has one of those shiny kissers that always looks as if it's just been scrubbed. She's a blonde with big blue eyes. She's something like Ginger Rogers with freckles and Ingrid Bergman with song.

Doris hits a good middle road. Wholesome. No flibber. Not wiggled up, too. There is enough country in her so you know she's solid. But she also has plenty of hop for the cats.

She is full of bounce and pep and zing. She is always on the go—even when the customers aren't chasing her. And she has a great sense of humor. She thinks I'm funny.

She's quick-witted and bright. When you're working in front of an audience, you have to be prepared for emergencies. They are forever shouting questions like "Where's Bing?" I have never seen her get in the least flustered at a time like that. She leaves all that to me.

-size-

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She is a great meat and potatoes girl. Her idea of a party is two orders of steak. But she keeps that five foot, five and three-quarters inches shape down to a neat 120 pounds by getting plenty of exercise. She doesn't play golf, so I'm teaching her by letting her carry my golf bag.

When she was born in Cincinnati twenty-four years ago, they christened her Doris Kappelhoff. The dawn of a new day came when she was seventeen. She got her first professional engagement singing with Barney Rapp's band in her home town. But Kappelhoff was not the ideal tag for a songstress. "Choose something else," he said.

Her first number was "Night and Day," so she picked "Day" for good luck. What a break she wasn't singing "Maisy's Doats."

The luck was terrific, as it should be, to match the girl. She moved on to Bob Crosby's band and then toured with Les Brown (that's our band now) as featured soloist. His tour brought her to Hollywood where she set the town on its ear. First she cut some records that went like good hotcakes.

Her version of "It's Magic" has sold over a million copies.

Then Michael Curtiz gave her a screen test, put her under contract and right to work in the top spot opposite Jack Carson in a movie that already has had enough plugs from me. After all, there's a film called "The Paleface" around, too, you know, in case you're going to only one movie this week.

There is nothing high-hat about Doris in spite of her big success. She really likes people of all kinds of people — and she gets along beautifully with two completely different kinds: men and women. This fascinates me, because, hard as I try, I never get anywhere with women. But Doris knows how to get cozy with everybody from elevator operators to governors. One smile and the men want to kiss her. This new Hollywood star likes me. And women call her "honey." This never happens to me either.

Seriously, the reason she gets along with everyone is because she has lots of heart, lots of imagination and sympathy and humor as well as lots of voice, and because she knows what trouble is.

YOU know, she wanted to be a dancer, and she was good enough by the time she was twelve to get a job with a Fanchon and Marco unit. She was really on her way when she had a tough break. She was in an automobile accident and one of her legs was broken. She had to wear a cast for a year.

No fooling, breaking that leg nearly broke the kid's heart, too. But it was a lucky break for everyone else. To amuse herself, she started to study singing. Her father was a concert artist and music teacher. But she had a good start, as well as the courage to begin an entirely new career when she was an old lady of seventeen.

Today she can dance as well as ever, but there is something about that voice that gets you even more. After her first number on the broadcast, she would be turned around and said "Rrrrrrouffffff!" and we've been hearing that same noise all over the country from audiences — and I'm used to it after all of those years of fighting audiences for some attention against Frances Langford.

All I can say is, if somebody has to take second place, it couldn't happen to a nicer person — me.

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Name
City
State

That Hope Fellow

(Continued from page 55)

When you get to know him a little better, you realize that there is a great deal of seriousness behind that wall of clowning and gags and fun. Then you begin to notice that quite a lot of that seriousness comes through in his jokes. For instance, one was cracking about politics and world affairs after the inauguration, and he started with "It begins to look as if a Republican will have to marry Margaret to get into the White House," and then he went on, "But things are moving so fast in this atomic age, who can plan? Wouldn't it be awful for the Republicans if they finally got in just as the world went out?"

Everybody was making Democrat-Republican jokes at that time, and the Republicans laughed as hard as the Democrats, but I was beginning to wish they had built his jokes on something else. I particularly noticed that he had added, in a funny way, the thing that everybody has in the back of their heads—this feeling of a very serious time. I think that is one of the reasons audiences are so crazy about him—he says things that everybody is thinking in a way that you can remember.

None of the reasons he is so funny is that he takes his jokes very seriously. When he has a new idea, he tries it out on everybody who calls up, sometimes as many as fifteen people right in a row. Sometimes he will work for an hour or just one word. Nearly all of his gags are no more than about three sentences long, so very word counts.

He is a demon for energy. He left Hollywood in the middle of December, flew to Germany, did twenty shows in eight days for our men in the Air Lift, flew back, had two days in Hollywood, then started right off on one night stands.

When you first hear about it, it sounds like a fairly easy life, flying from one place to another and doing only two and a half hours' work every night. But that is just the beginning.

In the first place, there are special gags to be written and rehearsed and added to the show for each city. Everybody plans luncheons and parties in his honor, everywhere there are interviews. There were at least a dozen March of Dimes broadcasts, in addition to the Tuesday network show and I don't know how many times Bob slipped off for a personal appearance at a hospital for crippled children or for veterans.

He can't say no when service men ask him. For instance, on the way back from Germany he was told that a thousand men stationed in the Azores had signed a petition asking him to stop and do a show for them. Bob was good and tired from piling up one show on top of the others all the time he was in Germany—one day he did five—but when he heard about those boys out there on that green rock in the Atlantic Ocean waiting for him, he said, "If they can take it, I can."

The plane was due in the Azores at three o'clock in the morning. The schedule did not allow for a stopover of any length of time. So he got up at 2:45, did a full-two-hour show, and was on his way back there early the next day.

His favorite gags are about what a coward he is and how afraid he is of flying, but the other side of the picture is his hundred and sixty-six citations including his award as "Number
One Soldier in Grease Paint.

You never hear anything like that from him. You learn about those things from the people who work with him. Most of the people on his staff have been with him for years. Harry Cooley, for instance, stalked him to a meal and a job when both of them were in vaudeville and Bob was broke, and Bob has never forgotten. Charlie is one of the most important men in his organization. Jimmy Saphir got Bob his first radio date, and still handles all of his radio affairs. Charlie Yates booked his first vaudeville date and still handles his stage engagements.

Bob's memory is just as long as his loyalty. All over the country, people would stop him and say, "You wouldn't remember me, but we met...

Bob would remember though. Always he remembered the first name and often the last! He gets on a chummy, first-name basis with nearly everybody right away. I asked him once how he could remember, after five or six years, all of those thousands and thousands of people that he had met, and he said, "He was a great guy. I liked him, so of course I remembered him."

Bob never gets flurried. He just takes one thing at a time. It does it very easily, but somehow he fixes it so that everyone gets full attention without interruption from anyone else.

The best way I can describe how he does this is to say that he sort of departmentalizes himself, and that is how he gets through all of the things he does—movies, radio, show, benefit performances, interviews, his books, his syndicated column, the Cleveland Indians and personal appearances, not to mention golf.

He has more than two hundred people involved in his various interests, and still shoots in the low seventies. He usually travels in flannel slacks and a sports jacket, so he will be ready to grab off nine holes if he gets a chance. Close to show time, you begin to think that he isn't going to have time to change and that this is one time when he will have to rush, but he always fools you and strolls out in an immaculate blue suit, chewing gum and giving the eye to the girls in the audience.

He talks plenty of wolf in public, but when he is alone, with the cast what you hear is the latest about his wife, Dolores, and the kids. He calls them up every evening when he is away, just before the kids' bedtime and I hate to think what the phone bills must be because he has to hear all about an eight-foot putt that Tony sunk that afternoon, advise Linda about an ailing doll and discuss their affair with Kelly and Norah. Every Tuesday night after the network broadcast, he calls Dolores to find out how it went. Her opinion is the one to which he pays most attention.

Just about the best part of the trip was hearing him tell stories about his early days in vaudeville when he was making twenty-five dollars every other week. He had a really tough time getting started, but he even makes a gag about that. He says, "I ate hamburgers so long that when I got to Hollywood and somebody gave me a steak, I didn't know how to cut it."

If you try to thank him for something, he makes a gag, or laughs it off, or stops you. So I am glad that Radio Mirrors has given me this chance to say "Thanks for the memory, Bob, and for all of the kind things you do for everyone all the time."
When a Girl Marries  
(Continued from page 45)
again? And how could you be sure that you'd like the new place any better, or that the people there would be any friendlier? By and large, people are basically pretty much alike, wherever they live. Women, in particular, like to reserve judgment, not give their friendship too easily. And again, most people are fairly shy—just as you seem to be. So bide your time, do your best, make a real effort!  
Joan Davis

GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY  
Dear Joan Davis:  
My neighbor's granddaughter, aged four, and my daughter, aged three, are constant companions. Lately, I've noticed that my child is impudent and uses profane language, which she attributes to the other child. My husband feels I should not allow her to associate with the child next door, although she has no other playmate.  
If I do bring an end to their friendship, how will I explain to the grandparents, whom I like, and who do bring us to church each Sunday? Or, is the need of companionship so important that I should overlook the bad language my child is acquiring?  
Undecided  

Dear Undecided:  
I think there is a middle course open to you. Certainly I don't think that you should deny your daughter the companionship of her only playmate—and I don't quite see how, short of locking her up, you could manage it anyway! Nor do I think you need go to the other extreme of ignoring the problem.  
Apparenly you are quite friendly with the grandmother next door. Why not then make the problem a mutual one, to be solved together by both of you? I think you can go to the grandmother and in the friendliest possible way say that you've noticed that both your daughter and her granddaughter seem to have picked up a bad habit, and ask her advice and assistance, taking it for granted that she will want to solve the problem just as much as you do.  
Joan Davis

MORE THAN ONE ANSWER  
Dear Joan Davis:  
I was an illegitimate baby, and adopted when I was ten months old. My parents have been dead for several years and I have been married six years. My husband is a very nice person, and we have three children.  
Joan, do you believe it wrong to try to find my own mother? I have enough information to get started—but should I? I know I should visit her when I was ten. My adoptive mother, of course didn't approve. My own mother must have crossed her bridge and burned it—otherwise, why didn't she make herself known to me when I was twenty-one? (I will be twenty-three next week.) I want to find her ever so much, but should I?  
Alice B.

Dear Alice B.:  
I think that the answer lies in your own mind and your own heart. However, I know that that's very easy for me to say, so let me see if I can't help you to search your mind and your heart for the answer. You say that you're twenty-three.

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Rules & the way you will be trained. Practical Nursing, if you enter between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Get more on this respect of training. More work while learning. High school needed. Nation's largest training centers. Mail order diploma for Practical Nurse. Send 24.50 for Catalogue. 

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If jittery nerves occasionally get you so keyed-up you can't relax, try MILES NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or effervescent tablets.

But how old are you really? Old enough to face possible grief or embarrassment or shock? To take on added financial burdens? To risk a certain amount of trouble or hardship? To risk possible disagreements with your husband?

If, in wishing to locate your mother, the only thought in your mind is one of a pleasant, joyous reunion, then my advice to you is not to make the attempt to find her. However, I can easily realize how you must feel, and how you will always feel, too, if you don't try to find her. And so, if you can bring yourself—and your husband, for his wishes are important in this matter, too—face the fact that finding your mother may not be a matter for a touching reunion scene when I think it would be safe for you to go ahead. But it is, you see, a matter which no one can decide for you—you must make your own decision, and be prepared to abide by it.

Joan Davis

THREE'S A CROWD

Dear Joan Davis:

I have a big problem—to me, anyway. My sister has been with us almost since we were married. We have never been alone, and my husband doesn't think this is right. He is very unhappy.

My sister fusses at my children, and my husband doesn't like this at all. But my problem is, how am I going to get her to love without hurting her feelings? She is a widow with a small child, and I care for the child while she works. I love to make everyone happy, but I think my first consideration is that of my husband, don't you?

Ella M.

Dear Ella M.:

It's very nice to want to make everyone happy, but it seldom works out in this world, that a person is able to.

So you have to make a choice, ask yourself—of the people you love, which of them can you make happy, is most important to you. In this case, I'm sure you'll answer that your husband is—in fact, you know that already, as can be told from the last sentence of your letter.

It would be nice if some arrangement could be made so that you could continue if you wish to, to care for your sister's child while she works—that is, if living quarters for her and the child can be found somewhere in your neighborhood. But if this isn't possible, I still think you must ask her to move. Once again I can repeat the old truism—there's not room for more than one family in one house! It's up to your sister to make a life of her own for herself and her child, and up to you to see that your home life, with your husband and your children, isn't jeopardized.

Joan Davis

THIS IS THE TIME!

Dear Joan Davis:

The boy I have been going with just takes me for granted, I feel. He has never asked me to go steady with him, but he doesn't expect me to go with anyone else. Several boys have been asking me for dates lately and some of them I'd like to accept. I think this boy is very nice, but as I'm only sixteen I would like lots of other dates. Another thing, I feel that he is beginning to take me too seriously. Should I let him kiss me?

Margaret R.

Dear Margaret:

This is the time, my dear—perhaps the only time of your life—when you can do exactly as you want to do. In
a couple of years there'll be all sorts of pressures on you—the pressure of a job, of people expecting you to "act your age," perhaps a man whom you really care about in an adult fashion. But now is the time when you can be as carefree as you like—arrange dates with as many different boys as you like. From the tone of your letter, I think that's exactly what you'd like to do—have lots of dates with lots of boys and not bother your head about being serious, "going steady," with any one of them.

So why don't you just that—while you still can? Believe me, I know that being young has its drawbacks, but it's an awful lot of fun, too! At sixteen, you ought to have a lot of boys cluttering up the place just one. Don't take any of them too seriously and don't let any of them take you too seriously, and you'll have a wonderful time. A kiss is only part of growing up, too. A friendly, boy-and-girl, doesn't-commit-you-to-anything kiss is just that. A serious kiss—but then, if you have a lot of boy friends, and a lot of fun, there won't be any really serious problems, will there?—Joan Davis

EXAMINE YOUR HEART
Dear Joan Davis:
My husband and I are separated—temporarily, I hope. We've been married three years, and the only trouble we've ever had has been over living quarters. The only apartment we could find when we got married was a two-room, dingy place in an undesirable part of town, and where we shared the bath with all the other occupants on that floor.

We were both working, and finally, when we'd each had a sizable raise, I started to talk about finding a better apartment. My husband wasn't a bit interested, so I figured that if a change with moving was the only thing to be done, I could make it. I finally found a more desirable apartment—conveniently close to my work, but across town from my husband. However, since we both had night jobs, I thought it better for him to make the long trip than for me, especially in the winter months.

I really thought my husband would see the matter as I did, but nothing but hot and ever-hotter arguments followed, until I packed up and left for the new place I'd found—alone. I confess I might have taken this serious step had I not been so confident he would pack up his clothes and follow. But he didn't. I waited all the first evening, then the next morning I phoned him. But he hung up on me. Next I tried writing. My letters came back—unopened.

What in the world shall I do next? I could go where he works, and see if he will talk to me there, or go to his folks and have a heart-to-heart talk, or even send a friend to mediate for me. I'm scared to death, though, Joan. If every one of these should fail, what is there left I can do? I love my husband the same as always, and don't want this separation.

Mrs. L. D.

Dear Mrs. L. D.:
Usually it's fairly easy for me—or for anyone else—to give advice on a problem in which I am not personally involved, because I can stand off and view it from all sides, so to speak. But I don't find that to be true in your case. I've read your letter through many times and at the end of each reading

A boon to every woman...

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This is just one of the intelligently-
written, permanently useful
PERMABOOKS
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Doctor's Speedy Relief
You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, burning or tender, on the bottom of your feet, when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Thin, soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning, protecting. Separate. Separated. Medications included for quickly removing callouses. Get a box today. Ask for the Callous size.

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ALLIMIN relieves distressing symptoms of heartburn after meals, belching, bloating and colic due to gas in stomach and intestines.

ALLIMIN has been clinically tested by doctors and found highly effective. ALLIMIN is the largest selling garlic tablet in the world. For sale at drug stores everywhere. Ask for

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EARN UP TO $23 WEEKLY TOO!

Take your pick of dozens of gorgeous dresses—without a penny of cost. And earn up to $23 weekly to cash orders! That's what we offer you for representing us in your spare time, show our popular frocks to your friends, then send us their orders. Collect handsome cash commissions in advance. No canvassing or experience necessary. Send no money. Everything furnished FREE. Bush name, address and dress size.

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We asked you...

(rememember the March issue?)

what you think about Walter Winchell. And—in thousands of letters—you told us!

Watch for the prize-winning letters in the June

Radio Mirror

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You'll love wearing this thrilling reproduction of a genuine $500.00 diamond ring. You'll be the envy of all who see you. With settings and bands exactly the same. Both, both with safety clasp. Yellow gold is $3.75. Evident, 25 cts. green. Send $2.95 for both. Please state size. Must be shipped on approval. Must be returned in 10 days if not satisfied. If not returned, $2.95 is Yours. Send name, address, and postal order with your order.

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NOW A COMPLEXION CLAY THAT MAKES SKIN LOVELIER

CLEANS PORE OPENINGS • REDUCES SKIN BLEMISHES

WORKS WONDERS WITH TIGHT LINES IN FACE

Look better, feel better, after the first application with Hopper White Clay Pack. See for yourself how this amazing facial pack cleans pore openings, helps tighten the tired lines in your face and looses blackheads which can then be easily removed. Yes, you can thrill at the new loveliness of your complexion, the radiant, tingling feeling that is yours after a facial with Hopper Clay Pack. It's easy to use, costs only a few cents. At drug or cosmetic counters.
Going to College?

When Sue Howell, USC sophomore, was Family Counselor, she made some points about college which interested Brad Burton.

When my step-son, Brad, raised the college question, I felt rather inadequate in my role as mother. Colleges had changed since Stan's and my time, and while we often romantically visualized "our boy" as captain of his college football team, we realized there was more to going to college than that. This was Brad's question, yes—but it was a problem for the entire family, too.

We were fortunate in having young Sue Howell, sophomore at the University of California, drop by for a visit. As winner of the 1949 Maid of Cotton Contest, Sue was on a temporary leave of absence from school, touring the United States, England and France as goodwill ambassador of the American Cotton Industry. Well, when Sue and Brad started to discuss college, I knew that she would be able to answer many queries on the merits of a college education, so I asked her to appear as Family Counselor. After all, Sue was chosen contest winner not only for her good looks, but because of her personality, ability to learn and school grades.

Sue told Brad to do some serious thinking about going to college and suggested he talk it over with his teachers, school counselors and parents. "Don't jump into college blindfolded just because your best friends are registering," she said. "Participation in campus activities will make for good citizenship in later life, but you've got to mean business too."

When Brad asked just how important a degree was, Sue offered these wise words: "A degree is important, yes, but it's no fool-proof key to success, Brad. Such qualities as industry, integrity, adaptability and congeniality are left up to you." Brad agreed that these important items were every bit as necessary to success as the knowledge one carries in one's head.

Courses in classrooms, Sue pointed out, offer no cure for laziness, slackness, inattention and carelessness. There's also the matter of self-knowledge—of deciding whether you, personally, learn faster by experience and observation, or whether you need books, lectures, laboratories.

"Find out if you're college material, Brad, and if your folks can afford the additional school training. And if you have the mental powers and ambition to make the most of your college years," Sue suggested. "Yes, going to college will broaden your mind, widen your vision and enrich your life...but the rest is up to you."

On The Family Counselor broadcasts, we want to discuss problems that interest our audience. What would you like discussed by one of our Family Counselors? Won't you send your suggestions to me, care of Radio Mirror?
Modess... because
Chesterfield is MY cigarette, I smoke them because they’re Milder

Bob Hope

STARRING IN
SORROWFUL JONES
HIS LATEST PARAMOUNT PICTURE

WHY... I smoke Chesterfield
FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS

Liggett & Myers buy top quality cigarette tobacco and pay top prices for it... nobody will average paying more than they do, year in and year out.
I’ve been smoking Chesterfields ever since I’ve been smoking. I just like them... they have real tobacco flavor.

William P. Wiseman
FARMER—DANVILLE, VA.

ALWAYS BUY 'EM BY THE CARTON SAVE TIME SAVE TROUBLE SAVE MONEY

MAKES YOURS THE MOLDER CIGARETTE... THEY SATISFY
THE DENNIS DAY FAMILY
See page 42

MILTON BERLE • GRACIE ALLEN
ON McNEILL • RALPH EDWARDS
BIG SISTER • LANNY ROSS

Walter Winchell Contest Winners
See the loveliest you that you've ever seen—the minute you use Solitair cake make-up. Gives your skin a petal-smooth appearance—so flatteringly natural that you look as if you'd been born with it! Solitair is entirely different—a special feather-weight formula. Clings longer. Outlasts powder. Hides little skin faults—yet never feels mask-like, never looks "made-up." Like finest face creams, Solitair contains Lanolin to protect against dryness. Truly—you'll be lovelier with this make-up that millions prefer. No better quality. Only $1.00.

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*Fashion-Point Lipstick

Yes—the first and only lipstick with point actually shaped to curve of your lips. Applies color quicker, easier, more evenly. New, exciting "Dreamy Pink" shade—and six new reds. So creamy smooth—contains Lanolin—stays on so long. Exquisite case. $1.00

*Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies the famous *Fashion-Point and shows you exact color of lipstick inside—U. S. Pat. No. 2162584
Mum's the Word for Summer Charm!

Don't take chances—start with Mum today!

Safer for charm...
Safer for skin...
Safer for clothes...

Make today YOUR Mumday and you'll use soft, dreamy-smooth Mum forever after. Millions trust their charm only to this dependable cream deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Get large size Mum now!

You'll love its delightful new floral odor—its creamy texture!

Mum stays smooth, effective—doesn't dry out!

See for yourself how surely today's Mum stops underarm perspiration odor. Mail coupon for generous sample. Enclose 3¢ stamp to cover postage.
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Why take it with you?

New tooth paste with Listerine attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends might notice . . . you know.

But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains Lusterfoam—a special ingredient that actually foams cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisk away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with Lusterfoam freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!
TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing

LATHER ... WAS KATHERINE'S PROBLEM.

"My shampoo simply would not lather right" complained Katherine Ring. "I'd rub and rub but still my hair never had much glint to it!" And no wonder! Katherine was using a soap shampoo, and soaps not only fail to lather as well in hard water—they actually leave a film on hair that dulls natural lustre! So your hair lacks highlights, looks drab and lifeless!

BUT KATHLEENE GOT HEAPS OF IT!

"Look at all this lather", smiled her twin, Kathleene. "I discovered that Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing even in hard water! I never saw such suds! Never saw my hair so shining clean before, either!" That's what Toni's Soft-Water Shampooing means. Even in hard water it means billows of rich, whipped-cream suds that leave your hair shimmering clean!

NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!

Yes, it's Toni and only Toni for both the Ring twins from now on. Because Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! That creamy-thick lather rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Leaves your hair fragrantly clean, gloriously soft! And Toni Creme Shampoo helps your permanent to "take" better—look lovelier longer. Get a jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. See it work the magic of Soft-Water Shampooing on your hair!

Enriched with Lanolin

Coming Next Month

In July: four picture-pages take you Through the Years with Lorenzo Jones

FOR some time now, one of the features you've liked most in RADIO MIRROR has been the monthly Reader Bonus, the kingsize novelette in which we've brought you a variety of good reading matter about radio people. Next month comes a big surprise—a double-bonus issue, we call it, because in it you'll find not one, but two big fat stories. One is a fictionization from the well-loved drama Portia Faces Life. The other is a creepy tale of terror, novelized from one of the most hair-raising of recent Suspense dramas. There's enough good reading for the whole month of June in those two features!

* * *

But don't go away! Not satisfied with giving you enough, we give you more. Mrs. Art Linkletter, who has five children, tells what she knows (and it's plenty) about bringing them up so that it's fun for everyone concerned, instead of trouble. Georgia Carroll, the glamorous wife of Kay Kyser, talks about families too, with special reference to husbands and how Kay ranks among them. (High, says lucky Georgia.) Hand in hand with the story about Kay go two pages by him—our new Fun and Knowledge feature full of games to play, quizzes to puzzle over, jokes to laugh at.

* * *

We go in style (and color!) to a broadcast of County Fair. Minnie Pearl models some of her Mad Hatter hats; Joan Davis answers more of your letters; the Television Section brings you up-to-date on what's going on in and around TV; and all the other departments are, as always, full of the best and brightest news about radio that the month has to offer. It's all in July, on sale June 10th.
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 of 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 protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause 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 so 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. Men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is in every way the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

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.

You AND THE COSMETIC TAX

By MARY JANE FULTON

On the dressing table of Susan Thorn, of ABC's My True Story, are some of the "luxuries" which to Susan—and you—are necessities.

WHEN there's something you don't like, you can usually try to do something about correcting it—and often succeed. Let's consider something you certainly don't like—the twenty percent cosmetic tax about which you've been grumbling.

During the war, you know, this excise tax was added to the cost of your cosmetics. It was levied then for patriotic reasons. The extra charge added to the cost of toiletries you paid willingly, because you knew that it was helping to meet the expense of winning the war. It was supposed to be a war emergency tax. But the war has been over for three years, and the tax hasn't yet been lifted. In fact, there's a strong possibility that it may become permanent.

Knowing this possibility, the toilet goods industry has taken legislative action in Washington. The bill is due to come up again soon for review. When you read this, the debate for its termination, or continuance, may already be "hot." The final decision depends not alone on the efforts of the toilet goods industry, but also upon you.

Why you? The reason is plain. Congressmen and senators listen to so-called "pressure groups," of course. But they also pay a great deal of attention to what you, the voters, want them to do for you. You elect them, so they're pledged to do your bidding. When new issues, such as this one, arise, the only sure way for them to know what you want them to do, is for you to write to them.

So write at once, telling them how annoyed and displeased you are to have the cosmetics taxed which are necessary to keep you well-groomed and attractive-looking. Point out that you do not consider luxuries such things as cleansing cream, deodorant, lipstick, face powder, a home permanent wave, hand lotion, hand cream, nail polish, shampoo, the talcum and baby oil you buy for your baby, and other toiletries. For as a stenographer, file clerk, waitress, or housewife, for instance, you cannot afford to do without these items. Keeping yourself clean, well-groomed, and attractive is as much a part of your job as having the know-how to do your work well. Also stress that the additional strain the twenty percent tax places upon your budget makes it quite an item, even though you do try to economize, and not buy as many cosmetics as you'd like.

According to a survey, a New York working woman whose weekly salary range is from $25 to $35 a week, spends an average of $3 a month for toilet preparations. These are official figures. But you don't have to know official figures to realize that, if the twenty percent excise tax were lifted, you would be able, once again, to afford to buy all the toiletries you need for daily use. If you don't know who represents you in Congress, ask your local druggist. He has this information. You may also write to the chairman of the Congressional committees involved in this matter. Address them as follows: The Honorable Robert L. Doughton, Chairman, Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, House Office Building, Washington, D. C. Senator Walter F. George, Chairman, Senate Finance Committee, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C.

Your letters will carry great weight. So don't delay. Write today!
I never saw your hair so Pretty

If you want others to admire your hair... if you want to keep it looking its healthy best... be on guard against infectious dandruff which can so quickly play hob with it.

Simply make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing routine as countless fastidious women do (men, too). It's simple, delightful, efficient.

Infectious dandruff is often easy to catch, hard to get rid of. You can pick it up from seat backs in cars and buses, or in trying on a hat, or from a borrowed comb. Its early symptoms—flakes and scales—are a warning not to be ignored. You see, infectious dandruff is usually accompanied by the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale). Many dermatologists look upon it as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Listerine Antiseptic kills the "bottle bacillus" by millions on scalp and hair. That's why it's such a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff... why you should make it a part of your regular hair-washing—no matter what kind of shampoo you use.

Even when infectious dandruff has a head start, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic is wonderfully helpful. Flakes and scales begin to disappear, itching is alleviated, and your scalp feels marvelously clean from that antiseptic action. In clinical tests, twice-a-day use brought marked improvement in dandruff symptoms within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

* LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

THE TREATMENT—Women: Part hair, all over the scalp and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger-tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. Men: Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?
THE SHOW'S THE THING

In WOV's studio, Max Cole (r.) serves breakfast for visitors to his Wake Up, New York. Max is considerate in other ways, too—his records neither jolt listeners out of bed nor lull them back to sleep.

Max Cole seems to be experimenting in reversed maxims, and in his case the system seems to be working wonders. Born in Kansas, schooled in Arizona, Max reversed his first maxim after graduating from the University of Missouri. “Go West, young man” preached Horace Greeley...so Max started East. At the University he'd picked up radio knowledge through working for the local Columbia Missouri station, KFRU. Next, he “stopped” at KSD in St. Louis for three years, where he was bitten by the movie-bug. This further detoured his Eastern arrival.

Max finally snagged a small role in a play put on by the Pasadena Playhouse and was actually spotted and approached by a Warner Bros. talent scout, screen-tested and offered a contract. That was early in 1942. Through the courtesy of the U. S. Navy Max was saved making the decision on the Warner offer.

Arriving East at last—in New York—Max reversed his second maxim...this one not so much a maxim as a pattern for action among unemployed radio hopefuls: “Start with the networks.” Max first approached an independent station, the 3000 watts WOV. The coupling of Max’s good voice and diction with his sincerity won him recognition at WOV, and when the 6:30-9 A.M. Wake Up, New York M.C. spot was vacated it was given to Max. With a show of his own, Max continued to reverse the customary policy. He has at no time tried to build himself up as a “hot” personality or convince his listeners that he’s “big time on a vacation.” Instead, he has tried to build up WOV’s (and his) Wake Up, New York show. As a consequence it is gaining steadily in popularity, and so is the disc-jockey who is so set on building the show and not the M.C.

We asked Max how he knew what his listeners want in the way of programming. He waved a handful of letters and said “I get about half a sackful of these every day, and I read them all. I don’t make my program...my listeners do.” From all indications they’re pleased with the results.

Max left the Navy as a full lieutenant, having fought in many crucial battles.
America's Most Beautiful Cottons direct BY MAIL... You get MORE FOR YOUR MONEY!

GINGHAM SUNBACK
Separate Playe Bolero
Flashing white jacket with gingham inserts. Whirling skirt sun-back of expensive woven gingham featuring Blue or Red plaid.
Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25. Order NO. 1301 Only 598

WHITE SHOULDERS
Side-Button Beauty
Opens down the side. Snowy white shoulder tabs of eyelet pique embroidery. Full swinging skirt. Pink, blue-white, red-white, black-white stripes all with black scroll pattern.
Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Order NO. 2537 Only 298

WARMING STRIPES
Never-Ending Beauty
Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Order NO. 1100 Only 98

TIMELESS STYLES
For Immediate Sale
Our famous full-skirted Whirlgirl—new in exciting contrast... gay plaid with stars of solid color broadfrost. Plaid bolero jacket. Lilac with Lilac Plaid, Grey with Grey Plaid, Blue with Blue Plaid.
Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23. Order NO. 1004 Only 130

WHIRLWIND BOLEERO
Sensational Plaid's Solid Sunback
Our famous full-skirted Whirlgirl—new in exciting contrast... gay plaid with stars of solid color broadfrost. Plaid bolero jacket. Lilac with Lilac Plaid, Grey with Grey Plaid, Blue with Blue Plaid.
Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23. Order NO. 1201 Only 198

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City: ___________________ State: ________

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598

298

Only 98

298

98

498

130

198

398

98

Florida Fashions, Inc
Rochester and Phil Harris give the drums a complete workout before a Jack Benny broadcast.

Bridegroom Mel Tormé gets the just-right polish from his father before wedding to Candy Toxton.

Who ever said that marriage was anything but lucky? Little Mel Tormé really hit the jackpot when he married lovely Candy Toxton. He won a fine wife, a recording contract, fine reviews for his work in "Words And Music" and a hit disc in "Careless Hands." And all that for saying "I do!"

Tony Pastor's successful run at New York's Hotel Statler gave vent to some reminiscences by the saxophone-playing maestro. Tony launched his career at that very hotel (then called the Pennsylvania) in 1940. At that time Tony was a musician and vocalist in Artie Shaw's great band. One night the unpredictable Artie failed to show up and Tony stepped out of the sax section to direct the band. When word was received that Artie was giving up the band business and heading for a retreat in Mexico, Tony was elected to take over the band for the remainder of the engagement. It wasn't long before Tony built his own band—and you knew the rest of the story.

One of the cutest novelty songs ever written will be making its debut on lots of record labels very shortly. The title, believe it or not, is "If You're Not Completely Satisfied In Thirty Days, Your Love Will Be Cheerfully Refunded."

Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Abe Burrows got together for the National Arthritic benefit show.
Rage among the be-bop musicians is English-born pianist George Shearing, whose amazing keyboard technique and showmanly presentation are unique among jazz musicians. Most amazing is the pair of facts that Shearing first arrived in America one short year ago, and is totally blind.

Top candidate as the marvel of the music industry is composer-arranger-conductor Paul Weston, whose friends actually get weary just watching him fill his busy schedule. In radio, Paul is arranger and conductor for Jo Stafford on NBC's Supper Club and ABC's Jo Stafford Show. He's also musical director for Capitol Records in which capacity he writes the arrangements and provides the musical backgrounds for such vocal talent as Miss Stafford, Gordon MacRae, Margaret Whiting, Andy Russell, Johnny Mercer, and the Starlighters. On top of this Paul finds the time to write such hit songs as "Ain'tcha Ever Comin' Back," "I Should Care," "Day By Day" and the newest, "Congratulations." And, of course, Paul is a best-selling recording artist in his own right and also assistant director of artists and repertoire for Capitol.

After hoping against hope that the band business would pick up sufficiently to support a big dance band, Tex Beneke has finally come to the conclusion that he couldn't travel the nation economically with a thirty-three-piece orchestra. Consequently the new Beneke band is sans fiddles and down to the size of the original Glenn Miller band of twenty-three men. Actually Tex was carrying out the wishes of the late Glenn Miller by enlarging the band. Many dyed-in-the-wool Miller fans, however, seemed to feel that Tex was trying to improve upon an already established band style. So the new Beneke band will sound more like Glenn Miller than ever before.

Word comes to us that the Metropolitan Opera Company has "discovered" little Betty Clark, the 12-year-old blind girl who has the distinction of being the only child her age to have her own program on the air. Met officials are taking an interest in Betty's training, with an eye—or should we say ear?—to the future, a future they feel includes singing with the opera company.

Capitol Records is joining RCA-Victor in putting out 45 rpm long playing records. Columbia and Mercury are making 33 rpm. They'll all continue making the regular 78 rpm, of course. Anybody got a record player with three speeds, or do we need a living room full of players from now on?

By JOE MARTIN
Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

Gordon MacRae's version of "The Right Girl For Me," from the movie "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," should give that tune the right start to popularity.

DINAH SHORE (Columbia)—Dinah is "Havin' A Wonderful Wish" and telling "The Story of My Life." The first named is from "Sorrowful Jones." A pair of fine tunes.

PRIMO SCALA (London)—Even if it is corny it's irresistible. The Scala banjo and accordion band have a hit in "All Over Italy" and "There's Nothing to Do in Sleepyville." Can't stop whistling "All Over Italy."

MARGARET WHITING (Capitol)—The Johnny Mercer—Harry Warren song-writing team is great. Maggie's "Great Guns" proves it. "Comme Ci Comme Ca" sounded better in the original French version "Clopin Clopin."

VAUGHN MONROE (RCA Victor)—Remember "Ballerina" and "Matinees"? Then watch the reaction to "A Señorita's Bouquet," "Don't Lie To Me" is the reverse side and good, too.

GORDON MacRAE (Capitol)—"The Right Girl for Me" is from "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." "I Get Up Every Morning" is one of the best of Gordon's platter efforts.

FRANCIS CRAIG (MGM)—The man who made "Near You" and "Beg Your Pardon" is now an MGM artist. Francis wrote both "I Thought I Was Dreaming" and "Tennessee Tango." You can choose for yourself between them.

JACK KILTY (MGM)—A product of Oklahoma and a television star of the moment, Jack sings well on "Streets of Laredo" and "I Got a Gal in Galveston."

SPIKE JONES (RCA Victor)—Even if the Spike Jones' records weren't as funny as they are, the record labels are full of laughs. Right on the black and gold label it says, "Knock, Knock" vocal by Doodles Weaver, Sir Frederick Gas, George Bock, Freddy Morgan and The Four Fifths. The back is "Ya Wanna Buy a Bunny?"

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia)—The Voice is really back in voice with two fine songs from the Broadway show "South Pacific." "Some Enchanted Evening" and "Bali Ha" were both written by Rodgers and Hammerstein.

BILL LAWRENCE (RCA Victor)—Radio Mirror's "best newcomer" winner makes an auspicious record debut with "Dreamer With a Penny" and "I'm Beginning to Miss You"—the latter is the latest Irving Berlin ballad.

EDDY HOWARD (Mercury)—That man is here again. Eddy's version of "Candy Kisses" is sure to be a bit record. The Howard band rarely makes one that isn't a good record.
Collector's Corner

By ANDY RUSSELL

(Though Andy's biggest-selling records have had a Latin American feeling, he's one of the most versatile singers ever to grace a movie screen, night club floor or radio stage. Young, handsome and married, Andy is a Capitol Records star and is presently working on a new night-club "turn" which teams him with his lovely wife, Delta.)

* * *

Starting my musical career as a drummer in a dance band has had its effect on my musical taste, as anyone can see from my record collection. Being married to Delta also has had an influence on my collection of recorded favorites. That, of course, is because we share musical tastes that are almost exactly alike. While I enjoy listening to a symphonic concert, I prefer to restrict my collection to the lighter things, colored a bit by some jazz classics that will live forever in the world of music. Here's my list of favorite records and record albums:

"Lady Be Good" by Ella Fitzgerald. I've admired Ella from the time she was with the late Chick Webb's band. This disc is, to me, a sensational vocal effort.

"Begin The Beguine" by Artie Shaw. That was a band! I don't know that anyone will ever equal the great things that were recorded by Artie.

"Marie" by Tommy Dorsey. I feel that this was made during the greatest portion of Tommy's musical career. The Jack Leonard and group vocal chorus and the Bunny Berigan trumpet solo are still out of this world.

"Artistry In Rhythm" by Stan Kenton. This is one of the earlier Kenton discs on Capitol. Stan may have made better things since then, but I'll remember this.

"Tenderly" by Randy Brooks—I don't think that Randy has ever received the attention that is really due him. His trumpet work is excellent—and that song! A wonderful melody.

"Holiday For Strings" by David Rose. David, to me, is the master of string orchestration. That man can get the most beautiful sounds out of a violin section.

"Cole Porter Review" by David Rose. Now it must be obvious that I like David Rose music! Combining those fine arrangements with Cole Porter's terrific music makes a super-terrific record album.

"Music For Dreaming" by Paul Weston—I've admired Paul's arranging from the days when he was the man behind the Tommy Dorsey Band.

New Improved Pepsodent Sweeps FILM Away!

Have brighter teeth and cleaner breath in just 7 days or Double Your Money Back!

Now Faster Foaming!
Make this 7-Day Pepsodent Test!

In just one week, new improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, new freshness to your breath—or we'll return twice what you paid!

New Pepsodent: Tooth Paste foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film and its harmful effects: (1) Pepsodent makes short work of discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent's film-removing action helps protect you from acid produced by germs that lurk in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the cause of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent.

Try New Pepsodent on our double-your-money-back guarantee. No other tooth paste contains Irium—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. For the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

WHY FILM MUST BE REMOVED

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Use New Pepsodent with Irium for just 7 days. If you're not completely convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent, Division Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G, Chicago, Ill.—and you'll receive double your money back, plus postage. Offer expires August 31, 1949.

Pepsodent
Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company
THERE are two musical jesters in Pittsburgh who are making radio history at KDKA with their forty-five-minute Monday-through-Friday show of songs, recordings and chatter. On the airways they are known as Buzz and Bill but to most of their listeners they are easily identifiable as Buzz Aston and Bill Hinds because, though still in their early thirties, they are already radio veterans. Now, aided by the pen of scripter Sy Bloom and the stopwatch of producer Ev Neill, they have passed another milestone on their road to success.

Gifted with good singing voices and a flair for things dramatic, they are perfectly at home before a mike or on the stage. During their musical jester routine they sing tunes with special lyrics supplied by Bloom; intersperse jokes and chatter and, when recordings are used, sing right along with them and wind up with either a trio or a quartet!

Both of them are stars in their own right on local network shows—Aston as singing M.C. on Memory Time, and Hinds as singing M.C. on Tap Time. Aston is a favorite in the night spots as a singer in addition to his radio work, but Hinds has had to cut down on his personal appearances because of his many studio duties. He is also a staff announcer and Brunchmaster on the Brunch with Bill noon-time variety show.

However, they can't escape making some personal appearances. And it's not unusual to find them doing one-night stands in Pennsylvania, Ohio or West Virginia, decked out in Gay Nineties finery, singing the tunes of earlier days.
Russ Hodges

Russ Hodges owes his career to a broken ankle. If the blond, jovial Kentuckian hadn't suffered this mishap in his junior year at the University of Kentucky, he would not today be one of the outstanding sportscasters in radio and television. In addition to having been appointed sportscaster for the N. Y. Giants baseball team, Hodges is heard and seen in his popular Russ Hodges Scoreboard program over WABD and the DuMont Television network (Mondays through Fridays, 6:45 P.M. EDT). He's also heard on the MBS program, Russ Hodges' Quiz Show, Saturdays at 5 P.M. EDT.

Hodges got that broken ankle in a football scrimmage at the U. of Kentucky in 1931. Forced out of the college games, Russ was assigned to be the "spotter" for the announcer who reported games over WCKY, Lexington, Ky. While in the booth identifying the plays and players, Russ was interviewed by the announcer. And that did it. He completed that year of college, but never reported for his senior year. He went into radio and has been there ever since.

Russ's first radio job was as a staff announcer for WCKY. He opened the station at 7 A.M. and until 1 P.M. did everything in the studio, including sweeping. He also had complete charge of all sporting activities of the studio.

After two years of this routine, Russ applied for a job as a sportscaster for WHBF, Rock Island, Ill. He applied by mail and was hired by phone. Here he did a daily baseball stint, a daily "man in the street" interview, as well as five hours daily on the announcing staff. In January, 1935, at the age of twenty-three, Hodges moved to WIND, Chicago, for a full sports schedule handling all major events.

"Wheaties" took Hodges out of Chicago in 1940 and set him down in Charlotte, N. C., where, for one year, he was sports director of the CBS affiliate, WBT, doing most of his broadcasts from telegraphic reports, a tough assignment. In 1941, Hodges moved to Washington, where he landed his first network assignment as sportscaster for Mutual. Then in 1946, Russ was summoned to New York to assist Mel Allen in the New York Yankee baseball and pro football coverage. It was his good work on these stints that landed him the N. Y. Giants contract.

Russ is married and has a fifteen-year-old son, Patrick and an eight-year-old daughter, Judi.

"I dress for a dinner dance... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. "For a busy day, I love my chic ensemble in contrasting woolens with its matching bonnet. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream... because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too... even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "For a brilliant evening, I remove the jacket and hat, and presto! My dress turns into a new off-the-shoulder formal! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream... because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant.

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

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)
By DALE BANKS

Autograph-seekers staged a record stampede for Anna Roosevelt's signature when she was a guest on Art Linkletter's House Party show.

Marion Jordan—better known as Molly McGee—tried a new field when she starred with Jim—better known as Fibber—on Suspense.

SIXTEEN top radio actors in Hollywood, headed by Cathy and Elliott Lewis, Lucrene Tuttle, Bill Thompson and Herbert Rawlinson, have formed Radio Actors' Institute, which will hold classes in radio and television on a regular schedule for beginners. Stars mentioned will lecture as guest instructors.

There's so much gloomy news these days about sponsors cutting budgets for radio and cutting salaries that it's nice to hear this kind of info. A new comedy show being built as a summer replacement feature has a writing budget alone of $1,500 a week. And that will be for a sustaining feature. Until video can match prices like these, radio's bound to stay pretty healthy.

Nancy Craig, ABC women's commentator, received a volunteer service award recently from Dr. H. Claude Hardy, vice-president of the Save the Children Federation, for conducting a "best-dressed doll" contest on her show with entries going to children in little country schools sponsored through the Federation. Mrs. Kay Entricken of New York City won first prize for designing and sewing the gown for the doll Nancy is shown holding in the picture on the opposite page. As a result of the contest, the Federation received more than 1,500 dolls from Nancy's listeners, and the contest promises to become a yearly event.

The Save the Children Federation is a national child service organization, serving children in rural areas of nine states and on the Navajo Indian Reservation. In Europe it helps needy children in Austria, Finland, France, Holland and Greece, according to Dr. Hardy.
ABC's Nancy Craig accepts a volunteer service award from Dr. H. Claude Hardy, vice-president of the Save The Children Federation. Nancy conducted a contest, got fifteen hundred dolls for the Federation's work.

FROM COAST TO COAST

The Federation is at present conducting a nationwide appeal for $100,000 to help Navajo Indian children following the most terrible winter in the history of their Reservation. Half of all these children die before they are six years old, even in ordinary times. And as Will Rogers, Jr., chairman of the Federation's appeal, says, "When an act of God happens, they get it doubled in spades."

* * *

Kudos to Dee Engelbach, round-faced, cherubic producer-director of Hallmark Playhouse, one of Hollywood's ablest and most versatile radio producers. Dee is a perfectionist, and because he prepared for his career by understudying and learning the duties of the many specialists who combine to make up any broadcast, he can deliver the commercials, operate the control board, plot the thematic music, or coach the guest stars in acting techniques. Proof that he is one of the top men in his field today lies in the comments of such accomplished stars as Gregory Peck, Irene Dunne and Joan Fontaine. They say that Engelbach exhorts them to performances that they didn't think themselves capable of delivering. In fact, Joan Fontaine was so impressed by him that she has requested him as her director for her next picture.

* * *

Influence of radio note . . . Stop the Music is credited with inspiring a prominent specialist at a New York hospital to play a similar game with his Saturday morning pathology class. During the lecture, slides are shown on a screen and students are asked to identify them rapidly. When a student sees one he recognizes, he shouts "Stop the slide!" Quiz scores are tallied at the end of the session with prizes for the best results. (Continued on page 22)

Actor Charles Tranum's new hat causes considerable comment. Complete with earphones, tubes, aerial, the weird headgear's a radio!
Howard "Farmer" Jones helps his wife air WFIL's Mary Jones show.

As a name, Mary Jones is plain—plain as a name can be. But as a personality, the Mary Jones who is heard Mondays through Fridays from 1:30 to 2 P.M. over WFIL, Philadelphia, is anything but ordinary.

This versatile commentator is recognized as one of the best cooks in Pennsylvania—and cans her own home-grown fruit and vegetables besides.

However, Mary's interests are not limited to the kitchen. She's the author of several books and has written articles for homemaking magazines such as House Beautiful and House and Garden. She collects early American furniture and has remodeled and redecorated six Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouses, one of which serves as a home where she and her husband, WFIL M.C. Howard Jones, raise White Chester hogs, and the property has become a Montgomery County showplace as "Whifletree Farm."

Another of Mary's hobbies is the collection of Gaudy Welch china. In addition, she qualifies as an expert landscape architect, specializing in old-fashioned gardens. As though this weren't enough, Mary also has managed to combine motherhood—and, more recently, grandmotherhood—with her career.

Her own grandfather owned a newspaper in the same city and his articles, written during his walking trips, are reprinted periodically in the Allentown Call.

Mary herself was educated at Miss Sayward's School and Moravian College. She also attended Miss Green's School for homemakers in Boston.

On the air, she becomes completely wrapped up in her work—so much so, in fact, that husband Howard frequently has to come to the rescue in order to get the program off the air in time for the station break. Her years of experience on CBS and the Yankee Network failed to make a clock-watcher out of her, but they did help her to attain the delivery and timing which contribute to making her broadcasts so easy on the ear.

Mary Jones's "work" includes interviewing such famous personalities as bandleader Paul Whiteman.
John McCaffery, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri.), has prepared another special set of questions to help Radio Mirror readers delve into their subconscious minds. "How Accommodating Are You?" is the question this column will answer, when you've added up your score.

1. Do you readily give the time of day to strangers who stop you on the street to ask you for it?

2. Do you automatically offer to light your friends' cigarettes?

3. When your wife or sweetheart asks you to go with her to help her select a new coat or hat, do you do it willingly?

4. Are you in the habit of giving your seat on the bus or subway to women?

5. Would you try to explain a movie to a child sitting next to you in a theater if he asked you?

6. Do you lend your car readily?

7. Do you wash the dishes and otherwise offer to help clean up after eating at a friend's house?

8. Do you willingly take telephone messages for people who don't mean anything to you?

9. When you are at a late party do you, as a rule, offer to give a lift to other people there, although you know they may live in an opposite direction from yours?

10. If a friend of yours was invited to a party and had no girl to take with you, would you accommodate him by lending him your girl or sweetheart for the evening?

Give yourself 10 points for every yes answer. 0 through 30 points might suggest more than a little selfishness on your part. Being accommodating is largely a matter of habit and like other habits sometimes has to be cultivated. 40 through 60 is where most of us fall and 60 and above might suggest that you let people take advantage of you. However, it might suggest, too, certain feelings of insecurity on your part. We have all met people who kill with kindness and if you are one of these it might be wise for you to take stock of yourself and try to determine why you feel that you must be overly nice in order to hold your friends.

There is no name more famous for flavor than Beech-Nut...

It's "Always Refreshing"

Beech-Nut BEECHIES, the Candy Coated Chewing Gum in three varieties: PEPPERMINT, PEPSIN and SPEARMINT
Goldilocks and the Three Spoons

Once upon a time Goldilocks was out buying her silverplate and she came to a store that showed her three spoons. One spoon was an ordinary spoon with no form of wear protection at all. It was a Holmes & Edwards Spoon... and like all the most used spoons and forks in this really finer silverplate—it was inlaid with two blocks of Sterling Silver at the backs of bowls and handles to stay lovelier longer.

When she heard this, Goldilocks ran all the way home... with her beautiful new chest of Holmes & Edwards, of course!

The next spoon she saw was one of the extra-plated kinds. But the third spoon was something extra special. It had these...
RUTH PERROTT, of the Lucille Ball show, My Favorite Husband (CBS, Friday at 8:30 P.M., EDT), keeps pleading with producers to cast her in dramatic parts, but all she gets is another prize comedy part like Katie.

Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and raised in Grand Forks, N. D., Ruth has a long theatrical background. During their school years, she and her brother, Richard, did a lot of home entertaining. While at the University of North Dakota, Ruth wrote a one-act play titled "Sacrifice," which won the Arneberg prize.

In 1920, Ruth went to New York, ostensibly to visit her brother at West Point, but actually with her mind made up to try acting. By sheer tenacity, she got a part in a hit which starred Mitzi Hajas. After the run of that show, she joined the original "Blossom Time." In June of 1923, she left the show to marry George St. John Perrott, grandson of Sir Edmond Thomas Perrott of Stratford, England.

Perrott was head of the Bureau of Mines in Pittsburgh, so the Perrots lived in the smoky city for eight years. During that period, Ruth attended the Carnegie Institute of Technology and won a B.A. degree in drama, meanwhile making her debut in stock, playing one season with the George Sharp Players.

In 1933, Perrott became an economist for the Roosevelt Administration, and he and the Perrots moved to Washington where Ruth joined that city's Civic Theatre and appeared in dramatic roles. She also continued writing, again winning a prize for a one-act drama.

The summer of 1937 found her playing stock in Westport, Conn. and Mount Kisco, N. Y. That same year she auditioned for Cavalcade of America in New York and became a regular member of the cast. Following separation from her husband in 1943, Ruth left for Hollywood.

There, Ruth, now wise to radio, made a recording on which she portrayed twenty different characters and voices. She played it for various directors and soon had regular calls for many shows, including such standbys as Stars Over Hollywood and One Man's Family.

The titian-haired, blue-eyed actress has one thing in common with the maid she portrays on My Favorite Husband - she makes the best lemon meringue pie in Hollywood. She lives in a hillside house where she raises her own vegetables and fruit trees and during her spare moments, she's studying radio writing at Hollywood High School.

Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN...for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can see new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

Because
Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate’s exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Always creamy and smooth . . . lovely to use!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!
The Ericksons—Carl, 1., Ivena, r.—have three children: Bonnie, 5, Dennis, who will be 1 on June 6, and Carolyne Sue (not pictured), 9.

One of the best known radio personalities in Midwestern United States is now one of the best known voices in Western New York. Carl Erickson has worked on nearly a dozen stations in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan since he first led his high school band over WIND, Gary, Ind. Now, as the 6 A.M. Esso Reporter, he broadcasts for WBEN, Buffalo.

The studious-appearing Carl was a part-time announcer at WIND during his high school days and can't remember when he wanted to do anything but radio work. In fact, he "married" into radio. He wooed the lovely Ivena Wright—a radio actress and secretary to the farm director of WLW when Carl was newscasting there—in the studios of WLW, Cincinnati, and married her two weeks after their first meeting.

Midwest listeners may know the versatile Carl as Carl Andrews or as Nobel Nash. His first middle name is Andrews and he took the name of Carl Andrews while a disc jockey at WLW. He was known as Nobel Nash in Springfield, Illinois, in 1938.

Erickson was born in La Porte, Ind., and began part-time announcing and dramatics at WSBT in South Bend, Ind. The urge to rove landed him at WHBF, Rock Island, Ill., and a matter of months later, he was on the staff of WROK, Rockford, Ill.

He went back to WIND as news editor, then in rapid succession he transferred to WCVS, Springfield, then WAOV, WOW and his last stop before Detroit was Cincinnati's mighty WLW. He joined WWJ in the fall of 1942 and then transferred to WBEN.

Now that he must arise shortly after 4 A.M., he likes to recall one of his favorite bits of humor by an anonymous poet:

No fame I crave, before my eye
A simpler goal I keep:
I hope just once before I die
To get sufficient sleep.

When Dennis was born, poetess Ann Campbell dedicated a poem to him, published it in newspapers throughout the country.
Janette Davis may call Arthur Godfrey "boss" on his program, but in her home town, Pine Bluff, Ark., she outranks Godfrey. Mayor George Hammond Steed has named Janette Hay, her first official duty, assigned the songstress to appoint Godfrey First Citizen of the town. * * *

Just to show you how easy it is to start something, Junior Miss writers Henry Gaskin and Robert Soderberg report that when they had one of their flunkey adolescent characters state as a gag in the script that she had painted her fingernails down the first knuckle, the gag boomeranged. A national magazine wanted to photograph the new fad, three girls' clubs announced that they had adopted the style, and several indignant parents de- nuited the writers with protests against putting ideas like that in the young 'uns' heads. * * *

There's one young man in California who can hardly wait for this June and commencement at UCLA to be over. He's twenty-four-year-old Paul Levitt, who's studying train schedules already in preparation for a hurry-up trip to New York as soon as he's finished his studies at the University. A driver for Fletcher Markle was in Hollywood last Spring, he spotted Levitt in a campus play and hired him on the spot to play a bit role in one of the Ford Theater scripts. Levitt was so good that he was immediately signed to play another part in a subsequent show and, after that, was invited by Markle to come to New York as soon as he could because there would always be work for him there. Give him a helping wish, will you?

Raid or no raids, it looks as though Phil Harris and his NBC show will stay where they are. Phil has signed with sponsor and network to remain at least through 1956. * * *

Jimmy Durante has an "Ulcer Room" in his new house in Beverly Hills. It's so named because the room is where the writers of Jimmy's show gather to work and sweat with Jimmy and Phil Cohan four days a week to turn out the script. It's nice that they can all joke about ulcers like that. Ourselves, we can't think of anything better guaranteed to bring them on than having to dream up a first rate comedy show, once a week, week after week.

Boy Scout motto to the contrary, Dorothy Levitt, who plays June Carter on The Guiding Light, earned her first radio job because she was unprepared. Called for an audition and lacking suitable material, Dorothy read an article from a woman's magazine and landed a job conducting a radio cooking school.

Alan Hewitt, who plays Ken Martinson in This Is Nora Drake, is doubling on the Broadway stage these days, earning big applause for his performance in "Death of a Salesman." * * *

Recently, Johnny Long writes us, he wrote in to Johnny O'Dwyer, the operator of Hold-Boo's, and said it wasn't permissible to use the name. "It's only a gag," Johnny said, "they'll know who really sent it." But the operator was adamant, so Johnny really didn't want to let Johnny Long off the hook. "Johnny Long," The voice with the smile was firm. "I'm sorry, sir, that's just as bad. You can't use that name either. Why don't you sign your own name?"

In the end Johnny had to give up and send the telegram from his home.

Congratulations to Arthur Heinemann on his selling two short stories to national magazines recently. Deserves special notice, because Arthur, a swell fellow to know, has for years been a reader of other people's stories, first for a publishing firm, later for several movie companies and, at present his job is to sift through CBS scripts with an eye out for material that can be transformed into television and motion picture material. It's nice to think that now someone else will be reading his stories and reporting on them to the movie companies. * * *

If you're a quiz fiend, keep an eye on the bookstands. They'll soon be carrying a Winner Take All Quiz Book, to be authored by Bill Todman and Mark Goodson, producers of the CBS show of the same name. Another radio producer-turning-author is Addison Smith, who produces and directs the What Makes You Tick? program. He's writing a book on the radio game and what it has taught him about psychology.

Ticket demand for the five-hundred mile Indianapolis Speedway Race to be held on Memorial Day, already exceeds last year's record advance sale. The thrilling event will again be brought to radio listeners in syndicated broad- casts, taking in the full race, on MBS. Bill Slater heads the ace announcers corralled for the broadcasts.

Scattered news of summer plans is filtering in, some of it set, some of it still in the rumor, dicker class, but here it is that we've got ... Alan Young reported to be on the verge of signing to do a personal appearance tour in his native Canada when his air shows take their summer vacation ... Jim Haw- thorne, whose zany disc jockey show on ABC came to an untimely end, is being considered by CBS in a new and more serious format for a summer replacement feature ... Meredith Will- son will probably conduct the San Francisco symphony during its summer season of concerts on NBC's Standard Time series ... Paul Ford, during last year ... Bob Hope may take a trip to visit Army and Navy installations in Japan following the close of his eighteen-week vacation this summer ... Guy Lombardo's shows will be transcribed in advance, so the maestro can give his full time to speedboat racing in mid-summer and the boys in the band can enjoy their annual five weeks' paid vacation ... Al Jolson will spend his summer vacation entertaining U. S. troops abroad.

Gossip and Stuff ... Jean Hersholt returns to the screen in a George Jessel produc- tion under the Fox-Jennings Columbia title Bandwagon ... CBS reports that Bing Crosby will have a new sponsor next season ... NBC is negotiating together with Metro. A new hour-long dramatic series featuring Metro stars.
UNMASKED

Dear Editor:
Who is David Harding in Counter Spy—
what is his real name? I think his voice is simply wonderful. I could listen to him all day long.

Miss B. T.
Gretna, La.
The man you’re looking for is a tall (six feet) handsome actor with light brown hair and blue eyes, and his name is Don McLaughlin. Don developed that wonderful voice at the University of Arizona where he received his M.A. in Speech.

STILL FLOWING

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me if Moon River has gone off the air or just changed time and station? It used to be on the air every night at 11:30 P.M. but I haven’t heard it for quite awhile. I really miss it.

Miss L. M.
Middletown, Indiana.

Moon River, now in its nineteenth year, cannot be heard on all stations. This program originates on WELW, Cincinnati and is heard mostly in the Midwest. Check your local paper’s radio log to see whether it is listed. Incidentally, Mr. Jostyn—Mr. District Attorney to you—began his radio career on this program. He was the program’s first reader of poetry.

QUICK CHANGE

Dear Editor:
Since Jack Benny went to CBS it has been a mystery to me as to how Phil Hartman and his orchestra can get from the Jack Benny program on CBS at 7:00 P.M. EDT to his own program with Alice Faye on NBC at 7:30 P.M. EDT in a matter of a few seconds when both programs are on different networks.

Miss L. T.
Wellsburg, Iowa

It’s easy—the NBC studios are right across the street from CBS, on Sunset and Vine.

THEME SONG

Dear Editor:
I would like to know the name of the theme song of the daytime serial Big Sister.

Mrs. J. B.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

It’s “All The Things You Are,” by Jerome Kern.

JULIE STEVENS

Dear Editor:
Yes, she does, and her name is Julie Stevens.

RICHARD WIDMARK

Yes, he did. Not only that but Richard Widmark, who was one of radio’s busiest actors prior to going into pictures, also had featured roles in Pepper Young’s Family, The O’Neills, Stella Dallas, David Harum, Just Plain Bill and Big Sister.

HE’S BOTH

Dear Editor:
I would like to know if the John Brown who portrays Al on the My Friend Irma show is the same John Brown who plays Digger O’Dell on the Life of Riley show. Their names are the same but their voices are entirely different.

New York 23, N. Y.

They may not sound like the same person—but they are.

AMOS ‘N’ ANDY WRITERS

Dear Editor:
Do Amos ‘n Andy write their own show?

Des Moines, Iowa

No. The program is written by a staff of writers headed by Bob Ross.

Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we’ll try to find the answers.

BUSY ACTOR

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me if Richard Widmark played the leading role in Helen Trent a few years ago?

Miss S. W.
Bronx, N. Y.

JULIE STEVENS

Dear Editor:
Does the actress who plays the title role in Helen Trent also play the role of Maggie Lovell in the program Road of Life?

Mrs. P. C.
Richmond, Calif.

He Needs a Man-to-Man Talk!

OKAY, Junior, let’s have it, if you know what’s made me a lost cause with Julie, don’t keep it a secret!

WELL, man to man, it’s the old bad breath angle. Joe, so, how’s for seeing your dentist?

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC PROVES THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE 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 polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!”

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

SINCE I GOT THE COLGATE PITCH JULIES TEMPER’S DONE A SWITCH!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every dose.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about a radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 200 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We’ll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

Colgate Ribbed Dental Cream
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 431 AND 251 SIZES

23
Are you in the know?

How to choose the right perfume?

☐ By trial and error
☐ By its glamorous name
☐ Buy Mom's brand

Sultry scents aren't suitable for teens at any time—much less in summer. Keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne; or some fresh, light-hearted perfume suited to your type. How to tell? By trial and error. Try a few different fragrances in small sizes, to find the kind for you. You know, when smart gals choose sanitary protection, they try the 3 absorbencies of Kotex—Regular, Junior, Super. Do likewise! Discover which one's right for your needs.

After a late date, should a damsel—

☐ Invite him into the house
☐ Say goodnight at the door
☐ Thank him

When the night's no longer young, there's no call for your date to linger. Dismiss him graciously at the door. (Your family will appreciate it!) And pul-ing—no "thank-you's," either. "It's been a lovely evening" will do. You can always be sure of a pleasant evening, when you're poised—free of "problem time" worries. That's why you'll want to be sure to choose Kotex. Because of that special safety center, you can count on extra protection with Kotex.

To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest—

☐ World's tallest building
☐ Great Britain
☐ Good camouflage

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, you can find new glamour—by giving careful thought to your wardrobe. If you've figure faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the high-waisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested figure. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no tell-tale line with Kotex. For that, thank the flat pressed ends of Kotex. They present revealing outlines...do wonders for your confidence!

How to prepare for "those" days?

☐ Be a blo gnu
☐ Break your dates
☐ Buy 2 sanitary belts

Certain times are no time for moping at home. Brighten up! And freshen up—with careful grooming, immaculate clothes. And why not be prepared in advance with two Kotex Sanitary Belts—so you can change to a fresh belt when you change to dating tops?

You see, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Your adjustable, all-elastic Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. That's why—for extra comfort, you'll want the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Buy two—for a change!

More women choose KOTEX*

than all other sanitary napkins

"F.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER"
“What Do You Think of Walter Winchell?” we asked our readers in the March issue, and offered an automobile and cash prizes for the most interesting answers. Here’s a list of winners—is your name on it?

Winner of the first prize, a Kaiser automobile, is Mrs. Tracy L. Stalker of Flint, Michigan. Here is her winning statement: “I hate purgatives—though indispensable, they are disturbing; I hate thunderstorms, but they clear the air; I hate bravado but admire valor; I hate alarm clocks, but without one I wouldn’t wake up in time! Is that why I never miss a Winchell newscast?” Forty additional statements were chosen and the names of these five-dollar winners are: Mrs. B. F. Exner, 906 St. Ferdinand St., Baton Rouge, La.; H. Day, 568 Flower St., Chula Vista, California; Lt. Comdr. Rudolph Snyder, Admiral Farragut Naval Academy, Toms River, New Jersey; Alfred W. Hutcheins, 3011 16th Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida; Christy Rhebergh, Blue Willows, Shushan, N. Y.; Clyde Harris, 1151 North Avenue, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia; Mrs. T. N. Kyle, Route 1, Tennessee Colony, Texas; John L. Dunck, Route 1, Box 165, Colon, Mich.; Mrs. Russell Nichols, Box 25, Brewster, Ohio; William V. Carter, Box 6903, Jacksonville, Florida; Hilding E. Peterson, Birchdale, Minn.; Stephen Stawiarski, 4140 West 61st Street, Chicago, Illinois; Frank G. Davis, 1015 Garfield Avenue, Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. George Seamer, 11577 Morrison St., North Hollywood, Calif.; Rita Szacik, 1930 South Washtenaw, Chicago, Illinois; Ada M. Wedekind, 1810 Germantown Rd., Middletown, Ohio; Lloyd Ira Miller, 1031 North 21st Street, Allentown, Pa.; Elizabeth Buckley, 36 Maple Avenue, Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.; Nona Barbaric, Box 423, Shinnston, West Virginia; Mrs. John Farwell, Route 1, Seiling, Oklahoma; George F. Holt, RFD 2, Havana, Arkansas; Joseph Hoff Eldridge, Red Valley, Cream Ridge, New Jersey; Dyna Glaser, 1902 E. First Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. I. Duncan, 401 South Jackson, Altus, Oklahoma; Mrs. Mildred Lauck, 9367 E. Orange Avenue, Pico, Calif.; Mr. Albert Slack, 34 Arnold Street, Methuen, Mass.; Mrs. Gladys Tuck, 44 West Elm Street, Homer City, Pa.; George W. Wood, Taylor Avenue, White Horse Beach, Plymouth, Mass.; Charles M. Kock, 408½ Brookline, Luling, Texas; Mrs. Floyd Russell, 416 Wilson Avenue, Cynthiana, Kentucky; Mrs. Eula M. Hines, 1904 Titus Street, San Diego, Calif.; Pierre Dolan, Jr., Box 113, Fordham University, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Ruth Honeycutt, 196 Telescope Avenue, Trona, Calif.; Mrs. Helen C. Spain, Route 1, Killbuck, Ohio; Mrs. Blackhawk E. Allen, 1140 Oregon Street, Waterloo, Iowa; Isa V. Helmick, 722 South Walnut St., Crawfordsville, Indiana; George William Rezey, 838 Jay Street, Utica, New York; Miss Gertrude Malone, 640 West State Street, Trenton, New Jersey; Paul Charach, 445 Burrows Ave., Winnipeg, Canada; Mrs. Miles Kroghus, Box 462 Ocean Beach Station, San Diego, Calif.
ARE YOU QUIZ-WISE?

By M. A. McCANN

IT HAPPENED to John Reed King, M.C. on Give and Take, when a woman identified the secret sound.

"Madam, you have won an electric stove, a refrigerator—" and John's voice went on breathlessly for at least a minute, checking off a thousand dollars worth of prizes.

But the woman, looking suspicious, said, "I don't want the prizes."

For the first time since Marconi invented the wireless, an announcer was speechless.

"Well, you're fooling me," the woman said. "You don't really give away all those things."

She was one of the few people who think it's too good to be true. Little wonder. The cash and prizes earned daily by housewives and stenographers and people in the street have made radio quiz shows an exciting, almost fabulous kind of entertainment. But the prizes are real right down to the last ice cube in the last refrigerator.

And breathes there a woman with soul so dead, rich or poor, shy or cocky, who hasn't wished she could cut herself a slice of rich radio pie? Why not? Everyone has a chance to get on a quiz show and maybe win.

If you are reading this, the odds are high that you are the kind of person the producers and M.C. want on a network quiz program. And there are more than forty-five different shows, some broadcasting five or six times a week, so your chances of making the grade are far better than you might think.

Since most programs choose participants from the studio audience, the first step is to get into a broadcast. Nearly all originate in New York, Hollywood or Chicago. If you live or will visit in the vicinity of one of these cities, the network will mail your tickets.

Here are their rules.

American Broadcasting Company—Request tickets at least three weeks in advance (a month to two months for Break the Bank or other in-demand programs).

Columbia Broadcasting System—Request tickets at least three weeks in advance. In most cases you may have four tickets for each performance. You can usually have tickets for two performances of the same program.

Mutual Broadcasting System—Request tickets four weeks in advance (six weeks on Queen for a Day). All shows usually limited to two tickets but occasionally you may get more and see two shows.

National Broadcasting Company—Request tickets two to six weeks in advance. You may have two tickets for each show and perhaps tickets for more than one performance.

Address your letter simply to the name of the program, the network and the originating city. In your letter state the exact dates when you'll be able to attend and number of tickets you wish.

Studio tickets will advise you to be in the theater at least twenty minutes before a broadcast. For quiz shows, it is important to get into the studio earlier because of the warm-up period. The warm-up period is a name designated to pre-broadcast time when the M.C. and producers choose contestants from the audience. An advantage in arriving thirty to forty-five minutes before air time is that you can get a front row or aisle seat. In many shows, assistants rove the aisles with microphones. Being within arm's reach of one of these men helps. Being near the stage, where the M.C. can see you, is another advantage.

This is what the assistants look for:

Sex: Almost unanimously, women are preferred. From years of experience, announcers find women have more varied interests than men, so are better able to answer questions. And women are more relaxed, too.

Appearance: Very important but don't worry about Fifth Avenue clothes or renting (Continued on page 99)

Unless you're as well-prepared a quiz contestant as the lady here, you'll be glad of these do-and-don't
hints on making a good quiz showing
"I'M GROWING UP AGAIN"

If you were ever a teen-ager

. . . forget it, says Gracie. It won't help a bit when you start trying to

keep pace with your own youngsters  By GRACIE ALLEN

I AM IN the midst of my second teenhood.
The first time I made this trip, I remember that
everything was crystal clear. I knew exactly where
I was going, and why. I knew exactly what I was going
to do, how I was going to do it, and I had at tongue-tip
at least six good arguments with which to defeat any-
one who didn't agree with me.

But now that I'm in my repeat teens, like all parents
of adolescent sons and daughters, the crystal ball is
muddied. In dealing with our fifteen-year-old daughter,
Sandra, and our fourteen-year-old son, Ronald, my
major emotion is admiring but bewildered anticipation;
my major exertion is keeping in step with them from
second to second. Maybe I should take longer steps.

Take the simple matter of wearing lipstick. I was not
allowed to use it until after I was sixteen. Sandra, at
thirteen, began to suggest that the time had come for her
face to take on new color. "All the girls at school wear
it," she said.

I do know the monumental importance of each girl's
being just like the rest, each boy duplicating his fellows.
(In the animal kingdom this sort of thing is known as
protective coloration, I believe.) So I made a deal with
Sandra. I said she might use lipstick if she would allow
me to select the color, and if she would not extend the
natural outlines of her mouth. She agreed, and for a
year she kept the bargain. At the end of that time I
noticed that she owned more lipsticks than I did—not
one of which could be accused of anemia. By that time
we had grown so accustomed to seeing her in this bit
of make-up (the only thing she uses, incidentally) that
all I said was, "I wonder if this shade called 'Dynamite'
would do anything for me!"

My first teenhood was marked by an interestingly
different attitude toward clothing from the one I have
developed, or been coerced into, lately. In my girlhood
crowd, one had no choice between living up to our idea
of "chic" or being socially dead. Our cloche hats, our
sleeveless dresses with their short, ruffled skirts, our
stockings with clocks, our jungles of artificial flowers in
which we buried our left shoulders, were—if nothing
else—feminine. Prettiness was important to us.

Perhaps it still is to teenagers . . . in the privacy
of their own rooms on Sunday afternoon. At all other
times, to be caught garbed in anything except sneakers,
wool socks, levis, and one of her father's shirts worn
scalloped ends out, would be Sandra's idea of square con-
duct, and I do mean with two heads.

Oddly enough, Sandra's idea of the "chic" in clothing
entered into her acceptance of a new school. It went
like this: when Sandra graduated from Marymount
Grammar School, where only girls are enrolled, we
decided to send her to Chadwick, a private co-educu-
tional high school. George and I both went to public
schools, so we are in favor of bringing up our children
in full knowledge that the citizenry is divided into two
sexes.

When George and I suggested to Sandra that it was
time for her to change schools, we were met by stony
silence and an expression of suffering. "I'll hate it," she
observed.

I made a deal with her. We would drive out to Chad-
wick (it is beautifully situated in the rolling Palos
Verdes hills) and inspect it. If she didn't like it, she
needn't enroll.

As we circled the gracious (Continued on page 83)
Edyth Stoner, ex-school teacher, told of Ralph as a boy.

We have had praise since This Is Your Life went on the air six months ago for opening opportunity's door to a series of deserving folk, for "giving the little people a chance."

Now, we like praise as well as the next fellow, the half dozen of us who put This Is Your Life together week after week, but I think we'll have to sidestep this particular compliment. You see, those who come under our radio spotlight have made their own chances. That's what makes their stories worth telling! Nor are they "little people." Anonymous, perhaps, but big—the kind of people who are the very core of our country's greatness.

Take Ralph Neppel, for example. If you heard the bare facts of his story without knowing the one most important point of all, you'd still say he had done very well for himself, that he is a success. Listen:

He's a champion Iowa farmer, who toted off all the prizes at the Iowa State Fair a year ago for his record yield of one hundred bushels of corn per acre—more than double the national average. He's the head of a family and mighty (Continued on page 80)

The "little people," says Ralph Edwards, are really the great ones—they ask no favors, make their own chances.

Take Ralph Neppel's case . . .
IS YOUR LIFE

Between the two Ralphs: Mother, Mrs. Rose Neppel. In back: Gene Rine, who saved Neppel's life, buddy Jim Schuele, brother "Arby."

By RALPH EDWARDS
In a pre-airtime huddle: l. to r., writer Hal Collins, associate producer Irving Gray, Berle himself, writer Bob Gordon.

Entertainer Frances Faye sat with Berle during rehearsal, marveled at his blow-by-blow way of putting show together.

Requirement radio never exacted—makeup. But Berle, with a long record of personal appearances behind him, doesn't mind.

YOUR TICKET TO THE

On stage from first to last—by audience demand—Berle is the show!

Imagine, if you can, the best three-ring circus you've ever seen, plus the finest vaudeville performance. For good measure, add commercials that are a treat. That wonderful hodge-podge is, according to many thousands of delighted people who watch it every Tuesday night over WNBT and TV network, a perfect description of Texaco Star Theater. A vast share of the credit, performers and audience agree, goes to Milton Berle, who is on stage nearly every moment and whose activity during rehearsals outdoes any six other people. On these two pages are pictures taken during rehearsal and telecast of one program, typical of the hustle—and the really superlative brand of entertainment—of all the rest. Sit back, relax, pretend you're in the front row, and enjoy it!

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION
Ted Wilson was a present-day Thedora. Audience—and Berle—loved it.

"Tell ya what I'm gonna do!" Sid Stone gives commercials a new lease on life.

Irving Gray makes last-minute costume check. In this case—does it matter?
In a pre-airtime huddle: L to r., writer Hal Collins, associate producer Irving Gray, Berle himself, writer Bob Gordon.

Entertainer Frances Faye sat with Berle during rehearsal, marveled at his blow-by-blow way of putting show together.

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Texaco Star Theater

Radio Mirror Television Section
While Harry was convalescing from his illness, his 6-year-old son, Bobby, was his daily companion.

In Hollywood, where a house isn’t a home without a pool, Harry’s is unique—it’s the only one that was built on doctor’s orders.

Wheel-chair-bound for a year, Harry found that working back to happy family life was a slow, grim process.

“Parky” is just a figment of H.

It’s a funny thing how an imaginary character, beginning as just a wisp of dream stuff, can go on filling out and growing more substantial as you live in him and with him for several years, till he becomes as real to you, his creator, as the guy you go bowling with on Friday night.

Then maybe something happens that makes it seem necessary to get rid of your imaginary sidekick. Life closes in you; there’s no longer room for him. So you decide you’ll have to drop your character, heave-ho, just like that. “Goodbye, please,” you tell him. “I can’t take care of you anymore. Go get lost.”

Right there you’re liable to get the surprise of your life. Your brain-guy stands right up and talks back. He refuses to do a fade-out. He says, “Look, bub, we’ve had a lot of fun together, a lot of laughs. Now, just because things look a little tough, you want to drop old buddy. Well, it’s no soap, see. I’m sticking.”

So there you are. You can’t get rid of the guy. He insists on living, and he insists that you live with...
Einstein's dreams. But, when his creator lay helpless, it was "Parky" who took over . . .

By

HARRY EINSTEIN
("Parkyakarkus")

him. You've just done too good a "dreaming-up" job.
That's what happened to me with Parkyakarkus not so long ago. Chances are that most of you know Parky, the jovial Greek-American whose lunchroom was for ten years the scene of Meet Me At Parky's, broadcast over NBC and Mutual. Chances are equally good that most of you never heard of me, Harry Einstein. I'm Parky's papa; he's my boy. I made him up, and he made me. But don't think for a minute that we're the same person. Parky leads a life of his own. Even though I know him better than I know myself, he's always pulling stuff that surprises me. And some of his surprises are pretty wonderful ones—like his sticking with me when it looked as if paralysis had me whipped. For awhile there, when I was physically just about down and out, it seemed that our roles were almost reversed, that Parky was the creator breathing life into me, his invention.
Believe me, I had no idea when I walked into that hospital in the summer of (Continued on page 86)
"Parky" is just a figment of Harry Einstein's dreams. But, when his creator lay helpless, it was "Parky" who took over...

By HARRY EINSTEIN
("Parkyakarkus")
The past few years have been turbulent ones for Ruth Wayne. But now that she, her husband John and their son Richard are together once more in their little Glen Falls home, she is hoping with all her heart that fate will allow their lives to fall into a pattern of domestic peace.
Years with SISTER

The story of a woman who found room in her life for the service of many, room in her heart for the love of only one.

In this Radio Mirror review of the life of Big Sister and her family, you see the people of the town of Glen Falls going about their daily lives just as you hear them on the air, played by the actors who play the roles on this daytime radio story:

Ruth Evans Wayne ..................... Grace Matthews
John Wayne .............................. Paul McGrath
Neddie Evans ............................ Michael O'Day
Hope Evans .............................. Teri Keane
Reed Bannister .......................... Ian Martin
Valerie Hale Bannister ................ Anne Burr

Big Sister is heard Monday through Friday afternoons at 1 o'clock, EDT, over stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

2. Ruth Evans centered her life about her orphaned sister, Sue, and her crippled brother, Neddie—more than an elder sister to them, she tried to fill the roles of both mother and father in the lives of the two younger children. She was delighted when Sue met and married newspaper reporter, Jerry Miller.

1. With Sue's life happily settled, Ruth turned her full attention and devotion to the care of Neddie. A new doctor, John Wayne, was called in. Soon Ruth and John found themselves in love. But because of her brother's affliction, Ruth felt she must give him first consideration, put his happiness before hers.
The past few years have been turbulent ones for Ruth Wayne—now that she, her husband John and their son Richard are together once more in their little Glen Falls home, she is hoping with all her heart that fate will allow their lives to fall into a pattern of domestic peace.

**Through the Years with BIG SISTER**

The story of a woman who found room in her life for the service of many, room in her heart for the love of one.

**GRACE MATTHEWS**

In this Radio Mirror review of the life of Big Sister and her family, you see the people of the town of Glen Falls going about their daily lives just as you hear them on the air, played by the actors who play the roles on this daytime radio story.

- **Ruth Evans**.......................... Grace Matthews
- **John Wayne**........................... Paul McCallum
- **Neddie Evans**........................ Michael O'Fly
- **Hugie Evans**.......................... Fred Crane
- **Fred Remington**....................... Tom Martin
- **Velma Hale Remington**............... Anne Starr

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2. With Sue's life happily settled, Ruth turned her full attention and devotion to the care of Neddie. A new brother, John Wayne, was called to Sue Ruth and John found themselves in love. But because of her brother's affliction, Ruth felt she must give him her full consideration, put his happiness before hers.
4. John Wayne's skill and care brought about a complete cure for Neddie, opened for him a full, normal life. Shortly after his recovery, Neddie fell in love. He, too, soon was married and set up housekeeping with Hope, his lovely young wife—leaving Ruth free at last to follow her heart.

5. On October 19, 1939, Ruth and John were married. For one lovely year their life together went smoothly and they lived in quiet happiness. John absorbed in his work with Dr. Carvell and Ruth looking forward to the birth of their baby. He was born just before John Wayne went to war.

9. John's one request, before he left, was that Ruth divorce him, marry Reed Bannister, who was in love with her. Ever hopeful that John would return, Ruth refused to start divorce proceedings. But the close friendship between Ruth and Dr. Bannister gradually developed into romance.

10. Eventually, Reed convinced Ruth that John would never return. Mistaking gratitude for love she agreed to divorce John, marry Reed. While they were at the lawyer's office arranging for the divorce, John returned—a new John Wayne, determined to fight to regain his wife's love.
6. Left alone with baby Dick, Ruth found herself once again playing both mother and father. To add to her problems, trouble was brewing between Neddie and Hope—trouble which threatened their marriage.

7. During John's absence, his best friend, Dr. Reed Bannister, came to Glen Falls to carry on John's work with Dr. Carvell. Ruth went to work as secretary to both, for convenience moved into Dr. Carvell's home.

8. At the war's end, John returned—maladjusted, unable to pick up his pre-war life. To "find himself" he left; Glen Falls again. This had a shattering effect on little Dick. Dr. Carvell tried to help the child.

11. Neddie's wife had a breakdown, was in a sanitarium. Neddie went to New York, met dancer Valerie Hale, and brought her back to Glen Falls. There she fell in love with Reed, who did not return her affection.

12. But Reed chose to marry her and leave Ruth emotionally free to follow her heart again—back to her son and husband, now happily reunited.
THROUGH THE YEARS

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Every radio actor in the business knows
CBS's Marge Morrow. And vice versa. It's Marge who
has the answer to that all-important question . . .

But is

UP ON THE fourteenth floor of the CBS Building at
Madison Avenue and 52nd Street in New York is
the office of Miss Marge Morrow, Casting Director
for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Her office is
small but comfortable. There are pottery figurines and
vases of flowers wherever there is desk or shelf space for
them. A tiny radio perches on the window sill, and the
walls are lined with handsome photographs. Some of
them are hauntingly familiar to the casual visitor, and
if you were to look closely at them, you'd realize they
are actors and actresses you've seen in the movies or on
the stage or in the pages of magazines. They all bear
loving inscriptions: "To Marge, who gave me my first
break." "For Marge Morrow—a real friend." And one
picture of a well-known Hollywood actor with a huge
dog reads, "We love you, we love you, we love you."
It sounds like a quiet, homely spot, doesn't it? Well, it
isn't. It's a whirlwind of a place with something going
on every minute.

Phones ring. A director wants an Easter bunny—
that is, an actor to play an Easter bunny. A producer
wants to point out that he's sending round a girl who
really has talent. "If she has," Marge tells him, "why
worry? I'll take good care of her." A secretary asks
when Marge can see two applicants. With one hand,
Marge makes notes in an appointment book; with the
other, she holds down a casting list . . .

No, it's anything but quiet and peaceful.

What kind of person is Marge Morrow, anyway?
Radio actors will tell you that this attractive girl with
the big brown eyes is one of the most important people
in the business. And it's quite true that she holds down
one of the best jobs that CBS has to offer a woman—
that of Casting Director for the network. She's been
in radio since its very beginning—starting out at WJZ
in 1926 while she was still at college. Those were the
days when there were only twenty-five people on the
whole WJZ staff, and everybody had to do everything.
From WJZ, she went to work for Peter Dixon, one of
the first producers of daytime serials, and eventually
arrived at CBS in 1935. At that time, CBS has about five
staff directors, each of whom knew only ten or fifteen
actors and used them on their shows all the time.
Marge's files now contain the names of over 15,000 actors
and actresses whom she had auditioned over the inter-
vening years.

Those thousands of auditions make Marge shake her
head when she thinks of them. "There are about fifty
excerpts from plays," she'll say, "—from Shakespeare
to Sherwood, that I know by (Continued on page 98)
iTALENT?

By
GWEN
JONES

Macdonald Carey is an old friend. He had a successful radio career behind him before he went west to repeat it in movies.
But, if it's stars you're after, don't go to the Days. There's nobody there but the family.

By DOROTHY BLAIR

ANYONE who expects to find the Patrick Dennis McNulty's living in the style to which a high Hooper rating could accustom them, is in for a surprise. You won't find the house marked on the Maps to Stars' Homes sold along Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard. As a matter of fact it isn't in Hollywood nor is it in any of the districts considered fashionable by glamor standards. The back of McNulty's hand to glamor.

Patrick Dennis found his house before he found his bride—and both are just what he ordered.

He said, a good many times before he married, that his wife would be a girl who had, and we quote, a zest for living, a sense of humor, an appreciation of music, a love of children, radiant good health, and no desire for a career.

He said his house would be big and comfortable. It would be on a hillside. It would be planned for family living—not as a show place.

You have to forgive the Hollywood dopesters who only smiled when he was quoted to them. They'd heard it all before. They'd heard many another popular, famous young bachelor say much the same thing—and the next week marry a starlet whose sense of humor extended as far as the review of her last picture, and who had a zest for living—in night clubs. These couples ordinarily moved into houses with heated swimming pools.

Young Mr. McNulty, however, meant what he said—but only his closest friends believed him. Consequently, they were the only ones who were not surprised when he carried Peggy Ahlmquist McNulty over the threshold of the house in the Los Feliz district and deposited her in her new home and into the life of a celebrity's wife, simultaneously.

The Los Feliz section of Los Angeles is a comfortable, prosperous neighborhood more favored by the substan-
When Pat III was born, family life moved upstairs to the nursery.
Come and Visit DENNIS DAY

Dennis, like all young husbands, needs last-minute aid in the morning. But he knows his duties as a father; his camera (r.) is always ready for Pat.

The McNultys' house is a two-story, ten-room structure of white stucco, built when Los Angeles was going through its Mediterranean phase. There is a trim, well-kept lawn that blends, without fence or hedge, into the lawns of the neighbors on either side. There is no pool, there are no electrically operated gates to shield the McNultys from the world. Instead, there's a curving walk up to the big oak front door, and there's a Dennis-built barbecue out in the back patio.

Patrick Dennis McNulty is also, of course, a handsome young Irishman known to almost every man, woman and child in this country as Dennis Day. His father was Patrick McNulty before him and Patrick II is proud indeed of the name. But once he changed it. It happened when he joined the Navy during the war. He'd been christened Patrick Owen. When he went to school he changed the Gaelic Owen for its English equivalent, Eugene. His confirmation name was Dennis. The Navy told him to make up his mind. Was he Patrick Owen, Patrick Eugene or Patrick Dennis McNulty or was he Dennis Day? The Navy advised that he settle down to one—if only so the books could be kept straight.

So Patrick legally changed his name to Dennis Day. After he came back from the Service, and after he'd proposed to Peggy Ahlmquist, he wanted his family name again. So off he went to court and asked to go back to being Patrick Dennis McNulty.

"Are you positive?" the Court wanted to know.

"For keeps," Dennis declared.

The result of all this to-do is that young Mrs. McNulty calls her husband Dennis, as does everyone else, and
when anyone calls her Mrs. McNulty she is inclined to think they are speaking of, or to, her mother-in-law.

Brown-haired, blue-eyed Peggy, who had all the qualifications Dennis asked in a wife, was, when she married in 1948, a senior at the University of Southern California, where she was majoring in something called International Economics. She and Dennis met on a Sunday afternoon when the elder McNultys took two of their sons, Dennis and John, calling on their good friends the Ahlmquists who live in a suburb of Los Angeles called Lynwood, and whose daughter, Peggy, happened to be at home. Dennis that day asked Peggy for a date — and it was only a few months later that she dropped out of school to become his wife. Until that historic Sunday she had her eye on a job in the Chinese Embassy in Washington. That idea, and a two-year stint as a bank teller during the war, are as close as she ever came to a career — and she doesn't want, she says, to get any closer. You could point out that she's working at a full time job now, but she'd only laugh at such nonsense.

She couldn't approve more of her home if she'd picked it out herself. When Dennis bought it he hadn't met Peggy, so he invited his parents and his unmarried brother to share it with him. When Dennis and Peggy moved in, the other McNultys moved out, taking their possessions with them, leaving room for the wedding gifts and the newlyweds' own ideas of decorating. About all that was left when Peggy and Dennis got back from their honeymoon were the rugs, a couple of easy chairs Dennis had bought and the furnishings in his own room.

Together the young McNultys selected the pictures— the oil over the living room (Continued on page 89)

Dennis is a home-loving man who doesn't just talk about it. He carries his fair share of the load.

But who could consider this work? Not Dennis. (Not for a year or so, at any rate.)
LITTLE BOY AT THE FARM
Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

He picked the wild strawberries; smelled the clover; And ate the clover-honey in the comb.
He stared at graceful swallows skimming over The rippling wheat, grown in the rich black loam.

He chased the chickens; picked the pink shellflowers, And went with grandfather each time to milk;
He dodled hay-cocks in the sunset hours, And curried horses' flanks as smooth as silk.

He dreamed long boy-dreams stitched with gold and glory,
Roofed over with the jewel-weed and broom,
And for a bedroom chose the whole third story Which once had been his own dear father's room.

He often stood spell-bound . . . his eyes went straying
To miracles . . . fresh-made and beautiful,
He did not know he set the files to playing . . .
In grownup hearts . . . he was the miracle!

—Eunice Mildred LonCoske

BACHELOR BEWARE
When she asks you over frequently
To gorge on the gorgeous meals she can make,
She's casting her bread on the waters, but she
Expects it back as wedding cake!
—Thomas Usk

DOWN TO EARTH
I do not vow undying love,
Nor forego all flirtation;
I swear not by the stars above,
To spare you mild vexation.

I make no ardent vows, but you,
May find some compensation,
In knowing you have forced me to
Complete domestication.
—Cathryn Green

SONG FOR BOOKS
Books on gardening; books on bugs;
Books on hooking ory rugs;
Books on how to set the table;
Books on trapping mink and sable;
Books on skiing; books on Rome;
Books on how to build a home;
On preventing soil erosion;
On combating an explosion;
Books on charm; on raising chickens;
Books on planes . . . it beats the dickens
That no matter what your dream
There's a book upon the theme!
Read and take your satisfaction—
Save yourself all wearing action—
If you merely want to cook,
There's a book!
—B. Y. Williams

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through
Hello There:
I suppose there are a lot of things we could say about a June page of poetry... even the June bug sometimes has a place in a poem. But the most important reason for these brief verses—is not so brief. It's as long as all the summers and winters you've known... as wide as the sea, as high as the sky... as long as a lifetime. It's as full as two who spend their lifetime together, can make it. Vows, and wedding cake... cook books... slippers... pipes... late snacks in the kitchen... soap suds, pots and pans... doctors, and bills... tears... laughter... and cookie jars for somebody about so high. A June page of poetry.
for you... for all of us... for a lifetime.

—TED MALONE

MESSAGE
Remember me when bells of summer waken
And young hearts soar beyond the drifting cloud.
When eyes are quick to glow, and hearts are shaken
By sudden rapture, passionate and proud.
When bees are noisy in the fragrant clover
And winging swallows challenge sky and sea,
When love is fled and summer's dream is over,
Remember me...
—Sydney King Russell

POSSIBILITIES
Please, darling, do not be offended
When I say you were not intended
To be a "perfect" husband. You
Have much too separate a view
About so many things, and can,
At times, be quite a trying man...
But I am happier by far
With you exactly as you are.
It leaves a chance for me to try
To change you, somewhat, by and by!
—S. H. Dewhurst

IT ALL ADDS UP
If women seem more wise than men,
It probably is so
Because, in knowing they know less,
They know more than they know.
—Faye Chilcote Walker

MEASUREMENTS BY
A FOUR-YEAR-OLD
Heaven is as high
As the pantry shelf
Where he can reach cookie jars
All by himself.
Earth is as gay
As his puppy's bark,
And peace means watching
A meadow lark.
Grief is as cold
As a dead June bug
And solace as swift
As his mother's hug.
The world's as wide
As his father's grin,
And contentment comes
In a mudpie tin.
—Kathleen Emmert

KNOWLEDGE
Across the heights and hollows of the years.
The pale gold summer moons have seen me weep.
The winter dawns have marked my futile tears
For all the things I could not have, nor keep.
One lesson I have learned of tears and grief:
The seeming precious gifts for which I yearned,
Have no more value than a fallen leaf,
But oh, the price I paid for what I learned.
—Marie Erwin Ward

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 Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, 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.

Friday mornings at 11:30 EDT over ABC
LITTLE BOY AT THE FARM

Radio Mirror’s Prize Poem

He picked the wild strawberries; smelled the clover,
And ate the clover-honey in the comb.
He stood at graceful swallow’s singing over
The rippling wheat, grown in the rich black loam.
He chased the chickens; picked the pink shellflowers,
And went with grandmother each time to milk;
He dodged haystacks in the sunset hours,
And curried barrels flanks as smooth as silk.
He dreamed long boy-dreams stitched with gold and glory,
Banded over with the jewel-weed and bower.
He lit a bedroom chase the whole third story
Which once had been his own dear father’s room.
He often stood spell-bound... his eyes went straying
To miracles... fresh made and beautiful.
He did not know he set the titles to playing...
In growing hearts... he was the miracle!

—Eunice Mildred Loncarke

BACHELOR BEWARE

When she asks you over frequently
To gape on the gorgeous meals she can make,
She’s cutting her bread on the waters,
but the
Exploits it back as wedding cake!
—Thomas tick

DOWN TO EARTH

I do not war a dying love.
Nor forego all functions:
I swear not by the stars above,
To spare you mild version.
I make no ardor vows, but you,
May find some compensation.
In knowing you have forced me
To complete domestication.
—Cathryn Green

SONG FOR BOOKS

Books on gardening; books on bug,
Books on baking airy pies;
Books on how to set the table;
Books on hopping mink and sable;
Books on skiing; books on Rome;
Books on how to build a home;
In preventing evil essence;
On combating an explosion.
Books on charm; on raising chickens;
Books on plows... it tears the dishes
That no matter what your dream
There’s a book open the theme.
Read and take your satisfaction—
Save yourself all wearing action.
If you merely want to cook,
There’s a book!
—E. Y. Williams

MESSAGE

Remember me when bells of summer
Wake;
And your heart yearns beyond the
Drifting cloud.
When eyes are quick to glow,
Hearts are chicken
By sudden capture, passionate and
brave.
When the sun is low in the fragrant
clover
And winging swallow challenges sky
and wind.
When love is fled and summer’s dream
is over.
Remember me...
—Sydney King Russell

POSSIBILITIES

Please, darling, do not be offended
When I say you were not intended
To be a “perfect” husband.
You have much too separate a view
About so many things, and can.
At times, be quite a trying man...
But I am banished by far.
With you exactly as you are.
It brings a chance for me to try
To change you, somewhat, by and by.
—S. H. Dewhurst

IT ALL ADDS UP

I warned you when the fables of summer
Wake;
And your heart yearns beyond the
Drifting cloud.
When eyes are quick to glow,
Hearts are chicken
By sudden capture, passionate and bravery.
When the sun is low in the fragrant
clover
And winging swallow challenges sky and wind.
When love is fled and summer’s dream is over.
Remember me...
—Faye Chiquito Walker

MEASUREMENTS OF A FOUR-YEAR-OLD

Poetry is as high
As the poetry shelf
Where he can reach cookie jars
All by himself.
Earth is as gay
As his puppy bark.
And peace means watching
A meadow lark
Grass in as cold
As a dead June bug
And solitude as soft
As his mother’s hug.
The world’s as wide
As his father’s grin,
And contentment comes
In a mudpie tin.
—Kathleen Emmett

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BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

Hello There:

I suppose there are a lot of things we could see about a June page of poetry... even the June bug sometimes has a place in a poem. But the most important reason for these brief verses—it is not to brief. It’s as long as all the summers and winters you’ve known... as wide as the sea, as high as the sky... as long as a lifetime. It’s as full as two who spend their lifetime to hered, can make it. Vows, and wedding color... cook books... sippers... pipes... late snacks in the kitchen... soap nuts, pits and paws... doctors, and bills... trousers... laundry... and cookie jars for somebody about as high. A June page of poetry.

—Ted Malone

KNOWLEDGE

Across the heights and hollows of the years,
The pole gold summer wars have seen many.
The winter downs have marked my foal’s blood.
For all the things I could not have, we keep.

One lesson I have learned of tears and grief.
The meaning precious gifts for which I yearned.
Here are two values from a stolen led,
But oh, the price I paid for what I learned.
—Marie Erwin Ward
By JOAN DAVIS

Mary Jane Higby plays
Joan Davis, heroine of
When A Girl Marries,
Mon. through Fri., 5
P.M. EDT, on NBC.

Sympathetic understanding, an unbiased point
of view, a knowledge of the ways of happiness
—these are the basis for Joan’s advice to you
THE problem in April Radio Mirror which I asked all of you to help me answer concerned a widow whose son was about to be married, and who did not wish to continue living with him after the marriage. The editors of Radio Mirror have chosen the answer submitted by Mrs. Annabel Clay, of San Diego, California, as the most discerning of all those submitted. A check for $25 has been sent to Mrs. Clay. Here is her answer to the problem:

"It is the son's right to marry, of course, but it is also the mother's right to have a home. Her decision that the young people should be alone is a good one. But, having lived with the son for some time, it seems to me that her problem becomes his problem, too. She is unable to do anything but light work—he should assume the added responsibility of augmenting any small income she has or can earn, to assure her comfort. She has long cared for him—perhaps even giving up the very years when she might have worked and saved, to make a home for him—and she is now insuring her happiness by not wanting to intrude on, and run the risk of harming, his new life. If he has not thought of this, I believe she should talk to him, discuss the things she might be able to do, such as baby-sitting, working as a companion, etc., and decide what the difference will be between what she will be able to earn and what she will need to live on. They ought to be able, mother and son, to work out their problem together."

NO MEETING GROUND

Dear Joan Davis:

I have been going with a young man for three years. He is good-looking, thoughtful, and the life of all parties. However, he is extremely irresponsible.

Of late, our arguments have become more and more frequent and they're all over financial matters. He makes very good money but manages to save nothing. He has promised continually to save, but being the good fellow he is, and seemingly not knowing the value of a dollar, it just slides through his hands.

We have made plans to be married, but I refuse to be married on a shoestring, as there are too many things people need after they're married without going into it penniless. Most people say love is all important, but I firmly believe that without a certain amount of money, at least enough so you don't have to worry where your next five dollars is coming from, love grows rather weak.

I have thought of (Continued on page 94)

Each month Joan Davis will answer as many letters as she has room for on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25.00 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25.00 WILL BE PAID to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Here is this month's problem:

Mrs. W., whose husband is unusually attractive to women, is unaware that he has been dating a girl from his office. Mrs. W.'s best friend knows of this association, as do many other people in town; and the friend knows too that although Mr. W. has not transgressed before, his interest in the girl appears serious. The problem is the friend's: should she tell Mrs. W. about her husband?

What is your answer to this problem?
Radio Mirror

Television Section

Candy McDowell, Stu Erwin, Joan Marlowe, Mrs. Erwin of Life With The Erwins pose tintype-fashion just for fun.

Motion picture theaters may be worried about the rapid rise of television, but Hollywood has nothing to fear, according to Hal Roach, Jr., who reminds us that Hollywood has always been concerned with visual entertainment.

Mr. Roach, whose dad was a pioneer in films, is now doing a little pioneering of his own. The Roach and Beaudette enterprises have been working on television films for more than a year and have come up with a series of half hour program films called Life with the Erwins. The husband and wife stars of this family-life series are Stuart Erwin and his pretty wife, June Collyer, neither of them strangers to the flickers. A second series called Don’t Be a Sucker deals with the rackets to which an average citizen may be exposed. All are being turned out on the six big stages of their Hollywood studio.

“We work with about fifty standing sets,” says Mr. Roach. “If we were making movies for theaters the sets would be disposed of when we got through with them, but for the smaller TV screen we can use the same sets over and over, keeping costs within a TV budget.”

Another advantage, Mr. Roach points out, is that stars can be used when available. “In twenty-six days we can do thirteen half hour films. Then the star can leave the lot and go on to something else. We will have ‘protection’ shots and we will retain the power to edit.”

Doing the “Erwins” series, Roach learned the limitations of the small television screen. There are fewer longshots and more close-ups in television. There are lighting problems. “Actors must be grouped closer to the center of the screen,” he explains. “The more people used, the more the action is slowed down.”

He points out that all of Hollywood now produces less film than is necessary to serve one television network, and he emphasizes the amount of film that will soon be needed to augment the live shows on television. And, according to Hal Roach, Jr., there’s only one place that has the studios, the stars and the know-how to provide these endless reels of film. That place, he says, is Hollywood.
Chuck looked at Jack; Jack looked at Chuck.
“We’re naturals for television,” said Jack.
“Check,” said Chuck.
That was a year ago, and the Luchsinger brothers have been combining their talents ever since for Cartoon Teletales, an ABC network show.
Chuck is a well known cartoonist and Jack is an actor. Chuck draws pictures to illustrate stories that he writes for the show, while Jack reads the stories out of a big book whose very size must delight every child. These Teletales revolve about such interesting characters as Hey You the Lion, Bumsniff the Bloodhound, Hambone the Possum, Herman the Stupid Cupid, and all their kin and neighbors.
The story finished, there’s a simple lesson in how to draw the main character. Chuck sets the pace and his young viewers draw right along with him. They send these efforts in, and those judged good enough for the “art gallery” are rewarded with a drawing pencil. The “artist of the week” rates a special drawing kit.
And don’t think only the kiddies send in their stuff. For instance, 7-year-old Gail Rafferty sent a fine drawing of Torpy the Turtle. Along with it came a similar effort signed “John Rafferty, Gail’s Dad.” Chuck thinks Gail’s drawing has a slight edge.
Producer of Cartoon Teletales is Barre Schlaes, and the time is Sunday evening, 6 P.M. EDT, 5 P.M. CDT, over the ABC eastern and midwest networks.
Behind-scenes at "Miracle in the Rain," we learn why any TV drama production is—almost—a miracle!

1. "You'll have to be in practically two places at once," director Gordon Duff (l.) warned star Mary Anderson, to co-star John Dall's amusement.

2. The umbrella was no gag. Real water poured from a shower high above, soaking actors and floor. Twice during the final on-set rehearsals the action had to be halted while sawdust soaked up overflow.

3. These pictures can't half convey the excitement, the work and the thrill of producing a half-hour video play. They do take you behind the scenes and show something of how the wheels go 'round. The play was Ben Hecht's "Miracle in the Rain," produced for Chevrolet on Broadway by Owen Davis, Jr. The stars were John Dall, of movies and the Broadway stage, and Mary Anderson, whose "Miracle" role marked her second Chevrolet appearance in one month. A cast of more than twenty and twice as many in crew worked to split-second timing on eight sets spread horseshoe fashion. Said Dall of his video debut, "The most concentrated acting I've done."

Chevrolet on Broadway is heard and seen Monday nights at 8:30 EDT, NBC-TV network.

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6. Due on another set in a matter of seconds, stars Anderson and Dall jumped out of a highly emotional scene and made for the next one. Tremulous voices and heaving chests were not entirely histrionics. Some of it was just plain breathlessness!

8. That umbrella was no gag. Real water poured from a shower high above, soaking actors and floor. Twice during the final on-set rehearsals the action had to be halted while sawdust soaked up overflow.

10. Split-second timing: an assistant stood by to help Mary into a negligee required for her next scene on which the cameras were already focusing.

9. John Dall rehearses a one-finger solo. His movie and stage roles have been melodramatic lately; he enjoyed playing in "Miracle"'s sentimental love story.

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Chevrolet on Broadway is heard and seen Monday nights at 8:30 EDT, NBC-TV network.
2. Little did young John realize as he inspected his wardrobe for the play that he too would be running a marathon before it was over.

3. By the time stars were ready for final make-up they were well aware that this was one of the most complex short plays ever done on TV.

4. "Chalk marks spot where you stand in this scene," Dall was told. All such details were fully planned during camera rehearsals.

7. Quiet moment—but it was just a restaurant scene rehearsal, and it didn't last long. Shortly all three (the third one is Viola Frayne, who played Mary's boss) scurried madly into the next scene, an auctioneer's booth on the sidewalk.

8. The man with the mop was one of the busiest crew members. After each rain rehearsal the oilcloth-covered floor had to be dried off fast before the whole set became inundated and floated away.

11. Play's climax came as Mary read telegram—"The Secretary of War desires that I tender his deepest sympathy to you in the death of . . ."

12. Technical triumph: rear camera and camera nosing through altar were so expertly timed that neither caught the other on the TV screen.

13. Last-minute prop check-up found Mary grateful for one scene where she had to stretch out and relax, "if only a moment!"
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6. Due on another set in a matter of seconds, stars Anderson and Dall jumped out of their make-up chair before it was over.

7. Quiet moment—but it was just a restaurant scene rehearsal and it didn’t last long. Shortly all the cast and crew were back at the ready.

8. The rain was one of the hardest scenes. After each rain shower the soil-drenched floor had to be dried off fast before the whole set became unusable and soaked up overflow.

9. John Dall rehearses a one-finger solo.

10. Split-second timing: an assistant stood by to help Mary into a negligee required for her next scene on which the cameras were already focused.

11. Play’s climax came as Mary read telegram: “The Secretary of War desires that I tender his deepest sympathy to you in the death of . . . .”

12. Technical triumph: rear camera and camera man moving through altar scene where she had to stretch out and relax. It only a moment!
Two new Hollywood television shows got off to a flying start this spring. Although they are completely different in material, the connecting link between them is a young former press agent, Mai Boyd.

Boyd got interested in TV last summer when he arranged a panel discussion series on television for the Screen Publicists' Guild. After that he ate, slept and dreamed television. As a result he's now producing Punch with Buddy, starring Buddy Rogers of motion picture and band fame, and Hollywood in Three Dimensions, a variety program that uses film players, directors, producers and other behind-the-scenes workers, with Boyd acting as master of ceremonies.

Guest on the first Buddy Rogers show was Gloria Swanson, who learned her television ABCs in New York where she conducted her own video show for many months. She arrived at station KLAC-TV in Hollywood on opening-night with a pick and shovel, traditional paraphernalia of the pioneer, which she presented formally to Buddy.

The opening program of Hollywood in Three Dimensions, telecast Sunday nights over KFI-TV, brought out screen star Don...
Television

DeFore as escort to his pretty wife, who guested on the show. Don was a busy boy, studying the make-up and lighting, the camera angles and scripts. They had to practically push him off the set when the show started and make room for the other players, who included Sonny Tufts, Ellen Drew and Charles Brackett. They wouldn't even let Don guess what star's career the "Object Table" represented, although it was plain that the toy steamship, miniature Eiffel Tower, suitcase, little skier and other objects summed up the career of Claudette Colbert.

After all, they reminded the thoroughly satisfied Don, he was only a husband for that evening. It was Mrs. DeFore who was the star. And a very attractive one too, we might add.

If you want to be admitted to ABC's Civic Center television studio in Chicago from 4:00 to 5:00 on Sunday afternoons, better bring Junior or little Jill along. Ticket requests for the popular Super Circus program have mounted so high that a new ruling was made last February admitting adults only if accompanied by a child. It was getting so that all the grown folks were crowding out the kids. And even though circuses (Continued on page 97)
Coast to Coast in Television

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Lanny's voice, having "rested" during his army career, needed retraining. Now, its romantic appeal is greater than ever.

Word's spreading fast—Lanny is back!

When Lanny Ross disappeared into the Pacific battlefront for three years, something more important than an entertainer went out of the lives of many radio listeners. His present mail shows some admirers missed Lanny more than they did their butter and gasoline, that the Return of Ross was hailed with considerably greater joy than the return of cars to the market.

One letter begins, "Dear Lanny: My husband and I named our son after you. Our Lanny is thirteen, and now that he is old enough to appreciate your program, he understands the qualities we admire in you." A lonely woman in a home for the aged writes that she finds solace and inspiration in Lanny's program. Another wife seems a bit puzzled as she recalls, "During our courtship, Bob and I hummed 'Moonlight and Roses.' It gives us a rather tender feeling when we hear you now, although we were married in 1934. Is it possible that you've been on the air that long?"

Her memory is quite sound. It's not only possible, it's true.

Before he graduated from Yale, almost twenty years ago, Lanny began his singing career. Since then his songs have been heard on many of the biggest shows in the history of American radio. Yet today people still find in his rich voice the same qualities of friendliness and romance that stirred their younger hearts. (Cont'd on page 74)

One of the world's Good People

Lanny Ross is back... with a difference. A difference not in the voice, but in the heart.

By Martin Cohen

On TV: the Lanny Ross Show, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EDT, WNBT. On radio: Lanny Ross, daily, 11:45 A.M. MBS.
As Lanny's press agent, Olive tried to help him overcome his shyness, did such a good job he grew bold enough to propose.
At the first regional Quiz Kids finals in Elkhart, Ind., Sales Promotion Mgr. Oliver Capelle, of Miles Laboratories, was "quizzer."

ANY mother will tell you a child doesn't have to live in Chicago to be smart. Yet being within easy reach of NBC studios in the Merchandise Mart helps make it official. A youngster may be tomorrow's Einstein, yet if his home is distant he has had little chance ever to become a Quiz Kid.

Frustrating as this has been to geniuses, junior grade, it has worried Charles S. Beardsley more. As chairman of the board of Miles Laboratories, sponsor of Quiz Kids, he decided to do something about it.

"Something" turned out to be a plan to duplicate the program in a number of cities. Teachers chose contestants who had broad general knowledge and ability to talk about it. Winners met champions from other grades, then other schools, and local stations broadcast their battle of words.

In Elkhart, Indiana, home of Miles Laboratories, the finals drew a capacity crowd to the Elco Theater. In the front row, schoolmates cheered their color bearer whenever he scored on a question fired by Oliver Capelle, sales promotion manager of the company.

When Ross Paulson, a (Continued on page 101)

Quiz Kids is heard Sundays at 4 P.M. EDT, on the NBC network.
2. As every mother—and many teachers—can tell you, there are bright children all over the country. The Quiz Kids sponsors agree; that’s why they’ve worked out a plan for regional Quiz Kids competitions to be held in a number of cities, which will give young geniuses who don’t happen to live in Chicago (from which the Quiz Kids program broadcasts) a chance to shine. Here’s a tight moment from the first regional competition in the Elco Theater in Elkhart, from which Ross Paulson (second from left) emerged triumphant.

3. The send-off Central Junior High gave Ross was made more memorable by personal congratulations from principal Lenna A. Neds.

4. In Chicago for Quiz Kids appearance, regional winners Allen Kitchen, Ross, Paul Hannon had a gala time at the Bamboo Inn.

5. Face to face with Chief Quizzer Joe Kelly, the Quiz Kids of the Quarter were scared, but game. They all came out winners, too!
Together, the Cowlings and the McNeills crowd even a good sized living room. On the couch: Dell Cowling, Don, Dell's mother, Mrs. Hammill, Tommy McNeill beside his mother, Kay. On the floor: Sammy and Bill Cowling; Donny and Bobby McNeill; Behind them, Sam Cowlin.
When the Cowlings moved—bag, baggage and Mother-in-law—into a new apartment, their first visitors were the McNeills. Kay, of course, was a big help. On the other hand, Don and the boys . . .

BY MRS. SAM COWLING

I WOULD choose a time when the McNeills came to visit to confide that our decorator had suggested cocoa brown walls for the living room.

Of course, almost immediately we moved into the new apartment, Don and Kay McNeill and the boys had to see it. It didn’t matter to them that we had no drapes at the windows and that the furniture was just set down wherever we could find space for it. In the many years that Don and Sam have worked together on the Breakfast Club our families, too, have formed close ties. Despite the fact that the McNeills live in Winnetka, and we Cowlings are miles away on the edge of Chicago, there’s a next-door-neighbor relationship between us. It’s been that way since Sam joined forces with Don, years ago.

Years ago—twelve of them, to be exact. Sam—Samuel Taggert Cowling II—was a vocalist then, a member of a trio romantically designated as The Three Romeos, and all the rage of Louisville. Sam and I were married in 1936, and in 1937, after Sammy was born, the Romeos headed for Chicago and a big career.

At that time, the Breakfast Club used specialty acts one day a week, and the Romeos were booked for an appearance. Always irrepressible, they departed from the script and inserted some private jokes. Not content to keep them to themselves, they tossed some of their banter in the direction of the big, pleasant-looking fellow who ran the show. And he, being Don McNeill, tossed it back. (Continued on page 103)
Together, the Cowlings and the McNeills crowded even a good-sized living room. On the couch: Dell Cowling, Don, Dell’s mother, Mrs. Harrington; Tommy McNeill beside his mother, Kay. On the floor: Sammy and Bill Cowling; Donny and Bobby McNeill; behind them, Sam Cowling.

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My Husband—

MR. KEEN

By MRS. BENNETT KILPACK

Keen is Kilpack; Kilpack is Keen.

But this doesn’t confuse Dorothy. She simply

considers herself doubly blessed,

and finds it twice as easy to love them both.
Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, has been played by Bennett Kilpack, my husband, for more than eleven years. Or perhaps I should say that my husband, Bennett Kilpack, has been the famous radio sleuth for more than eleven years.

At any rate, the two are inextricably tied together in everyone’s mind—including, sometimes, in mine. Kilpack is Keen, and Keen is Kilpack, and it’s impossible to think, or talk, about one without the other. Impossible, certainly, to think of Bennett not playing the role, or of Mr. Keen bereft of the voice and the manner of Bennett Kilpack!

Even as the program is signing off the air each Thursday night, the words, “Bennett Kilpack plays Mr. Keen” hardly out of the mouth of the CBS announcer, telephone calls are coming into the network’s switchboard—people asking to speak to Mr. Keen, please. At home, at parties, friends and neighbors forget to remember that the name is Kilpack. And even I, after eight years of marriage, have been known to murmur, “May I present my husband, Mr. Keen?”

With rare exceptions, Bennett’s fan mail, too, is addressed to Mr. Keen—teen-agers asking the help of the kindly Tracer of Lost Persons in locating “missing” boy friends; less amusing, more heart-tugging letters from people whose wives or husbands or other relatives “simply walked out one day and never came back.” Not (Continued on page 91)
A tireless worker, Bennett welcomes (and needs) his privacy.

By MRS. BENNETT KILPACK

Keen is Kilpack; Kilpack is Keen.

But this doesn’t confuse Dorothy. She simply considers herself doubly blessed, and finds it twice as easy to love them both.

City life may have its points, but Bennett and Dorothy can’t see. They want a house, a view, and a chance to grow things.

Food from the Kilpack’s carefully- tended garden.

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Most likely to SUCCEED

By KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks at 12 Noon each weekday, on stations of the Mutual network.

GRADUATION week is the most wonderful time to give a party—especially if you plan it the way my niece did. She wasn’t an experienced cook, but she knew the tastes of her teen-age gang. And she planned a party menu for them that was just right.

The dishes she picked to serve were quick-and-easies, with special appeal for hungry young people. The double-decker sandwiches made good filler-uppers for the crowd. The punch tasted like summer itself, full of fresh fruit flavors. The big party cake in the high school’s gold and blue was a real success.

The whole decorative theme was built around those school colors. My niece had no blue platter, so she made one herself to look like a graduation hat. Paper cups and plates helped carry out her scheme.

“It was no job at all,” said she, and I agreed. Here are the recipes she used. I’ve included some of my own, so you can pick your own party fare. You’ll find it fun to “let the company do the fixing.”

Mortarboard Cake

Bake one recipe Devil’s Food Cake, using a mix or the recipe below. Make with Butter Cream Icing. Color all but ½ cup of the icing with vegetable coloring to match one of your class colors. Spread between and on top and sides of cake layers. Color the remaining frosting in other class colors and use to make ‘49 on top of the cake. Place the cake on a paper doily over a mortarboard of the same color as numerals. The mortarboard is made of cardboard covered with crepe paper. Decorate the rim of the cake top with pennants, made this way: Fold a piece of colored crepe paper. Holding it double, cut out a pennant shape with the straight edge on the fold. Open and brush inside surface with colorless nail polish. Fold together around a colored toothpick. The nail polish makes the pennant curl.

Devil’s Food Cake

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{1/2 cup shortening} & \quad \text{1 tsp. vanilla} \\
\text{2 cups sugar} & \quad \text{2 cups sifted cake flour} \\
\text{2 eggs} & \quad \text{1 1/2 tsp. baking powder} \\
\text{1 cup boiling water} & \quad \text{1 tsp. soda} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Cream shortening until light and fluffy. Gradually add sugar, beating well after each addition. Beat the eggs until thick and lemon colored; add to the creamed mixture and combine thoroughly. Pour boiling water over chocolate and stir until smooth; add to egg mixture, stirring until color is even. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to egg mixture alternately with sour milk, beating until smooth after each addition. Pour into two greased and floured 9-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 40 minutes or until top springs back when lightly touched. Makes two 9-inch layers.

Butter Cream Frosting

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{1/4 cup butter or margarine} & \quad \text{2 tsp. vanilla} \\
\text{4 cups confectioners’ sugar} & \quad \text{dash of salt} \\
\text{sifted} & \quad \text{3 tbsls. cream} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Cream butter until fluffy. Gradually beat in 2 cups of the sifted sugar. Add vanilla. (Continued on page 101)

A graduation party can’t help succeeding when devil’s food cake and fruit punch are specially dressed for the occasion.
A boy's heart needs a home; his love must have an anchor. But where is he to turn when bitterness divides the parents who should offer this security?

**A SECOND MRS. BURTON STORY**

WHERE THE HEART IS

By HELEN CHRISTY HARRIS

---

**RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS**

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EDT, on CBS. This incident from the radio drama appears in Radio Mirror for the first time in story form.
W HEN YOU'RE LITTLE, Brad thought, the grown-up world is something like a movie. The people talk to you and give you things and make a fuss over you, but their real thoughts and the motives behind their actions are as mysterious as the motives in the occasional adult movie that you get to see.

When you're sixteen, it's different. Grown-ups have become people to you, with the same desires and fears that you yourself know. You understand them almost—but not quite—all of the time. Sometimes they slip back behind the screen again, become mysterious and incomprehensible again, even those nearest and dearest to you. Like Dad and Aunt Terry in this matter of his custody.

Years ago, when his mother and father had been divorced, his custody had been awarded to his mother, with the provision that he could spend six months of each year with his father. Now for the past eight months he'd been living in Dickston with his Dad and Aunt Terry. The years with his mother, his mother herself, had become a memory—a fragrant, restless, sometimes-laughing, sometimes-crying memory. This was real—the house on Maple Street, and school, and his best friend, Don Cornwall, and his dad and Aunt Terry, who was Dad's second wife.

Two months ago his father had asked him if he wanted to stay with them permanently. He mustn't make up his mind in a hurry, his father had said; they would talk about it later. And then—and this was the puzzling part—not his dad nor Aunt Terry had mentioned the matter again. Not until tonight. And then it was Brad himself who, only half-intentionally, started the discussion.

He was on the porch, reading by the light of one small lamp. Outside the pale gold circle it threw, the summer night was dark blue violet, still and sweetly scented and peaceful. Far down the block he could hear his father's footsteps and Aunt Terry's as they returned from their evening walk. As they came under the street lamp, he saw that his father's arm was around Aunt Terry's waist, and she leaned against him a little, as if to share the weight she carried. She was smiling up at his father and saying something; he could hear their low laughter. The next moment, his father was calling from the porch steps.

"Brad? You're home?"

He leaped to open the door. Aunt Terry took the last step a little breathlessly, and thanked him, laughing.

"You didn't have to leave your book, Brad. What is it—travel again?"

"India," said Brad. "Gosh, if I could only see some of those places! Every time I see a train, or hear a boat on the river."

"You'll satisfy that itch someday," his father laughed.

"Meanwhile, Terry and I have been talking about where you want to go this summer. Have you any thoughts on the matter?"

"Where I—Gee, Dad, aren't you and Aunt Terry going to take a vacation, too?"

"We can't very well, Brad," said Aunt Terry gently. "With the baby coming in September—"

The baby. His thoughts stuck every time they came to the baby. But he had never, his father and Aunt Terry had been about it; he was glad they were happy. But it would be their baby; this pleasant house would be its home. The three of them, Dad and Aunt Terry and the baby would be a family, complete in themselves.

"I forgot," said Brad. "I don't mean about the baby, but about it being better for you to stay home. Well—Don Cornwall's invited me up to their cabin for a couple of weeks. I've been going to tell you about it, but it'll cost a little money, for my share of the food and equipment. I was hoping to be able to pay for it out of my salary from the big Burton store, but—"

"Don't worry," his father said. "I think we can manage. I—well—I thought we'd be hearing from your mother about summer plans."

"I haven't heard from Mother in a long time," said Brad without expression. "Not since that last card from Havana."

For a moment no one spoke. The last card had been months ago. Then Terry said quickly, "Perhaps she's away on another cruise, Brad. Mail is awfully irregular when you're on a boat. And I think the idea of going to the woods with the Cornwalls sounds wonderful. Just think, when you come back, you'll probably find a brand-new brother or sister waiting for you!"

She smiled widely, warmly, trying to include him, as she always did when she talked about the baby. Brad tried to smile back—and couldn't. Suddenly he couldn't keep it inside himself any more.

"That's right," he said in a tight, small voice. "Only—it won't be my real brother or sister, will it?" And turning, he snatched up his book and ran into the house and up the stairs.

Terry and Stan Burton faced each other in stricken silence. "Oh, Stan," Terry said in a low voice. "I've tried to make him feel—included—about the baby. And he's still so unhappy—"

Stan's arms went around her. They stood very closely, drawing strength and reassurance from one another. "It isn't the baby," Stan said. "That's only a symptom. How can he be happy, basically, when he's never sure from one week to the next where he'll be? And yet, it's been two months since I spoke to him about our having permanent custody of him, and he hasn't said a word—"

"Have you?" Terry asked. "I know that you don't want him to feel that you're pressing him, but aren't you being over-careful? It's impossible or unwilling to make up his mind, he doesn't have to give an answer. Tell him that, Stan. Tell him we're eager to have him with us permanently, but that if he doesn't want it that way, we'll understand perfectly."

"Will you tell him?" Stan asked. "I know it's a lot to ask, but you can do it more tactfully and delicately. If you wouldn't mind—"

"You don't think he'd think I was interfering?"

"You wouldn't be interfering, Terry. You'll be talking for us. Please—"

Terry nodded, and he kissed her. Her arms went round his neck, and she held him a moment, her heart swollen at the thought of how much he trusted her, how much he placed in her hands.

Upstairs, she found Brad lying on his bed, reading—or pretending to read. He scrambled up as she came in, clung to his favorite old rocking chair of an assortment of tennis rackets, balls and T-shirts. Terry sank into it gratefully, and smiled up at her step-son.
"Thanks, Brad," she said. "Now if I can just locate my pet squeak—"

There was no use putting off the important question.

Brad smiled as the rocker squeaked, but his eyes waited inquiringly. He had his mother's coloring, her blue eyes and bright blond hair, but his expressions, his direct look, were his father's.

"Brad," Terry said, "a few minutes ago, when we were all talking about the baby, you said that it wouldn't be your real brother or sister. What did you mean by that, dear?"

He looked uncomfortable. "Well—you know... It'll belong to you and Dad, really belong to you. And since I don't..."

"Would you like to," Terry asked, "really belong to us?"

He raised startled eyes. "How could I?"

"Don't you remember what your father talked to you about, about two months ago? About having your custody changed?"

"Oh," said Brad flatly. "Sure, I remember. Only—it isn't the same as the real thing."

Terry felt her throat tighten. Why did the children have to be the ones to suffer, she wondered. Why, because Stan and Marion had been unable to live together, could a young boy have no family that he felt was "the real thing?"

"It would be the real thing as far as we're concerned," she assured him earnestly. "We want you, Brad. I know that your father told you there was no need for you to make up your mind in a hurry and that you could go on living with us—this way—as long as you liked. But I know, too, that in his heart he's anxious for your decision. We want to start making it 'the real thing.'"

She wondered at the sudden light in his face. "Gosh, Aunt Terry!" he exclaimed. "I was sort of waiting for him to bring it up. Sure, I've thought about it a lot. And—well, I just don't know what to say."

"You must understand," Terry said, "that whatever your decision is, we'll understand, and we'll love you as much one way or the other. But, just so you'll have everything straight, perhaps I ought to explain a few things first. There's no reason why we couldn't go on as we are, without any further legal arrangements, except some day it might happen that your mother might disagree with some plans your father may have for you, and which you might want to go through with. And then, since she has legal custody of you, she would have the right to decide."

Brad frowned. "Even though she hasn't seen me in such a long time? Even though she mightn't know what I wanted to do about it?"

Terry nodded. "That's the law, Brad."

"You mean—she could even make me leave here, if she wanted to?"

Again Terry nodded, not trusting herself to speak. The fear that Marion might any day do that very thing was too close. But why was Brad hesitating? He wanted to stay with them; she was as sure of it as she was sure that he had been happy here. Then why the doubt in his face?

"How would it happen?" Brad asked. "I mean—would I have to do anything to have the custody changed?"

"Well, dear, I'm not entirely certain of the legal procedure," Terry answered. "I imagine it would involve going to a judge's office and telling him what you wanted done in the matter, and why. Then I imagine the judge would talk to your father and to your mother—and perhaps even to me—and then he would decide whether or not the custody should be changed."

"Mother would be there, too?"

"I think so," Terry said. "Or else she'd be represented by a lawyer."

Brad stared at the wall, at the window, where the curtains moved gently in the evening breeze. Finally, he asked, "Would it be—you know—a lot of crying and arguments and fuss? Would there be a lot of people in the courtroom, listening, and a jury and photographers, like courtroom scenes in the movies?"

Terry began to understand. "I don't think so," she answered, praying silently that she spoke the truth. "I think it could all be handled fairly and quietly and sensibly. And I know it wouldn't be in a public courtroom. Matters of this sort are handled in the judge's chambers—that is, his office."

"And you're sure Mother wouldn't—" But he didn't finish. He sat very still now, his eyes fixed upon hers. Then suddenly all doubt left his face; he slid off the bed, started for the door.

"Brad! Where are you going?"

Brad paused at the door. "Down to see Dad," he said over his shoulder. "I'm going to tell him I want to belong to him and you—legally."

Terry sank back in the low rocker, aware that she was trembling, that her throat was dry. She fought down an impulse to follow Brad, to warn him that she might have promised him too much in saying that there would be no trouble. Then she knew that she couldn't. It was too late—and besides, now that Brad had made up his mind, she knew that she couldn't bring herself to say a word that might shake him. No, they would simply have to sit.
Terry, watching Stan and Brad, knew that her husband's son would always be as dear to her as the child she was expecting.

For the next several days the household walked on eggs. Stan wrote the fatal letter immediately. He composed it swiftly, but with infinite care, and mailed it the very night Brad made his decision—and was berated for it afterward by his lawyer, the old and irascible Cornelius Van Vliet. It was a good letter, Mr. Van Vliet admitted, but he suggested that Stan might have done better to wait and let him write Marion a legal letter.

"We thought of that," Terry said in Stan's behalf. "But knowing Marion, we felt that she would resent hearing about it in such a cold way."

Mr. Van Vliet's "Hmmm!" indicated that he didn't think it mattered whether Marion resented the news or not. "You're aware, aren't you, that you could have applied for custody of the boy without notifying Mrs.—what's her name now?—Sullivan, without notifying Mrs. Sullivan at all?"

They hadn't known. Their glances crossed, with the same thought uppermost in the mind of each—could they have spared Brad the scenes that were sure to come if Marion decided to put up a fight?

"How?" Stan asked.

"Very simple," said Mr. Van Vliet. "Mrs. Sullivan has obviously, in the legal sense, deserted the boy. She left him with you some eight months ago and went off to Havana. Shortly thereafter, she sent him a television set for his birthday, then a post card. Since then none of you has heard from her. She has sent no funds for his care, although you set up an ample fund at the time of the divorce to cover the boy's needs."

Stan flushed. That Brad—and Marion—had been handsomely provided for at the time of the divorce was common knowledge. It was known, too, that he no longer owned the big Burton department store in Dickston and that he was making a living out of one small shop in which he hired only one clerk.

"There was no need for her to send money," he said, a trifle coldly. "It's true that Brad's been working this summer at the big Burton store, but it was because he wanted to work, and—"

"Still," interrupted Mr. Van Vliet, "Mrs. Sullivan didn't as much as offer to send you any funds. It's a point the court will observe. What's the matter—" he broke off, his eyes twinkling at the sight of Terry's face,—"does it all sound too easy to you, Mrs. Burton? Do you think Mrs. Sullivan will be difficult about this?"

"I'm afraid she will," Terry admitted. "She doesn't want Brad—I mean, really want him. She's been leading a gay life since her second husband died, and an adolescent boy would only be in her way. But she doesn't give up anything easily, even when it's something she doesn't want. As soon as she knows someone else wants it—" she shook her head.

"What we're afraid of," Stan put in, "is the effect upon Brad if there's a battle. When he first came to us, he was hyper-sensitive, insecure, all shut up within himself. Since then he's opened up, shown every sign of being a happy, normal boy. We'd hate to have him upset again."

"I don't see any need for it," said Mr. Van Vliet, "nor for you to anticipate trouble. The facts are certainly all in your favor. Now, if you'll call me as soon as you hear from Mrs. Sullivan—"

But the days passed, and there was no answer to Stan's letter. Terry and Stan and Brad watched for the postman separately and secretly, each one not wanting to admit to the others how tense he was. Terry worried most of all about Brad. He took to staying close to the house when he wasn't at work, spent far less time than he used to with his closest (Continued on page 76)
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### FLORENCE FREEMAN

Florence Freeman, who plays the title role in CBS's Wendy Warren, is one woman in a million—she does not mind telling her age. Florence was born on July 29, 1911 in New York City and spent her childhood in Albany where she later studied to become a teacher. After a few months of teaching she decided to become an actress and promptly got herself a radio job. She's been in radio ever since.

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**K. T. STEVENS**—Is the newest member of Junior Miss (Sat., 11:30 A.M. EDT on CBS). She's older sister Lois.
Toni Darnay— who is featured in Theatre of Today (12 Noon EDT, Sat., CBS), was born in Chicago of French and English parents, attended night classes at Northwestern U., majoring in dramatics; and during summers she played in stock. She got her first radio job, a leading role in a daytime serial, by simply applying for an audition.

**TUESDAY**

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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<td>Bill Stern</td>
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<td>People Are Funny</td>
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**ROBERT SLOANE**—is a man of many talents—he has written, directed, and starred in countless plays, one of which was made into a motion picture. Now he limits himself primarily to radio where he is the narrator in The Big Story (Wed., 10 P.M. EDT, NBC). Robert is married, has two children and the family lives in a newly-bought home in Port Washington, New York.
FLORENCE WILLIAMS—a native of St. Louis, Mo., was a successful dress designer before turning actress; she still makes all her own clothes. Florence made her radio debut as Barbara Ware in Roses and Drums. Since then she has appeared regularly on the stage and radio at the same time. She plays the part of Sally in Front Page Farrell (M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC).

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<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td>Editor's Diary</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
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<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Faith in Our Time</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Music For You</td>
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<td>Say It With Music</td>
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<td>The Brighter Day</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>We Love and Learn</td>
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<td>Jack Berch</td>
<td>Gabriel Heathier's Mailbag</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>Nora Lawton</td>
<td>Gable Drake</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>12:15</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Lunchen at Sardi's</td>
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<td>CBS</td>
<td>Light of the World</td>
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<td>ABC</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Romance With the King</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Gregory Peck</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Time Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Life Is a Beach</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>High Noon</td>
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**CHARLES RUSSELL**—forsook a lucrative job in hometown Tarrottown, N. Y., for the stage. After starring several years in Little Theater roles, Charles wangled a screen test and subsequently made several pictures. He recently made his radio debut in the new mystery series Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar (10:30 P.M. EDT, Fri., CBS). Actress Nancy Guild is his wife.
FRAN CARLON—who was born in Indianapolis, Ind., grew up in Chicago and later went to Hollywood where she appeared in two insignificant pictures. She began her radio career twelve years ago reading commercials; this led to parts in daytime serials. Now she plays the role of Lorelei Kilborne in NBC's Big Town, Tuesdays at 10 P.M. EDT. She is married to actor Casey Allen.

Notes to Keep Your Radio Mirror Quiz Catalogue up to Date

CBS's Hit The Jackpot, heard every Tuesday at 10 P.M., EDT, is the Cinderella show of the quizzes. It is no secret along radio row that when the show was launched as a sustaining show, CBS network executives were disappointed with the first results, never thought they had a commercial winner in the pyramid-type quizzer. The real lucky break came when producers Mark Goodson and Bill Todman put into the jackpot a DeSoto auto. The DeSoto has turned into the show just to hear the "free" mention of their product and got so excited at the studio audience's reaction when the car was mentioned that they quickly decided to sponsor the whole show.

DeSoto was right. Hit The Jackpot has become one of radio's most successful quizzes. It is also one of the few quiz shows that gives folks a chance to come to New York to participate in a chance at winning the huge prize. Studio city auditions come from the audience. About eighteen get up on the stage. About a half dozen players are called on the phone. They are selected from a huge weekly collection of post cards and letters, and allocated among the forty-eight states.

Now on stage is a huge red ladder score board. On this ladder score board are four rungs, representing the four questions which must be answered correctly in order for a contestant to reach the jackpot. Each rung has a light that flickers when a question is answered correctly.

Center stage stands M.C. Bill Cullen, a real quiz veteran. On one side of his stands the "bluffer" contestant, on the other, the "challenger" contestant. Cullen throws a question at the bluffer. He or she answers correctly or bluffs. Then Cullen turns to the challenger whose privilege is to accept or challenge the opponent's answer.

When a studio player succeeds in giving the four correct answers and then misses the jackpot, a phone call is put through to some lucky listener.

The jackpot question is usually a toughie. It's called a secret sentence, and goes along with plenty of sound effects which are supposed to help a contestant decipher the teaser question.

Biggest jackpot on Hit The Jackpot totalled $32,600 worth of merchandise.

Toughest job the producers have is figuring out the various "Secret Sentences." They can't be too easy for even they are too difficult.

Bill Cullen, who has emceed a host of quiz shows, says Hit The Jackpot is the hardest because of its mounting excitement, its complicated format. After each Tuesday broadcast Bill is so weary he usually drops off at an all-night Turkish Bath and turns his tired body over to a competent and understanding masseur.

You Should Know That:

Bill Cullen, who helped make winner Take All a winner, found he couldn't do it as a sponsored show because of product limitations, but with his new The Clock now a daily CBS feature, he doesn't feel too badly. ... Gary Moore, of NBC's Take It Or Leave It just returned from a tour of Germany, entertaining the troops. An R.A.F. lieutenant gapped the $6,180 jackpot ... Incidentally, don't be surprised if Moore does a daily CBS variety show in the daytime, the same kind of show that skyrocketed the crew-haircut comic to national fame when he did it in Chicago ... On Mutual's Take A Number quiz, the FBI contacted M.C. Red Benson about 15 minutes after a recent broadcast. It seems the last contestant was a bigamist and one of his three wives heard the show in California, recognized his voice and contacted the authorities ... Vera Vague has just auditioned a quiz show grooved for daytime operation. It's called Morning-Go-Round and some say it is "hot stuff" ... Sing It Again biggest jackpot ($30,500) went to a 57-year-old ex GI who identified the mystery voice as belonging to former presidential nominee Alf Landon. Schlicter released in a Kansas Veteran's Hospital. John Reed King had a few tough minutes on Give and Take from Dallas recently when a woman contestant got too frisky for the censors ... Although Todd Russell is a big hit with Strike It Rich, his main ambition is to be a songwriter.
To look at him, he is almost the same, two-decades ago Lanny. Outside of the slight graying around the temples, he stands tall and slender, with the lithe athletic bearing of the years when he was a U.S. track champion. But listening, you will detect a difference in his philosophy and attitudes. His gracious wife, Olive, explains the change, and how tremendously it has affected their lives.

Lanny has become engrossed in helping children, she will tell you. "Most of his day is spent in thinking and dealing with their problems.

Among youngsters, he probably has more real friends—as distinguished from babbling boxers—than any other radio entertainer in the country. In his quiet way, Lanny has been giving talented children a chance to be heard on his show, organizing clubs for them and inventing new modes of entertainment like a children's variety show or try to put on a one-man show. In the Pacific, where the spirits of men were near lifeless from the monotony of their existence, this type of singing for the GIs only gave them temporary relief. So he began to build soldier morale by inducing them to entertain each other and himself.

From Gilli Gilli to Japan, Lanny drew on enlisted men for talent. He had to take mechanics, clerks and foot soldiers and reawaken their civilian talent for singing, playing or making a musical instrument.

"It was surprising the self-respect a tired soldier felt when he saw a buddy perform," Lanny recalls with a warm smile. "It reminded the men of the dignity they had once felt as civilians. They began to see each other in a new light—as individuals rather than just another dogface."

Unfortunately, Lanny's work left him little time to sing. So when the war was over, he had to make a fresh start as a radio comedian. The newspaper's military intelligence amazed the writers. One newspaper carried the story with bold headlines. The great Ring Lardner wrote an entire magazine article on Lanny's experiment.

Olive felt proud of her success until she saw Lanny with a long face.

"Now what did I do wrong?" she asked.

"Well," he hemmed, "do you think all this publicity is good for me?"

Then Olive realized that Lanny was painfully shy. Her job required winning his confidence. Gradually they became close friends—so close that four years later Lanny proposed.

In the early years of their marriage, Lanny's stature grew as he was heard on the Coffee Hour, Showboat, Mardi Gras, Hit Parade and the Caravan. But their private life was marked by a single heartbreaking tragedy. Lanny's desire for a real family and successful marriage always overshadowed his interest in a career. So when Olive, the woman he loved, went down with polio, Lanny's elation exceeded that of many men. With such anticipation, neither he nor Olive was prepared for anything. Both were completely taken off guard. Olive went to the hospital ended with a shock. Their first and only child was still-born.

The anguish they felt is still a thing best not brought up. Because Lanny talks so little about himself, few people know of the great loss and the sense of frustration that must have filled him. In a large way it accounts for his present devotion to children's activities.

"Queer as this may sound at first," Olive says, "he army experience showed another way he could work with youngsters."

Lanny joined the army in 1943, although he was thirty-seven and didn't have the least of the substantial duties he'd established in show business. He could merely have continued to work with the USO and gone overseas for brief periods to entertain. He just wanted to be proud of himself," Lanny will tell you disparingly.

But as one columnist put it, "While other men are leading bands into a theater of operations for one or two months, Lanny Ross, without fanfare, joined the army and, without squawkers, served in the Pacific for two and a half years."

"After that I felt I must do something," Lanny says. "Maybe I'll be a poor poet, but I decided to write the poetry and send the poet out to work. Freddy, the rabbit, gets a bit weary of the columnist, so I disappear. Freddy sends the magician into the land of never-never. Another libretto about the sea has the most unusual choral group of the kind of society opera. It is made up of octopi."

The premiere performances of Lanny's operas were at the Metropolitan Opera House recently and the enthusiasm of adults and children—was overwhelming.

Neither Lanny's musical projects nor interest in children stopped when the Romans move from their Manhattan apartment every weekend to the 450-acre farm near Bangall, N. Y.

TEN YEARS ago they bought the land, named it "Melody Farm," and stocked cows which they knew little about. Today Lanny speaks authoritatively on dairy herd improvement and milk production. Their eighty-five black and white Holsteins pipe 300,000 pounds of milk each year into the city.

Since Melody Farm is near the New York metropolitan area, Lanny and Olive have clubs for children, Lanny invites the boys and girls over regularly for a "Catfish Derby." He takes them to his catfish pond and gives them a line and bait. For the first time many of them experience the thrill of a catch.

"It's a good sport for youngsters," Lanny believes. "Fishing teaches patience, good aim and a greater understanding of nature."

He thinks it's rarely that you find a criminal or dishonest man who loves fishing, because fishing is no better environment than the outdoors for raising children properly.

"If we give youngsters the kind of help they need," he tells you, "we might have the kind of society we want—but never quite achieve."

Wherever Lanny travels, he tries to start fishing clubs for children. If any Ramo Missile readers wish to start such an organization in their community, Lanny would be most happy to correspond with them about the idea, and how to go about it.

He usually tops off the "Catfish Derby" on his farm with entertainment and refreshments. The Ross touch is evident through the day, from the "Five Minute Operas" to the ice cream.

"It happens every summer," Olive explains. "The store wants to deliver ice cream bars but Lanny insists that the kids have a better treat."

It takes an understanding man to know children would rather lick a double-header ice cream cone. Lanny Ross realizes this but he is a considerate man and understands that the kids will rather have the kind but so modest he never tootls his own horn. It's little wonder that his fans are so faithful. Somehow, without knowing him personally, from his radio alone, they realize the goodness in his heart.
WOODBURY PRESENTS NEW MIRACLE DISCOVERY FOR LOVELIER SKIN

Penaten in Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream

Cleanses Skin Cleaner

In Penaten, Woodbury introduces a modern-miracle...a penetrating ingredient newly developed.

Almost unbelievable! Penaten means Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream penetrates deeper into pore openings! Cleanses deeper and cleaner. Seeks out grime and make-up. Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle. Your skin looks cleaner because it’s cleaner!

Twin miracle! Penaten helps Woodbury’s rich skin softeners penetrate deeper. Seep deeper into pore openings. Skin is smoother, softer—glorious as never before!

Today, get this new, new magic—Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream with Penaten. See the difference—the lovely, lovely difference—in your skin!


If your skin’s dry... New, Deeper Softening with PENATEN

in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream

A marvel, too!... the velvet beauty that comes to dry skin... through deeper, richer softening! Penaten, in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream, helps rich, smoothing emollients penetrate into pore openings. Lanolin’s softening benefits go deeper, softening tiny lines... smoothing flaky roughness to fresher, younger-looking beauty.
B R A D sighed with relief. "Then I guess it's all right for me to go." Terry blinked, bewildered. "Go? Go where?"

"Oh—Don Cornell's trying to set up a double date for me with a new girl tomorrow night. I sort of didn't know whether to go or not." What an idea! Terry laughed. "Of course you ought to go. Brad—" She stopped, looking closely at him. "Brad, are you afraid?"

"I guess I am, a little," he admitted. "There's no reason to be," she said soothingly. "Your mother and your father both love you. Neither of them would ever force you to do anything you didn't want to do."

"I know," said Brad. But—Mother might think I was—well, letting her down, that I didn't love her any more. She might be hurt—"

How well I know, Terry thought. And how well she'd make you know it. But she said evenly, "Nothing terrible or unpleasant is going to happen in any case. And it will be up to the Judge to decide—"

It was then that the telephone rang. Brad went to answer, explaining over his shoulder that Don was probably calling about the double date. Then Terry heard the change in his voice as he answered, and she stiffened.

"Come over—now!" he said. "I—excuse me just a minute, Mother—"

Marion. The name seemed to explode inside her. Terry half-rose, sank back again as Brad came into the room.

"It's Mother," he said in a tant voyce. "She's here in Dickston, at the Dickston Arms Hotel. She wants me to come and see her right away. Aunt Terry, what should I do?"

Somehow, she spoke calmly, somehow made the right answer. "Brad, dear, this is one time I can't advise you. Marion's your mother, and—and though I wish I could help you, you'll have to decide for yourself."

He went, of course, with a face so white, so strained, that Terry's heart ached. Brad had been a boy before Brad had left, but before that, he sat for a long while in her chair, trying to fight down her fear. Marion here, in Dickston—only six miles away—and a telephone call as soon as she'd received the letter. Oh, Marion had certainly not flown all those miles to say goodbye to Brad!

Marion wore a misty pink chiffon housecoat as she waited for her son, and a cloud of deli-

cate perfume and a look in which helplessness and pain and longing and tender courage were nicely mingled. She carried a filmy white handkerchief—which could be effectively twisted in agitation—and she was busy laying out several packets in handsome gift wrappings, on a table in her spacious suite at the Dickston Arms.

The doorbell rang. She hurried to the door, opened it, spreading her skirts, resuming the tender, brave expression. Yes, this was just right for Brad's first sight of her in months.

"Ice water, Ma'am," said the bellhop, marching into the room. "You ordered it?"

"Hours ago!" Marion snapped. "Well, don't just stand there! Set it down, and get out—"

"Sorry, Ma'am," said the boy. "We're short today. Two boys sick—"

"I'm not interested in the health of the staff!" Her voice rose. "All I'm interested in is decent service! Just hurry up, and get out! You're spoiling my—"

"I'm here, Mother." Brad spoke from the depths of his soul.

There was no time now to resume her pose upon the couch. She swept toward Brad while the bellboy, seeking his chance, slipped unobtrusively away. "Brad—darling," Marion's voice trembled. "Come in. Let me look at you."

But something was wrong. It wasn't that she'd been caught in a temper; it wasn't just that she had to raise her arms unexpectedly high—how he had grown!—in order to encircle Brad's shoulders. It was something more subtle, something more intangible, more personal.

"You're growing up," she said uncertainly. "It's ridiculous that six months should make such a difference. Brad—are you going to kiss me?"

"Sure," he said agreeably. "If you want me to."

H E R arms closed around him; she clung to him long after his peck at her cheek had come and gone. Tears slid out from under her closed lids, and she was swept away quite daintily with the filmy handkerchief.

"I'm crying," she said. "Isn't that silly of me, when this is such a happy occasion? We're really together again the way we used to be in the big old house on the hill, just the two of us. Remember, Brad?"

"Of course," said Brad.

"I remember we went on, "how I would sit in the big wing chair beside the fire, and you'd sit on the floor at my feet, with your head on my knee? Those were lovely hours, weren't they, Brad?"

"Uh-huh," said Brad.

Irritation flashed across her mind. He looked so sensitive, so reproachful, and he was behaving as—as lumpishly—as the dolt of a bellboy.

"Lovely, precious hours," she went on softly. "You would talk to me about your dreams, and we would make plans for the future. Great, shining, wonderful dreams for the two of us. Brad, sit down the same way now."

She led him to the sofa. He sat down, shifted uncomfortably. "I'm too big for that now, Mother. Uh—what time did you leave Havana?"

She swallowed her annoyance, and decided not to sit beside him after all. Instead, she backed a few paces, aware of how small she looked against the background of the big room.

"Does it matter?" she asked. "I'm here now, with you—where I've longed to be for weeks."

"Then why didn't you come to see me before this?" He wasn't accusing; the question had escaped in spite of himself. There was a pause. Marion gazed at him, then, with Bodock Stook.

"I suppose," she said, very low, "that you think—or you've been told—that I left you behind when I went South in order to suit you."

"But—" He shook his head, bewildered. "If you didn't want to leave me here, why did you?"

"Oh, Brad!" She laughed helplessly, "I couldn't help it. There's no way to help, to advise me. It's so easy to make mistakes—tragic mistakes. I thought I was giving you the benefit of a father's love and guidance. But apparently, instead of helping you to grow and develop all these months, Stan has done nothing but try to turn you against me—at Terry's instigation, no doubt."

S H E D'GONE too far. Brad looked shocked. "Oh, no!" he corrected her anxiously. "That isn't so! Dad and Aunt Terry might have wanted you to stay away!"

"Say!" she repeated. "They wouldn't be so crude, my dear. There are other ways. For instance—why do you suppose I stopped sending you the presents after the television set, if it wasn't because I knew they would make it seem that I was trying to buy your devotion?"

"Gosh, Mother, that's not—"

She swept on, unheedingly. "And all the time I was dying to send you all sorts of gifts, and a really big allowance instead of that pitance I sent you every week."

"You mailed me an allowance?"

"Of course," said Marion, "in your father's care. You got it, didn't you?"

"Why, no—!" He stopped, looking dazed.

"Brad! You didn't get it? But you must have, unless—" She bit her lip. "I had it stolen, or—"

"Nothing," said Brad. "Gee, Mother—"

"Oh, no," she said quickly, "you mustn't think that, Brad. Forget it. I don't care to think of it again, you know. Only promise me that if anyone asks me if I sent you your weekly allowance all this time, you just say yes."

He looked completely at sea. "But what then, Mother?"

"The Judge might, or the lawyer," said Marion. "And you see, if you were to mention that you hadn't got it, suspicion might fall on certain persons, and—oh, it would be just too awful! And I don't want to cause any unpleasantness, Brad. Even though people try to take everything away from me, even my own children."

The handkerchief went to her eyes. Brad hastened to reassure her. "No-body's trying to take me away from you. I'm just proving to myself, staying here in Dickston with Dad and Aunt Terry. I mean, I could still see you and be with you whenever I wanted. But like it here in Dickston. I have all my friends here, and I want to go on living here. You
She knew, and a plan that had been forming in the back of her mind suddenly crystallized. It wasn't entirely to her liking, but it would be worth it.

She didn't trouble. I kept the venom out of her voice as she said, "I take it Stan and Terry have made life very pleasant for you?"

"It's been swell!" There was no mistaking the warmth in his tone. "I've had to earn my own spending money, and do without some things I wanted, but it's been fun. Dad and Aunt Terry have made me feel like part of a real family, just like other kids."

"Oh, my darling—" Hate rose in her, choking her, setting her hands to trembling. There was no need to pretend emotion; this was genuine, only Brad couldn't know that it was hatred for Terry instead of concern for him.

"What a bitter awakening there is in store for you! Have you thought what it will be like after Terry's baby is born? Oh, yes, I know about it—I saw Lillian Anderson shortly after I arrived in town, and she told me. And, Brad, when the baby comes, suddenly you'll be considered old enough to take care of yourself. They won't want to hear your problems or to help you solve them; they'll resent the little time you do take. And they'll feel guilty about neglecting you, and therefore treat you all the more sharply."

"Gosh, Mother, I don't think—"

"Believe me, darling, it will be like that." She was beside him in a rush, seizing his hands, pleading with him. "There'll be too great an age difference between you and the baby. And, in the last analysis, your father will feel, whatever the Judge may decide, that you are only half his child. The baby will be all his."

Terry struck home; she could see it in his eyes, and she could have shouted for joy.

Terry didn't ask Brad about his interview with his mother when he reached home that evening. But Stan asked, before he got a look at the boy's face.

"You saw your mother, Brad?" he said, "What did she have to say?"

"She cried," said Brad.

Stan's lips tightened, but he spoke gently. "Look, son—you haven't had a chance to discuss this with her before tonight. If, after hearing her side of it, you want to change your mind, we want you to feel free as air to do it. Only, whatever decision you make, I want you to be as sure as you can be that it's the right one, the best one for you.

Brad's back was toward them. He seemed to be very busy setting an armload of gaily wrapped packages on the hall table. "I thought I had," he said, "until I saw Mother. I thought I was right, and that everything would go on being swell the way it's been these last months. But Mother said— She said—"

"Don't tell us, Brad," Terry warned him quickly, "if you'd rather not."

"I guess I wouldn't." The words were barely audible. "If I tell you what she said, then I'll have to tell her what you said, and then you'll both tell the judge—and hate each other!" He turned toward them suddenly, his face twisting. "I didn't know it was going to be like this!" he cried. "Like being torn down the middle of myself! Part of me feels sorry for Mother, all by herself, with no one but me. Part of me wants to stay here all the time. I don't know what to do! I wish—I wish we were dead!"

He rushed up the stairs. Terry started after him; then Stan was beside her,
The house is shining-clean for the wedding...when excissor from Aunt Clara's last-minute wedding gift goes all over the carpet! What to do?

Just whistle...and whisk out the Bissell Carpet Sweeper. That new "Bisco-matic" Brush Action sweeps clean without any pressure on the handle...

Works automatically, adjusting itself to any rug, from the thickest broadloom to the smoothest Oriental! It even picks up perfectly when the handle is held low, for sweeping under tables and chairs.

Hint to brides: Use your vacuum for periodic cleaning, a "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for everyday quick pick-ups.

Bissell Sweeper
The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
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Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissell with "Slot-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty as low as $6.45. Other models for even less. Illustrated the "Vanity" of $8.45.

holding her. "Darling," he said, "don't. He's better left alone for a while, and you need to take care of yourself. I've an idea you're going to need all the strength you can muster when you face Marion and the Judge."

It was hot in the Judge's chambers. The dark faces glistened with the heat; the single fan did no more than stir the air so that it moved like a warm breath across the skin. Brad, sitting with Marion and Terry and Stan in the outer office, said, "The Judge was momentarily closeted with the lawyers, felt that he would suffocate if the hearing went on much longer. The Judge had spoken to his mother and Terry and Stan; in a moment they would all be called in. The Judge's door was opening; the lawyers were coming out. The Judge himself stood in the doorway, nodding to them.

"Mrs. Sullivan—Mr. and Mrs. Burton—Brad. If you'll come inside..."

It was coming now. And it was going to be worse than he'd expected. He was going to have to choose between his mother and his father; then to choose one, in the presence of the other.

The Judge started to seat them, Marion on one side of his desk, Stan and Terry on the other, and Brad beside him. But Marion, with a little gesture of desperation, left her chair, to place a protective arm around Brad. He's your Honor," she pleaded, "is much more of this necessary? We can't go on torturing Brad like this, trying to pull him apart. His place is with me, his mother. I have no other child, no interest in life except him."

"If that's so," Stan cut in, "why did you leave him with us and go off for more than eight months? You didn't even write to us."

Marion lifted her head proudly. "I've explained all that to Judge Watson. He knows that when my doctor ordered me South for my health, I never dreamed I'd be gone so long, or I'd have taken Brad with me in the first place. And then when Brad was established in school here, I didn't think it was right to go away and leave him deserted. As for not writing—or you know how attached he's always been to me. I knew that my letters would only upset him and make him more lonely—"

"Upset him," Stan repeated bitterly. "What do you think you'll be doing now, if you take him away from his school and his friends—been talking all this time."

Marion smiled. "But I don't intend to take him away," she said sweetly. "I've come back to Dickston to stay. I'm buying a house here. I even have my agents looking for one. Isn't that so, Judge Watson?"

Brad gasped. This was the first he'd heard of his mother's buying a house in Dickston. Just as if he'd tuned them in unawares. "What do you think of that, Brad?" he asked. "If your mother settles here?"

Brad shook his head. He didn't know what to think. It was too much! He didn't understand it. But somehow all he could think of right now was that if his mother stayed in Dickston, this tug-of-war between his parents would go on forever.

"I don't know what to say, sir," he answered. "I'd like to stay here, all right, only—"

"Only it just wouldn't work!" Stan could no longer contain himself. "You know you've outgrown Dickston, Marion. Even the country club scene seems dull and provincial to you. You'd stay there for a couple of months, or three or four—and then you'd put the new house up for sale just as you did the big Burton house, and then you'd be on your way again."

"Can I give you him?" Marion cried passionately. "Brad's my whole life, all I have—and you and Terry have your own child coming. Brad will only cause you heartburned and—"

"Don't think I'm not forgetting, Stan Burton, about the financial settlement that goes with Brad's custody. You'd find that convenient, wouldn't you, to use for your own child?"—She smiled, and her teeth stopped, clapping her hand over her mouth in a childish gesture of dismay.

"I'm sorry, Judge Watson," she apologized, "I think you've heard me say anything like that! But I'm so terribly worried and overworked about what may happen to Brad."

Judge Watson needed gravely. "I think the heat alone is enough to set us all on edge," he said. "And I also think this sort of procedure is getting us nowhere. I've heard both sides of the story and know that you all here any longer. I want to talk to Brad now, and since this conference may take some time, I think it best if you and Marion just stay here."

Terry rose awkwardly, with the help of Stan's hand at her elbow. She tried to smile at Brad, but the boy's pale, quiet face unnerved her. Marion bent toward him, and Brad said:

"Brad, darling, don't be frightened. Tell His Honor exactly how you feel about everything.

"Well—" Brad swallowed. He didn't know how he felt—except miserable—or what he thought. It was a mass of confusions, the talk about the new batch of money, the talk about money.

No, he wasn't sure of anything. All he knew was his mother fighting for him, desperately, with every weapon she could think of, while his father and Aunt Terry wanted him to stay with them for his own good, whether or not they felt toward him as they would feel toward their own child. They would. They were that kind of people. And his mother—

That evening Stan and Terry sat alone on the screened porch of their little house on Maple Street.

"Late," Stan remarked. "I wonder why Brad isn't back yet. The Judge can't possibly keep them here all this time."

"He probably took him to supper," said Terry. "There's nothing to worry about. He promised to bring Brad back here himself at eight."

"No, he didn't," Stan corrected her. "He said he'd take him home. And if he's decided in Marion's favor—"

"He won't," said Terry with an assurance that belied her feeling. "He—Stan! Isn't that his car now?"

They waited, not moving, hardly daring to breathe, while the big car slid to a stop in front of their house. They strained their eyes through the dark as they heard the car door open—and they saw one figure get out. Just one.

"He went," Terry breathed. "He's alone! Darling, don't! We mustn't jump to conclusions—"

Judge Watson was gravely apologetic.

"I hope you weren't concerned about not hearing from me," he said when he was seated. "Brad and I talked so earnestly and for so long that I lost track of time. It took me a while to bring myself to talk freely, but when I began to talk freely, the words..."
poured out of him, and he told me about situations and reactions which I would never have got by questioning.

"Judge Watson," Stan demanded in a tight voice, "why are you telling us all this? Is it an explanation of your decision—or an excuse?"

"Stan!" Terry cautioned softly, and the Judge smiled.

"I realize you've been under a strain, Mr. Burton, and I'll relieve your mind as soon as possible. But first there's a point or two I'd like to get straight. Mr. Burton, what did you do with the allowance your ex-wife sent to Brad?"

"Allowance?" said Stan blankly. "She didn't send him any money at all—unless he received mail directly, which isn't likely."

"Mmm," said the Judge. "You received no sums for his support, even though a fund was created for that purpose? Didn't you find you needed extra money for taking care of him?"

"Of course," said Stan. "But the thought of asking Marion for it out of his fund was repugnant to me. I did want to increase his allowance, but when it was impossible, Brad got himself a part-time job."

"And you approved?" asked the Judge.

"I WASN'T pleased that the only job he could find was at the big Burton store which I used to own," Stan admitted. "But I thought it was an excellent idea for him to be working. I felt that he would learn the value of earned money."

"I see," The Judge stared reflectively at him, then turned to Terry. "Mrs. Burton, when we spoke alone together today, the only reason you could give for Mrs. Sullivan's wanting the boy was that she didn't want you to have him. Could that feeling possibly be the result of your own imagination?"

"My nervous imagination. Do you mean that I could be the victim of a persecution complex?" Terry asked incredulously. "—I don't think so. Your Honor. If I were, wouldn't I feel that everyone hated me?"

"Strange you should bring that up," Stan put in. "That's the way Brad was when he first came to us, eight months ago. He was convinced that no one liked him, that people didn't want to be friendly, that there was no one he could trust. That's what living with Marion did to him—and it's the way he's begun to be since she's come back. I saw it this afternoon—"

"I agree with you," said Judge Watson quietly. He rose. "Mr. Burton, Mrs. Burton, your boy is outside, in my car. I just wanted to talk to you first and make sure that I was right on these points. You've shown me that I am. Therefore, I am going to rule that custody of the boy be turned over to you, permanently, and that his mother, Marion Sullivan, not be permitted to influence or interfere with his life in any way whatsoever."

Brad came up the walk with the Judge. He felt lightened and relieved after their long talk, at peace now that he'd made his decision.

But there was one more thing he needed to know—how they would feel about it, his Father and Aunt Terry. He had to know that this homecoming meant as much to them as it did to him.

Then he saw them coming down the porch steps, his father a dark, welcoming shadow, his Aunt Terry—yes, even in the dusk there was the light in her face, the smiling radiance.

He began to run, toward his waiting family—toward his new security.
This Is Your Life
(Continued from page 31)

proud of a two-year-old daughter and an infant son. He's a business man—a star salesman in an automobile agency in Carroll, Iowa, and he runs a 200-acre farm.

Lots of boys make good like that, settle down early—sure. But Ralph arrived at this happy point the hard way. Less than five years ago, on December 14, 1944, Ralph lay near death in a shell-torn street in Birgel, Germany, both of his legs shattered.

He had killed a dozen Germans, after he was wounded, and routed, single handed, a Nazi tank.

Ralph got the Congressional Medal of Honor for that day's work. But he lost both of his legs.

We heard about this boy through the War Department, having checked with General Omar Bradley on the hunch that a run-down on our wartime heroes four years after the war might turn up a good story for the program.

Ralph Neppel, we knew as soon as we heard his record, was a young man who had made his own chances.

From that point, it was our job to fit the pieces of his life together, round up all the people who had been instrumental in shaping it in order to enjoy the magic five minutes at the program's close when we give him a glimpse of his future.

We couldn't go directly to Ralph for this material, of course. The people whose lives are relived on our program don't know until they're on the air what we're up to.

We ran into our usual problems.

Axel Grubenberg, our director, put through the first long distance call to Ralph's young wife, the former Jean Moore, at the Nepple's farm home.

Hollywood calling, Mr. Grubenberg for Ralph Edwards, for This Is Your Life. Would she tell us all about Ralph, bring Ralph to Hollywood for the program?

We thought somebody was kidding her, and hung up.

This always happens, at least once. We got the operator in Carroll again, induced her to tell the truth.

Jean listened to us the second time, and promised to write up Ralph's story as she knew it. Not a word about this to Ralph, we warned him. The War Department would contact him, ask him to go to Los Angeles to make a radio appeal for the veterans' bureau.

Jean's story came along in the mail in a few days, and it was a good one. Ralph and Jean had met in 1942, at the ice skating pond. On New Year's Eve he had taken her to a party. Afterwards, on the icy roads, Ralph's car slid into a ditch, and he had to walk Jean a quarter of a mile to her home, and then two miles farther to his sister's to be put up for the night.

Jean and Ralph were engaged on his last furlough before going overseas.

When she saw him again, it was in McCloskey General Hospital, in Temple, Texas. He was getting well then, but his chart read "Double Amputee." Two months later they were married.

It was not long after that Ralph put hospitals behind him, and went back with his bride to start all over again as a farmer in Carroll, Iowa.

With the material Jean gave us, Jim Chadwick, who does the research for the program, could begin to round up the other key figures in Ralph's past.

Jim talked to Ralph's mother first.

A pretty remarkable woman in her own right, Rose Nepple. Widowed since Ralph was nine, and his six brothers and sisters all still of school age, Mrs. Nepple had been a successful farmer herself, with the older boys' help.

She told us about Ralph's first day in the little red school house, how he shined up immediately to the teacher—Miss Edyth Davis.

"Where was Miss Davis now?" Jim Chadwick wanted to know. Miss Davis was a Mrs. L. A. Stoner; we found her in Tucson, Arizona, and eager to come to Hollywood to honor her former pupil.

He was such a smart boy, she remembered. Mischievous sometimes, but sweet.

Older brother Arby—the one with whom Ralph had tossed a coin to see who would make the mail run, which stay behind to help on the farm—and Ralph's married sister, Isabella, now Mrs. Charles Feld, were able to give us the Ralph material needed on the years before the war. Both promised to appear on the program.

The toughest part of the research job came when we set out on the trail of...
Ralph's army pals. We wanted particularly a buddy of his basic training days, Jim Schuele.

We had a lot to start with on this one. The War Department responded to our wire: James Schuele was somewhere in Iowa.

We weren't discouraged. Through veterans' organizations in Iowa we traced Jim Schuele to a logging camp at Oak Run, California.

"A break for that old onion peeler," his voice boomed over the wire. "That's great. Just tell me what to do."

The key participant for our purposes was an ex-GI named Gene Rine, of Akron, Ohio. Gene is the man who saved Ralph's life.

The War Department had given us the details. Ralph had led his squad into an open square in the center of the embattled town. Just as they were about to reach their position a German tank appeared. A shell sped toward the group and exploded in its midst. Every man of the squad, except Ralph, was instantly killed. Ralph himself was skyrocketed into the air. As he fell back to earth, still conscious, he pulled himself by his elbows—his legs were shattered by the shell, remember—twenty-five feet to his machine gun. He righted the weapon and opened fire on the tank and the more than twenty Germans moving up behind it.

The tank stopped beside him, so that anyone leaning out of it could have dropped a grenade on him.

He continued firing at the Germans behind the tank, and soon forced those who survived to retreat. The tank crew, frightened by the loss of its protecting infantrymen, also went into reverse and sped away. About two dozen Germans were left behind, dead.

Gene Rine, watching from a window of a nearby house, started to go to the wounded sergeant's rescue, when he saw one of the surviving Germans raise his rifle. As a matter of fact, one of the bullets from that gun creased Ralph's head. The German aimed the gun again, but he never fired—for a blast from Gene Rine's pistol took him out of action, forever.

Obviously, we had to find Gene Rine. And find him we did. He was a student now, in an Ohio university, and in the midst of his mid-term exams.

Exams or no exams, when we had told him what we wanted he said just as simply as Jim Schuele before him: "Just tell me what you want me to do."

He told us, when he arrived in Hollywood, the rest of the story of the battle in Birgel. He had dragged Ralph Nepel, nearly unconscious now, to the shelter of a nearby house, rounded up a medical officer.

Just before he left to go back to his position Ralph called to him. He didn't say thanks, just held out a shaking hand, asked Rine for a cigarette.

Rine lighted one for him, patted him on the arm, muttered something about "hang on, man," and went out. He had never seen him from that day, although they had kept in touch.

We had a pretty solid story now, we thought. We didn't need a topper—but we got one, in the form of a letter to Ralph from President Truman.

We were ready to go on the air.

Ralph came to the studio with Jean just a few moments before broadcast to make his "pitch"—or so he thought—for the veterans' bureau. We were on the air when he first told me that he was starring in This Is Your Life. Ralph's mother came on stage first.

For lips men long to kiss again...

...and again...

...and again—Tangee

Lips eager to kiss in a
romantic love scene between
SUE ENGLAND
AND
PETER FERNANDEZ
in
"CITY ACROSS THE RIVER"
A UNIVERAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Tangee
KISS COLORS
TANGEE PINK QUEEN—You'll be queen of his heart with this perfect pink on your lips.
TANGEE RED RED—This reddest of reds makes all girls more kissable—especially brunettes!
TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—Dramatize your lips—for him—with this amorous, glamorous shade.
TANGEE GAY-RED—A kiss-catching color for the fair-haired girl. Don't trust your romance to anything less than Tangee!
“Mom, what on earth are you doing here?” was all Ralph could say.

Mrs. Stoner was next, and then Ralph’s pretty wife, Jean, and Brother Arby and Sister Isabelle. Ralph was too amazed to say much.

Then a tour dancer came on stage, followed by Gene Rine.

For the first time, Ralph found the strength to get out of his chair, push out a hand to the man who had saved his life.

“Take it easy, man,” Rine said, forgetting his script, tears in his eyes.

We went on with the show to recall for Ralph—and our listeners—the bleak days in a series of hospitals both in Europe and this country where Ralph spent the months after his injury.

And we reminded him, as though he would ever have forgotten, of the August morning in 1945 when he stood with nineteen other American heroes in the East Room of the White House to receive from President Truman the Congressional Medal of Honor.

At that point we were able to prove to Ralph that President Truman, along with others of his countrymen for whom he had given so much, had not forgotten him.

We handed him, right there on stage, the President’s letter, which read:

Dear Mr. Neppel,

When I had the honor of conferring upon you the Congressional Medal of Honor in August, 1945, at the White House, I was particularly impressed with the citation accompanying the medal. In it, your great heroism, above and beyond the call of duty, was well described.

I have learned something about your career, since you finally left the hospitals behind you and returned to your own community in Carroll County, Iowa. Your accomplishments there are an inspiration to all of us.

I have been informed of your fine achievements in farming—how you consistently have topped the average in production of corn, and how through your determination and high courage, you have become a leader in your community, just as you were a leader of men in the service of your country.

With my best wishes for your continued success and happiness, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Harry Truman

I could hear Ralph’s questions over the roar of applause, “Is this really true?”

He wondered again if this could all be true when we unveiled his Philip Morris Future:

“The new rug Jean had wanted for so long for their living room floor; an electric clothes dryer and automatic ironer; and a vacation for the young Neppels whenever they want it at Sun Valley, Idaho.

Best of all, we were able to give Ralph a modern farm tractor with a two-row corn planter which he had wanted, but been unable to afford.

I guess Ralph shook my hand a dozen times once we were off the air, wondering aloud what he had done to make a total stranger do all this for him.

“Nonsense, Ralph,” I told him, and I meant it, “you did it for yourself.” For Ralph is one of the big people, the people who make their own chances.

We always have a dinner party for our radio guests on the nights after the broadcasts.

The night of Ralph’s party, I decided not to go, I thought they would prefer privacy.

Our producer, Al Paschall, was on hand, of course, to see that everything went off smoothly. He told me about it the next day. He was moved almost to tears by the sincere gratitude of Ralph and his family and friends.

Dinner was very gay, and Ralph said over and over, Al reported, “Nothing like this ever happened in Iowa.”

The three veterans huddled together all evening rehashing their war experiences. Al couldn’t get over the casual way in which Ralph would whip up his trouser legs to show his buddies the fine mechanical legs on which he gets around briskly.

We had told the Neppels that they would be welcome to stay around Hollywood for a few days, but they refused. Ralph was eager to get his hands on that new corn planter, and both he and Jean were terribly homesick for the children.

I knew Ralph Neppel for just a few hours, really. But I will never forget him—or any of the people who figured in his story, the Neppels. Ralph’s simple, my conviction that the plain people of America are the great people.

Meeting people like Ralph week after week, this is Your Life was born has given me a zest for my job that I wouldn’t have believed possible.

I have decided that helping people who help themselves is the most rewarding work in the world. This is my life, I suppose you could put it in a nutshell. And I love it!

---

FOR FRIDAY NIGHT ENJOYMENT

Tune In

“the JACK CARSON show”

with Marion Hutton

Every Friday Night

8 p.m. Eastern Time

On Your CBS Station

For Reading Enjoyment: Look for Jack Carson’s Life Story plus color portrait in the current issue of TRUE STORY now on newsstands.
driveway, my jean-clad daughter noted the group on the bridle trail, all dressed in levis. Clustered here and there among the buildings were additional teenagers, male and female, dressed in the out-shirt and loafer style. Sandra’s expression modified.

After three weeks at Chadwick, she came home to announce, "Mother, I'm so mad at you for being right. I love Chadwick!"

I thought this approval would help to sell Ronnie on the same school, where we want to enroll him next September. My second-teen sight should have warned me. He had selected another school, partly, I suspect, to prove his independence of his sister.

Again I resorted to my plan of making a bargain to satisfy both parent and child. I told him that if he could maintain a position on the honor roll (comprising the ten students with top grades) at Black Fox Military Academy for nine straight months, he would have earned the privilege of selecting his own school.

THE first month he made it; the second, he held his position; the third, he bettered his standing among the first ten; the fourth month he came home jauntily to announce, "We got our reports today. Guess I'll be very happy at Chadwick."

Sandra and Ronnie get along around the house like the average brother and sister, that is, with all the cordiality of a pair of strange black leopards. Their arguments always deal with world-shaking problems such as who had the glue last.

Yet, when one or the other has fractured some household rule and is taken to task, I note that the young Burnses present a solid front. Ronnie will say in defense of his sister, "You misunderstood her, Mother. She didn't mean what she said." And Sandra will explain, "Ronnie would have been here on time, but he had to wait for David to come home."

During my own formative period, I was not allowed to have dates until I was sixteen. Life moves faster nowadays. Sandra, who seems more mature than her years would indicate because she is now five feet nine inches tall, began to attend boy-and-girl school parties when she was thirteen.

We have one rule about this: I always know the boy with whom she is spending the evening, and I always know his family.

We have established midnight as the witching hour; Sandra must be home then or Cinderella has her dating privileges taken away. We mothers decided on that rule, after extensive telephone consultation.

During my first ten-teenhood, ten o'clock was the Friday night rule when I was allowed to date; eleven was the weekend deadline.

Nowadays, however, if you youngsters see a movie, then stop at a drive-in for Cokes and hamburgers, it is difficult for them to reach home before midnight. I think it is better to make a rule that is easy to keep, than one which may be innocently broken again and again. Not long ago Sandra spent Saturday evening with several girl friends, playing records and watching television.

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Fresh is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use. Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the free jar of creamy, smooth Fresh we will send you.

Test it. Write to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.
There is no magic at all about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

In No More Alibis the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

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Send me postpaid a copy of No More Alibis by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose 50c.

Name ...........................................

Address ..........................................

City .............................................. State ........

She was at home and tucked in by eleven, mainly because she didn't have to move anything by remaining out later.

Sandra and I have one particular teen experience in common. The first thing I used to ask about a boy whom someone praised was, "How tall is he?" I was short, so I found it almost impossible to dance with a very tall boy.

Sandra asks the same question for the exactly opposite reason. She doesn't like to dance with boys shorter than she is. Despite her five feet nine inches, she is as straight as an arrow, walks with proud grace in her flat heels, dances beautifully, and is frequently complimented on her posture.

RONNIE has reached that interesting masculine state of being telephoned by girls. Bachelors, it seems, are in demand from the time they lose interest in cooer wagoners. However, Ronnie doesn't have to worry about the frilly side of life. Right now his twin fascinations are mechanics and fish. He spends hour after hour working on a small (eighteen inches overall) automobile racer that actually runs; when he wears shoes of that, he devotes himself to his four aquaria of tropical fish.

Have you any idea of what goes on in the life of a tropical fish?

One of the things my parents didn't have to worry about was the automobile problem. Sandra is going to learn to drive next year. This year, also, Ronnie will be of legal age to secure a learner's license and will be qualified to drive if there is a driving, licensed adult in the car with him.

Considering the fury of Los Angeles traffic, this is something to keep a mother walking the floor until curfew. However, I suppose our great-grandparents worried. So I suppose they didn't worry about what their children would wear or if their cousins were kicking and screaming. The human race is an institution which is determined to go oftener, faster, and all I have to say to the moon is, "If you really are made of green cheese, my great-grandson will probably set up a dairy store on your light sand.

Another menace spared my parents during my original teen-ster was the combination of telephone and television.

My sympathy goes out to every home in which both instruments are installed within the grasp of the growing child. My two developed the horrible habit of calling a friend, whose family also owned a television set, and conferring on the problem of which program to watch. Once this choice was tuned in, they would sit for hours: "Look at that character! What a ham. Isn't this a terrible program?"

Finally, after having been cut off from our house, they met with a large, non-professional audience. There is a refreshing difference between the reactions of a non-professional and a studio audience. We like the changes of pace, the clever retards, the course.

George and I talked it over. We also didn't have the trouble sneaking into a theater that picture stars do. We get a kick out of going to the Chinese or the Cathay Palais, or asking another un-owned a television set, and conferring on the problem of which program to watch. Once this choice was tuned in, they would sit for hours: "Look at that character! What a ham. Isn't this a terrible program?"

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person plays banknotes by ear, or money never talks to one at all. George is a fine example of this truth.

He grew up on the lower East Side in New York, one of thirteen children. The family was terribly crowded together; the children were never warmly clothed, and often they were hungry.

One would imagine that this sort of childhood would make a man wise about money. It might even, understandably, make him tight-fisted.

Not George. He has always been the soul of open-handed generosity. When he shops, he never asks the price before making a purchase (except when I'm along and nudge him into inquiring). He never totals a restaurant check, and I think he tips too much all the time. When he signs the checks our business manager submits, George never even glances at the vouchers. Obviously, George's example would never instruct our children in the narrow ways of thrift.

I insisted that they be given allowances with which they must purchase the incidentals they felt they needed. So what happens? So Sandra and Ronnie turn out to have prudence built into their systems. Ronnie's allowance, per week, is just enough to take him to a Saturday movie and to provide a Coke and hamburger afterward. Instead of using his money that way, he buys tools with which to work on his mechanical creations. Sometimes he buys a new batch of tropical fish. Or, oddest indulgence of all, he will enjoy a Saturday luncheon in one of Beverly Hills' delicatessens.

One of the first Christmas presents Ronnie ever gave me was a box of cleansing tissues, bought at the dime store. His most recent gift was quite as practical. I had been given a Ross Shattuck landscape; it needed the customary overhead light to do it justice when hung. "Don't buy the light," Ronnie instructed me. "That will be my present to you."

Sandra is also sensible. One of her first gifts to me was a package of emery boards from the dime store. Last Christmas she presented me with an exquisite handmade lace handkerchief. I say it with a certain amount of quiet pride: the Burns babes have taste.

Taste, but maybe no talent. Neither shows the faintest interest in show business. Of course, like all parents, we have given them "every advantage"—whether they regarded the various lessons in that light or not.

We started them early with dancing lessons. Ronnie was quite good at tap, but he wouldn't work at it. Sandra learned to be a featherweight ballroom dancer and was satisfied.

We gave them piano lessons. Sandra developed a certain amount of facility, but she wouldn't practice. Ronnie's in the midst of studying piano now, but he and I are ruining some of the best hours of our teens in the process. I sit beside the piano, giving him the line made famous by ten or fifteen generations of mothers, "You'll thank me some day."

As I say it, I know that he would much rather be swimming (he is so good in the water that he makes his own tropical fish look like landlubbers), but I repeat with conviction, "You'll thank me some day."

Whether he does or not, I may as well be honest and admit that—here and now—I am thanking my two teenagers for returning me, through their experiences, to a magic time of life. In my second youthhood, I couldn't be happier.

____

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There's a hidden beauty in every woman's lips... let Flame-Glo light that spark of magnetic allure in yours! Once you try it you'll know why so many stage and screen stars, models and society women choose Flame-Glo for extra glamour, extra beauty... NO smudges, smears or blurry edges ever!

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KEEP KISSABLE
WITH Flame-Glo LIPSTICK
now with FASTENOL for longer-lasting color brilliance

POPULAR 25c SIZE
IN METAL CASE

THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE FLAME-GLO AT ALL POPULAR-PRICE COSMETIC COUNTERS
Parky Pulled Me Through
(Continued from page 35)

1947 for a little spinal surgery that that
was the last time I'd walk for nearly a
year. I'm sure my doctor had no ex-
pectation of any such serious conse-
quences, either. All he intended to do
was cut away an overgrowth of bone on
my upper vertebrae that had caused me
considerable pain during the previousive years. Of course, spinal surgery is
always a serious matter, but I didn't
dread my operation. In fact, I looked
toward to it, thinking how good it
would feel to be rid of those nagging
aches that had plagued me so mysteri-
ously until the neurologist finally
located their cause. I confidently ex-
pected to be up and around within a
couple of weeks after the surgery.

I had to be up and around. Meet Me
At Parky's was due to resume broad-
casting in another month, after the
usual summer lay-off.

"Don't worry," was my last admoni-
tion to my wife, Thelma. "There's go-
ing to be nothing to this!"

Well, I was mistaken. Something
went wrong during the operation. My
doctor had to resort to the electric cau-
terizer. That stopped the hemorrhage
and probably saved my life, but it had
another effect—and, to coin a phrase, it
shouldn't happen to a dog.

Two months after the operation I
was still in the hospital, propped up in
bed, unable to move a muscle below my
waist. I kept assuring everybody,
especially Thelma and the boys, that I'd
be up and around shortly.

Only one person remained skeletal
in the face of my repeated assurance
that nothing serious was behind my
waist. As time passed, and ex-
pected improvement failed to show up,
one grim word kept getting nearer
and nearer to the surface of my mind.
I held it back as long as I could, but
finally it burst out, with stunning,
numbing force: paralysis!

One afternoon there in the hospital
I said the words aloud for the first time:
"I'm paralyzed." But saying it aloud
didn't diminish the size of my disability.
Talking it over with the doctor didn't,
either. When I flung my assertion at
him, I was probably hoping subcon-
sciously he'd tell me I was wrong. He
didn't. "Having to use that electric cau-
terizer," the doctor admitted, "seems
to have set up an irritation that's
caused your motor nerves to forget
their functions. They'll have to be re-
trained. That will take time."

It was then I decided I'd have to drop
Parky. How could I, in my physically
insolvent condition, expect to do a
presentable radio show?

Well, you had to admit Parky reacted
to my attempt to dissolve our partner-
ship. He refused to take himself off,
as requested. He kept hanging over me
and nagging me with pep talks.

Even in memory there was no escap-
ing him. As I lay there in the hospital
bed, my inner dialogue began to take
the shape of a mental review of my
twenty-five years' association with
Parkyakarkus and the curious way in
which this indomitable character I'd
dreamed up for my own amusement
had changed my whole life.

When I was still a kid in my teens, my
father was an importer in Boston, han-
dling the products of Balkan countries,
and he had dealings with a good many
Greek people engaged in the export-
import trade. Naturally, I met a lot of
these folks, either in Father's office or
wherever they brought them home to dinner,
and I was fascinated by them, their ex-
uberant vitality, their irresistible good
humor, and most of all by the way their
Greek-nurtured tongues spoke English
so that it became almost another lan-
guage, exotic, pungent and marvelously
expressive of subtle shades of feeling
and meaning.

I began to imitate some of the Greek-
Americans I knew, not merely their
way of speaking, but also their gestures
and facial expressions. Ridicule was
never any part of the idea behind my
imitativeness. By assuming the man-
ner and expression of these Greeks
whom I liked and admired, I could say
and do things that convention-bound
Harry Einstein would never have dared
do or say.

As my Greek character grew with
me, he acquired the name, Parkyakar-
kus that stuck with him ever since. At
first Parky was known only to my fam-
ily and close friends. His initial public
appearance was completely unpre-
pared for.

As a young business man, I'd joined
several civic clubs there in Boston,
and one day at a club luncheon I was
called on quite unexpectedly to say a
few words to the membership. I was
numb with horror.

Be a Detective... without leaving your radio
Every Sunday Afternoon on
TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Now you can experience all the thrills, all the excitement
that go with being a detective without leaving your
favorite armchair! "True Detective Mysteries" take you
with the police as they investigate a crime, to the scene
of action, collecting clues, questioning suspects, check-
ing alibis. These factual crime stories, taken from actual
police records, are adopted from the pages of True De-
etective magazine.

Tune in this Sunday for TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
4 p.m. Eastern Time On Your Mutual Station
$1,000 REWARD for information on wanted criminals. Listen for details.
Then Parky came galloping to my rescue. Almost without realizing what I was doing, I found myself in my Greek-American character, criticizing the food at the luncheon, telling the toastmaster his jokes weren't funny, and talking about local politics in uninhibited Parkyakarkus style. Since this is no place for false modesty, I will tell the truth. Parky wowed 'em.

In addition to frequent appearances at club affairs, Parky was soon cluttering up the air waves in the vicinity of Boston. This went on for several years, but Parky might have remained a purely local celebrity if he hadn't gotten Eddie Cantor's goat.

That was in 1934, and Cantor was at the height of his radio fame. One of the organizations to which I belonged managed to get him as guest speaker for its annual banquet, and we considered ourselves very lucky to do it, I can tell you. However, I'm not going to tell you who originated the idea of putting the rib on Cantor at the banquet. Anyway, the idea appeared, and it grew, and Parkyakarkus was elected to do the job.

(AME banquet night, and Eddie gave a really sparkling performance as principal speaker of the evening. Everyone at the tables was roaring with laughter when he finished—with one exception. The exception was an enormously dignified individual sitting at the speakers' table. A wide red sash bisected the gleaming white of his dress shirt, and an imposing array of medals and ribbons bedecked the front of his coat. After Cantor had finished his performance, this bemaded dignitary, who hadn't cracked a smile at Eddie's best jokes, was introduced as a special guest of honor for the evening: a visiting Greek consul official of high rank, Mr. Nick Parkyakarkus. Nearly everyone in the audience except Cantor knew what was coming.

Parkyakarkus stood up to acknowledge the introduction. Then he launched into some more general remarks about the American sense of humor.

Without attempting to render the dialect, this is approximately what Parky said: "You Americans are such children when it comes to humor. No sophistication. No subtlety. The simplest little things amuse you. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard you all laughing so heartily at this man Cantor, just now. If you Americans pay this man a million dollars a year, as I have heard you do, all I can say is, you must be crazy."

I had turned to face Eddie as I spoke. His face was a spectacle I wouldn't like to have missed. Still thinking I was a bona fide Greek dignitary, and fearing to create an international incident, Eddie managed to hold his homicidal impulse in check.

But I couldn't hold myself in check any longer. I had to let go and laugh, and of course that gave it all away to Cantor. Slowly his face regained a more normal hue and then he, too, began to laugh—and louder than anyone else. Later, as the banquet was breaking up, he came over to shake my hand and say, 'I'd like to have you appear on my radio show sometime. How'd you like that?'

How would I like that? I couldn't have been prouder if I'd been told the President wanted me in his cabinet.

I wasn't long finding out that Eddie Cantor wasn't one of those careless great ones who go around raising hopes in unknowns without meaning what

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Little Lulu says: **IT'S TISSUES A-POPPIN'—WHEN THEY'RE KLEENEX TISSUES!** **ONLY WITH KLEENEX CAN YOU PULL JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE (NOT A HANDFUL)—HAVE THE NEXT POP UP READY TO USE**

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Dept. F-27, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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R M
Don't imagine you're different!

Quite naturally, when a product appears which is completely unlike past methods, your first thought may be "Is it really meant for me?" or "I wonder if I am any different..." Well, Tampax is just such a revolutionary product in the field of monthly sanitary protection—and here are some facts to help you make up your mind about it.

Tampax has been adopted by millions (yes, millions) of women. Very popular among trained nurses for their personal use. Invented by a physician; designed to be worn internally. Only one-ninth the bulk of older kinds. No belts, no pins, no external pads. Causes no odor, no chafing. No bother to dispose of.

Tampax relieves embarrassment and mental strain at such times for all classes of women—college students, secretaries, housewives, nurses, vacationers... Buy Tampax today at your drug or notion counter. It's made of pure surgical cotton contained in patented individual applicators. Three absorbency-sizes for varying needs. Full month's average supply goes into purse. (Also 4-months economy box.) Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

they say. The following Thursday, February 18, 1934, I received a telegram saying: "Have good spot for you Sunday. Wire if you can come Thelma. We were married on NBC for rehearsal. Eddie Cantor." During the rest of that season, I made frequent, but not regular appearances on the Cantor show. I could do it easily because I was single and had no responsibilities beyond my advertising agency, which had developed into a lively concern employing fourteen people. They were quite capable of running the business during my absences, and did.

At the beginning of the next season, Cantor had a new surprise for me. He asked me one day: "How much did you make last year out of your business, Harry?" I told him. It was an enormous sum, but a nice living.

Eddie said, "If I paid you more, would you come with me on a full time basis for the next season?"

I'd almost blurted, "Yes," but a sizable objection occurred to me. So I merely told Eddie I'd like to think it over for a while.

There were those fourteen employees of mine to think about. What would they do, if I just shut down my business and walked off, leaving them jobless in the midst of the boys? Then the very simple solution came to me. Why not just turn the business over to the people who'd helped me build it up? They'd already proved they could run it, when I wasn't around. So that's what I did, thus freeing myself without hurting anyone else.

I worked for Eddie Cantor for three of the most enjoyable years of my life. When Eddie came to Hollywood to make the picture "Strike Me Pink" for Samuel Goldwyn, I came along and worked in that and several other movies as a featured player.

The next year I was put under contract by RKO, and that was the best thing that could have happened to me in Hollywood—not because RKO gave me starring parts (they didn't), but because it was on the RKO lot that I first met Thelma Leeds, then a radio singer and movie feature player. I was about thirty years old, still unmarried. I'd been so busy with my advertising business and with Parkyakarkus that I'd never had time to fall in love. Till I met Thelma. On my side, it was love at first sight. Then followed about six of the most suspenseful months I've ever lived through, during which time I worked harder than I'd ever worked at anything, trying to sell Thelma the idea of becoming Mrs. Einstein. I doubt that I'd qualify as a great lover, so it must have been my persistence that finally broke through. We were married on February 7, 1937. We bought the house in Beverly Hills where we still live, and Thelma gave up a promising career in the entertainment world in order to make our new house a home for me and, eventually, our boys, who now number three: Clifford, ten; Bobby, six; and Alpert, sixteen months. No reasonable man could really ask for more good breaks than I've had.

In 1937 I finally yielded to Parkyakarkus' urgings and branched out to set up my own independent airshow: Meet Me At Parky's.

Our first show after my parasitizing was a hit on Sunday night, October 19, 1947. We did it without letting even the studio audience know that behind the counter of Parky's lunchroom, under his white chef's outfit, and behind his broad grin, was a disabled man who'd had to be carried in and propped up in an armchair before the curtains were drawn. Nobody noticed any change in Parky, any letdown.

Even though it was a rather grim struggle at times, one I might never have been able to make if Thelma and the boys there helped me up, we got out through the season in great style. Many people were kind enough to say that '47-'48 was Parky's best year.

Keeping Parky on the air the whole of last season is the one thing I give most credit to for the gratifying recovery I'm making from the paralysis. Of course the swimming pool in which I work out daily helps, too. I never had a swimming pool until I was told it was the one thing that would do me the most good. I go to it now every day:

I imagine I have the only pool in Beverly Hills built on a doctor's prescription. Here's why: the doctor wrote on the prescription he gave me when I came home from the hospital: "Install one swimming pool and use three times daily, before meals."

Last week the doctor told me my recovery was complete. "Will I be able to walk five miles?" I asked. Because, as soon as I can begin, I intend to take a long walk every day with my best friend—Parkyakarkus. I guess I'll just have to take him along with me for the rest of my life. Yes, Parky will always be around as long as there's a Harry Einstein. I owe a lot to that guy. I'll never try to brush him off again.

Do YOU have a HEART OF GOLD?

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Monday—Friday ABC Stations

TOM MOORE, M.C.

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fireplace, the water colors on the walls, the Dresden figures in the mahogany cabinet, the lamps and the deep rose drapes at the big front-room windows. On the mantel in a place of honor are the blue luster candelabra Dennis gave his bride on their first Christmas together. Because it’s a hillside home, the ground floor rooms are on different levels. When you walk into the tile-floored hall, you look into the living room which is down a step to your left, and into the dining room, up a step to the right. If the door at the end of the hall by the stairs is open, you’ll catch a glimpse of a shining white kitchen equipped for efficiency.

Peggy has redone Dennis’ combination study and office with plaid paper on the walls, a massive desk and cabinets for his records. The bedroom is a concession to her—its rose satin drapes, matching dressing table skirt, chaise longue and spreads make it completely feminine.

Life for Peggy and Dennis centers about the big, airy room which they decided upon for the nursery. When they knew they were going to be parents they shopped furiously for nursery equipment. They chose a picture-paper for the walls and they narrowed down their choice of furniture to two sets, identical except that one was pink and one blue. There they let the matter rest until the third Patrick McNulty made his appearance last December, on, of all days, a Friday when his father has two radio rehearsals. Patrick himself settled the question of color for his domain.

Peggy, with the help of one maid, takes care of the house and Patrick III is entirely in his mother’s charge. Once he had a nurse, but neither Peggy nor Dennis wanted to share their son with anyone—so Peggy took over. She’ll tell you about the baby-sitter problem the McNultys share with many other young couples, and she’ll say she rarely gets down to the radio station to see her famous husband on his own show or on the Jack Benny program any more.

Dennis, of course, is firmly convinced there was never another child like Patrick. This, in spite of the dim view Patrick took of his father in the beginning. When Dennis, for the first time, picked up his son and sang him an Irish air, Patrick’s response was a howl of outraged disapproval. He is probably the only audience that ever criticized Dennis Day so violently.

Patrick, however, has now adjusted himself to his father’s voice and listens clear through a song without interruption. He even gives indication of becoming a Dennis Day fan.

Peggy will know how to deal with another kind of fan. She’s been exposed to them ever since she’s been married.

In fact the honeymoon was just over when she ran into the more virulent type. One afternoon the phone rang and when Peggy answered, a feminine voice, in tones best described as throbbing, asked for Dennis.

“He’s not here,” said Peggy politely. “Would you leave a message? This is his wife.”

There was a click at the other end of the line. That was all.

The same thing happened a day or so later and Peggy began to give the matter some serious consideration. The
next time the event was repeated she was ready.

"Wait," she said, "are you one of the Dennis Day Dreamers? If you are I'd like to meet you. Wouldn't you come over for tea this afternoon and see Dennis and me?"

Well, the voice, after a pause, said yes—and could she bring a couple of friends?

That afternoon the five officers of the Dennis Day Dreamers were on the doorstep. Peggy McNulty took them into the living room and the kitchen. Now, cookies, introduced themselves to their idol who showed up a bit later, and everyone had a nice time.

Let it be recorded that the club is now known the length and breadth of three high schools as the Peggy and Dennis Day Dreamers. Dennis told his wife proudly that it had taken him much longer than it had her to get a fan club. "And I can sing," he added.

Peggy takes family parties in stride, too, which is a good thing because the McNultys and the Ahlquists enjoy meeting and visiting together. When they're all assembled they make quite a sizable crowd.

PEGGY and Dennis held their first family-and-closest-friends gathering on the occasion of the christening of Patrick McNulty, where some forty present. Peggy fixed the refreshments, bathed and dressed the baby, got herself ready for the event, supervised Dennis' wardrobe, marshalled the entire crowd for the ceremony, and was the coloring hostess for the party that followed. Those present were almost equally divided between Ahlquists and McNultys. Dennis had invited twenty people, mostly of the McNulty family—sister—most of them married. Peggy has only one brother but she makes up for this by having a good selection of aunts and uncles.

Dennis is a man with hobbies—the hobbies involve guns, fishing rods, and complicated mechanical gadgets he'll use someday to build furniture. He added deep sea fishing to his list of favorite ways to relax when he and Peggy summered at the beach last year instead of going to Ireland as they'd planned. They've counted on a thirteen-week vacation, but Dennis' time off the air was shortened to eight weeks, and besides, there was the matter of Patrick. So Ireland was put off until the summer after next. Dennis is spending this summer collecting deep sea fishing gear and now he talks about the day when he and young Patrick will go down to the beach and Peggy will watch. They have a problem with Peggy—she doesn't care about rocking on the waves.

Going to the beach for the summer proved a bad investment. The McNultys quarreled. It happened the morning of the day before they were to leave on vacation. Peggy had a million things to do, what with checking up on the house and getting packed. She didn't think Dennis had any appointments for the day, so when he went out the front door in his usual Dogwood fashion, she called after him for his coat.

He flung back a vague answer, whipped into the garage, backed out his car and was gone. Peggy was more than a little surprised and by the time Dennis phoned home some hours later she was giving a good performance of a martyred housewife. The result was that they quarreled and when Peggy was really angry another. After a while Peggy relented. She took time to dig out already-packed pots, pans and groceries and cooked a dinner. By the time Dennis arrived, dinner was on the table, candles were lighted and Peggy was her most charming self. Then Dennis was martyred. Seems he'd spent the day arranging a surprise going-away party for her at his mother's, and had all her family and his assembled there waiting for him to bring her over. Peggy and Dennis ate two dinners that night.

Dennis has a penchant for making appointments he can't keep. He fills his day too full, Peggy tells him to no avail. She's tried keeping a schedule for him herself but up to now it hasn't been a cure—he goes on making his last appointment, with the happy conviction that he can make it home for dinner at six. Consequently when the Days are invited out for a six o'clock dinner they invariably arrive, breathless at seventy-five minutes behind schedule.

Their closest friends are Dennis business associates and Peggy's high school and college chums. When the McNultys have a party, everyone collects in the den which is a rather small room. Peggy decided to enlarge it by having one wall knocked out after the party was over, and they've occupied it for the day when they have time and can catch up on their reading. When she has time, Peggy wants to take piano lessons—she was a pretty good musician when she was in school. And when Dennis has time, he'll use the workroom garage to build furniture.

THIS leisurely period they talk about looks a long way off. Dennis' career continues to zoom, and his music publishing company, Dennis Day Enterprises, where they've put out several hit tunes including "Clancy Lowered the Boom," and "Look Up." Peggy and Dennis probably won't marry until they've got their fifteen rooms; their furnished flat hardly crowded enough to keep them company. They're already planning to send Patrick, who looks like a great athlete, to the parochial school down the hill.

Dennis' friends have found Peggy a delightful hostess and one of the gayest among any party. "How did you ever find her?" they ask Dennis.

"Just the luck of the Irish," he tells them.

For their anniversary he gave her a pair of earrings shaped like shamrocks and set with pearls.

"I'm a lucky guy," he told her, "but you must be a lucky woman." "It's lucky I am, it is," said Mrs. McNulty who's picking up a brogue. "If it weren't for you, you know, I might be a gypsy now. Instead I'm giving the best years of my life to a husband, a baby and a house. Lucky, is it?"

If you'd been watching her when she said this, you would have noticed that she was touching wood.
My Husband, Mr. Keen
(Continued from page 63)

long ago there was a letter from the Middle West which enclosed, carefully wrapped in waxed paper, twenty-five four-leaf clovers, and one five-leaf clover, "to bring you continued good luck, dear Mr. Keen, in tracing lost persons and bringing murderers to the bar of justice."

Listeners often wonder what Mr. Keen looks like. Like, of course, Bennett Kilpack! His dark brown hair is silvery ever so slightly—and very becomingly, I think—at the temples, and his warm and interested eyes are brown, too. His dignity is such that, a generation or two ago, I would most assuredly have addressed him respectfully as "Mr. Kilpack" throughout our married life!

Back to the parallel lives of Mr. Keen and Mr. Kilpack, my husband has an extensive library of books on crime and punishment, ballistics, poisons, and the like, which he enjoys hugely. He reads everything Agatha Christie writes. He is a cryptogram fan (I am content with the lowlier and less complicated crossword puzzle, myself) and delights in pre-Revolutionary houses, preferably those equipped with sliding panels, secret stairways and a good substantial ghost.

The small, simple, homely things are his dearest pleasures—his home, his food, his vegetable garden, his game of golf, his fields and streams to wander over, a warm sun to lie beneath. Like most Englishmen, my husband is a reticent man—there are questions you do not ask him. For example, the tiny, fuzzy dog that stands, and has stood for years, on his desk. I don't know when or where he got it, or what special significance it has, but only that it is his "good luck" piece, that if he lost it that would be a great misfortune, that to question him about it would be an invasion of privacy.

Acting was Bennett's choice of profession from earliest memory on. A minister's son, one of seven youngsters in the rooky old country parsonage in England, his earliest memories are of the amateur plays at school in which he always—and ardently—look part.

That Bennett, the would-be actor, graduated from Finsbury Technical College as an electrical engineer was "a detour made, as he explains it, "in deference to my father, who gave me to understand that a Kilpack as an actor was a Kilpack better dead!"

Directly after Finsbury, Bennett came to the United States. Engineers being, at that time, a drug on the market, he was almost forced into the theater.

Bennett played "Afsa" in Otis Skinner's "Kismet," on Broadway, but his happiest engagement in those years was—loving Shakespeare as he does—the tour he made with Sir Ben Greet's Shakespearean players.

It was twelve years ago that I met Bennett at—of all unlikely places in the world to meet him—a cocktail party. He was there only, as he later explained, because he had refused invitations from this hostess twice before.

"The common cocktail party," he contends, "is more depleting than the common cold." But he came to this one...

When we were introduced (this is going to sound like a radio script of the strictly non-Mr. Keen variety, I'm afraid) I was attracted to him at once.

If only you'd learn these
INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS
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Have you noticed that nice husband of yours staying out more often with the boys? Or, if he does remain at home, do you notice an indifference—almost a resentment on his part? Now 'fess up! Didn't it ever occur to you that the wife herself is often the guilty one?

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91
HALF my mind I devoted to making the usual—and boring—cocktail party small talk, and the other half I employed in asking myself: Married? If so, where's his wife? Engaged, maybe? Or—not very likely—single?

Being the conservative member of the family, it was some months after we started going together before Bennett admitted that he was, at the same time, wondering the same things about me!

Our hostess, a woman who believes in going to the heart of any matter with firm purpose, managed to get us each away from the other for a quiet chat with her before that party was over.

Bennett Kilpack is an artist, and she told me, "but as unlike the ordinary conception of the 'temperamental artist' as an actor can be. He's easy-going, calm, steady, and as British as a coat from the House of Parliament. Women find him very interesting. So far as I know, however, he's not interested—I suppose, looked at me, laughed and added—"elsewhere."

HAVING carefully documented him for me, she sought out Bennett and got him my dossier. Dorothy is a "widow," she told him. "Her husband was killed in an automobile accident. She has a young son, John, and they live with Dorothy's mother in the suburbs. Dorothy is very musical, has a beautiful singing voice, has done some ballet work. She does quite a bit of dating, but I believe she's neither engaged nor in love."

What fun Bennett and I had, much later on, comparing notes on that dear, scheming woman!

Bennett and I went together for three years before we were married. Of those three years, we were engaged for six months. A little simple arithmetic will bring you to the conclusion that it took Bennett some two and a half years to get around to proposing.

Everyday, for two years and a half, he called me on the phone. He sent me flowers. We went out together three or four times a week. He kissed me goodnight. But nothing concrete—no "will you?"

When, at last, he did propose it was simply to say to me, very casually, "How would you like to fly down to Maryland next weekend and be married?"

I waited just a moment, to assure myself that he had really said what I'd thought he'd said, and then I answered, "Yes!" But I think that's what sounded. I hastily added, "Wouldn't that be, like, to fly down to Maryland. You see." I explained, "when I was married the first time, I eloped. Which means that Mother engaged with me. This time—"

That was in February. We were married the following September in the little church at the wedding place where my mother attended in Mt. Vernon. Mr. Keen made it impossible for Bennett to get away for a proper honeymoon, so instead we took two weekend trips, browsing about New England in the car. Two city-haters, we were, searching for a country house. An old country house. But we lived, right after we were married, in an apartment on Beeckman Place—very attractive, as apartments go. But to hear Bennett describe it, you might think that this was a prison. "A city apartment! It isn't living!"

On one of those weekends of ours we found our house, in the Green Mountains of Vermont. It was of venerable years—over a hundred fifty of them. There was an acre for every year.

"This means," we told each other exultantly, "that we can grow our own vegetables, wander in our own woods, fish for trout in the spring, really live and love and be loved!"

Much of the redecorating and repairing we did ourselves.

Bennett took next to gardening, picking over what we ate in the way of fruits and vegetables. I canned and preserved and dried and pickled the produce, and did—I still do—all my own cooking. Now and again Bennett takes a hand in that department, too. His specialties are steaks, broiled out of doors, and a marvelous baked ham. The steaks he soaks in a very old over-the-counter prescription which would make the toughest steak tender and imparts a what's-that—wonderful-taste flavor. His baked ham is spiced with white sugar, baked in wine, and served up with the most perfect, rich gravy—the secret of which he keeps even from me! That birthday afternoon Bennett always went to the village of East Dover for the mail, and to "set a spell" around the cracker barrel in the combination and post office store, listening to postmaster Ted Moody talk about the beauties of Vermont and the "varmintage" of politics.

In the mornings we were—and are, still, buried in books. This partly because of chores to be done, partly, because of Lassie, Bennett's beloved Springer spaniel, who feels it his duty to be a member of the family, at the crack of dawn, with a moisty, loving kiss.

Let me tell you something about Bennett. He is a very organized man. Wouldn't you think he'd be able to discipline his dog? The truth of it is that she has him completely under her thumb. Lassie is not allowed to sleep in the bedrooms. So she sleeps on the living room chairs. Lassie is not allowed—but need I go on? But she's such a winsome, charming wench that I can't find it in me to make that more than a purely routine protest.

FOR two people who are as temperamentally opposed as Bennett and I—he a regular Gibraltar of slow-paced steadiness and I quick and flighty—we get along remarkably well together. Of course there are differences between us, but such minor ones.

I am, for example, reasonably neat about the house. Bennett is unreasonably neat about the house. No matter how much you keep the house "picked up," Bennett can always see one more thing to be picked up. You can't, in our house, keep magazines and newspapers around for more than a week. If you want to keep them longer—and sometimes I do, for that recipe I've been meaning to copy down, that article I want to re-read—you literally have to hide it.

Certain things I am—a competent wall-paperer, for instance, handy at wiring lamps and repairing blown fuses. Bennett is a man who, in a pinch, can make a housewife counts as routine. But one thing I cannot say of myself—that I have a head for business. Bennett has.

He is the one lucky few lucky housewives in these United States who has no bills hanging over her head—no light bills, gas bills, telephone bills. Many others, over—to my profound relief.

The conservatism of Bennett I've spoken of before, but there was a time when Bennett and I were first married, my hats, on more than one occasion, caused a certain amount
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of husbandly comment. Like: "My dear, isn't that—er—a little musical comedy?"

I considered them gay, perhaps, but not worthy of rebuke—so I took Bennett on a hat-shopping expedition. "You," I told him, "may now pick me out exactly the sort of hat you would like me to have." And I waited.

He talked about the shop, and after a little he came back wearing somewhat the same expression that Lassie does when she's dug up a really old and toothsome bone. "Here," he said.

I was afraid to take the thing into my hands, fearing it might explode. I still remember every detail—how could I forget? Chartreuse voile, it was, pilled abnormally on bright pink straw.

"I gave him a look. Every woman will know what kind of look I mean. The matter of hats has not arisen between us since . . .

... even so, that wasn't an argument. We've never had one, in all these eight years, and I doubt that we ever will. In the first place, how can you argue with a man who won't argue back? Who, as a matter of fact, of course is a man!"

Thus, it is the train time between that and New York is five hours. True, Bennett only went in a week, spent the night at a hotel, and returned home by sleeper after the program Thursday night.

But he was doing too much, I felt, from too far away. So—not without considerable searching of our hearts, with no terrible wailing or pain of parting—we put our farm up for sale.

Then we bought our present home in Ridgefield, and began all over again. All the pattering, painting, repairing,

The Ridgefield house is not of the vintage of the farm in Vermont, being a mere eighteen years old. But it looks pleasantly older, being made of white clapboard trim. Set quite far back from the road, you come to it through a wooden gate in an old stone wall. There is a pond with big trees, old trees, behind it. And, in miniature—since there are only four and a half acres—the fields and woodlands Bennett loves so much.

Even if my husband were not an actor—and how unthinkable that is!—he would not, I'm sure, turn to tracing lost persons for his livelihood. An out-of-the-way man if ever there was one, he says, "When—if ever—I retire, I may live in Tahiti and raise rare orchids."

Much more probably, and practically, he would stay right here at home and do for a living what he now does for the love of it—raise vegetables, use his magic green thumb in the flower beds, putter in the rock gardens, rise up as now, at seven-thirty and be out in the garden spraying, cultivating, fertilizing. And singing all the while, because he loves it so!

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When a Girl Marries
(Continued from page 49)
asking him if I could manage his money, but I know that his family would not approve. I would intensely dislike the idea of forgetting him and yet also dislike the way matters stand. Can you find a solution for me?

M. S.

Dear M. S.:
What I'm going to say to you about love and marriage may not sound like advice with a firm, scientific basis, but I believe from the bottom of my heart that it's true. It's just this:

If anything, anything at all, keeps a woman from marrying a man with whom she thinks herself in love; if there is any smallest doubt in her mind, then she shouldn't marry him. The kind of love which wears well through all the long years of marriage finds its own solution for problems, or does not even see the problem as such. If there is the slightest doubt in your mind, then you ought to face the possibility that this isn't the man for you.

A marriage which is marred by a continuing series of arguments about money—and believe me, arguments on the subject can become both sordid and acrimonious—is no marriage at all. It sounds to me, from your letter, as if your attitude toward money and your young man's are so many miles apart that there would never be a meeting ground for them.

Joan Davis

FIRST WIFE

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband's first wife (still unmarried) and his two teenage children have moved into the same block where we live and work. This former wife urges the children to do and say things which greatly hurt and annoy me. My husband can see no wrong in them and says he cannot understand why living in such proximity should upset me.

How can I meet and overcome this problem which, to me, is beyond solving and which is endangering our marriage?

R. S.

Dear R. C.:

If you are allowing this to endanger your marriage, I think you are very foolish indeed.

Look at it this way—perhaps a cold-blooded way, but certainly true from your point of view as well as from the first wife's. You have every advantage. You have the man; she lost him. You are married; she is not. Here is a great opportunity for you to be magnanimous, to display the true Christian spirit, to be considerate.

I agree that the situation is not the pleasantest possible one, but it exists. As long as it does, believe me, it is the other woman who is in the unhappy position, not you. I think it's time for you to revise your values a bit. Think of the situation as one which, if not too pleasant for the first wife, certainly should not bother you, and which is pleasant for your husband, for he can see his children often.

Joan Davis

A FATHER'S OBSESSION

Dear Joan Davis:

I have always considered my marriage a real success, but unless there is a change I'm afraid it won't be long.

My husband is a wonderful husband and father, except for one obsession—music. He comes from people of comfortable circumstances who lost most of their money, while he was quite young. Consequently, he has put the musical training. Now he has engaged a high-priced violin teacher for our young son, while I really have to skimp to clothe the child properly.

He is making a nervous, high-strung child out of a sweet, normal little boy. The child is not allowed to play ball, dig with shovels, help build "hide-outs" with the other boys, for fear he might injure his hands. My husband makes him practice for hours.

How can I make my husband see his mistake?

G. B.

Dear G. B.:

The most important thing for a child to be is just that—a child. To be sure there are children who are musical prodigies, whose greatest enjoyment is in their talent. They, I think, should be encouraged. But a child who hates his violin, and who is forced to spend hours practicing it, a child who wants to enjoy the rough-and-tumble fun that is part of every boy's life, but is not allowed to do so, could well grow into a warped, unhappy adult.

First, I think you must encourage the boy to express his feelings before his father—let his father know how he feels about music and practicing and that

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Dear Joan Davis:

I have been going with a girl now for several months and am thinking of marrying her. However, a trusted friend, who says he knew this girl in another city, tells me that she has been married before and collected a large sum of money from her ex-husband when they divorced. She has told me nothing of this. What should I do?

C. W.

Dear C. W.:

Do the simplest thing in the world, my friend—ask her! Gossip, however well-meaning, is unreliable. For correct information, always go to the source.

You say you are thinking of "lynching her." Thinking of asking her to marry you, I suppose you mean. Perhaps your proposal might also bring you her answer. A woman very often does not want to bring into the open a secret friend, no matter how close, a story which may carry with it some very unpleasant memories for her. However, to a man who is going to marry she certainly would feel much more willing to tell such a story.

And I think you might decide in your own mind exactly how you will feel toward the girl if the story proves to be true. And how you would feel toward this "large sum of money" which was, in all probability, a settlement in lieu of alimony—that is, a lump sum for her support, rather than a monthly alimony payment. But by all means don't pre-judge her. In the first place, you have no right to do so, and I'm afraid if you're prone to make such judgments, without facts upon which to base them, you're hardly adult enough, no matter what your age, to be considering marriage.

Joan Davis

THE PARENTS COME FIRST

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband and I have been married for five years, and we don't have any children. We have taken my husband's half-brother to live with us for a while. His mother has tuberculosis, but she isn't in a hospital. We have gotten so attached to the boy I just can't think of his going back to his own home. We can give him more than his own father and mother can, but when school is out they want him to come back home.

Do you know any way we could talk his parents into letting him stay? We live in the country and they live in a large city.

Mrs. B. G.
Dear Mrs. B. G.:  
I think that there is only one basis upon which you can—or have any right to—"talk his parents into letting him stay." That is the basis of health. In his mother's tuberculosis is active, being with her might endanger the boy's health. This, however, is something which I, of course, am in no position to judge, and neither are you. A physician's opinion is needed.  
If the mother's case is arrested, and being with her would not menace the child's health, then I feel that I must side with the parents of the boy. Believe me, I sympathize with you—I realize how hard it would be to give up a child whom you've learned to love as your own. But a child does belong with his own parents, and those parents have a right to have him with them if at all possible. Try to see their side of it—try to put yourself in their place.  
If the boy does go back to his parents, why don't you and your husband consider adopting a child? I know that it is very hard to get a small baby for adoption, but in many states children past the age of three or four can be had quite easily, if you qualify as proper parents. It would be a kind and wonderful thing for you to give a homeless little boy the love and care which you both seem to be able to lavish on a child. Why don't you think about it?  
—Joan Davis

**TALK IT OVER!**

Dear Joan Davis:  
I have the kind of husband most women wish they had—kind, considerate, intelligent and affectionate. We have been married for seven years and have a three-year-old son—and he is the source of my problem.  
My husband is going to college under the GI Bill, and has another year and a half to go. Our allowance from the government isn't enough to keep us and so I worked for nearly two years while he attended school at night and took care of the baby during the day.  
Last week I quit my job because I feel the baby needs me. He is at the age where he is demanding the attention that his father is too busy to give him. Not only that, but it will be discouraging to come home at night to find the sink full of dirty dishes and all the rest of the housework besides.  
Am I being selfish to want to spend my time with my baby and my home? Sometimes my husband makes me feel as though I have done wrong because he didn't approve exactly of my quitting my job. I feel the time he spent at home caring for the baby can be spent working at a part-time job. To whom am I being unfair—my husband or my baby?  
—Betty M.

Dear Betty M.:  
I don't believe you're being unfair to anyone. You are being much unfair as un-thinking. Please believe me when I say this—and I wish I could cry it from the rooftops so that every young married couple in the whole world could hear me! There are very few problems, big or small, in a marriage which can't be settled satisfactorily if they're brought out into the open and talked over!  
I think that instead of simply quitting your job, you should have discussed the matter with your husband first, and told him that you felt that you should stop working. As it is, the longer that goes now, for goodness sake sit down right away and bring all the rest of it out into open meeting.  
Every marriage needs a budget of some sort, and yours looks as if it might profit by a time-and-effort budget. Can your husband afford, from the point of view of his time and his health and his studies, to take a part-time job? Can you perhaps find another young mother near you who needs a little extra money and who would be willing to take over the care of your little boy—someone responsible, and whom you like and trust—so that you can return to work? If so, will what you have to pay her be just a fraction of the salary you can make working? If you do make this arrangement, will your husband be willing to share-share-alike with you the household duties? Is there anything which you can do at home which will help out the family income and still leave you time to devote to your baby? (There's always a great need and for typists on a college campus, for instance.) Or can you find some part-time work yourself?  
Talk it over. Budget your time. See how you can divide the tasks, the child's care, and the necessary earning to augment your government allowance between you. And remember, the year and a half until your husband is graduated may seem like a college campus, for instance.) Or can you find some part-time work yourself?  

**Do you have a HEART OF GOLD?**

Or, do you KNOW someone whose good works and unselfishness deserve recognition? You can tell about it AND win a valuable prize on

**"LADIES BE SEATED"**

Monday—Friday ABC Stations

TOM MOORE, M.C.

For details of the "Heart Of Gold" contest, read the current issue of **TRUE ROMANCE** magazine now at newstands!
Bill Mareau is one of television's first and busiest directors, with DuMont's Morning Chapel, Television Shopper and Fashion Revue. Bill was born in Butte, Montana, and grew up in western mining towns. When he finished school he trained as a miner's cap, but a little more experience of the world convinced him there were easier ways to make a living.

He decided he'd be an actor, and his first jobs were in burlesque, combining acting with scene-shifting, directing, and the hundred and one chores of a small theatrical outfit. This led to organizing a repertory company of his own, after a little experience in stock. He finally landed on Broadway and, like all good actors, he landed at last in Hollywood. There he doubled in brass a good part of the time by acting at one studio during the day and working in the special effects department of another studio at night, catching forty winks if, as and when he could. Going without sleep seemed easier than going without meals, and it took two paychecks to furnish enough of them.

As he looks back now and compares his work in television with his job as a miner, he's not so sure that mining wasn't the easier way to make a living. After all, at least, he thinks so on the days a TV camera blackouts suddenly or a player fluffs his lines. But on any other day he wouldn't change jobs with anyone—unless it's a fellow that has a bigger spot in video!

Films for television have staunch support from one quarter where you might least expect it—from that veteran of radio and pioneer on TV, Dwight Weist, former emcee of We, the People.

Weist helped make TV history last year when We, the People became the first regular radio program to be airborne simultaneously for television. Several months after that he gave up the emcee job to work on some televisual ideas, all of them connected with filming.

You'll be seeing the first of these any day now, if indeed you haven't already. They're being sold regionally, so it all depends on the part of the country where you live. One is a 15-minute Feature Story, in which Weist plays a reporter, which of course he is, who takes the televiewer all over these United States to see for himself what amusing, what serious, what educational and what stimulating things his fellow-citizens are doing.

The second Weist series is called What's New, and tells all about the newest gadgets and gimmicks. The third series is called Where Is It?—a sort of quiz game for home viewers in which American landmarks are to be identified and correctly placed, with prizes for the right answers.

Check DuMont's A Woman to Remember. It shows how different the TV approach to the daytime drama is going to be from the radio approach.
heart—just from hearing them at auditions. What amateur actors don't seem to understand is that successful radio programs talk like people—ordinary people—not tragedians out of a dramatic play.'

Out of those auditions, though, have come the nucleus of the working actors of radio, and one of Marge's favorite pastimes is telling the success stories of the people she "knew when."

One of the recent of these is a girl who had wandered into her office the other day. It was Macdonald Carey, in from the Coast for a series of personal appearances. He has been a very good star now, but whenever he comes to New York he makes it a point to see Marge, because he says it was she who helped him when he was just another unknown actor.

Marge is another Hollywood movie actor who got his start with Marge's help.

And Charles Korvin, whom you've seen recently in "Berlin Express," was once a radio actor.

But her particular pets are the actors and actresses who have stuck to radio. The only one of them is Eddie Jerome. For instance. A tall, grey-haired, distinguished looking man, he started out in life with a burning desire to be a little girl during the time of the pickup, and that's when he got his start.
Are You Quiz-Wise?
(Continued from page 27)
a mink coat. M.C.s prefer women dressed tastefully and sedately except for one touch that shows some flair for originality. They believe that a woman who does something unusual with a ribbon or bright feather on a hat will show some imagination.

Beauty: Of no importance, if anything a handicap. The average woman, from thirty to sixty, has proven to have better personality development than her more glamorous younger sister.

Personalities: As a whole, producers are allergic to the smart aleck or life-of-the-party who wants to take over the show and quiet the men. People who are modest and quick to win the sympathy of the audience. Nice people who are genial and jovial are preferred. A hearty laugh is an asset because everyone—even the announcers—nervous during air time and they'd rather have a laugh than a whisper.

Special Tricks: Did you ever think of winning the prize by bringing a home-baked cake or writing a poem about him? Well, don't.

The questions asked during the warm-up have a great bearing on whether or not you become a contestant. If you are visiting or living temporarily in New York, then give your home town. A native of Kansas City has a better chance of being picked out of a predominantly New York audience but don't try to fool the announcers. They are voice experts; after listening to anyone for thirty seconds an experienced announcer can tell the exact region of the country the speaker comes from. Next you'll be asked what you're doing in the city, homecoming couple or a seventy-year-old bachelor looking for a bride are almost sure bets, but these people are the exception. If you're a housewife or bank teller or clerk, don't feel drab. Talk about yourself.

There is something in everyone's life, however routine it seems, that may be of interest to others.

The so-called professional contestant is a person who thinks every quiz show is his personal rainbow. In pure Brooklyness he or she may claim to be from Georgia, perhaps to be a well-diversified act, too, cute. Nearly all the pros are now well-known to m.c.s and have very little chance of getting on the air. Actually, if they do, they are no better prepared to answer questions than you. Pros merely hope that if they get on the air often enough, the law of averages will earn sufficient loot for them.

"If I just had a hint of what to study before I got on a program, a woman will say earnestly, "There must be some system to the choice of questions."

There is a method in the choice of a framing of questions but every m.c. thinks it would be a waste of time for a potential contestant to try to prepare. Yet there is the exception to every rule. A middle-aged man who appeared on Give and Take were upset when they couldn't answer queries they considered simple. The man and wife went back to their home in Jersey and spent many months studying an encyclopedia. Later, when they appeared on the show again, they were sensational. Asked how many books to buy, they responded material. The best selling book was overboard at the Boston Tea Party, they not only gave the exact number but the name of the ship and captain, the exact date and grade of tea.

Actually, very few questions are his-
GLAMOROUS GIRLS have lovely skin

You don't need perfect features to be beautiful ... a smooth, soft, glowing skin adds charm and warmth to any personality. Let Stillman's Freckle Cream do for you what it has done for countless other girls . . . its gentle bleaching action beautifies and softens the skin, giving it a youthful appearance. Economically priced. On sale wherever toiletries are sold. Write today to The Stillman Co., Box 15, Aurora, Illinois, for "The Joy of New Personal Charm."

torical. Well over fifty per cent are based on incidental information.

A typical incidental-type questions might be: "Water containing salt takes longer—or less—time to reach the boiling point?"

A topical-type: "What famous living World War II general has never returned to the United States?"

About ten to fifteen percent are framed on personalities in radio, stage and screen. For example, "What famous comedian has a lisp?"

The trick questions, which test a person's ingenuity, sometimes cause consternation. You just take your chances. On the other hand the big jackpot questions, the mystery melodies, the secret sounds, the Miss Hushes, the hidden sentences. To crack these enigmas requires the brains of an atomic scientist, the knowledge of a bookworm and the audacity of a safe-cracker. They are purposely made difficult to create national interest and it's rare that anyone except the producer and m.c. knows the correct answer for the first couple of weeks. So don't feel inferior if you can't solve the big question. Get the answer from a newspaper columnist or radio commentator. Most radio producers privately agree that ninety-nine percent of the people who crack the jackpot get the answer that way.

"Now don't get nervous when you get up there," your husband is bound to whisper when you're chosen.

That's like telling a man being led to his execution that there's nothing to be afraid of. Mike Fright is a handicap. But you can control yourself by remembering one thing: you're in a contest and the immediate problem is to answer the question. Concentrate on that and forget the studio audience, your friends listening at home and the announcer's smooth patter. That's something else. Naturally the m.c. will give you time to think, but in the meantime he has to keep talking or he will have dead air. Generally, he speaks only for the amusement of the audience. So don't let him distract you.

Chances are that you will leave the mike in a cold sweat. But, with a lot of luck and good sense, you may have won all or part of the following: a trip around the world, a chinchilla coat, 10,000 cans of soup, nine rooms of furniture, a car, jewels worth a thousand dollars, a ranch house complete with cherry orchard, and a dressed steer all ready for your new radar stove.

an Anniversary to remember . . .

Listen to the human stories of people like you—the humorous, poignant, nostalgic remembrances of life's anniversaries and the secret hopes they inspired on

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Read how you can make an anniversary dream come true for your dear ones in

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while I enjoy that swell cheese flavor of CHEEZ-IT

GOOD any old time!

America's largest selling cheese cracker!

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Dancing, walking, working, playing . . . there's no better way to fresh, sweet underarm daintiness than NEVER-TEL.

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Perfect FOR HOME WAVES

And all your cosmetic needs, Dispense clean cotton as you need it—special top holds wave lotion. New, practical, inexpensive.

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Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, the chronic pains, big pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 56 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Advertisement
Quiz Kid of the Quarter
(Continued from page 58)

thirteen-year-old who wants to be a history teacher, emerged Quiz Kid of the Quarter, the Central Junior High School student council celebrated with a pep rally such as they give a basketball team.

It was effective, too, for when Ross reached Chicago, he really grabbed for the questions. Although the Chief Quizzer, Joe Kelly, named no winner on the coast-to-coast broadcast, Ross held his own with champs from Denver, Colorado; Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Flint, Michigan, and Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

More such contests are in prospect as Quiz Kids to hunt talent, coast to coast. With bond awards, trips to Chicago and network broadcasts promised, youngsters are discovering that learning can be as much fun as football.

Most Likely to Succeed
(Continued from page 65)

and salt and mix well. Add the remaining sugar alternately with cream, beating until smooth after each addition. Add extra cream if necessary. Enough to frost, fill and decorate two 9-inch layers.

To color frosting: Add vegetable coloring in shade desired, one drop at a time. Mix well after each addition. Continue adding color until desired shade is obtained.

Double Decker Sandwiches

Hearty double-deckers make an impression on your guests, yet are easy to do. Here are some good combinations:

(Pictured) Sliced boiled ham, thin sliced peeled tomato, lettuce and mayonnaise.

Olive and cream cheese spread with pimiento cheese spread. Peanut butter and bacon with smoky cheese. "49 Punch

2 cans (2 cups) frozen concentrated orange juice
2 lbs. (2 packages) frozen to hunt talent, coast to coast. With bond awards, trips to Chicago and network broadcasts promised, youngster

2 quarts ginger ale or carbonated water
Ice

Defrost frozen orange juice (add no water). Slice raspberries or strawberries to make 1½ cups pulp. Combine orange juice and fruit pulp in punch bowl. When ready to serve, add ginger ale or soda and ice. If you prefer to make this in the glass, place 2 tablespoons of the fruit mixture in glass, then fill with carbonated water and ice. Makes 16 tall glasses or 25 6-ounce cups of punch.

Coffee for a Crowd

1 pound coffee, medium grind
2 gallons (8 quarts) boiling water

Place coffee in cheesecloth or muslin bag, leaving room inside bag for coffee to double in bulk. Drop bag into large kettle containing boiling water. Cover tightly and let stand over low flame 6 to 10 minutes until coffee reaches de-
sired strength. Remove bag, cover tightly and keep hot. Makes 40 cups.

**Sandwich Loaf**
1 cup green or ripe olives, chopped
4 (6 oz.) packages cream cheese
1 tbl. olive oil
4 hard cooked eggs, chopped
1/2 cup celery, finely chopped
2 tbls. parsley, finely chopped
1 small onion, minced
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tbls. mayonnaise
1 loaf bread (unsliced)
garnish (such as watercress)
milk or cream

Combine olives, 1 package of cream cheese and olive brine; blend well. In another bowl combine eggs, celery, parsley, onion, mustard, salt and mayonnaise and mix well. Remove all crusts from bread. Cut loaf lengthwise into 3 slices. Spread one slice with the olive mixture and one with egg mixture. Place slices, one on top of the other, and put unspread slice on top to form a loaf. Mash remaining cream cheese and moisten with a little milk to make it spreading consistency. Frost loaf with cheese mixture. Store, covered, in icebox until ready to serve. Then garnish as desired.

**Make-Your-Own Sandwiches**
Arrange a large tray with slices of white, whole wheat, rye and other breads, as well as crackers, around the outside. In the center, place matching dishes. Label each with card, fastened into the spread with a toothpick. This assortment of spreads should meet every taste: meat salad, cream cheese, cream cheese and onion, tuna-egg, peanut butter, jelly, cheese and bacon, honey butter, and creamed butter or margarine. Seasonings such as salt and pepper, mayonnaise, mustard and catsup could also be close at hand. Let each guest help himself to the combination he desires.

**Meat Salad**
1/2 cup ground cooked meat* 1/2 cup finely chopped celery 2 tbls. sweet pickle relish 2 tbls. mayonnaise dash salt

* For meat, use left-over ham or beef, luncheon meat, deviled ham or chicken. Mix ingredients well. Enough for 8 sandwiches.

**Tuna Egg Spread**
1 7-ounce can tuna fish
3 hard cooked eggs, chopped
3 tbls. chopped dill pickle
6 tbls. mayonnaise

Drain and shred tuna fish. Add remaining ingredients and fish well. Makes 24 sandwiches.

**Peach Pudding Cake**
4 cups sifted enriched flour
6 tbls. baking powder
1 tbl. salt
2 cups sugar
1/2 cup melted shortening
4 eggs
2 cups milk
2 tsp. vanilla
4 cups canned sliced peaches, well-drained

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt into a large mixing bowl. Add remaining ingredients except peaches, and stir until smooth. Pour into a well greased baking pan (11 x 16 x 2 inches), or 3 square cake pans (8 x 8 x 2 inches). Top with peaches arranged in parallel rows. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 45 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Makes 40 servings.

**GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo**
Glover's, Dept. 556
101 West 51st St., New York 1, N. Y.
Send me No. 556 Package in plain wrapper by return mail—GLO-VER Shampoo, Glover's Mangle Menders and Hair Dress, in 3 hemetelling bottles, with free booklet, I enclose $1.00 to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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Or money refunded. Ask today at leading drug and cosmetic counters. Or send $2 for 1 oz., or $4.00 for 6 pads. 2-sided mittens, 25c, for $1.00. Baby Touch Hair Remover Co., 5725 Lindell, Dept.569, St. Louis 8, Mo.

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"Be proud and happy to smile!"

Before KOPAL . . . 3 minutes later . . . After KOPAL

This is a wonderful fact! Now, no matter how discolored your teeth may be—no matter how dirty or dingy—in just 3 minutes you can be proud and happy to smile! Yes. KOPAL magically covers tooth surfaces—even gold fillings—with the pearl-like luster of movie star smiles. Yes, KOPAL in the smacking new cosmetic enamel for the teeth that beauty editors rave about and that grateful users call a miracle of natural-looking beauty. Try KOPAL for the thrill of your life!

**Paints on like nail polish—harmless A dentist's formula—Kopol is absolutely harmless, tasteless. Goes on easier, quicker than nail polish. Easily wiped off with Kopol Remover. Unaffected by eating, drinking, smoking, or eating. SEND NO MONEY. Result guaranteed. Just send name and address on postcard. When Kopol Kit arrives, pay postman $3 plus C.O.D. postage. Or send $3 with order and receive a $3.00 Price includes Fed. tax. Money back if not thrilled. Winters & Company, Dept. 51, 11 E. 42 St., New York 17.

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High School at Home Many Finishes in 2 Years

Can you conceive your son or daughter attending College without ever going to a high school or college? Your son or daughter can graduate from the high school and college of your choice, or one that is near you, and receive a thorough and complete high school and college education.

If you can afford an allowance for your son or daughter, you can afford to have him or her attend this high school. If you can't afford an allowance, you can still make your son or daughter graduate from college. Write for information.

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**TYLES NERVINE**

If jitters and nerves occasionally keep you awake, try NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores — two forms — Liquid Nervine or effervescent tablets.

**BE FREE FROM FEAR OF ASTHMA ATTACKS!**

The rich, aromatic fumes of Dr. R. Schimmelpenninck's Asthmador relax the constricting spasms of bronchial asthma ... make breathing easier. Live more normally—without fear of suffocation! Breathe the Asthmador—so convenient and easy, with no powder, cigarette or pipe mixture formula— at all drug stores in U.S. and Canada.
The McNeills Come Calling (Continued from page 61)

The warm Don-and-Sam friendship started that way. And after Sam became a regular part of Breakfast Club, Kay and I developed an alliance of our own.

So it’s no wonder the McNeills were our first visitors.

I didn’t, I swear, raise my voice one decibel when I told Kay, “And in this room, Bud thinks we should do the walls in cocoa brown.”

Sam stopped his winding line on his super-colossal reel. “You mean brown, like chocolate?”

Reflectively, he rubbed his chin. “I never did like brown paint very much. If we’re bound to have cocoa brown, I’ll tell you what I’ll do.”

His audience had come running. The five boys were ranged in the wide doorway, brawny Tommy and Donny in the back row, the small fry in front of them, like a cheering section.

“I estimate,” said Sam thoughtfully, “that we have about a thousand feet of wall space. How about it if I buy three thousand candy bars, the squashy kind, and we all stand around and throw them?”

“Ow, Sam,” I wailed. “Being married to a comedian is sometimes most unfunny.”

“You know,” said Don, “I’ll bet you have no trouble making the color stick.”

Donny picked up the gag, “Your walls would sure be in good taste.”

Their Bobby and our Bill exchanged glances, “You’d never have to ask for a nickel,” said Bob.

“Nope,” Bill agreed. “Just peel your candy right off the wall. Bring in the gang any time we got hungry.”

I should, after all these years, have learned when to keep still, but I had really liked the idea of cocoa-brown walls. Foolishly, I protested, “That isn’t the way it’s going to be at all.”

Sam led me on. “How is it then?”

“You don’t understand what Bud means. He wants to do those walls solid brown because they’re each cut by wide doors. Then, to get the impression of more space in the room, he wants to curtail that outside wall, with space, probably, and use a sky blue panel over the fireplace.”

“Sky blue?” asked Sam.

I gestured. “Like a piece of the sky. He wants wild geeve flying across it.”

Kay, at least, followed the picture. “That sounds lovely to me.”

Sam pondered. “A kind of like the idea, and I’ve got the final touch. I’ll have a big photographic enlargement made of my hunting license. We’ll frame it and set it right on the mantel.”

Sammy pulled an imaginary gun to his shoulder. “Bang, bang, bang, bang.” That kid, if I’m not careful, will turn into a sound effects man.

Don shook his head, too noisy.”

He considered for a moment, then his face broke into one of those jack-o’-lantern grins. “But I have a thought. If you want a wild life theme, I think it might be a wise misdirection. Why don’t you just build it out with a glass tank and use it for a casting pool? If that bunkhead of yours gets some extra practice, maybe he can keep up with me on our next fishing trip.”

Kay and I fled.

“I can’t win, either,” she comforted. “You’ll just have to let them get all...
the gags out of their systems before you start. No decorator can take it. That gang would give even Bud a nervous breakdown.

That's the way it is, whenever the McNeills or Cowlings get together. They should charge admission and turn the proceeds over to charity, but they're their own best audience.

Sometimes the public does get in on it. Time after time, I've heard a gag start at home and end up on the air.

Take the matter of music at our house. Sam can't read a note, but he has a fabulously accurate ear, and plays guitar, drums and bass.

Did you ever try to fit a bass fiddle into a decorating scheme? There's nothing sadder on earth than that overgrown violin drooping against a wall. It looks like it had lost its last friend.

The best I could think of was to turn the front sun porch into a music room. The bass seems happier with a little spinet piano for company, and Sam and I sort of liked the old-fashioned idea of a family orchestra. So Billy has been delegated to study piano.

"How is he doing?" Don inquired politely.

Sam shook his head. "Not so well. He's begging for lessons, but they're not taking.

By the time those two clowns finished kicking that one around in front of a microphone, it had come out a typical Breakfast Club crack aimed at the outgoing president of the Musical Grandmothers of America.

"Yes," Don remarked, "he knew a musical grandfather, too. One of his grandchidren picked up the violin, another the flute, and another the piano. Now, whenever they get together for an evening of music, the old man picks up his cost and blows.

No gag writers need apply. We grow our own in our families.

Kay wanted to see the rest of the house, and we moved toward the rear of the apartment, passing the kitchen. My mother had firmly informed me this was her day to get dinner. We both like to cook, and once in a while there's some rivalry about which one uses the stove.

Sam's and my room came first. It's pleasantly large, with ample room for beds, dressers, chairs and a closet big enough to hold Sam's wild wardrobe.

I threw up my hands. "I can't think of a thing to do with this room. Beyond soundproofing the closet, that is, to quiet Sam's loud jackets."

We went on down the hall. "Mother's room, on the other hand, is pretty definite. She's got the tie-back cushions, and a low slipper chair. Next time she goes back to Louisville for a visit, she'll look for a hand-tied candlewick belspread."

Kay approved. "A nice, simple, comfortable room for a lady."

"Billy's room will be easy, too," I continued. "He's never in it anyway. He's turning into the explorer of the family. He's always out, roaming around, trying to find out what makes things tick."

"What about Sammy?"

"He gets the back sun porch. I threw open the door. Tanks of tropical fish already were braced on packing crates and cast off tables. My older son needed space.

"It's nice Sammy chose a decorative hobby. This ought to be attractive when we've finished."

"What about those?" Kay pointed to a row of cigar boxes. "Don't tell me he's taken to stooges."

I shivered. "Sometimes I wish he had. That, my dear, is a worm hatchery. Not at all. Sammy, little round white worms. Fish eat worms, and worms eat bread, soaked in milk over night. Sammy is most conscientious about feeding both worms and fish. It's all right until he leaves a lid open and they crawl out."

I led Kay back to the dining room, pointed above the kitchen door. "Right there is the basketball court. Sam's as bad as the boys. He says he doesn't know why he can't just cut both ends out of a tin can, tack it up, and shoot baskets with it. Now that we've moved, it's a long way to the gym.

"They've got room enough for it," said Kay, surveying the nearly empty room. "When will your dining room furniture be delivered?"

The fifteenth day of the thirteenth month, by my guess," I sighed. Three months before, I had ordered it. Just ordinary period mahogany. A break-front and a big table. A table big enough for everybody to sit down. We like to have people drop in, and at our house the table has to stretch.

My mother emerged from the kitchen. "You might just as well cancel that furniture order. We don't need it. We haven't set a table for dinner in this household since the television set was installed.

"Hey, it's time for Kukla, Fran and Ollie," shouted a McNeill to a Cowling. Sammy, with responsibility befitting the elder son, tuned in the set. The rest of the gangplowed on the floor, elbowing for choice spots in front of the screen. Don and Sam put away their fishing toys and moved chairs into position.

"Get your trays first," my mother directed. "I don't want to go falling over your feet in the dark."

Big Don slipped an arm around her waist. "Fried chicken?" he inquired.

"Southern fried chicken," said mother.

Sam's grin reached from ear to ear. "No one in the world makes fried chicken like Granny," he boasted. "They were playing WHAS, but I was tuned in. I wasn't sure which of my two girls I was courting."

My mother and my husband exchanged those understanding glances. I hate to destroy a Breakfast Club myth, but I think most of the audience already has guessed it. Sam thinks of my mother, and she of him. Whenever there's a family discussion, I'm likely to find those two on the same side, and me out on a limb.

I cannot suspect her of looking for new mother-in-law jokes to add to his collection.

He bustled into the kitchen to help her serve, and returned to set the first plate on the table with a flourish. The plate was heaped with golden brown fried chicken, fluffy white mashed potatoes, green stalks of asparagus. There's one thing to be said for television dining. It keeps menus simple.

Kay said, "Mmmm, good. I never can get mine to come out just like that. You must have a secret, Mrs. Hammill." Sammy, the naturalist, "Secret at all. Just cut up the chicken and soak it in water over night. Then mix salt and pepper with flour, and roll the chicken in it. Fry it, not fat until brown. There's nothing to it."

"How many chickens does it take to feed this tribe, Sam?" Don asked.

"No, a drumstick for every one. But," Sam added wistfully, "I always come up with the wish bone, with all the meat. The mother-in-law influence, no doubt."

"How about chicken pie?" Tommy queried. "What is it, chocolate pie?"

"Tommy?" Kay protested. "You don't ask your hostess what she is going to feed you!"

"Don't scold him, he's my public," I begged. "Yes, Tommy, it's chocolate cake, made by your favorite recipe."

"Delicious!" Tommy and Kay exclaimed. "I ask permission before giving it to me again," said Kay. "My last maid lost the card out of my file box."

I copied it down for her:

**Chocolate Cream Pie**

3 tbsp. flour
3 tbsp. cornstarch
\(\frac{1}{2}\) tsp. salt
\(\frac{1}{4}\) cup sugar
2% cups hot milk
\(\frac{1}{2}\) square of chocolate
2 egg yolks
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift together flour, cornstarch and sugar. Add hot milk; cook in a double boiler until thick. Add chocolate broken in small pieces. Stir until smooth.

Beat egg yolks slightly, and spoon into center of the hot mixture. When blended, pour the eggs slowly into the double boiler. Cook one minute longer, stirring constantly.

Pour into a baked pastry shell, and top with whipped cream.

"Guaranteed to be a production number," said Sam. "Definitely not recommended for the pattern books. We'll get chocolate bars for that."

There we were, right back where we started.

I wouldn't be too surprised if I end up with all white as a hospital in my living room. Whatever they are, if they please Sam and the boys, and our guests have a good time when they come to see us, that's all that matters. The Cowling home is designed for living.

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