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Your Skin’s Softer! You’re Lovelier with just One Cake of Camay!

There’s sorcery in a lovely skin—a soft, clear complexion holds hearts in its spell! That’s true—and you can win a smoother, lovelier skin with just one cake of Camay. Just give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow directions on the wrapper—and watch your beauty grow!

Meet the Millars!

The Millars honeymooned in Bermuda. Neighbors all their lives, they’d only met a few years ago. She’s gorgeous! She says: “My first cake of Camay brought a softer, clearer look to my skin.”

Bride and groom share a love of sailing. Both can set a spinnaker or tie a clove hitch. Expert, too, in complexion care—Barbara helps guard the loveliness of her skin with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.
Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips...

with new, really and wonderfully different

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion

ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1

1. A softening lotion! Quickly helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended with luxury lanolin and other costlier-than-usual skin-smoothing ingredients.

2. A protective lotion, too. This same Woodbury beauty-blend contains protective ingredients to help “glove” your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS... CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN

Let your own never-before-so-lovely hands tell you why more women are changing to Woodbury Lotion than to any other lotion. So rich. So creamy. (Never sticky or greasy.) So different—beauty-blended to protect as it softens. At drug and cosmetic counters, 10c, 25c & 50c, plus tax.

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Let your own hands tell you, in one week, that Woodbury Lotion is really new, wonderfully different.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) (5005)

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Street...

City... State...
(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS
January 1948

RADIO MIRROR

North Atlantic Edition

VOL. 29, NO. 2

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MEMBER OF THE MAILING LIST OF FAMOUS AND FAMOUS WOMEN'S GROUP

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.
ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

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.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. 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 cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other 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.

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.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 283, 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. 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 twelve 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.

A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, 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 and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. 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 clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.
METROPOLITAN
FARM EDITOR

BACK in the days when a radio was a crystal set and a pair of headphones, Joe Bier, baritone of the Premier Male Quartet, made his radio debut. That was on December 28, 1921, over the old Marconi station WDY in Roselle, New Jersey. WOR's Joe Bier is now in his twenty-sixth year of broadcasting and about to begin the tenth year of News of the Farm, the oldest farm program in the eastern area.

Joe frequently has to explain why a New York City radio station needs a farm editor. In the five boroughs of New York City there are 284 farms scattered over the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond. In WOR's listening area there is a total farm population of 470,832 persons.

Most of Bier's listeners are truck farmers and dairymen in New Jersey, Connecticut, New York and parts of Pennsylvania. News of the Farm, heard over WOR, Monday through Saturday, from 5:45 to 6:30 A.M., since March, 1938, brings them information that helps them to sell their produce.

Joe Bier was born in Brooklyn 59 years ago. As a boy he helped out at his sister's farm, in Flatbush. He attended St. Benedict's Parochial School and St. Francis Xavier High School and College and then went to work for a firm of English glove importers. Joe says he began to sing at the age of six and hasn't stopped since. He sang in the boys' choir at school, later with the adult chorus, and studied with Carl Schegel of the Metropolitan. He admits that he probably has sung in every church in Manhattan and for 19 years was soloist at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. Joe was also singing with the Premier Male Quartet, which on December 28, 1921, was the first quartet to sing over the microphone. His next radio broadcast was over WJZ on February 22, 1922, from the old Westinghouse Building in Newark. Radio concerts followed at regular intervals on WEAF, WMCA, WAHG (Now WCBS), and Joe appeared on broadcasts with Vaughn de Leath, Milton Cross, Ted Husing and Norman Brokenshire. From 1929 to 1930 he was the chief announcer at WLW in Cincinnati.

Joe continued his glove selling job and his church singing, and for awhile he worked with the Evening Journal on a series of promotion broadcasts which were heard over WHN and WMCA. Radio became more and more important in Joe's life and on September 15, 1930, Joe joined the WOR staff as an announcer and baritone soloist. Joe's singing these days is limited to occasional guest appearances on John Gambling's "Musical Clock" when the two WOR old-timers get together for a bit of fancy vocalizing.

Joe Bier gets up at three in the morning to make the trip from Woodhaven, Long Island, and get to the WOR studios in time for the farm program. He admits that at first it was hard to get used to his early bird schedule. "But after all," he says, "farmers have to get up bright and early. Why shouldn't a farm broadcaster do the same?"

Joe Bier's son, Joseph, Jr., has just been married after serving four years in the Pacific with the Navy.

Bier's hobbies are tennis and taking apart his radio set and putting it together again.
Good-bye, Jim...

we could have had a wonderful life together.

She had made herself go to Jim's wedding! "What will people say... what will they think... if I don't go?" she had asked herself grimly. So... she had gone. She had struggled to keep the tears back. She had watched the man she loved slip the ring on another girl's finger. She had forced herself to say the conventional things that were expected of her...

"What a lovely bride! What a lucky man! What a beautiful wedding!"

At least no one could point her out as the disappointed, heartbroken girl who had expected to be Jim's bride, herself.

But now the ordeal was over. Now she was home again, alone, with nothing to do except to read... and destroy... Jim's letters. Ah, here was the first letter he'd ever written her... after that wonderful day in the country! And here was another... after the dance. And other letters from far away Rio... warm and tender, full of his plans and hopes for the future... full of hints that maybe someday...? One by one, she went through them, trying vainly to find some reason that would explain his later change in attitude.

The day he stepped off the plane from Rio, he had been so ardent, so glad to see her. But only a few short hours later he seemed to have changed... unbelievably. There was a strange indifference about him... his tenderness became merely formal courtesy... and at each meeting after that, the gulf seemed to widen, finally becoming an abyss. What had happened to change his feeling for her? She didn't know... and she never would know.

Slowly she put the letters into the fire, sadly watching them turn to ashes.

"Good-bye, Jim," she whispered. "We could have had a wonderful life together?"

You can understand why a case of halitosis (bad breath) can cause a rift in a promising romance. And halitosis, unfortunately, can happen to anyone... even to you. So be extra careful about offending this way. And by being extra careful we mean rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before every date when you want to be at your best.

Although sometimes systemic in origin, most cases of halitosis, according to some authorities, are caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and overcomes the odor it causes. So many fastidious people never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Before every date let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC look after your breath.
NEW RECORDS

RECOMMENDED
By KEN ALDEN

WOODY HERMAN:
Helped by his crack eight-man unit, sings a group of nostalgic blues songs in a new Columbia album. Best, "Under A Blanket of Blue."

KAY KYSER:
Rushes thru an album of familiar college grid songs for rah rah record results. Columbia.

HARRY HORLICK:
In a new MGM album conducts his orchestra in a lovely grouping of Strauss waltzes including the imperishable "Blue Danube." For % time addicts.

BUDDY WEED TRIO:
Good stuff with "Sugar" and "Fun and Fancy Free." Don't pass it up. MGM.

FRANK SINATRA:

LOUIS PRIMA:
Gives his version of the wild and wacky "Civilization" and it's a good one. Backed up with "Forsaking All Others." Victor.

DORIS DAY:
Columbia's new thrush does a polka, "Poppa, Won't You Dance With Me?" and "Say Something Nice About Me." Answering the last statement we say Doris Day is okay.

BUDDY CLARK:
Right now this gent is doing the best disc vocalizing. Try him on "Sincerely Yours" and "Freedom Train," Columbia. Another discing of the latter Berlin tune is made by Capitol with Johnny Mercer, Benny Goodman, Peggy Lee and Margaret Whiting all joining in.

CORDER MACRAE:
Another baritone biggie clicks with "I Still Get Jealous" and "I Understand." Capitol.

ARTHUR GODFREY:
Look who's on records, radio's puckish personality. He has fun with "For Me and My Gal" and "Too Fat Polka," Columbia. Radio's "Whistler" has his theme song recorded by Sam Donahue's hand for Capitol.

DIZZY GILLESPIE SEXTET:
Good jazz turns up on both sides with "All The Things You Are" and "Dizzy Atmosphere." Muscraft.

GEORGE PAXTON:
Plays the nostalgic "Sweet and Lovely" and pairs it with, of all things, "Yale Blues," Muscraft.

TEX BENEKE:
Have their fling with the Italian hit, "I Have But One Heart" with the reverse devoted to "Too Late." Victor.

TONY MARTIN:
Has a new Victor version of the song you associate with him, "Begin the Beguine." He really sings it. On the back, "The Christmas Song."

FREDDY MARTIN:
“BIGGEST man in radio” is what friends call Russ Anderson because of his six feet five and a half inches. After listening to him list his activities for CBS, as “associate director”—we’re inclined to name him the busiest biggest man in radio. For in addition to his work at CBS he teaches radio production and also writes scripts for a script syndicate.

When we caught Russ to talk to him, he was busy directing the CBS Look Your Best program (Monday through Friday at 2:30 P.M. EST). He told us that right now he’s involved in the production of four shows a day, Look Your Best, Grand Slam on which he works with the agency director, Ma Perkins, also an agency show, and Tom Scott, American Troubadour.

Once this very large man was small. That was when he was born in Hildreth, Nebraska, a very small town. He didn’t stay small long, however, because by the time he was in high school he was much in demand on the football and basketball teams, because of his size. He also played the trumpet and sang in the glee club.

While at college, he started being interested in radio and pretty soon was working almost all his spare time as the contact for the college with the Kearney radio station, KGFW.

In 1938, Russ moved along, this time to New York, where he continued his musical studies with Oss Caraglio. Now, he really began to be a singer, doing a great deal of group singing with outfits like those of Jeff Alexander, Myer Rappaport, Ken Christie, Ray Bloch and Fred Waring.

He’s not quite sure exactly when he decided that singing as a career meant too much hard work for very little return, but maybe his six months as bass soloist at Radio City Music Hall had something to do with it. After that he turned to radio.

He got a job with CBS as a short wave announcer-producer, became night program director, and finally got on the CBS network staff as an associate director. In 1943, he was inducted into the Army and served his country for the next three years, 16 months of those years in Calcutta, India.

Some day he and his wife, who works for a very fancy personnel placement agency, hope to have a real home of their own, with room in it for the furniture now crowding their New York apartment. Russ likes to refinish good old pieces of American furniture. He likes to live well and graciously—and that’s what he’s keeping himself so busy for.

Some babies go for spoon-pounding in a big way... (that's just healthy self-expression).

Some fling empty dishes at the floor (just getting used to new equipment).

BUT more babies go for Gerber's than any other Baby Foods! So ask the doctor about starting your tot on good-tasting Gerber's Cereals—often the very first solid food after milk. When the time comes for Strained Foods—and later Junior Foods—continue with the baby favorites more doctors approve—Gerber's Fruits, Vegetables, Meat-combinations, Desserts!

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER
Many mothers write that Gerber's Junior Foods give baby variety with less leftovers. Why? Because of the same size container at this same low price as Gerber's Strained Foods.

The New Gerber

For FREE SAMPLES of Gerber's 3 Cereals, write to Gerber's, Dept. W1-6, Fremont, Mich.

Babies are our business... our only business!
Composer-conductor David Rose wrote his history-making "Holiday For Strings" as a joke!

Anita Ellis is another songbird who likes working with Rose. His music rates high.

Composer-conductor David Rose, like any other man who works very hard, always seeks a form of compensation for his toil. In the case of good-looking, London-born Rose, it amuses him to sometimes fool the same people that he entertains with his exciting music.

Here's how the Rose whimsy takes shape. Ask anybody the name of the most famous Rose tune and the inevitable reply would be "Holiday For Strings." Yet he wrote this famous composition, which has been played by everyone from symphonies to Spike Jones, strictly as a gag.

It seems that Dave became weary of being dragged over to the piano at parties.

"I decided," he says, "to take care of the whole boresome matter by preparing and arranging a piano exercise in every key. I figured people would get tired of Rose the piano player but instead they thought this music was wonderful. So I expanded the
melody, arranged the orchestration and decided to unload it on an unwary publisher. It took about an hour and I labeled it 'Monotony For Strings.' But the not-so-dumb publisher dubbed it "Holiday For Strings" and on the strength of it and many of his other melodies, musical experts are now proclaiming Rose one of the most promising forces in new American music.

But Rose hadn't completely milked "Holiday" for the benefit of private enjoyment. There was still another joke up his musical sleeve. He wrote another opus, "Gay Spirits" which scored as still another Rose accomplishment. He doesn't brag about it but he finds it difficult to conceal a twinkle in his eye and a suggestion of a grin as he confides that "Gay Spirits" is nothing more than "Holiday" played backwards. Don't get the idea all music is a joke to Dave.

All you have to do is look at the hefty record...
of 200 originals ranging from waltzes to full blown symphonies.

Currently Rose is musical conductor of Red Skelton's NBC shows. The comic picked Rose because all his life Skelton hoped that some day he could work in the air with a lush musical background.

Rose loves to work under pressure, always wants to have more than one job. "I love pressure. It stimulates me. Meeting radio deadlines is tough but exciting."

Dave came here from Britain when he was five years old. He evidenced interest in music when he was seven. He gave his first piano recital when he was ten.

Rose was seventeen when Ted Fio Rito heard him play and signed him for his then famous Edgewater Beach Hotel band in The Windy City. He remained with the outfit until 1937, composed three études, and pushed on to Hollywood.

Already the film capital was also becoming a dominant radio and music center. Rose found plenty to do, clicked with his Mutual network sustainer and his original musical scoring for such films as Bob Hope's, "The Princess and the Pirate" and Danny Kaye's "Wonder Man," which helped get him Academy Award nominations.

When the war came, Rose was assigned to the now famous Army Air Corps spectacle, "Winged Victory," for which he conducted the orchestra and penned the thrilling score. After his discharge, Rose returned to the coast, repurchased, for twice the original price, the home that he had sold before he wore khaki, and went to work on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

For your last-minute gift in the junior department, watch your record store for "Who's Who at the Zoo," the first musical comedy written and recorded for children. Radio's juvenile Joan Lazer carries the narrative assignment, taking her mopped listeners on a tour of a large and thrilling Zoo filled with erudite animals who give brief musical lessons in natural history. Roy Ross, composer; Dick Brown, who sings the Zoo-keeper; Ted Cott and Milton Robertson on story, direction and production are the other names associated with the venture.

The Mariners, male quartet on the Arthur Godfrey morning program, have a lot to say about strength in unity. Back in 1942, when they were all Coast Guardsmen, they were just four singers who used to perform, individually, for their service audience. It was at an officer's suggestion that they first joined forces, and achieved such a notable success that, when they were discharged, they changed their name to The Mariners and headed for radio. And by now Thomas Lockard, James O. Lewis, Martin Karl and Nathaniel Dickerson have guested around on some of the biggest musical shows, besides their regular Godfrey stint.

Despite loss of his cosmetic sponsor, Jean Sablon will continue his CBS Sunday airers on a sustaining basis.

Oscar Moore, veteran guitarist of the King Cole Trio and a cog in the success this group has had, has quit the unit and joins a rival threesome, Johnny Moore's Three Blazers. Oscar and Johnny are brothers, so the family connection had a lot to do with Oscar's decision to leave Nat Cole.

Here's tough luck: Ted Weems will lose more than $200,000 in royalties from his old records because when he made these platters in the '30s he waived royalty rights. Now these discs are being re-issued and bringing neat profits to the recording company.

Buddy Johnson, one of the ablest young pianists, is busy writing a series of piano lessons for beginners which will be based on his own experiences in mastering the Steinway.

Billy Eckstine, the talented young baritone who's been tagged the Sepia Sinatra, got an M-G-M movie contract and goes before the cameras this month opposite Lena Horne.

Newest record company is London Gramophone, featuring British performers and a new reproduction technique touted as super-sensational.

Columbia is going to issue the first
record album ever devoted exclusively to a whistler. The whistler is talented, blind Fred Lowery, who used to pucker up for Horace Heidt and is now teamed in vaudeville with Dorothy Rae.

Now that Spike Jones has a radio sponsor it should be news to point out some interesting things about the not-so-zany orchestra buffoons. Their record sales in 1947 will reach a whopping 5,000,000. Their ballyhooed disc about the "Goose and the Ballet" was scrapped because vocalist Doodles Weaver couldn't reach the high note without suffering severe nose bleeds. Their next platter will be really something to look forward to—an arrangement of "My Old Flame" with Peter Lorre as the narrator. This lovely piece of old lute will have the movie menace making a literal torch song of the number by pouring gasoline over his sweetheart and then applying the match.

Dinah Shore's new stint with Harry James and his band helping out, probably won't hit the CBS airwaves until Dinah has had her first baby, due around Christmas.

When Frank Sinatra came east recently he arrived in his own plane. He and Bob Lee, radio writer, own a single-motored ship and took turns piloting the craft.

Don't be surprised if Woody Herman goes back to leading a full strength dance band after several months working as a soloist. He was seen and heard in New York's Tin Pan Alley sounding out top flight instrumentalists.

Lanny Ross is forgetting about radio—his first love—for a fling at night club work.

Tex Beneke has finally dropped the Glenn Miller identification for his band now that the group is well established on its own.

New York's Paramount Theater is taking back one of its ushers who quit two years ago. He'll start Christmas Eve, at a salary somewhere in the four-figure bracket. When Vic Damone left the Paramount aisles two years ago, he was making $18 weekly. But it's been a packed two years for the young baritone; now he goes back to center spotlight as the star of the Paramount's lavish stage show.

**New! Vitone**

smooth-skin discovery
finer than Lanolin itself...now in

**Jergens Face Cream**

Now for you...a skin soft to touch, tempting to kiss. Yes, yours with new Jergens Face Cream! Enriched with Vitone—the skin-smoother called finer than Lanolin itself by skin scientists. Thrill to the way Jergens Cream cleanses, helps soften, smooth your complexion.

Like four creams in one jar. Jergens is all-purpose. Enriched with precious Vitone, yet costs no more than ordinary creams. Used by lovely women everywhere. You, too, should use Jergens Face Cream.

**Doctors' tests show:** 8 out of 10 complexions beautifully improved..."skins softer, smoother, fresher" with Jergens Vitone-enriched Face Cream!
Fans still confuse Sammy Kaye with Danny Kaye (r.). S. Kaye is no comic, D. Kaye no band-leader; but the mixup goes on.

By DALE BANKS

A WHOLE lot of people have got together to make it possible for churches, school groups, hospitals and prisons and any other place where there are spiritual guidance programs, to lease recordings of ABC’s now famous Greatest Story Ever Told. The problem of making the records available at a fee which wasn’t out of the range of small groups was solved by the cooperation of the American Federation of Radio Artists, the American Federation of Musicians and all the participants on the program, who gave up their usual fees so that the records could be supplied at cost of materials and manufacture. At a fee of $3.75 per album, plus express charges. You can address your requests for albums, or further information, to “The Greatest Story Ever Told” Department, American Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.

We’ve always liked Jim Backus for his wonderful ribbing of a stuffed shirt sophisticate—his well known Hubert Updyke III. Now we like him even more, having learned that he has very strict ideas about what is not funny. He will never do, or allow anyone else to do on his programs, any satires which poke fun at unfortunate or unavoidable physical characteristics. He says that maybe others use baldness, ignorance, stuttering and odd personal appearance as laugh bait, probably because they think that anything that borders on tragedy can be made comic. He just doesn’t think this is so and, for that, we take off our hats to him.

Bea Wain is a pretty happy lady and it isn’t always

Busman’s holiday: Jerry Colonna takes son Robert John to visit clowns at Uncle Bernie’s Toy Menagerie.
FROM COAST to COAST

Ginny Simms's very young son David is an eager interviewee when Paul Whiteman comes around with his portable recorder, "Junior" to make one of his on-the-spot recorded programs. The dog's in the act, too.

With this calliope, orchestra leader Bernie Green creates the mighty non-musical arrangements that help comedian Henry Morgan (left) to disrupt the quiet of the night, Wednesdays at 10:30 on ABC.

easy for her to get the right mood of low-down into her voice. But husband Andre Baruch solved that problem by putting a candid snapshot on her music rack. It got her in the right mood. It was a shot of Andre and Dinah Shore taken before he and Bea were married.

Olan Soule, after thirteen years on the Chicago radio scene, has moved into a new home in North Hollywood. He's co-starring with Barbara Luddy in the First Nighter show, which originates in Hollywood now.

Willie Bryant, who m.c.'s the Harlem Hospitality Club show, has a new role. He's been called in by the New York Police to act as peacemaker between a couple of Harlem kid gangs. Willie, who organized the successful Willie Bryant Youth Club in Harlem, is highly respected in that overcrowded section of New York; but you can't do much to repair the products of poverty, overcrowding, lack of opportunity, with words and advice. What Willie needs, probably, is some active citizens to start for Harlem the kind of program operating on the South-side of Chicago—a community plan for cleaning up the whole neighborhood and giving the kids a break.

Ran into Artie Shaw, looking dapper and better than he's looked in years. This fellow's a pretty happy, going-somewhere guy, now. He and his wife, Kay Winsor, the Forever Amber author, are living in Norwalk, Conn., and very busy with their writing. Artie is working on a novel and trying his hand at some short stories.
PERHAPS WHAM listeners know David E. Kessler, best as the voice of Today and Yesterday, commentary on the news broadcast weekdays at nine in the morning. Day after day, Dave comments on current events, recapitulates events leading up to the news and indicates what possible reactions might spring from current developments.

Kessler is really a "jack of all trades" in the radio business. He is a veteran newsman. Consequently he is the ideal person to guide and propel the activities of the WHAM News Bureau. His appreciation and understanding of sports makes him a competent spotter to assist WHAM Sportscaster Bob Turner in covering such prominent sporting events as the Rochester Royals Basketball games, prize fights and the U. of R. football games. A long association with the newspaper business has given him the background and analytical ability to handle his own WHAM commentary.

Dave was born in Millheim, Pennsylvania. As a lad, a favorite visiting place after school was a small printing concern operated by a friend of the family. The smell of ink, clatter of presses and excitement of meeting delivery deadlines seeped into young Kessler's blood. From high school Dave went to work on a small country newspaper. His first assignment was the unromantic task of writing the obituary column.

After a summer of general newspaper experience he entered Pennsylvania State College. Graduation of Dave's senior class came at the time of World War I so he and his classmates walked off the campus and into the recruiting stations. Twenty-eight months later he returned and tried the quiet, secluded life of the teaching profession. Three years of academic work proved insufficient. Dave was convinced his life had to be one of action so—back to the newspaper world.

Assignments with the biggest newspapers in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Rochester and the Hearst chain eventually brought Dave back to Rochester. His WHAM association which began in 1941 as a free-lance proposition and is now a major responsibility, by all indications is Dave's idea of journalistic Utopia.

A glib delivery and ready command of the King's English helped him develop an ability for extemporaneous interviewing. Many of Rochester's famous guests have been introduced to WHAM's far-flung listeners through Dave's on-the-spot interviews.

In 1946 WHAM decided to organize its own news gathering bureau. Dave was appointed WHAM's first News Director. One of his innovations was a plan by which all persons who present news on WHAM also take an active part in gathering news and preparing it for presentation. In other words, all of Dave's staff are competent newsmen in their own right.

Mrs. Kessler, the former Kay Shearer, is a writer in her own right with a weekly women's column on a Rochester publication to occupy her spare time.
With our Cover Girl Story next month comes a new angle on the Alice Faye-Phil Harris combination. It's called How I Bring Up Phil Harris—which ought to give you the idea. It has something to say, too, about a question that interests many of our readers: the very special bringing-up-children problem that mothers have when they are radio and movie stars as well.

Visiting, next month, is a rare treat too: we're taking you—with pictures in lavish color—to the Bill Bendix home in California. It's a surprise, this house and family, because it's no surprise—what we mean is that Bill Bendix at home is very nearly the way you've probably imagined him. That's how we felt, anyway—maybe your ideas about Bill Bendix are different from ours. Read it and see.

Two favorite comics get special treatment, in February. Jimmy Durante, for one; his secretary, who has a name that sounds Durante-coined, but isn't, has some words to say about the man who's made himself famous with magnificent malapropisms. And, diagonally opposite, we give you Fred Allen, the man who's made himself famous, period.

We bring The Second Mrs. Burton up to date in Living Portraits: really living, almost, because the color on these pictures is as close to life as it comes; there's also the love story of one of radio's most popular actresses, charming Mary Shipp. The Let's Pretend-ers have done us a picture-story straight out of Grimm's Fairy Tales—delightful and cut-out-able. And the best is last: a big new surprise feature. A novel, based on one of the most beloved of radio daytime dramas, complete in the February, 1948, issue of Radio Mirror.

Which Twin has the Toni?
(See Answer Below)

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

Such deep luxurious waves. So soft, so natural-looking. You'll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive salon wave. But before trying Toni, you'll want the answers to these questions:

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

Can I do it myself?
Sure. Every day thousands of women give themselves Toni Home Permanents. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers.

Will Toni save me time?
Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

How long will my Toni wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

Why is Toni a creme?
Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently—leaves it soft as silk with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

How much will I save with Toni?
The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only $2... with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada).

Which is the Toni Twin?
Lovely Jewel Bubnick of Miami Beach, says, "My sister had an expensive beauty shop wave. I gave myself a Toni permanent—at home. And even our dates couldn't tell our permanents apart." (Jewel, the twin with the Toni is on the left). Ask for Toni today. On sale at all drug, notions or cosmetic counters.
IT'S a far cry from the New England ducking pond for talkative ladies to the Boston that pays loving homage to a lady who has been talking for twenty-one years! When radio was but a husky toddler, Caroline Cabot, then Genevieve Coakley Sherlock, walked into an advertising manager's office with intent to sell him some window fixtures. She didn't sell the fixtures, but she did sell her voice. He told her they needed such a voice as hers on WEEI, and prevailed upon her to audition. She did, was hired by the station, and to prepare the first shopping service on the air.

"Caroline" was given an hour's radio time with an orchestra for background. She toured the stores looking for values, bargains, and items of special interest. These she reported to her listeners much in the same manner as news events are reported today. Her program was a service the station gave its listeners, without any idea of commercial sponsorship. Listeners liked it and followed her advice so faithfully that Boston's alert merchants recognized this new sales aid, and came to WEEI asking to buy time on the program.

Many of these same merchants are still buying Caroline Cabot. Today, the program has been streamlined. There is no orchestral background . . . just the same honest, straightforward, sincerely calm voice talking to WEEI listeners at eight-fifteen every weekday morning about the good buys Boston's best stores have to offer.

In Caroline's memory, some interesting milestones mark the passage of this score of years. There are those bright marks numbered ten, fifteen and twenty, when WEEI honored her with birthday parties to which her listeners were invited. Of course, this meant hiring a hall . . . a bigger one each time. Her listeners filled each to capacity. They brought her gifts, tangible mementos of their affectionate regard. They enjoyed the entertainment and refreshments provided; took home pieces of her birthday cake, and claimed Caroline Cabot as their very own.

And well they might, for her entire day is given over to their service. From the very beginning, she has shopped the stores in person, and any shopper knows how much time that takes. To her listeners, Caroline has sold everything from fur coats to cranberries, including oriental rugs and real estate.

It will be three years ago next month (February) since Genevieve Coakley Sherlock, WEEI's Caroline Cabot, became Mrs. E. R. Ricketts. She has an attractive apartment in Cambridge, about twenty minutes travel-time from the studio. Obviously, her housekeeping is supervisory in nature, but she does enjoy enlarging the small but valuable collection of Early American decorative glassware which she has already accumulated and experimenting in what she calls "career-woman cookery."
Every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M. (EST), radio listeners who are tuned to MBS are let in for a devastating session of chatter that takes the "boys" to pieces. We're referring, of course, to Leave it to the Girls.

Consistently, since the show began, Eloise MacElhone has stood out as the fastest on the up-take. Her cracks at men are hilarious, but frequently contain just that germ of truth which makes them real wit.

"You know, though," she said, "that's got me worried. People—and I mean men, too, must be getting the idea that I'm a dyed-in the wool man hater. And I'm not."

The young lady who by no means hates men is Eloise MacElhone, chatterbox extraordinary on the show, and the one member of the panel who's been there since the program started. Her introduction to it was accidental.

Martha Rountree, producer of Leave it to the Girls, was a close friend of the sister of Eloise. Two days before the premiere of the show on WOR, Martha phoned Eloise's sister in desperation. One of the girls on the panel had backed out. Would Eloise's sister replace her until Martha could find a professional? The answer was a tremulous No. Eloise's sister was terrified by the whole idea. Eloise's mother had an idea, however.

"Why don't you ask Eloise?" she said to Martha. "She's crazy enough."

Eloise wasn't too eager, but allowed herself to be talked into giving an audition. Her impression of herself as she answered the questions snapped at her during the audition was that she didn't have a chance against the other four girls who were also trying out. She was wrong, much to her surprise.

The night of the premiere, Eloise was still nervous. For the first five minutes of the show she made like a very bright clam. Then her ears unfroze and she realized that the other girls weren't saying anything any sillier than what she was thinking.

Since then there have been many guest appearances on dozens of other programs, but, until recently, Eloise had no idea of branching out further in radio on her own. Now, however, she is busily involved in a program on NBC, which she is doing with John McCaffery—Room 416, a show on which McCaffery plays an editor and she plays his secretary and Room 416 is the information clearing house through which all news goes.
Now!
3 Sizes of
Modess!

to meet every woman's needs

- **Modess Regular** in the familiar blue box. Ideal for average needs... it's the size most women use. A luxury napkin—so soft, so comfortable, 8 out of 10 women in a recent test reported: no chafing with Modess! And wonderfully absorbent!

- **Modess Junior** in the green box. A slightly narrower napkin. For women and girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective. Modess Junior size gives you the same luxury softness and so-safe protection as Regular size Modess.

- **Modess Super** in the orchid box. Extra absorbent, extra protective—yet soft and light as a cloud. Ideal for days when you need above-average protection. Every Modess Super (Regular and Junior sizes, too) has a triple, full-length safety shield.

Product of Personal Products Corporation  •  Makers of Modess, Meds, Co-ets, Yes Tissues, Sanitary Belts

All 3 sizes — Now on sale at your favorite store
THAT bouncing, boisterous bambino, 1948, is here and with him, as with every new year, come a lot of memories of the past and many hopes for the future.

It is at this time every year that some people mentally set down a group of New Year's resolutions—rules of conduct by which they hope to live for the coming months. Mostly, you will notice, those resolutions have to do with their relationships with neighbors, fellow workers, and their families. What could be a more hopeful sign than all the folks who will take this much thought for others?

I think that to get along in the world—whether it be January 1 or July 4—you have to spend a little time each day trying to do some good for the guy next door, the gas station attendant, the bus driver, the grocery store clerk. And you can do that little bit of good in a hundred small ways—some of which don't cost a penny.

People aren't quick to forget a helping hand. When I was a kid growing up on New York's teeming East Side, where we had the East River for a swimming pool and Delancey Street for a ball diamond, I got the chance one summer to go to Surprise Lake at Cold Springs, New York. That summer I got my first look at trees and lakes and the countryside, and believe me, that means something to a New York street kid. I never forgot it. Later in life, when I had made my mark in show business, I helped establish a permanent fund for a recreation camp up there. It was a pleasure and a privilege to do it.

There are a thousand and one things, big and little, that each one of us can do during the coming year to help others.

In some cases we aren't even giving; we are merely repaying a debt. I feel this every time I do a show for any one of the hundreds of wounded veterans still in our service hospitals.

It was a simple matter, during the war, to think of those men and to form shows and create a little entertainment to ease their pain-wracked hours on a hospital bed. Today, two and a half years after the conflict's end, there are still hundreds of men whose lives are made up entirely of hospital beds and ward walls. Those soldiers deserve a break and we, you and I, can give it to them.

There are those people who say that comedians should stick to being funny. But I have found by experience that, through radio, which reaches so many people, a thoughtful word has a chance of reaching the one person in need, at that moment, of comfort or advice. So I say those words, to the best of my ability. It's a chance to help people—a thing I like to do.

Hear Eddie Cantor on NBC, Thursdays at 10:30 P.M., EST
If there was one thing I was sure of when I came home from three years on an LST in the South Pacific, it was that I never wanted to see an island again. Any island.

But one short year and Mary, who had never seen an island, were enough to change my mind. Enough indeed to make traveling to an island the most desirable thing in the world. Which was sad, since it was not only the most desirable thing, but the most unobtainable.

I shouldn't have been discouraged. Plans which involve Mary have had a way of working out, since we first met. I should have known this one would too.

Mary is my fiancée. By the time this article is in print, she will be my wife. And we will have had our five-day honeymoon on Catalina Island, which Mary wanted more than anything in the world, which meant that I wanted it too—all because a radio program called Heart’s Desire found out that we wanted it, and made the dream come true. Heart’s Desire, I found out, has made many a dream, more unobtainable than ours, come true, in ways that seem to stop short of nothing, includ-
My father and mother—as well as a host of friends—had a hand in getting our house ready in time for the wedding.

**Desire**

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IF YOU asked Dr. Jim Brent who the Hugheses—Fred and Fay—were, he'd probably have to stop and think. "Hughes," he might say, with the quizzical half-smile he gets when he's puzzled, "I don't think I—Wait a minute! That's Toby's name! Toby Hughes. He was one of our best patients, a sturdy little fellow, bright, dark eyes, dark hair always rumpled—" He'd think of Toby, probably, playing in the snow with his own daughter Janie—for he'd stopped once or twice to lend the youngsters a hand with a snowman or a furred sled.

He'd think of us only as Toby's parents. Not that he's blind to everyone not directly concerned with his own life, not that at all. It's just that the road a man like Brent travels is broad and long and has many turnings, and we—we were a kind of side trip for him, an incident. Even so, the things he did for us, and the trouble he took to help us, in the midst of plenty of troubles of his own—well, it just goes to show you the kind of man he is.

He's chief-of-staff at the Sanitarium here in Merrimac. Not quite a year ago, when we first moved here, the Sanitarium was being built, and although Fay turned her eyes away every time we glanced to pass it, I was interested. I even went out of my way sometimes, going home from work nights, to stop by and watch it grow.

It was enough for me that it was to be a memorial to a little boy—Teddy Whee-lock, who might have lived if there'd been a hospital in Merrimac at the time he was injured in an accident. We'd lost our own boy, Toby's older brother, a few months before we came to Merrimac, and when the new, modern hospital finally opened its doors, it seemed to me that something had been done not only for the people of Merrimac and their children, but for our Bob, too. It seemed to me that somehow he had a part in it.

The town was full of talk about the new building, and a little about the people connected with it seeped through. I wondered about all of them, from Dr. Carson McVicker, the beautiful, brilliant, wealthy woman who was head of a big hospital in New York City, and whose money had financed the sanitarium, to Maggie Lowell, Brent's laboratory assistant, a lovely girl with a deep unhappiness hidden in her dark eyes.

But most of all, I wondered about Jim Brent himself. Since his wife's brother had been brought in as a patient, he'd taken to working later and later at the hospital. I knew, because I worked late myself, many times, simply because there wasn't much use in going home, and I'd see Brent leaving the hospital just about the time I closed up my hardware store. I heard that his wife, Carol, had a job with a cosmetic company in New York, and that she was away a lot, leaving their little six-year-old Janie in the care of Brent's foster son's young wife, Francie. I knew how he felt about Janie—I'd seen him playing with her sometimes, tossing her in a pile of fresh-raked autumn leaves, helping her and Toby on that snowman project. Sometimes I'd get the feeling that he was a lonely, troubled man, and then I'd feel kinship with him.

And then one day I met him face to face. It was late on a winter afternoon, when the sun was red on the snow-covered fields (Continued on page 77)
Dr. Brent had given Toby and his own daughter Janie a hand with a snowman.
For poise and maturity, red-haired, green-eyed Anita can give points to many a woman twice her age. It comes of having faced her first audience at five.

A LOT can happen to a girl by the time she is eighteen, if she's made proper use of the gifts she was born with and the good sense she's acquired along the way. She can, by that age, have several years of musical career behind her. She can earn her living by the very pleasant method of singing love songs to Charlie McCarthy every Sunday afternoon. She can—if she's Anita Gordon.

Just eighteen, Anita looks younger, acts older. For poise and maturity, many a woman years older could take a profitable leaf from the book of this red-haired, green-eyed youngster, for she's very much a person—

Mrs. Laskey's School for Professionals will give Anita (center couch) her degree shortly.

Though all the students double in careers, the school omits no basic high school requirements.

By Pauline Swanson

Hear Anita Gordon as she sings love songs to Charlie McCarthy Sundays at 8 P.M. EST on the Edgar Bergen Show, on NBC.
at eighteen, knows precisely where she's going, for she's more than half-way there already

an adult person—who knows where she's going, and why, and how.

Once you know Anita, you have no difficulty believing the things she tells you about her plans—for herself and for others. That she has "always taken care of my big sister," for instance. That she will "make a star of my best friend, Barbara Drake." And that when she is ready, she will leave ballad singing behind, and go on to the career as a dramatic actress that she has set as her mark.

These dreams aren't based on anything as baseless as mere wishful thinking. Anita knows from experience that when she wants a thing, she at least makes an awfully good try at getting it. Long ago she faced the fact that the career she wants means harder work, more sacrifices, more self-discipline than another kind of life—and that it would be worth it.

Ever since her first public appearance—at the age of five—Anita has responded to an audience like a flower to the sun. Although her father is a butcher and her mother a housewife, Anita insists that acting is in her blood and bones. There's an explanation.

"Daddy would have been a great actor," she assures you, "if he'd been born anywhere except Corsicana, Texas!" And who can deny it? (Continued on page 92)
By BOB HOPE

Well here it is Auld Lang Syne time again... ladies and gentlemen, time for us all to resolve to keep hope in our hearts (and on the screen and radio) for a bigger better New Year.

Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot? That's a pretty personal question when you come right down to it, and when you come right down to it I can think of two, my income tax man, and a certain auld chubby one I'd like to forget... but his fans won't let me. Father Time with a golf club in his hand...

Wonderful place America, a land of golden opportunity. Where else could a guy just ask for the blue of the night and the gold of the day and have to back up to Paramount in a truck on Thursdays to haul all his money home?

Not that I have anything against singers... I used to sing myself before I started working for a living... in fact that's why I started working for a living. It all happened when I was employed in the parts department of a motor company in Cleveland, and sang into the boss's dictaphone one day when he wasn't looking and forgot to shave it off. The next time he turned it on to talk to his secretary he heard "You're Nobody's Sweetheart Now"... and I wasn't.

I'm glad he fired me, for I've been working at Paramount studios for nine years now and I've enjoyed every dollar of it. Yes, America is a land of golden opportunity...

And while we're on this subject let's hope that 1948 will set more opportunities spread around among the half a million still unemployed guys and gals who wear a golden lapel pin for their letter of recommendation, those who quit their jobs to do a bigger one for us. How about hoping too for a break for the two million veterans who are in colleges and trade schools, by-passing football and fraternities and burning the midnight oil in their eagerness to make up for lost time. Let's remember... and hope we can hand them something besides a diploma when they get out...

New Year's is always memory time, anyway, some we're thankful for, others that we're not... including the new fashions and the last year's resolutions we forgot to keep. Not that I really mind the new long skirts on the ladies, it just means you have to use your imagination, something we haven't had to use in a long time...

As for resolutions, I'm not making many this year, but I do promise not to do any more California driver jokes on the radio. The mere fact that the Chamber of Commerce threatened to have my license taken away from me has nothing to do with it. And I also promise myself to get a little more rest, spend more time with my family, not work so hard, and let the guys in Washington get their money from somewhere else. It's getting embarrassing have Linda and Tony kiss me "Goodbye, Daddy" every time I come home. The poor kids haven't known whether I'm coming or going... but I'm going to see more of them this coming year...

They're great little Joes, these kids of yours and mine, living in this age of robots and rebop; they're our hope for 1948, 1958 and all time to come. Our white hope, bright and shiny, for all their jalopies, pedal pushers, T-shirts, and bubble gum. There's more cooking there than the valves in those hot rods, as I've rediscovered when we get together down at the "Iceberg," a super-icecream parlor in North Hollywood, run by Van Diepen, an ex-Torpedo Man 3/c I first met on the P.T. Boat base on Mioswoendi Island in the Pacific.

I always believe in patronizing businesses run by ex-servicemen; the fact that he was giving the ice cream cones away that first day I dropped in made no difference, I only had twelve. I was sitting on the ledge out in front of the store eating one when one of my new twelve-year-old friends barged up. "Well... if it isn't the Funny Man... how'd you get that?" he said. "I went in on my knees," I explained. Then I got down and went in for two more, he was large for his age. But seriously I have a great time talking with these kids at our cone-bakes, and get into some very enlightening (Continued on page 63)

Coming up—a New Year. Here's a look at it through the wit-colored spectacles of a funny man who knows when it's time to be serious

Listen to Bob Hope Tuesday nights at 10:00 EST, on NBC stations
"Even in a schedule as tight as Don’s, there’s always a loophole of spare time for a fisherman who’s ardent enough."

A glimpse into a house warmed by affection ... for the people who live

When I was younger, and before I had even met Don McNeill, I pictured the life-of-the-wife of a motion picture or radio star as more or less a constant stream of parties and “evenings out”—meeting people, dancing, and sleeping late in the morning. Perhaps some star-wives do live on such a merry-go-round. But it isn’t for me ... I like a simple life.

For with our early-rising schedule, night life just can’t be for us. I can count on the fingers of one hand the number of times we’ve been night-clubbing. Perhaps four or five times a year we see a movie, and that’s about all. You see, my life with your Breakfast Club toastmaster revolves completely around our home and family. I know that some wives feel differently about “going places and doing things.” But I feel that the love and enjoyment I find in my family, and the values I know in Don, far outweigh any program of getting out and going “places.”

There are two questions which people ask me about Don before any others. One is “How do you get him up in the morning?” The second is, “What kind of a man is he to live with?” The former is by far the easiest to answer, so I’ll take that first.

Don arises at 5:45 every morning—and not by himself! It takes the combined efforts of two alarm clocks, our three boys—Donnie, Bobby and Tommy—and me. If Don is particularly reluctant, I threaten him with a pitcher of water. Then, while Don shaves, I get breakfast. Bobby talks to Don while his dad uses the razor, telling him how to run the program that day, and appears at the breakfast table well sprinkled with shaving lotion and with a bit of lather clinging to his ears.

Breakfast is on a seventeen-minute schedule, covering cereal, coffee and eggs—with whatever else might be convenient. Our job is to “prime” the B. C. toastmaster—Donnie pops up with a “new” story he’s heard
Don McNeill

"It's true, what they say about woman's work—particularly since now I'm going to be on Breakfast Club shows as well."

By
KAY McNEILL
as told to Don Terrio

there love each other as a family, and like each other as friends

at school. For example, on a recent morning he said to Don, "She sure gave you a dirty look." Don said, "Who?" Donnie cracked, "Mother Nature." There were a few assorted groans before Don wiped the coffee off his chin and sprinted out the door—to the Breakfast Club and you.

The boys run outdoors for a short while, and our housekeeper and I clean up the breakfast dishes and set the kitchen in order. The boys are back in the house by 8 o'clock, and listen to as much of the Breakfast Club as they can stand before running for school. After the program, I have more time for thinking about Don—and why I love him—than when he is home.

Of course, there's an old saying that no man is a hero in the eyes of his wife. Perhaps Don is an exception, for he is my hero, indeed. Don first attracted me, back in his college days, because of his free, perfectly natural manner of speaking and his real interest in people. Later, I grew to love Don for the hidden things which don't come out when you first meet a person—his thoughtfulness, consideration and kindness to other people. Perhaps that's best expressed in Don's own closing line to the Breakfast Club programs—"Be good to yourself." He means, of course, that you should be good to other people, and that as time goes on other people will be good to you in return.

Naturally, I'm proud of the work Don does on the Breakfast Club—both because it amuses so many millions of people and because his Memory Time, Inspiration Time, Prayer Time and Sunshine Showers have brought happiness and a change in viewpoint to many thousands. And Don's feeling for people doesn't end when the Breakfast Club goes off the air.

About four years ago, a girl in Michigan wrote Don that she found a great deal of satisfaction in his inspirational messages, for she had tuberculosis, had spent all
My Husband, DON McNEILL

By KAY McNEILL
as told to Don Tovar

A glimpse into a house warmed by affection... for the people who live there love each other as a family, and like each other as friends.

W HEN I was younger, and before I had even met Don McNeill, I pictured the life-of-the-wife of a motion picture or radio star as more or less a constant stream of parties and "elevings-out"—meeting people, dancing, and sleeping late in the morning. Perhaps some star-wives do live on such a merry-go-round. But it isn't for me... I like a simple life.

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There are two questions which people ask me about Don before any others. One is "How do you get him up in the morning?" The second is, "What kind of a man is he to live with?" The former is by far the easiest to answer, so I'll take that first.

Don arises at 5:45 every morning—and not by himself! It takes the combined efforts of two alarm clocks, our three boys—Donnie, Bobby and Tommy—and me. If Don is particularly reluctant, I threaten him with a pitcher of water. Then, while Don shaves, I get breakfast. Bobby talks to Don while his dad uses the razor, telling him how to run the program that day, and appears at the breakfast table well sprinkled with shaving lather and with a bit of lather clinging to his ears.

Breakfast is on a seventeen-minute schedule, covering cereal, coffee and eggs—with whatever else might be convenient. Our job is to "prime" the B. C. toastmaster—Donnie pops up with a "new" story he's heard at school. For example, on a recent morning he said to Don, "She sure gave you a dirty look." Don said, "Who?" Donnie cracked, "Mother Nature." There were a few assorted groans before Don wiped the coffee off his chin and sprinted out the door—to the Breakfast Club and you.

The boys run outdoors for a short while, and our housekeeper and I clean up the breakfast dishes and set the kitchen in order. The boys are back in the house by 8 o'clock, and listen to as much of the Breakfast Club as they can stand before running for school. After the program, I have more time for thinking about Don—and why I love him—than when he is home.

Of course, there's an old saying that no man is a hero in the eyes of his wife. Perhaps Don is an exception, for he is my hero, indeed. Don first attracted me back in his college days, because of his free, perfectly natural manner of speaking and his real interest in people. Later, I grow to love Don for the hidden things which don't come out when you first meet a person—his thoughtfulness, consideration and kindness to other people. Perhaps that's best expressed in Don's own closing line to the Breakfast Club programs—"Be good to yourself." He means, of course, that you should be good to other people, and that as time goes on other people will be good to you in return.

Naturally, I'm proud of the work Don does on the Breakfast Club—both because it amuses so many millions of people and because his Memory Time, Inspiration Time, Prayer Time and Sunshine Showers have brought happiness and a change in viewpoint to many thousands. And Don's feeling for people doesn't end when the Breakfast Club goes off the air.

About four years ago, a girl in Michigan wrote Don that she found a great deal of satisfaction in his inspirational messages, for she had tuberculosis, had spent all...
her money, and didn’t expect to live. Don investigated her case, and found that what she said was true. He had her taken to a sanitarium in Waukegan, and paid all her expenses—including several operations—for three and a half years. But the girl’s condition became worse in spite of all the doctors could do, and she passed away a year ago. I still have the bedspreads and tablecloths and other things she made for us while she was in the sanitarium.

Now, Don didn’t have to help that girl—and she didn’t ask him to. He did it because he wanted to help her. And when your husband does things for other people you simply can’t help feeling good, and proud of him.

I think another quality about Don I like especially well is that when he feels depressed or blue, as all of us do at one time or another, he doesn’t try to “take it out” on the rest of us. Don just goes into his den, or his workshop, and busies himself until he’s chipper again. He regards personal worries and troubles as his own. For example, when Tommy went to the hospital with polio late last summer, few people knew about it—even those on the Breakfast Club staff. We all prayed by ourselves—and Tommy came through in good shape. On his first day home, we all had dinner...
in Tommy's room—a big day in a family's memory.

Of course, my husband's sweetness has now and then back-fired. For example, one day he came to me and said, "Honey, I've just bought a cabin cruiser. Now I don't want you to think I'm going to be like some husbands—inviting groups of men aboard, and leaving you at home. I want you on board every time I'm on the boat!" Naturally, I liked that.

But then came our first day to go aboard. I was cleaning a cabin wall (Don called it a "bulkhead") and the boat was rocking gently. Suddenly, I felt a little ill. Don said, "What's the matter? You've been cleaning the same spot for five minutes!" I admitted my unsteadiness, and Don said, "Well, if that's the case, we'd better get back on shore!" That was just about the limit of my boat experience, and soon afterwards Don sold the cruiser.

After his morning duties at the microphone, Don returns home to his wife and children around four o'clock in the afternoon. "Home" is in Winnetka—a suburb on Lake Michigan north of Chicago. Don usually rests for a while—although he sometimes hunts up the boys to try out a few Breakfast Club gags on them. He was hard-pressed for listeners when Tommy and Donnie were in summer camp last year, and (Continued on page 88)
Five million listeners' good wishes,
five hundred couples married—this
program's "happy ever after" record

By JOHN NELSON

They called themselves "Bachelors' Row"—
the seven student-veterans who filled the
back row of the geology class of the Pasadena
City College in California.

"Brother, are they asking for it!" said a fellow-
student. "Calling themselves bachelors while
they're in Van's geology class! Hasn't anyone
ever told them?"

He was referring to the legend that is begin-
ning to surround the classes of Professor Van
Amringe. It's even said that "Van" himself is a
testimonial to the matrimonial magnetism of
geology classes—having met on a field trip the
lady who is now Mrs. Van Amringe.

"I'd heard the talk about Van's class being a
sure-fire route to the altar," laughs James
Devine now, "but I didn't think it applied in my
case. I had other things on my mind."

One of those things on his mind was Jimmy's
determination to be a writer. Like so many vet-
erans, he was uncertain of his future when he
stepped out of Uncle Sam's khaki and into civil-
ian clothes again. Then came a chance for a trip
through Mexico—and out of that trip came a
new slant on life.

"I talked with all kinds of people on that trip,"
Jimmy explains, "all nationalities, and from al-
most every walk of life. And as I talked and
listened I felt a sudden humility because of my
ignorance. Ignorance of what the war had
really been fought for . . . ignorance of what our
country was headed for in the future. I knew
then what I wanted to do. I wanted to write . . .
about things I felt, the things I had seen and
Beforehand, a feminine flurry—but once the program was under way, and with Jimmy at her side, Dolores enjoyed every minute.

heard. That was why I came back to Pasadena and entered the City College for a course in journalism and creative writing.

As part of the course, Jimmy was required to study one of the sciences. Because of his love of the outdoors, he chose Geology—which led him to Professor Van Amringe's class, and a seat in "Bachelors' Row."

A popular feature of the geology course was the field-study—including weekend and holiday trips. Jimmy went on several one-day trips, and then was included on the list of those to spend three days collecting mineral specimens in the Calico Mountains of California.

Jimmy arranged to ride out with a fellow student, and was on the appointed corner at five o'clock the next morning, equipped with rock-pick, canteen, and ruck-sack. Just what any man would like— (Continued on page 69)
New Year's Wish-1948

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Mere happiness—I cannot wish you that—
A slap-dash, carefree and unbroken joy—
Not in such times as these. How trite, how flat.
The very words—how weak the souls they cloy!
A happy New Year—no; that not, these days—
You are too stalwart to want such a thing.
Knowing the world and its unhappy ways—
So let me wish that this New Year may bring
Faith—not for moving mountains but to bear
Dull, barren places where there are no hills.
Doubts, disillusionments that linger there.
Faith and the hope that lessens present ills—
These I would wish you, friend, in full increase—
And love that spends itself to search for peace.
—Violet Alleyn Storey

Never Go Back

Never go back to the hills you loved
When years were few,
Seeking to capture remembered hush
Of morning dew;
Thinking the berries will be as sweet
In hidden nook;
Waiting the leap and the flash of trout
In crystal brook.
Little will be as you saw it last
Long years ago.
Hills can be leveled and once-wide brooks
No longer flow.
Never go back where your young feet ran
Fleet-winged and free.
Sigh, and return to it only in
Your memory.
—Madeleine Burch Cole

Grandmother

She never heard of vitamins
Or calories... or diet
Meal planning sounded fine
But there was never time to try it.
The books on child psychology
She hadn't time to read
What with a hungry husband
And ten boys and girls to feed!

Despite these disadvantages
Her life was rich and bright
She washed and cooked and ironed
Then sewed by candlelight!
Yet... to my great bewilderment
Time spreads its golden haze
And she reviews those hardships
Fondly, as the "good old days!"
—Zoa Morin Sherburne

The Waiting Wall

When mother's whistling switch had stung our
legs
Where we could splice our plight with "heck!"
and "darn!"
And talk to Biddy on her warm brown eggs.
In dusty semi-darkness we could brawl
And sniffle our indignities and pain
Into the silkiness of Prince's mane,
Or kick our anger out against the stall.
Face down in hay I often wept with Brother
While baby swallowed twittered in the loft;
Once Rusty brought us kittens, warm and soft,
And hinted, cat-wise, to forgive our mother—
With grievances forgotten, eyes would dry.
Just where do city kids go when they cry?
—Cosette Middleton

Add only this: our wish for
You haven't said your heart's no longer mine,
Yet there's a hint in everything you do—
Your kiss that held the ecstasy of wine
Is flat—your conversation's different too,
As if you measure every phrase you say
With words intended for a stranger's ear.
You stare, and yet your thoughts are far away
And ofttimes when I speak you do not hear.

Sometimes I almost wish you'd state the facts—
The sword is so much quicker than the ax.

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

Mrs. Hook is the one with the look;
Given a hand that's half-way countable,
She's unassailable.

Mrs. Shure is the one with the cure;
Mineral Springs, she feels, or Battle Creek,
Could fix you in a week.

Mrs. Weeds is the woman who reads;
During the game she thumbs the pages,
Quoting from the sages.

I'm the one who likes forced bidding,
Who'll try the latest cure, no kidding!
Who thinks the book is fine.
I have to be—the party's mine!
—Prudence K. Geary

By a small boy's reckoning,
Two and two are seldom four;
In his enchanted scheme of things,
They have a way of totaling more.

A puddle and a splintered chip
Plus a small boy's fantasy
Equals a bold pirate ship
Wind-blown upon a boundless sea!
—May Richstone

By TED MALONE

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

Resolved:

Of New Year's resolutions it is clear to me
That there is certainly more truth than poetry
In that the only reason many have for making them
Is the enjoyment they look forward to in breaking them.
—S. H. Dewhurst

RADIO MIRROR Will Pay $50

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

It's to this family of theirs that Bud and Marian race to get home each night: Michael's five, Cynthia Ann is seven, and Patricia is nine. Also, of course, there are Missy and Bouney.

At 7:45 each weekday morning a yellow Bantam convertible scoots into the parking lot at the Greenwich, Connecticut railroad station. A tall young man and his attractive wife jump out and rush to board the 7:49 commuters' special to Grand Central Station. The young man, dressed in a conservative suit, and his wife, wearing a simple frock and probably hatless, look like most of the successful business people who live in the comfortable respectability of Greenwich and work in the banks or brokerages or bond houses of New York. Once they reach New York, however, the similarity between this couple and their Greenwich neighbors disappears. She taxis to a National Broadcasting Company studio to experience another adventure as Carol Brent, the feminine lead in Road of
in the Suburbs

in the ordinary world, lives Bud Collyer—bound, like any and all commuters, by his timetable

Life. And he, a few hours later, stands before a Mutual Broadcasting System microphone, clears a well-trained throat, and, for the next half hour, becomes the strongest, most fearless creature on the face of the earth—Superman.

These and other daily radio chores dispatched, the couple joins the crush of commuters dashing home to dinner. Although they have spent a day transfixing millions of listeners with their dramatic creations on the air, they are happiest when the day is ended and they can resume their true roles as Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Collyer, residents of a fourteen-room French Norman farmhouse on a Greenwich hilltop.

For Clayton, who is called "Bud" oftener than by his given name, and his wife, who is known to a large and faithful radio audience as Marian Shockley, are home lovers. They would rather talk about home than about anything else. They speak of it as enthusiastically as honeymooners talking of their first cottage. And well they might, for although their house is more mansion than bungalow, it is their honeymoon home. They moved into it immediately after their marriage a year ago.

While driving up the curving lane that leads from the Boston Post Road to their house, Bud and Marian point excitedly, as though seeing it for the first time, to the massive structure that rises from the wooded hilltop.

"That's natural stone," Bud says, "cut right out of the hill it's built on."

"It's just like a castle," Marian says, like a little girl enchanted by a dream. And they don't sound like Superman and Carol Brent at all.

Once they enter the front door, the Collyers are set upon by three rollicking children—Bud's by a former marriage—Patricia, age nine, Cynthia Ann, seven, and Michael, five. By the time Missy, a French poodle, and Bouncy, a tomcat, reach the door, the happy household is complete.

Dinner is gracious but informal, and afterward the family often moves into the giant living room which has a nineteen-foot beamed ceiling, a great stone fireplace and a balcony. There Bud likes to show motion pictures with a special sound film projector that works as professionally as those in theaters. Bud and Marian are so attached to home that they cannot bear to leave it even for a movie.

That spacious (Cont'd on page 71)
THIS is Joan Carter's story, and I would not tell it if I weren't certain that Joan has many sisters living in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Yazoo, Michigan, and Flagstaff, Arizona, and every other town and small city in the United States. It might as easily be the story of any one of them; it happens to be Joan's only because when she was twenty years old an uncle whom she hadn't ever seen died and left her a legacy of a thousand dollars.

How wonderful to have a thousand dollars drop into your outstretched hands, to spend as you please! That's what Joan thought, and she was right—but it wasn't wonderful in just the way she thought it would be.

She knew, fifteen minutes after the letter arrived telling her of the legacy, how she was going to spend it. She lived in a little Ohio town called Elmwood, and she had never traveled farther than Cincinnati. She had a father and mother and a brother, all of whom she loved, and there was an Elmwood boy named Curtis March who could make her go all warm and tingly simply by calling her up on the telephone and saying, "Doing anything tonight, Joannie? Then let's ride out to Monument Hill and look at the moon." Just the same, she knew how she intended to spend that money.

"This is my big chance, Curt," she said solemnly. They were in Curt's car, on top of Monument Hill, and the moon was watching them, for a change. "With a thousand dollars I can get to New York, and have enough to live on until I find a job. And it isn't even as if I didn't know anyone there. Ellen Lee's always writing and saying that if I ever come to New York I must be sure to stay with her and her husband—they've got a perfectly huge apartment on Central Park West, with tons of room. And they know all sorts of people, important people like radio stars and actors and novelists."

Curt listened, his big hands resting lightly on the steering wheel, his eyes somber under their level brows, and finally he said something he'd wanted to say for quite a while. He had been waiting for the right time, and this certainly was about as wrong a time as there could be, but he had to say it anyway.

"Don't go, Joannie. That is—don't go, planning to stay. For a little vacation, that's all right. But not to stay for good. You see—I've been thinking—well, I mean I've been hoping—we could be married pretty soon." He turned, taking his hands from the wheel and catching hers. "I love you, Joan, and—well, that's how it is."

Because she was honest, Joan didn't try to act surprised. She said, "I know, Curt darling. And I—I love you, too."

"Then—!" Curt said triumphantly, catching her to him and kissing her. Joan closed her eyes, and for as long as the kiss lasted she was happy to stay there, in his arms, with only the moon watching. But then she pushed him gently away.

"And I've thought about us being married, too," she said. "I'm still thinking about it. But we don't want to be stuck here in Elmwood all our lives. We don't want to be just ordinary small-town people, never knowing anything, never—never really living. We're both smart. I don't mean to boast about myself, or to flatter you, but we are, and it's silly to pretend we aren't. We could get somewhere in New York if we tried. You could be a magazine writer or a reporter on a big newspaper, and I could—well," Joan said vaguely, "I could be a model or a (Continued on page 73)
Dickie and Jill had just invented a brilliant new game, and were showing me how it went when the phone rang.
Some people think love at first sight is an old wives' tale.

Some people—like Grace and Court—are much more fortunate.

By Grace Matthews
(Radio's Big Sister)

The first time I saw Court was the last time I saw any other man—with interest, that is, with girl-meets-boy excitement. Yet it was to be three years after I first saw Court before I met him. Thanks, not to be rude, to a stuffed shirt...

I first saw Court in 1937 when he was playing the lead in "Merrily We Roll Along" at the Hart House, in Toronto. I was there with the young man I was going with at the time. But stopped "going with" then and there, after that evening—for the young man made it obvious that he was merely suffering through the play. He was, in fact, so impatient to get out of the theater that I didn't get to meet Court which, from the moment I saw him walk on the stage, I must admit, I planned to do.

A very fine actor, I told myself. That's why I want to meet him...

He appeals to you, as a man, my embarrassingly honest heart told me. You know he does.

So he did.

But, thanks to the stuffy young man I didn't meet Court that evening. Not for three years of evenings to come.

Court tells the story of our first meeting better than I do:

"On New Year's Day, of 1940," he says, "I walked in the studio in the CBC—Canadian Broadcasting Company—building in Toronto, where auditions were being held for the title role in The Story of Dr. Susan, a daytime series, which I was announcing. The room was crowded with girls trying out for the part, but I saw one girl. Only one."

Well—maybe he doesn't tell it so much better at that. What I'd say is: "I saw only one man." After I'd seen him, the audition faded into the background, for me. Maybe that's why I got the part!

It was probably a very few days after I went on the air as Dr. Susan that Court first asked me for a date. But at the time, it seemed to me more like weeks, or months, or longer.

According to Court, when he did ask me for a date, he made the "wrong approach."
"I had what they call 'radio hands,'" he reminisces. "A lot of people in radio are similarly afflicted. Tension, nervousness, overwork, over-emotionalism, or whatever, causes little red bumps to appear on the hands, which are then diagnosed as 'radio hands.' I'd been doing twenty-two free lance radio programs a week, when I came down with the occupational ailment—which certainly could mean that overwork was responsible. But—coincidentally, or not—it was a few days after Grace came on the program that I broke out with the bumps. Which may very well mean that over-emotionalism was responsible! In any case, what do I do but take my unsightly hands to Grace, show them to her, ask her advice—a sort of male-trying-to-get-sympathy approach, I'd call it—and the wrong approach, I'd say, to nine out of ten girls. But sensing in Grace the warm sympathetic nature she has in such abundance, instinct told that to appeal to her sympathy was to touch her heart. And so it was. She took my hands, unsightly as they were, in hers—"

"—and never let them go again," I always interrupt Court at this point, to say. "I handcuffed you," I tell him, "slipped on the manacles, that's what I did!"

What Court did, at this point, was to ask me, stammering like a high-school freshman (Court of the clipped-clear, certain diction!) "W-will you go out with me tonight?"—and I can still feel the actual nausea that I felt then when I realized that I had a radio rehearsal that night and a dinner date I couldn't decently break. I had to say "No," What I actually said was "No, but—", giving it, I hoped, the "Some other time?" inflection.

I suspect it was when I said "No," realizing how much I wanted to say "Yes," that I knew I was in love with Court. Or it may have been even earlier on, for from the day I went on the Dr. Susan program, I'd been getting up in the morning and asking myself, first thing, "What to wear? What will he like? The gray suit? The black? Tweeds, perhaps?"

Falling in love affected Court in a different way. A stranger (Continued on page 83)
BEHIND THE BLANK WALL
Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

This story goes back to the days of depression. I was a registered nurse, and there was plenty work, but people were unable to pay. I worked in some homes for a very low wage, sometimes not only cooking for the patient but the husband as well. On some cases I would do the house work—and even the washing.

It had always been my desire since my training days to have a hospital of my own—and specialize in obstetrics. Due to the fact nursing was slow I decided to go to California and take a Post Graduate Course in obstetrics and prepare myself for this kind of nursing.

While I was taking this training I would tell others of my plans, and they said it was impossible. How could I ever expect to get money for hospital expenses when people could not really afford a doctor's bill—much less a hospital?

After I finished my Post Graduate Course I went back to the State of Washington. I arrived in this small town of about 20,000 with no money, but fixed with ambition to make my dreams come true. I talked it over with a nurse friend of mine.

One day I decided to call on an old patient of mine, so we did, and we were able to borrow the large sum of $100. Then we began to look for the house that would be suitable for our nursing home.

We finally found a large two-story house and it was just what we wanted. The building was so run down that we were given two months' free rent for cleaning it up—and it surely needed it. We could not afford to hire anything. So we worked one month by ourselves getting it in shape, we payed one month's rent and we had to buy furniture, a stove, washing machine and many small items. We were fortunate to obtain some antique hospital furniture for the small sum of $10 down and $10 a month. Everything we bought was bought on the time payment plan. After we had the hospital furnished we had just $11 to buy medicine so we made a list of the important things such as cotton, ether, chloroform, alcohol, etc. Then we felt we were ready to announce our opening. We were surprised with a shower of gifts for the hospital, so many useful things.

At first the doctors were not too anxious to cooperate—as they were satisfied with the one large hospital in the town. But when we told them we were going to save money for the patients and they looked our small hospital over they decided to do what they could to help.

Now we were waiting for that first day and it wasn't long before an emergency came in. Everything worked out wonderfully, although our first little one weighed only three pounds. But we gave it the best of care and it gained every day, and from that time on we were kept plenty busy. We worked day and night and it was only a little while before we had to hire help. We were averaging around forty babies a month and finally had to move to a much larger place.

There are many things that happened and lots

Soon or late, there comes this knowledge to save the mind

42
of stories could be told about the hospital but to me the biggest satisfaction was the realization of our dream after the difficulties we had to overcome.

Mrs. D. B. B.

Ten-dollar checks have gone to the writers of the letters that follow:

BEAUTY FOR ASHES

Dear Papa David:
I was not inclined to forego my constitutional rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It was not necessary. My husband's sister had cared for her invalid mother for thirty years.

Suddenly the picture completely changed. My sister-in-law passed away. "Ma" was in her nineties. My blissful companionship with my husband was rudely broken. When either of us went out, the other stayed home.

I became positively resentful. One evening I took inventory; where was my courage? The authorities agreed that married folks were better off by themselves. Experience proved it. Why not challenge that overwhelming evidence to allow the exception to prove the rule?

An unflagging spirit of romance in the blind old woman was deeply touching. So together we traveled the high road of fiction, waiting in suspense for the prince to claim the bride. My mother-in-law was gifted with a remarkable memory and from her storehouse of poetry there came treasures new and old. I responded with exciting colorful tales of life in New York. When the family thought it wise to shade the truth, I was frank. The lonely hearted came to trust me as she did no one else.

When the tired spirit began its long journey through the shadow of death, the oldest daughter traveled thousands of miles to her mother's bedside. But the only coherent words the dying lips uttered were addressed to the one who had given her beauty for ashes: "Cannot you be my nurse?"

Truth is stranger than fiction. But the common clay which my Maker used to form me, is deeply satisfied when memory brings that beautiful light of gratitude into the eyes of my husband.

This is my rare jewel.

Mrs. T. McQ.

(Continued on page 80)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.
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I became positively restless. One evening I took inventory, where was my courage? The authorities agreed that married folks were better off by themselves. Experience proved it. Why not challenge that overwhelming evidence to allow the exception to prove the rule?

An unflagging spirit of romance in the blind old woman was deeply touching. So together we traveled the high road of fiction, waiting in suspense for the prince to claim the bride. My mother-in-law was gifted with a remarkable memory and from her storehouse of poetry there came treasures new and old. I responded with exciting colorful tales of life in New York. When the family thought it wise to shun the truth, I was frank. The lovely hearted came to trust me as she did no one else.

When the tired spirit began its long journey through the shadow of death, the eldest daughter traveled thousands of miles to her mother’s bedside. But the only coherent words the dying lips uttered were addressed to the one who had given her beauty for ashes: "Cannot you be my nurse?"

Truth is stranger than fiction. But the common clay which my Maker used to form me, is deeply satisfied when memory brings that beautiful light of gratitude into the eyes of my husband.

This is my rare jewel.

Mrs. T. McQ.

(Continued on page 80)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone’s life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-decent friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. It is not always a matter of receiving beauty from life but merely the capacity to appreciate it. It is not always a matter of receiving beauty from life but merely the capacity to appreciate it.

Dear Papa David:

I was not inclined to forego my constitutional rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It was not necessary. My husband’s sister had cared for her invalid mother for thirty years. Suddenly the picture completely changed. My sister-in-law passed away. "Mama" was in her nineties. My blissful companionship with my husband was rudely broken. When either of us went out, the other stayed home.

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Mrs. T. McQ.

(Continued on page 80)
BOSTON BLACKIE has many times given the police invaluable assistance on difficult cases.

One day Blackie and Mary Wesley, his girl friend and companion in adventure, call on Inspector Faraday. They are surprised to find that the Inspector's number-one suspect in a recent murder has an alibi. His knowledge of photography—and of the underworld—help Blackie in solving the case.

In these pictures, as on the air, Boston Blackie is played by Richard Kollmar; Mary is Jan Miner; Maurice Kipler plays the Inspector. Check your newspaper for local radio station on which Boston Blackie is heard.

1. Calling to congratulate Inspector Faraday on arresting gangster Monty Ring, Mary and Blackie are amazed at seeing Ring walking freely out of Headquarters.

2. In his office, the Inspector explains. A picture of Ring, taken at a public function at the time of the crime, was brought in by the newspaper photographer who took it. It gives the gangster a perfect alibi.

5. Acting on a hunch, Blackie catches up with the photographer as he is about to board a bus bound for Chicago. Using effective persuasion, Blackie induces him to talk. His suspicions are confirmed.
AND THE PICTURE THAT TOLD A LIE

3. "Look," says Faraday. "Ed Jason of the Bulletin took it at the rally at Soldiers' Monument. We know that was at ten a.m. It puts Ring miles away from the place of the murder at the time it was committed."

4. Boston Blackie has an overpowering urge to meet this Ed Jason. He and Mary go to his rooming house—only to find signs of a hasty departure. "Skipped an hour ago," the indignant landlady says.

6. Blackie, the Inspector, and a picked squad enter Ring's apartment. The racketeer's bravado vanishes as Blackie tells him Jason has confessed that he was made to take the picture—and not at ten a.m.!

7. At headquarters, Blackie explains. Ring's shadow in the picture showed it was taken in the afternoon! Jason double-exposed the picture of Ring over a picture taken the morning of the rally.
IT'S hard to think of Red Skelton as my boss, despite the fact that for three years I've been his radio "Namah."

I play his grandmother. I'm old enough to be his mother. Actually, there is something very close to a mother-son relationship in the way we feel about one another.

I love that Red-head. I'd like to spank him sometimes... he's a problem child sometimes like all little boys...but I love him. And I would fight for him. So would everyone else who works for him—and in that fact lies his success secret. Understand that and you understand why Red is a star now, and why he must continue to grow—to do greater things yet.

Red and I were friends for a year before I even heard his radio show. We met backstage at NBC in 1940. I was playing the veddy, veddy ultra Mrs. Hipperton on the Joan Davis show—and we were on the air, then, directly opposite the Skelton show.

Sometimes Red and I would "hit the hall" at the same moment, bob out of our adjoining studios during rehearsal for a quick breather. We were never introduced, just got to talking the way actors will... all right, I'll admit it, talking about ourselves.

I was fascinated with Red's story, the Horatio Alger tale in which a gawky kid who began his theatrical career dancing in Walkathons in Vincennes, Indiana, climbed to the top in show business.

I loved his yarn about the day he met Edna Stillswell, the girl who was to be his wife for fifteen years, and who still writes most of his material, and figures prominently behind the scenes in all of his business and professional dealings.

Edna was an usher in a Kansas City, Mo. theater. She came backstage one day and, unlike most of his dressing-room visitors, told him his act was terrible.

"You have lousy material," she said.

Red, sensitive to criticism then as now, replied in a huff, "I suppose you could write better."

"I certainly could," she said, and she proceeded to prove it.

Red never fails to give Edna credit for her part in his metamorphosis from small time vaudevillian to star. Nothing that has happened in their personal relations—their divorce, and both their remarriages, Red's to Georgia Davis, Edna's to Frank Borzage—changes the fact that she still is and must continue to be a vital factor in his professional life.

"Mummy," as Red calls Edna, devised the little-boy character which made him famous.

"She said," he told me, looking sheepish, "that all men are little boys at heart."

"If an old lady is entitled to an opinion," I replied, "she was certainly right about this one."

"You're no old lady," Red shot back, ducking the issue.

"I was acting before you were born," I told him. And then he had to listen to my story.

I made my professional debut when I was eight, playing the title role in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I am fifty-seven now, so that was a long time ago. Most child actors are "born in a trunk." I wasn't. My father was a doctor in San Jose, California—I am one of those rare flora, a (Continued on page 81)
Red Skelton: a clown in the new tradition. He paints other clowns for fun.
"City life," say Willard and Ginny, "is not for kids—or us." That's why you can reach the Kloses these days at Echo Valley Farm... or Red Hook 31.

For the story of a back-to-the-land movement that worked, eavesdrop any time on the Klose party line

TIME was when Aunt Matilda's urge to listen in on the rural party line used to prick her conscience. That kind of telephonic eavesdropping provided some mighty entertaining moments but (and she'd be the last to deny it) the habit was highly unethical.

Times have changed and the stigma has been removed. These afternoons—at 1:15 EST, Monday through Friday and 9 A.M. Sundays, over most stations of the Mutual Network—Aunty and the whole wide world are free to listen to anything that's said over Red Hook 31, a "party line" that welcomes eavesdropping.

Red Hook 31—that's the title of Mutual's program and it's also the actual telephone number of Willard and Virginia Klose, two personable radio personalities who have successfully completed their own "back to the land" movement. You see, until quite recently, "Woody" and Ginny Klose were in their element only in the plusher sections of St. Louis, Toronto or Manhattan. They didn't know a hayrick from a hoe in the ground. They were just a couple of squares from around Times Square way. Even so, like 99 percent of all city folks, the Kloses dreamed of a house in the country—a white house sheltered by big old trees and surrounded by a picket fence, loads of fresh air and sunshine and heaps of elbow room for Taylor, Nicky, Kevin and Christopher, now aged ten, nine, seven and two, in that order.

Yesterday's dream is today's reality, including the white house with the picket fence. It goes by the name of Echo Valley Farm and it's located in the heart of the fertile Hudson River valley, about twenty-five miles north of Poughkeepsie and roughly fifteen miles from the famous Hyde Park residence of the late President Roosevelt. As for elbow room, the Kloses have 102 acres of it—enough for their growing boys and the growing of apples, corn, garden vegetables and endless acres of alfalfa. Nowadays, broadcasting directly from their eighty-year-old farmhouse, Woody and Ginny talk knowingly on such subjects as soil conservation, tree
spraying and the relative merits of Holstein and Guernsey cows.

"Doing this 'Mr. and Mrs.' show right from our own living room is a lot like eating our cake and having it, too," Ginny says. "Woody and I have been a writer-producer team for years—radio has always been our stock in trade, but it's only since we've attempted this combined home-and-farm enterprise that we've achieved a satisfactory way of life."

Yes, but isn't this way of life a drastic change for two people whose haunts, heretofore, have been the Big City's broadcasting studios and advertising agencies? Why was the transition made?

To recurring questions like these, Woody answers: "We've become farm folk because Ginny and I believe it offers a better, fuller life for our children and, incidentally, for ourselves. We want our kids to grow up in a leisurely way, with an appreciation of nature and without the tensions of city life." (Continued on page 89)
When a Girl Marries

The well-loved story of Joan and Harry Davis, whose marriage grows slowly to maturity

Written by Elaine Carrington, directed by Tom McDermott, When a Girl Marries is heard each weekday at 5 P.M. EST, on NBC stations.

Young Harry Davis, just out of law school, blundered one night into the home of Sam Field, Stanwood's leading lawyer, to ask for a job—and found himself in the midst of a formal dinner party. More important, he met Field's daughter Joan—and found himself in love. Ironically, the party had been planned to announce Joan's engagement to wealthy Phil Stanley; but when Joan's eyes met Harry's, she knew she could never marry Phil; she felt, as Harry did, that life had been but a prelude to this moment. To Joan's parents, to her young sister Sylvia, and to Phil himself, the feeling between Joan and Harry was so apparent that the announcement Field planned was not made.
Instead, Harry Davis went to work in Sam Field's office, as he had hoped to do. And one day, in the lovely garden of her parents' home, Joan became Mrs. Harry Davis in a ceremony so moving that the town still remembers it.
3. Harry, not in the same financial class with Joan's friends, feared that the social whirl of Stanwood threatened his marriage. He bought a farm in Beechwood; it was here that little Sammy was born to the happiest of parents.

4. But Harry's worries had made him dependent on the sympathy of his secretary, Betty MacDonald. And at a party one night, Joan saw for herself what neighbor Irma Cameron had warned her of: Betty MacDonald was in love with Harry.

7. Saving Sammy, Betty was killed—Betty, who had parted Joan and Harry, and who had later married Steve Skidmore, the man Irma Cameron loved. Joan and Sammy returned to Beechwood; soon Baby Hope enlarged the family.

8. But Betty had left a legacy of trouble. Her cousin, Betty Soffield, was found murdered in the Davis barn. So damaging was the evidence pointing to Harry that all the efforts of Joan and his mother could not prevent his conviction.
5. Bewildered and hurt, Joan took Sammy back to her parents' home. She found a job to busy herself with, and lived in numbed unhappiness until the horrible day when she came home and found that her beloved Sammy was missing.

6. It seemed years later that, after hopeless search, Joan dragged herself toward home. Suddenly, before her on the sidewalk were Harry and Betty—and there was Sammy, in the path of a truck! Frozen, Joan watched Betty fling herself forward.

9. As Harry awaited sentence, the court was disrupted by Steve Skidmore's "confession". He had seen Betty at the barn; upset by her resemblance to his dead wife, he knew he started to choke her; then his sick mind blacked out.

10. But Joan, despite great danger, finally trapped the real murderer—an enemy of Betty's who came upon her in time to finish what Steve had begun. And, joyfully, Joan helped decorate the chapel for the wedding of Steve and Irma.
Festive and friendly, warm and satisfying—in the true spirit of the season.
HOSPITALITY reaches its highest, most gracious point at New Year’s. Certainly nothing quite equals the warm cordiality of “Drop in at our house any time New Year’s afternoon—we’re having open house,” for it holds the promise of making new friendships and deepening old ones. It is such a stimulating and satisfying way of entertaining, that I often wonder why we don’t hold open house on other holidays throughout the year. But since we seem to associate it mainly with New Year’s and since this year you may wish to entertain in this way leare are recipes which will make it easy for you to enjoy the day as much as your guests do. As you read them, you can begin planning on the quantity of supplies you will need. Next step is to allow yourself a few free hours the preceding day to prepare the canape mixtures, which can then be chilled in the refrigerator until you are ready for them, and for getting dishes, silver and linens in readiness. Since these are the major tasks, getting them out of the way so far in advance will give you leisure for last-minute preparations on the day itself—and starting the New Year with leisure to spare is one of the best ways to start it that I can think of—all of which will add up to making it the most successful party you have ever known.

EGG NOG

6 eggs, separated
¾ cup sugar
1 pint light cream
1 pint milk
1 pint sherry (optional)

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually add sugar, beating continuously. Beat egg yolks until fluffy and lemon colored, then fold in egg white. Add cream, milk and sherry, stirring continuously. Turn mixture into punch bowl, sprinkle top with nutmeg. Makes about 20 servings.

HOT CHOCOLATE

4 squares (4 ounces) unsweetened chocolate
1 cup water
6 to 8 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
3 cups milk, scalded

Combine chocolate and water and cook over low heat, stirring until chocolate is melted. Add sugar, salt and cinnamon and boil, stirring constantly, for 4 minutes. Add milk and blend well. Beat until frothy and serve immediately. Makes 6 servings.

HOT CRANBERRY PUNCH

2 cups (No. 1 can) jellied cranberry sauce
1½ cups water
¾ cup sugar
½ cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon allspice
2½ cups hot strong tea

Beat cranberry sauce with rotary beater until smooth. Combine with water, sugar, fruit juices and spices in a saucepan. Bring to boil and simmer about 3 minutes. Add hot tea and serve immediately. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

HAM BISCUITS

1 cup prepared biscuit mix
1/2-ounce can deviled ham
½ cup milk, (about)

Mix together thoroughly biscuit mix and ham. Stir in enough milk to make soft dough. Turn dough onto lightly floured board and roll out ¼ inch thick. Cut with 1-inch biscuit cutter. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in a very hot oven (450 degrees F.) until lightly browned, 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 15 biscuits.

PIGS IN BLANKETS

12 thin bread slices
12 cocktail sausages

Remove crusts from bread slices. Place a sausage diagonally in center of each slice. Roll opposite corners of bread over sausage and fasten with toothpicks. Broil, about 3 inches below heat, until bread is lightly toasted, about 3 minutes. Makes 12 servings.

(Continued on page 67)
The cooperation of furniture, paint, fabric and carpet companies can be enlisted to work in with "color wheel."

Lurene Tuttle's house is proof of the professional results an amateur decorator gets with "color wheel."

Homemaker news this month comes from Hollywood where Lurene Tuttle, who plays Junior's harassed mother in NBC's Red Skelton show, is redecorating her house and doing such a magnificent job of it that it is fast becoming one of the loveliest and most livable houses in town.

"I'm strictly an amateur decorator," says Lurene, "but now anyone can use the best professional tricks."

It is a new method which Lurene has been using so successfully, and this is the way it operates. The first step is to take a sample of the drapery or slipcover material or carpeting you wish to use to a "paint bar," where it is checked against a "color wheel." This is a large plastic disc dotted with small discs of paint, ranging throughout the spectrum in color. Your sample is matched to a paint dot which will blend perfectly. Each color dot is marked with a formula which indicates the ingredients, and their proportion, needed to mix paint of that exact hue. Augmenting the wheel is a series of small color cards, one to match each color dot and bearing the same formula. When the customer selects a paint from the color wheel, she is given a matching color card.

Her next step is to take this card to a paint warehouse where a "color tender" mixes paint according to the formula on her card, very much as a druggist makes up a prescription. Since color is lighter after drying, a sample of each prescription-mixed paint is made on still another card and allowed to dry for 24 hours. At the end of this drying time the customer checks the sample against her own color card and when—and only when—she is satisfied that it matches to perfection, the paint is delivered to her home.
Fanny Brice is Baby Snooks only once each week on the air. The rest of the time she's an enviably suave, gracious, mature personality.

By Mary Jane Fulton

OCALLY, Fanny Brice is one of the youngest radio stars on the air—Baby Snooks. "Actually," asserts Fanny, who originated the character of "Daddy's" exasperating little girl some twenty-five years ago, when she was one of Ziegfeld's famed beauties, "Snooks helps me to feel younger."

Anyone who has seen her do one of her Baby Snooks radio shows can easily understand this. She literally changes from a middle-aged person to a four-and-a-half-year-old youngster. She becomes Baby Snooks, and as such, she explains, "I have to feel younger. I can't help it." Then she reminds you: "A woman is only as old as she feels!"

Fanny is not only growing older gracefully, but joyously. When she isn't busy rehearsing or broadcasting, she's busy with one of several interesting pastimes. She's redecorated many of her friends' homes for them. If she feels the urge, out come her paints and brushes. As she sits before the clean canvas, whatever comes to her mind to paint goes down on it. So her work reflects the same care-free, vital originality which she exhibits all the time, and which you cannot associate with age. She believes that every woman should have some hobby, aside from her work. For no matter how much she likes her job, and how busy she is with it, a hobby provides a complete change. It also acts as a tonic to her spirits, which is very important, Fanny feels, in keeping mentally and physically alert.

Fanny doesn't claim not to grow tired. Like every active person she, too, must call time out for recharging her energy. After a tiring day, she heads for a hot bath. Into the bath water go a few drops of sweet-scented bath oil—just enough to perfume and soften the water, and to scent and soften her skin, too. With a faint wink at modesty, she leaves the bathroom door open so that the fragrance of the bath oil will drift into her bedroom. When she's relaxed in her perfumed bath for a few minutes, she uses a stiff brush and lots of soap suds to give herself a good scrubbing. This stirs up her circulation, and makes her feel marvelously refreshed.

Her favorite exercise is walking—a helpful hint, beauty-wise. Because of it her complexion is clear and healthy-looking, although she's a grandmother; her figure and movements as lighthearted and graceful as those of a much younger woman.

"When you begin thinking about yourself, then 'yourself' becomes your worst enemy," states Fanny.
Edward R. Murrow

—whose wartime byline, “This Is London,” became familiar to millions. He returned briefly to England in November, to broadcast the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Lord Louis Mountbatten. Though he has never worked on a newspaper, Mr. Murrow is known as one of the greatest reporters in the world. This season his air spot for a daily news broadcast is 7:45 P.M., EST, over Columbia.

### EVENING PROGRAMS

**Monday**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Honeymoon in New York</td>
<td>Clevelandleaders</td>
<td>Nelson Oldsman</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
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<td>CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>Music For You</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
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<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Listening Post</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Kate’s Daughter</td>
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<td>Tom Breneman</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
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<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Lula Lowton</td>
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<td>Grand Slam</td>
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<td>Rosemary</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>Echoes From Tropics</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Victor H. Lindman</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
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<td>Judy Garland</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>U.S. Navy Band</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
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<td>Big Sister</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
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<td>Wanda Jackson</td>
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<td>12:50</td>
<td>Robert Ripley</td>
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<td>Young Dr. Malone</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Backstage Shows</td>
<td>Nancy Craig</td>
<td>The Golden Light</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>Ma Perkins</td>
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<td>Pepper Young</td>
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<td>Right in Happiness</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Today’s Children</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>Maggie McNielis</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>Woman in White</td>
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<td>House Party</td>
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<td>The Story of Holly Sloan</td>
<td>Martin Block Show</td>
<td>Paul Whiteman Club</td>
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<td>Light of the World</td>
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<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<td>Right in Happiness</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
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<td>Lorenzo Jones</td>
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<td>4:45</td>
<td>Young Widder Brown</td>
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<td>Winner Take All</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>When a Girl Marries</td>
<td>Hop Harrigan</td>
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<td>Liberty Road</td>
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<td>Hottest Faces Life</td>
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<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
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<td>Lum ’n Abner</td>
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<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
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<td>John MacVane</td>
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<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
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<td>In My Opinion</td>
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<td>Once Upon Our Time</td>
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<td>Red Barber, Sports</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Sunoco News</td>
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<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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**Thursday**

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<td>Nancy Craig</td>
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**Friday**

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**Saturday**

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<td>Today’s Children</td>
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<td>Winner Take All</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

**Trudy Ewan**

—she’s “Miriam, poor Miriam,” on the Bob Hope Show, but off the air she’s Orchestra Leader Dick Stabile’s happy wife.
S A T U R D A Y

A.M.  | NBC          | MBS          | ABC          | CBS
-----|--------------|--------------|--------------|-----
5:00 | Story Shop   |              |              |     
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11:30|              |              |              |     
11:45|              |              |              |     

**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<th>Network</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<td>Arthur Barron's Public Affairs</td>
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<td>Hema is what you Make It</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Nat'l Farm Home</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Veterans Aid</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<td>Elmer Peterson</td>
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<td>Metropolitan Opera</td>
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<td>Give and Take</td>
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<td>Your Hosts Buffalo</td>
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<td>Vaghannon's Quartet</td>
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<td>Joan Davis Show</td>
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**TELEVISION**

A certain red-haired (and proud of it) radio singer now looks the other way whenever she sees writer Joe Cates. Producing his first television program for Bob Fuchs, Look Upon A Star, Joe tele-tested the singer for a guest spot. Her voice was beautiful and everything would have been fine, if her hair hadn't looked white on the video screen. Joe and the singer were much puzzled—until one of the tele-specialists connected with the job revealed that over television certain red dyes photographed dead white.

For the past year and a half, Sammy Kaye's tongue has been hanging out—figuratively, of course—for a certain make and model of television set for his apartment. Delays were as interminable as delays are, these days. But finally, to a breathless Kaye, it arrived. And now Sammy's landlord, for reasons only a landlord would understand, won't permit him to install it. It's things like that that drive tenants to other apartments, when there are other apartments.

Gene Autry has his experienced eye on television, they say. He's reportedly interested in a new organization that will prepare comic strips and syndicated news features for use on television.

Down in Texas, the do-things-in-a-large-way state, an interesting new hotel is going up. FCC permission has been given to the two millionaires who are constructing it to install a new television studio at the top of its 47 stories. And every room in the hotel will feature a built-in video set.

Hollywood film producer Jerry Fairbanks has begun mass production of films written, directed, acted and photographed especially for television. It's an improvement all along the line, over live shows, says Fairbanks; saves time, saves money, and is the only way of insuring a really professional job of dramatic programming.

Three years of research have gone into the preparation of this technique. Ordinary movie film and methods, of course, are not scaled to television screen. New lighting techniques have been developed by Fairbank's studio, and all the Hollywood trade tricks—process shots, animation, optical sleight-of-hand, slowed or accelerated motion—impossible to use in transmitting a live show on a television screen, can be adapted when the show is being filmed for transmission. Fairbanks is looking toward the day when all of television's dramas, mysteries, westerns will be presented on film.

Before the Fairbanks cameras now is the initial series, a mystery drama with a group of well-known Hollywood actors starred—Anne Gwynne, John Howard, Mary Beth Hughes, Donald MacBride, Dewey Robinson and Lou Lubin.

Speaking of what will or won't transmit satisfactorily on the average television screen brings us to what most people do speak of: the too-small field of the lower-priced screen, bad for too many reasons to list. Remedy this, there has been put on the market a magnifying lens which can be used in conjunction with a table-model set to enlarge its pictures. When used with a 10-inch screen, it appears, the picture can be magnified to a width of almost 20 inches. Most small set owners will call this an improvement.

National Broadcasting's great new Hollywood television outlet, originally planned to start operations at the end of 1947, probably will not be under way until the middle of 1948—July, they say at NBC.
Jean Colbert's RADIO BAZAAR

EVER since Jean Colbert, WTIC's Director of Women's Activities, played the part of a pussy willow in a kindergarten Easter program and wrote skits for her Central Park playmates, she wanted to be a big-time actress. Her determination and natural talent did win her parts in school plays and even a scholarship to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, but then her dream career struck a snag. Her father, a professor at New York's City College, frowned upon his daughter's stage aspirations. He demanded that Jean acquire an education and choose (as he termed it) "a decent way of earning a livelihood." So Jean continued her education but she never got a teacher's license because she managed to graduate from Hunter College at the age of 19—too young to teach. Jean's father knew when he was licked, and it was actually through his efforts that Jean got her first job on Broadway, playing the part of a French girl with Philip Merivale, Basil Rathbone, Elsie Ferguson and others. She was a natural for the part—looked it, acted it, and spoke it convincingly. Jean played in play after play until marriage and children made radio a more convenient vehicle for her talents. As one of the leading dramatic actresses on all the networks, she went to the coast in 1936, performed on the Radio Theatre and Hollywood Hotel. She was the "voice" for Rose Bampton, Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons and many other opera stars who did not want to read lines. But now, Jean has put the acting part of radio behind her. She admits it is fascinating, but finds writing specialized women's shows more to her liking, and she has displayed the same unusual talent for writing that she did for acting. For the past six years Jean has written and produced women's programs. She tackles anything she feels women should be interested in—fashions, homemaking, politics—even sports. Admitting that the last category is predominantly a man's world, she says "we girls must buckle down and learn exactly what sports addicts are jabbering about." Jean's duties at WTIC include the writing and m.c.-ing of the station's Radio Bazaar, a program for women heard each weekday, 8:30-9:00 A.M. Constantly on the go, you're apt to meet her anywhere but at her studio office after program-time. She may be filling a speaking engagement before a women's club, visiting exhibitions and demonstrations or attending a session of the United Nations General Assembly. But all these extracurricular activities provide material for the Bazaar, to which Jean has given a most unique format. In respective order, the days of the week are Glamour Day, Children's Day, United Nations Day, His Day (dedicated to the man of the house), Household Roundup Day and Home Decoration Day, and the ladies at home like this orderly house-keeping on their favorite program. Jean is interested in everything and everybody, but her main interest naturally is her two children—a red-haired, blue-eyed daughter June, who goes to Ohio State University, and a sports-loving son, Hill, a junior at Hartford Public High School. Jean herself is dark-haired and brown-eyed and, according to John Robert Powers, "on the glamorous side."
Hope for 1948  
(Continued from page 21)

conversations. They may give you a lot of ribbing, but they're really smart and sweet too, under that outer covering, if you use a blow-torch.

We've nothing to worry about from this generation of teen-agers today. I don't think the country is in any danger at all, if we can all bring up our share and leave it in solid order for them. They'll follow through okay. . . .

But I hope that parents will invest more time with them, more thought and more financial assistance too in the maintenance of such important youth organizations as the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., the Boy and Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, groups such as the "Teen-Agers' Clubs" in Long Beach, the Deputy Auxiliary Police in Los Angeles, and others that are guiding their youthful energy into constructive channels, fostering the preservation of ideals, teaching them responsibility and initiative and making them strong little junior citizens. They're our whole security, these kids, and they'll pay plenty of interest on the rich principles of their heritage, America . . . where the "three Rs" still stand for reading, writing and arithmetic . . . and not those others . . . rage, riot and relief.

I was never a teen-ager myself, having been born at the age of 21, but I did belong to the Y.M.C.A. when I was young back in Cleveland, and used to drop in there a lot, on my way to the pool hall. I'm on the Board of Managers of the North Hollywood Y.M.C.A. now and I know what they're doing for our youth.

I've visited the well-organized "Teen-Agers' Clubs" in Long Beach, with their "Canteens" which provide, among many other advantages, a "front room" for the less fortunate members living in short-of-housing communities, and a social meeting place for teen-agers to listen to the latest records, dance, bowl, and on some occasions to listen to lectures given by noted authorities on glamour, sports, and the like. "What do you enjoy most at the Canteen?" I asked one husky, clean-cut member. "Just congregating," he said. "It gives us a place we need—just our own."

Let's hope for more widespread recognition of such adult-advised groups the coming year, and for active sports programs such as that offered to the "D.A.P.s" (Deputy Auxiliary Police), who are also instructed by the Los Angeles Police departments in traffic safety and the functions of city government. They have a sports program which includes four kid football teams, the "Junior Dons," which sponsor, Mickey Rooney's "Fighting Irish," Jimmy Durante's "Schnozzolas," and Al Jolson's "Sonny Boys," who play at intermission half time between the L. A. Dons' professional games in the Coliseum. I sit on the bench with my team and have repeatedly offered to play, but the Captain always puts it this way, "Wait until the last of the third quarter, Coach, and if we're still ahead . . . come on in . . . ."

But I'm plenty proud of my "Junior Dons" they tell me. You those twelve and thirteen-year-olds like Louie, our good natured Swedish tackle, who works a paper route after school, and Vincent, who's of Mexican descent, and cuts lawns and does odd jobs to pick up his extra change. In fact, of all
eleven of them, who come from bitter-ly competitive schools, from differ-ent nationalities, and who tackle the first outsider who berated any one of their teammates.

Such sports programs are a great common denominator and really kick the goals against cold-shouldering minority groups in our communities. It's too bad we don't have a few interna-tional football teams to make it far in diplomatic relations, depending on how far you want to go of course. I went a long ways on it... dancing at the "night club"... taking in a soccer game in Santiago, an "asido" (which turns out to be roast beef out in the open) on a South American "estancia" (a big budget word meaning ranch) and the premiere of my pic-ture, "Monsieur Beauregard" in Buenos Aires. I was enjoying the picture, it was only the fourth time I'd seen it, when lights flashed on all over the theater with spotlights turned on the balcony. Naturally I stood up, and so did Enrique Serrano, famous Argentine comedian. Fortunately there was enough applause for both of us...

THIS trip was a great experience for Dolores, Linda, Tony and myself. The people were wonderful and so inte-erested in America. They all asked questions and were very inquisitive about every thing we did, even the water! Let me tell you we had a lot of good neighbors in that 3,275,000 square miles of Brazil, in Uruguay, Chile and other Latin American republics. I was en-couraged to see something to tank in that 135 degree sand in Tunis... scribbling a note on a precious piece of paper for me to bring back. Nothing made me happier than "Hello, Mom; I'm okay, I'll be home.

Brought one back for you too, from Bougainville, "may be home by New Year's, they say now, Mom..."

YOU over there... you were in an Evacuation hospital in Bizerte... with German flares lighting the sky, tracer bullets hitting a comet streak, ack-ack going after Stukas... you gave me the lowdown and told the doc to "shoot the works."

And you finally getting back through the Golden Gate... coming home in that flag-draped honor bier... I hope you get a chance to see Was-terfall, with a white cross on a tiny strip of land called Tarawa...

Sure, I remember all of you. Thanks, for giving us a crack at another new year.

While we're making with the old lang syne this New Year's Eve, ladies and gentlemen, let's toast that great game and all nations. Let's have a good time... et with peaceful production, so that we can all ease up on the grim interna-tional watch parties going on this New Year's Eve...

Nobody who caught the last one cares about sitting in on a repeat show. The greatest picture I know is just going through any one of the 127 Veterans' Hospitals in our own country. Seeing those boys wheeled into the "Ree" hall on gurneys, the paraplegics in wheel chairs, all those who made down payments on war over there, and are still paying it out in installments here now.

Then tell your little old heart really hits a low one going through some of those wards, hoping to help hustle in a little holiday cheer for that gallant gang you met on the road to war...

My new recipe for Baked Prunes... Betty Blake

**HERE is a simply delicious way to prepare prunes. You'll be de-lighted. It takes longer than other methods, but the results are worth it!**

Perhaps you will want to bake your prunes when you are cooking an oven dinner, thus saving time and trouble.

**I start with a carton of** SUNSWEET Prunes, because they're "Tender-ized", rich in flavor, and need no soaking.

**I rinse the prunes in cold water... place the desired quantity in a casserole and cover completely with cold water.**

**Then I sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sugar, top with 2 center slices of orange or lemon, rind and all, and add 1 piece stick cinnamon.**

**Now... I cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F) 1 1/2 hours, and cool without removing cover. Finally I chill and serve.**

SUNSWET Prunes are treasured for sweetness and flavor, "Tenderized" for quick-cooking and better eating, sealed in foil cartons for perfect protection, packed by the grow-ers themselves.

California Prune & Apricot Growers Assn. San Jose, California

SUNSWET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots and Peaches... also SUNSWET Prune Juice

**Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping**

**SUNSWET**
married, how we could have a home of our own. When it came to the expensive honeymoon, we seemed to run out along with the money.

Mother told Mrs. Girard about our problem, and she began to fret about it. She began writing letters to Heart’s Desire.

She wrote thirteen letters, all asking for the same thing, a honeymoon on Catalina for Mary and me, before Heart’s Desire could be made. It isn’t surprising, since every program gets some 15,000 letters a week and a lot of worthy people want important things.

The thirteenth letter did the trick. The second day after the letter was mailed, the handsome Mr. Alexander, master of ceremonies of the program, and our third friend, just had to let her read it. Our honeymoon was assured.

BEN ALEXANDER telephoned me the day after the letter was read on the air, and told me of our good fortune.

He explained that his program would defray the expenses of our airplane trip to the island, our hotel bills and other expenses during the week we spent at Catalina but that—actually—that would be our command for a week. The Catalina Island Company itself was in on the role of Good Fairy and had promised that the place would be ours for the duration of our stay.

Ben told me a few of the possibilities: skyline drives, speed boating, trips in the famous glass-bottomed boats. I was a little dazed, but I was happy to accept the program Ben outlined. But then, I’d been a little dazed ever since I met Mary Jean.

But I’ll never plan a surprise party for the new Mrs. Allgood. I know that Mary Jean is a girl who doesn’t like being surprised. I’ll remember that, because the way I feel about her, I never want to make all our life together that she won’t like.

You see, like everybody else coming out of the service, I was pretty scared of the future when I finally got out of LST. I hadn’t finished my education, didn’t have a “trade”. I felt I was too old to start college; my mother soon talked me out of that. I didn’t even know what I wanted to do. I had been too young for girl friends when I enlisted in the Navy, so there was no girl of my dreams to come back to, to plan a life around.

That such a thing had to come up, and quickly, saved me. I wish all the guys could be so lucky.

I got home from the South Pacific—on June 10, 1946. The family had a party none of us will ever forget. But after a few days the excitement wore off, and the anxiety—what is to become of me, what is to become of all of us?

At this point, mother put her foot down, and insisted that I take advantage of the GI education bill.

So I entered East Los Angeles Junior College in September. What was important was that Mary Jean Butts did too. After just a few days I knew what I wanted. Mary Jean. And she said yes! I’ll never forget that.

The first problem was the big sister. I didn’t want just an ordinary job—Mary Jean and I want a lot of life. I wanted to go into business for myself. Businesses come high, and all I had was a small cash from my terminal leave pay and a few bonds.

My father and my brothers helped at this point, and I bought a truck. I took the remainder of my cash, and bought a house on the west side of town. I was a man of business. I was a meat wholesaler.

The next stumbling block was a house. Here too, we were in trouble, because we didn’t want just an ordinary rented apartment. We wanted a house of our own. Choosey, aren’t we? But we figured this marriage business was the biggest step of our lives, and it was important to do it right.

I was nicely started in business, but there was certainly no piled-up capital with which to do any home-buying or home-building. Not with prices sky high, like they are.

We were strictly operating on margin. Up came the friends to the rescue again. A Navy friend of mine owned a small lumber yard. He would give me lumber on easy terms.

So we’ve built a house, and I mean built it ourselves—with our own hands, as Mrs. Girard put it. We’ve had a plan a day, work two for the tough stuff, and an electrician once, but otherwise it’s been like an old fashioned barn-raising, worked on by Mary Jean and me, our families, our friends, our neighbors.

We put in the foundation, and the super-structure, the sheet-rock insulation, we’ve painted, papered, sawed and hammered, and we have a home.

The wedding day—now to be postponed three times. Building is a tough job, and materials—for the small purchaser—are scarce as hen’s teeth. We had a devil of a time, for instance, finding a bath tub.

The fourth and final time we postponed the ceremony—from August 30 to October 12—Mary Jean cried. Her magnificent wedding dress which she had thought would be perfect for August, would be all wrong, she said. Girls are funny. I told her that I didn’t care if it was burlap.

But Mary Jean does care, and of course I do too, really. I’ve been as excited as she has about all the plans. We’ve invited a hundred and seventy-five people to the formal wedding and reception—thirty so that all of the people who have helped us can share in the joy of seeing the Big Day!

I’d like to say a big “thank you” here, and not only to Heart’s Desire, not only because of what the program did for us, but because of the wonderful things it’s doing for others.

Heart’s Desire is on the air for half an hour a day, five days a week, and has evoked such an audience response that the 150 to 200 women who crowd into Tom Breneman’s restaurant every day to volunteer as readers can’t read all of the mail. Since the program makes a point of reading every communication, surplus mail goes every day to the Veterans’ Administration and is turned over to invalid veterans who read and report on their findings. Then the program goes about fulfilling the Hearts’ Desires that seem most worthy.

At every heart beat another dream is put into words and sent off wrapped in hope to Heart’s Desire. And some dreams come true. Just as ours did.
Janette Davis rescues last year's dress by topping skirt with yoke, and using fabric from remodeled neckline to make skirt drapery.

THE TOPMOST question in every woman's life these days is, "How can I make last year's clothes wearable for this year's styles?" and like everyone else, Janette Davis, the singer on the Arthur Godfrey show over CBS, has been trying to find the answer.

Bewildered by the necessity for transforming short straight-skirted garments into the lower-hemline, mid-riff fullness fashions now current, Janette sensibly took her problem to the Traphagen School of Fashion where a suit and dress were restyled for her. The suit, a soft blue tweed with padded shoulders and a too short skirt, emerged as a smart one-piece frock with flaring front pockets. The crepe dress is now apron-fronted.

To remodel a suit of your own in this same way, first remove lining and unnecessary trimming from the jacket. If shoulders are too heavily padded, take in shoulder seams and fit over newer, smaller pads. Seam the jacket up the front, then open left underarm seam for placket. Remove skirt belt and zipper, open up darts and let out the hem, steaming the creases. Attach the skirt to the top of the jacket as sketched to form two deep side front pockets, after either hemming the top or facing it with crepe. Cut a narrow belt and a high turnover collar from material cut away from the lower edge of the original jacket and wear a scarf of a contrasting color.

To remodel a two-piece dress with neckline drapery, remove and split the fold from the bodice and line it with satin, either black or of a contrasting color, to form the bows and ends at the back. Drop the skirt on a false yoke to make it longer. Tuck up the front of the blouse to make an apron drape and add a double fold of satin to meet the bow at the back.

Suit renovation is more involved. It becomes smart one-piece dress by attaching skirt to shortened jacket and seaming the front opening.
Olive and Bacon Canapes

Select large green stuffed olives. Wrap each one with half a slice of bacon and fasten with a toothpick. Broil about 3 inches below heat, until bacon is crisp, about 5 minutes, turning once so bacon will brown on both sides. Serve immediately.

Liverwurst and Brazil Nut Canapes

1/2 pound liverwurst
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1/2 cup ground Brazil nuts
3 teaspoons pickle relish
1 teaspoon oregano (optional)
7 slices toast
Pimiento

Remove skin from liverwurst. Mash liverwurst thoroughly, add remaining ingredients, except toast and pimiento, and mix well. Cut each toast slice into 3 strips. Spread 2 teaspoons of mixture over each strip. Garnish with small triangles of pimiento in opposite corners. Broil, about 3 inches below heat, for about 3 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 21 servings.

Sardine Canapes

1/2 ounce canned sardines
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
3 slices toast
Pimiento

Mash sardines, add lemon juice and green pepper and mix well. Cut each toast slice in half diagonally and spread with sardine mixture. Broil, about 3 inches below heat, for about 3 minutes. Garnish with pimiento cut into small stars. Serve immediately.—6 servings.

Nut-Cheese Canapes

1/2 cup grated American cheese
1/2 cup ground Brazil nuts
2 tablespoons milk
18 toast rounds
Brazil nut slices

Combine cheese, ground nuts and milk and mix well. Spread 1 tablespoon of mixture on each toast round, top each with Brazil nut slice. Broil, about 3 inches below heat, until nicely browned, about 3 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 16 canapes.

Egg Canapes

3 hard-cooked eggs
20 toast rounds
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
1/2 teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon vinegar
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

Slice eggs in 6 even slices crosswise. Remove yolk and place 1 egg slice on each toast round, using only 4 center slices of each egg. Mash egg yolks, add remaining ingredients and mix well. Arrange mixture in egg white rings on toast rounds. Garnish each with a star cut from end slices of egg white. Chill for 1 hour before serving. Makes 20.

Egg Chutney Canapes

4 hard-cooked eggs
Dash salt
Dash pepper
1/2 cup chopped celery
1/2 cup chopped chutney
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
1 teaspoon liquid from chutney
1 teaspoon lemon juice
6 slices toast, with crusts removed
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Chop eggs fairly fine. Add remaining ingredients, except toast and chopped parsley, and mix well. Spread toast slices with egg mixture. Cut each into 4 squares. Makes 24 small canapes.

Not long after, at a dance at Hotel Quindindinha, "It's for always", he said. And my heart sang. For me, it's "for always" too. And — with Jergens Lotion — I'll keep my hands soft and smooth for all our lovely moments. We'll certainly have Jergens Lotion at our house.
Family Affair

Dear Editor:
Will you please give me a little information about Evelyn MacGregor, and print a picture of her? I have enjoyed her singing for so long, I should like to know something about her. Have subscribed to Radio Mirror for several years and it grows better all the time.

Mrs. C. W. M.

Barnwell, S. C.

Featured contralto on two NBC musical programs, Evelyn MacGregor has always been grateful to her mother, who started her on a career when they starred her as a dancer, at the age of seven, in their vaudeville troupe. After that, she performed often at public functions in her native Pittsfield, Mass. At fourteen, her interests changed, and she dropped dancing for singing in church choirs, school affairs and civic events. When she was seventeen, her mother took her to Los Angeles where she sang on the air for the first time. Encouraged by the approval of critics, she went to New York to study voice. Her first operatic role, in "Cavalleria Rusticana," at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was followed by appearances with the New York and San Carlo Grand Opera Companies and concerts in important cities throughout the United States and Canada. From there she went into radio and has been a radio favorite ever since.

Lovely To Listen To

Dear Editor:
I'm very much interested in Laura Leslie on Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade program. Is she as lovely as she sounds? Where'd she come from? How long has she been on the radio? The reason I'm so inquisitive is that I'm positive I used to hear her in Baltimore.

Miss J. W. W.

Baltimore, Md.

Laura Leslie

You're right! You did hear Miss Leslie in Baltimore, and here's how it came about: Born in Finksburg, Md., a town of 300 citizens, Laura attended high school in Baltimore. Aside from getting plenty of encouragement from her parents, Laura had no formal voice training. However, her keen sense of rhythm and a delightful style of vocalizing had local radio station managers clamoring for her services. Before getting her diploma in June, 1945, Laura signed with a sponsor on station WFLR, Baltimore, an ABC affiliate. She remained on that three-a-week program for a year, until an offer from a Hollywood night club came her way. But she soon tired of night club life and decided to go home and settle down as a stenographer. In March, 1947, Sammy Kaye and his orchestra were appearing at a Baltimore theater. The band just lost a girl vocalist and when Laura found that out, she lost no time getting over for an audition. Kaye was greatly impressed and immediately signed her. One thing Laura is quite sure about — there are 299 persons in a small Maryland town who are rooting for her success.

Murder!

Dear Editor:
We have listened to Murder and Mr. Malone ever since it came on the air. We think Frank Lovejoy plays the part faithfully and we would like to know something about him in your magazine. Couldn't you print one little picture, please?

Mrs. G. K.

St. Louis, Mo.

Frank Lovejoy made his radio debut in 1934 over WLW, Cincinnati, where he was stranded for a fortnight while he waited for the other members of a stock company to assemble. To fill time (and the inner man) he applied for a job with WLW's dramatic company, and his work was so satisfactory that he became a regular member and remained for nearly a year. Lovejoy still had a bankering for the stage despite his success on the air; when opportunity came for a featured role in a New York production, he left Cincinnati. While on route to New York, his native town, the backers of the project changed their minds, so on arrival Lovejoy promptly sought another radio engagement. He's been at it ever since, although in addition to broadcasting he has appeared in several Broadway productions. But his secret ambition, he admits, is to become a saxophone player!

Welcome Back

Dear Editor:
Could you please tell me what has happened to Mercedes McCambridge who played Ruth Wayne on Big Sister?

Miss R. V. A.


Mercedes McCambridge has just recently returned from a year's stay in Europe. You'll probably be hearing her on the air again in favorite programs by the time this issue of Radio Mirror reaches the newsstands.

More About Kitly

Dear Editor:
Your magazine has been a favorite of mine for several years and I can hardly wait for each appearance on the newsstands. I would like to know more about and see a picture of Jack Kitly, the star of Once Upon Our Time. That is one of the best 15-minute programs on the air. Also, he has a nice voice. Thanks, and here's to continued good reading.

Mrs. W. E. B.

El Paso, Texas

For as long as he can remember, Jack Kitly has wanted to be a singer, and with that goal in mind, met success from the start. He began his career in his home town, Boston, at the age of eighteen. He has been on the air regularly ever since, except for several years in Uncle Sam's Navy. In 1937 he came to New York to study at the Juilliard School of Music, where he met Lucile Hamilton, who became his wife. Kitly has sung in almost every entertainment medium. He was featured in the Radio City Ice review for three years, toured with a road company, had a part opposite Mary Martin in "Dancing in the Streets," was singing m.c. at New York's Versailles night club and had the leading role, Curly, in the history-making musical "Oklahoma." The Kitlys have a three-year-old daughter who inherits both her parents' good looks and musical talent.
Is your marriage failing because you still live in Shameful Ignorance?

Then Learn Here—
The Real Truth About These INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

Often a young wife is more to be pitied than blamed when her husband starts acting cold and indifferent to her. She may have had no one to turn to for proper scientific knowledge she could trust about intimate feminine cleanliness.

But she can learn here how important vaginal douching often is to marriage happiness, health and charm—how it helps combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems. And she should learn how very important it is to use ZONITE in her douche, because NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTI-SEPTIC-GERMICIDE FOR THE DOUCHE OF ALL THOSE TESTED IS SO POWERFUL YET SO SAFE TO TISSUES!

Truly a Modern Miracle

Well-informed women wouldn't even think of using weak, homemade or dangerous products for their douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength—ZONITE is absolutely harmless. You can use it as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.

Developed by a World-Famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing, clinging waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective it immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure ZONITE DOES kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete directions for douching come with every bottle.

ZONITE

FOR NEWER feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-18, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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“Real life condensed into 25 thrilling minutes”

so writes one of the thousands of women who never miss listening to “MY TRUE STORY” Radio Program, brought to you in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. Here are real people in real life experiences. A complete drama every morning, Monday thru Friday. Tune in your American Broadcasting Station—10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 11:30 MST, 10:30 PST—for radio’s greatest morning show!
living room is Bud's pride. "It's great for the kids," he explains. "Why, last Christmas we got a tree in it that was seventeen feet tall." The way he says it betrays that Bud was as thrilled by this enormous tree as were the children.

Bud and Marian would like to spend every evening at home, but unfortunately the inexorable demands of their profession won't permit it. In addition to playing Superman, a role he created on the air seven years ago, Bud appears regularly on Life Can Be Beautiful, Break the Bank, Silver Theatre, Listening Post and Road of Life. He is the announcer on Road of Life, in which Marian has played "Carol Brent." But he often takes other roles as well. Too often for his liking this rigorous schedule keeps him in town beyond the children's bedtime.

THE only program on which Marian appears regularly is Road of Life, and although she accepts occasional parts on other shows, she prefers to keep her working hours to a minimum. "Running a house the size of ours takes lots of time, even though we do have a man and his wife to help," she says, "but if I didn't do some radio work, I'd seldom see Bud. He'd be in New York and I'd be in Greenwich."

They are together each morning on the trip to New York and during the rehearsals and broadcasts of Road of Life. Often they manage to meet for lunch, and then Marian usually returns alone to Greenwich if it is one of those days when Bud must stay in town for an evening show.

Such days are not rare. Bud is one of the busiest announcers and actors in radio—a strange success for one who only twelve years ago was heading for an entirely different career.

Bud started out to be a lawyer. After graduating from Williams College and Fordham University law school, he joined a New York law firm as a clerk—the accepted beginning for a fledgling attorney. "I was working for a fast fifteen dollars a week and desk space," he recalls. "After a while I found that dull."

He worked hard in this humble calling for two years before he decided that radio promised larger returns. While at Fordham he had earned spending money by singing on WABC (now WCBS) and he remembered that actors and announcers he had met at that time made as much money in a month as he could expect to collect in a year at the bar. He appeared at an NBC audition and landed a part on a show. That was in 1935, and although he no longer recalls the name of that program, it marked the turning point of his life. "I was in radio for good after that," he says.

The construction of a career in radio acting and announcing comes slowly at the start, and for some time Bud languished in semi-obscurity. In those years he found his own lack of fame a particularly bitter pill because of a family connection. Bud's sister, June Collyer, was then a well-known movie star. "People were always introducing us as June Collyer and, oh, yes, this is her brother," Bud says.

After a while, however, Bud began to be recognized as a coming radio star. Recently when he and June were at-
Bud's three children, Bud and Marian admit, have more friends in Greenwich than their busy parents have. There is great social activity at the Greenwich Methodist Church, of which Pat, Cynthia and Mike attend. The pressures of their youngsters' engagements do not, however, disturb Bud and Marian. Both are busy persons and likely to tailor their own schedules as much as possible to fit those of Pat and Cynthia and Mike.

Bud insists, however, on faithful observance of Sunday School. He has been superintendent of the High Ridge, Connecticut, Methodist Church Sunday School for four years, and each week conducts religious training classes which he alone teaches.

"Bud is very devout about church," Marian says proudly. "He never misses Sunday School. And, do you know, he used to be called to the sermon at the Greenwich Methodist Church not long ago." In telling of this invitation, Marian spoke more enthusiastically than she would of a new radio contract. Bud insists, the act of God, in Bud's case, was an act of God, in Bud's case, and Tubby comments, "and, my gosh, all I saw were middle-aged people. I said, 'Where are the young people? Why don't they come to church? I believe it started them thinking.'"

It was perfectly natural for Bud to be concerned at the absence of youngsters from the congregation. Children, and he had plenty of them, deserve more attention than many of them get from their distracted parents. As for his own, they find Bud a devoted father.

"They're wonderful—all three of them," he says of the night.

Pat, for years, has been playing the piano. Self-taught, she has actually composed tunes. It was only a year ago that Bud and Marian decided she ought to have lessons. "I don't believe in pushing children too fast," Bud says. He and Marian are certain that Pat has real talent, but they are determined not to put the rigidities of musical training in conflict with her normal girlhood.

Cynthia seems to have a gift for acting. "She's the clown of the bunch," Bud says. Marian calls her a "wonderful little actress."

Mike, at five, has not yet demonstrated a particular bent. A warm, friendly child, he is content so far to bask in the reflected brilliance of his sisters, whom he idolizes.

There is plenty of room at the Collyer place for play. In fine weather, there are paddled tennis courts with a huge, double-trunked oak growing in it, and two acres of woods that are the Collyer's own. When rain or snow confines the family to the house, the children are closely restricted. Each has his own room, and all can romp in the enormous living room or in a playroom downstairs.

Bud and Marian have a plan for decorating the playroom. Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster, the creators of the comic strip Superman, have offered to paint murals of Bud's alter ego on the playroom walls. "They'll be very bright and colorful," Marian says. "And very handsome." When she says this, she looks at Bud—in such a way that you know she is thinking that Superman is only second to the man who plays him on the air.
Right Here At Home
(Continued from page 39)

...clothes designer or—"
"Maybe we could," Curt said slowly, breaking in on her. "If we wanted to enough."
"If we wanted to! But I do want to, Curt. Don't you?"
"No," Curt said, "I don't. I want to stay here in Elmwood, working with Dad on the Gazette, making it into the best small-town daily paper in the state. I want to go into politics and run for the legislature and clean out the old dodges that're running the Elmwood school board and help get a new courthouse built and live with you in a nice house and raise some healthy children. That's what I want to do."
"Oh," Joan said, in a tone that held some disappointment and more disdain. "I'm glad you remembered to put in the part about living with me in a nice house.

"Don't be like that, Joan. You know that's just as important to me as the rest of it."

WELL, yes, Joan had to be fair and admit that she did know, and what might have developed into a quarrel turned into an argument instead. It was an argument that went on until the moon had passed its highest point in the sky and was dropping down toward the west. Elmwood and Elmwood people, Joan said, were dull, and she didn't intend to live among them all her life. Curt said they weren't dull, and that Joan had seen too many movies and read too many magazine stories and listened too much to the radio.

Like most arguments, it ended no place.

"If I go to New York and decide to stay," Joan demanded, "will you do one thing for me? Will you leave the Gazette for a couple of months and come to New York and at least try it?"

Curt let a minute go by, trying to find an answer. "I don't know," he said last. "I just don't know. It would depend on how much I missed you. But go ahead," he added quickly. "I want you to go, Joannio. I want you to go, and see if you really like New York as much as you think you will. And I'll hope that I never have to decide whether to follow you there or not. I'll hope that you come back here—too—of your own accord."

Joan kissed him, crying a little. At that moment she almost wanted to say that she wouldn't go to New York at all. She found herself thinking how much she loved him, and remembering besides that there wasn't a girl in Elmwood who wouldn't envy her if she were Mrs. Curtis March. Because besides being handsome, Curt was rich, by Elmwood standards. His father owned the Gazette, and some day he would pass it on to Curt. She was a very lucky girl—by Elmwood standards. . .

But that was the trouble, she told herself firmly. Elmwood standards weren't her standards, and she would never forgive herself if she gave up this chance to get away, into that larger, more exciting, richer world she'd read about, dreamed about. And the impulse to tell Curt she would stay passed and was gone.

I met Joan after she had been in New York two or three days. Ellen Lee had called, inviting Dick and me to dinner.
I tried to get him to say he’d come here. But he wouldn’t. He’s so stubborn,” she wailed. “He thinks there’s no place in the world like Elmwood!”

I suppose I could have pointed out that Curt wasn’t the only stubborn one, but I didn’t. She was having a bad enough time as it was. Besides, I’m a city slicker, and the falseness of your New York impression was as noisy and tempestuous as his rejection had been.

Dick and I saw quite a bit of her. She was still living with the Lees, having been unable to find an apartment of her own, but she and Ellen had decided on a monthly rental for her room and she came and went as she pleased to go to conventions or stage business like. Every now and then we invited her to dinner, always being careful to invite some good-looking young actor or newspaper man at the same time, or somebody as handsome.

It was during one of our luncheons that she told me about Curtis March. “I was afraid I’d forget him,” she confessed, her blue eyes pensively. “You know—being so busy here, and meeting so many new people. But I haven’t. I met with him last night.”

“I don’t see why,” I said.

“In every other way, I’m so happy here in New York,” Joan said. “That’s why. I love my job, and everything’s so exciting. Just about the only sorrowful thing is that it’s been so wonderful to me you and Dick and Ellen and Galenti and all the people you’ve introduced me to. But I miss Curt. Somebody, telling me in a first-night, said, ‘Give me what’s left in the middle of it and find myself thinking. ‘Oh, if only Curt were here with me, then it would be perfect!”’

But he isn’t there, and it isn’t perfect. ‘It sounds to me as if you were in love with him,” I said.

“I know I am,” said Joan, sounding as if being in love were the best condition in the world. ‘I’m in love with him, and the only way I can marry him is to go back to Elmwood and stay there the rest of my life!’

“Would that be so terrible?” I asked her.

“Yes! Oh, yes!” Joan said vehemently. “I just can’t give up New York.”

Tears came into her eyes. “I telephoned him last night, Dorothy. I just wanted to hear his voice. We talked for ten minutes, and

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the realization that he was only a man, and a selfish and indiscriminate one at that. She was hurt and confused, and she couldn't help wondering if this was what city life did to people—made them hard and indifferent to others.

'Garleni never even said he was sorry,' she complained. 'He just announced he was closing the studio and going to London. You'd have thought all of us were nothing but—nothing but pieces of furniture!'

I said, after a while, "Don't you think, Joan, this might be a good time for you to go back to Elmwood? Before you get yourself busy on another job?"

She raised her head, and her eyes flashed. "No, I don't Why, it'd be like running away when I was licked. I'd never forgive myself!"

So she stayed, determined to show that she could live in New York and be a New Yorker. She found another job, too, without the help of anyone—as a clerk in a Madison Avenue dress shop. It wasn't what she wanted, but it was a job. It kept her in New York.

All that winter and spring, Joan stayed grimly on. Yes, there was something grim about it all, because she wasn't happy. She felt that she shouldn't be living with Ellen and Tom Lee, for one thing, but she couldn't find an apartment that she could afford and every time she spoke of moving they urged her to remain. They had taken a larger apartment than they needed, and were glad to have the extra room occupied. All the same, Joan thought she should be completely independent. Her desire for independence was turning into an obsession. Nights when she didn't have a date, she would eat dinner alone in a restaurant, although Ellen would have been glad to have her meal and Tom's. And oftener than she ever let anyone realize, she thought of Curt while she swallowed those solitary dinners.

Curt kept saying, in his letters and over the telephone, "No, honey, I won't come to New York. I'll wait—because some day you'll be tired of it there, and you'll come back to me."

It wasn't very wise of him, probably. No girl likes to be told that the way she had ordered her life is wrong, and that one day she will realize it. No girl—and least of all Joan.

Then she met Bruce Keenan.

Bruce was a radio actor, and a good one. He was about twenty-eight years old, and he had a speaking voice that was like virile music. He was good looking, too, and now and then did a part in a Broadway stage play.

I don't suppose he really loved Joan, but he wanted her, as he might have wanted a new car or something expensive to wear. He didn't mind feeling that the real Joan wasn't sitting there beside him in the theater or a night club; that quality of remoteness in her, if anything, made her more desirable to him.

For a month he took up every minute of her time that she would give him. He sent flowers and perfume and jewelry to her, and then he asked her to marry him.

And Joan said she would.

We had lunch together, Joan and I, a few days after she gave him the ring. She showed it to me, turning her hand from side to side so that the light was flung back in sharp splinters of color from the diamond. "Isn't it beautiful, Dorothy?" she asked, and before I could answer she added,
"Oh, I'm so happy!"

She wasn't happy at all. Anyone who knew her could see that. While her lips were busy smiling and forming a torrent of words, her eyes were tragic. They were the eyes of a woman who hates herself. And they never changed, not once all through the lunch which we ate in my apartment, not once while she babbled about the plans for the wedding, the honeymoon, the apartment where she and Bruce would live.

I had to ask, finally, "Does the boy back home—Curt—does he know that you're being married?"

She threw me a quick, frightened glance and said, "No—I have to write him, but I've been putting it off. It's—oh, I don't suppose he'll really be surprised, he must have known." She broke off and sat looking down at her plate. "I mustn't be a coward," she said softly. "I'll write to him tonight.

It was too much for me. I couldn't see her throw away her happiness like this. I said:

"Joan—write to him, yes, but tell him you're coming back to Elmwood. Break it off with Bruce. Tell him it isn't fair to either of you to go ahead and get married."

JOAN said irritably, "Of course I love him! It's just that—well, naturally it's hard to write to Curt and say I'm definitely not ever coming back to Elmwood. You see, he always thought I would—"

"Because he knew you should!" I said. "Joan, be honest with yourself. You love Curt. You won't be happy anywhere without him. You haven't been in New York or Ohio, have you?"

Even when you were working for Galenti you missed him. You admitted you did, at the time."

a moment she didn't answer. Then she let her breath out in a little sigh.

"I know," she said. "It's true. I'll always love him. But—love isn't enough, Dorothy. There's something in me that makes me want to be part of something big—to know important, interesting people, to be doing something. After I'm married to Bruce I'll—I'll have some kind of interesting job, and Bruce and I will entertain a lot. Don't you see? That's as necessary to me as love. And I don't want to ruin Curt's life by going to him when he isn't able to give me the kind of life I need."

"Bruce can't give you that kind of a life either," I said.

Joan looked at me in surprise. "But of course he can. He knows everyone, he's a successful radio actor—"

"That doesn't mean anything. He still can't give you that part of life for which the simple reason that nobody can give it to you except you, yourself. You have to make your life, all alone, without help. And you can make it better in Elmwood with Curt than you could here in New York, with Bruce whom you don't."

"I don't see how."

"You say you want to be part of something big and important. Well, what could be bigger and more important than being the wife of a man like Curt? You told me yourself that you intended to make his paper the best in the state—and there are some awful good newspapers in Ohio," I said. "And he wants to go into politics. He wants to get things done in his town. Well, there's your chance. You can help him. You can work beside him until everybody in town says, 'Mr. and
Shadow of Love

(Continued from page 23)

around Merrimac, when the streets of town were beginning to thicken with home-bound traffic. The telephone rang in the store; a woman's voice, hurried, excited, came over the wire.

"Mr. Hughes?" I inquired. "This is Mrs. Lee. I live next to the hill where the children coast, and from my window, I just saw one of them hit a tree. I think it's your son Toby."

I didn't wait to hear any more. I left the shop with a high school boy who was fiddling with the radios up front, and sprinted for my car. "Let it be just a spill," I prayed. "Kids are always taking them and not getting hurt. Don't let it be anything serious."

But somehow I knew that it would be. I'd lived in fear of it; it was bound to happen after Bob, and the way things were with Fay.

THE road ended a little distance from the hill. I left the car, plunged up the slope to where a knot of kids were gathered around a tree. A man was with them, holding a little girl's hand—Jim Brent.

"You're Toby's father?" he greeted me. "He's already been driven home—"

"Mickey Lawler's brother took him, piped up one of the boys. Toby couldn't walk, and he looked awfully funny."

Toby couldn't walk. I went cold. "You didn't see him, Dr. Brent?" I asked.

"You don't know?"

He shook his head. Janie came and got me. She was here with an older girl, and they caught me on my way home to tell me about it.

I was thinking fast, my thoughts propelled by fear. "I wonder," I said, "if you'd ride out with me and have a look at it. If it should be serious—"

"I'll be glad to," he said. "You're out near the turnpike, aren't you? Suppose we drop Janie at the house on the way—-

I felt almost light with relief and gratitude. He didn't know how much it meant that he'd pay me a visit, with me. Fay might never in the world let me call a doctor, even if Toby were really hurt. But if I should walk into the house without a thought, casually, as if I were bringing a friend home—it would be just about impossible for her to refuse to let him look at Toby.

In the way out I tried to explain a little about Fay, to warn him of what might lay ahead. "You see," I said, "we had another boy, Bob. He died just last year. Rheumatism caught him—-

—my wife—felt it was the doctor's fault, and she's been—well—sort of set against doctors ever since."

Set against me, too, I thought. I didn't, could say, tell him half the story. I couldn't tell him about the night Bob had died, and Fay had picked Toby out of his bed, had sat clutching him in her arms, rocking him gently, frowning, staring at me like a wild thing over his tossed head.

"Bob didn't have to die," she'd repeated over and over. "He didn't breathe, she never went to the hospital. They didn't care about him there. That's what he needed, care and love—-

It was a little after that that I got the chance to buy the hardware store in Merrimac, and took it. I wanted to get Fay away from the memory of our tragedy."

Because Fay didn't get over the shock of Bob's death. All her love turned to Toby; she lived for him. As for me—she kept my house and cooked my meals and sent my clothes out to be cleaned, but otherwise there was nothing left of our marriage. We talked like strangers sharing the same roof.

It hurt, but I tried not to let it hurt too much. I loved her too much for that, and I could understand something of her feelings. It wasn't only that she felt alone in her grief because I couldn't give way to it as she did; it was also a primitive, instinctive reaction—as if I, who had given her Bob, were also responsible when he was taken away.

The story was nothing new to Jim Brent. "It's common enough to lose faith in doctors," he said, and added wryly, "And unfortunately, doctors themselves aren't right as often as they would like to be."

And do you know, I felt better after that? He could do that for you—make you feel that you weren't alone in your troubles, and that therefore there was perhaps a chance of solving them. Even Fay came a little under his spell. She met us at the door, white-faced and taut with fear, and although she drew back a little when I introduced Dr. Brent, she led the way to Toby's room without a word.

Toby wasn't in pain—we had that much to be thankful for, and not much else. "I can't move my legs," he announced cheerfully when he saw us. "And, gee, Dad, look at the bump on my head!

"It's a big one, isn't it?" I said hoarsely.

Brent admired it, too, while his hand moved gently, tenderly than any woman's, over the small body.

"Biggest bump I've ever seen," he agreed.

Toby beamed proudly, and Fay began to melt a little. Some of the suspicion went out of her eyes; she smiled a wavering smile. I couldn't smile; I was too scared. It turned out that I had good reason to be. Except for one other, the next hour was the worst I'd known in all my life.

In simple terms Brent explained what had happened to Toby. I dazed, my mind divided, one part hearing every fateful word, the other part thinking of the boy's two good, straight legs, seeing them move in a crazy manner, taking their first, determined, unsteady baby steps, pushing like pistons at the peddals of a tricycle, splashing sun-browned and glistening in the waters of the lake. "It couldn't have any use to him now. He might never use them again.

The nerves of the spine were injured. Even Brent couldn't tell how badly. Only time would tell, and constant care. "He should be in the hospital," he said. "But now that he's here, I think it would be better not to move him again so soon."

"Oh, no!" said Fay. "I can do it."

And then she asked tensely, "You'll take care of him, Dr. Brent?"

She nodded. "You'll take care of him, Dr. Brent?"

"Yes," she said. "Never any question about who's on first with relief. It's Tums!"

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Excerpt for Jim Brent. He came once a day at least, sometimes twice, usually on his way to the Scintillarium in the morning, or on his way home at night. I came to look forward to his visits as much on Fay's account, and my own, as on Toby's. Brent seemed to realize that Fay and I needed help, too, and it was a rare morning when he was too rushed to chat with us for a few minutes, about Toby, of course, first of all, and then about happenings in the town. Because he never seemed close to us, almost like one of us.

Even Fay was most like herself—her old self—when he was at the house. She would seem almost animated; she took time out from nursing Toby to prepare little treats—a batch of hot doughnuts, sandwich and coffee.

Her faith in his promised to be showing her the way back to normal living, once she had made up her mind to trust him. I began to have hopes that I dared not to myself. A rare time when Toby got well—it had to be when; I never thought of it as if—perhaps Fay would be well again, too. Perhaps the hurt and the bitterness that closed her off, would ease, and her eyes would—would be washed away.

Strange, how blind you can be about those who are closest to you! The day came that I'd hoped for—the day that Brent told me Toby was ready to be moved to the hospital.

There's nothing more to do for him here, he explained. "We've gone as far as we can with the injections. I think that now, with closer supervision and treatment—"

I wasn't listening to him, and watching Fay. Her face had clouded over.

"He'll have the best of care at Wheelock," he went on, as if it were all settled that Toby was going. "Children are often forgotten, Wheelock—Wheelock was named for a child, you know—And our first patient to be admitted was a child—"

She began to look almost persuaded, until he had to talk about the other doctors and the nurses on the staff. Then she retreated again.

"You mean," she said flatly, "that if I go with the staff, he won't be your patient any more."

"Certainly, he'll be my patient,"—said Brent. "He would be even if I hadn't been seeing him here. I specialized in neuro-psychology. The difference is that I'll have to equip to work with, and the benefit of other opinions—"

"Then it's all right," said Fay, and her eyes had a shining, peaceful look, like those of a child blissful home at night. "He can go." And she touched the doctor's hand, as if a pact had been made between them.

I knew. Such little things—the look in her eyes, the brief touching of hands—but they told everything.

Heaven knows, I didn't mean to confess Fay with what I knew. We'd been so far apart for so long that if I'd planned to speak, I wouldn't have been able to find words. It just happened. I followed her like a whippoorwill, without thinking, because the door was open, without thinking the walkway, watching her slim, straight back as she moved from table to stove. I found myself saying in a flat, ordinary voice, "Fay—are you in love with Jim Brent?"

She stopped. For a second the world stopped. For a wildly hopeful moment I thought, from her stillness, that she'd been wrong. That was the same. She was amused—anything but that I'd hit upon the truth. Then she turned, and I saw her eyes, bewilder, troubled—but with joy and freedom in them, too, as if just having it put into words had released it at last."

"—if I remember, I said, "I must be—"

Her voice faltered as I stared at her, myself. She didn't seem very desperate, but I didn't notice anything—anything besides my own feet. It was so long since she'd had thought of me at all, that she'd forgotten I had been there. I moved out of the chicken, not finding Fay-I turned up at the table at mealtime, who slept in the room down the hall, a kind of superior boarder who took a special interest in Toby.

I turned away and her quick steps followed me. She put her hand on my arm; her voice was breathless, frightened. "I'm sorry, Fred. I can't explain. It's just that he's—He's made me feel—"

I couldn't bear to listen to how she felt about Brent. My momentary anger was gone, and in its place there was only this hope she was still to be fainted. Not once, in all the time since Bob's death, had I given up hope that Fay and I would be together again, some day. It hadn't been easy, loving her, wanting what a familiar gesture, lifting her hands to her hair, or curling up on the couch with her feet tucked under her, little girl. I've been a matter of the good of frightedness. Even in these last weeks, when she'd seemed more distant than ever, I'd simply believed that it was because she was preoccupied with Toby. And now—there just didn't seem to be anything left.

Toby went to the hospital the next day, lifted onto a stretcher and into an ambulance as carefully as if he were more fragile than the most delicate glass, with Brent and another doctor supervising the transfer. After that, by unspoken agreement, Fay and I kept out of each other's way. She visited Toby in the mornings; I'd take an hour or two from the store to see him in the afternoon. The hospital doctors encouraged evening visits to young children. Fay and I had dinner together, and that was all—a formality, an empty pretense that our home was still a home. Nothing more passed between us for those first few days. Nothing mattered but Toby. Brent had told us that we'd know soon whether Toby could be expected. Fay and I pinched up our legs again, for our fears—of the fate of the Zion."

I couldn't force myself to think of the "or." I couldn't think of Toby facing years of bed and wheelchair. I ached and slept and went through the world as I'd never been so pinched to just one hope—word from Brent that Toby had passed the turning point and would be on his way home. Beyond that, nothing. I knew Toby would come home to a house divided. If Brent pulled him through, there'd be no hope that Fay and I would ever find each other again. Knowing Fay, knowing her fierce single-heartedness, I knew that if Brent made Toby well, he would have a place in her heart that no other man could ever hold."

And then one day it came. I went to the hospital early that afternoon—
But I wasn’t told to wait. “Mr. Hughes—” the nurse at the desk beamed at me—“you’re early, but you can go right up. You’ll find Miss Bronson on the first floor. There was an extra thing there, a tray of bowls of fresh flowers. In the dining corner the table was set with lace mats, and more fresh flowers—and candles. Candles. And Fay wasn’t in the kitchen, but she’d been spending there. Like the other rooms, it was spotless, gleaming—and full of party smells, a roast in the oven, a cake recently baked. It all seemed more than 3.

I stepped inside was that the house was different. Lamps were lighted invitingly in this room which had been so often left dark of late; the polished table held an extra thing there, a tray of bowls of fresh flowers. In the dining corner the table was set with lace mats, and more fresh flowers—and candles. Candles. And Fay wasn’t in the kitchen, but she’d been spending there. Like the other rooms, it was spotless, gleaming—and full of party smells, a roast in the oven, a cake recently baked. It all seemed more than I could have imagined.

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 43)

TOGETHER

Dear Papa David:

Six years ago my father died, leaving my mother with the responsibility of four children to be supported by her city welfare and a modest salary. Three years after my father's death she remarried to a soldier during the war, and had a baby. Bert was killed, and again my mother was left alone with a large family. This last year we had no income, supplemented by my earnings we were sure we would have it all paid off in no time, and our heads were filled with dreams of the wonderful day when things would be better. Before the second year was out, my husband became ill. He lost days from work, and finally became so ill that he lost his job.

He was quite ill for a while, bedridden a good part of the time. I followed the doctor's orders faithfully and after a while he began to improve. I was so happy to think that I couldn't take notice of the fact that our savings were almost gone and with no money whatever coming in since my earnings had to be sacrificed in order for me to care for him. The depression was upon us, and when he finally was well, there was no job to be had.

We lost our home and even some of our clothes, and with the money stretched our pennies as far as we could, always searching for work. Soon there were no more pennies for car fare, and we walked until we could go no farther, then went in a factory, but there had been no food for two whole days. However, with my stomach empty and my heart full of longing, I worked and by noon of that third day I was so hungry I scarcely knew what to do. And then at noon at that third day when I met my husband he had his hands behind his back and his face was beaming.

We dined that day on the rusty stoop of an old deserted house. And I think there was never a sandwich so tasty, or a bottle of pop so sweet and refreshing, as those we shared that noon. He explained as we ate, that he had been able to pawn the almost-new black suit that he had purchased for his father, and he had a job, and I'm so happy to say that we have once more started payments on a home of our own, and when we get it finished we are going to find a rusty stoop and celebrate, with a sandwich and a bottle of soda.

C. N.

BANQUET ON A RUSTY STOOP

Dear Papa David:

Immediately after our marriage, we pooled our savings and bought a little home. My husband had a steady job, and he and I worked hard, but I never had time for anything else. We were happy and contented.

Mrs. V. O. S.

ON OUR KNEES

Dear Papa David:

I'm a small town girl, sixteen years old. Here we have only one theater, a drug store, two few grocery stores, and a dime store.

I live in a small four-room house; ten of us live here. We cook on an old wood stove that my grandmother used before we were born. Our windows are all boarded up, and our house isn't even painted, and a few of the window glasses have been broken out.

I'm the oldest one of the children. Since Mom is sick, and Papa must work away in the city, all the cooking, chopping wood, washing, ironing and everything is left up to me to do. I go to night school at the age of ten to do the things around the house. All my other sisters and brothers are going to school but two of them.

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so hard to keep them in school. I want them to have pretty clothes like the others in school.

Still, Papa David, we are so happy, I only wish you could come to our little home. You would hear birds singing, see flowers growing, hear the children laughing, see the corn grow and Papa David you would see a woman with the softest blue eyes; her hair is turning a little grey before it should for she is only 38 years old. When she’d smile you would know that you are welcome. We put up to cook dinner for you after my baby sister was born she never walked again. When Papa comes home, you would be greeted with a hearty handshake, and a welcoming smile. Then he would go over and kiss Mom and say “How is my little Kay?” He always plays with the kids. He puts Sue on his back and squats near her house. Then he plays ball with Bruce and Charles. He teases Anne and Joyce about the boys, tells Dot, Jody and me that we are just wonderful to have such a nice dinner for him.

After supper is over we all go to Mom’s bedside. I take the family Bible and read to the most wonderful people in the world. They get on our knees and thank our God for being so good to us.

J. L.

THE BEAUTIFUL LOOK

Dear Papa David:

My husband and I have openly scoffed at the philosophy expressed in your Life Can Be Short and Insanely. We didn’t believe there were people who could really turn their misfortunes into personal triumphs over circumstance.

So when our business failed, and we faced possible bankruptcy, we had no faith to fall back on. I don’t know how long we would have gone on sinking in our self-pity, if it had not been for one memorable incident.

It was the morning our conference was scheduled at the bank. We were waiting in the lobby when a young man in new civilian clothes entered. He took his place in line before one of the tellers’ windows, swinging a money bag. We paid no attention to him, until I noticed with a shock that the “hand” which held the bag was not a hand at all, but a hook. As I watched, he reached the window and deftly untied the bag with a second mechanical device where his right hand should have been. He deposited the money, and as he turned to leave, an older man, Mr. Charley, called to him: “Say, Frank, have you got a minute? I’d like you to meet a friend.”

By this time my husband, too, was unashamedly watching. I noticed the look of concern on his face, I could tell that his thoughts were running parallel to mine: How did a man shake hands when he didn’t have any hands?

Then the big questions were asked, for the young veteran walked over to the two men and unhesitatingly extended the hook. For a moment I held my breath. With the greatest nonchalance he took the money device, and pumped it heartily.

And I can honestly say that we met our appointment and our obligations with a new heart and firmer purpose, remembering that look.

Mrs. G. K. B.

Love That Red-Head

(Continued from page 47)

native Californian. My mother was a rich man’s daughter who had never had to work a day in her life.

My father died very suddenly when I was seven, and mother had to face the fact that we were practically penniless. Daddy had had an enormous practice, but there was no cash—and the books were an indescribable mass of notations, “Pete, the blacksmith, gripe,” “Old Mrs. Mason, arthritis.” No dates, no amounts. We put them away with Daddy’s medical library.

A few months before I had sung and danced in an amateur show, a benefit performance, to save the Galveston Flood sufferers. My act attracted the attention of the manager of a road show company which was playing San Jose at the time. He saw our mother and offered me a job.

Mother got out her card now, and wrote to the man. Two weeks later, I was a permanent member of the company. I literallly graduated by giving up child star roles for soubrettes, ingenues, second leads, leads. At this point, I had my own company, my mother and her new husband, the man who had offered me my first job.

Time is time, and an actress can be a glamour girl just so long. I had the usual seven-year span as a leading lady—and married, and had a baby son, and saw the whole big, beautiful country—and then, gradually again, the leads gave way to maturing women’s parts, then mothers. It was inevitable that I should end up playing somebody’s Grandmother. I’m glad it turned out that I joined Red Skelton’s family.

Red and I got to know one another very well, reading life stories, and we became fast friends.

One day, while we gossiped in the hall, Red said, “I’m going to have you on my after show.”

“I can’t wait.” I said, meaning it.

But I was going to wait, and longer than either of us thought. Red was soon to be out of radio for two years; seeing Italy and the South of France as a buck private.

I had a long list of pompous ladies to play—for Joan Davis, Burns and Allen, Pigg Sublime, and other shows—before “Namah” was born.

Red came back from the war with the Big Grandmother Idea. He had been looking, cooking, I think, for the right part for me. He said a lot of the boys wrote all the time to their grandmothers . . . there weren’t any other radio grandmothers. Edna thought he had something in auditions for the part. I was one of a dozen character women who tried out for the character. I came into the studio late, but eagerly. I hadn’t seen my “little-boy” pal since before he put on his khaki pants.

I looked about for Red.

His voice sang out over the mike from the microphone.

“That’s my Grandma!”

And that’s all there was to that audition.

The scene “Namah” ever since. It’s been a dream job. For any actor, Red Skelton is a dream boss.

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other as though we had been doing routines for years. We were in instant rapport—sympathetic—whatever language you like. There was no struggle. On my side, at least, it was love. I really feel the deepest love for the boy. Nothing mystical, either—I have good solid reasons for it. If there is ever any disagreement about a line on the show, Red asks the cast's opinion. If we out-vote him, he backs down without argument. I may be right, in the routine to go merrily on, he'll say; "let's try it your way." Not so big, you see, but that he can be bigger, not so smart but that he is willing to learn. He fights with Edna, of course, but like a spoiled child fights with his mother.

You know how the child psychologists explain it: the child isn't really "bad"—he just wants attention, he'd rather provoke a fight and risk punishment than get no attention at all. LIKE "Namah," I've never had much use for the modern school of child reality—"game out" and "they'll like it" technique. I'll stick with my own generation's maxim: "spare the rod and spoil the child." But I must admit it the new trick of his very successfully in coping with Red when he gets in one of those moods. I remember when she broke the news to him that he was to conduct a concert in the Hollywood Bowl.

"Watch David (David Rose, our orchestra leader) carefully tonight, Red," she said casually one day in rehearsal, "you'll need some pointers when you conduct in the Bowl." It was the first Red had heard of it. "Conduct? Where?" The roof blew off.

"I won't do it!"

"Sure you will," Edna said, smiling. The mercury was about to break the glass in Red's temper thermometer.

"In a pig's eye I will," he shouted, fairly stamping his foot. Edna's voice didn't raise a notch when she replied.

"I wouldn't know where to begin to lose it," she said, "and you really think you need a pig's eye I'll do my best to find one for you."

He had to laugh, so he lost. He usually loses, in those arguments with her. There she sits, disliking, swear by heaven he'll read it on the show—and then comes evening, and the broadcast, and the line is out. Edna knows what's right for Red, and he knows she'd be the best boy side, at fessionally, without her. And he knows that too.

One night, Edna left the control room during a broadcast. Some of the veterans from the same road where she had been the year before, the lads were having trouble getting into the studio, and Edna rushed out to fix it up with the ushers. Red looked up to the booth during a routine with me, saw she was gone, and for a moment something very close to panic came into his face.

At the next musical break, seeing her in the window, waved to her and demanded to know where she'd been. She explained.

"Don't ever do that again," he said, in dead seriousness. "I'm used to you knowing that I'm there. When I look up I want you there."

He wants us all around. Used to us, too, I guess. It is traditional that the whole company barge over to the Brown Derby for supper after the broadcasts, and we linger over count-

less cups of coffee rehashing all of the slips and flukes of the show. He clings to us. We're a sort of hand-picked second family.

I was grateful for all my years of barnstorming those first few weeks on the Skelton show, when I was just finding out about Red—how he will stop any routine of a six-line comic if he feels like it (or cut out a joke completely if he sees someone in the audience he thinks the joke line might offend)—and he'll expect the other broadcast characters to keep him on, cue or no cue. I had worked like that for years, so it was no problem for me—but not every actor's nervous system can take it.

Red expects more than routine efficiency from the people who work with him, and he should—for he certainly puts into his side of the bargain more than most people expect from a boss-employee relationship.

Having a person like Red to work for has been a life-saver for me and I mean that, literally.

My husband, Lee Millar, with whom I had had twenty-two years of a wonderful marriage, died five years ago, with shocking suddenness. It was on Christmas Eve I decorated our Christmas tree together—and only a few months after my mother's death. I wasn't prepared for the blow. He had been so well. On Monday night we worked to get together on the theater. On Tuesday night he was gone.

Our son, Lee, Jr., was away from home, in the Navy. Now that the war is over, he is free to make a life for himself, and he's getting his York started from scratch—as his parents did—trying to be an actor.

I kept sane those first few months by working harder than I ever worked in my life. Work continued to be the way out, and the job with Red Skelton—in which I could invest heart as well as brains—helped me tremendously in fitting together a new life.

RED gave me one of those wonderful clown pictures he paints. I have it over the fireplace in my home in North Hollywood, where, with my stepfather, my mother's old housekeeper, my own housekeeper, my cocker, Mike, my English sheep-dog, Skipper, and my Persian cat, Veronica, I have been living unperturbably down at me reminds me that people must go on working, go on laughing—no matter what blow falls.

And I really have the old conviction that the best laughs are awfully close to drama, close to the hearts of the people.

The laughs Red and I have had together would make you laugh: we hope we get from you when we work together on the air, are that kind of laughter, for Red is the classic clown whose lips make jokes while his insides explode. Red is one funny man who really could play Hamlet. I am not joking. I think he is really great—a great actor, a great human being.

I love him, the good, bad little boy—the complex, appealing adult.

"Of course you love me, Namah," he'd say, pooh-poohing. "And I love you, Namah," he'd say, "and I'll remember: 'It's because our birthdays are so close together... yours the eighteenth of July; mine the twentieth. That's why we love one another.' Oh, think I? Is that why?

In a pig's eye, Red.

That's what I'd say to that.
Touch My Heart
(Continued from page 41)

way. And ever so much funnier. As Court tells it:

"My first suspicion that something was up was when I found myself singing into the movies. I'd never been much of a movie-goer. I've never been much of a movie-goer since. But for two solid weeks, after I asked Grace for a date, and got turned down, I went to the movies every day. Sometimes twice a day."

"Having been theater-born (my Dad was an actor) and later a theater-manager and radio-bred, I'd decided, rather whimsically, to be a lawyer. At the time I met Grace, I was studying law at the University of Wisconsin and was also President of the Student Organization at Osgood Hall and was running the school paper. In addition I was doing the twenty-two free lance radio shows a week I've mentioned. Obviously, I was a man with commitments. But suddenly I took the notion that I couldn't study, couldn't concentrate, couldn't do anything—except—go to the movies. So there I went. I can never tell you what I saw. I was alone with my own little thoughts. Finally, I realized the nature of the malady and took abatement that had seized me: I was in love."

One there we were, the pair of us, in love. Each knowing that neither saying it to the other. Not yet.

When, a very few days after he first asked me for a date, Court tried again, I said "Yes!" in italics and with an exclamation point. But don't get off to a very good start. Our first date, in fact, was very close to being tragic—and, later, a second crisis in our courtship came very close to being fatal.

For our first date, feeling that he would not and could not suggest doing anything mundane, Court invited me to drive up to New England and have lunch there in the States, and drive back. It was a pretty ridiculous thing to do in mid-winter but it seemed to me, as to him, a pretty exciting thing to do, an adventure uniquely our own. Anyway, off we went and had a perfectly, unforgettable beautiful time. The long drive, wrapped in furs, over snow that shone like the sun above us. Lunch in the Indian Room of the Niagara Falls hotel. For music, the mighty orchestra of the Falls playing the songs of lovers, the quick and the dead, who have honeymooned there.

But on the way home, we ran out of gas. It was getting dark. It was growing late. The nearest gasoline station was some twenty miles away and we managed to hail a car and persuaded the driver to push us to that gas station. By the time we got home, it was 4:30 in the morning and poor Court, who wanted so much to make a good first impression on my family, was feeling the weight of the world upon his shoulders. However, the weight lifted when next he met me. They loved him at first sight, as had I.

What I call the "second crisis" in our courtship was my going away. It was precipitated by Court proposing to me. Which he did six months after our trip to the Falls—in, of all places, a third-rate, broken-down restaurant where we'd stopped, after the broadcast, for a quick coffee and at, of all unbecoming-to-a-lady times, high noon!

"I couldn't get down on my knees," Court laughed about it, later on. "The floor was too dirty. And I must have been completely disorganized—I just put ketchup in my coffee and cream and sugar over the steak sandwich I didn't eat!"

"I was in love with Court. And well I knew it. I was also in love with my career. I had worked very hard at, and for, my career. I'd studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, in London, England—under such teachers as Charles Laughton, Sara Allgood, Sir Kenneth Barnes. In addition to my work at the Hart House and with the John Holden Players in Winnipeg, I'd had some theater experience in New York. In 1938 I was in the Theatre Guild production of "Dame Nature." I'd also understudied Jessie Royce Landis and had been a permanent member of the North Shore Players at Marblehead, Mass. The Story of Dr. Susan was my first radio contract. I thought I'd want to stay in the theater, wanted New York where theater and radio are most advantageously to be had.

"When Court proposed to me I didn't think of the malady. I said "No!" but neither did I say "Yes." I said, in effect, "Maybe." I decided to go to New York and there make up my mind between Toronto and New York. I'd tried to keep the whole thing between Court and my career. For Court, I knew, could not leave Toronto. He was not yet graduated from Law School. He had as many radio commitments as Studio One and had film commitments. Furthermore, the war was on. . . .

"I went to New York. I was offered the chance to go back to Marblehead again, to Nantucket. I was asked, by Gladys George and the late Philip Merivale, to play summer stock with them, in Saratoga. I thought, Any one of these offers was enough. I knew I'd establish me in the theater, in the fall. I also thought, This will mean giving up Dr. Susan. And—This means choosing between my career and Court."

Each morning, as I rang for tea, talked on the telephone concerning some bright prospects that might be for me, I thought, I'll stay in New York. This is where the stars of theater and radio are made. I'll stay. . . .

Each evening, as I was going to sleep, I'd go back to Dr. Susan. Back to Court. Back to Toronto where my home is, and my heart.

I went to sleep saying I'll go back because Court called me every evening. There was something about the way he was fair about it, never playing on my emotions, never taking advantage of the advantage he must have known he had. He was fair. He was the loyal interested approach. "That sounds very promising, Grace," he'd say, when I told him of an offer made me. Or, "Do you think that is quite wise?" Grace, I love you. Can you imagine it was his voice I was hearing. It was the fear in his voice, and the hurt, trying as he did to cover it, coming through in his voice.

But by the morning it would begin all over again, the teeter-totter, the backing and forthing of the problem. Yes, that was the crisis, that summer. But at the end of the week, the one week I spent in New York, I went home . . . .
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"After"

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Court often says there is one bit of advice he would very much like to give to all young men in love. It is, in one line, this: "Never meet your girl at the train when she comes back from a trip."

Court met me at the train and that meeting was, he often says, "Pretty nearly disastrous."

As he tells it: "My heart sank when I saw the doubt in your eyes and sensed your uncertainty—which I took to be of me. I thought of the glamorous big city you had just left, with Broadway, the radio stations to offer—and asked myself, 'What have I got to compete with that?' I knew you had turned down New York offers, had come home, yes, but with, I wondered, what misgivings? I thought that in your heart you had voted against me. I thought, I can see the handwriting on the wall.'"

But Court didn't see the handwriting on the wall. Or, rather, he misread it. He hadn't voted against him, but for him. With all my heart.

And there were no misgivings. There never have been.

In late August, which was the month of my return, Court gave me my ring. In October, October 19, 1940, we were married, in the chapel of the Bishop Strachan School in Toronto.

Ours was a war wedding. Which means that it was very small, with only my parents present, some of the teachers I had had in the grades, and a few old friends. I wore gray, a sort of pearl moonsome gray ("Gray is the color," Court says, "for you"), a tiny gray velvet thing, with a veil, on my head and I was honeymooned in a beautiful, an unearthly beautiful, place. Domaine d'Estrelle, in the Laurentian Mountains, always referred to by Canadians as 'The Baron's Place,' because a fabulously wealthy Belgian baron built it. We occupied the Baron's own rooms, if you please—and what rooms! Pink brocadel on the floor, Indirect lighting, Very indirect, Everything leather, plush leather. Modern to the last module, elegant to the point of being effete, it is something out of this world—all the way out of this world, which is where a honeymoon should be spent.

Court and I, and another young couple, also honeymooned, were the only guests at the Baron's Place, it being out of season. Since Court and I were both doing Dr. Susan when we were married, another announcer substituted for Court while he was away, but I had to be written out of the script, which was achieved by an announcement to the radio audience that Dr. Susan had "mysteriously disappeared." The first night we met the other young honeymooning couple, the bride, who took her radio serials seriously, proceeded to tell me all about my "mysterious disappearance." Not until our last night there did Court—relishing the black-out, the rascal—ask whether she would really like to know the whereabouts of Dr. Susan. Then, waiting—never a point-killer—for her earnest, eager, "Oh yes, Oh I would!" he said, pointing to me, "Right here. Right here, at the Baron's Place. You have spent your entire honeymoon with the lady!"

But if the Baron's Place was fabulously beautiful, and it was, and is, we were not. "Mostly, we were thrown by horses," Court always begins his reminiscence about our honeymoon. "Horses which, immediately we mounted them, took a fancy to the roads. Funnier. Furthermore, Grace came down with a strep throat so that we returned from our honeymoon—me with ice-packs on my neck, Grace with bath-towels around her throat, looking like a Ubangi."

Upon our return from our honeymoon, Court and I took a small apartment in Toronto and had a year and a half of married life before he went into the Service. Joining a Highland unit, the 48th Highlanders, which fought with General Montgomery's Eighth Army, he was in kills from his first day on the front. Last year and a half, he looked uncommonly handsome in kills! And he was a lieutenant when he joined the 28th Highlanders and a Captain when he came home.

During the war and a half of married life we had before Court went overseas, we were very active, very busy. Court, long known on the radio, was best known perhaps, as master of ceremonies of Canada's famous Hockey Hot Stove League, which he was for ten years—was rapidly becoming one of the Dominion's very best known radio actors. He was leading man in Theater of the Air, Family Man, John and Judy, Our Family, White Oaks of Jalina, to name a few of the programs that come to my mind. On Theater of Freedom he was heard with such stars as Merle Oberon, Walter Huston, Anna Neagle, Herbert Marshall, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. In addition to these many acting and radio jobs, Court announced the Radio Theater for Canadian audiences and, of course, Dr. Susan.

I was busy, too—was, pretty continuously, I am happy to say, on the Canadian network. I had my daily

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And don't miss Bill Stern's big story in the current SPORT Magazine.
These are a few of the things we learned, one about the other, in that year and a half we had together. When the war ended, we lived in London, in the fixtures of our shared past—just fancy!—stars Charles Boyer, Spencer Tracy, Ralph Bellamy and a number of others.

But when we were not working, Court and I lived that year and a half of what we knew was "borrowed time" very much by ourselves, keeping to ourselves, growing closer together, day-lighting our sixty-day holiday with a lot of our many shared opinions and dreams.

Going to the theater, for instance—we both love it! Reading. We read everything our work gives us time, and our eyes strength, to read. Playing Gin Rummy—crazy about it. Winston Churchill, another public personality, we most admired in those war years. And still do. We both love to watch hockey games and horse races. We both love to ski. We share a pet aversion to such goods as differently-cooked food. My greatest extravagance is clothes and Court's greatest extravagance is encouraging my extravagance. We are not fussy eaters. Long-winded storytellers, point-killers, Blouses and shirts that won't stay tucked in, tea made with a teaball and brewed in a cup instead of a pot are "pet" annoyances.

We both suffer from chronic stage-fright. We both like suits on me better than do I like suits on me. We both dislike prints on me and the color blue. We both like red on me, and black and, most of all, gray. We both love earrings on me, and necklaces and fur hats.

We are both introverts and rather proud of it. We both love to dance and like night-clubs, in small doses. Court says the first thing I do is look for a way I invariably shut my left eye when I look into a mirror. "As though you are aiming a gun." We're superstitious about some things, the same things: We never put on our silk shoes on a shelf higher than our heads. Believe it bad luck to pass on the stairs and wish birds would stay out-of-doors, where they belong.

We love to hunt antiques. We hope to have a farm, one of these days ("I'm beginning to get very country-squishy, these days," Court says. "I can no picture myself on my own acres")—probably when we retire! We both want children. We talk shop an awful lot, at home. Read plays out loud to-gether, playing all the parts. We go shopping together. I think the funniest thing about Court is his absent-mindedness—even forgets his own phone number, has to look it up! We both have and have flown a great deal. Our favorite midnight snack is breakfast cereal and buttered toast! We agree that the best thing in radio is the variety of parts you get, and the elocution. We both think that the most trying thing in radio is the limitation of being able to use only your voice to portray a character.

Court's major ambition has been to be a great actress. Save for his one detour into the law. Court's major ambition has been to be a great actor. Eventually—soon, if possible—to be in the theater as well as in radio.

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was a birthday party for Noel Owens, too, and she received a beautiful doll which she hugged and wouldn’t let go. Bobby was tickled with his policeman’s suit complete with gun, and proceeded to put it right on. After they had said their pieces, Bobby took Noel on an inspection tour of the house.

While the other children were admiring the gifts, Bobby was seen-lost with a hand microphone for Bobby and Noel. He found Bobby alone in the reception hall. Then came one of ‘those’ remarks which occur in our family, and which Don has never forgotten!

“Bobby,” he said, “what’ve you been doing?”

“I showed Noel the house,” Bobby replied over the air. “I showed her the living room, and the dining room . . .” he hesitated, looking worried.

“Yes,” prompted Don, “and then what?”

“And then she had to go!” blurted Bobby.

Quickly, Don found one of the other children to interview.

We had a lot of unscheduled and unexpected things happen on the broadcast—just the sort of things that make Breakfast Club fun. The Don show goes on earth program. The front doorbell rang twice during the broadcast. First, it was one of our neighbors inviting Don and me over to share a Irish coffee. The next time, Tommy answered the bell. And the network audience heard another neighbor inquire, “Tommy, when is your dad going to get over and save the rabbit?”

Then, our milkman appeared at the back door, to the accompaniment of jingling bottles. I invited him into the living room, and said, “Happy Christmas, everybody! How much milk do you want?” That went all over the country, too.

Breakfast Clubbers do seem to like the little “inside” stories of Don’s home life which somehow come out when I get in front of a microphone, and those personal appearances have resulted in a new Breakfast Club, too. For under the terms of a new contract which Don signed with the American Broadcasting Company, I must appear approximately a number of times on the program myself.

When this was first suggested as part of the new contract recognizing Don McNeill Enterprises, Inc., it caught me a little by surprise. There, I had appeared on the program several times—Christmas, and on other occasions. But I had certainly never thought of myself as part of the show. Getler-upper, and breakfast-getter-for Don, yes—but hardly a performer! I got used to the idea, though, and I’m looking forward to my program.

But despite our bantering, the warm feeling that exists between Don and myself goes far back to the lean years—before there was anything like our present home life. Bobby, and when we were living on five dollars a week. I’m sometimes glad that success didn’t come to Don too quickly. For in that common-shimmering period, many of the times we grew to know and understand each other. We found that a firm foundation for marriage is simply to be happy together. Don, who had been in prison, and won. Next, we made it a rule that each of us would be willing to give a little, and take a little.

I met Don when he was a journalism student at Marquette University in Milwaukee, and I was secretary to the dean of the journalism school. Although I had seen Don about the buildings (and I must admit I had noticed him, for his six-foot-two, athletic build and blue eyes were hard to miss), we first spoke at the Red Cross Howell dinner as Do
d the P.M.

I invited Don to a Sunday dinner with my folks—the first of many. We weren’t exactly “sophisticated” people, and we stayed home more than we went out—probably our first night off, and certainly the schedule today, too! After dinner we would play the piano and sing—now and then trying out an Irish jig which occasionally our friend Steve A. Sergis, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin. By this time, Don was beginning to get the idea that we were in love.

I said mentioned to Don that a local radio station was looking for an announcer, and Don asked me if I thought it might be worth looking into. “Certainly,” I said, “it might even mean a picture. I’ve been talking to the station manager.

The manager was in need of a date that evening, it seemed. So rather than have Don read a sample announcement, he merely said, “If you think you’re a persuasive talker, I’ll give you a chance to prove it. You get me a date with a co-ed for the evening, and the job is yours.” Don’s was a persuasive talker—he got the job.

For six months Don was a combination announcer, sports commentator, and a half-hour fan. When he was a clean-up man, at $15 a week—then he was fired. “Better quit radio,” the manager told him. “You’ll never make good.” But Don wouldn’t quit, and he found a job at WTMJ. He worked some time at another Milwaukee station, WTMJ, which paid him $30 a week.

Don was made radio editor of the Milwaukee Journal, while at the same time he was editor of the Marquette yearbook. (Incidentally, Fred Montiegel, who was editor the year before Don was now handling Don’s public relations!) Don wrote under the initials B. C. L— which are still used on the Journal—announced, and conducted the “Around the Ranks” column until 7 p.m. One day the Marquette paper ran a cartoon showing Don striding forth with a typewriter, an artist’s pen, and a red feather. “Interviewing!” he bellowed. The Don, a triple-threat man—he’d announced his program, write it up among others in the radio column, and then illustrate the column with his own cartoons! Don graduated as_valuededitor of the Journal, class, and stayed on at WTMJ through graduation and almost a year afterward.

In April, 1931, Don received an offer to become assistant sports editor of the Courier-Journal and Louisville Times at Louisville, Ky., and to be an announcer on their station, WHAS. It was a fine opportunity. Of course, I hated to see him leave Milwaukee.

In Louisville, Don found a friend in Van Fleming, who was vocalist and guitarist with the Kentuckians, a dance orchestra which had worked on his likable comedy and impromptu gags with Van, and they turned up with an act named The Two Professors. Don and Van appeared a few times on the next-door classroom, and Don began to receive fan mail in volume for the first time.

We had a heavy correspondence all through the summer and fall. Then, over Christmas vacation, the mother let me spend my two-weeks’ vacation in Louisville. The question (I knew it was coming), actually came then. Don and I went visiting the lovely Forest Park, then in the city, and Don stopped the car under a tree, and turned to me. “Will you mar-
ry me?” he asked. And I replied—equally simply—“Yes.”

I returned to Milwaukee, and the Two Professors began to gain a larger and larger audience. After half a year on the air, Don and Van traveled to Chicago for an ABC audition. NBC said “We’ll let you know.”

The rest of the story is one of Don’s favorite tales. When the boys got back on the job Monday morning, they received a wire notifying them of their acceptance for a west coast hook-up. And then—the boss came in and fired them both for taking the week-end off. It was the perfect “You can’t fire me! I quit!” story when Don merely handed the boss the telegram.

Don came home before going to San Francisco because the program was to originate. At the railroad station, just before the train pulled out for California, Don pulled the engagement ring from his pocket and slipped it on my finger. It should have been a great moment—but I was blue over Don’s leaving. However, it was his opportunity and I kissed him twice—once for good by and once for good luck.

Almost before Don arrived in California, his grandfather began to warn me of “those Hollywood actresses”—and partly to maintain my morale and partly to protect myself, I talked Don’s parents and my parents into going to San Francisco with me.

Don was tickled to see us all—and he and I both decided that a Western wedding would be the thing. It was a small, lovely ceremony—with our families and a few friends—in a little Spanish church on San Francisco’s Twin Peaks. Real happiness started for me that day.

Things went well in California, the Two Professors and their Cuckoo College were popular on the West Coast network. We felt like riding high. And I did. Don was on the way up—we thought. We had a beautiful apartment, and bought a big car and more clothes than we should have. Life was good.

The news story ended—called for five dollars a week—a roast on Monday had to carry us through the following Sunday. We couldn’t afford to rent the car, and our money was rapidly going out. It was a fortunate day when Don decided to take what little money we had out of the bank and head home to Milwaukee—fortunate because he withdrew the check a few days before the Bank Holiday.

Don’s luck was better in Milwaukee. He got a job announcing on WTMJ and his popularity increased. He played “Homer Benchbottom” in his Rise of a Rookie program during the baseball season, and was master of ceremonies for the WTMJ Jamboree program in Milwaukee Auditorium and the Wisconsin Theater. I’ll always remember the first Jamboree—the program was originally scheduled for Plankinton Hall, on the second floor of the Auditorium building. But half an hour before the program was scheduled to start all 1,125 seats were filled, and hundreds outside were clamoring for admission.

“Let’s move the show into the main arena,” someone said. And the staff began to do just that—less than half an hour before air time! Technicians, musicians, switch staff people all pitched in. A stage was built—instruments were taken down to the arena—wires were laid—the people formed aisles for the rushing radio crews as they moved into the arena—and all was ready with a half-minute to spare!

However, Don was released by the station soon afterwards—why I’ll never know. But I told out to be one of the biggest breaks in disguise. On a limb again, we drove to Chicago. While I handed the wheel, Don scribbled down his ad-lib ideas for an audition as master of ceremonies for a morning program called The Pepper Pot—the pot needed some pepper, and Don got the job. (Perhaps I should say that five judges approved—two approved—Don went to work because that one was the program director!) The program became the Breakfast Club, with Don’s calls to breakfast, March Time, Memory Time, etc., and his starting salary was $50 per week. Aside from the arrivals of our boys, I think one of the biggest events in our life was the arrival of Don’s first Breakfast Club sponsor. He had the desire to “get away from it all,” and heads off for a hunting or a fishing trip. He’s a great lover of the outdoors, and often goes with his father—also quite a sportsman.

He’s quite an eater, too. His favorite foods are beef, lamb, chicken and turkey, and wax or green beans and carrots. He loves desserts of all kinds—and milk.

Every so often, someone will ask Don what his favorite recipe is. With a smile to the secret of his success, and a reassuringly firm grip on a meat packing company. Select choice tenderloin steak therefrom. Age said steak properly. Keep in freezer. Insert in blank.

Seriously, Don seems to have a failing for my Schaum Torte, a German dessert. The name means “Kiss Cake.” Perhaps you’d like to try this specialty yourself, sometime.

Schaum Torte
Beat six egg whites as stiff as possible, adding a teaspoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Fold in turmeric for a golden color, half a dozen tablespoonfuls at a time. Place half the mixture in the bottom of a spring form pan, and use the remaining half to form “peaks” by dripping spices and Ben Delicately (Be sure the cream is in a slow oven). Remove from pan and allow to cool. Cut the torte in half, crosswise. (The bottom will be the consistency of melted marshmallow.) Over the bottom, Greene a layer of fresh berries—strawberries or raspberries—or peaches, etc., with juice. Replace the top half, and then cover the top with more berries and cream.

You can’t describe the results, Don says. You can only go mmmm! Friends have told me just what Don takes into the studio for the Breakfast Club program. There is no script, of course. The only prepared material Don takes with him is the selected morning poetry he intends to read during Memory Time and Inspiration Time. Aside from that, Don has only a notebook with gags, letters from friends and office. The rest he refers to it occasionally during the broadcast. Otherwise, the Breakfast Club is “up for grabs.”

All Breakfast Club fan mail goes first to the breakfast department of ABC, which replies to all letters it’s possible for them to acknowledge (as requests for tickets or for copies of poems or prose in the Torte). And Don’s mail then goes to the Breakfast Club office. Requests for personal appearances are handled by Jim Bennett, Don’s private manager. Mary Canny, Don’s secretary, pays particular attention to all contributions, poems, clippings and special correspondence. The mail keeps Don busy after each program. Jean McNeely, Jim’s secretary, tells me the requests for breakfast tell you which have been most popular in any given year. Her carefully-compiled figures are used as a basis for contents of the Breakfast Club yearbook.

I mention this mail, because I’d like to point out just one thing about Don and the Breakfast Club. Your letters are his inspiration, and they do the one thing that makes me know what you think of him and the Breakfast Club—and of your ideas for improving the program. All letters are carefully read, and all "quotable quotes" end up in Don’s big black notebook. Your contributions to Memory Time, Inspiration Time and Prayer Time help set the pace—keep them coming.

MEMO
To: An Armchair Detective
SUBJECT: Murder
TIME: Sunday Afternoons
PLACE: Mutual Stations

Here’s your chance to work on a famous murder mystery with the true detectives. Every Sunday the files are opened on another True Detective Mystery. Then you’re with the police as they arrive at the scene. You hear them question witnesses, check alibis, and get all the facts. Finally, you there as they capture another dangerous killer.

Like action? suspense? Then tune in when the pages of True Detective Magazine come to life.

$500 REWARD for information on wanted criminals; tune in for details.
Comes and Visit At Red Hook-31
(Continued from page 49)

Taylor, Nicky and Kevin have taken to country life with less effort than ducks take to water. Even little Christopher, who is just entering the talky-talky phase, seems to be having a high old time. All four are blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, tawny-haired specimens of excellent health—glowing proof of Woody's and Ginny's correct thinking. For the three older lads, it's farm life in the fullest sense; regular chores starting with early morning care of the livestock. They feed and water the chickens; the pigs, the pair of lambs; Rusty the pony and Snafu the donkey, these last two being the Damon and Pythias of the Klose barnyard. Just let Rusty become separated from Snafu and the latter will sit down on his haunches and bawl his fool head off.

Taylor and Nicky take on the more vigorous chores while Kevin pitches in to the best of his seven-year-old ability. "The Boy Sharecroppers," Woody calls 'em and, keeping a poker-face expression, he explains, "They get paid for their labors—ten cents a day. However, their wages have been drawn far in advance. Nicky bought a new bike, Taylor had his repaired and Kevin has got a down payment on one against the day when he learns to ride."

Woody and Virginia Klose are the kind of parents who respect their children's intelligence. They believe that the small-fry point of view is worth listening to, and so frequently Taylor, Nicky and Kevin join with Mom and Dad in a round table discussion during a Red Hook-31 broadcast. It seems, though, that the boys have such smooth microphone technique (inherited from their radio-wise parents, of course) that listeners have been known to question the programs authenticity, evidently believing that the broadcast, complete with child actors, has been coming not from Echo Valley Farm but from some air-conditioned studio.

Woody's and Ginny's hearts began to sing in Klose harmony circa 1936, in St. Louis. At that time, Woody was co-owner of WTMV, a 250-watt radio station with studios in a downtown hotel. "Co-owner" in a small station like that meant that Woody was also program director, production head, writer and announcer. Previous experience with St. Louis stations had made him excel in all those activities, but at that particular moment in history most of St. Louis' million-and-a-half population were reading the results of a certain contest, to wit: Woody Klose had just been voted the most popular radio announcer in that area. Matter of fact, the handsome, blond Woody Klose physiognomy occupied a two-column space in the St. Louis Star-Times, surrounded by columns of newsmatter concerning the award.

Virginia, somehow, was blissfully unaware of all this fuss, even though her own dad, Frank Taylor, was editor of the Star-Times.

Young Miss Taylor had other things on her mind. A graduate of Maryville College of St. Louis University, she was just back from a study-session at the Sorbonne in Paris. She was attractive, intelligent, Social Register— and job-hunting!

What

HAS CHANGED BETTE DAVIS?
Back from a year-long vacation—Bette Davis is a new, different personality. When Bette, the actress, "tells all" on Bette, the wife, in January PHOTOPLAY—you'll learn some pretty important why's and wheretofore's. And you'll find that Bette's wise and enchanting feature holds more than one special message for you.

Read "MY NEW LIFE"..................by BETTE DAVIS

Hope of the New Year!

Bob is PHOTOPLAY's Little Mr. 1948! And Herb Howe's hilarious New Year's revelation tells that life isn't all gags and gimmicks with Hope. Read it for laughs . . . and for little-known facts about Hollywood's ace joker.

Why JUNE HAVER MARRIED—AND DIVORCED

"How did you happen to marry Jimmy Zito?" queried social-queen Louella Parsons. And June Haver's frank and startling answer makes revealing reading for January PHOTOPLAY readers.

For the first time in print . . . the real story of June's hasty marriage and divorce!

Also in January PHOTOPLAY


Exclusive stories about Betty Grable, Marie McDonald, Burt Lancaster, Roy Rodgers and Dale Evans, Vic Mature, Joan Fontaine, Dan Dailey, Janet Leigh, Liz Scott, Irene Dunne, Aya Gardner.

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"I waited around WTMV for hours before his lordship showed up," Ginny related. "He was anything but friendly when I began asking for work. It didn't dawn on me, then, that I should have been congratulating him for winning the popularity contest."

Not only was Woody's mannerly (consciously assumed, he explains, because at that period he was determined to remain a bachelor) the attractive young man who, by his own admission, tried to try out as a staff writer. Soon Ginny was doing a three-times-a-week broadcast called A Woman Views The News.

The inevitable courtship took place, although the would-be bachelor hesitated for three weeks before asking his new writer for a date. Their dates provided Ginny and Woody with ample opportunity to gather biographical data on her slim, lean-faced young boss. Ginny learned how Woody crashed into radio in the late 1920s. He was only 18, then. He'd left Washington University in St. Louis hoping to get recognition as a singer. Auditioned by a young woman at one of the local stations, she told him that his velvet-smooth baritone would make him money, and that he was ready to be recognized. Which he did—successfully.

Six weeks after the Woman Views The News program went on the air Ginny and Woody were engaged. The Taylor-Klose betrothal was announced on April Fool's Day, 1936. On the same day, Virginia and WTMV parted company with the station. Ginny had been pregnant for a month, the only one known as May, when they were married.

Our first separation came two and a half weeks later. We had been "when Woody transferred to New York for his first network show. There I was, alone in St. Louis, waiting for the arrival of our second child. Taylor had been born in 1937 and Nicky was on his way."

Eventually she and the two young "uns caught up with Dad in New York."

In December, 1939, the program was bought in a half-hour weekly dramatic format for Canadian broadcast. Once again the Kloses packed up and began traveling, this time north to Toronto.

"And what's where we got our first touch of farm fever," Woody says. Lake Simcoe and Toronto was their orbit for roughly two years, but oddly enough it wasn't until they'd bade farewell to the city that they started buying land and were once more in New York (Woody became director of daytime radio at Young & Rubicon Advertising Agency that their dormant yen for the farmer's life began to awaken. Once awake, the yen began to demand as much attention as a spoiled brat. Of course, the Kloses were giving considerable thought to the place of their early years, well during those years. There was that little matter of the third junior Klose, Kevin by name, arriving on the scene. And, too, Woody (with Ginny as collaboration partner) was writing for that well known weekly program, My Best Girl, which was aired over the Blue Network during 1943. Their next major collaboration was in a situation called, with a bit a意, called Mommie And The Men, broadcast over a large chain of CBS stations.

It was in dead of winter that word came of Woody's being offered a professional assignment: there was a farm available up in Dutchess County, h: informed them. The place was on Sawhill Road, less than two miles outside the village of Rhinebeck. At one time it had been a busy commuting to the city via New York Central R. R. Would they care to inspect it?

Inspect it they did, on a bleak, chilly day in February just about the least favorable time to find glamour on any farm. But the potentialities of this one were apparent to Woody and Ginny, despite the unshaven look and the slight slush. For one thing, a picket fence fringed the old but stately house. There was something majestic about the towering trees that stood like sentinels near it. There was an eye-pleasing cluster of, quite roughly, the tall silo the sturdy red barns and stables. Only a whoop-and-a-holler away was a babbling brook (inhabited by trout) and all around them the brown land—there's they wanted it—lay waiting for the plough.

They wanted it, and shortly the acreage was theirs. Their little domain was dubbed Echo Valley Farm and forthwith the Kloses plunged into a completely new way of life, replete with all the alarums and crises that go with it.

In due time the Klose clan moved in—technically speaking, that is. For seemingly endless weeks the downstairs rooms, cluttered with crates, trunks, and furniture of all manner, resembled the working habitat of stoves, Dimly and forlornly, Ginny recalled, her Greek mythology, especially the story about Hercules and the Augean stables.

Even muscle-man Hercules depended upon water to help him tidy up. Water was one commodity that never left the Klouse homestead at any time. Finally the_BUCKET could be properly emptied and returned. When, after four weeks, the mountain became a veritable Himalaya and was still uncall, they got help from the wheedling to grimly threatening tactics. Grudgingly, the laundryman called for the bundle, admitted that his firm had got the original message, but that he had been doing business around here for years. We never heard of nobody named Klose."

If the laundry incident and the water crisis were disturbing, then the affair of the hats was teetering.

It was their first summer at the farm. Woody and Ginny were sitting out on the front lawn enjoying the cool of evening. Suddenly Ginny ducked her head. "You're not going to be worried about his...er...history...now...are you?"

In saccharine tones Ginny asked, "Darling, do you think the moths around here are on a diet of filet—or is it just that this poor light makes them look so big—all?"

Okay, so it was a bat, Woody admitted; but after all, this was the country—they'd have to get used to seeing out a restrained "Yikes!"

Within a month, the Kloses had the tower rising, the barns reconstructed, and the farm was well along. It was all part of the "get away and find your self" philosophy. The farm was a refuge from the hubbub and the wheeling and dealing they had been involved before.

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Swaro and subscribed to before me this 25th day of September, 1947.

(Signed) MAYER J. KIVarkin.

FULLIO MUCelli
Notary Public, State of New York, New York County.
D ESPITE a start studded with such wacky incidents, the scheme of things at Echo Valley Farm gradually became less hectic and soon the Kloses were taking the new life in their stride. In jigtine Woody became as adept with a tractor as he had been with an airplane. Radio-producer Klose, from the gentleman-farmer school—he really wears an old shirt and denim jeans and works his land. Witness their twenty acres of red and yellow Delicious apples which, every ten days or so, must be sprayed with insecticide. Witness, too, the wide variety of vegetables grown in trim rows only a stone's throw from their back porch. And take note of the twenty acres of alfalfa that, twice in the summertime, must be mowed, cured, raked, baled and then stored in the barn against the day when Woody and Ginny will own cows.

"By this time next year we hope to operate our place full scale as a dairy and fruit farm," Woody declares. "The problem is to make as much milk as you can as cheaply as you can. That means stocking up on winter feed and, toward that objective, next year we're planning to put in fifteen acres of field corn plus enough to fill the silo. And we're slowly getting help to the advantage of planting alfalfa. Animals like corn and they like hay. Now, a field of alfalfa, for instance, will yield from two to three times as much tonnage per acre as a field of timothy. What's more, alfalfa contains a much larger calcium and protein content than timothy . . ."

Yes, that's Willard "Woody" Klose, the radio-producer, waxing eloquent on his newest enthusiasm. You wonder how he finds time and energy to pick up and practice all that farm lore and, virtually in the same breath, do his daily chatter show, Red Hook 31, with wife Ginny—plus carry on his activities as a partner in Frank Cooper Associates, the New York radio package-show producers whose air-time triumphs include programs like the Alan Young Show, The Al Pearce Show, Jim Backus' comedy stint on Mutual and Strike It Rich heard over CBS. Mr. Klose does a juggling act, you conclude.

As for the distaff side of the family—pin a few medals on Ginny, too. Virginia Klose has an equal share of responsibility for Red Hook 31 and she maintains a mighty beautiful home and she's the favorite Mom of four delightful boys. Plus the newcomer who'll have arrived by the time this is in print.

WHEN DOES A MAN NEED HIS WIFE

Most?

Loving your husband . . . keeping a comfortable home . . . is that all there is to being a good wife? Clara Foster thought so. But when her husband stayed home on strike, she found she was wrong. For Nick Foster started dating another woman. No one blamed Clara for leaving Nick. But later on, she blamed herself. Why? For a real-life story you'll love and really profit by, read "Love Goes On Strike" in the big January True Story.

And That's Just One of the 21 Thrilling, Romantic Stories In The New January True Story.

Don't Miss

"TOO YOUNG TO MARRY"—The happy solution to an age-old teen-age problem.

"THE QUESTION"—This discusses the emotional problem of a young couple whose marriage had to be postponed.

"FOR FEAR OF LOSING HIM"—About Jane who thought good looks were all it took to hold Max' love.

"SPIRIT MEDIUM"—Excitement and thrills as told by a girl who was forced to be a medium.

All This and Much, Much More in the Big January True Story

ON SALE TODAY.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY.

And Listen Every Monday Through Friday to "MY TRUE STORY," Over The Stations Of The American Broadcasting Company. A Complete Story Every Day. See Newspaper For Local Time And Station.
It's a Young World
(Continued from page 25)

As it turned out, her father had to be called out of the service at Zion's Rest Church in his home town as an outlet for his talents. And he found a bride there, too—the church organist. She had been baptized in that church, and her grandmother had attended the church, and her great-grandmother before her daughter. When the two young Gordons were born, they were named Anita and Charlie at the baptismal font of Zion's Rest.

The two girls might have had to be content with choir practice and services as outlets for their talent, like their father. But the Gordons had stayed in Corisciana. But when Charlie was eight and Anita five, the family moved to Los Angeles, where there were other audiences to be found. Anita promptly found one—the biggest audience in the country—in the Hollywood Bowl, the following Easter, and her singing career was under way.

WITH her father's encouragement, and under her uncle Leonard's singing instructions, she continued to find audiences until, at fifteen, she tried out for, and won, the role of the singing girl in Charlie's assignment on the Bergen program.

At this point, the story takes a reverse twist. Her father might indeed have been an actor if she had been able to choose off the lot, but Anita says she never would have been a professional singer at fifteen if her father had not been a butcher!

A top talent agent, Harry Narwood, was a customer of her father's. It was in the middle of the bleak war years, and meat was hard to get. Harry Narwood wanted a roast of prime beef. Gordon wistfully gave an audition for his talented daughter. Fair enough. They made the deal—Narwood served choice beef at his next dinner party; Anita auditioned for Edgar Bergen. Her own ingenuity and talent did the rest.

Anita gets goose bumps even yet remembering that audition.

She had never been afraid in her life, but this was different. There was no audience, no Mike at the Bergen AP, no Edgar Bergen, Ray Noble, and Earl Ebi, producer of the program, sitting in the control booth. They had never heard Anita sing, obviously didn't expect much. They were unsmiling, the empty studio was cold, the big stage with its battery of microphones terrifying.

Anita looked up, she says, at the three stone faces, waiting for a cue.

"Sing something," Edgar Bergen said. So she sang something. No comment. But Bergen was smiling, at the stage. She waited.

"Say something," was the next instruction.

"Recite?" she wondered aloud. "No! Just say something." "I like to sing," Anita said, thinking fast. "What do you like to do?" Edgar's smile was even now.

"Oh, go on," he said.

She was clutching at straws. They were trying to get a line on her, she figured. She thought, and she could hear the bold flashed in her mind. It was supposed to help you pronounce your words clearly.

"Betty Bottle Bought a Bit of Bitter Butter," she said.

All three ogres in the control room laughed.

"You're okay, kid," Bergen beamed. And she had the job.

If there's ever a rhythm program, Anita has become a Bergen show fixture. And she loves the job. Her work schedule—singing rehearsals on Monday, Ward Bond's Microphone Playhouse rehearsals on Saturday and the Sunday show—leave her plenty of time to apply herself to the studies she considers vital in terms of the future she is making out for herself. A person, who has always let her husband make the big decisions. Anita says that it was always "Daddy, may I . . ." as she and Charlie were growing up.

Lately, Charlie, their daughter, has wanted a boy—a boy. Anita'sher own nickname; but the Gordons wanted a boy—is the family's real pride and joy, Anita says.

"SO BRIGHT. So beautiful. So talented.

It's a rave, and Anita means it. Charlie is in Sweden now, training her coloratura voice for opera at the Royal Conservatory in Stockholm. The family misses her dreadfully, and Anita worries that Charlie will be helpless without her.

But Charlie would be too submerged in her musical studies, Anita thinks, to do anything with her blonde, naturally curly hair. And at home, she "just never bothered" to buy clothes. Luckily both sisters are size 9, and Anita could do for her.

Anita, who has an established presence in the musical world, three years, believes that her own talent is pale beside that of her big sister. "I'm doing what I'm doing because I was not good enough for Charlie," she says.

Despite her years and—already—of training, Charlie has refused so far even to sing for her family. "She thinks she's not ready," Anita explains, but she worries about Charlie's nerves when she finally must face the public. Unlike her sister, Charlie avoids audiences, but then, Anita says, "she has always been an introvert.

Anita has heard Charlie sing only once, when she played "Ave Maria" on the piano, and Charlie began to sing softly to the accompaniment. Her sister's voice was, Anita says, "magnificent.

Such terms Anita reserves for the people she loves most, and admires most. Charlie is wonderful. She is popular, respected everywhere. She is wonderful. Barbara, her "closest friend since the Year One," is "going to be a star.

But for their generous, giving attitudes are rare anywhere in a striving competitive society. In Hollywood, where the difference between oblivion and success seems so tiny, they might depend upon a central devotion to the "Big I." Anita Gordon's story is somehow reassuring and full of hope.
The Most Revolutionary Undie Designed in a Decade!

You DON'T need a Girdle?
You DON'T like a Garter Belt?

THEN YOU'LL BE MAD ABOUT...

Suspants

by Blue Swan

The undie that can be worn with garters ... and never slips off the waist.

All you fashion-wise lassies can pass the good word along...SUSPANTS is the thrilling new star of the "undie" world. It's goodbye to girdles and garter belts! Just attach garters and you have an undie—with GARTER TABS—that suspends stockings wrinkle-free, and mysteriously hugs your waist whether you bend, twist or stand on your head. The secret is the new "pivot-point" bias pattern—which neutralizes, thus eliminating, all pull. Moreover, SUSPANTS exerts just enough figure control to make it the perfect accessory for evening and daytime wear—with or without garters. Featured at all leading stores...individually cellophane wrapped . . . in all colors, $1.50 and up.

JUNIOR MISS SIZES: 9 TO 17

Blue Swan

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that's your proving ground for any cigarette.
See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

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According to a Nationwide survey:

As a skier, Blanche Christian is "one in a million"—an expert with wide experience... ski instructor in leading resorts. As a smoker, she is one of millions who had a most revealing experience during the wartime cigarette shortage.

"When cigarettes were so hard to get," says Miss Christian, "I smoked many different brands. Naturally, I compared them for quality. I learned by experience that Camels suit me best!" Like Miss Christian, thousands of smokers compared... found Camels the "choice of experience."

Try Camels. Let your own experience... your "T-Zone"... tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!
How I Bring Up Phil Harris

By Alice Faye
Of course you use flattering face powder and just the right lipstick. But do you neglect your most important feature—your eyes? Smart, modern girls are realizing that when make-up stops with just a nice complexion and brilliant red lips, 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 look naturally dark, long, sweeping. And it's so easy to shape your brows gracefully 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.
GIRL: What do you mean, party line? I never get a buzz to go to a party. As far as men are concerned, this is strictly a dead wire!

CUPID: For whom the bell doesn't toll, eh? Well, Gloom Child, didn't it ever occur to you that the big-time operators like their party girls equipped with dazzling smiles?

GIRL: And where do I phone for one of those? I brush my teeth—but regularly. And I still wind up with the same old wrong-number smile!

CUPID: Hmmmm … Been noticing any “pink” on your toothbrush these days?

GIRL: Uh-huh—the loveliest shade of pink you ever—

CUPID: For your information, Cookie, that “pink” means see your dentist. Could be serious. Or could be that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. In which case, he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage.”

GIRL: And—zing!—I get a smile that sparkles like sequins, I suppose?

CUPID: Listen, dateless-and-mateless: A sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums. So if your dentist advises Ipana and massage, pay attention! Get yourself an Ipana smile, Honey … and you’ll have to get a switchboard to handle your calls!

Follow your dentist’s advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey. Same survey shows dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste! Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty!
February, 1948

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NORTH ATLANTIC EDITION
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Ask for Fleer's!

Also makers of famous Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum

FLEER'S IS GRAND FOR BREAKING THE ICE!

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NATURE MADE YOUR TEETH TO CHEW...THAT'S WHY GUM IS GOOD FOR YOU!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.
I know a sweater is dynamite...

Coming Next Month

"I love my life, the way I live it."
Peggy Lee will tell you.

If you've ever wondered what becomes of the large sums of money won by successful contestants on quiz programs, you'll enjoy the feature in next month's Radio Mirror. The outstanding winners on Break the Bank since that program has been on the air pass in review and tell how an evening's experience affected their lives.

There's a grave and tender little love story, her own, by singer Peggy Lee, with a great deal in it about her husband, Dave Barbour, and their young daughter.

Two such diverse gentlemen as Walter Winchell and Arthur Godfrey appear in word-and-picture sketches, to each his own, of course. You'll know them both well when you've finished reading.

Of course you've heard the Bickersons. Their midnight-to-dawn squabbling is a Wednesday night feature. The story about them is even funnier, and complete with pictures of Frances Langford and Don Ameche, who created this acrimonious pair.

Living Portraits will bring you Wendy Warren, with a full-color portrait of Wendy and black-and-white pictures of the cast, taken against the fascinating background of a small town newspaper.

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I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Bright you are and right you are! When snug-fitting wool traps underarm odor, other girls catch the men! You play it smartly—help guard your charm with Mum!

Even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. Everyone should remember: a bath washes away past perspiration but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor.

Mum safer for charm
Mum safer for skin
Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness and charm.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

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.
"It's like a magic carpet that whisks me away to a wonderland I never could enter alone." That's the way one woman listener enthusiastically described WOR's Luncheon At Sardi's program which every Monday through Saturday from 1:00 to 1:30 P.M. parades a bright company of celebrities to m.c. Bill Slater's microphone for intimate first-hand table chats on what's afoot in the world of the famed.

The stage screen, radio and sports stars who frequent the famed New York restaurant as well as authors, newspaper columnists and hosts of other celebrities evidently enjoy dropping tidbits of gossip about themselves and their careers when interviewed by Bill Slater.

Screen star Lizabeth Scott revealed that a luncheon at Sardi's was an especial thrill for her because she could remember many an earlier day, prior to her stardom, when she passed the famous restaurant without the price of a meal in her pocket.

Luncheon At Sardi's, always casual and friendly, reached new heights in informality recently when Gary Stevens, the program's director strolled up to the microphone with actor Basil Rathbone and drummer Gene Krupa. In answer to Bill's questions on jazz, Krupa gave a spirited demonstration of drumming techniques using Sardi's best silverware while the usually dignified Rathbone chimed in with a British-accented imitation of Jimmy Durante.

Slater's persuasive ability to get guests to let down their hair while on the air is a result of years of intensive news training. A West Point graduate, Class of 1934, and a former mathematics instructor at the New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, Bill is noted as one of the finest sports reporters and broadcasters in the business. Since his first broadcast years ago, when he reported a double-header ball game and talked from one in the afternoon until six in the evening, Bill has been interviewing celebrities of all kinds. Major football games, track meets and boxing bouts are also routine assignments to Slater who is especially noted for his coverage of the Olympic games at Berlin, the World Series, New Year's Day football broadcasts, and the annual 500-mile auto races at the Indianapolis Speedway. In addition to Luncheon At Sardi's, produced by Mina Bess Lewis, Bill is m.c. of Twenty Questions, quiz program heard over WOR and the Mutual network Saturdays from 8:00 to 8:30 P.M.

Slater's skillful questioning, however, has resulted in numerous amusing replies for listeners to Luncheon At Sardi's. With all Broadway wondering how much had been spent on the musical hit, "Allegro," Richard Rogers sat down at a Sardi table and revealed to Slater that the cost was $250,000, a bargain at current Broadway prices.

But there was one time when Bill, who usually gets the answers from others, found himself absolutely without a reply. Interviewing a successful magazine writer, Bill asked him why it was he seemed to show such an interest in the program. "That's easy to answer," replied the writer, "I've been getting half my ideas for magazine articles for the past year from replies given by your audience during the course of your program."
Wet Feet? Sniffles? Look out for a COLD!

Gargle
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Quick!

Wet feet or cold feet or a sudden change of temperature may be all that is needed to reduce your resistance and enable the threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" to start a mass invasion of your throat tissues.

These "secondary invaders", according to some authorities, are responsible for so much of the misery associated with colds.

What Listerine Antiseptic Does
So, when you've been exposed, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at once, and continue it regularly. Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those "secondary invaders". Used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic may help guard against the mass invasion of germs and head off the trouble before it gets a good start.

A Remarkable Record
If your cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, repeated often, may help reduce the severity of the infection.

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

Make a habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night as a precaution against colds; and at the first sign of a cold increase the frequency of the gargle. It may spare you a lot of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

Tests made during a 12 year period showed
FEWER Colds, Milder Colds for users of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Colgate's New Deodorant

Veto
Safe for Skin!
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Doubly Safe!

Veto is antiseptic!
Checks underarm perspiration, yet is safe for skin!

Veto stops underarm odor, yet is safe for clothes!
No rotten dresses with Colgate's Veto!

Only Veto, No Other Deodorant, Contains Exclusive New Safety Ingredient—DURATEX

To guard your loveliness, protect your charm—use Veto! Colgate's amazing new antiseptic deodorant checks perspiration, stops odor, yet is doubly safe! Safe for normal skin! Safe for clothes! Only Veto contains Duratex, exclusive new safety ingredient—it's different from any deodorant you've used before. Use Colgate's Veto regularly to check perspiration, stop underarm odor safely. 10¢ and larger sizes. Drug, cosmetic counters.

Veto is preferred almost 2 to 1 by registered nurses who have tried it, according to a nation-wide survey!

Approved safe for fabrics, better fabrics. Bureau! Stays moist in jar! Never gritty or grainy!

Take a look at the Records

By Joe Martin

Lena Horne discusses her latest release.

VITAL VOCALS

WOODY HERMAN (Columbia)—Woody feels very much at home in singing Frank Loesser's "Tune For Humming"—just that—practically no words. Reverse is "Baby Have You Got A Little Love To Spare."

PEGGY LEE (Capitol)—If ever a husband and wife combination really "belonged" together, it's the Mr. and Mrs. Team of Peggy and Dave Barbour. It's just about impossible to decide whether the best of this platter is Peggy's vocal or Dave's guitar. The pairing, though, is perfect on "Golden Earrings."

DENNY DENNIS (London)—This English crooner could give lessons to many an American. His robust baritone voice makes for swooning in "It's The Bluest Kind Of Blues" and "Make Believe World." "Blues," by the way, is the most requested song on the American Forces Network's "Midnight In Munich."

EDDY HOWARD (Majestic)—"I'm A-Comin A-Courting Corabelle" is the latest of Eddy's juke box specials. It'll make Howard fans and others happy.

LENA HORNE (MGM)—It was before her engagement in London, Paris and Mexico City that Miss Horne recorded this one. Her terrific personality is faithfully reproduced on "I Feel So Smoochie" and "Take Love Easy."

PERRY COMO (RCA-Victor)—The lad from Canonsburg, Pa, has learned to apply the Midas Touch to everything he records. "I Never Loved Anyone" is no exception. Only Perry could do it as well as this.

DANCE DISCS

XAVIER CUGAT (Columbia)—If Cugie's "Rumba Fantasy" sounds familiar, it's probably because Rimsky-Korsakov wrote it as "Capricho Espagnol." On this record it's good Cugat and that means good dancing.

ELLIOT LAWRENCE (Columbia)—"My, How The Time Goes By" is a capable dance arrangement by the young piano-playing maestro; smooth vocalizing by Rosalind Patton and Jack Hunter. For a lyric that may well start a craze, listen to the reverse, "Baby Boogie."

SY OLIVER (MGM)—The man who was responsible for so many wonderful Jimmy Lunceford and Tommy Dorsey arrangements pairs a ballad "Forsaking All Others" with a calypso, "Bread and Butter Woman," for fine results.

ALBUM ARTISTRY

SONGS YOU LOVE—Robert Merrill (RCA Victor): Bob's warm baritone caresses eight popular favorites. With Russ Case supplying the accompaniment, this set is full of tenderness and fervor as Bob switches from love songs to spirituals. The album includes "I'm Falling In Love With Someone," "Ah! Sweet Mystery Of Life," "Trees," "Always," and other favorites.

MUSIC BY CAMARATA—Camarata conducts the Kingsway Symphony Orchestra (London): After listening to this set of six sides, it's hard to believe that this very same Camarata played trumpet or arranged for such bands as Jimmy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet and Al Goodman. Standout in the album is the two-sided "Rumbalero," Camarata's own composition. Other discs are George Gershwin's "Prelude II," Grieg's "I Love Thee," "The Haunted Ballroom" and "Come Back To Sorrento."

JAZZ JAMBOREE

BUSTER BENNETT TRIO (Columbia)—Back to back on this one you'll find "Mr. Bennett Blows" and "Hard Luck Blues." What Mr. Bennett blows so well is a saxophone. The blues side includes Buster's voice.

ARNETT COBB (Apollo)—Following the Illinois Jacquet pattern, Arnett is the latest tenor sax soloist to leave the Lionel Hampton band for bigger things. It's exciting, tricky, not too musical, but interesting listening. Meaningless titles are "Still Flyin'" and "Cobb's Idea."

FACING the MUSIC
Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips...

with new, so-excitingly-different

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ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1

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2. A protective lotion, too. This same Woodbury beauty-blend contains protective ingredients to help “glove” your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS... CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN

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City
State
(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS
The Three Suns were early advocates of—and are still clinging to—the reliable “portable piano.”

ABOUT the time when Charlie Magnante was featured on many radio programs as an accordion virtuoso, Zeke Manners, the New York hillbilly, wasconvulsing his listeners with an ancient joke. It went something like this:

“I had to give up playing my accordion because it made me cry.”

“Why? Was the music so sad?”

“No, but every time I squeezed the thing it pinched my stomach.”

Many musicians now feel that that one joke did more to eliminate the accordion as a popular instrument than any other reason. Recently, however, there has been much renewed activity among accordion-playing artists. Although the Three Suns, Lawrence Welk, Henri Rene, Shep Fields and scads of Western bands have continued to use the “portable piano,” one Joe Mooney has done more for the accordion industry of late than even a government contract could have done.

Going back a few years, Shep Fields’ “Rippling Rhythm” group, recently revived, featured the instrument with which we are presently concerned. The straw-and-bubble sound, however, did most of the rippling and got most of the publicity. Lawrence Welk’s “Champagne Music” (those bubbles, again) has been heard and liked by thousands of dancers for oh, so many years. The Three Suns, using an accordion to good effect, feature their organ sound most of all. England, for years, has been enthusiastically supporting Primo Scala’s Accordion Band. And, of course, who ever heard a good polka band that didn’t have an accordion in its midst?

After playing piano in some of the big name bands and trying his facile hand at arranging, Joe Mooney took to the accordion one day in order to win a bet that he couldn’t make it “swing.” Joe did and won the bet. More, he won for himself a new sound. The sound stayed pretty much within Joe’s heart and head, until he gave up everything to form the kind of group he dreamed about while on his back in a hospital bed for two years. In 1945, he gathered around him Andy Fitzgerald on clarinet, Gate Frega on bass and Jack Hotop on guitar and formed the quartet that has been called the
Ernie Filice devised a "full band" mute for voicing his accordion, organized a quartet, and brought listeners a new kind of music!

"greatest musical event since the original Benny Goodman band."

Oddly enough, Joe plays only half the accordion. His instrument is specially built and has no bass "buttons" for the left hand. His Decca records are selling well—and that's as it should be.

Out in Hollywood, not so long ago, a young fellow who had spent most of his life playing the accordion decided that his favorite instrument could play "full-band" style. Ernie Filice devised a special mute, practiced voicing his accordion as the brass, string or sax section of a full orchestra; and formed a quartet to play his new music. Since then, Ernie earned a Capitol contract for his foursome and has been featured on Benny Goodman records and all sorts of radio programs.

With the revival of interest in the accordion music schools report an influx of would-be Mooneys, Welks, and Filices. Who knows but what some enterprising young musician will find that he can best express himself with a zither, lute, or lyre? After all, Artie Shaw did use a harpsichord in his "Gramercy Five" and Nat "King" Cole played a nickelodeon on his "Harmony" record date with Johnny Mercer.

If, however, you still think that the accordion has to sound like a second-hand pipe organ, just listen to Joe Mooney, Ernie Filice, Milton De Lugg or Art Van Dam. These are men who use their instruments to express feelings, emotions and thoughts.

The pipe-organ type of accordionist, on the other hand, plays lots of notes, not one of which is noteworthy.

Champagne Music bubbles from the accordion of Lawrence Welk, sets dancers' spirits bubbling too.
A Medal for "Mr. DeLong"

We're heroes to the countless women who use DeLong Bob Pins... They fasten a medal on us every time they step up to the counter and ask for DeLong, the Bob Pin with the Stronger Grip... We're grateful, too. That's why we spare no effort to turn out a better Bob Pin, one made of stronger steel that keeps its snap and shape longer and stays in your hair dutifully.

Always remember DeLong for—

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

At the time this was written, songstress Kitty Kallen (pretty Kitty Kallen, as can be easily seen from the picture above) turned down an offer to appear on the Hit Parade with Frankie Boy because she much preferred to stay in New York after her marriage to publicist Budd Granoff.

When Vic Damone subbed for the ailing Frank Sinatra on a Hit Parade program a while back, it was the fulfillment of another of Vic's dreams. Last year, when Andy Russell was the Hit Parade star, young Vic was hired as stand-by. As the Mercury moaner puts it, "Andy was the healthiest singer I ever met. I never got on the show." Only after getting his own CBS program and starring at the Commodore Hotel, was Vic called upon to fill in for Frankie. It probably proves that everything comes to him who waits.

Happiest traveling musicians in the land are the men in the Harry James band. Betty's better-half rents a private Pullman car for the band when they're on the road. The boys use the car as a stationary hotel, too, whenever the railroad siding is near the ballroom in which they are playing.

If you're a close friend of Guy Lombardo's, you don't have to visit a zoo. For the bandleader has enough pets in his Freeport, Long Island, home to satisfy the curiosity of any average animal lover. The addition of an alley cat to the Lombardo menagerie brings the total to 62 animals. There's the cat, five dogs (four Dalmatians and one "plain dog"), fifty chickens, four love birds, one parrot and a monkey. Soft-hearted Guy bought the cat and two dogs right out of a pet shop window. Both dogs, says Guy, are so ugly that he knew if he didn't buy them, no one would. The cat looked so thin and hungry that he couldn't resist taking it home.

In his "Celtic Gems" album Apollo's Irish tenor, Frank Saunders, sounds as though he was actually from "the ould sod." Truth is that Frank has visited Eire, but is more talkative about his pre-vocalizing days as a painter on the Golden Gate Bridge, a gas station attendant in Montana and a cowboy in Wyoming.

If you've ever wondered how important a girl's figure is to her career as a singer, just listen to Lisa Kirk's lament. The beauteous Lisa stars in Broadway's "Allegro," singing "The Gentleman Is a Dope." Lisa's costume throughout the play is either a nurse's uniform or a bulky raincoat. As a model, however, Lisa was voted the girl with the most attractive figure by Publicity Photographers Association!

George Wettling, the famous Chicago jazz drummer, recently had an exhibition of his painting in New York. According to the experts he shows astonishing talent with the brush and palette.

Off and on for the last few months, Paul Lavalle has been suffering from an occupational disease—deltoid bursitis (shoulder strain, in common language). No, not from waving a baton, but from helping the nurse lift his baby's carriage to get it in and out of the apartment house every day.

Apparently anything goes is the motto of publicity men. Example: one of Sam Donohue's stunts for the promotion of his recording of "Red Wing." Sam had a real Indian Chief in full regalia drop in, unannounced, on the local New York disc jockeys. And who d'you know? The Chief wound up with lots of plugs for the record and interviews on the air!
She found a shortcut to riches
...but left a trail of sin and shame along the way!

This Sensational New Best-Seller

**Woman of Property**

by Mabel Seeley

She was "fed up" with a life of poverty and drudgery. So Frieda vowed to become rich—and she didn't care how she did it. Later, when she blossomed out into an alluring, red-haired beauty men could not resist, she knew she had the answer!

One after another, she enslaved men with her wiles. She trapped one man, but he escaped. She soon found another victim. Then she married again—and won him or money. She lied, cheated, and stole. She threw love, decency, and honor to the winds. She found a shortcut to riches—but she left a trail of shame and betrayal along the way!

Here is the most sensational story published in years! You will be held spellbound by the unscrupulous wiles of this wilful, seductive heroine. "Very apt to be one of the most talked-about heroines of this season's fiction," says the New York Times. "Woman of Property" is a big best-seller—at $3.00 in the publisher's edition. But—and now your's FREE—as one of TWO FREE books on this amazing offer!

-and you ALSO GET FREE

Charles Dickens' Immortal Romance

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS**

NOT only do you receive Woman of Property as a gift; you ALSO get FREE—the famous novel that is now a smash-hit movie, Great Expectations. Millions have laughed and cried at this heart-warming story of a penniless orphan boy who becomes a rich "gentleman" overnight. This glowing tale will tug at your heartstrings like few others you've ever read!

Both Books FREE

With Membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!"

IT COSTS you nothing to join this Club. And every month (or less, if you wish) you may receive the current selection—a best seller by today's great authors, but also the immortal masterpieces of Shakespeare, Balzac, Dumas, Zola, etc. These BONUS BOOKS are handsomely bound; they grow into an impressive lifetime library.

You Need NOT Take Every Selection

You do NOT have to accept each monthly Selection; only six of your own choice during the year to fulfill your membership requirements. And each month the Club's "Review" describes other popular best-sellers; so that, if you prefer one of these to the regular Selection, choose it instead. No membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

Mail coupon without money—now. At once you will receive, FREE, Woman of Property AND Great Expectations. You will also receive, as your first Selection, the book you have chosen in the coupon here. Enjoy these three books—two absolutely FREE, the third at a bargain price.

When you realize that you can get popular best-sellers like these month after month at a tremendous saving—and that you ALSO get FREE Bonus Books of today's and yesterday's finest literature—you will understand why this is "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." Mail coupon—without money—now. BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MW62, Garden City, N. Y.
Now that Dwight Weist's voice has become familiar in the m.c. spot on We, the People, this can be told. Weist won the permanent m.c.-ing job after Kate Smith turned down the sponsor's offer of the stint. Miss Smith turned it down, because the sponsor insisted on an audition appearance before signing radio's first lady.

In case you happen to have missed it, we think it's worth bringing this to your attention. Back in October, the Grand Lodge of Masons broke a long precedent and sponsored its first broadcast—in a good cause. For some time, now, the Masons have been waging a campaign to provide research and proper medical care for all persons suffering from rheumatic fever. The October broadcast announced the establishment of a “Masonic Foundation For Medical Research and Human Welfare,” open to all races and creeds. This is a project which calls for public support to combat a disease which is a killer and about which very little is at present known.

Gil Doud, co-scripter for the Scarlet Queen adventure series, has named the ship's crew Coulter, Crowder and Gordon—after the three Army camps where he was stationed during the war. What is it, Gil? Play therapy—like when kids act out in imaginary games the things that bother them and get rid of their troubles that way?
A star marks the spot where East crosses West on the new CBS program, "Broadway and Vine" with Radie Harris, for show business' own reporter is chatting daily at 3:55, EST, with entertainment greats. She started her series on December 1 with an interview with Celeste Holm, who, four years ago, gave a magnificent performance as Ado Annie in the original cast of "Oklahoma!" Celeste returned from England to play that same character, same play, same theater, during the past holiday season! Miss Harris' column, "Broadway Runaround," is a widely read feature in Hollywood's Daily Variety. She has had years of experience as a reporter for newspapers, magazines and radio and was a charter member of the wartime American Theater Wing and chairman of the entertainment committee which sent stars overseas to perform for the service men and women.

Louise Erickson, one of radio's younger luminaries, is going abroad for the first time to spend her vacation in Europe next summer. She's got her tickets already.

We've always known that Robert Young was a pretty swell guy. Now, along comes Bill Lawrence, who bears the directing headache for the Screen Guild Players shows, with another proof that we were right.

Lawrence says it's always been a tough job in past years to find a suitable replacement for a "name" male star who at that last moment was (Continued on page 106)
Screen's Joan Bennett with Jean Hersholt. He's celebrating his 10th year on the air.

George Faulkner, George Zachary and Howard Teichmann, who put together and produce the Ford Theater program.

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A star marks the spot where East crosses West on the new CBS program, Broadway Mid-Vice with Radio Harris, for show business own Register is chatting daily at 5:30 E.S.T., with entertainment greats. She starred her series on December 1 with an interview with Celeste Holm, who, four years ago, gave a magnificent performance in As A Soldier in the original cast of Oklahoma! Celeste returned from England to play that same character, same song, during the past holiday season. Miss Harris' column, Broadway Round-Up, is a widely read feature in Hollywood's Daily Variety. She has had years of experience as a reporter for newspapers, magazines and radio and was a charter member of the wartime American Theater Wing and chairman of the entertainment committee which sent stars overseas to perform for the service men and women.

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We've always known that Robert Young was a pretty swell guy. Now, along comes Bill Lawrence, who bears the directing of the Screen Guild Players' headquarters for the Screen Guild Players, a performance for the "name" male star who at that last moment was (Continued on page 119)
Of all types of music on the air, perhaps none has more general appeal than American folk tunes such as "Johnny Crack Corn," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" or "Blue Tail Fly." The Noontimers on Station WHAM each day, Monday through Friday at 12:30 P.M., specialize in these old songs, along with music of a more modern vein.

Starred on this round-up of talent are such WHAM favorites as Max Raney and his Hi Boys with Flossie, Pie Plant Pete and Bashful Harmonica Joe; also daily guest stars.

Pie Plant Pete and Bashful Harmonica Joe are ever-lasting favorites with both rural and city listeners. The boys both hail from Cleveland, Ohio. Pete's real name is Claude Moye. Joe's neighbors back in Cleveland know him as Joe Troyan.

They have appeared on most of the important radio stations of the country and have delighted audiences in many, many rural communities in numerous states east of the Mississippi.

Joe, as his title "Bashful" implies, does a characterization of a lad afflicted with an acute case of bashfulness. His costume, a tight suit, big red bow tie and a tiny, turned-up, skimmer hat heighten the effectiveness of the act.

Pie Plant Pete sings, plays the guitar and m.c.'s the Noontimers. Pete also does most of the talking when he and his partner are on the air 'cause Joe is too bashful, most of the time, to utter more than a few hesitant words. Joe also sings, plays numerous harmonicas and does imitations.

Co-starred with top billing on the Noontimers are jovial Max Raney and his Hi Boys with Flossie. The original Hi Boys band originated in Wichita Falls, Texas back in 1933. Max and his gang have literally traveled all over the United States and Canada. Flossie is really Mrs. Max Raney. Her home, prior to marrying Max, was Schenectady, New York. Flossie sings with the band and calls square dances.

Max and Flossie live in Rochester. The Flower City has been their headquarters since 1940. Last summer they caused quite a stir in Western New York when they opened the "Bar M. Ranch" on a 100 acre parcel of land at East Bloomfield, New York.

The Hi Boys include: Stew Perkins who plays clarinet and whistle; Bud White, guitarist and old-time fiddler; Art Birdsall, one of the few bass players who can bow out solos on his big double bass; and Don Haase, Spanish, Hawaiian and Electric Guitarist.

When the Noontimers get together its a happy-go-lucky gang. They play and sing for the love of music and they kid with each other because they're jolly good fellows.
Are you in the know?

For that new Romantic Look, should you—

☐ Appear pale and languid
☐ Take a tip from great-grandma
☐ Affect false eye lashes

After-dark fashion’s all soft lights, sweet music. So rustle out of that jumpin’ mood; waltz into the romantic picture wearing dream stuff—a la great-grandma. Such as a fragile little shawl... a 3-strand pearl choker centered with an old family brooch. You’re an all-time charmer now! And so poised, at trying times—with Kotex to protect you. That exclusive safety center gives you extra protection, you know.

If you’re chatter-shy, which date is wisest?

☐ Dancing
☐ Dinner
☐ An active sport

Maybe a Cute Brute makes a bid. Maybe you’re no whiz at small talk. Suggest some active sport you shine at...and conversation will take care of itself. You’re confident, too, when (on "those" days) you let new Kotex keep you comfortable. For never, never has there been a napkin like this new, different Kotex! With downy softness that holds its shape. Actually! Made to stay soft while you wear it.

Think she’ll cut more ice with him, if she—

☐ Grooms those gams
☐ Goes in for hockey
☐ Plays oh-so-helpless

On a skate date, can your pegs take a close-up? Are they fuzz-less... shapely? To slim them, do this at home, twice daily: Lying on left side, raise right leg as high as possible, touching ankle with right hand. Repeat ten times with each leg. Helps whittle ‘em down to glamour-size. On problem days, the proper size of napkin aids self-assurance. Choose from the 3 sizes of Kotex... Regular, Junior, Super.

To a clever hostess, what’s a good mixer?

☐ Cement
☐ Circus party
☐ Colo and hamburgers

When it’s your turn to entertain, be different! Pin up home-made circus posters... have your guests come dressed like a Big Top troupe. It’s a sure-fire warmer-upper. A mixer that can’t miss! And don’t you miss the fun—even if your calendar says “Killjoy is here!” Whatever your costume, Kotex will keep your secret, because those flat pressed ends of Kotex® prevent telltale outlines. You’ll be given a calliope... supercharged with confidence!

3 guesses what girls forget most!

☐ Brush hair thoroughly
☐ Exercise faithfully
☐ Buy a new sanitary belt

So. You’re faithful at giving your locks (and girlish form) the business! But frankly, now—have you remembered to buy a new sanitary belt? That’s what girls forget most... keep putting off “till next time.” To get all the comfort your napkin gives, now’s the time to buy a new Kotex Sanitary Belt!

You see—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a Kotex Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It’s adjustable... all-elastic... non-binding!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

*Kotex. Sanitary Belt
Ask for it by name

PAT. OFF. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
G O WHERE you will in the environs of Boston town, speak to whomever you may, and mention the name Priscilla, and you'll find no doubt as to the Priscilla you mean. Priscilla Fortescue of WEEl has been broadcasting her Listen, Ladies and Gentlemen morning, noon and afternoon for almost a decade, so most everyone has heard her cheery "Goodday, Ladies and Gentlemen," with the accent on Gentlemen. You see, she had to add them because they kept writing to her asking what made her think there were only ladies in her audience.

Priscilla's radio interest has been Hollywood personalities, which is a projection of her earliest years. In her grammar school days Priscilla nurtured a childish passion for Mary Pickford. Mary was making a picture in New England. Priscilla's mother took her to the location and Priscilla came away with a specially autographed picture. Fortified by this triumph, Priscilla insisted that Mary was hers and Mary has remained hers to this day. Now, when Priscilla is in Hollywood, she is entertained by Miss Pickford at Pickfair, and Priscilla is one of the few invited to the Pickford hotel suite when Mary is in Boston.

Bette Davis' New Hampshire home is near Priscilla's, and Bette gave Priscilla a stepping stone from her place to be used as a flag in Priscilla's garden walk. Whenever Jane Withers is in Boston she and her mother are entertained at the Fortescue home and the compliment is returned when Priscilla is in Hollywood, or the two happen to meet in New York.

Priscilla makes frequent trips to New York when Hollywood personalities are there, or when some important production is previewed. Thus she brings first-hand impressions of the stars to her audience. This she does with intelligent understanding born of living and working with them. After graduating from Wellesley College, Priscilla continued her studies in voice and dramatics. At Boston's Copley Theatre she had roles in "Katydid" and "So What" and played the lead in "Ceiling Zero." Priscilla's Hollywood experience came on her own merits in R-K-O's production of "Condemned Women." Her current work with the motion picture studios comes during the winter sports season in New Hampshire, when she voices the style shows for M-G-M and Paramount.

While she does not look it, Priscilla is the mother of two very grown-up children, a son in his late teens, and a daughter in her mid-teens. Both young people are well able to take care of themselves now, so Priscilla and her banker husband are beginning to cast longing eyes at their New Hampshire retreat. During the summer Priscilla spends every available minute there. While the furniture is lavishly colored in the popular Peter Hunt fashion, Priscilla refuses to let the interior be marred by electricity. There are no electric lights, or electric equipment. All the cooking and heating is done on a wood-burning stove and wood-fueled fireplaces. The Fortescues were among the first to buy a Jeep which negotiates the New Hampshire hills with the greatest of ease, and spares Priscilla's pet riding horse many a weary mile of burden-carrying.
INTOXICATION WALTZ
...for "Lustre-Creme"
Dream Girls Only

DON MacLAUGHLIN, who plays the title role in David Harding, Counter Spy, Sunday afternoons at 5:30 P.M. EST on ABC, made his professional debut after numerous experiences which took him into many parts of the world. From the time he was born in 1904 in Webster, Ohio, until he settled down in radio in 1934, Don was a rolling stone.

Shortly after he was christened William Donald MacLaughlin, the MacLaughlin family began a series of treks to different climates because MacLaughlin pere was in very poor health. This traveling about played havoc with Don's education. Before he was graduated, Don studied at Iowa Wesleyan and the Universities of Iowa, Arizona and Northwestern. All of this was interrupted, too, by Don's own wandering.

Eventually Don finished college and got a teacher's license. He tried settling down to teach in his home town, but the whole idea was distasteful to him. He tried his hand at writing, which seemed much more interesting and promised more remuneration. This activity brought him the normal quota of rejection slips.

Then Don decided that he wanted to move around and being a sailor would be one way to do it. So he went to the West Coast and signed on as a seaman on a freighter which took him to the China Seas and the South Pacific area. When he had had enough of sailing, he headed back home by way of Singapore and the Philippines.

Don broke into radio in 1934, rising rapidly after his first two years in the field. He also organized his own stock company and played in Hemingway's "The Fifth Column."

When Phillips Lord created the character of David Harding, he, of course, had a complete mental picture of the secret agent. The voice he was looking for in his auditions had to suggest a typical American, suave, cultured, strong, shrewd and uncommonly clever. No mean job for any one voice. But MacLaughlin's voice did all that as far as Lord was concerned and Don was "in" and has been playing the role ever since.

It's unlikely that wandering fever will hit Don again, for a while. After all, his wife and two children might not like leaving their Darien, Conn., home.

MANY A SILKEN-HAIRED BRIDE can tell you there's every reason to prefer Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's not a soap, not a liquid...but a dainty, new, richly lathering cream shampoo. Created by famed cosmetic specialist, Kay Daumit, Lustre-Creme gives hair new, three-way loveliness:
1) Makes it fragrantly clean, free of all dust, loose dandruff; 2) highlights every strand with a lovely, glistening sheen; 3) leaves your hair soft, easy to manage.

Its instant, billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! See how it gives your hair new eye-appeal for the man in your life, new charm for your "close-ups."

Rekindle your hair's highlights with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Just a few finger-tipsful makes a bountiful, cleansing lather, in hard or soft water. (No special rinse needed.) Leaves hair clean, sparkling, newly soft and manageable. 4 oz. jar $1.00. Also 30c and 55c sizes. All cosmetic counters.
10,000 TIMES
MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN LIPSTICK

This new color concentrate that never deserts your lips when there's a public

It's not so much a question of manners. Making up in public does dispel a woman's glamour. Now at last Lady Esther has discovered how to concentrate color so that it never deserts your lips in patches...never piles up in a ring. Without retouching you can go through cocktails, through dinner, through the entire evening with lips that are vibrantly beautiful, happily soft and smooth. LIPCOLORS by Lady Esther come in seven heavenly shades, ranging from Bridal Pink to Crimson Bronze—each a clear, living color. At least one will be very lucky for you. At all drug and department stores.

© 1948 Lady Esther

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© 1948 Lady Esther

Hat, John Frederics
Photo, Rawlings

Hat, John Frederics
Photo, Rawlings

$1 PLUS TAX

Lipcolors by Lady Esther
Clear, living colors for your lips to wear
Once upon a time, I—like most people—wasted a lot of time wishing. If only this or that would happen, if only so-and-so were different . . . and so on. But I was luckier than most people; Ziegfeld came along and give me a piece of advice that helped me to really begin to live.

"It's not enough," he told me, "to be a success. It's just as important to be happy. And you can have both those things, success and happiness, if you'll always remember your audience."

It worked like a charm; it was a charm. It made me think for the first time about my relationship to the rest of my world; and it made me realize that nine times out of ten it was beside the point for me to be wishing that "so-and-so were different." I began to see that I was the one who had to change—that when I was different it gave the other person a chance to be different, too. And usually it gave both of us a chance to be happier.

Whenever I begin to feel depressed or in a rut, I know it's time to consider my audience and see what's to be done. I redecorate a script girl's apartment, or design a dress for one of Eddie Cantor's daughters, or stew up a chicken for a couple of my tired writers.

The system works wonders and the funny thing about it, you never run out of ideas when it's someone else you're doing for.

I've had to learn not to take things too hard and to profit by experience.

Once I bluffed my way into a revue being staged by George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris by telling them I was just what they wanted in the way of a singing and dancing chorine. But I was concentrating so hard on getting what I wanted, I left out an important, in fact an essential, consideration. I had neglected to learn how to dance, so I didn't last long.

I cried all night long over losing my big chance, but came the dawn and I faced the fact that all the crying in the world wouldn't make me a dancer. It would take a little more than just the tears. Before long I was traveling in vaudeville as a singer and dancer.

And take Baby Snooks. Baby Snooks and I have been alter egos for twenty-seven years, playing in the Follies, night clubs and vaudeville together. Still, when I made my first radio appearances, the powers-that-be didn't want me to be Snooks—they wanted me to be Fanny Brice on the air and not a kid character. But I started thinking about the audience: what did it want? Well—it had liked and wanted Snooks for a long time. I felt convinced that the brat was right for radio, and I stuck to my guns. And the audience, bless its heart, voted with me.

That's why I'm passing on my friend Ziegfeld's advice: it's something I know works. Especially if you remember that an audience isn't necessarily made up of strangers. Your own family and friends are the most responsive audience in the world.
Ten years ago a girl named Doris Sharpe had a bright idea—and from that idea grew Radio Registry, clearing house for anything and everything in radio

By Gwen Jones

Actors, who are in a nerve-straining business, pause gratefully for tea-time, traditional in Doris' office: Karl Swenson, Marion Shockley, Grace Matthews, and Clayton Collyer collect around their hostess' desk.

It happened in Grand Central Station. Radio actor Ray Johnson stepped off the train and walked up the ramp into the station. As he came through the gate, two men stopped him.

"Are you Ray Johnson?" one of them asked.

"The radio actor?" added the other.

"Why, yes, I am. What can I do for you?"

"We're from Headquarters," said the first man, showing Ray his badge. "You're to come with us."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Ray in
amazement, “What on earth for? What have I done?”

The detectives smiled. “Far as I know you’ve never done a thing in your life,” said the first one, “but we’ve got orders to deliver you to a broadcasting studio. You’re wanted there. I don’t know who put the heat on the Lieutenant to send us after you, but those were the orders, so now if you don’t mind, we’ll get going.”

Ray followed the detectives, his brow furrowed thoughtfully. Then his face cleared and he smiled a big smile. The Registry, of course!

Radio Registry had done it again. Ray Johnson is a Registry client. A casting director had called Registry and said he needed Johnson for his show that night. It was Registry’s job to get in touch with the actor and see that he got to the show on time. Registry’s methods may be unorthodox at times, but they proudly boast that they always find their man. Even, as in this case, if they have to send detectives after him!

If you’re a radio actor and you come to New York to seek your fortune, you find that the first thing you have to do is join AFRA—the American Federation of Radio Artists. And then, if you’re smart, the second thing you do is drop over to 21 West 47th Street and sign up with Radio Registry. It will cost you $9.00 a month, and from then on you’re looked after, taken care of, encouraged and pampered as though you were a Crown Prince. Registry can make life a lot easier for an actor. I know!

It’s quite an organization, this Radio Registry. And the girl who owns and operates it is quite a girl. Doris (Continued on page 80)
Ten years ago a girl named Doris
Sharpe had a bright idea—and from that idea grew Radio Registry, clearing house for anything and everything in radio

By Gwen Jones

Actors, who are in a nerve-straining business, praise gratefully for teatime, traditional in Doris' office: Karl Swenson, Marian Shepard, Grace Matthews, and Clayton Colby; colleagues around their bosom's desk.

IT HAPPENED in Grand Central Station. Radio actor Ray Johnson stepped off the train and walked up the ramp into the station. As he came through the gate, two men stopped him.

"Are you Ray Johnson?" one of them asked.

"The radio actor?" added the other.

"Why, yes, I am. What can I do for you?"

"We're from Headquarters," said the first man, showing Ray his badge. "You're to come with us."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Ray in exasperation. "What on earth for? What have I done?"

The detectives smiled. "Far as we know you've never done a thing in your life," said the first one, "but we've got orders to deliver you to a broadcasting studio. You're wanted there. I don't know who put the heat on the Lieutenant to send us after you, but those were the orders, so now if you don't mind, we'll get going."

Ray followed the detectives, his brow furrowed thoughtfully. Then his face cleared and he smiled a big smile. "The Registry, of course!"

Radio Registry had done it again. Ray Johnson is a Registry client. A casting director had called Registry and said he needed Johnson for his show that night. It was Registry's job to get in touch with the actor and see that he got to the show on time. Registry's methods may be unorthodox at times, but they proudly boast that they always find their man. Even, as in this case, if they have to send detectives after him! If you're a radio actor and you come to New York to seek your fortune, you find that the first thing you have to do is join AFRA—the American Federation of Radio Artists. And then, if you're smart, the second thing you do is drop over to 21 West 47th Street and sign up with Radio Registry. It will cost you $9.00 a month, and from then on you're looked after, taken care of, encouraged and pampered as though you were a Crown Prince. Registry can make life a lot easier for an actor. I know."

It's quite an organization, this Radio Registry. And the girl who owns and operates it is quite a girl: Doris (Continued on page 50)
Bill Bendix and his family knew what they wanted; it wasn't only a house, it was a whole way of living. And after a while they found out how to get it.

By PAULINE SWANSON

Bill Bendix and his family are happy fugitives from Bel Air.

A couple of years ago when Bill counted up the money that a series of hit pictures and his Life of Riley radio show had piled up in the bank, he did what many a successful actor has done before him—he shot the works in a fancy new house in the swankiest subdivision of the swankiest residential colony in America.

Two-story, Georgian colonial, set at the back of well-barbered lawns—the house was a beauty.

Bill and Tess Bendix, who say they "had lived in a lot of joints" in their nineteen years of married life, were very impressed with their new house, as was the expensive decorator who "did" it. The result couldn't have been more lavish, or more formal.

The four servants the house demanded were horrified, Bill recalls, if he took off his coat anywhere except in the privacy of his leather-paneled, mirrored dressing room.

"Nobody could crack a smile in the place," he says.

"We were living up to the house all the time—I was so darned dressed up from morning to night that I couldn't be myself."

Tess started wondering if their expensive decorator had understood what the family was really like. There had been a lot of talk about designing the house to fit the master's personality, but here was the master's personality disintegrating visibly.

They stood it for a year during which Bill got pale and nervous. He couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep.

Finally one morning, he came down to breakfast in his shirt sleeves, pounded a determined fist on the polished mahogany of the Duncan Phyfe table in the dining room and shouted "Enough! On the air I lead the life of Riley. At home I lead the life of a dog. We're getting out of here."

It was not a good time to move. Real estate was up—especially the sort of smallish, informal house that Bill had in mind. But Daddy had made up his mind. They scoured the San Fernando Valley until they found a
Lorraine reports to the family on her weight-reducing program, while baby Stephanie goes on eating for two.

One-story stucco, low and rambling, with lots of big, old trees and grass, spacious flagstone patios, room for three-year-old Stephanie to have a safe playyard, an extra "guest" house for sixteen-year-old Big Sister Lorraine to claim where she could be as untidy as she liked. Not a crystal chandelier in sight. Nor a spiral staircase.

"Now for heaven's sake," Bill warned Tess, remembering the Georgian colonial, "be careful whom you hire to decorate it."

"Don't worry," his wife replied, "I'm going to decorate it myself. In," she added, "American comfortable."

As it turned out, when Tess said she was going to do the job herself she meant herself—with no help except from the family. (Of course, it's a big family. Bill says Tess has more brothers and sisters than he has ever been able to count. Stephanie and Lorraine have fifteen first cousins!)

For the first few weeks, Tess Bendix was never out of blue jeans.

"You can't scrape and paint in good clothes," she said.

There was a month's work—for Tess and Bill and all the volunteer helpers the family could provide—just in scraping the dirty, dark brown stain off walls and woodwork.

Tess got used to shocked looks on the faces of callers who usually opened up with "I beg your pardon, could I speak with the lady of the house?"

One day Bill entertained an important writer out from New York to do an interview. Tess scraped busily away in the background hoping not to be noticed. Just as the writer was beginning to blink at Bill's success story, she says, her husband indicated the charwoman on her knees in the corner with an "Oh, by the way, I don't believe you've met Mrs. Bendix." That fixed that.
There’s a corner of California that will be forever Flatbush, and Bill owns it.

Tess got even later, after the visitor had gone. Bill had been standing around—“in his fancy pants,” she says—“supervising.”

“Oh, by the way, dear,” she said, mimicking his phrase of the morning, “I’ve saved a job for you. You can scrape the ceilings.”

When the gruesome dark paint was replaced with several coats of light colors—also by Tess and team— the place began to look a little more cheerful. So, Bill says, did Tess.

“She began to think she could do anything.”

With her sister Snooks’ help, she prepared the bathrooms. They made curtains for the whole house, a gargantuan job since Tess had exiled the Venetian blinds and they had to make glass curtains as well as drapes.

Mrs. Bendix is violently anti-Venetian blind.

“You live in California because it’s so beautiful outdoors,” she says. “Then you close out the view by putting wood slats all over the windows.”

Glass curtains come under her description of “American comfortable.” So do casual furniture in a pleasant mixture of French provincial and early American, lots of brass and copper ornaments, big squashy sofas and chairs, and tables you can put your feet on.

The massive brick fireplace which is the center of attention in the big living room was designed and built by Ted, one of Bill’s brothers-in-law. Another brother-in-law cut wood panels out of the entrance door and
substituted glass, letting in light along with the view. Tess herself made the rose-red valances and ruffled pillows for the beds in the master bedroom. She made one magnificent lamp-shade before she called it quits and decided glueing cloth over wire frames was a job which called for a professional. She designed all of the other lamp-shades—but had them made by a decorator.

All of this took a matter of months, during which the family lived happily in the middle of upheaval. Everyone would work until he was weary, then sit cross-legged on the living room floor and do justice to a farmhands' supper. One night Tess would make Bill's favorite Italian dinner—spaghetti with meat balls, salad, hot sour bread. Her sister, Snooks, made a triumphant pizza. Bill himself took a turn in the kitchen one night and came up with the most elaborate dinner of all—including home-made muffins.

"We didn't hire any servants until the house was done," Tess explained. "They couldn't have stood the mess."

While her mother was ripping out the insides of the big house, Lorraine—who had just graduated from Immaculate Heart Convent, and had time on her hands—was turning the three room (with kitchen and bath) pool-house into a teen-age girl's dream of heaven.

She did the whole thing herself—choosing dark green sofa and Scotch plaid chairs for the little living room—"plaid is so cheerful by a (Continued on page 70)
California letting quits forever, said, (Continued)

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After escaping from the decorators, Tess did things over in "American comfortable."
My Friend

The Allens, Mr. and Mrs. (Portland Hoffa).

When a radio comedian graduat
I don't remember when I met Fred Allen. Or if I met him.

A show business acquaintance is a queer phenomenon. You see a guy around town—on the street, in those handy-to-the-studio restaurants, in the barber shop.

Pretty soon it's Hiya, Fred! and Hiya, Abe! (the barber slipped him the information that the fellow with the bald head is Abe Burrows, head writer on Duffy's Tavern.)

Next week, likely as not, you do a hunk of work together, then you're having dinner together. You've known one another for years. You're pals.

Like most of Fred's friends, I started out by being his big fan. When I was beginning in radio—another one of those anonymous joke mills on another one of those nine-man writing "teams"—I made up for the size of my pay check and the fact that the comedian didn't know my last name (I get even now by forgetting his) with the size of my ambition. One day, I kept telling my wife (who was the only person who would listen), I was going to write for radio in the Allen manner, using the daily newspapers rather than the joke files as source material, giving the comedian an opinion, a point of view.

Fred was the only comic in those days who dared to be himself on the air; Henry Morgan hadn't been heard of.

When I went to work for Ed Gardner on Duffy's, Ed encouraged me to experiment with topical stuff. He was an Allen fan, too, so he went along with my notion that he—like Allen, I told him—was funniest when he was strictly himself. Archie, as he evolved, is Ed Gardner—with highlights. His humor is pretty much the same whether you hear it in the Sixth Avenue delicatessen or over the air. It hadn't occurred to me then—this was in 1942—that I might one day move over into the performers' bracket myself. Letting Gardner be himself out there in front of all those people was frightening enough. I was satisfied to be writing the kind of stuff I thought was funny.

Then one day I found myself with a show to write for Fred Allen. The Head Man of what I had begun to think of even then as a new and good school of radio humor.

The Big Chance, as they say on the soap operas. Fred had agreed—by long distance telephone—to guest on the first Duffy's show after our move to New York. He worried, vocally, about the script—how, with the Master in New York and the Duffy's crew en route east on the train—could everybody get together to write a show?

"Don't worry about the script," said Ed, who was feeling pretty comfortable by now with his writing staff, "Abe and the boys will knock it out on the way."

Allen, muttering something about how any group of guys referred to as somebody's "boys" were pretty sure to turn out a stinker, and how he supposed this meant he would have to stay up all night after the preview and fix up the script, hung up on a dour note.

Challenged, we worked like little beavers all the way—not looking out the windows once to admire the Texas flatlands, or the first green midwestern farms.

We polished each line with a coat of self-rubbing wax.

The preview went on before an audience, with Allen shaking his head in stern disapproval, about two minutes after we left Grand Central Station.

And it mopped up. They loved it. So the all-night re-writing session Fred had anticipated turned out to be fifteen minutes with the scissors.

Allen, whose rare compliments are more barbed than his insults, shoved back his chair and yawned. In my face.

"What do we do now?" he asked. "All beat hell out of Abe?"

What we all did was to hurry on down to the Sixth Avenue delicatessen for hot pastrami on rye.

The Hiyas in the halls were more cordial after that, and I moved up a notch with Allen, from the
My Friend FRED ALLEN

When a radio comedian graduates into the ranks of American humorists, even his good friends begin to talk about him

By Abe Burrows

I DON'T remember when I met Fred Allen. Or if I met him.

A show business acquaintance is a queer phenomenon. You see a guy around town—on the street, in those handy-to-the-studio restaurants, in the barber shop.

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My Friend FRED ALLEN

fan club to the more rarefied circle of people who knew at exactly what time Fred will hoist himself up at the counter of the Radio City drug store for his habitual pre-show tomato soup with buttered crackers and two dishes of vanilla ice cream, and who, knowing, are privileged to come along, if they wish. Nobody is ever invited to join Fred anywhere. You’re just admitted.

Socially, our relationship warmed up in the summer of 1943 when Archie and company came west to invade the movies and Fred was in Hollywood as well, doing “Love Thy Neighbor.”

There was always a gang at my house on Sunday nights in those days. I was trying out on my friends some of the “type” songs which anybody who wants to can hear now on the radio (CBS, Saturday nights, advt.). Anybody who could stand to hear “The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes” again was welcome. And anybody who had something of his own to try out could “go on” if he had strength enough to shove me off the piano bench.

It was fun. Frank Loesser was around a lot. We heard “They’re Either Too Young or Too Old,” “He Puts the Accent Upon the Wrong Syllable” and a lot of other strictly Loesser songs before they went to the publishers. Betty Comdon, Adolph Green and Judy Holliday, then a night club act called the Revuers—were regulars. So was Millie de Lugg.

On one of those Sunday nights Fred phoned.

He had heard, he said, that “Burrows had a corner on all of the entertainment in Hollywood.”

It wouldn’t be as good as getting back to New York, where a guy and his wife could see a show after the Sunday night spaghetti with clam sauce, he indicated, but if we didn’t mind, he and Porty would stroll over.

“Stroll?” After all, the apartment house where they were camping for the summer was twenty blocks away.

“I’ll come and get you,” I said, the eager beaver.

“Nonsense,” said Fred. “Walking is the one thing you can do in New York that you can do out here. We’ll walk.”

So they walked.

Fred came in grousing.

California, he opined, was a mighty fine place if you happened to be an orange.

As for the Allen, they’d take—

They’d sit down and shut up, everybody shouted and the show went on.

Whatever else Allen is, he is a great audience, warm and appreciative. He liked the songs, the crazy, off-center skits we dreamed up—and, because this thing is always a two-way street—we were all funnier because Fred was entertained.

He and Porty came nearly every Sunday after that, and so did a lot of other people who were beginning to hear reports—chiefly from Fred—of what went on at the Burrows’. Fred never moved into the act himself, although, if you happened to be listening, there

was always a moment in the evening when the stuff would begin to come out in those Allen curves.

The next winter when all of us were back in New York, Frank and Lynn Loesser went out deliberately and rented an apartment with a living room big enough for a convention to house the new capacity Sunday night business.

It occurred to Portland later that she might have asked the mob to their apartment. “But nobody ever comes to our house,” she complained in that moonstruck voice. “We ought to close the living room.”

As the season wore on, the Sundays got noisier and noisier. All of the tenants in the Loessers’ apartment hotel tried to get the manager on the telephone to complain, but they couldn’t reach him—he was at the party. Loesser thinks of everything.

Loesser had thought even of selling his stuff by this time, and his private’s khaki uniforms were hand-tailored by Brooks Brothers. Most of our original cast were big names now. Betty Comdon and Adolph Green were a big hit on Broadway in “On the Town,” Judy Holliday ditto in “Born Yesterday.” Burrows was the last of the living room comics to go “pro.”

More and more pros fought for the best billing, next to closing, as the Sundays grew more and more fabulous. Marc Connolly, Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsey, Russell Crouse (Buck’s “M-O-T-H-E-R” with gestures will be hard to live down), Benay Ven-
Danny Kaye—everybody wanted to get into the act. We wore out a lot of piano benches that winter. And the Allens moved over on the warmers’ bench to make room for Dorothy Parker, the John Steinbecks, Leonard Lyons and Billy Rose, among others.

The Sunday night to end all Sunday nights took place the week after I left to go back to the Coast with Duffy’s Tavern.

Frank and Lynn nailed up large banners, “Abe Burrows Memorial Hall.” When the piano, which was draped in black, began to smoke along about four A.M., they all put through a long distance call to Hollywood, and I talked to everyone, buckling up with homesickness at about the time Fred complained over the wire that everybody missed “the Delicatessen Dwight Fiske.”

It was the first of the labels Fred pinned on me which stuck. When my daughter Laurie was born, Fred wrote her a long letter explaining that the “bald headed neurotic” hovering over her crib was her father and she might as well face it. He added in a P.S. “As of today, your share of the national debt is $8,766.42.”

The figure so appalled me that I quit Duffy’s for an abortive get-rich-quick stab at being a movie producer. I didn’t get rich. Neither did Paramount, on me.

When I saw Fred next, I was off on another whirl—this time writing and producing my own package radio show, Holiday and Company. The show needed a shot in the arm along about the (Continued on page 84)
In the season of valentines and old lace, some verses

Gentleman's Gift List
Radio Mirror's Prize Poem
To look at her you'd think she liked
Brown walking shoes,
Duck rendezvous,
A College-Credit-South-Sea-Cruise,
The way a lake plunge feels at dawn.
But the lady really likes
A small portrait of Mendelssohn.
To look at her you'd think she liked
A lullaby,
A clean blue sky,
A sad leaf's whispering goodbye.
But the lady really likes
Dance programs autographed in blood.
To look at her you'd think she liked
Jewels of weight,
A dinner date,
Frequent drinks of bichromate.
Steamer departures without tears.
But the lady really likes
Corduroy cats with velvet ears.
—Virgie Bernhardt

Afterthought
If Love is a tempest of tears and pain,
Remembering is a lulling rain.
If Love is a cyclone, undisciplined,
Remembering is a gentle wind.
If Love is a storm of uncertain bliss,
Remembering is a quiet kiss...
—Edith Grames Schay

Query
Is it because
The words you wrote
Combine to form
A lovely note
That, when I read them,
From their start
To finish, they
Sing in my heart?
—Elaine V. Emans

Consolation
If ever it must look as though
I've grown a grouch beyond repair;
If ever I have lost my glow
And don't seem quite so debonair
Or too much like the Romeo
You wed one tender yesteryear,
Don't let your heart be steeped in woe,
Don't over-fret, don't really care.
A man is bound at times, you know,
To get a little out of gear,
So take it lightly, let it go,
Don't feel too bad about it, dear...
It's not a Fate you need to curse
When, after all, I could be worse.
—S. H. Dewhurst

And Nothing Can Be Done About It
Since Eve, again and yet again,
Uncertainty we swim in,
Since ways of women puzzle men
—And women.
—Berton Braley
I Knew You Well

In some delightful ancient place,
Before the Caesars rose and fell—
In Athens, or at Samothrace
I think—I knew you very well.

We sat beneath the olive trees
And spoke of early Grecian lore,
Of myths and old philosophies—
Oh, I have talked with you before!

On some delightful ancient day,
Before the Caesars fought and bled,
We knew that all we had to say
Could not in one brief life be said.

We planned this meeting then, I know,
Seeking an oracle to foretell
The time and place . . . long, long ago
I knew you—oh, I knew you well!
—Eva Byron

They Live On the Plain

He loves the mountains; she loves the sea.
They dwell on the plain between.
She likes to play where the surf rolls in;
He, where the hills are green.

His dreams of the mountains, her dreams of the sea
Brighten the busy day
In their home on the plain, where sunlight and rain,
Moonlight and shadows play.
And what they would do, if their dreams came true,
Neither of them can say.

Though he loves the mountains, and
she loves the sea,
They cling to each other and want to be
Always together through sun and rain.
They live on the plain.
—Pryor Templeton Scott

By Ted Malone

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

Tongue In Cheek

Darling, I'm not hard to please;
I'll settle for little luxuries
Like flowers on every important day,
A mink coat, and my own way!
—May Richstone

Radio Mirror will pay $50 each month
for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month’s poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror’s Between the Bookends.
"Just about the time," says Alice, "that I'm congratulating myself on putting over a fast one, I find that the tables have been turned."

I HAVE two lovely children—Alice, aged five, and Phyllis, aged three—an Encino ranch home—and a broadcast to do every week for the Bandwagon show. Wouldn't you think that was enough problems for one woman? But, as every wife can tell you, it's only the beginning! Bringing up a husband is a career all in itself.

(And just about the time I'm congratulating myself I've put a fast one across and Phil is seeing the error of his ways—I find the tables have been turned—I've been out-maneuvered—and I'm left wondering who's bringing up whom.)

With my girls I can usually count on the arithmetic table, the Golden Rule, and patience seeing me through; but bringing up a husband is something no book can explain and no rule help out. It's strictly catch-as-catch-can and keeping your eyes wide open for traps. And do you know, Phil as you hear him on the Bandwagon show very much resembles the real Phil at home!

Take the other morning, for example.

Phil is anything but lazy, but lying in bed mornings is his idea of the natural way for a human being to live. He was orchestra leader, with his own band, at the Cocoanut Grove and the Wilshire Bowl in Los Angeles for so many years that to him the day never begins before noon and should always end at four a.m. Now that our hours are more normal ones, with the Bandwagon show and the Jack Benny show both early on Sunday evenings at the National Broadcasting Company studios, we can live the way I've always wanted to—like other people—

But it's hard to break a habit.

"Phil—" I call to him—"it's time to get up. Breakfast is ready."

Alice Faye and Phil Harris are heard on The Bandwagon, 7:30 Sunday nights, EST, on NBC stations.

One of those often-sought, seldom-found peaceful moments.
Raising two little girls presents no problem to Alice. But raising a husband—especially when in real life he closely resembles himself on the air—is something else again!

There's a slight stir from the bedroom. "Hmmmph? Oh, yeah, breakfast. Sure. Sure," he mumbles. Then there is silence again.

"No, Phil—you don't understand." I'm still being sweet and patient at this point. "Breakfast is on the table. The sun is shining. The birds are singing. Alice says you promised to mend her wagon this morning. And you said last night you wanted to paint Wanda's doghouse today. It's time to get up."

I peek in the bedroom door just in time to see him shudder. "Aw, honey—it's the middle of the night—only eight o'clock!"

"Phil!"

"Okay—okay, sugar. Be right out." And with that he flops over and buries his nose again in the pillow. I count up to ten.

"Do you want us to pretend (Continued on page 74)
Rosanne remembered that no wedding is complete without a penny in the bride's shoe.

This is a love story with a mind of its own. It

AND I used to think I'd wind up being nonchalant about weddings!" Roberta Roberts, of the Bride and Groom staff, had just witnessed her 507th broadcast of the program—but there she was, as shining-eyed with excitement as though the couple were the first newlyweds she had ever seen.

Her reaction is a familiar one around our studios. Probably that's because each Bride and Groom couple represents a completely new and different love story; and because of the interesting chain of events that has led to each couple's appearance on the program.

For instance, when Rosanne Wayt and Philip Bradford, of Denver, Colorado, were married recently, I asked them how they had happened to become the Bride and Groom of the day on our network broadcast. They grinned at each other, then Phil said, "I guess I started it; when I asked Rosanne if we couldn't avoid the stiff formality of the usual huge wedding. Our whole love affair had been such a swell, informal thing—I wanted our wedding to match."

Rosanne agreed; but that left them with the problem of guests. Each of them had so many friends and relatives, and a special reason for wanting all of them at the wedding. It
could have begun at a taffy-pull—but it waited to be airborne

was Rosanne’s mother who finally suggested a solution.

“We all listen to the Bride and Groom program,” she said. “Why not try to arrange your wedding there? You can keep it as informal as you wish; and still all your guests can ‘attend’—either by being at the broadcast studio, or by listening to the program on the air.”

So, a few days later, a letter arrived at the Bride and Groom offices, and . . . But wait; that’s getting ahead of our story. Way ahead, for it really started several years ago in the little town of Walsenburg, Colorado.

Rosanne was then at the ripe old age of six. Phil was nine, and definitely not interested. According to Rosanne, the most romantic thing he ever said to her at that time was “Oh jeepers, it’s that girl again!”

“I even had to have my Dad telephone Phil’s folks before he’d come to a taffy-pull I’d arranged just for him,” Rosanne laughed. “Of course, that didn’t help me any in convincing Phil I should be his best girl.”

The taffy-pull was the last social event they shared in childhood, for shortly afterward Phil and his family moved to Denver, while Rosanne’s family went to Los Angeles.

Completing high school at Hollywood High, then going
ND I used to think I'd wind up being nonchalant about weddings!” Roberta Roberts, of the Bride and Groom staff, had just witnessed her 50th broadcast of the program—but there she was, as shining-eyed with excitement as though the couple were the first newlyweds she had ever seen.

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After the ceremony, John Nelson presents the good wishes of the audience to Mr. and Mrs. Bradford.

Out by a side door, and away! Bride and Groom in the clouds

Like all Bride and Groom weddings, the ceremony itself, in Chapman Park Chapel, was completely private.

Through a period of clerical work in a bank, Rosanne finally completed training as operator of airport signal-towers, and was assigned to an air-field in Denver.

Life at the airport was pleasant and informal, and soon she knew almost everyone who flew regularly at the field. But there was one who was only a voice to her. Each day his plane would circle the tower, and Rosanne would hear his call, "Denver Tower . . . Denver Tower. Cesna two-five-six to tower. Landing instructions, please."

Phil—for it was Phil—still remembers how thrilled he was the first time he heard Rosanne's unusually low and clear voice saying: "Tower to Cesna two-five-six—clear to land. Use Runway Twenty-Four. Wind zero to four."

"Pretty hard to get romantic over words as prosaic as that," Phil admits, "but somehow I managed. It got so that the big moment of the day was hearing that sweet-'n-low voice from the tower."

Fliers aren't exactly a bashful group, so it didn't take Phil long to wangle an introduction to Rosanne. "When I met her," he says, "I was so busy looking at the cutest gal I'd ever seen that I didn't pay much attention to her name."

But Phil's name reminded Rosanne—reminded her of things like the nine year old boy who had no time for girls . . . the reluctant guest at the taffy pull. So she waited until Phil finished his fervent assurances that the "Voice in the Tower" should become the best of friends.
with the "Voice from the Plane," then she said: "But think how I'd feel—having you turn to your friends and say: 'Jeepers, it's that girl again!"

The good-looking young flier insists that Rosanne more than got even with him for those taffy-pull days. "Imagine meeting the one gal that clicks with every dream you ever had, and then having to spend time making excuses for the way you acted when you were nine years old!"

The grade-school background helped in one way, though—there couldn't be any excuse of "But we're not properly introduced." Their first date—at one of Denver's dining and dancing spots—proved to be only the start of a long series of dates.

They had one enthusiastic interest in common—flying. Phil was far more advanced than Rosanne—at the time they were married, he had a total of 170 hours flying time (needing only 20 hours more to qualify as a commercial pilot), while Rosanne had six and a half hours solo. "But we were equal in our enthusiasm for flying," Rosanne said. "There's something about being up there, with the sky clear and the wind just right, that fits into all the thoughts you have when you're falling in love."

And they were falling in love. Or rather, Phil was already head-over-heels in love; and Rosanne was beginning to admit that the young flier with coal black hair and dark brown eyes was becoming a very (Continued on page 102)
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Dear Papa David:

As a child I was one of a group of several little girls. Jessie was the daughter of the town’s favorite barber, a Negro who was liked and respected by everyone. Often, after school when the “gang” trailed home with Jessie, Jessie’s mama would give us all thick slices of her delicious home-made bread, spread generously with butter and jelly or brown sugar. Other times it would be Ida’s mother or mine or Signe’s who fed us when we were hungry after our struggles with readin’, ritin’ and ‘rithmetic. Ida’s father was the junk man. She and I were special pals and always exchanged presents at Christmas and Yom Kippur. Signe’s father was the Swedish ice-man. My father was the Chief of Police. Another of the gang was the daughter of the Salvation Army Captain and another the daughter of the Episcopalian minister. Surely a cosmopolitan group for a small town.

We all played together in the happy way of children who have not yet learned that in some places Jews and Negroes and Catholics are people set apart. We quarreled and made up, fought for each other, helped one another without any thought of such facts as a difference in the color of our skins or the religions of our parents.

My first knowledge that this was not the universal understanding came when I was ten years old. Harriet, one of the ‘gang’ died during a diphtheria epidemic. She was a sweet, lovable child and we were all grief-stricken.

One of our Catholic schoolmates remarked: “It’s too bad Harriet will have to burn in Hell.”

I was horrified. “How can you dare to say such a thing, Maggie?” I cried.

“Well,” Maggie answered defiantly, “it’s so. My mother said so. Harriet’s father’s the Episcopalian minister and she’s Episcopalian, too. Only people that are baptized can go to heaven.”

I ran home to my mother, sobbing brokenheartedly. If Harriet couldn’t go to Heaven I, who was a Catholic, didn’t want to go there, either. I was too distressed to realize that Episcopalians are baptized too.

But Mother, a truly devout, good woman, soothed my tears. She explained to me that in each one’s heart is the essence of Faith and love of God and that God will extend His welcome
Ask a child: Do you choose your friends on a basis of race, or creed, or color? Listen carefully to the answer . . .

to all who believe in Him and worship Him. That lesson I have never forgotten.
Through the years we have drifted apart. Ida, the daughter of a Jewish junk man, was a heroine of the first World War. A member of the Army Nurse Corps, she gave her life for "democracy," Helen, the daughter of the Salvation Army Captain, was with her when she died. Helen served as a Salvation Army Lassie. I am still able to rejoice in hearing Jessie's lovely voice over the radio. I know life wasn't always easy for her after she grew up and left our little "Utopia." But I know, too, that her memories of "our gang" helped to soften the blows she had to take and reminded her that some day, when others have learned our creed, life will be beautiful.

Mrs. A. J. G.

The letters that follow have earned ten-dollar checks.

IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

Dear Papa David:

During the darkest days of the depression when we had lost our home, my husband had no job—only once in a great while a day's work at starvation wages—life looked anything but beautiful. We were living in a shack with no water, electricity or anything that makes for gracious living. Indeed the only bright spot was our two precious daughters, ages three and six. In spite of my love for them I suffered heartache because I knew we couldn't give them all the milk, oranges and other foods they needed.

Perhaps one of the worst times was at the approach of Christmas. Baby Sue had her heart set on a Shirley Temple doll, and as the smallest of them cost around five dollars she might as well have asked for the man in the moon. We just didn't have five dollars and had no way to get it.

One day I took her on my lap and patiently explained that Santa Claus didn't have very much money and a Shirley Temple doll cost an awful lot. Since Santa had so many little girls and boys he just couldn't bring the doll. Her little chin quivered but she didn't say anything, only sat quietly for a little while. Then she slipped off my lap and went into the bedroom. I was relieved, but when (Continued on page 94)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bissy and Don Becker, can be heard Monday through Friday on your local NBC station, at 12 Noon, PST; 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST.
This could be one of those “People laughed when . . .” stories, the before and after episodes which always are turning up in advertisements.

People always used to laugh when they just heard my name. I would walk into a group of strangers, a perfectly normal looking girl, and somebody would say “Miss Onnie Whizin, everybody” . . . and the strangers would fall down dying.

Nobody would have a name like that.

But that was before I began my job as assistant to the producer of the Jimmy Durante radio show, which embraces the all too unlikely title of “private secretary to Mr. Durante.”

Nobody laughs when I am introduced any more. That Jimmy Durante would have a secretary with a name like Onnie Whizin—or Shmanie Pizzin or whatever—seems to be the consensus of opinion.

One man I met put his impression in words: “Her name is probably Annie,” he said, “and Jimmy just can’t pronounce it.”

He was perfectly right, about the first part at least. I grew up with the handle of Onnie because my mother, an Englishwoman with a persistent accent, couldn’t convince the registrar of births in our home town that a name which sounded like “AAnnie” began with anything but an “O.”

So I grew up Onnie. And if the fact has anything to do with my ultimate arrival on the staff of the Jimmy Durante show then I say thank heaven for that registrar who pioneered in the field of phonetic spelling.

If he were still around he probably would be competing for my job—it takes a phonetic speller to take Jimmy Durante’s dictation.

When Jimmy writes Peggy Lee that she looked awfully pretty at the broadcast last night, I’d better darn well spell it “pulchrimoodinous”—that’s the way he says it, and that’s the way he wants to see it typed out. (Peggy is the vocalist on Jimmy’s show this season, while Arthur Treacher plays—more or less—his butler.)
A mixture both sweet
and zany, Durante. When
you work for him, you
can't help catching it!

By
Onnie Whizin

Which is just one of the things
which makes my job fascinating. It's
a crazy job, but I'm crazy about it.
My unlikely job makes me an
object of envy, as a matter of fact—
which was certainly not my experi-
ence with my unlikely name. In
both of my social circles, among my
newer friends of show business, and
the old stand-bys who live in what
I like to think of as the real world,
I'm considered a very lucky kid.
As my boss would put it, every-
body—"the people with the ulcers,
and the people in the houses"—
would like an off-stage seat for the
Durante show.
I've been a little cynical hereto-
fore about the envy of my non-
professional acquaintances, and re-
Whether the show is for money, for fun or for free, it'll get everything Durante can give it.

No matter how routine the lyric, it emerges as something rich and strange after it's been Durante-ized

plied to their queries about the glamor and excitement and gaiety of my various radio jobs with a sour “What's glamorous about it?”

Is it glamorous to come in from work at eight o’clock in the morning, just in time to see your husband off to his office, and your daughter off to school?

Is it exciting to work all the day and half the night?

Is it fun to interrupt a vacation to make talent changes, or a bridge game to revise script?

All the answers came back “yes,” of course, and I must have agreed or I shouldn't have gone on doing it. Nobody with a long, black whip stood over me demanding that I give up everything for Abbott and Costello, or Danny Kaye.

But when, with my transfer to the Durante show, my friends with the ulcers began to make covetous comments I knew I had a really good job at
last, a job worth—well, worth getting an ulcer for.

It's Jimmy himself who makes all the difference—he is so sweet, so really, basically, good and kind.

In a year and a half I have never known him to do a mean or spiteful thing, and the only bad thing I have ever heard him say about anyone was once when he blew off with "Why, I've got more brains in my whole head than he's got in his little finger!"

Working for Jimmy has a little of the quality of the "mad, mad Hollywood" which inlanders have imagined is general in this essentially working, sweating, manufacturing (manufacturing laughs is still manufacturing) town.

My hours are as elastic as Jimmy's schedule, and he has never been known to have a meal at a regular hour or go to sleep or get up at a regular hour in his life.  
(Continued on page 98)
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My hours are as elastic as Jimmy's schedule, and he has never been known to have a meal at a regular hour or go to sleep or get up at a regular hour in his life.  (Continued on page 93)
When the Let's Pretenders go into action on the air, the general effect is quite different from the fantasy created by the remainder of the pictures on these pages. But just so is the imagination of the listening child different from humdrum everyday life!

NILA MACK

DEAREST of all games to the hearts of most children is the game which begins when one of them suggests, "Let's pretend that—" and follows it with a flight of fancy such as only a child can produce.

Once upon a time there was an actress named Nila Mack, who loved and understood children, and who felt that there was a great need for a really good radio program for them—one which would follow the pattern set by their own play. That's how the CBS program Let's Pretend came into being. And because it is a program for children, by children, and one which children can understand and appreciate, Let's Pretend has remained on the air for its legion of loyal listeners while many another children's program has bowed in and bowed out again. (Among those loyal listeners, by the way, are numbered many adults, but that is beside the point. Nila Mack's adaptations of fairy stories are for the youngsters, and adults are welcome only if they will not destroy the precious illusion!)

Let's Pretend is heard Saturday mornings at 11:05, EST, over CBS stations.

3. And the miller's daughter became a queen! She forgot her heedless promise, but later, when her son was born, she remembered—and so did the little man. Frightened, she told the baby's nurse that she had but three days to guess her benefactor's name, or she must forfeit her dearest possession!
1. Once upon a time, in a land far away, there dwelt a King whose kingdom needed both a Queen and a great deal of money to pay its debts. The King advertised far and wide for a rich wife. One day there came a miller with his beautiful daughter. The girl, said her father, could spin flax into solid gold!

2. The King bade her do so at once. The miller's pretty daughter was frightened, for her father had told a lie. But there came to her a funny little man who promised to spin the flax to gold for her if she would promise, in exchange, to give him her first-born child. Sure enough, flax turned to gold—

4. Hastily, the nurse dispatched messengers to all parts of the kingdom to collect every odd name they could find. But none was the right one, and the end of the third day was at hand, when a rider overheard a little man chanting “Little deems my royal dame that Rumpelstiltskin is my name!” The rider hastened—

5. —to the castle, to tell the queen his good news. That night, when the little man appeared to claim the prince, the queen triumphantly told him, “Your name is Rumpelstiltskin!” With a roar of anger the little man disappeared through the floor, never to be seen again, and the infant prince was saved!
The Story of Rumpelstiltskin

1. Once upon a time, in a land far away, there dwelt a King whose kingdom needed both a Queen and a great deal of money to pay its debts. The King advertised far and wide for a rich wife. One day there came a Miller with his beautiful daughter. The girl, said her father, could spin flax into solid gold!

2. The King hailed her do so at once. The Miller’s pretty daughter was frightened, her father had told a lie. But there came to her a funny little man who promised to spin the flax to gold for her if she would promise, in exchange, to give him her first-born child. Sure enough, flax turned to gold—

3. And the Miller’s daughter became a Queen. She forgot her heedless promise, but later, when her son was born, she remembered—and so did the little man. Frightened, she told the baby’s name that she had but three days to guess her benefactor’s name, or she must forfeit her dearest possession!

4. Hastily, the nurse dispatched messengers to all parts of the kingdom to collect every odd name they could find. But none was the right one, and the end of the third day was at hand, when a rider overheard a little man chanting, “Little donkey my royal dame that Rumpelstiltskin is my name!” The rider hurried—

5. to the castle, to tell the Queen his good news. That night, when the little man appeared to claim the prince, the Queen triumphantly told him, “Your name is Rumpelstiltskin!” With a tear of anger the little man disappeared through the floor, never to be seen again, and the infant prince was saved!
By MARY SHIPP

TO TELL the truth, I knew it before he did. I mean, I was in love with him before he was in love with me. Quite a while before. Anyone who has been through this sleepless-nights experience knows that it isn't fun.

Ours was what you might call a “problem” romance. In order to solve the problem, I had to use the feminine wiles, all of them—play hard to get, make believe I felt one way when, actually, I felt another, in order to break down his resistance. (If he were not now my husband I probably wouldn't, a girl having her pride, be quite so frank about it!) Not his resistance to me—he did fall in love with me—but to the idea of marriage against which he had stubbornly set himself.

He was young. He was very ambitious. He was very career-minded. He was—or so he believed—a free soul.

Almost from the beginning, he made it very clear that he did not intend to get married—not for years—at any rate; not, at least, until he was thirty-five.

He was then twenty-six. But he was also very attractive, in something of the way that Cary Grant is attractive—dark hair, dark eyes, dark skin, tall, very slender—the perfect contrast with my light tan hair, blue eyes, wide cheek-bones. And—I fell in love with him. And then, later, he fell in love with me. And then . . .

It wasn't all fun, our romance, by any manner of means. Sometimes, it was a thing of scenes and storms and goodbyes and reconciliations that were little more than prelimudes to further scenes and storms and goodbyes . . . it was a veritable Gotterdammerung of a romance!

And it began, so matter-of-factly, in Studio B, in the Mutual Building in Hollywood. Harry, who had been producing the Lone Ranger program in (Continued on page 85)
Jack Carson, Eve Arden—Mr. and Mrs. Average American—on Carson with Arden, heard Thursday 9:30 P.M. EST, on NBC. This episode in their Average American life was written especially for Radio Mirror.
understand Women

By IRIS NOBLE

JAKE SMITH thinks of himself—always has—as the Average American Man. And so he is. It's very likely that if you added up all the men in this country and divided by the number of the male population, Jake Smith would be your answer. He has a job working behind the soda-and-quick-lunch counter at Anderson's Super-Drugstore, than which a more typical place of business could not be found, in an average American town. Typical of wives in general is Jake's Mary—well, something above average in looks Jake thinks, with an I-can-pick-'em complacency that places him more than ever in the Average Man category. He has a run of the mill home life in an ordinary home—in which incidents like the following are likely to occur, whether it be Jake Smith's house, or the house in the next block, or even your own:

Being the Average American Man, Jake has, of course, often been heard to complain that nobody can ever expect to understand women, although he will, at the drop of a hat, explain often and loudly exactly what's wrong with them. This, as can be easily seen, often leads to a Typical Incident, especially when two average men like Jake and his friend, Joe Dibble, get together at an evening. The subject turns to women; some pretty fancy philosophy is likely to result, some very sage observations, a few exceedingly clever witticisms—all of them, according to Mary, so much hooey and nothing more. The average reaction of the average woman, of course.

Take, for example, one particular day. Jake was late getting home, and Mary was waiting for him at the door.

"Jake, you're late again. This is the fourth time this week!"

"Aw, honey—why can't women ever understand about a man's work? You know how it is with me. I don't just give the store my eight hours—I give it my soul! My experiments are going to put the Anderson Super-Drugstore's soda-fountain on the map, someday. Look... does Einstein get heck from his little woman when he gets home late from his experiments?"

"And what's Einstein got in common with you?"

Jake drew himself up proudly. "It's science, that's what we got in common. I'm working right now on a double banana, one scoop tutti-frutti, two-scoop pistachio, with four cherries on top. You just try balancing four cherries..."

But Mary wasn't listening. She had caught sight of the box underneath his arm.

"Oh, Jake—for me? Flowers? Then you didn't forget!"

Backing away, he clutched the box tighter, stuttering a little as he tried to think of something to say. "F-flowers? But, Mary—"

"Don't you remember? Ten years ago this very day I came into Anderson's for the first time and sat on that end stool—you know—the one we called ours—and you leaned over the counter and said—"

"... what'llitbe, vanillachocolate or strawberry. Yeah." Jake sighed tenderly and for a moment he regarded his wife with nostalgic fondness. Then he quickly recovered. "No, I don't remember. You women and your sentimental nonsense! I brought you flowers last week, on the anniversary of the first time you managed to eat two banana splits. That was love, that was. No, this is for me and Joe Dibble. It's a jigsaw puzzle we're going to work together tonight."

"Jake Smith, are they coming over again tonight? You know I told you Margie Dibble got a new dress the other day and she's bound to wear it over here and I'll have to say something nice about it and, really, where she manages to pick up those awful clothes—"

"There you go. It's the same thing all day long. Women come into the store and gush all over each other—but just let one woman have to leave early and you should see the others tear into her. You dames are just plain hypocrites. Now, take men—"

"You take them... I've got to warm up the dinner."

The Dibles, Joe and Margie, arrived shortly after eight. And, sure enough, Margie Dibble was resplendent in new and shiny taffeta.

"It's just too sweet for words. Just suits you!"

If Mary choked over her words, she gave no sign. She was the perfect hostess in her admiration.

"Oh, this old thing! It's just something I picked up at a sale. But you're looking wonderful—you get younger-looking every day, (Continued on page 71)

Like all men, Jake says you can never tell about women—but he can tell you what's wrong with 'em!
IN LIVING PORTRAITS

The SECOND MRS.

The story of Stanley and Terry Burton, and a town

TERRY BURTON faces with charm and intelligence a very difficult situation: she is the second wife of a small-town business man whose first wife remains a family friend. But, adored by her husband and the son of his first marriage, and beginning to capitalize on her designing talent, Terry is finding her place in Dickston life. (Played by Patsy Campbell.)

STAN BURTON is deeply in love with his second wife. But while the first Mrs. Burton remains in Dickston, and while their son BRADLEY must shuttle between her home and his father's, Stan is insecure. For Marian is a sharp, self-seeking woman who makes her influence felt even in Stan's business. (Stan is Dwight Weist; Brad, Ben Cooper.)
that may be a friend—or an enemy
LILLIAN ANDERSON is one of the few friends remaining to Marian. For the sake of the years they’ve known one another, Lillian has tried, with no success, to help Marian straighten out her thinking. (Played by Elspeth Eric)

MRS. MILLER has the heart and soul of a neighbor, in the best old meaning of the word. And fortunately she is neighbor to a family that knows how to value her: Stan and Terry Burton. Friendly, calm, wise, Mrs. Miller has eased many a turbulent hour, and pointed out many a pitfall, to the less experienced Terry. (Played by Doris Rich)

MARIAN SULLIVAN, divorced from Stanley Burton, found no happiness in her second marriage either. A woman of confused standards and desires, intensely possessive, Marian uses her son Brad and every other possible device to remain a disruptive factor in Stan’s life—the new life he is working out with Terry. (Played by Cathleen Cordell)

Hear The Second Mrs. Burton daily, Monday Through Friday, at 2:00 P.M. EST, on your local Columbia Broadcasting System station
JIM ANDERSON, Lillian's husband, knows he's lucky. He loves his wife, has a happy home, a successful business. Jim is content with life, and rather surprised at people who, like Marian, can make such a mess of it. (Played by King Calder)

GREG MARTIN is something Marian wants—and he knows it. Glamorous in her eyes because of his achievement as a playwright, he is also very attractive to her as a man. But the sophisticated Greg is more than a match for Marian. He recognizes, and very skillfully eludes, all of her attempts to make a possession of him. (Played by Alex Scourby)
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A LONG about this time of the year I find myself thinking that an oven-cooked dinner is just about the nicest thing that can happen to anyone. It is a nostalgic thought, rooted in childhood memories of winter when a bright cheerful kitchen filled with enticing aromas from the oven could make one forget completely the wind and sleet-filled world outside. It all seemed simple to me then, delicious dinners popping as of their own volition out of the oven and onto the table, and it wasn't until later, when I began to be interested in kitchen efficiency, that I realized how much thought and planning go into making sure that everything is ready at one and the same time. It is a matter of temperature, of course, selecting recipes that specify the same heat during cooking, and this month's menus have been planned so that when you set your oven temperature at the beginning of preparation, whether that temperature is high or low, you will not need to adjust it again.

Barbecued Spareribs Oven Dinner

Barbecued Spareribs*
Oven Hashed Potatoes
Graham Bread
Hot Molasses Squares with Whipped Cream*
Coffee

BARBECUED SPARERIBS*

3 pounds spareribs
2 tablespoons fat
1 small onion, sliced
1/2 cup chilli sauce
1 1/2 cups water
3/4 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon salt
3/4 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon Worstershire sauce
1/4 cup brown sugar

Have spareribs cut into serving portions. Place in shallow baking pan. Melt fat, add onion and cook until golden brown. Add remaining ingredients and simmer for 5 minutes. Pour over spareribs and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 1/2 hours, basting several times during baking period. Makes 6 servings.

Barbecued Honey Butter Spareribs

Preparation, 1 hour, 20 minutes; Baking, 1 1/2 hours; Cooking, 1 hour, 45 minutes

2 1/2 pounds spareribs
2 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons butter

Cut spareribs into 2 or 3 parts. In a 12-by-15-inch baking pan, combine honey and butter; score each part of spareribs, insert a skewer, and place each skewered part across a piece of butter and honey mixture. Place pan in a 325° F. oven, and bake 1 1/2 hours or until tender.

Spareribs, squash and molasses squares make one menu—and there are many others—that can be planned to come out of the oven all at once.

By

KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, on stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System

BAKED ACORN SQUASH

2 large acorn squash
water
2 tablespoons butter or margarine melted
2 teaspoons sugar
3/4 teaspoon nutmeg

Cut squash lengthwise into 3 pieces, remove seeds and pulp and place in kettle with small quantity of water. Cover tightly and cook for 30 minutes. Drain, place in baking dish and brush with melted butter. Mix together sugar and nutmeg and sprinkle on top of squash. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until tender, about 45 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Oven Hashed Potatoes

Use cooked potatoes, cut them into small pieces, place in baking dish, dot liberally with bacon fat and season to taste with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until nicely browned, about 30 minutes.

HOT MOLASSES SQUARES

1 cup sifted enriched flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
3/4 teaspoon baking soda
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
3/4 cup shortening
3/4 cup sugar
2/3 cup molasses
1 egg slightly beaten
1/2 cup sour milk

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices. Cream shortening thoroughly and beat in sugar. Stir in molasses and egg. Add dry ingredients alternately with sour milk, beating just enough to mix well. Pour into greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in 350 degree oven for about 30 minutes. Cut while warm; serve with whipped cream. Serves 6. (Continued on page 105)
Flowers for Mrs. Melanchek

FROM THE LIFE OF
BIG SISTER

BY HELEN CHRISTY HARRIS
VENING in Glen Falls. The streets quiet, shadows gathering in the square in front of the courthouse.

In the deserted reception room of the house she shared with Dr. Carvell, Ruth Wayne sat at her desk, writing a letter. The letter was to her husband, John, in New York City, and it was the first she had written him in a long time.

In fact, she was so worried that when Dr. Carvell poked his head out of his office door to wonder aloud why she was still at her desk, she asked if she might read the letter to him:

Dear John,

This is in answer to your unexpected but very welcome letter of last week. I can't tell you how pleased and excited I am that you've decided to see Dr. Foster. As you know, I met him when I was in New York, and I have greatest confidence in his being able to help you. I am extremely anxious to learn how things are going, but I will be patient, as I am sure you will be. You know that the earliest stages of analysis are the most difficult, that this is the time when the patient fights hardest, is least convinced of the value of what he is doing——

She raised troubled eyes from the page.

"What do you think, Dr. Carvell? Does it sound as if I were—well, pleading with him . . . asking him to go through with the analysis for my sake as well as his?"

The doctor's disciplined, middle-aged features softened.

"Sound as if you want him back, you mean?"

"Well—yes."

"You do want him back, don't you?"

"Yes—"

"Then why be ashamed of it?" he asked. "Why try and conceal it? After all——" It was then that the doorbell rang.

Ruth rose quickly, glad suddenly of an excuse not to talk about John. "I'll get it, Dr. Carvell——"

"Nonsense," he said. "You stay here, finish your letter. That's much more important."

She turned to her desk, but only to stare at the sentences, testing them in her mind, trying to think how they would sound to John. Richard is well. He's had a good summer, but is looking forward to the opening of school. Flat, luke-warm words—to write about Richard, her son and John's! And—Neddie has been doing very well at the garage. He and Hope have got together again. For almost the first time since they were married, I really think they have a chance at making a go of it. That told nothing, either. Nothing of her deep affection for her brother, and her concern when his strange, intense young wife had become for a time interested in Frank Wayne, John's own older brother.

Miss John? Want him back? Oh, yes—but she couldn't say it, couldn't let herself even hint it. Because when your husband has lost his faith in himself as a doctor, as a man, and will not let you help, there's a hurt so deep that your only protection against it is pride. Her mind understood his leaving, but her heart—John had left her to go to New York to "find himself" he'd said. His very words.

She became aware of voices from the other room—Dr. Carvell's deep one, and another, old, pinched, with a faint foreign accent. And then Dr. Carvell was calling her. "Ruth——"

"Coming," she answered, and thrust the letter into her desk drawer.

The old woman turned as she came in. When she saw Ruth, something—hope, eagerness—faded from her face; then it lighted again, in recognition. "Hello, Lady," she said.

Ruth smiled back at her. It was impossible not to like her on sight—a square-set little body, shapeless in its nondescript clothes, thin and wasted with age. The face too was square, and thin and tired—all but the eyes. They were alive, bright, searching.

"I know you," said Ruth. "At least, I saw you in the Park yesterday. You were sitting there, right opposite the Court House—"

"Park? Oh, ye Legal park. When I young girl, I work all day, never get tired. Now I get tired. I sit on park, rest. And I think maybe I see her——"

"This is Mrs. Melanchek, Ruth." Dr. Carvell broke in. "She's looking for a Mrs. Evans. We thought, since your name was Evans before you were married——"

The old woman shook her head vigorously. "I'm so sorry I make trouble, but—no. Name is Evans, yes. At least, I think. But other name is not Ruth. Is—Sophie."

"Sophie Evans?" Ruth repeated. "I don't think. . . . Have you tried the phone book?"

"I look. Is no there. But thank you, Lady. I already make so much trouble, I go——"

"Do you feel all right?" asked Dr. Carvell, and something in his tone made Ruth see how frail the old body was.

"Feel? Oh, sure, Doctor. I feel all right. And when I find Sophie, I feel wonderful!"

"Are you sure?" said Ruth. "Wouldn't you like to sit down and rest for a while?——"

"No. I make big mistake and much trouble. I don't want to make trouble for you. Only find Sophie. But don't worry—somewhere I find her. And I thank you a hundred times. Goodbye and God bless!"

The door closed behind her.

"Poor old soul," said Ruth. "I wish she'd stayed. She doesn't look well. I remember her so clearly, sitting there in the park. Studying everybody as they went by, waiting. Who is this Sophie she's looking for? What does she want with her?"

Dr. Carvell was staring at the closed door and frowning. "I don't know. And we probably never will know. It happens like that sometimes. A snatch of conversation in the street that puzzles you, bothers you. You want to hear more, know more, but—that's the end of it."

But it wasn't the end. Mrs. Melanchek called again the next day, and this time Reed Bannister was in the office with Ruth. He was waiting while Dr. Carvell dressed to attend a staff meeting at the county hospital, at which Reed was to read a paper.

He was glad to be with Ruth in the pleasant reception room at Dr. Carvell's; glad to see her face, too often sober since John had left, light with laughter as he teased her, about her compliments on his paper.

"If you think it's going to be so wonderful," he laughed. "Why don't you come along? We could probably smugly smell you in."

"I wish I could, Reed. But it's a little late to get anyone to stay with Richard." The doorbell rang, and she rose. "I'll go. Probably someone determined to see that you don't get to your meeting."

Instead, it was the little old woman with her hesitating
Please, Lady," she said to Ruth. "I feel so bad to bother you. I've just told you I'm Sophie Melanchek. I never even heard of her—nor of Mrs. Melanchek, either. Now will you please drop the whole thing?"

Ruth saw that it was no use. "Why, of course, Hope. Only—well, I guess I just must have been mistaken." She reached toward the tender bosom that had been mistaken. A half-thought nagged at her as she started homeward in the soft September dusk. Something Hope had said... Then she knew. She stood stock still, remembering. I'm not Sophie Melanchek! But—Ruth hadn't said that she was. The notion that Ruth herself hadn't known the missing Sophie's last name. Mrs. Melanchek hadn't mentioned it, had said only that it had been changed before her marriage. Perhaps it was a natural enough assumption on Hope's part, but still... She was mailing her letter to John the next morning—

the careful, lukewarm letter which was, after all, the best she'd been able to bring herself to write—when she saw the small, bent figure on the other side of the street. The mailbox clanged shut; Ruth darted into the traffic, emerged calling, "Mrs. Melanchek! Mrs. Melanchek!"

The old woman turned slowly, uncertainly, as if she didn't trust her own ears. "What? Oh, good morning, Mrs. Waymire!"

"A very nice morning," Ruth gasped. "I'd been hoping I'd see you again. I—" Mrs. Melanchek swayed. Ruth took her arm, guided her almost forcibly to Dr. Carvell's office. There she made tea and toast, saw that a little cold was coming into her guest's cheeks before she told her story.

"From your description of your Sophie yesterday," she said, "we—Dr. Bannister and I both thought that she might be my sister-in-law, Hope Evans.

Mrs. Melanchek wiped her eyes. "Well, that is—" Ruth intoned. "That's name—and she's married your brother?"

"That's what we thought. But I talked to her last night, told her about you—and she didn't know you. Her name was Melton before she was married—"

Mrs. Melanchek's voice failed. Her mouth worked. "If she's not known me, is can't be my Sophie. If you excuse, I go now—!" She rose, took an unsteady step toward the door. Alarmed, Ruth reached out to stop her.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Melanchek! Dr. Carvell will be down soon, and I'd like him to look at you—!"

But Mrs. Melanchek had fainted.

She protested violently when she awoke several hours later in the big, comfortable bed in one of the upstairs rooms. Mary Melanchek had never been sick a day in her life, she insisted. She'd run her little farm upstate near Northville, raised her orphaned granddaughter, Sophie, singlehanded. But after her daughter had died, she had a good heart, good lungs. Dr. Carvell needn't go poking things at her... Dr. Carvell thought otherwise. His face was grave as he and Ruth left the room.

"I'm not sure, Mrs. Melanchek," he said. "I... I'm not sure, said Ruth. "That might be a contributing factor, don't you think?"

No doubt about it. She has spiritual strength in Hopkins. No, it's not so much a physical—" he shook his head.

"I wonder, Dr. Carvell?" She broke off, thinking. Thinking of the snapshot in her desk drawer, one Neddie had taken of Hope and her sister-in-law, that had been taken shortly after they were married. It was an extraordinarily good, clear likeness. They showed it to Mrs. Melanchek later that afternoon, when office hours were over, and when Mrs. Melanchek hesitantly was rested, but not quite, as she held the snapshot, turned it this way and that, looked over her, her eyes, told nothing.

"This girl," she said finally, "your sister-in-law—she say she not know me?"

Hope swallowed. Her heart suddenly pounding with fear. "Well—yes. But I had an idea—"

Mrs. Melanchek held up the snapshot. "You take. Nice, pretty girl. But—not so pretty as my Sophie. No."

"Are you sure?" Ruth asked. "Mrs. Melanchek, what are you doing?"

Mrs. Melanchek turned and held the covers, swung her legs over the side of the bed.
"I get dressed. I go now. I feel ashamed, so much trouble I make you."

"But—"

"It's all right, Ruth," said Dr. Carvell quietly. "Let her try."

Mrs. Melanchek smiled approvingly. "Oh, thanks, Doctor. You first doctor I ever know who's—"

She sank back and was staring blankly at her legs. "What—that's matter with me? I can no get up—So weak—"

Dr. Carvell's voice was very gentle. "Now do you realize you're sick? You're not to worry about it—Mrs. Wayne and I will take care of you. She'll stay with you while I go downstairs and have some medicine made up."

"That's good man, that doctor," said Mrs. Melanchek, looking after him. "So many good people in the world—"

"Do you trust him?" asked Ruth. She was busy settling the old woman in bed, covering her.

"Trust! Like own father!"

"And me?" said Ruth carefully. "Do you trust me, too?"

"You—even more. And her smile caught Ruth's heart. "Like own sister."

"I'm glad we want to help you get well. And sometimes there's more to being sick than just your body. Sometimes, if you have things on your mind, it helps to tell them. This picture—don't you want to look at it again. Just once more?"

"What for I got look?" It was a whisper. "Someone else I lie, You, I not can lie more. This Hope who's not to know me, never hear my name—she's my Sophie, my granddaughter.""}

Ruth came that afternoon to call Hope, and each time there was no answer. "Perhaps she's out," Ruth told herself, as much to keep up her own hopes as out of charity, and she tried to concentrate on her work. Then the thought of the small, shrunken figure in the big bed upstairs drove her to the telephone again.

Hope, in the bedroom of her apartment, let it ring, although each peal of the bell seemed to escape along her nerves. She was very busy. She had two suitcases out on the bed. She was packing, her clothes and Neddie's. Her play suit, her slacks, the old trousers Neddie used for fishing. . .

NEDDIE. He'd looked nice this morning. That tie she'd made him buy—he'd looked as if he worked in a bank or something, instead of a garage. The little things, like the tie, those were the things you had to watch. Neddie'd get somewhere, someday, with her way of pushing him. She'd come this far already; she'd got away from all the dirt and the smells and the—the dumbness.

And she wasn't going to be pushed back, not for anything, not for anyone. Anyone who got in her way would have to be—just one of those little things that you had to watch.

She was in the kitchen, getting supper, when Ruth came.

"I'm sorry to bother you," Ruth said. "I know you must be busy, after being out all day—"

"Out?" said Hope. "I went out to do my marketing, that's all. Why?"

"I was trying to call you," Ruth said, "for hours. I really thought you were out. But then Dr. Bannister came in and said he'd seen you going into your apartment—so I came right over. You see, Hope, your grandmother's at Dr. Carvell's, quite sick—"

"But this time Hope was ready for her. "Grandmother?" she repeated. What are you talking about?"

"Mrs. Melanchek. Remember, I spoke to you about her—"

"See I remember," said Hope. "But my grandmother's dead. Besides, if she were alive, she'd be on the West Coast. My name was Melton. Dad was a civil engineer. He and Mother got married—in Seattle—when he came back from China, I ran away from home because I was so—as strict, but—"

She was lying. Lying with the bland assurance of a child, almost believing it herself. "All the same," Ruth said, "would you come over and see Mrs. Melanchek anyway?"

"But what for?" Hope exclaimed.

"Because she thinks you are her granddaughter. You see, I showed her one of the snapshots Neddie took of you on your honeymoon—"

She'd succeeded, finally. Hope backed a step, her smooth imperturbability shaken. "She's crazy!" she burst out. "Or else she's just making a mistake. Maybe I just look like that Sophie of hers. That happens sometimes—especially in pictures. She just turned her head and said she was old and sick, didn't you? Well, sick old people sometimes get funny ideas—"

"That's true," said Ruth quietly. "But if she is making a mistake—well—making it out would be if you did come over and talk to her."

"Will you please stop it, Ruth?" Her voice rose. "Stop pestering me! What is this old dame to you, anyway?"

"Nothing, Hope. Except a very sweet old lady who's quite ill, and so very little—"

"That's just too darn bad!" Hope fairly spat the words out, her mouth shaking, her face dead white. "She's nothing to me, either. If she says she is, she's either crazy or mistaken. And—well, I'm not coming over or having anything to do with her!"

By the time Neddie came home, Hope was in control of herself again. Ruth had gone; Hope was busy. Neddie came back, because her mind was so pretty picture she made in the neat house, blue to match her eyes, snugly belted at her slim waist.

"Gee, Neddie, you're early," she greeted him. "I haven't been all body. Ruth was here, and she only left a little while ago."

That's all right," said Neddie. "How is she?"

"Ruth? Oh, she's fine. Only—she's a little worried about you. She says you're working too hard, Appalachia."

"And I think so, too. Almost every night at the garage—"

Neddie's face glowed at this consideration from her wife. "Oh, it hasn't been so bad," he said deprecatingly. "And now with Pete Little around, things are starting to take off a bit."

"I'm glad," said Hope quickly. "Because, you know what I think, Neddie? I think you ought to go away for a few days. I think we both ought to go. You haven't had a vacation in over a year—"

"Vacation," Neddie repeated blankly. "Va—why, Hope, I can't just close up the garage when I'm practically just getting started!"

"Why can't Pete run it for you? Or is it just that you don't want to go? I thought you'd like having a few days with just the two of us, alone together—"

Her eyes fell on his tie. He'd been pleased as a kid when she'd made him buy it. You'd have thought she was giving him a present, just because she'd taken that much interest in him. Oh, yet, she'd made him. She was actually beginning to enjoy the argument, because she knew that she would win . . .

Dr. Carvell was a man not easily moved. He had the biggest heart in the world, but he saw too much, he was daily in contact with too much human suffering, to let himself be easily reached. But Mrs. Melanchek—Mrs. Melanchek, he felt, would have wrung tears from a stone.

Having spent the night at his house, she came downstairs in the morning, dressed to go, grateful for their care and concern, apologetic for having been so much trouble. She was on her way, now, she said, back to her farm—and then she swayed and would have fallen if the doctor and Ruth had not got her to a chair.

"Now there she ordered. 'Don't you dare move until I tell you to.'"

Mrs. Melanchek recovered herself enough to sniff at him in mock resentment. "You doctor! You so smart, know so much, I guess."

But this time Hope was ready for her. "Grandmother?" she asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Mrs. Melanchek. Remember, I spoke to you about her—"

"See I remember," said Hope. "But my grandmother's dead. Besides, if she were alive, she'd be on the West Coast. My name was Melton. Dad was a civil engineer. He and Mother got married—in Seattle—when he came back from China, I ran away from home because I was so—as strict, but—"

She was lying. Lying with the bland assurance of a child, almost believing it herself. "All the same," Ruth said, "would you come over and see Mrs. Melanchek anyway?"

"But what for?" Hope exclaimed.
Neddie learned for the first time of the sick old woman who thought that Hope was her granddaughter, while Hope still vehemently denied that she was.

"Gee, Hope," he said after Ruth had gone, "I think you ought to go, the old lady. I feel sorry for her—and if she thinks you are her granddaughter and she sees you and sees you're not, then well, maybe it'll help her to get well or something."

Hope's face brightened, as if an entirely new thought had struck her. "You think so?" she asked.

"I mean—if I did go over—even if I wasn't her granddaughter—that it might help?"

Well, sure," said Neddie. "And even if it doesn't well, what have you got to lose?"

"That's so," said Hope, half to herself. "I guess you're right. Anyway, it won't hurt. All right, Neddie, I'll go."

She never forgot his face at that, the simple adoration in it. "Oh, Hope, that's the most wonderful, most terrible thing I ever—I knew you'd do it! I knew it! I'll call Ruth right up and tell her."

Hope insisted upon going without him. Afterward, in the light of what happened, she—and Ruth, who took her up to Mrs. Melanchek's room and who witnessed the meeting—was forever glad that Neddie wasn't there to see it.

They looked at each for a long moment, the pretty young woman, the shrunk, work-worn old one on the bed. Then Hope said, with an effort, "—I'm Hope Evans, Ruth's sister-in-law."

"Hope," Mrs. Melanchek's eyelids flickered. "Oh. Oh, ja. She's—she's tell me about you."

"I understand that you—you wanted to see me."

The old woman's eyes lighted up. "But—who I really want see is granddaughter, Sophie Melanchek."

"Oh, I understood you thought maybe I was your granddaughter. Ruth, Dr. Carvell's wife—"

"Nice picture," said Mrs. Melanchek politely. "Pretty, you look like my Sophie in picture. But now I see you for real, I know is mistake. If I make you trouble, please excuse, yes?"

Hope smiled, "Oh, sure. And—I hope you'll be better soon. Now I guess I better be running along."

That was all. Hope left the room, her head high. "Now," she said to Ruth when they were out in the hall, "are you satisfied?"

Ruth's face was deeply grave. "No, I can't say that I am.

Some of Hope's assurance deserted her. "What—what do you mean? You saw that she didn't know me. She said—"

"I saw," said Ruth. "I told you she was very sick. I didn't tell you that she was dying. And—well, I'd like her to find her granddaughter before she dies.""

"Dying!" Hope whispered. Then, shrilil, "Why are you telling me this? What do you expect me to do about it? I tell you I never saw her before in all my life!"

That was in the morning. Neddie didn't know that Hope made a second trip to Dr. Carvell's that day, in the evening, before he came home from the garage. But she had not returned by the time he reached home, and when she did come in, a few minutes later, her pinched face, her tired, listless look caught at his heart.

"Gees, Hot!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she murmured dully. "You look so sort-of—funny. What happened with that Mrs. Melanchek?"

She flinched. "Mrs.—Why do you ask me that?"

"No reason. Only you said you were going over—"

"I did go," said Hope. "And I saw her, and she said herself that she wasn't her granddaughter, and—well, that's the end of it."

"Oh," said Neddie, relieved. "Well, that's good."

"I'm glad," Bev declared. "Neddie took a step toward her, thought better of it. "Hope, don't you want to lie down? Take an aspirin and let me call Ruth or Dr. Carvell. You keep rubbing your forehead—"

"Neddie Evans!" It was a scream. "If you say one more word about me being sick or the way I look or the way I'm acting, I—don't you know when to leave
a person alone and not keep nagging?

"I'm sorry, Hope. Honest, I am. It's just that—well, I love you so much, and I get so worried about you—"

Hope seemed to wilt suddenly. "I know, Neddie. And I'm the one that's sorry. I shouldn't have jumped on you that way. I'm just plain no good. Just rotten clear through."

"Hope! Don't you say that! Don't you dare—"

"No," said Hope. "Is this the first time I've jumped on you for nothing? Why you ever married me in the first place? I'll perhaps know that when I've got Hope murdered."

"Stop it!" Neddie shouted. "I don't care what you've done, or ever will do. I know that deep down you're a fine, brave, honest person. And I love you crazy kids the way you are."

"I'm the biggest liar there ever was! I lied to you, and to Ruth—even tonight when I went over there, I couldn't make myself tell the truth. And I even lied to her. Not only that, but I made her lie, too! Made her say she didn't know me even when she did. And she did!—she backed me up in it, just like she's always done in everything."

"She?" he said blankly. "Who? What are you talking about?"

Hope stared at him. Didn't he really know? No, of course not. He was too innocent, too trusting. "Mrs. Melanchek," she flung at him. "My grandmother. Because she really is my grandmother."

But she really is my grandmother. He stared at her unbelieving. Hope began to cry, unrestrainedly, like a child, her mouth squared like a child's tears running freely. "Oh, Babka! Babka! Babunya moya! The tortured sobs frightened him, released his tongue.

"But why?" he stammered. "Why didn't you—I don't understand."

"Oh, you wouldn't! Because she was a forei—er, that's why. Because of the way she looked and talked. You didn't know what it was like being all alone there on the farm with her, seeing other kids with other kinds of families, American families—"

"But, gee," said Neddie. "Go back far enough and we're all foreigners."

"Not like this," said Hope. "At least, they were all foreigners together. No one was on the outside, the way I was. As suddenly as she'd collapsed, she pulled herself together. I can't stand it. I've got to go over there. I've got to see her."

"But it's late," he protested. "I don't care. Just so it isn't too late. No, Neddie—" as he reached for his coat—"I'm going alone."

Neddie let her go. He protested, but only out of the habit of a lifetime. He looked at her, his face, the understanding, tense lines around her mouth. She'd been with Mrs. Melanchek day and night for days—where Hope should have been. "I'll bet it hard," he said.

Ruth gave her penetrating look. "I know what you're thinking, Neddie. But she had her reasons for doing what she did, and you have to try to understand. Mrs. Melanchek was in a coma when she got there tonight—still is. And if you could have seen Hope trying to talk to him, her moment face, the understanding, how miserable she feels now, how guilty, and how terribly sorry she is—"

"It's all right, Ruth," he said flatly. "You don't have to bother waking up a couple for her. You go ahead home, and—I'll look after Hope."

Ruth hesitated, her eyes, unhappy, compassionate, searching his face. Then she said, "All right, Neddie. And if there's any change—anything at all—I'll phone."

Both Hope and Neddie were up—in fact, Neddie was having difficulty persuading Hope that it was better to wait for word at the apartment than to be at her grandmother's bedside. It was Reed Bannister who admitted them at Dr. Carvell's. Ruth had called him earlier in the evening in the futile hope of saving Dr. Carvell a few hours of sleep. "There's been no change," he said. "She's still in a state of conscious sleeping, last, and we thought you'd better be here, just in case."

They let Hope and Neddie into the sickroom for a few minutes, then sent them downstairs, where Ruth made Hope drink a cup of tea.

"Tea," said Hope merrily. "She used to drink it out of a glass, with the spoon in it. Used to drive me crazy. Why couldn't she drink it out of a cup like everybody else? She'd look at me with those eyes of hers and say, you're all right, it matters, she'd use a cup. But then she'd forget, and—Why does it all come back to me now, Ruth? Those things weren't important. I just thought they were—"

Reed came down the stairs. "Ruth—Hope—better come in. She's conscious—but it may be for only a minute."

He had prepared her, told her that Hope was downstairs. The face that looked up at them from the pillow was radiant, the eyes shining in anticipation of a miracle.

"Grandma! Babka! Babtchul!" Hope sank to her knees beside the bed, her legs no longer supporting her.

The old woman tried to rise, and couldn't. Her arm fell across the girl's shoulders. "Sophie—moya choucha Is—Is really my Sophie this time."

"It—it always was, Babka. Even when I was saying I didn't know you, here in my heart I was saying, 'Babka, Babka,'—Can you forgive me, Babka? I did so many bad things. So many."

Hope looked at Ruth, at Reed. "Do you think—?"

Reed nodded and Ruth went to get Neddie. It was one of the hardest things, Neddie thought forever afterward, that he'd ever had to do in his whole life. But the habit of a lifetime, the habit of a lifetime, bent over the bed, put his arm around Hope, lovingly, "I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mrs. Melanchek."

"You glad!" Pure rapture looked up at him. "I'm never glad in whole life than when you look at me."

"I've been awfully anxious to meet you for an awfully long time," he said. "Hope—Hope's talked a lot about you."

"I didn't, Babka!" Hope burst out. "That's one of the things—"

"Shh, Sophie. About this, we're not talk. But you fine man to make up such nice story, Neddie. Now you got things two. I know, Dr. Bannister, he's make doctor face. But before you go, you're let old woman that's love you very much say to you two words?"

"Of course," said Hope, and Neddie nodded automatically.

Mrs. Melanchek drew a deep breath. Her eyes moved from one to the other, linking them. "I'm not educated woman. But be old, see lots. Is some people think most important thing in life is to have children. But before you go, you're let old woman that's love you very much say to you two words?"

Between them, Neddie and Ruth led Hope away—although Neddie's arm fell from (Continued on page 90)
INT-size Joan Jackson hails from Savannah, Georgia. She should look more than fifteen, but she doesn't. She's an "old married woman" of twenty, and is completely wrapped up in her husband, a radio engineering student, and their year-old son. A blue-eyed ash-blonde, Joan walked into a featured radio role without previous microphone experience. Her voice was just right for the character of "Stringbean Kittinger," that pesky youngster who plagues the existence of Henry and Homer on NBC's The Aldrich Family program.

You wouldn't call Joan beautiful—in the true sense of the word, that is. For she's more than that. She's so extremely attractive calling her a beauty seems almost like damning with faint praise. Her natural, charming manner and her wholesome good looks are refreshing.

Her hair, worn in a Dutch bob, is kept clean with frequent shampoos. And it looks brushed. Joan says that indeed she does brush her hair—every night with a clean, stiff-bristled hair brush until the sparks seem to fly, and her scalp tingles with increased circulation. It's the simplest way she knows to encourage the highlights in her hair to gleam with a natural sparkle.

Her face gets plenty of wind and sun the year 'round, because she loves taking long walks near her home on Long Island. Yet it's as soft, clear, and healthy-looking as a baby's. Her method of caring for it is also very simple.

She uses a complexion brush, or a clean, white washcloth to wash it. Mild soap, worked into creamyuds with tepid water, is massaged in upward and outward circular motions all over her face and throat. Special attention is paid to those areas around her chin and nostrils where dirt likes most to become imbedded in the pores. She rinses her face with warm water. Then, cupping cold water in her hands, she splashes it on many times, until her skin tingles. Joan then pats on a skin freshener, which feels especially good on a clean skin. Or she may decide to apply a softening, soothing hand cream or lotion. So many girls overlook the fact that such a cream or lotion is as good for the complexion as it is for the hands and body.

Before the microphone, she can't afford to feel nervous. It would quickly show in her voice. So she becomes engrossed in the character she portrays. If you get the jitters when speaking before an audience, large or small, she suggests that you forget about yourself and your listeners. Concentrate on what you're saying. At every opportunity, speak before a group in school, church, or meeting.
THE FAT MAN

Dear Editor:

Please tell me something about J. Scott Smart who plays the part of Brad Runyon on the Fat Man program on Friday nights.

Mrs. M. H.

Hampton, Va.

Jack Smart who plays the title role in the Fat Man is a well known radio and movie actor. He weighs 260 pounds, and is as well qualified in experience as he is in appearance to play the part. Formerly under contract to Universal Studios (you saw him in “One Hundred Men and A Girl”), Smart is equally well known on Broadway, where his most recent appearances were in “A Bell For Adano” and with the Lunts in “The Pirates.”

HE CAN BARK!

Dear Editor:

Could you give me some information about Michael Fitzmaurice who plays Phil Stanley on When a Girl Marries.

Mrs. M. H. C.

Covington, Ky.

Michael Fitzmaurice, radio actor, tenor, and master of ceremonies, attributes his success largely to the fact that he can bark like a dog. He had studied the drama in college, played on the London stage, and worked in a Los Angeles station doing odd jobs. In 1934 he seemed as far away from an acting career as ever when he learned that William Bacher, director of Hollywood Hotel, was auditioning professional imitators for the canine role with Lionel Barrymore in “The Return of Peter Grimm.” Michael, who had been barking for his own amusement for some time, barged in on the audition and got the part. Later, in New York, he worked on NBC’s Grand Central Station, and eventually, on When a Girl Marries.

SONG OF THE STRANGER

Dear Editor:

I am very much interested in a program called Song of the Stranger, broadcast over Mutual stations. Bret Morrison, who plays the stranger is simply wonderful, and I would like to know if he has been on any other programs.

Miss E. P.

Orland, California

Bret Morrison has been in radio since 1930 when he directed, produced, and acted in a series of sketches built around Dracula. Since then he has been heard in Chicago Theater of the Air, The First Nighter, The Thin Man, Superman, and The Shadow, in which he portrays the slick amateur detective, Lamont Cranston.

YOUNG OLDTIMER

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate some information about Toni Darnay, the star of The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters.

Miss E. I.

Bronx, N. Y.

Although her role in Evelyn Winters is her first big radio job, Toni is not a newcomer to the acting profession. Born in Chicago of French and English parents, Toni, at the age of 13, sang and danced in a touring vaudeville act. Later she played in summer stock and in radio shows in Chicago and Los Angeles. Now that she is successfully launched in radio, Toni hopes to devote her time between musical comedy and dramatic parts, and is taking singing lessons to help fulfill this aim. She has a Siamese cat named Ming Chan, “Susie” for short. Collecting quaint old clocks is Toni’s absorbing hobby.

CORLISS

Dear Editor:

For the past several years we have been ardent fans of One Man’s Family. Ever since Irene was taken off the program we have been wondering what has become of the person who portrayed her. We would appreciate it if you could tell us her name and what she is doing. Also, if possible, a picture. Misses A. B., S. G., M. K.

Mommouth, Ill.

Janet Waldo

The gal you’re looking for is a pert, dark-haired beauty who was born in Grandview, Washington, not very many years ago, and her name is Janet Waldo. She has contributed her talents to The Red Skeleton Show, Mayor of the Town, The Eddie Bracken Show, and many, many other programs. Janet is currently portraying the irrepressible Corliss in the Meet Corliss Archer show, heard on Sundays from 9:00 to 9:30 P.M., EST, on the CBS network.

GLOBE TROTTER

Dear Editor:

One of my more pleasant moments on Sundays is the program American Album of Familiar Music which features Jean Dickenson. Won’t you tell us something about her?

Mrs. E. E. H.

New York, N. Y.

Jean Dickenson, daughter of an American mining engineer and a short-story writer, was born in Montreuil, spent her babyhood in India, and trotted along with her parents to South Africa, where at the age of seven she discovered she liked to sing. While at college in Denver Jean received her first chance for a radio career, a program of classical music on a coast-to-coast hook-up. As a result of this, she was rewarded with a contract as soprano star of American Album of Familiar Music.

FROM LAW TO RADIO

Dear Editor:

There is a very nice announcer I would like to know something about—Richard Stark.

Mrs. C. R.


Richard Stark, the announcer on Joyce Jordan, started working at the age of 4 in the movies. At 9, his mother decided his education was being neglected, and halted his work. During his summer vacations he made movies which enabled him to enter Cornell University. At 21 he was the youngest student ever to be elected to the American Society of International Law. But he soon gave up international law when it was apparent that the world had already done so.
MORGAN BEATTY—his News of the World, from NBC's Washington News Room, is an 8:00 P.M. feature. Though now a political observer, he was for thirteen years with the AP and had a top rating as a disaster reporter. During World War II he was made a military analyst and covered the Battle of the Atlantic, with both the American and British Navies. He has been on the NBC news staff since 1941.

MONICA LEWIS—favorite disc singer, heard now on the Jan August Show, over MBS, Thursdays at 8:00 P.M. EST, is definitely for television.
**TUESDAY**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Newsmakers</td>
<td>The Trumpeters Three Steps to Rhythm</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Nelson Olmsted</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Kate's Daughter</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
<td>Ted Malone</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Lara Lawton</td>
<td>Emily Post Quiz</td>
<td>Tom Breneman</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Welcome Travellers</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Echoes From Tropicana</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speake, Victor H. Lindlar</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Art Van Damme Quartet</td>
<td>Wanda Warren, Aunt Jenny, Helen Trent, Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Robert McClure</td>
<td>The Gilded Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
<td>Maggie McNelly, Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>Homer in White</td>
<td>Maggie McNelly, Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Maggie McNelly, Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Maggie McNelly, Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>Backstage Wife, Stella Dallas, Lorenzo Jones, Young Widder Brown</td>
<td>Adventure Parade</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
<td>March of Science</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>Portraits Faces Life</td>
<td>March of Science</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Jack Plain Bill</td>
<td>March of Science</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
<td>March of Science</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<th>Time</th>
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<th>Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
<td>Eric Severid, Frontiers of Science</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
<td>Red Barber, Lowell Thomas</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Once Upon Our Time</td>
<td>Red Barber, Lowell Thomas</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Sunset News</td>
<td>Red Barber, Lowell Thomas</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Manor House Party</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Milton Berle</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>A Date with Judy</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Youth asks the Government</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Enid O., Canham America's Town</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. North</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>We, the People</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>The Big Story</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Jimmy Durante</td>
<td>Headline Edition, Elmer Davis, Lane Ranger</td>
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**Joan Tompkins**—is Norine Temple on Young Widder Brown, NBC, weekdays at 4:45 and Susan Wells on the David Harum program at 10:15 A.M., over Columbia. Her career began in stock in Mt. Kisco, N.Y., and Broadway has seen her in "Fly Away Home," "Pride and Prejudice," "Golden Journey," and "My Sister, Eileen," in the cast of which she met her husband, Bruce MacFarlane.
**JERRY MCGILL**—the former newspaper man who writes, directs and produces Big Town for CBS, Tuesdays at 8:00 P.M., EST. He was born in Bridgeport, Conn., where his parents were playing the leads in a production of The Count of Monte Cristo and was named Edmond, after the hero. He has an A.B. from the University of Florida, was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford and is married to a Norwegian girl whom he met in Paris.

**KATHERINE RAHT**—has been calling “Henry—Henry ALDRICH,” for almost eight years on Thursdays at 8 P.M., EST, over NBC. Born and raised in Chattanooga, Tenn., graduated from Bryn Mawr, she taught school awhile before her successful tryout for the role of Miss Gibbs in Thornton Wilder’s Pulitzer Prize winning play, “Our Town.” She was in the New York production and on the road for a year with this success.
In this space, each month from now on, Radio Mirror will bring readers news of the latest developments in the fields of radio and television. It’s Here! will tell you about new sets available, new cabinet models to suit your needs and tastes, new gadgets that will make listening and viewing more practical and more fun. Trade names will always be mentioned, and approximate prices listed.

An interesting portable phonograph is the Capitol Model U-24. It’s interesting because it combines electric, battery and wind-up operation. More specifically it makes no difference what kind of electric supply you are receiving, the U-24 will fill the bill. Only 10” x 13” x 7 1/2”, the portable appears to be a well-built unit. Sound reproduction offered is above average for this type of instrument.

Don’t for a moment think that FM radio is just another passing fancy. You’ve not heard how wonderful music can sound until you’ve listened to FM broadcasts. If you are now operating your radio on AC current, you’ll be interested in the “Pilotuner,” a compact converter in a walnut cabinet that can be attached to any set and bring FM into your home. It sells for about $80. It was recommended to us by one of New York’s top FM stations.

Now that we’ve fully accepted Television and FM radio as household items (those of us who have the wherewithal, that is) we can take to sitting around the old crystal set and discussing the advent of home recorders. Models range from portables to super-special, extra-deluxe combinations that include AM, FM and short wave radio, record player with automatic changer, recording unit and storage space for record albums. Prices for home recorders range from approximately $125 to $400.

The greatest advantage FM radio offers is the extended frequency range it brings to listeners. Technical as that may sound, it can be explained by noting that the average human ear can hear sounds ranging from approximately 30 to 14,000 frequency cycles per second. However, the average household radio will only reproduce sound waves from approximately 100 to 5,000 frequency cycles. An English manufacturer is now exporting record players to this country that will reproduce every sound audible to the average ear. Called the “Picadilly,” the portable set will reveal to your ears the deep, low notes of the bass as well as the tones of the violin. Good but expensive.

CHARLOTTE LAWRENCE— came to New York from her native Los Angeles four years ago; auditioned for radio; was immediately cast in several daytime shows; has been heard on network programs ever since; had the girl lead, last fall, in Christopher Wells; can be heard now as Leona Kenmore in Our Gal Sunday, over CBS on weekdays at 12:45 P.M., EST. Her hobby is the theater. She has seen every play on Broadway since she arrived.

### SATURDAY PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Story Shop</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Coffee With Congress</td>
<td>Robert Huntleigh</td>
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<td>Helen Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Frank Merriwell</td>
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<td>U. S. Navy Band</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
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<td>Piano Playhouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Meet the Meeks</td>
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<td>Abbott and Costello</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Smillin’ Ed McConnell</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
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<td>Land of The Lost</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Arthur Barratt</td>
<td>Pan Americans</td>
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<td>Johnny Thompson</td>
<td>Theatre of Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Public Affairs</td>
<td>This Week in Washington</td>
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<td>American Farmer</td>
<td>Stars Over Hollywood</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>Home is what you Make It</td>
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<td>U. N. General Assembly Highlights</td>
<td>Grand Central Sta.</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<td>County Fair</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Nati’s Farm Home</td>
<td>Luncheon at Sardi’s Bands for Bonds</td>
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Reveille

FOR THE

Day Dreamers

"YOU CAN TAKE a man out of the South, but never can you take the South out of a man." So says Francis Barto Rainey, Jr., known affectionately among his thousands of WTIC fans as just plain "Bud." And after more than a decade spent among New England Yankees, the slow drawl with which Bud makes that familiar pronunciation proves the point. Hailing from the southern part of Florida—"right smack out o' the Everglades" (to quote him)—Bud Rainey comes from Scotch-Irish-Indian stock, a husky two-hundred pounder, almost six feet tall.

Radio was but a new-born babe when Bud began his broadcasting career, and he's been in it ever since, with brief interruptions which Bud is too modest to talk much about. He was once a member of the United States Olympic pistol team, a personnel director in a war plant and a soldier. Before settling in the Nutmeg State, he had been a musician with John Philip Sousa's Band, a broadway actor and a featured performer on major radio network shows. At various times in his radio career, he has been a director, writer and commentator.

Joining the WTIC staff in 1936 as a singer and master of ceremonies, Bud soon began to rattle off original verse of the home-spun variety...and presto! the singing-m.c. vanished and the poet-philosopher took over. Four book-length collections of poems have been written and published by Bud since he came to Connecticut's only 50,000-watt station, and his listeners gobbled up the books so fast that the author himself now possesses only one tattered, dog-eared copy of each edition. Naming a program after the title of one of his collections, WTIC inaugurated the Day Dreams Hour, in which Bud visits with his friends and, to the soft accompaniment of organ music, reads his poems in that lazy, friendly southern manner. The popularity of the program has not dimmed with the years, and Bud still "day-dreams" on the air every Tuesday and Thursday at 1:30 P.M. But that isn't the extent of his duties at WTIC. He is heard each week-day morning on the early-bird Reveille program (5:30-6:15 o'clock) in the role of disc-jockey, and his prodigious fan mail proves his effectiveness as a "waker-upper."

As one would expect, Bud is a typical "family-man." His charming wife and handsome, rugged son, fifteen-year-old Bud III, share his many hobbies, including fishing, camping and baseball. Bud III is even taller than his Dad and is a member of the football squad at Bulkeley High School. For several years Bud, the elder, headed a Boy's Club in Hartford's south end, and coached the club's baseball team to a city title, the trophy for which stands in a prominent place on the Rainey mantle.

Although Bud likes to think of himself as one of those rare birds that you hear about but seldom see, he is a leader in whatever he undertakes—especially in the promotion of civic projects.
A woman's face is her Passport to the world

See Penelope Dudley Ward, and you thrill to a little electric shock of pure pleasure. Her face so echoes the warmth and beauty of her inner self, the world takes her to its heart on sight.

Your face can be a magnet—drawing others close to the real You within. There is nothing so revealing of You. And nothing about you has more lovable possibilities for you to realize.

Save out of each day the few minutes your face needs to keep it beautifully cared for—so your skin will speak for you with that limpid, so clean look that seems almost luminous. For real beauty cleanliness the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's is one you'll take positive pleasure in doing. You try it! You'll see!

PEsloPE EudLEY Ward—her lovely face, so lighted from within, stirs you, warms you. She is the daughter of two of England's famous families—Dudley and Ward.

NEW "Outside-Inside" FACE TREATMENT

ACTS ON BOTH SIDES OF YOUR SKIN

All that is You is in your face—for all the world to see. That's why it means so much to make this face of yours say lovely things about the inner you—things that people will want to remember.

A New Face Treatment

Like a window—your skin has two sides and to care for one side only is not enough. Pond's, consulting with distinguished dermatologists, has studied the needs of facial skin and brings you a special new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of your skin at once.

From the Outside Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly as you massage—carries off surface dirt, dried skin particles—throws a protecting veil of softness over your skin.

From the Inside every step of this Pond's face treatment stimulates healthy circulation—speeds up tiny blood vessels in their work.

Twice each day—better still three times—give your skin this Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—this is the way:

Hot Water Stimulation
press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against your face—to stimulate blood flow to your skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin
1) Cleanse...work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face and throat to sweep off dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.
2) Rinse...with more Pond's Cold Cream massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation
A cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

Always remember...the YOU that others see first is in your face

To develop the beauty of your own face is not vanity. Every effort you make to improve your physical self gives a lift to your spirit, bolsters your confidence, makes you a more interesting, more lovable person—someone others feel happy to be with.
fireplace"—dark red and white for the guest bedroom, and blue and white for her own.

She is boss in that department, entertains her friends as she likes, makes her own rules and, her father says, lives in her own mess.

"Why is it?" he wonders in despair. "When a girl is messy," she is so much more than clean.

Lorraine counteracts with a charge that she has no chance to be tidy with visitors using her house for a bath house all day, or a day-nursery for the fifteen napping cousins.

She claims that she prefers to let things get good and littered, and then do the job right—one spurt of energy.

Her mother doesn’t worry. It’s Lorraine’s problem.

Lorraine, however, does worry about her mother. When Tess appeared in a stunning new gabardine dress for the Radio Mirror photographer, Bill shook his head. "Don’t know if Lorraine will like that," he said.

Lorraine liked it. But she looked suspiciously at the silk scarf her mother wore around her neck.

"Looks familiar," was her comment.

The younger generation of the Bendix family—Stephanie as well as "Sister"—finds it reasonable to idolize their parents. "Love them too much," is Lorraine’s explanation.

Lorraine wants to be an actress—"we’re all hams," her father says—but上帝 only knows how it’s done in a weight-reducing program which already has scaled sixty pounds. She won’t try to hit the New York casting offices until she is sylph-like, a prospect which—with the help of the famous Santa Barbara Saneum Clinic—she considers well within reach.

In the meantime, she is acting small parts, stage managing, associate directing for the "Stage Lighters" a new and ambitious little theater group. "Ambitious is an under-statement," Bill Bendix says. "Their first production was O’Neill’s ‘Mourning Becomes Electra.’ Bill has the most sympathetic interest in his daughter’s career-plans, and spent several evenings during rehearsals for Electra helping the kids plot the play into shape for opening night.

Lorraine says her dream is to do a show one day "with Daddy and Stephanie."

Bill groans at this. "Now she’s going to make a ham out of the baby," he says.

"Phooey," Lorraine retorts. "She already has a ham." On Stephanie, as the saying goes, it looks good. The little girl emerged from her nursery in starched ruffled pajamas to pose with her family for the photographers. The set-up was a breakfast scene, and Stephanie—who is not allowed to eat between meals—was delighted at this chance to get her hands on a little extra food.

"I’ve had breakfast already," she said, "but I can eat some more."

"What did you have before?" her mother wanted to know.

Stephanie ripped off: "Pablum, milk, bacon, eggs, toast."

"Is that all?" her father winced.

"Oh, no," she said, "I had some fruit." Whereupon she proceeded to make room for several doughnuts and a glass of milk, while the flashbulbs popped.

"Got it?" she would ask politely after each picture.

"Now more," Sterling Smith, Radio Mirror’s photographer, replied, and Stephanie would cheerfully sink her teeth in yet another prop.

"Oh, boy," she said wistfully, as the last doughnut disappeared, "I’m going to be awfully full."

Nobody worried that Stephanie would get sick. She has been indisposed only twice in her young life, both times with hay-fever. And she is so good, her mother says, that if she cries everybody runs to her at once, feeling sure she has broken a leg.

She is the adopted child, and her family is so enchanted with her that are encouraged to shop for another baby—a boy this time. Stephanie is receptive to the idea—if she can bring another brother will be anything like Uncle Joe’s son Jo-Jo. Her mother thinks he might be more like little Henry, another cousin. Jo-Jo is Stephanie’s age—Henry is an infant. From her three-year-eminence she dismisses Henry. "He’s just a baby," she says. Babies are no good since they can’t ride ponies, play in the dirt, or chase the tame squirrels.

"What do babies do?" she wonders, prodiging her brief memory.

"In this house!" her father answers. "Nothing, they relax—like the rest of us.

Relaxation—procured with so much hard work—is the rule now that the Bendix family has settled down in the valley. It’s contagious—even the neighbors feel the good warm glow emanating from the easiest-going house in town.

On fight nights there are apt to be twenty or thirty people in the living room—Dinah and George Montgomery, the Dick Haymes, Lou Costello, Tommy Harmon, are all friends.

Bill runs the television machine while Tess supervises what she calls a "pick-up" supper.

On warm evenings, supper is outside in the patio, the tables lighted by candelas in old hurricane shades. Bill, likely as not will greet his guests in an old paint-splattered pair of pants and what he calls a "skivvy shirt."

"He spent two days on a boat making ‘Qivvy Shirt,’" Lorraine explains. "And ever since he’s talked like a sailor."


Remember...?

It’s always fun to remember pleasant things from the past.

Next month, reminisce with RADIO MIRROR, through a complete-in-one-issue story from the past life of Ma Perkins.

March RADIO MIRROR Magazine, On Sale Wednesday, February 11th.
You Can’t Understand Women

(Continued from page 49)

Mary.” Appraising looks were exchanged.

“Do you think so? I’ve been sorta tired lately and I was afraid—”

The two men exchanged glances and beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen.

“Women. Isn’t that just like women, for you? All day long—” Joe Dibble wiped the foam off his upper lip—“all day long it’s gable, gable, miaow, miaow. You sure get an earful of dames, being a fountain man.”

“Isn’t it the truth? I listen to those gals giving each other the business about how pretty they look while they’re waiting for their milked milks and then by the time they’re down to the last sloop of the straw they’re finding grey hair and crow’s feet.”

“Jake, are you at it again? You know so much about women!” Mary said witheringly, from the doorway.

“When men have something to say about each other, they say it right out,” he defended himself. “No beating around the bush. We tell each other the truth, don’t we old pal?”

“That’s right.” Joe emphasized his statement with a hearty slap on his host’s back. “And that reminds me, Jake, I got a real compliment for you today. I heard Mr. Grunney, the manager, say there wasn’t a faster man with mayonnaise than you in the whole store!”

“He did?”

“AND—furthermore—he said he had his eye on you for a promotion to the blue-plate-special-business-men’s luncheon counter!”

“Gwan!” But Jake was pleased to the point of strutting a little in front of the others. “But that’s nothing, Joe old pal. I heard Mrs. Fosdick the other day say that you were a real artist with the whipped cream. She said it just looked too good to eat.”

The two men regarded each other in a fine glow of well-being and good fellowship, but their wives sighed.

“Can’t we play cards or something? Are we just going to sit here and listen to you two all night?” Mary asked.

“Not tonight. Remember? Joe and I are going to work this jigsaw puzzle. Gee, I haven’t worked one of these since I was a kid.”

Mary protested. Margie protested. But it was no use. The sight of all the hundreds of little odd-shaped pieces of cardboard had brought out the puzzle-fever in the two men, and finally the girls resigned themselves.

“Look—let’s study the picture on the cover. It looks like a farm to me. Those yellow pieces—” Jake peered at the cover—“those yellow pieces must be the bottom, for the wheat. And those blue doo-dads are the sky. And these—”

“—yeah, all these orange and green and red ones must be the farmer and his wife. I’ll start on them—” Joe hastily scooped them toward himself.

“Wait a minute!—those are the easiest! You gotta arm and a head and they match up quick—” but then Jake remembered he was the host. He couldn’t quite quench the thought that after all, it was his puzzle and he should be entitled to who got what—but Joe was the guest. Nothing was too good for his pal.

“I’ll take the yellow ones, then.” But the fine edge of Jake’s enthusiasm was
some things you don't

(about Tampax!)

Don’t believe for one moment that Tampax is just another branded product for monthly sanitary protection. Tampax is different (and very different) from the products that came before it. To appreciate Tampax fully you must really know how it is different and why it is better.

To begin with, you need never touch the Tampax from the time you buy it to the time you dispose of it. Tampax is dainty and tiny — only 1/15 the bulk of the older forms of protection. Its absorbency is surprisingly great because only pure surgical cotton is used. Tampax is invented by a physician and its slim disposable wrapper is of patented design. There are 3 sizes or “absorbencies”: Regular, Super, Junior.

You need not worry about odor or chafing, for Tampax contains none. No belts, pins or external bulk nothing to cause a ridge in your sheerest dress. Can be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug and notion counters. Month’s supply fits into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Perhaps I know

JAKE went on with his search. His luck was running out again and now it was a doomed picking-up-and-trying process that was disheartening. Evidently he ever and over Jake felt the easier place — if he’d been doing that he’d have both figures done by this time! There was Joe, trying to find the top of the farmer’s wheelbarrow and there was a very piece staring right in his face. It was more than Jake could stand. He reahed over, picked it up and inserted it, triumphantly, into place.

“Take your big paw off my side! I’m doing this part. I was just going to reach for it.”

Jake jeered at him. “That’s what they all say — and there never are!”

But Joe jeered at him. “Don’t you ever see it, Joe Dibble!”

“Yeah, I did too! You stick to your corn or whatever it is and leave those turnips to me.” Unable to persuade Jake to go back to his own section, Joe laid his hands flat on the pile of turnips.

“Take your hands off my puzzle!”

“Your puzzle!” I thought I was asked to come and help you!”

“I don’t need any help, not from you. If I’d done the other’s done it all myself.”

“You can’t do anything by yourself! Just like down at the store, the rest of us have all the fun and you just have to show out when you stumble and watching you to see you know a root beer float from a glassa fizz water.”

“Is that so? Well, I hope I forgot to mention that when Mrs. Fosdick was saying you was so good on the whipped cream, she also said it would be nice if she had some ice cream to give with it. Ice cream is used to be in a sundae you know?” Jake’s sarcasm exploded across the table.

“I GUESS I know how to handle a sundae. Maybe you’d be interested to know that Mr. Grunney was only going to promote you to the blue-plate so’s to keep you out of harm’s way — he said it doesn’t go to be in a sundae you know!”

Boys, stop it!”

“You keep out this, Mary. Nobody’s goin’ to tell me I can’t slice a sandwich. Mary, you’re a dimwit!”

“Pickle, Mary. Just potato chips.”

“Self-improvement and — oh, nuts, Ain’t that like women — ask you a question and then they don’t listen!”

Disgusted, Jake turned to Joe.

“Ready, old pal! Shall we tackle the jigsaw again?”

Back in the living room, they sat down again at the card-table. Their enthusiasm was at fever pitch.

“Say — I think it does a guy good to get up like that and then come back. Gives you a new perspective. I’ve found four pieces I was searching for before — just put my hand right against them. Lookit that, will you! I got the whole farmer done. Yours is coming along kinda slow, isn’t it, Jake? ’

“Mine is the hard part, don’t forget.”

But I’ve got this bottom edge nearly done and one half of the side. I’m getting darn tired of the sight of this yellow why don’t you suppose this stupid-looking thing goes? — I know, I think there must be some pieces missing down here.”

But Joe jeered at him. “That’s what they all say — and there never are!”
Here's a proved complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time! No wonder famous screen stars trust their million-dollar complexions to this gentle beauty care.

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap—it's wonderful the way this beauty care gives skin quick new loveliness!" Betty Hutton tells you. "I work the fragrant lather in thoroughly. As I rinse and then pat with a soft towel to dry, my skin is softer, smoother!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take the screen stars' tip!

Lux Girls are Lovelier!
At the first blush of Womanhood

by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. 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 is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing “wrong” with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you must select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don’t take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid’s exclusive formula. That’s why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You’ll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don’t be half-safe—During this “age of courtship,” don’t let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don’t be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid right away, only 39c plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

(Advertisement)

How I Bring Up Phil Harris

(Continued from page 33)

we’re Indians, like we did yesterday morning, and we’re going to scalp Daddy?” Little Alice and Phyllis ask eagerly.

And this morning. This time I’m going to try psychology. Phil—oh, Phil—’ I call, softly—“the grocery boy will be here any minute and you know what Julius always says about you.”

There is wary silence from the bedroom and then a yell of outrage. “What does that little rutabaga say about me?”

“We—ll, says you’re a—no, I can’t tell you. ’I can’t bear to repeat it.” Sounds of threshing of about bed-clothes and a resounding thump as feet hit the floor; then the master of the house strides into the kitchen, belting his robe around him. There is fire in his eye.

“Why, that fugitive from a potato patch! ’I’ll tell him a couple things! Just because he’s nuts about you he doesn’t have to be goin’ round telling things like that about me. Trying to separate a man and his ever-lovin’ little wife—that little grapefruit squirt! Why, honey, you know I’d never do anything like that!”

“Like what, Phil?’

“Like—like—well, whatever he said about me. Look at me, honey. I’m a good husband! I’m a good provider. I’m the best father our kids have! Maybe I can’t spout poetry at you like that Julius, but I’m handsome and clean-Jevin’ and—and—and well, handsome.” He snorted once more, but then his attention was diverted. “What’s this—waffles? Hmmmm, man—I do like waffles.

And he settled himself at the breakfast table and the day began. The wonderful good humor which is such a prominent quality of Phil’s asserted itself and when Julius, our teen-age grocery boy and friend, did appear a few minutes later the insults they exchanged were as harmless as they were good-natured.

Afterwards he went with Alice to fix the wheel on her wagon. Anything more complicated than that, my daugh-

ers have learned to get repaired elsewhere—Phil has an insatiable desire to take machinery apart and he just hasn’t the knack of putting it together again. It keeps me busy trying to anticipate when things are about to break down in the house—I want to be very sure to have the plumber or the carpenter or the clock-repair man on hand before Phil sees the trouble and starts to tinker with it, himself.

It’s still amazing to me to see how domestic this ‘home-life stuff’ has become. Orchestras, night clubs, tours, one night stands—these were standard equipment to him once, but for the last five years he’s been a stay-at-home and he loves it as much as I do.

“Imagine—” he marveled to me the other day—“having one whole room just for eating and another for cooking and one just for sitting down. And green grass outside, without any ‘Keep Off’ sign on it. I’ve lived in apartments and hotels and train compartments so long I’m still not used to this home-life stuff.”

Used to it or not, Phil takes to this ‘home-life stuff’ with all the enthusiasm of an explorer arriving in the promised land. In fact, most of my job of bringing-up my husband consists of holding some of that enthusiasm in check, or else every time he saw something new for the house we’d have it—if it were anything from a new kind of vacuum to a new kitchen gadget, he’d be lugging them home by the bushel basket.

He even likes the household chores—when he remembers them. He cheerfully exercises Wanda and Kip, our dogs, putters around the garage, willingly obeys the gardener’s orders to trim the garden walks, arranges, rearranges, polishes and oils his collection of guns and fishing tackle in the den. And in the evenings when we aren’t broadcasting he much prefers to invite some of our friends over to sit around the fire and talk or listen to the radio, than to go nightclubing.

I don’t think it was my doing, either. I think we were both ready, after our separate and hectic careers, to settle down. To do things together. To make plans for the future that would insure permanence and stability in our lives. But motherhood, somehow, has made the changes for Phil. Phil has had to make a few of the adjustments the hard way.

It seems strange to me that I should so passionately love being a home-maker. But it’s taken me a long time to learn to do my own thing and pass it as just as passionately anxious to let nothing interfere with my career as an actress. While I was in the George White “Scandals”; (Continued on page 78)

“Real life condensed into 25 thrilling minutes”

... so writes one of the thousands of women who never miss listening to “MY TRUE STORY” Radio Program, brought to you in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. Here are real people in real life experiences. A complete drama every morning, Monday thru Friday. Tune in your American Broadcasting Station—10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 11:30 MST, 10:30 PST—for radio’s greatest morning show!
New lotion sensation works wonders for your whole hand!

**BEAUTIFIES SKIN**
because New Hinds has special "skin affinity" ingredients—makes hands feel softer instantly—gives longer-lasting protection!

**"SATINIZES" PALMS**
because New Hinds helps protect them from work-roughness—soothes and helps soften calluses . . . yet never feels sticky!

**SOFTENS CUTICLE**
because New Hinds is enriched with wonder-working lanolin—helps avoid unsightly, ragged edges—keeps your manicures lovelier longer!

**SMOoths KNUCKLES**
because New Hinds contains effective emollients that absorb . . . "work into" roughened knuckles—soothing and smoothing miraculously!

NEW LOVELINESS for your "whole hand" instantly with New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream! Proved, longer-lasting protection—no matter what your work or the weather!

NEW SMOOTHNESS for elbows, arms and legs with New Hinds! It's marvelous as a powder base, too . . . makes cosmetics go on smoothly, cling hours longer! Now in new, larger Beauty Bottle—four sizes, 10¢ to 1.00.

Now in NEW Beauty Bottle

Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream
THE HAIR "MAKE-UP"

for your Color Type*

Created for REDHEADS

Four of Marchand's 12 rinse shades are ideal for redheads! "Light Golden Blonde" makes your natural hair color sparkle with highlights. "Titan Blonde" and "Henna" add coppery tones, while "Bronze" blends in little gray strands.

Colors for every hair type...blonde, brownette, brunette and redhead! Marchand's new color chart tells you which shade to use for the particular color effect you want...whether it's just a subtle color accent or a deeper, richer tone.

Glistening highlights, too! Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse does what a shampoo alone cannot do. As it rinses out dulling soap film, it rinses in new lustre, leaving your hair shining, silken-soft and easy to manage.

Safe, easy-to-use. After every shampoo, simply dissolve Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. It's as easy as that! No bleach, not a permanent dye, it's as safe as lemon or vinegar and does so much more for your hair. It's made with government-approved colors that wash off with your next shampoo.

(Continued from page 74)

I'd even tried making my own pictures, acting—a star—were the only worthwhile things in the world.

The change was an abrupt one. With marriage to Phil Harris and with the coming of little Alice and then Phyllis, a career seemed suddenly unimportant. Keeping the family together and keeping them happy came first, and being an actress came second. But I didn't really want to give up the last—not entirely...and Phil agreed.

Along came the stagewagon show, to star Phil and me, and there simply was no problem any more. I found I enjoyed radio work. And rehearsals and broadcasts take up very little time...in fact, the rest of the easy days I can concentrate on bringing up Alice and Phyllis—and Phil.

It's that boyish quality that I so like in him, and Snead can also be something, too. He heads himself into a new experience or a new hobby or a new job with an impulsive eagerness which can sometimes land him flat on his face. At times like these, the women of his family stand by to help.

There was the time he decided to build a brick barbecue in the patio at the back of the house.

The first I heard of it was when a man came to the door.

"Lady, do you want them put?" he demanded.

"Put what?" Then I saw them—a whole truckload of new, shining red bricks. "Phil! Did you order all these bricks?"

He came rushing out from the garage—proud and happy. "I sure did, honey. I'm goin' to build us the best and the biggest barbecue in the whole of Encino."

The truck driver sniffed. "Whatta ya expect to roast in it—a jumbo elephant? You got enough bricks here to build the Chinese Wall."

"Okay, wise guy—you just wait and see. I don't fool around with no pin- din' little handful of bricks when I set out to do a job. This is going to be a big barbecue."

It was a big one. When it was finished it was immense—also, it had a slight slant to it and a tendency to billow out clouds of black smoke everytime it was used. But that was unimportant. What did worry me was the huge pile of bricks left over and still sitting on the edge of the patio.

"Now what?" I asked Phil. "What do we do with those?"

He sighed. "Oh, I guess there are a few. Tell you what! Alice and Phyllis could use a few to pull around in their toy trucks."

"They'll use all of two or three bricks, and that's all."

"Oh do you expect them to build a house?"

"There must be something."

"There certainly is. I've always wanted a brick walk down to the incinerator and little lunches riding. And the incinerator itself is falling apart and I'd like a brick wall all along the driveway and we could have a nice circular seat under that peg tree made of bricks and—"

"Hey, wait a minute. Aw, honey—"

"And from then on, every time Phil gets these large expansive ideas with too much of everything, all anyone needs to do is open the outfouse is to say 'bricks!' That stops him.

Of course, one of the first things I tackled in this business of bringing up a husband was the matter of Phil's language. The way he drops his g's and says 'ain't' and his murdering of the King's English was not the best example for the children to follow. I tried very hard at first to change this, but I soon stopped tryin'.

Because Phil doesn't want to speak correctly—and there's a reason and I respect that reason. He knows good grammar is not the most important thing of all the world, and he's so good at his work and his bad grammar is his way of thumping his nose at social la-di-da conventions. I'd much rather have him that way and know that Phyllis and Alice will grow up wanting to use his grammar, not knowing they're growing up.

When Phil first organized his own orchestra with some other boys from high school, it was a great thing to hear him knocking around the country wherever the "Dixie Syncopaters" could get jobs—barnstorming in small joints and dance halls, before they graduated to the big time in the Princess Theatre in Honolulu. It was a tough, rough education, this barnstorming, and Phil had to hold his own against the kind of drunken, unthinking insults some fellows on a dance floor always direct to a man singing on a bandstand. At first, he handled these insults with his fists. But later he learned to out-talk and out-insult the insults—and by singing and talking in the slangy way he has developed. No one then could accuse him of being a sissy...even with that southern accent of his.

And one of the instances where I wonder today "who's bringing up whom?" was the matter of our library. When we were first married it seemed to me as if Phil's reading matter consisted of hunting and fishing magazines, so I stocked the library shelves with the best of the classics and the latest of good modern fiction and non-fiction. Then I began to plan my campaign of introducing them to Phil.

THE campaign backfired. Somehow—between taking care of the children and taking care of the house and rehearsing for broadcasts and all the rest of it—it seemed that we had little time left to read and Phil is always about five laps ahead of me! It's very disconcerting to plan to be teacher and find myself audience, instead. "You really ought to read that," he'll say to me, reproachfully. "This professor guy knows all about neuroses and things like that. If you don't read it, howdya know?"

I know I almost did have a complex over Phil's determination that I should be an athlete. He is an enthusiast over sports of any kind: baseball, fishing, hunting, anything. And when he wanted me to share that enthusiasm

It was on the subject of horses that we crossed swords. He had long ago given up hope that I might be induced to go with him to catch his slippery stones over slippery stones to catch a fish—when I couldn't even put a worm on a hook without shuddering. Or shooting when I went to other ends of the house to see things in the racks of our den. But he still thought he could make a horsewoman out of me.
Little did he know. At that time a horse was just a huge, ferocious beast to me, with large, hungry teeth that would bite if I came within two feet of him, and a back that was made of sharp bones for my own personal torture.

"Come on, honey—" Phil would beg— "just try it, once. If you don't like it I'll never ask you again.

I shuddered, but this seemed like a good opportunity to settle it once and for all. Just 'once—and that would be the end of horses and I would have some peace. So I agreed.

At the stables, when they brought out the tame, gentle creature I was supposed to ride, I felt like a lamb led to the slaughter. They hoisted me onto his back. With my eyes closed I hung on for dear life.

"Whoa! Phil—make him stop! He's jogging up and down—"

"It's all right, Alice. He's gentle. And you're doing swell. You've got a fine seat."

"Don't g—get s-so-so personal!" The jogging was making my teeth chatter and old Pinto seemed made of nothing but a hard, unresistant spine. We started down the bridle path.

AND then Phil really went to work—that sweet-talking husband of mine! "Gee, Alice, you're doin' wonderful. And you sure do look pretty in that get-up." (I should have known this was blarney, but I was too weak to resist.) "You know, sugar, very few women can wear those rompers—"

"Jodhpurs, Phil."

"Okay, jodhpurs . . . but honestly, very few gals can wear them and look like anything in them. You look like a million dollars. Just like one of those ads in those fancy magazines of yours.

What woman could be impervious to that? I began to sit up and take notice; old Pinto and I were beginning to get together on our ups and downs and the saddle—while it was still no rocking-chair—wasn't quite so uncomfortable as it had been. Or perhaps I just wasn't aware of it.

"No kiddin', you ride that horse like you was raised in a padlock, Alice. Why, in a week you'll be jumping him; you'll be riding in horse shows!"

"I will?" I was weak enough to say.

"Certainly. And gosh, honey—you sure do look pretty. This kind of exercise puts the roses in your cheeks and your hair bounces up and down—"

"It's me bouncing up and down. My hair can't help it." But by this time I was a goner. His blandishments had had their effect; I had visions of myself seated on a horse, lightly springing over steeplechase obstacles, showing off on a tanbark.

I've been riding ever since. And the other day I suddenly realized that somehow or other Phil has even inveigled me into going on hunting trips and fishing expeditions. Didn't I say, in the beginning, I had to watch out for traps?

But I have had my innings, too. There's one problem in bringing up a husband which I'm sure every wife has to face, sooner or later. Breathes there a man who hasn't said to his wife, sometime "Women drivers! There isn't a woman born who has any sense about a car—don't know their left hand from their right!"

This matter of the family automobile is the perpetual male-vs.-female battle. Phil never came right out and said I wasn't to be trusted behind a wheel, but I always figure a hint is as good as

"I HATE Fels-Naptha Soap"

"It's the worst soap in the world. No matter where I hide, sooner or later Fels-Naptha finds me—generally sooner . . .

I've tried every place you could think of—towels, handkerchiefs, pillow cases, even shirt collars and cuffs—it's no use.

When they change to Fels-Naptha, I'm finished . . .

Oh, oh!—here comes that awful soap again.

It's after me. I can't stand it.

I'm going . . . going . . . gone . . ."
BESTFORM

no finer fit at any price

FOR A
WILLOWY WAIST
Bestform’s waist controller... side
Talon girdle with vertical stretch back, featuring “swing back”
elastic band for smooth midriff molding. At
good stores everywhere.
In nude—sizes 25 to 34.
Style 5464-14 inch. 65
Style 5664-16 inch. 65
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BESTFORM - GIRDLES - BRAS - ALL-IN-ONES

These make the difference

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID* SILVERPLATE

THIS IS FOR
Always

LOVELY TO LIVE WITH, a
West Branch cedar chest expresses your feeling for fine styling. Every West Branch chest is a masterpiece of the cabinetmaker's art. It is the gift that speaks graciously of sentiment. West Branch models range from traditional 18th Century to original Modern creations.

West Branch Chests, Milton, Pa.


being put on the head. I knew what he thought. For the first few years of our marriage we got along all right; I had my own little car and even though I thought my husband suspected the motor vehicle department of astigmatism when they gave me my license, he limited his worrying to just a few little couching remarks every time I backed out of the driveway.

But just recently we bought a brand-new station wagon. And, since this was neither my car nor his, but our car, it looked as if trouble was brewing.

Of course it was all settled in Phil's mind. As he told me, this was not the proper car to pack groceries in—this was the perfect car for hunting and fishing trips. That was his way of telling me I couldn't be trusted to know how to drive this brand-new lovely station wagon.

I waited. And said nothing.

"It's just too much for you to handle," he said to me one morning patronizingly. "It's a man's car."

So that very same day he drove off to a baseball game with a few of his friends—and came home that night with the right front fender of the car ripped completely off!

"It's all right, Phil," I assured him.

"Don't worry about it. It's just the right thing, now, for packing in groceries." And I've never heard another word about my driving since.

I'VE impossible really to quarrel with Phil. He can flare up quickly; he will pretend that I have hurt him deeply, but all the time we both know he's kidding. On the few times when he believed I was really and he went to such absurd lengths to make things right again, that I just couldn't hold out. Like the time he brought me so many boxes of flowers we all came down with hay fever.

We're both neighborly. We both like lots of friends and we like having them drop over evenings. But it's taken me some little time to teach Phil that food has to be ordered and prepared in advance for a houseful of people; that a refrigerator is not inexhaustible. To bring him to the point of giving me some warning.

A typical day for Phil goes something like this:

He takes the children for a walk or a ride in the morning.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones—" he calls to a neighbor—"where you been keeping yourself? Me and Alice were talkin' about you only the other day, wishin' you would come over." (And that's perfectly true: we were.) "How about tonight?"

Later he goes to the recording studio and after the recording session is over:

"Look, guys—how about bringing the platters over tonight and we'll play them back and see how they sound. Okay?"

Still later, at the Bandwagon rehearsal:

"Why don't you—all come over and we'll relax over some pretzels tonight?" ("You—all" means cast and orchestra.)

And so they all come and I love having them and it's fun for me, too—except for those frantic moments all housewives know towards the end of the evening when they are mentally counting on their fingers the number of times the ham is going to have to be sliced to be sure there are enough sandwiches to go around—and shaking the coffee tin hopefully, estimating whether there will be enough coffee for everyone.
PHIL has learned a home isn't like a hotel, where you just ring for room service if you want anything. And now he lets me know, in advance, so I can stock up at the grocery store.

Though we may not always see eye to eye on some things, raising our two little girls is a joint responsibility for Phil and me. We agree on all matters of discipline and training. "None of this rough stuff" is the way Phil puts it, and we've never found that spankings were necessary. We want Alice and Phyllis to have a normal childhood, with freedom for playing, but a sense of duty, too.

Wanda, our dog, is their playmate, but they have already learned that Wanda has his rights, too. If his ears are pulled, he's going to growl at them. They will never, as I've seen some children do, torment an animal, because they know that if a cat or dog scratches them we don't scold the animal—we explain to Alice and Phyllis that it's their responsibility not to anger the pet and to realize he has only that method of protecting himself.

Their sense of responsibility extends even to themselves. Alice looks after Phyllis with great maternal pride. This always surprises me—or perhaps it's a clue to Phil's character, too—because Alice, who looks very much like me, has all the personality of her father... impetuous, bubbling over with good humor, quick to catch on and a twinkle in her eye that shows she understands more than she lets on. Phyllis resembles Phil in looks, but she has my quieter, more reserved temperament.

We have deliberately kept them from having any consciousness of the limelight that goes with radio or motion pictures in the family. We want them to grow up free of any publicity-tainted childhood—to look upon the work Phil and I do as just another job and not something glamorous to brag about to the neighbors' children.

We'll do it. As Phil says: "This bringin' up a family's a cinch as long as you got a sense of humor. And an inflexible will."

"What kind of a will, Phil?"
"I pronounced it, didn't I? Do I have to know what it means, too?"
And that's my husband—Phil Harris.

CARE
FOR THEM NOW . . .

Food and clothing are desperately needed in Europe today. The most efficient and economical way to help is through CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe, Inc.)... only $10 sends 22 pounds of nutritious foods or clothing textiles to anyone in 15 European countries... delivery guaranteed. Send your order plus $10 to CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y. CARE does the rest. CARE is a non-profit, government-approved organization.

I'll never neglect my hands. There'll always be Jergens Lotion in our house. So your hands can feel even softer now, and smoother, your Jergens Lotion is finer than ever today. Two ingredients, so top-notch for skin-care that many doctors use them, are both in today's Jergens Lotion.

"Well, why don't you kiss a girl's hand?" I asked Dick. He said the dearest things and... now we're engaged to be married. And...

Know what the Hollywood Stars do? The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1 over any other hand care. You, too—always use Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no stickiness.

Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion
Reach Me Through Registry
(Continued from page 21)

Sharpe, her name is, and she knows radio and its personalities inside out. If you want to find out anything about radio, just ask Doris—she's the Answer Lady for Radio Row. She's a small-sized girl with a heart-shaped face, who doesn't look old enough to have spent seventeen years in and around the radio business. But she's one of the old-timers, as anyone who knows her will say, and she can tell you plenty about the good old days of radio's growing pains. She remembers Orson Welles when he was just an art young "Little Theatre" actor with Shakespearean mannerisms. She remembers Ted Husing when he was busy making his reputation as the best sports announcer in radio. She has seen celebrities made and broken, and has watched broadcasting grow by leaps and bounds until it has become one of the most important businesses in the country today.

Doris Sharpe went to work for Columbia Broadcasting System in 1930 as a hostess-receptionist. During the eight years she worked there, she took just about every reception desk in the CBS building, and by the end of those eight years she knew every actor, director, executive and agency man who passed it at her desk. Even then she had begun to be a source of information to people who knew her. "Ask Doris, she'll know," was an everyday phrase around CBS. And the actors and directors began to depend on her to keep track of things for them. She'd remind them of rehearsals, take phone calls for them, get messages to them, find them when they were wanted—whether it was a matter of business or just an anxious message from home reminding them not to forget to bring the dessert for supper.

It was Irving Reis, now a Hollywood movie director, but then the originator and director of CBS's famous Columbia Workshop, and Brewster Morgan, another CBS director, who strongly encouraged Doris in her idea that she might start a service agency for radio people and get paid for it, instead of working for everybody "for free." They kept after her.

DORIS is very apt to stop at this point in her recital of Registry's history and say with some awe, "I owe it all to Irving Reis and Brewster Morgan. They made me do it."

What she did was draw up a letter which she planned to send around to radio actors, outlining the idea of a service agency and asking if the actors would be interested. She had just finished the first draft of the letter, sitting at her desk in the lobby of CBS's 22nd Floor, when the actors on the old March of Time show came pouring out of the studio for a five minute break in rehearsal. One of them came over to her desk to chat with her, and she showed him the letter.

"Who do you think of it?" she asked.

"Any suggestions?"

He read it over quickly and whooped. "This is wonderful. Let me take it in to rehearsal with me, will you? I'll give it back to you when we finish."

So he took it into the studio. And when the rehearsal was over, he brought the letter back to Doris. Scribbled at the bottom were the signatures of the entire March of Time cast—some of the best known names in radio. They came crowding around her desk then, and Doris was on her back—pleading with her to get started immediately, promising to support the new organization to the limit, prophesying a huge clientele and eventual millions.

Doris was a little breathless by this time, but her mind was made up. Her entire financial capital at that time was the $300 she had saved so painfully during the past eight years—a receptionist doesn't make much money, even in the exalted halls of radio!

She quit her job at CBS, took her $300 out of the bank, rented a corner of someone's office, had the phone company install a small monitor board in that corner and a night line at home, and she was in business!

Radio Regina, as she had decided to call the service, had eighteen clients to start with, and she charged them $4.50 a month. For this sum, Doris received and relayed phone calls for them, kept schedules of their shows and rehearsal times so she could accept jobs for them if they couldn't be located immediately, acted as personal secretary for them, and performed most important of all, worried about them and hoped they'd all become rich and famous.

That was in November of 1938, and Radio Registry's first list of eighteen actors reads like a "Who's Who" in radio ten years ago:

---

Frank Open Letter
on extra advantage of this higher type
Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Greaseless Suppository Gives
Continuous Medication For Hours
Easy to Carry If Away From Home!

Here's a frank message to women who've so eagerly wanted a higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness. You'll be thrilled over Zonitors! Zonitors are easier, daintier, more convenient to use—so powerfully germicidal yet absolutely safe to the most delicate tissues—no matter how often used.

Positively Non-Irritating—No Bum
Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are not the type which quickly melt away. Instead—when inserted—Zonitors instantly release their powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours. They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.

Leave No Sticky Residue
Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are so powerfully effective they immediately kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the track, but you can be sure Zonitors kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying.

Zonitors
(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-30, 270 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Do Dreams Come True?
YES! Find out how you can get your fondest wish. Fabulous gifts awarded daily.

LISTEN TO HEART'S DESIRE
Daytime—Monday through Friday
on the Mutual Network

DRAMA HUMOR LOVE

Do you want your dream to come true? Read the HEART'S DESIRE feature in this month's TRUE ROMANCE Magazine
Wich Twin has the Toni?

(See answer below)

Your mirror will show you...your friends will tell you that your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as a $15 beauty shop wave. But before you try Toni 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.

How much curl will I have with Toni?

You can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a wide, loose wave to a halo of ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Must I be handy with my hands?

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking Toni Home Permanent. It's easy as ABC.

How long will it take me?

Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours—even less for hair that's easy to wave. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How long will my Toni wave last?

It's guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty-shop permanent—or your money back.

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

How much do I save with Toni?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only $2...with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which twin has the Toni?

Lovely Beverly Dahm says, "I like a loose, natural-looking wave. And that's just what I got with Toni. No wonder Barbara says after this we'll be Toni twins." Beverly, the twin with the Toni, is at the left.

Where can I buy Toni?

At all drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.
NEW!

a liquid 'LIPSTICK'
can't smear!
won't rub off!
gives exotic color!

by placing their calls through the Registry. She thought up a special service for the producers and casting directors, too. While, as a matter of policy, she never suggests an individual actor for a particular job, Doris will submit lists of suitable actors for a producer’s new show. “Any of these people,” she will say as she hands over the list, “can handle the job,” and then the director or producer makes up the cast himself. This service is called “I’m Casted,” and both advertising agency men and independent producers use it a lot.

In order to facilitate Registry’s service, and incidentally to save her actors money, a nickel, Doris has installed a direct telephone wire between Registry and the networks, advertising agencies, recording studios, and such eating places as Colbee’s (in the CBS building), the NBC drugstore, and Louis & Armand’s, that favorite 52nd Street hangout of agency and network executives. There is always someone on duty at the Registry, day and night, so if an actor should suddenly wonder how to make salad dressing at three o’clock in the morning, he’s pretty sure he can call Radio Registry and find out.

Don’t think it hasn’t been done, either! That question about salad dressing, I mean. The questions that are fired at Doris and her girls every day sound like Information Please. And the Registry never says it doesn’t know. Doris, or whoever is on the phone, always says she’ll find out and call the questioner back. And she always does. Which is one reason why the Registry enjoys the tremendous reputation it does among radio folk.

When someone called from Hollywood wanted to know what the smallop situation was in New York during the same year, Doris got in touch with the Board of Health and was able to deliver an accurate answer. “You can almost always find the answers if you try hard enough,” she says.

Of course the stories and legends that are told and re-told about Registry whenever radio people get together are legion. The Registry modestly admits for itself that it has been chopped up for good for several years now. But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story—But Kermit later story. When she got in touch with the Board of Health and was able to deliver an accurate answer. “You can almost always find the answers if you try hard enough,” she says.

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During the war years, Registry did a brisk business in disposing of and finding apartments for clients going to and from the Coast. And there's one war story about a sailor who met and liked an actress at the Stage Door Canteen. He promised her he'd help her put the screens up on her house, but when the time came for him to fulfill his promise, he'd been shipped out. A few days later Registry received a money order and a letter from him, asking them to please hire someone to put those screens up. So they did.

A call came into Registry one day for a certain advertising agency talent buyer. Doris found out that he'd gone for a drive with a friend. She knew the friend had one of the new radio-telephones in his car, so she figured out approximately where he'd be, and put in a call to the car. The talent buyer got back to New York in time for his appointment.

REGISTRY once held up a cross-country plane at LaGuardia Field to get that same talent buyer off the plane and back to the city for an important conference. When he climbed off the plane, he is said to have shaken his head in amazement and muttered, "That Radio Registry!"

Registry is even in the turkey-sellng business. Arthur Vinton, a radio actor whom you'd probably remember, if you were to meet him, as a "heavy" in the movies some time ago, raises turkeys on his upstate farm as a hobby. When he sends out cards advertising his turkeys, there is a little message at the bottom which says, "Just call the Registry—Lackawanna 4-1200—and they'll take care of your order."

When Jennifer Jones was called to Hollywood for a screen test, she forgot her make-up kit, leaving it out in Port Washington. She called the Registry frantically from the station and asked them if they could do something about it. They could. They chartered a taxi to Port Washington, got the make-up kit, and had it at the train in time.

The last time Doris was in Hollywood, someone called the Registry there for Alan Reed. Doris had seen him that morning and he'd told her he was taking his son to lunch for the youngster's birthday. She knew he was fond of the Friars' Club, so she put in a call for him there at noon. When he got on the phone he sputtered, "How in the world did you know I was here?"

"Oh," said Doris, "I just had a hunch."

She has lots of hunches, but most of them are based on keen observation, good memory, and a real colloquial knowledge of her clients' activities and habits. She's even "in on" most of the romances around radio. Many times an actor will call Registry to say he can be reached at such-and-such a number, and Doris recognizes that number as belonging to one of her feminine clients! You'll never be able to get any of that information from her, though. She guards her actors' private lives as zealously as their professional careers.

There is just one day of the week when Doris can't be reached at her office. That's Wednesday, and on Wednesday she stays home to look after her four-year-old daughter because it's the nurse's day off.

In between running the Registry and taking care of her family, Doris is managing to write a book. She's not quite sure of the title yet, but she thinks she'll call it "Mind Your Own Business." And it'll be the inside story of—naturally!—The Radio Registry.

**TRY ELLA RAINES' BEAUTY-GLOW CLEANSING**

"First—smooth massage with Woodbury Cold Cream," says Ella. "Its deep-cleansing oils lift away make-up. Tissue and swirl on more Woodbury. Four special softening ingredients smooth dryness. Tissue again...spank with cold water. Your skin glows silken-clean, with that Woodbury 'Always-Fresh' look!"

**CATCH EYES...CATCH HEARTS...WITH**

that Always-Fresh look

ELLA RAINES
in Nunnally Johnson's
"THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET"
A Universal-International Picture

**Woodbury Cold Cream**

"Daytime! Before studio hours, Ella paints. She's a picture...skin rosy-awake! "For my wake-up facial, it's Woodbury Cold Cream. Cleanses deep and clean, coaxes fresh beauty-glow!"

"Playtime! Ella "at home". "Studio day done, my first date is Woodbury! So rich—it not only cleanses, but softens, smooths dryness. Leaves skin velvety!"

After neutralizing the text and removing the advertisement, here's the natural text:

"During the war years, Registry did a brisk business in disposing of and finding apartments for clients going to and from the Coast. And there's one war story about a sailor who met and liked an actress at the Stage Door Canteen. He promised her he'd help her put the screens up on her house, but when the time came for him to fulfill his promise, he'd been shipped out. A few days later Registry received a money order and a letter from him, asking them to please hire someone to put those screens up. So they did.

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My Friend Fred Allen

(Continued from page 29)

third week, and Fred—who had been begging off enjoying the biggest programs in respect to his ulcer—came on for me and gave a sock performance.

He complained afterward, when we were having supper at the Cub room at the Stork Club (I was a producer now, he said, and should not show my face on Sixth Avenue) that we were both in the wrong business.

“You can't lift what you have written,” he said, “and who can remember a word of it?”

I was willing to say he was right—I was willing to try something else. The routine of writing a half hour show every week was giving me ulcers.

But it didn't occur to me yet that the stuff which cleaned up in the living room might survive the air. It didn't occur to Fred either.

But he did warn me again. “Get out of this business,” he groaned a few days later when we were riding down in the elevator at Fred's apartment house.

Oscar Levant was on the same car with his little daughter, Jane.

WHEN Allen and I got on, Oscar—showing off before the young—pointed to Fred and asked Jane if she knew who that man was.

“Sure,” said four year old Jane, “it's Bobbie Hirshkowitz's uncle.” (He is, of course, Artie Hirshkowitz is Fred's brother-in-law.)

“Get out,” repeated Fred, “while there is yet time.”

I hadn't seen Allen since I took the advice and started writing jokes for myself, but my spies tell me he approves. All I hear first hand is what Fred says on the air, quote:

Portland: Henry Morgan had a dog singing on his program the other night.
Fred: Are you sure it wasn't Abe Burrows?

Okay, okay, but whatever I sound like on the air today, blame it all on Allen. For long, long ago I learned a big lesson from Fred: a guy doesn't have to wear a false mustache or use a dialect to be a funny fellow. He can do it—if he has a point of view, an opinion—mostly by being himself.

Mark Twain, who was America's greatest humorist, is read all over the world today because he managed, while writing humor, to say something pertinent about the society and times in which he lived. So, in his way, did Will Rogers.

So does Fred Allen, the first Man with an Opinion on radio. And his shows for my money vary in quality—they all have quality, they vary in degree—according to how much Fred cares about the topic at hand. (He really doesn't like vice presidents.)

It's quite a league to be shooting for. Burrows, I tell myself—quite a social set for the Delacosteen Dwight Fiske.

But at least, this way, even if I do get ulcers I won't have to hate myself in the morning.

RADIO MIRROR readers
have a date for luncheon with
ARTHUR GODFREY
in March RADIO MIRROR Magazine
On Sale Wednesday, February 11th.
No Marriage for Him  
(Continued from page 47)

Detroit had been sent to the coast to direct the Phantom Pilot show and I happened to be on the show that day...  
Later, he told me that I was the very first female on whom he set eyes in Hollywood, having been driven straight from the station to the studio where, within fifteen minutes after his arrival, he began work. He also told me later that although he didn't speak one more word to me than was necessary for the director to speak to a member of the cast, he remembered me—because, he said, I was wearing an upsweped hair-do and it was the first upsweped hair-do he had ever liked.

I may have fallen in love with him that very first day... how do you know when love begins? Or whether it is really love? Or just an infatuation? Perhaps some girls would know. But I didn't. I'd gone out with a lot of boys. But I can't recall that I even felt the familiar symptoms of the common crush coming on, the day I first met Harry...  

I DO recall quite clearly, that I liked his looks the minute I saw him. Liked his voice. Liked the way he worked. Recognized the ability in him. But certainly, when the show was over and the brief, conventional goodnights were said, no shadow of coming events walked home with me. It was a month later, perhaps two months, before I saw Harry again when, having learned that he was assistant director of the Screen Guild Theater of the air, I went to his office to ask him for a job.  
I'd been rehearsing in another show and it was late when I reached Harry's office. His secretary, looking dubious, took my name in to him. Presently, she brought my name back again. Mr. Ackerman was very sorry, she said, but it was after five o'clock and he was just leaving—perhaps some other time? Then—perhaps because I looked even more disappointed than I felt, or perhaps because destiny (mine) nudged her in the ribs or perhaps just because she was kind—at any rate, "Wait a moment," she said, and disappeared into the inner office again. When she came back this time, Mr. Ackerman will see you," she told me.  
And he did. But only because, his secretary, bless her, spoke some pretty words for me.  
"He's kind of cute, Mr. Ackerman," she told him when he asked the second try, he again said that it was too late, that he was going home. She added, giving him what he was to describe as a "meaning" look, "You'd better see her..."  
So he "saw" me. Only he didn't, really. In his office, dusk was thick. He didn't bother to turn on the lights. But he said something pleasant about my radio voice and personality and made a date with me to audition for a part in the Screen Guild theatre show. And that was that.

As I went down in the elevator, I thought, A cool customer, this young Mr. Ackerman; I thought, I suppose he has to be, an attractive young man being, in Hollywood, something of a collector's item... It was after the first show in which I appeared on the Screen Guild Theatre that I rode down, quite by chance on the same elevator with him. We walked...
out of the building together and, indicating his car, he asked, "May I drop you?" Implicit as it was, in the way he said it, that he was doing no more than should be expected of any normally courteous male, I said, "Yes."

During the drive home, he made polite but still completely impersonal conversation. To what he said, I made polite but completely impersonal answers. But as he dropped me at the door, "How about dinner some night?" he asked, "Yes," I said. And wondered why I floated into the house as if airborne.

But he didn't call me the next day as I, perhaps unreasonably, had expected him to do. Nor the next. Nor the day after that.

By the fourth day the "symptoms" I had recognized as such, were subsiding and if he had not called, if I had never seen him again, I could have told myself it didn't matter—much.

But he did call. On the fourth day. We went to the Horse Derby in Holly-

wood for dinner. We went dancing. And it was as we were dancing that I knew I was in love with him. Not an infatuation. Not a crush. Not like any of the others to which I had never, thence, any real desire to be engaged, let alone married. This, I knew, for certain and for sure, was different.

THE next day, he called again. And again we had dinner. And went dancing. And the day after that. And all the days, and every day, from then to—well, to now.

And in between the calls and the dates, there would be flowers—he is very much of a flower-and-gift sender. And, because he is a book-lover and wanted me to be the same, he sent me books, too.

And then—it wasn't so long, really, it just seemed long—he knew what I knew.

Once he knew, it wasn't so long, either, not long at all, as time goes—before we were married. It only seemed long.

It seemed long because, individualist that he was, there was the struggle in him against getting married. Marriage, he said, was not for him. Not for many years. Not, at least, he said, until he was thirty-five. (Thirty-five; he's twenty-

five or so, going on twenty-six—It'd calculate ... nine to ten years ... I should live to love so long!)

Least of all, he'd also say, least of all could he tolerate the idea of marriage to a career woman. He was dead set, he said, against the woman who attempted to drive marriage and a career in double harness. He, for one, would have none of her. And the old, old "battle of the sexes" was on ... We quarreled. It seems to me we quarreled more than any two people in love, but maybe I'm wrong. When you are in love, you always think your love is different from any other love (and so it is) and your problem unique, and more difficult, than any other problem, so I thought. So, what do I do?

So I decided to play an act of my own. I mean, I talked about my career. And my love of it. About my ambition. My plans. It wasn't, actually, all playing a part in it. I'd wanted to be an actress, and I'd worked at being an actress ever since, at the age of eight, I made my professional bow in a Los Angeles (where I was born) stock company production of "The Little Princess" majored in dramatics at school and started working in radio before I was out of school.
By the time I met Harry, I'd got to the point of a couple of contracts in radio shows. The first commercial radio job I had, by the way, was with Richard Quine, now married to Susan Peters, when I played his twelve year old girl-friend in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." I cared about my career, all right. No fooling about that. I still do. But whereas, in my adolescence, I went through the phase of vowing I would never marry but would give all to my work, as a woman I outgrew it.

But in those first days of the combat that was our courtship, I didn't admit that I was now willing, more than willing, to be what Harry called the "split personality of wife and career woman." Quite the contrary. I pretended, I did an Academy Award-winning job of pretending that I wasn't interested in marriage, either.

When he did manage to "find me in" and would ask for a date on Saturday night, I had a date, I'd tell him—and so I did. A malicious aforesaid date. A date made—on purpose. But—now it can be told—I didn't enjoy those dates. I hated them. But I made them, and I kept them, and I lived through them in the hope that their value would be, if not in the thrill department, at least therapeutic.

So Harry kept calling the house frantically and soon was saying, "We should go out with each other, Mary, and no one else." But he was not saying, "We should get married, Mary." So, "Oh, no," I'd say, the words nearly strangling me, "we really can't do that, Harry. I don't want to be tied down, really I don't...!"

Not much, I didn't!

When, as Kathleen in The Aldrich

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**Discovery!**

called finer than Lanolin itself

by skin scientists

**vitone**

now in

Jergens Face Cream

---

**BE A DETECTIVE...**

without leaving your radio

**EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON**

**"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"**

ALL MUTUAL STATIONS

$500 REWARD

for information on Wanted Criminals

TUNE IN FOR DETAILS

---

Now... you're closer to romance... closer to a softer, love-inspiring skin. Jergens Face Cream is enriched with a precious skin-smoother, Vitone—called finer than Lanolin itself by skin scientists. Thrill to the way Jergens Face Cream softens, smooths your skin to new beauty.

**Like four beauty aids in one jar:** Jergens Face Cream is all-purpose. Use it to cleanse, soften, help smooth dry-skin lines... as your powder base. Enriched with Vitone yet costs no more than ordinary creams.

---

Doctors' tests show 8 out of 10 complexions beautifully improved; "Softer, smoother, fresher" with Jergens Face Cream enriched with Vitone.
In 36 Minutes—wing your way to

New Hair Loveliness

Yes, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovely! Appearing always at your best at all times, for business or social engagements — and Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment helps you do just that! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone, hair softness and glamour — these are yours, when you apply Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment — quickly, conveniently, in your own home! Ask for the regular sizes of Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment; for the postcard coupon, too — mail today for free trial application.

The Famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment

Glover's

Free Trial Application

Be Glover-wise, glamourize with Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Hair Dress at Drug or Cosmetic counter — mail coupon today for free trial application. (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.)

Glover's Dept. 552
101 W. 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.

Send free Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail — Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Imperial Hair Dress; in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles — with free booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City _____________________________ Zone __________ State ____________

ENDS GRAY HAIR

WORRIES IN 5 SECONDS

TUFFENAIL Enhance and glorify the natural beauty of lovely nails...

Hollywood's own daily nail care with easy-to-use applicator. Nails stay lovelier longer... with TUFFENAIL.

$25 AT ALL 5 AND 10c STORE COSMETIC COUNTERS
when we first started to go together, he still wasn’t interested in, still didn’t approve of, my career. But what had to happen, happened, and on August 16, 1939, at St. Kevin’s Catholic Church in Los Angeles, with all my family present, and some twenty-five friends, we were married.

It was a double-ring ceremony. (Harry’s ring was my wedding gift to him.) I wore a blue ensemble, the kind of blue that goes, I remember, with wine accessories. And a bonnet-type hat. And on my charm bracelet, Harry’s wedding gifts to me—a little gold heart charm, with key attached; a tiny golden microphone with an “H” engraved on one side of it, an “M” on the other. This meant, I knew, this was telling me that for both of us, for me as well as for Harry, there would be a career in radio.

As there has been and still is...

From the day we were married and drove away on our honeymoon to Carmel, in northern California, then on to the Yosemite, to Lake Tahoe, through the giant redwoods, along the seacoast it has been, for Harry and me, like the calm after the storm...

True, I did give up my career for a year or two, when, shortly after we were married, Harry was brought back to New York to do the Kate Smith show. But, for me, being just a housewife didn’t work. I was bored. I was dull. And, realizing what the loss of the work I loved was doing to me Harry finally and completely reversed his “marriage and career don’t mix” ideas.

NOW, he is very proud of my career. Proud of my five years as Kathleen in The Aldrich Family. Proud of the work I’ve done in television. Proud of my ambition to do a stage play. Proud that I am—at this writing—Mrs. Milton Berle on the Milton Berle show. Very proud. Very boastful about it. But very critical, too, of my performances which he always hears, usually at home, where nothing distracts his attention.

And as vice-president in charge of radio production for Young & Rubicam, actually head of all the agency’s creative radio, Harry has a career of which I am, and always have been, enormously proud.

In our apartment in New York, in the house we rent in Westport, Connecticut, in the summer, there is room for two careers and room, plenty of room, for Susan, our little daughter, who is two—plenty of room for; we plan and hope, two more little sisters, or two little brothers, or one of each.

Time, too, to do many of the “extra-curricular” things we enjoy doing together. We still poke around in old second-hand bookstores usually accompanied, these days, by our portly Scotch terrier Grampy, while Ermentrude, our black cat, keeps Susan company at home.

We’re studying Spanish together, Harry and I, and I’ve been studying French, alone, against the day—soon now, I hope—when we take our long-dreamed-of trip to Paris where we’ve been invited to spend some time with our good friend, Madeleine Carroll and her charming husband, Henri Lavedan. We go to the theater constantly. We play pachisi. And read. And do things with Susan. And talk. And listen to the radio. And it’s fun. It’s fine. It’s fulfilling. It’s good...

... and so I dare to say that “They lived happily ever after” will be the tag to our story, too.

Every girl and woman today should know how necessary vaginal douching often is for cleanliness, health, marriage happiness, to combat odor and after menstrual periods.

And here’s your chance to learn how important it is to always use ZONITE in the douche.

DEVELOPED BY A WORLD-FAMOUS SURGEON and CHEMIST

Those ignorant, old-fashioned women who, because of misinformation passed on by friends, still use vinegar, salt or soda in the douche should wake up! Don’t you realize you are using nothing but “kitchen makeshifts”?

Vinegar, salt or soda in the douche are not germicides. They can’t possibly give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE. Scientists tested every generally known antiseptic and germicide for the douche they could find for sale. And

NO OTHER TYPE PROVED SO POWERFUL YET SO SAFE TO DELICATE TISSUES.

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From her shoulders as soon as they'd left the room, Reed Bannister called Ruth back. "She wants to talk to you, alone."

"Is it—is it—" Her voice was thick with unshed tears. Looking at her, it was all he could do to keep from taking her in his arms. He covered up with his driest professional tone.

"I don't know. But go in to her anyway. Ruth. I'll stay with Hope and Neddie."

He left them together, drew the door softly to after him.

"Mrs. Wayne—" Try as she would, the old woman couldn't raise her voice above a whisper. "I—I not try thank you for everything you do. Especial not now. Because now I want you do something else for me—look after my Sophie. Is good girl, Sophie. This I know now. But is young, and soon she's not have nobody, no grandmother, think of her, help her. Maybe you look out for her, see she's not do foolish things. He help her find how to be happy?"

"Of course." Ruth shook her head to clear her eyes. "I'll do anything I can. But—didn't you say yourself you'd be well again soon?"

Mrs. Melanchek smiled, her eyes closed. "What I say and what I know is be two different things. But I'm not to be afraid. I'm have good life, happy. And now, I'm be tired. I want sleep—long time. Now we're not talk more. We're just sit, think—is so many wonderful things think—"

"All right, Mrs. Melanchek. But what I'm going to be thinking about—is you. And I only hope that when I get to be your age, I have just half of your courage and wisdom and faith and understanding. Because if I do have—" She stopped. There had been a change, as definite as the closing of a door. "Mrs. Melanchek—Mrs. Melanchek—"

The face on the pillow was utterly peaceful, utterly still. Blind with tears, Ruth put out an unsteady hand, found the thin old wrist, felt for the pulse, knowing that there would be none. . . .

There were flowers in the little chapel just off Main Street, a great bank of them against the altar, a vernal carpet of them, on that sunny autumn day, over the bier. There were few in Glen Falls who had known Mrs. Melanchek, but it was as if those who had known her had tried with these mute, bright offerings to pay tribute twice over.

Dr. Carvell was speaking. The minister had asked him to say a few words before the conclusion of the service.

"The times in which we live are difficult and troubled. I confess to you that there have been many occasions recently when I've been afraid to think of the future, afraid of what may lie in store for us. But I am not afraid now. Because I know that there are many Mrs. Melancheks in the world. Not only here in America, but everywhere. And when there are people like her, there is hope. She gave me hope, this frail, sick old woman. She gave me courage and faith—"

Yes, thought Ruth, she did that for all of us. But she had done something more, something special, for her, Ruth . . . and yet Ruth could not put into words, could not shape into thought, what it was. She only knew that under her grief, under the painful realization of the tragic brevity of life, there was
a sudden longing for John, for her husband, sharper and more real than at any other time since he had gone.

Neddie had not come to the funeral. Nor did she join them later, as Ruth had hoped, at the cemetery. It was Ruth who took Hope home, gave her a sleeping pill, put her to bed. And then, as she was ready to leave the apartment, Neddie came in.

"Oh—hello, Ruth," he greeted her.

"What are you doing here?"

Her anger rose at his indifferent tone.

"I came home with Hope. Have a busy day at the garage?"

"Not terribly. How... how is Hope?"

"Dazed—shocked, as might be expected after all she's been through. Neddie—her grandmother was buried today. We held up services for some time, waiting for you. Why didn't you come?"

"Because I couldn't, that's why," he shot at her. "I couldn't stand even being near Hope!"

"Are you passing judgment?" Ruth asked after a moment. "Have you any idea of how she feels—how she's been feeling?"

But she couldn't reach him, for the first time in their lives.

Ruth moved Hope into a spare room at Dr. Carvell's. She had neglected her own work to care for Mrs. Melanchek; she had no time to commute back and forth between the office and Hope's apartment to look after the girl, and she was deeply worried about Hope's physical and mental condition. Hope accepted her care protestingly, gratefully, but she refused to do anything to help herself.

"It's no use, Ruth," she insisted. "I know how Neddie feels, and I don't blame him. I haven't any right to expect him to come back."

Ruth felt beaten. She not only had to fight Neddie for Hope; she had to fight Hope for herself. "Look," she said wearily, "you've said often lately that I've done a great deal for you, that you appreciate it. Now will you do something for me? Just stay here. Don't go anywhere, do anything, until I've had a chance to talk to Neddie."

She had it the next day. And nothing she could say would sway him. "I swear," he said, "I can't understand you, Ruth. It was you she always fought with, more than anyone else."

"Shouldn't that prove something, then, Neddie? If I do defend her this way, you should know that it's because I think that in this case you're wrong."

He shook his head stubbornly. "I'm sorry, Ruth, but my mind's made up. And—I want you to do me a favor. I've been sleeping out at the garage, and—well, I'd like you to tell her for me that we are through, and ask her if she wants to move out of the apartment, or if she wants me to."

Ruth was firm. "Then you've come to the wrong place, Neddie—on two counts. In the first place, Hope isn't at the apartment, she's here. And in the second place I'm certainly not going to tell her for you. You're a big boy, now."

"Here?" Neddie stammered. "She's here. But, Ruth—" And then Hope herself came down the stairs.

Ruth started to leave, but Neddiemotioned her to stay. "Anything I've got to say to Hope," he said, "you can hear too."

Hope smiled, a queer, set little smile. "Let me make it easy for you, Neddie. You want to tell me we're through, that you don't love me any more, that you'd like to forget the whole thing. And Neddie! Don't look so upset! I don't
blame you, not one little bit. It's what I deserve—exactly what I deserve.” But Neddie turned without answering, and went out.

“No,” Hope said to Ruth, “do you see what I mean when I tell you it’s no use? The only thing for me to do is to go—”

“No,” Ruth said. “Stay here with us for just a few more days.”

Hope studied her, this sister-in-law who, in spite of all her warmth, had always seemed to be in a distant, far wrapped in quiet dignity. “I’ll stay,” she said, “if you honestly want me to, Ruth. And—if she finished impulsively, “I think you’re wonderful, I really do. Maybe if you weren’t so wonderful, maybe people wouldn’t take everything you do so much for granted—and realize that you’ve got trouble, too. In some ways worse than mine. John. You going on here, taking care of Richard, all by yourself. . . while he’s in New York. Not knowing when he’s coming back, or if he ever will—”

Ruth smiled. “It’s not as bad as all that, Hope. I’m not all by myself—because I have Richard, and a job, and friends, and a place to live. And as far as John is concerned—well, I’m sure he’s coming home.

As she spoke, Ruth wondered—was Hope’s humility, her insistence upon going away, all deliberate, calculated to get Ruth to ask her to stay?

Then one day she passed Hope’s door while she was napping, heard Hope pleading with Neddie in uncontrolled, wondering tones, unmistakably talking in her sleep. She was convinced then, and at the end of the week when Hope came downstairs with her bag packed, Ruth knew it was not an act.

“What are you—where are you going, Hope?”

“I—I don’t, what do you think of my going to see Neddie, trying to talk to him?”

Ruth leaned back in her chair, relaxing, feeling that she had tentatively, at least—a battle. “I think it’s a very good idea, Hope.”

“Do you? You don’t think it would look like I’m running after him, like I haven’t got any pride?”

“And have you?” Ruth asked gently.

“Well—sure I have. I mean, you have to have some pride just to keep going. But when I think of never seeing him again, ever, and if it doesn’t do any good—” She gestured toward the bag.

“I see,” said Ruth. “Then that’s the gamble. Oh, Hope, even if seeing him today doesn’t do any good. I wish you had just a little more patience. I just a little more faith. And don’t let your pride run things; it can overbalance so easily.”

But Hope didn’t wait to hear her out. She lifted her hand in a quick little gesture of farewell, and was gone.

Ruth went to the window, looked after her, and saw suddenly, not Hope, nor the quiet, tentative answer she had been looking for ever since Mrs. Melanchek had died. “When we teach, we learn,” Mrs. Melanchek had said.

But if Mrs. Melanchek had known about John, if she had known she had talked to her, Ruth, as she’d just now talked to Hope? Then why didn’t she go to see him in New York? Oh, John, John. . .

At the garage, Neddie emerged from the garage pit, grinning for Pete Little, and saw Hope standing quietly, waiting. “I just wanted to see you,” she said. He steeled himself against her. “I don’t get it,” he said gruffly.

“Yes, I don’t blame you,” she agreed. “For wondering, I mean. Not after
everything that's happened since we were married."
If only she wouldn't look like that, Neddie thought desperately. So pale and tired, so utterly all gone. "I'm not saying that, Hope.
"But you are, Neddie. And you've a right to. Only now, for once, I'm going to talk straight to you, straighter than we've ever talked before. All I want, Neddie, is a chance to make up for what I've done. I'm not asking you to love me again the way you did, or even try to. All I want is a chance to try to make up. To come back to you and see that you get your meals regular, and—and look after your clothes." Her voice caught.
"Hope, do you really mean it? Honest?"
"Mean it!" said Hope. "Oh, Neddie! Sure I've been bad—but do you think I haven't any conscience at all?" Suddenly she smiled at him, shakily. "Neddie, you look just like always—even the grease on your forehead.
She had her handkerchief out, reached up to wipe away the smudge. Neddie felt his knees turn to water.
Hope—the perfume of her, the sweetness—yes, the real, rare sweetness that he alone knew. Her face was close to his, very close, framed in the gold of her hair, a glint of gold at her throat—He stiffened, drew back.
"Where'd you get that, Hope. That pin—that gold brooch?"
Her hand went up to it automatically. "That? That was Grandma's."
"I thought so," he said. And it was over—Hope knew it from his voice. She wasn't going to have her chance after all. "I'm sorry, Hope," he went on dully. "I'm thinking about you—and how pretty you are, and how you don't look so well—and then all of a sudden, I see her face, the way she looked just before she died, thin and pale and tired, but her eyes all shining. And I remember...I'm sorry, Hope. I'm not angry at you more or anything like that, but it's no good. It's going to keep on coming back to me all the time, and that's only going to hurt you, make things worse. It's better that we leave everything the way it is now."
She'd gambled, and she'd lost. Hope went slowly up the steps at Dr. Carrvell's, thinking of the bag, packed and waiting, keeping her mind pinned to it. She'd have to do that from now on, just think of the next thing to be done, the next thing ahead. Climbed the steps, opened the door, get your suitcase—
Then in the hall she stopped. Ruth's voice came from the reception room. Ruth's voice—but with a new, quick, alive note in it. She was talking on the telephone. "Please try again, Operator. New York City, Gramercy—Yes, it's very important."
Ruth—calling John! Ruth, with all her dignity, her self-assurance, sounding—yes, sounding a little as Hope had sounded talking to Neddie! And suddenly Hope understood why Ruth had taken her part so staunchly, why she'd insisted upon her staying there, waiting for Neddie. Because Ruth knew. Underneath, Ruth had the same fears, the same loneliness, the same hopelessness. And still she'd waited, patiently, not showing any of it, had waited for months, would go on waiting, believing.
Hope tiptoed up the stairs. Never mind the bag standing beside Ruth's desk. She could pick it up, unpack it, later. Because she wasn't going away. She was staying. And some day, some way, Neddie would come back to her.
Life Can Be Beautiful
(Continued from page 39)
a few minutes later she came back all smiles and said, "Mommy, Santa Claus
don't have to bring the dolly. I said my prayers and God said he would bring
me one," you can perhaps imagine my consternation. Her faith was so strong
and you just can't explain enough to a child for her not to lose faith.
I worried the next two days wondering what to do but on the third day I
received a letter from a brother in a western state asking what to buy Mary
for Christmas. He said he had been in Reno and saw a Shirley Temple doll
and bought it for Sue. He said it was so pretty he knew she would like it. He
had not been having an easy time of it financially either. Surely God moves
in mysterious ways. I learned that the evening my baby girl prayed for the
doll was the evening my brother bought it.

Mrs. K. J.

THE CRYING PLANT
Dear Papa David:
A few years ago a couple with four
children, ages two to eight, moved next
door to us. Naturally, we expected the
usual spats and crying that accompany
little squabblers. There was very little
of it, and we wondered. One morning
the busy mother was hanging clothes
at the same time instructing the six-year-old before sending her to the
store. The little boy, four, burst into
tears at not being allowed to go along.
The mother said, "Get a plant. Get a
plant." The boy stopped and grinned
sheepishly.
I learned that when there was any
unnecessary crying in that family some-
one rushed a small potted plant to catch
the tears in order that no water be
wasted!

B. S.

EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE A DOG:
Dear Papa David:
When my brother Jimmy and I were
small children we lived on a farm in
upper New York State. We both loved
animals but were especially fond of
dogs. Perhaps we were somewhat in-
spired by the fact that my father raised
collie puppies. These dogs were
very friendly, intelligent animals and
appealed to everyone who saw them;
added to this is the fact that they make
good companion dogs. However, pure-
bred collies were expensive and not
every farmer could afford one, but
nevertheless my father succeeded in
selling a few each year.
On my brother's sixteenth birthday he
had a party to which four of his friends
living nearby were invited. After
the usual party procedures, ice cream,
cake and all, the four boys and I went out-
side to play. It was only natural that
sooner or later we should wander to the
barn to see the newest litter of puppies.
Two of the boys finally admitted un-
happiness. They did not own a dog
that they certainly wished they had a
dog like Jim's. I guess Jim just couldn't
understand anyone not owning a dog
for the plight of these two boys seemed
to have disturbed him a great deal.
After much deliberation and discussion
among them the party ended . . . two
of the boys carrying home in their arms
one of my father's prized collies!
It didn't take my father long to dis-
cover what my brother had done and
at first he was furious. My distressed

Goody Curlers
ARE BEST FOR EVERY GIRL!
brother was almost in tears for he just couldn't realize what wrong had been done. Jimmy merely explained that two of his friends didn't own a dog but wanted one very much and since we had more than we really needed he wanted them to have a dog the same as he. Apparently my father understood the unselfish kindness which had prompted Jimmy's action for father decided to let the boys keep the dogs and say nothing. He did explain to Jim that it was very kind of him to want to share with others but that if he started giving away all of the puppies there would be no more left to sell to those who might need them for cow dogs such as we had. Jim was consoled and he and his two friends spent many happy hours playing with, teaching and comparing their beloved animals.

Miss J. B.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL WOMAN
Dear Papa David:
She used to come to our writers' club, wan-faced, trembling, alone, listening with pathetic eagerness to mutual experiences in our hobby, amateur writing. We would see her shaking hands reaching for a glass of water, watch her crumpling a little white pill into it, drink quickly. For a while, her plain, sorrowful, middle-aged face would lose its tortured expression, and seem almost calm. It looked as though in those few precious interludes from pain, she tried to squeeze as much information, inspiration and stimulation as possible from us.

One evening she arrived, face radiant, whole shabby being transformed—she had won a fifty dollar prize on a radio program. It was a difficult program to make, entailing research and knowledge worthy of a college professor. We rejoiced with her, but none of us, at that time, suspected from what depths of poverty, isolation, and determination she had achieved this victory. If we had known, we would have acclaimed her the most successful woman in our group!

Shortly thereafter I missed her for several meetings, and decided to visit her. I walked up the stairs of a forbidding rooming house in one of the poorest sections of our large city, and knocked timidly at the door. A slow-ly-looking, bearded man came to the door, and asked gruffly, "Whadda yuh want?"
"Does—does Miss So-and-So live here?" I stammered.
"Yup! C'mon dis way." With fast-beating heart I stepped through dirty rooms, smelling of stale cooking odors to a flight of stairs leading to the basement. Without turning on any lights, he mumbled, "Down there—and back where the coal bins are, you'll find her room."

Clamping to the bannister, I finally reached the floor, and groped my way towards the rear, where fortunately, the sound of a typewriter guided me to the only room in which any human being lived in that dank, black, cellar. It was my friend. We were both embarrassed—she, because I had disturbed her ugly surroundings, and I because I had come uninvited. Oh what that small, plain, white-walled room revealed! A narrow cot with blood-like spots disfiguring the wall above it—where bed bugs had been smashed! Carpetless floor, musty smell, books and papers and confusion all around, a solid setting for any achievement.

I smiled at her, and began talking enthusiastically about her fifty dollar

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prize. "I used to have to hand-write everything," she confided in me shyly, "but I bought a second-hand typewriter with that money. Do you know I think I'd sent out ninety entries before I won? I never even graduated from grammar school, and my health has been poor for years. If I hadn't have medicine, I make it myself, because it's too expensive in the drugstores—I wouldn't be able to come to meetings, and I love them!"

She told me also that she was divorced, had an income so tiny that it covered only room rent for this miserable place, and depended upon any earnings she could make for food and other things. What struck me throughout her recital, was her pride, a pride that would not ask for a favor from anyone. She competed, on such unequal terms, with other hands capped as she was in every respect! And she had never permitted any of us to know how badly off she was. She would come to the club, hungry, not only for encouragement and friendliness, but even for food!

She is gone now, but I write this letter in tribute to her. Her unfultering willpower, her acceptance of conditions with which she had nothing to do, the very effort that a man past middle age can do; I had two fine sons in the service.

Since my college days, I have been deeply, sympathetically interested in the study of psychiatry, so I obtained employment in the neuro-psychotic section of the medical corps service which was not hard to do, because most of the ward attendants were away from that physically grueling, nerve-wracking and frequently dangerous work.

I worked with twenty-five pathetically ill patients, men and boys from all branches of combat service who had cranked up under the strain of battle shock and countless unspeakable horrors of war, in a ward chronically short of help.

One of these stricken lads was Frank. He was twenty-two; had been a hand-some, strapping fellow. Somewhere over in Europe he had stumbled on a landmine. When we received him, both eyes and one hand were gone, his face was horribly disfigured, his body was gashed with gunshot wounds and he was in a pathetic mental state.

At long last Frank responded to treatment; he became rational and comparatively calm, and we were able to find him a job to do anything, a hopeless task to get his cooperation for self-help.

But one morning to my surprise he asked for a cigarette. I entered his room he was sitting up in bed, smiling! "Pop," he said, "Will you play Bee-

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Write today for booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

SIROIL AT ALL DRUG STORES

Durante’s Contagious

(Continued from page 43)

Whenever his call comes, I pop into my car and drive out to his house in Beverly Hills, find him, usually sitting beside his notorious swimming pool—the one he contracted to pay $3,000 for and which, as he told the court later, was constructed over a three year period and cost $10,000—wearing a tattered pair of swimming trunks which he must have inherited from Methuselah, his vast nose plastered with white sunburn cream, and shouting at the neighborhood dog, no longer the only swimmer, to get out of the water.

The first few times I went there to work, I kept my notebook and pencil discreetly out of sight, thinking it best to wait until some of the people had gone.

But the people don’t go: that’s the first thing you learn about Jimmy Durante.

THIRTY-ODD years ago Jimmy broke into the spotlight with a vaudeville act he shared with two other comedians, Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson, and a drummer, Jack Roth.

The act is still going on. Wherever you find Jimmy you find Clayton, Jackson and Roth, and a fourth, constant partner, Louise, who has been managing Jimmy’s personal affairs for most of the thirty years. Lou Clayton is now his business manager, Roth is in charge of a filing system housing a vast horde of malaprop jokes which have made Americans laugh since the first World War.

Jimmy chats with Lou Clayton about his next picture assignment, with Roth about the routine of next week’s radio show, and with Cohen about the size of the grocery bill—“all that, just for corn flakes”—while he dictates. It takes a selective ear to know just which of his comments are for the fellow who’s to get the letter.

There are other hazards.

The phone rings constantly, and while Maggie, who has been Jimmy’s maid for fifteen years, is a genius about handling the calls, a good many must be answered by the boss. Jimmy was once to talk to all of his friends, and he has thousands of friends.

Thousands of friends and hundreds—or so it seems—of nephews. There is always a nephew staying at the house, usually practicing on the piano. I can quote a scene with Phil Cohen, producer of Jimmy’s show, and my other boss, most of the time I turn up at the house, and unless Jimmy has dispatched them to the beach because they’ve been working too hard—Durante is different—I am face to face again with my pals of the all-night revision sessions, the writers.

At anybody else’s house this many people would comprise a party and somebody would open up the bar. But at Jimmy’s, it’s strictly routine. If there are any refreshments they are kept to cornflakes and milk—which Durante thinks will cure anything.

After awhile you take the mob scenes strictly for granted. You keep the notebook and pencil in a “get set” position, and put down the stuff whenever, wherever, Jimmy gets around to it.

The “wherever” is as unpredictable as the Whenever. Jimmy flits a lot—complete with entourage. He may be in the middle of dictating a paragraph,
when the idea hits him that he must rush at once to have a Turkish bath, a haircut (or a hair-growing treatment) a grease job on the car, or a fitting at the tailors. This doesn't mean that Jimmy will walk on it all—we all go along, Clayton, Jackson, Roth, Cohen, Cohan, Whizen and assorted nephews, and get Turkish baths, haircuts, or whatever is going along with the boss (I go far as having been able to skip the hair-growing treatments)—and the work goes on, but in a new setting.

It may seem incredible, under such conditions, but a lot of work gets out. Jimmy insists upon answering personally every letter he gets, including requests for broadcasts, autographs, and every letter from a person he remembers even faintly includes a paragraph or two of personal comment—no form letters or the pass—and a fond “Love and kisses.” And Jimmy has a gar-
gantian memory. He may get a little mixed up about whose face—or signature—is on a letter—but which he remembers that he met the fellow. And usually he remembers that he was a fine fellow, a real pal.

Often people write to apologize to Jimmy for being unable to return money borrowed years ago. “Forget it,” Jimmy replies, “I did, long ago.”

Jimmy is such an individual character, his charm and flavor so peculiarly his own, that I take special pride in trying to get on paper exactly what he says. This takes a reasonable flexibil-
ity in following the rule books of grammar, spelling and punctuation. This is no job for who wants to improve her boss's English. Jimmy's talk may not be English, but whatever it is, it's too good to be improved.

We once threw the words “femme fatal” out of a script—mistakenly. I think—because Jimmy insisted upon pronouncing it “fem fatal.” He was very fond of the phrase, and he did too know what it meant. For six weeks later, he told me admiringly when I turned up at a party all dressed up that I certainly looked like a “fem fatal.”

Sometimes when we come up against a Durante-ized word which will not be budged, we have to do something dras-
tic as, for instance, when we changed a vocalist’s name to Suzanne Ellers when Jimmy insisted in pronouncing Doro-
thy as Darty.

Usually, the Durante version stays in the script. Catastrophe becomes cata-
strophe—after the first rehearsal, subservient becomes sub-servant, mag-
nitude something mag-nana-mit-tool.

It’s contagious. After two weeks with Durante, everyone begins talking like that—complete with gestures, tone of voice and inflections—which bewilder Jimmy who doesn’t seem to know that that is the way the original comes out.

All now automatically greet every passer-by, including our doctor with Jimmy’s standard “Hello, how do you feel?”

To all of us, as to Jimmy, every pretty girl is “Sweets.”

We mispronounce words almost un-
consciously. We have found after long experience that it’s best to let Jimmy
do his own wandering. When, once or twice, the writers have tried to hurry the process by putting an obviously un-
pronounceable (for Durante) word in the first script, Jimmy has spotted it—and removed it.

“What does it mean?” is his point of attack. While Phil Cohan or one of the writers endeavors to explain, he follows

How 19 Million Mothers Now Relieve Distress of Children’s Colds

Rub on Vicks VapoRub. It Works While Child Sleeps—Relieves Distress in the Night

AT BEDTIME rub warming, comforting Vicks Vapourub on the child’s chest and back. Even as you rub it on, Vapourub’s relieving action starts to work two ways at once. And what’s more, VapoRub also...

WORKS FOR HOURS during the night to bring comforting relief even while your little one sleeps often. By morning the worst miseries of the cold are gone. Just try it! Get the one and only Vicks VapoRub.

The best-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of colds is time-tested VICKS VAPORUB.
through with: “See, nobody knows what it means.”

Then he’ll make a deal.

“Tell the first five people I see what it means, and if they don’t know it goes out.”

Cohan agrees.

Jimmy proceeds to ask four—Clayton, Jackson, Roth and Cohen.

“Tell the first three you know. I won’t solid,” Jimmy argues.

“You can make five,” Jimmy replies in triumph, and the word is out.

His judgment usually is sound. He knows what is right for him.

We never worry if he seems tired or let-down during rehearsals (which he certainly has had reason to be with the rigorous film and radio schedule he has been keeping for the past few years). When Jimmy went on at 7:30, Pacific Standard Time, Jimmy is at the NBC mike bouncing with all the vigor of a newborn colt—prancing, scattering charm and vitality in all directions, never forgetting the gallery.

This magnetism before an audience is unaffected by circumstance—Jimmy is in peak form whether the show is for money, for fun, or for free.

He never, when he can fit it into his schedule, turns down an appeal for a benefit performance. He appeared regularly on Hollywood’s Braille Institute and stayed on stage for over two hours. This would have killed an ordinary performer. Durante, when the director wrote in amazement, was amazed in return that anybody should be grateful.

“I was thrilled to be there,” he wrote in reply.

“I all went to Denver last year for a March of Dimes broadcast, and Jimmy did ten appearances for the cause in two days.

Jimmy, in addition to carrying the burden of performance, was footing the bills himself—for cast, staff, Clayton, Jackson, Roth, Cohen, and so on, and on. He is as generous with money as with his time and talent.

There was an embarrassing moment when we all piled on the train for the trip home, and Jimmy, turning out his pockets, showed the club car waiter that he didn’t have a cent. He had given it all away.

All of us scrambled for our wallets and purses—but Jimmy would have none of it.

Wait, he said, “we have plenty of money, see?” and he produced a book of check blanks.

“Look at all these tickets!”

Like all the big names in his business, Jimmy has long ago resigned himself to the fact that everything will cost him three or four times as much as an ordinary customer.

His gullibility will go, indeed, to comic lengths.

When, after the show went off the air last spring and he gave us all a bang-up party at the Hills Club, he showed no surprise at all when the waiter—having conspired with the rest of us for a gag—presented him with a bill for $8,000.

Such sums as $500 for flowers, $2,000 for food, worried him not at all. The only listing which got a rise from Jimmy was $150 for a “broken door.”

“Whatever kind of a door was it,” he bel- lowed, “gold?”

Money does ugly things to some people, but on Jimmy “it looks good.”

His big, expensive house is expensively decorated—since Jimmy lives in it the lavish Chinese modern interiors look almost cozy.

Maggie, his maid, has been with
Jimmy for fifteen years, and looks after him like a mother... but there is nothing of the servant about her. You can spot a stranger in the house by the fact that he is telling slim, beautiful Maggie that she ought to be in pictures. Maggie always gets a gasp of disbelief when she explains that she has a twenty-one year old son.

Her tone implies that she really has two grown sons, one of them named Jimmy.

No matter what the chronological facts of the situation, Jimmy is still a youngster at heart and when he turns up in the paper, he phones Phil anxiously.

“Do I know her?” he asks.

Unless the name happens to be that of Margie Little, the only girl with whom Jimmy goes out with any regularity, the answer is apt to be negative.

And from his relief, you gather that Jimmy agrees with all of us that he’s much too young to go steady.

Jimmy will never be anything but young. Nor will any of the people who come and go in his happy squirrel cage.

Stay and Durante, seems to be the moral of his and so many other Durante stories—stick around and you’ll stay young.

Speaking for myself, I am getting younger by the minute. I quite often forget that my own daughter is in high school, and feel young and giddy enough to go to one of my husband’s parties. Just hang in shops—yes, he’s the villain—and devote one of those “Moron’s Ecstasies.”

The long week I worked before I wangled this cosy job seemed in retrospect just an apprenticeship—this is what working for a living should be like.

—Okay, you agree? But how do you get such a job?

Why, it’s easy—

Just spend four years in college and become a graduate librarian, run a bookshop, take ten years off to raise a family, write for newspapers, do research for your local paper, and countless radio scripts, on speculation, which don’t sell. Sell one! Then two! Get a hard radio job. Then a really good one. But keep at it. Then, comes Durante. Just a breeze, with a happy ending.

That’s all.

Do you feel a constant desire to be on the radio, but don’t know how to develop your talent? That radio is limited to a fortunate few... fear that a beginner hasn’t a chance to “break in” this rich and fascinating field? Here is your answer, straight from Hollywood, the radio capital of the world:

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Just send your name and address today. We will immediately mail tests “Introduction to Radio” and “Station and Network Operation,” plus “Unknowns” Tests. On arrival deposit $2.00 plus C.O.D., to help cover costs and show you are sincere. You will agree that here is the information you have been seeking, that you can quickly and easily qualify for your chosen radio career, or return the tests within 5 days and your $2 will be promptly refunded. To take this new radio-on-radiation step now. Mail your name and address today to

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Bride and Groom in the Clouds
(Continued from page 37)

important part of her life. But, as she explained to Phil: “I’ve always said that when I fell in love it was going to be for keeps—something I was certain about, so it would last forever.”

“Darling,” Phil had protested, “we can be sure of this. We’ve known each other all our lives…”

“No, Phil,” Rosanne interrupted gently. “We’ve really known each other only these past few weeks. It’s fun to remember when we were children together; but we were children, and those years can’t be counted. Let’s wait, Phil; wait till we know each other as we are now.”

Waiting didn’t mean being apart; and in the following weeks they became really acquainted. For one thing, Phil said, “we discovered that both of us were probably world champions at being absent-minded. Why, once we started out for an airport pic-nic, and wound up landing in Cheyenne, a hundred and sixty miles away!”

It was this absent-mindedness that led to the day when tragedy seemed inevitable. Phil was flying that afternoon, hopping towards his commercial license, and had decided to visit a friend of his at another airport. Rosanne was on duty in the Denver tower, and as the afternoon waned her worried eye followed the skies for Phil’s plane—a storm was closing in fast, which meant it was no time to aloft in the small “Cesna two-five-six,” in her usually past play bow the tower was almost obscured in the gathering rain and darkness. By the time the evening operator relieved her, Rosanne was frantic with worry. “Something’s happened to him. I can’t stand it, just waiting here! They’ve got to let me go up to search for him!”

She raced toward the stairs, the other operator calling her, “Rosanne can’t you come! This weather—even an experienced flier . . .” But Rosanne was outside, running through the storm to the hangar that housed the little plane she had soloed out.

At the other airport, the storm was at its height when Phil finished his visit. “You can’t fly back in this,” said his friend. “Wait, I’ll drive you over in my jalopy.”

Phil is the first to admit a phone call to his home field was definitely in order. But—absent-mindedness. By the time he remembered, he was only a few miles from Denver in his friend’s car, so he decided to deliver the message in person.

At the field, the excited evening operator told him where Rosanne had gone. The tall flier raced across to the little hangar, but it was empty. Rosanne’s plane was gone.

“I’ll never be able to tell anyone what I felt when I saw that empty hangar,” Phil said. “No amateur flier in the world could have lasted more than a few minutes in that storm.”

The next day, when the instructors entered the hangar, and Phil started a wild pleading—they had to let him go up, he had to find Rosanne! Strangely enough, the instructor lined up and said: “What is this—National Suicide—By-Plane Day? You are the second one who wanted to take off in this weather. When even the birds

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WHITE TREAD WE SEND PRODUCTS

Dept. 5-D, 189 W. Madison Street, Chicago 2, Ill.
are walking. The other one was even worse—she had only six hours solo to her credit."

"She? Six hours? Quick, was it Rosanne?"

"Yes. And, believe me, I'd have had a job stopping her, if her plane had been delayed. She's no absent-minded she forgot it was over at the shop, being overhauled."

But Phil was already brushing past him on his way to the hangar-office. As he opened the door, Rosanne looked up. For a long moment, they stared into each other's eyes. Remembering that, I think that the one you love might be lying dead somewhere, or lost high in a stormy sky—and then suddenly she's there with you, your arms holding you close . . ."

If proof were needed for either of them, that day brought them proof. What Rosanne and Philip had found was what they always wanted. In Rosanne's words, it was ". . . for keeps. Something we were certain about, so it would last forever."

Their intriguing love-story, and their very evident sincerity, were two of the major reasons for their application being approved by the Bride and Groom's board of judges—a clergyman, an attorney, and a radio-artist, who pass on all applications received at our offices.

The date for their wedding and for their appearance on the program was arranged by common consent. Shortly before that date, they arrived in Hollywood, and came to our studios in the Chapman Park Hotel. Roberta helped them in arranging the preliminary details—obtaining the marriage license, choosing Rosanne's wedding gown from the selection furnished by the program, determining their preference in ring styles, etc.

WE on Bride and Groom consider the wedding ceremony itself to be a very sacred, and personal experience, to be conducted entirely separate from the program. Each ceremony, therefore, takes place in a picturesque chapel in Chapman Park. Like all Bride and Groom couples, Rosanne and Philip, with the guests of their own choosing—rehearsed the ceremony in the chapel, just as such ceremonies are rehearsed in the home, a week before.

Too, the minister was of their own choice—the white-haired Reverend Alden Lee Hill, whose gentle dignity added new beauty to the age-old words, "We are gathered here . . ."

Of course, for Rosanne and Philip there were the added rehearsals for their participation in the broadcast. Not a rehearsal of what they were to say—no one knows what that will be until the program is actually on the air . . . which leads to some pretty dramatic and completely unromantic moment.

In my pre-broadcast talk with Rosanne and Philip, I had only two prepared questions to ask them. First, was there any subject they didn't want me to bring up during the broadcast-interview? Sometimes there are tragedies in a bride's or groom's life, and a casual question might cause unnecessary sorrow or humiliation. Second, I asked them if there was any special subject they didn't want me to discuss with them while we were on the air. This gives a couple a chance to bring in perhaps the name of some distant favorite relative or friend, who will be thrilled to be mentioned in the interview.
Aside from those two questions, Rosanne and Philip and I talked and three friends would talk. From their quick friendliness and alert conversation, I knew these two would prove to be one of our favorite couples.

Also, they were one of our most excited couples, when they arrived at the studio the morning of the broadcast. They came at nine in the morning, which gave us two hours and a half before air-time (11:30 A.M., PST). Part of that time, of course, was taken up with their being photographed by Bob Stum, our regular photographer from Bernard Wood.

Then came Rosanne and Phil's selection of a pattern for their sterling silver gift, and their choice of a place for the week's honeymoon given to each couple. David helped them to choose the beautiful Arrowhead Springs Hotel, in the mountains near San Bernardino, California.

By the time the red hand on the clock was nearing the "On The Air" mark, Rosanne and Philip were ready—waiting nervously outside the door of the crowded broadcast studio. Phil was tall and handsome—Rosanne was tiny (five feet four inches), and lovely, her deep brown hair and laughing green eyes enhanced in beauty by the white wedding gown and veil.

The light blinked above the door—Bride and Groom was on the air. At the organ, Gaylord Carter softly began the first chords of the "Wedding March"—the door was opened, and Rosanne and Philip entered arm in arm to the little elevated stage.

Seldom has a couple more quickly won the approval and liking of the audience—almost before I knew it, it was time for Rosanne and Philip to leave the studio, walk down the tree-lined path to the little chapel, and there take the vows that these two were so determined would last "forever and ever."

There's a magic moment during each broadcast—when the newly-married couple return from the chapel, to complete their interview and to receive their gifts. Certainly that magic has never been more evident than it was with the brand-new Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bradford. The audience "oh-ed" and the "aw-ed" as I presented the couple with a gas stove, matched luggage, sterling silver, camera, beauty kit, jewelry—but not Rosanne and Philip. The happiness in their eyes was not for the prizes—it was for each other.

When the half-hour ended—all too soon—there was the inevitable post-wedding noise and excitement. A group of the newlyweds' relatives and friends held a whispered conspiracy near the door—but we'd rehearsed that part of it, too. Rosanne and Philip ducked out through another door and ran to the glistening black convertible that Bride and Groom had furnished for their honeymoon.

We had a letter from them during their week at Arrowhead Springs. After their Hollywood hollies and today they were having—swimming in the hotel's famous Emerald Pool...riding together over ancient Indian trails—Rosanne ended her letter by writing:

"Phil and I have found out that being a Bride and Groom is like being the hero and heroine in all the fairytales we've ever read. So could you keep a wedding dress open for a broadcast in about 1965—we want another Bradford on your program then!"
Hot from the Oven
(Continued from page 55)

BLUEFISH OVEN DINNER
Baked Bluefish with Herb Dressing*
Baked Corn Casserole* Scalloped Tomatoes
Pretzel Sticks with Crisp Celery
Rye Bread Butter or Margarine
Baked Peaches with Sherry*
or Fruit Nut Pudding*

Coffee Milk

BAKED BLUEFISH WITH HERB DRESSING

1 3-pound bluefish
1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
1 tablespoon chopped chives
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1/4 teaspoon thyme
1/4 cup hot water
2 cups soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 slice bacon

Have head and tail removed, then
clean fish thoroughly. Next remove
blood vein next to backbone, wash
again and dry. Sprinkle fish inside and
out with salt and pepper. Mix together
butter, chives, seasonings, water and
bread crumbs. Fill fish with stuffing
and sew or skewer the edges together.
Place in greased shallow baking dish,
spinkle with lemon juice and lay bacon
lengthwise over fish. Bake in 375 degree
oven about 1 hour. Makes 6 servings.

CORN CASSEROLE

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
2/3 cups (No. 2 size can) cream-style corn
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1/2 teaspoon celery salt
1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup fine bread crumbs

Melt butter or margarine, add green
pepper and simmer for 5 minutes. Add
to remaining ingredients and mix thor-
oughly. Turn into greased casserole
and bake in 375 degree oven for about
30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES

Use your favorite recipe for this, but
instead of cooking on the top of the
stove turn them into a casserole and
bake for 30 minutes.

BAKED PEACHES WITH SHERRY*

6 large or 12 small canned peach halves
1/4 cup brown sugar
2 teaspoons butter or margarine
1/4 cup cooking sherry

Place peach halves, hollow side up,
in shallow greased baking dish. Sprin-
kle each half with sugar and dot with
butter. Pour sherry over peaches, and
bake in 375 degree oven until sugar is
melted, about 15 minutes. Makes 6
servings.

Here is a second fruit dessert which
would also go nicely with this fish din-
er if wine-flavored dishes are not
favorites with your family.

FRUIT NUT PUDDING

1 cup chopped cooked prunes
2 cups sweetened apple sauce
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup chopped nuts
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
1 cup bread crumbs

Place half the prunes and apple sauce
in greased baking dish. Combine sugar,
nuts, lemon rind and bread crumbs and
spread half this mixture over the prune
and applesauce in the baking dish. Re-
peat the prune and apple sauce layer,
and top with the remaining crumb mix-
ture. Bake in a 450 degree oven until
mixture is bubbling hot, about 25 min-
utes, and serve hot. Makes 6 servings.

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Get Your Copy Today.

TUNE IN Every Monday Thru Friday to
"MY TRUE STORY" Over The Stations of
The American Broadcasting Company. A
Complete, Revealing Story Every Day. See
Your Newspaper for Local Time and Station.

Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 13)

forced to cancel his scheduled appearance for the Screen Guild Players. When Robert Young heard of Bill's problem, he promised to fill in on the show any time Lawrence needed him and for any type of role. You'll appreciate how fine a gesture this is, when you remember that all stars on the Screen Guild Players broadcasts turn over their husky fees to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

The USO-Camp Shows organization has been disbanded. The entertainment industry has taken over that outfit's work now, with a new organization set up, called Veterans Hospital Camp Shows, and provides live entertainment for disabled veterans.

Recently, we told you about The Greatest Story Ever Told shows being available in albums. Word comes that the recordings are being widely used already. In Los Angeles County, the Sheriff has made listening to the Greatest Story Ever Told part of his treatment designed to rehabilitate wayward juveniles brought within his jurisdiction.

In a strange way, Morton Downey is making some kind of history in his new, late evening song series. You may not know it, if you're outside New York, but Downey's Mutual program reaches New Yorkers via station WINS. Mutual bigwigs felt that Downey's soothing, soft singing should follow the eleven o'clock news broadcasts. But the execs couldn't clear the air time on Mutual's New York outlet, WOR, so, at the last minute, they bought time over WINS to serve as Mutual's local outlet for this one program until such time as the period can be cleared on WOR. This marks the first time in Mutual's radio history that the network has purchased outside time for a thrice weekly program.

Twelve years ago a lovely, red headed songstress by the name of Kitty Willigan quit her job as singer for Ray Noble's orchestra, left San Francisco and went to Hollywood to try for film fame. A few months ago, for the first time since 1935, she sang professionally again—and with Ray Noble's orchestra again. She recorded a tune which is in Noble's latest Columbia album. The girl?—Singer Kitty Willigan is now known as Cathy Lewis, star of My Friend Irma! and feature player in many motion pictures. Cathy says she prefers radio to picture work. Radio stints leave her more time for a quiet, normal home life, which is what she wants.

Shades of the late Major Bowes—CBS is packaging units of eight acts composed of talent which has appeared on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts show and sending them out on road tours.
Incidentally, CBS stands to make approximately a half million dollars annually with these units.

Jack Carson's stooge and announcer, Hy Averback, has a sideline that he's turning into a money maker. He's an excellent caricaturist. Now we learn that he has stopped doodling for his friends and is selling his stuff to leading magazines.

Personally, we're in favor of the idea that Dom McNeill worked on awhile back. He did a twist on the programs which give away things all over the place. He asked visitors and listeners to give him something for the neediest families in Chicago. His appeal brought in over $10,000 worth of stuff.

Behind the scenes in Hollywood radio studios, agencies and networks alike are showing great concern over studio audiences at the broadcasts. The big complaint is that the same old faces look up from the same old seats week after week, in spite of everything done about the distribution of tickets. Most past attempts to manage proper ticket distribution have failed and, in an effort to free themselves of jaded audiences, several shows are going to "hit the road" with 13-week tours to major cities across the country. According to Hollywood agencies, the worst abuses occur at audience participation shows where the clientele of gift-grabbing girls shows up at program after program and limits the attendance of more desirable "one-time" studio guests.

What you'd call the Long Voyage Home note—we hear that Lyn Murray, whose music and choral arrangements you've all known for years, had a much more romantic future mapped out for himself than being a musician. He even went so far as to run away to sea when he was seventeen.

A long time ago, we remember writing about Murray Forbes and how he was writing a novel. He wrote every spare moment including times when he was resting in a studio from his acting chores on soap operas. Now comes word that Murray's novel is a hit, has been bought by the movies and Murray is likely to play a leading role in the screen's adaptation of his work, "Holow Triumph."
Exquisite Form brassieres

HI-low Witchery

The exciting difference is this simple small wire
POL.

Luxurious SATIN, Style 805
A, B, & C cup
White, Black, Blue, Teasear $5.

In BROADCLOTH, Style 802
B and C cup
White and Teasear $3.50

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373-4th Ave., N.Y. • 850 S. B'way, Los Angeles

if you've objections to cold infections...

to the rescue with SITROUX!

... SAY SIT-TRUE

SITROUX ISSUES

SOFT AND GENTLE...

STRONG AND ABSORBENT

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Don't Gamble with your Savings
PROTECT YOURSELF

in case you enter a hospital on account of
SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

The New Family Mutual
Hospitalization Plan Protec
tects your entire family.
Costs only 3¢ a day for
adults, 1¢ a day for
children.

FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT
Hospital Room and Board up to $5.00
Operating Room up to $10.00
1-Ray Examinations up to $15.00
Laboratory Examinations up to $25.00

FOR ACCIDENT
Ambulance up to $10.00
Emergency Accident—Dispensary up to $5.00
Loss of Light, sight, etc., or loss of life up to $500.00
Maturity Indemnity up to $55.00
Identification Service up to $10.00

Don't let hospital bills wipe out your life savings in a few weeks. Be protected against hospital bills in case sickness or accident strikes you. Under this new Family Mutual plan, you will be able to pay your hospital bills resulting from sickness and disease or bodily injury. You may choose any hospital in the United States. Benefits for children are one-half those paid to adults.

DON'T DELAY—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

FAMILY-MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., WILMINGTON 99, DEL.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co.
601 Shipley St., Wilmington 99, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, complete infor-
mation on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

Coast to Coast

TELEVISION

Seeing that radio bigwigs are turning more and more attention to Television and prospect of video expansion, we're going to turn a little attention that way, too. And the veepee fellows are thinking in big terms. NBC Vice-

President Frank E. Mullen estimated recently that within the next few years, television would get to be a 6 billion dollar industry and he looks for this kind of business to solve some of the economic headaches of the country. He sees the industry as supplying employment to some 20,000 people beyond those already engaged in the industry, as providing a stimulant for our busi-

ness life as a whole and as inevitably bringing in ideas and the same all changes in advertising.

Of course, going over all the stuff we could collect about this expanding industry, we got a little confused. Mr. Mullen estimated that by December, 1949 there should be at least 2 million sets in use in the territory east of the Mississippi, which part of the country should also, by then, be adequately serviced by the relay systems being worked out now. On the other hand, Allan B. DuMont, proxy of the DuMont laboratories, says that while 125,000 sets were manufactured last year, the industry will turn out about 750,000 sets next year. Prices will come down, he says, but not too much because parts are still high. We can't make these two sets of figures jibe. Anyway, it sounds like lots of sets.

Surveys are being made and figures are coming in. CBS research department estimates that in October 1947 there were 68,000 video sets receiving in the Greater New York area. A census taken in Chicago recently indicated that there were 7,273 sets in operation in and around the Windy City—56 percent in homes, 29 percent in restaurants and taverns and 15 percent in stores and demonstration halls.

In New York, television set owners can now go house-hunting in their own living rooms as a result of the new Previews, Inc., program being aired Thursdays at 8:15 via WABD. The program is sponsored by the National Real Estate Clearing House and features pictures of homes for sale and ready for occupancy.

Television broadcasters are organizing to arrange full video coverage of the political conventions in 1948. That ought to be something to see as well as hear all the way through. Movie newsreel coverage never quite gets across the whole picture.

From Hollywood comes word that Harold Peary, whom you probably know better as The Great Gilder-
sleeve, has been beehiving around radio studios for months because the radio execs don't have enough experiment-

ing with television shows. He claims that the major movie studios are going to corner the show selling market because they have been fooling around with ideas like preparing half-hour movies from video transcription, while radio idea men have been letting time pass without any similar gimmicks cropping up.
**Make Spare-time Money Quick!**

**THIS EASY WAY**

AND GET YOUR OWN DRESSES
WITHOUT COST as an extra bonus

Just think what you could do with $18, $20, or $25 a week to spend for anything you want! And think of getting your own lovely Spring dresses without a penny of cost! That's the wonderful chance we offer you! Really—all this can be yours, just by taking orders for FASHION FROCKS in your spare hours.

When friends see these flattering styles of finest fabrics and workmanship, they'll rub their eyes at the astonishing low prices. **Imagine**—some are as low as $3.98! And, they can't be bought in stores anywhere! Women must come to you for these gorgeous dresses at bargain prices. Each dress carries the famous Good Housekeeping Seal and is sold on a Money Back Guarantee. Your friends will flock to you to order these FASHION FROCKS. You are paid in cash, right then and there, for every order! Besides that, you are given an additional **bonus** of smart Spring dresses for your own personal wardrobe.

**NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE REQUIRED**

These stunning FASHION FROCKS are such a wonderful buy for such a low cost, you can't stop women from buying them. Every woman knows about FASHION FROCKS, and especially the sensational new styles designed by Constance Bennett. Miss Bennett is famous as "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." She lends her smart style sense exclusively to designing FASHION FROCKS. The minute women hear that Constance Bennett herself designed these charming originals, you get orders right and left. You surely don't need selling experience when you make sales as easy as that!

**EVERY DAY'S DELAY COSTS YOU MONEY**

Openings for FASHION FROCK representatives have been filling up fast, especially since the news about Constance Bennett's new designs got around. Don't put it off—**don't wait**. Get started today. Develop a steady group of regular customers who order dresses through you every season. Your Style Presentation Portfolio contains handsome rich samples of America's most beautiful fabrics. It's free—costs you nothing. Mail the coupon now to reserve this Free Portfolio. No obligation—nothing to pay. Just paste coupon to postcard and mail it today!

---

**PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—mail now!**

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk 62039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me full information, without obligation.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City __________________ Zone __ State __

Age ________ Dress Size ____________

---

**Constance Bennett**

My designs for these lovely Fashion Frocks were inspired by the $200 to $300 dresses that drew so many compliments when I wore them myself. I'm so proud to offer them at a tiny fraction of that cost.

---

**Make Spare-time Money Quick!**

**THIS EASY WAY**

AND GET YOUR OWN DRESSES
WITHOUT COST as an extra bonus

Just think what you could do with $18, $20, or $25 a week to spend for anything you want! And think of getting your own lovely Spring dresses without a penny of cost! That's the wonderful chance we offer you! Really—all this can be yours, just by taking orders for FASHION FROCKS in your spare hours.

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Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City __________________ Zone __ State __

Age ________ Dress Size ____________

---

**Constance Bennett**

My designs for these lovely Fashion Frocks were inspired by the $200 to $300 dresses that drew so many compliments when I wore them myself. I'm so proud to offer them at a tiny fraction of that cost.

---
**Experience is the best teacher!**

"It's true in dancing—
and in choosing
a cigarette, too!
CAMELS are the 'choice
of experience' with me!"

says
Ballet Star
Kathryn Lee

"I've tried several brands of ciga-
rettes," says Miss Lee, "and learned
that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

**More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!**

BALLET STAR Kathryn Lee has her
own reasons...from her own experi-
ence: "During the wartime cigarette short-
age, I tried many different brands," says
Miss Lee. "I compared...learned by
experience that Camels suit my 'T-Zone'
to a 'T.' I've smoked Camels ever since!"

Thousands and thousands of smokers
had the same experience. They compared
—discovered the differences in cigarette
quality...found that cool, mild, full-
flavored Camels suit them best.

**According to a Nationwide survey:**

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**
What I know about WALTER WINCHELL
radio's stormiest star
TO INTRODUCE THE NEW BATH-SIZE CAMAY—

$1,000 a year for life!

[AND 553 OTHER CASH PRIZES]

Just name the girl on the Camay wrapper

And tell why you selected this name

BATH-SIZE Camay is the beauty news of the year! It’s bigger! It gives you more luxury, more lather. It brings to all your skin the finest complexion care.

Here’s More Wonderful News!

Now here’s a sensational contest to introduce Bath-Size Camay! YOU MAY WIN $1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE, or one of 553 other cash prizes. Just name the girl on the Camay wrapper and tell, in 25 words or less, why you chose this name.

A Few Helpful Hints!

In thinking of a name, think of Camay. The girl on the Camay wrapper is just like Camay itself. She is gentle. She makes friends wherever she goes. She is a symbol of beauty and romance. And...

Get the whole family to enter the Camay Contest!

THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER MAY BE RIGHT IN YOUR HOME!

This Camay Contest is so easy to enter! Even a child might win! Just choose a name you think is suitable. Then complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper because...

These examples may help you:

"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper HOPE because any woman can hope for a lovelier skin from head to toes, if she’ll use Bath-Size Camay in her daily Beauty Bath."

"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper SNOW WHITE because Snow White, the girl in the fairy story, was the fairest of them all."

"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper GARDENIA because Camay leaves my skin just touched with a delicate, flower-like fragrance."

READ THESE EASY RULES:

1. Choose a name for the girl on the Camay wrapper. Put the name you choose in the blank space in this sentence: "I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper because...

2. Have your dealer help you with your entry. Get from him an official entry blank or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. In either case, be sure to print plainly your name and address, and the name and address of the dealer who has helped you. If you win a prize, he will win one, too.

3. Mail to Camay, Dept. MX, Box 2178, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. You may enter as often as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by one Bath-Size Camay wrapper and one regular-size Camay wrapper (or two regular-size Camay wrappers) or facsimiles.

4. All entries must be postmarked before midnight on March 26, 1948 and received by April 9, 1948 to be eligible. No entries returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

5. Any resident of the continental United States, Hawaii and Dominion of Canada may enter except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and Dominion regulations.

6. The grand prize of $1,000.00 a year for life will be paid by an annuity policy paid for by Procter & Gamble. Or the grand prize winner may take $20,000.00 in cash instead of this annuity.

7. Entries will be judged on the appropriateness of the name selected and the aptness of the sentence explaining your choice. Judges’ decisions will be final. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

8. Grand prize winner will be announced on Camay’s radio program, Pepper Young’s Family, as soon as possible after close of contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available on request about one month after the close of the contest.
CUPID: Ouch! Hey, Sis, why the rush act?

GIRL: Serves you right, you dime-size double-crosser! Bragging about being the world's best matchmaker—and then falling down on your job!

CUPID: On my job? Get this, Gingersnap—I can't land you a lad unless you cooperate. Swap that crabapple look for a smile! Give out with some sparkle!

GIRL: Your advice is brilliant, Sonny—only my teeth aren't. They're strictly dull 'n dingy. I brush-brush-brush, but what gives . . .?

CUPID: A touch of "pink" on your tooth brush mebbe?

GIRL: Ye-es, come to think of it. So what?

CUPID: So listen, dimwit! That "pink" you toss off so airily is a sign to see your dentist. Let him decide whether or not it's serious. He may find that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise—and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and gentle massage."

GIRL: Stick to the subject, Short Change. Our topic for today was my smile. Remember?

CUPID: You remember this: firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So get bright and start now with Ipana care. And don't say I didn't tell you that men really fall for a gal with a gorgeous Ipana smile!

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey. Same survey shows that dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.
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WALTER WINCHELL
Color Portrait by Sterling Smith

Miss Freeman's dress, page 30, is an Ariane Mireau design from Milton Saunders Company.

March, 1948

RADIO MIRROR

KEYSTONE EDITION
Vol. 29, No. 4

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Chew some on your next Two some

FLEER'S Wins with its Coating of Peppermint Candy...

YES, YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT TASTE—GOT A PACK HANDY!

FLEER'S GUM

Candy Coated

PEPPERMINT

Want More Flavor?
Ask for Fleer's!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.

Also makers of famous Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum
Coming Next Month

April's the month! Four pages of four-color portraits, brilliant and exciting, of the people you yourself have chosen to see—and hear—in your Radio Mirror Award Winners! Some of them will give you that satisfied "I knew it" feeling; some of them may be a little surprising. But all of them are your choices, and, as such, are significant choices of the people most important to the radio business, the radio-listening public.

The big, beautiful second step in Radio Mirror's new series of Reader Bonuses—novelette-length stories about radio's most-loved features—is taken in this April issue. Jack Benny, no less, is the subject! That's what it is, a long, full biography, rich in detail, about this all-time, all-age, all-listener favorite comedian. About his parents, who wanted him to "be the best." About the girl who started "maniculating in" on his act while she was still in bobby socks—and grew up to become a part of that act, and an important part of his life—Mary Livingstone.

Vera Vague, that vapid, man-hunting female you hear every Tuesday night on NBC's Bob Hope show, reveals a new side of her character to Radio Mirror reader Iris Noble in the April issue. It seems that Vera, who is Mayor of Woodland Hills, out Hollywood way, takes her executive job very seriously. Just as seriously, in fact, as she takes her jobs as wife and homemaker, in which she isn't in the least Vera Vague-ish. A deftly-drawn portrait of a woman with many ideas on many subjects, this story.

Also in April:

Warm and human and very, very important right now: the story of Jack Smith's tiny war-orphan visitor. And an April Fool bit of nonsense involving Edgar Bergen's family of woodenheads, Snerd and McCarthy. In the Glamor department, the love story of Ben Gage and his screen-star wife, Esther Williams. In true-to-life Living Portraits, Helen Trent. And a big plus: the brand-new, newsful Entertainment section you've been looking for. Then there's still another of John Nelson's own stories of the happy couples who appear on his Mutual Bride and Groom program.

* * *

Orchids to you for holding on to your honeymoon happiness... for guarding the charm he finds so adorable. No wonder you vow never to be without Mum! Your bath washes away past perspiration. But to keep that daintiness from fading... to prevent risk of underarm odor to come... always complete your bath with Mum.

Be a safety-first girl with Mum

Mum safer for charm
Mum safer for skin
Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

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.
The pride of WOV's 1280 Club isn't fooling anybody with that somber cap and gown.

Pretty Kitty Kallen hears a playback.

Hi Jinx on the program when Falkenburg guests.

Lena Horne adds sparkle. Here comes Martha Vickers.

ANYBODY with a hep-heart who lives within audio-range of WOV's metropolitan New York wave length knows Fred Robbins and the 1280 Club. He's a disc-jockey, but burns crisp if anyone says it to his face. Instead he's termed himself "Professor of Thermodynamics." Quite a professor. Medium height, husky, so full of life you listen for the bubbles, Fred explodes into the station once a night. The evening I was up there I asked, "Can't we sit down a minute and talk?"

Fred grinned, grabbed up an armful of cookies (records, that is) and said, "Follow me, angel, and we'll bum gums on the way."

I followed. Oh, yes—I followed! We zoomed into the record room, which is like a library, only with records instead of books. Fred had a list with him which he'd made out for the night's show, and he squired up and down a stepladder pulling out his selections from the thousand and one partitions. In less than half an hour he had a pile of records about a foot and a half high. I gave up trying to ask more than one question per record or trying to chase him up and down the ladder. "Isn't there someone who can do this for you?" I said sympathetically.

"Honeybun..." Fred said seriously, "a good professor outlines his own course of instruction. I gotta pick these biscuits myself so's my chicks and chucks get the good stuff and the best in this field. Gotta do it with the personal touch. Like as Luke, if I leave it up to someone else the show won't be the same.

"Gotta please the members. WOV's 1280 Club's got about 40,000. Coulda been about a million by now but we had to close registration a year ago."

I looked at the clock. "It's 6:25," I suggested, "aren't you kind of late?"

"Kinda" the professor said lazily. Then, as if shot, he snatched up his stack of records, tossed me a 'C'mon!', and tore down the long corridor with me in bewildered pursuit.

While the platters whirled, I got my interview. Though he is a hep lad now from the tip of his toes to his wavy-hair top, Fred almost became a lawyer instead. Born in Baltimore in 1918, he stuck around for almost 25 years during which time he studied law at college.

Fred's radio beginning was not exactly cataclysmic. He was a chime tester. That is, his job was to see that the chimes which identified WBAL in Baltimore were in tune before they were played. The job ended when the station manager found out that Fred didn't belong to the musicians' union.

After various odd jobs, Fred's persistence finally won out. He landed an announcing berth on a brand new station in Baltimore, WITH. There he had a chance to develop his own program called the "Swing Class," a fast-moving session of jive talk and solid music. The show was such a success that it brought him to New York. Just before coming to WOV to m.c. the 1280 Club, Fred had been free-lancing his talents on the network shows.
Your Cold... develops in many ways... requires quick attention.

Anything that lowers body resistance makes it easier for threatening germs called "secondary invaders" to enter throat tissues and start trouble.

So, at the slightest hint of a chill, sneeze or cough, begin at once with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and use it regularly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

This pleasant precaution may "nip your cold in the bud", or lessen its seriousness once it has started.

Here is why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including "secondary invaders"... helps guard against their staging a mass invasion of the tissue. In short it gets after them before they get after you.

Germs Reduced Up to 96.7% in Tests

Remember, repeated tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

Also remember that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily in tests had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri

Gargle with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Any thing that lowers body resistance makes it easier for threatening germs called "secondary invaders" to enter throat tissues and start trouble.

GERMS called the "secondary invaders," are believed to be responsible for much of a cold's misery. These are already present in the mouth or may be transferred to you if you get in the way of a cough or a sneeze.

WET FEET or cold feet may lower body resistance, and so make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to invade the throat tissue and produce many of the miserable complications of a cold you know so well.

DRAFTS, fatigue, and sudden changes of temperature may also make it easier for germs to stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissue. Reduction of germs is an important step in warding off a cold.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri

IT'S NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?
To dancers accustomed to routine "swing," Stan Kenton's new music has been a bit of a shock. But the more they've listened the better they've liked it.

Stan and engineer Walter Rivers anticipate a problem on the record that's about to be cut.

By JOE

The interest and controversy created by Stan Kenton's "Artistry in Rhythm" had aroused our interest, too. We just had to find out about the artistry that gave birth to such records as "Artistry in Percussion," "Safranski," "Unison Riff," "Peanut Vendor" and "Artistry in Bolero." Starting out by listening to every available Stan Kenton record, we wound up by "sitting-in" on a seven-hour recording session held in the Pathe Studios in New York.

What about his progressive jazz? Would future generations regard ultra modern music with the same time-honored respect and appreciation as the music of Brahms, Beethoven and Bach? Although these may well be rhetorical questions, you can be sure that Stanley Kenton himself will keep working and fighting for recognition for his brand of progressive music. This is perfectly evident to anyone who ever spoke to 6-feet-4 Stan or attentively listened to his orchestra. There can be no questions about his seriousness of purpose. More, every member of the band believes in the music, in Stan and in himself as strongly as any patriot ever believed in his cause.

"When people tell me that they don't understand our music, it sort of makes me a little impatient," said Stan. "Understand it? You don't have to understand music to like it—you have to feel it. Music is for the emotions! You can't always dance to our band's arrangements, because music—we believe—ought to be written and played more for the ears than it is for the feet.

"We're placing our hopes in the youth of the world. It's not that the older generation is anti-progressive.
Two wars, depressions, unreal prosperity and other uncertainties have been too much of a strain on their emotions. It’s the youngsters who will be making the great contributions to the art forms. They’re more honest with their emotional selves. They’re searching for new colors, new tones, new tempos, new everything. Why, you know, this band of mine is going to play concerts only from now on. No more hotels or ballrooms or theaters after we fulfill the contracts we still have. Right now we are telling the dancers that the next number is a concert arrangement and not meant for dancing. They stop dancing, too, and listen—and like it.”

And if there are any doubts about the entertainment value of a dance band that doesn’t care about playing dance music, rest assured that the Kenton crew can fill the most staid concert halls in the country with laughter. Who ever heard of a jazz band that dressed in pearl grey tuxedo trousers, blue suede shoes, blue dinner jackets and ascot ties?

And how many bands have you seen and heard lately in which the musicians seem to be having as much fun as the audience? That’s the artistry in Kenton that puts the artistry in his music.

Never have we seen a group of musicians imbued with such spirit, with such respect and affection for the leader. No matter whether or not you “understand” the music of Stan Kenton, listen again and again and then watch the group in action. We’ll wager an old “Al Landon For President” button that you’ll become a convert. No one who is really interested in modern music could help it. The artistry in Kenton is much too infectious to resist.
Facing the Music

At THE time you are reading this Dizzy Gillespie and his band should be finishing up their tour of Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Belgium. Reports from the Continent are that "Be-Bop" music has gained greater popularity there than right here, where it started.

Just as a little memory test, did you ever think that it was ten years ago when one of the most popular tunes on the air was something called "She's Tall, She's Tan, She's Terrific," and that Deanna Durbin was a weekly feature on the Eddie Cantor program?

After so many years as a featured vocalist with Freddy Martin, Clyde Rogers is about ready to leave and do some free-lance work as a singer and saxophonist.

If you've been wondering a little about Tex Beneke dropping the "Glenn Miller" label of the band, we'd like to remind you that Mrs. Miller still has quite an interest in the band—and that she went along with the decision.

When you get to see a movie called "You Were Meant For Me," along with Jeanne Crain and Dan Dailey you'll see a grand actor named Harry Barris. Harry is the one who wrote such hit songs as "I Surrender Dear" and "Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams." More, he was teamed with a guy named Bing Crosby and Al Rinker as the "Rhythm Boys" in Paul Whiteman's Band.

We hear tell that Woody Herman's little daughter Ingrid will have a playmate soon. She's not sure whether she wants a baby brother or sister. Ingrid is 6.

RCA Victor is ready to reissue some wonderful old records that should fill gaps in collectors' shelves. Among the reissues are sides by the Glenn Miller Band, Fats Waller, Tommy Dorsey with Frank Sinatra and Larry Clinton with Bea Wain. Bea and her husband, announcer Andre Baruch, are successful disc jockies on New York's WMCA.

Wonder how Elliott Lawrence made out in his 20th Century Fox screen test?

If you're a Betty Hutton fan, you'll be finding her on RCA Victor records again. Originally, Betty recorded for Capitol, then went to RCA Victor, then back to Capitol and now back to you-know-who.

London Records will, some time in March, release an album called "London Suite" by the Ted Heath Orchestra. "London Suite" is a group of musical impressions of the various sections of London. It was originally written by the late Fats Waller and never issued on records. The master records made by Fats in England were destroyed during the war.

Better Sit Up and Beg, Pal!

Gosh, you're SOOOOOO LATE, Judy! I spend more time in the doghouse than Fido! What's the trouble?

Jim, I can't tell you. Your dentist can handle a subject like—like... bad breath... better than I can!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

"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!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE DEACTIVATES BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

Colgate Dental Cream did all right by me! Now I'm out of the doghouse, as you can see!

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

Colgate Dental Cream after you eat and before every date

SMART NEW BOTTLE FOR QUICK CURLS

Women—Earn Money—Sell Yours-True nylon IN AMAZING NEW FIT SERVICE

Mail Coupon for FREE OUTFIT with sample stocking

Enjoy taking orders from friends, in spare time, for amazing Yours-True Nylon Hosiery. In a new Individual Customer Fit Service, fit every type of leg shape, short, long, extra-long. No twisted seams, no lumpy ankles, no binding at the top! Yours-True Nylons are more beautiful because they fit perfectly. Delighted customers buy time after time.

Mail Coupon! Be First! Mail Coupon!

Earn money of your own, build a steady business with Yours-True Nylon Hosiery that's more profitable than any other! You'll get a free mail coupon, including actual sample stocking. Enclose a letter about yourself. Put money in the bank and earn it in your spare time for a few hours easy, delightful, dignified work. No experience required. No obligation. Act today.

MAIL COUPON!

AMERICAN HOISIERY MILLS, Dept. B-18, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

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WILDCROOT HAIR SET is now available in this smart new boudoir bottle! Just right for your dressing table. Right too for setting your favorite hair-do quickly at home, and tops for good grooming. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed lanolin. Leaves hair soft, natural looking, and at its lovely best. Light bodied. Replaces old-fashioned thick, gummy wave sets. Faster drying. Leaves no flakes. Get Wildroot Hair Set in the smart new bottle today, at your favorite drug or toiletries counter.

NEW WILDCROOT HAIR SET

SMART NEW BOTTLE FOR QUICK CURLS
TOM SCOTT, American troubadour, whose broadcasts are heard over CBS from 8:15 to 8:30 A.M. Monday through Friday and daily over WQXR from 11:45 to 12 Noon, features folk songs that almost all Americans are glad to hear and didn’t know they had as part of their national heritage.

The first time you hear this Kentucky born six-footer you somehow get the impression of meeting and talking with a young beardless edition of Abraham Lincoln. It’s not so much a matter of skin-deep resemblance as heart-deep love of people and the love of the land. Tom gives to the simplest folk songs the dignity of a sound musicianship, plus a sincere and natural interpretation. His musical education was obtained at the University of Kentucky and the Louisville Conservatory of Music. Before that, he had learned to play the saxophone, clarinet, violin, tuba, guitar and piano.

Scott first learned many of his songs during his boyhood from the Negroes and the mountain folk. He still spends all of his spare time searching for more, through the Appalachian region. When Tom decided to try his luck in New York, he left home in Lexington, Kentucky, with his few belongings tossed into a bag, eight dollars in his pockets, and a box of his mother’s sandwiches clutched in his hand. To support himself, he worked with a bridge gang, and he was a singing porter in an ale house. At night he made the rounds of amateur shows, until his winning of so many first prizes got to be a gag among the contestants who eked out a living that way.

A job in Fred Waring’s Glee Club, which also gave him the opportunity to do some arranging, was the turning point in his career. Fred became interested in the Southern lad’s mountain music, and it wasn’t long before he was a full-time staff arranger. An engagement at the Rainbow Room was so successful that he was booked into other supper clubs. Today he is a recognized authority on this type of music. Over a hundred of his arrangements have been published and are widely used by choral groups. He has composed symphonic and chamber music that has been performed by leading artists, ensembles and symphony orchestras, and several ballets.

Recently, he put the results of his years of painstaking research into a book on American folk music, called “Sing of America,” and he has recorded a number of these songs in an album also entitled “Sing of America.”

MANY A BRIDE with “Dream Girl” hair can tell you there’s every reason to prefer Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme is a dainty, new, lavishly lathering cream shampoo. Created by famed cosmetic specialist, Kay Daumit, to give hair new, three-way loveliness:

(1) Makes it fragrant clean, free of dust, loose dandruff; (2) highlights every strand with a lovely, glistening sheen; (3) leaves your hair soft, easy to manage.

Lustre-Creme’s instant, billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be utterly, shining-sweet for sweet moments... be a “Dream Girl”... a lovely Lustre-Creme Girl!

Rekindle your hair’s highlights with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. A few finger-tipsful makes a rich, cleansing lather, in hard or soft water. (No special rinse needed.) Leaves hair clean, sparkling, soft and manageable. 4 oz. jar $1.00. Also in smaller sizes. At all cosmetic counters.
"The most wonderful Lipstick in the World!"

LANA TURNER
Starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"CASS TIMBERLANE"

When you buy this sensational new lipstick, you, too, will say: "It's the most wonderful lipstick in the world." Select from the Chart the shades recommended for your color type. Whether blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there are three exclusive new reds for your own type of color...3 glamour changes to match every fashion, every mood. And look for these outstanding features:

* This sensational new lipstick is oh, so s-m-o-o-t-h
* The color stays on until you take it off
* New original formula does not dry the lips

In a modern-design metal case...$1.00

Max Factor * Hollywood
Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

“Our Gracie” Fields—the records tell why.

DANCING OR LISTENING

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—No doubt about it, the new Jo Stafford is a great singer. Those Paul Weston backgrounds are excellent. Jo’s versions of “The Best Things In Life Are Free” and “I Never Loved Anyone” are just wonderful.

GRacie fields (London)—Gracie shows us why she has always been “Our Gracie” to the people in England. She also shows why “Now Is The Hour” is England’s biggest-selling record. Backed by “Come Back To Sorrento.”

DORIS DAY (Columbia)—The beautiful Doris lends charm to a silly ditty called “That’s The Way He Does It.” “Why Should We Both Be Lonely,” on the reverse, is in perfectly good dance tempo.

TONY MARTIN (RCA Victor)—“My Sin” is a song that Tony has long featured on personal appearances. Here it is on wax, backed by “Forever Amber.” You’ll like his tenderness and warmth.

KATE SMITH (MGm)—Kate sings two old-timers as only Kate can sing. If you’re one of her many fans, you’ll want either “It Had To Be You” or “Dancing With Tears In My Eyes.”

TEX BENEKE (RCA Victor)—Both sides of this waxing have a decided saugcrush sentiment. “Lone Star Moon” sounds as though it might be Hit Parade material. “Gotta Get To Oklahoma City” is the reverse.

BUDDY CLARK-RAY NOBLE (Columbia)—Could he that this is more vocal than dance, but anyway you pick it it’s good music. Buddy and Ray make a delightful combination in French or Spanish in a pairing of “Two Loves Have I” and “Sierra Madre.”

GORDON MacRAE (Capitol)—In a gypsy fashion, “At The Candellight Cafe” is a ballad in a minor key that Gordon sings in major fashion. Backed by “I Surrender Dear,” this is a fine pairing. Paul Weston’s backgrounds are perfect for Gordon.

SPECIAL SPINS

ESY MORALES (Rainbow)—It’s called a Bongo Rumba, but Esy Morales’ waxing of “Jungle Fantasy” is fantastic. Noro Morales’ brother plays a very weird flute on this disc. Actual jungle animal noises are part of the record.

PEARL BAILEY (Columbia)—All the innuendoes that the composer thought of, plus a few tossed in by Pearl herself, make this a most interesting record. It’s “I Need Ya Like I Need A Hole In The Head” and “But What Are These?”

JUST JAZZ

NELLIE LUTCHER (Capitol)—The “real gone” Lutcher gal continues on her merry way to fame and fortune with a double-barreled load of raucous rhythm on “Do You Or Don’t You Love Me” and “The Song Is Ended.”

JACKIE PARIS TRIO (MGm)—Here’s another “new” voice that hids fair to arouse much public interest. You’ve never heard “Skylark” sung the way Jackie does it. “Your Red Wagon” on the reverse is second only to the Ray McKinley rendition. Listen to this Jackie Paris threesome, you’ll like it.

JULIA LEE (Capitol)—Either you like Julia’s Kansas City style or you don’t. You will, however, get many kicks from listening to the background supplied by such jazzmea as Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Vic Dickenson, Red Callendar and others.

ALBUM ARTISTRY

GOOD NEWS (MGm)—Recorded directly from the sound track of the MGM Technicolor musical of the same name, this album contains four platters by such names as Joan McCracken, June Allyson, Peter Lawford and Pat Marshall. Most popular tunes in the group are “The Best Things In Life Are Free” and “Pass That Peace Pipe.”

Facing the music
June Cotey's smile wins a career in the clouds –

THE SMILE THAT WINS IS THE PEPSODENT SMILE!

June Cotey, Airline Stewardess flies the exciting New York-to-Chicago run for American Airlines. Chicago-born June started her Airlines career as a reservation clerk. But soon she was promoted to the reception desk—and there she won her "wings." Now passengers often comment on her sparkling smile, "It's a Pepsodent smile," June says, "I've used Pepsodent for years."

Do you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois. If used in our advertising you will receive regular professional model fees.

WINS 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

People all over America agree with June Cotey. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles! Just recently, families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Morton Downey

11:15 Tues.-Thurs.-Sat.

WINS-MBS.

Morton Downey is back on the airwaves for his favorite soft drink at 11:15 P.M. three times weekly, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, over the Mutual Network coast to coast.

In a program which is entirely different from the homespun songs and poems which he used to broadcast during the daytime, Downey is now specializing in what he calls his own kind of soothing: soft, sentimental ballads and tunes.

With Downey on his new program are a quartet of male singers who provide soft, melodic background for Downey's silvery voice, and an intimate orchestra of eight under the skillful baton of Carmen Mastren.

Born in Wallingford, Connecticut, the son of the local fire-chief, Downey is probably the Nutmeg State's most famous good-will ambassador and most popular citizen. Nutmeggers remember him as the kid who used to sing at Elks' benefits for nickels, accompanied by a friend who played the accordion. And they also still talk about how he was bounced from a job as candy-butcher on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad because of his irrepressible yen to whistle while he worked.

It was through one of the talent scouts for Paul Whiteman that Downey really got his first big chance. That was when he was singing at the Sheridan Square Theater in New York, and a representative of Whiteman offered him seventy-five dollars for singing with the band.

Fame came quickly, and soon the Irish troubadour got equal billing with the Paul Whiteman band. The band and Downey went across the Atlantic several times on the S.S. Leviathan, and then Downey toured with Whiteman during the thrilling days of the "Rhapsody in Blue."

Soon, Downey was really on his own, a star in his own right, singing in the smartest clubs and hotels of this country and Europe. His first Hollywood appearance was with Fred Waring and his band in one of the first cinema musicals, "Syncopation." After another seven-month tour of continental night clubs, Downey returned to New York to open his own Delmonico Club, the scene of his first United States radio broadcasting.

In the past sixteen years, Downey has sung over every major network in this country and many in Europe; he has traveled more in foreign countries than any other American singer. Those requests for special songs have come from more than 10,000 people, including the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the Duke of Windsor.
Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips...

with so-completely-new, so-wonderfully-different

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion

ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1

1. A softening lotion! Quickly helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended with luxury lanolin and other costlier-than-usual skin-smoothing ingredients.

2. A protective lotion, too. This same Woodbury beauty-blend contains protective ingredients to help “glove” your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS ...
CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN

Its first smoothing touch on your skin tells you why more women are changing to Woodbury Lotion than to any other leading hand lotion. So really and newly different. So lusciously rich. Creamy. (Never sticky or greasy.) Beauty-blended to protect as it softens. At drug and cosmetic counters, 10c, 25c, 49c — plus tax.

FREE! MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
Let your own hands tell you, in one week, that Woodbury Lotion is really new, wonderfully different.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) (5622)

Name ..................................................

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City .................................................. State ........................................
(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)
Family party at the Bob Crosby stand: Bob Jr., 3; Christopher, 5; and Cathleen, 8, show their dad what happens when the worm turns in a musical family. They can't have heard Bob's Club 15, on CBS.

It seems as though every time someone finds a slick way to save money, someone else thinks up a way to stop that little thing. For some time, now, there has been a great increase in the number of audience participation shows on the air, quiz programs and such, which attracted vast audiences because they gave away everything including the kitchen sink. There's been a lot of squabbling on this from the actors and writers, because their services have become less and less required. But, now, the pinch is coming from a totally different source. With NBC starting the ball rolling, since January 1, the M.C.'s on giveaway shows have a brand new headache. They aren't allowed to identify non-sponsored products which are awarded to contestants, with the result that the producers of such shows now have to buy the refrigerators, washing machines and so on, which they formerly got for the mere plug on the air.

The cute twist here, it seems to us, is that the networks weren't getting too excited when writers and actors were squawking about their jobs, but they went to work as soon as they discovered that this little money-saving scheme could spring a leak in their pockets, too.

Bet we'll be hearing more and more regular, written, acted and produced shows pretty soon on the air, now the big economy gimmick has folded.

* * *

All kinds of news is coming up that's disturbing to the status quo in the radio world. Now, it's the announcement by Frank Stanton, CBS presxy, that CBS engineers have perfected a radar system of measuring audience listening. The system, which went quietly into operation some time in January, is said to be so perfect that it makes Hooper, A. C. Neilson and other rating services obsolete.

We hear that radio actor Tony Rivers has been signed for a feature role in RKO's "The Window," and therein lies a story. Rivers was doing fairly
Parade of Hit Paraders: blonde Doris Day, shown with actor Michael North, was once Frank Sinatra's singing girl friend on his Hit Parade show (Sat., 9 EST, NBC). Now she's in movies; Beryl Davis sings instead.

Young as he is, Donald Dame's son can answer the question about who gets fun out of the electric trains.

Henry Morgan Goes West—to appear in a movie. And his leading lady in the venture was Virginia Grey.

COAST to COAST

well as a radio actor, until a relative died and left him heir to two million dollars. Radio directors and producers were very happy for him, but naturally decided to by-pass Rivers in casting their shows, preferring to hand out roles to actors who depended on radio for a livelihood. The irony is that Rivers won't come into the money for years!

* * *

Come the end of April, Burl Ives says he expects to be practically a wraith of his old self. Since February 1, he's been on a concert tour. Busy as he was, he didn't pay too much attention to the kind of schedule he was getting himself into and he finds that he doesn't have to worry about his diet one bit.

* * *

Milton Cross has a book on the market. It's called "Complete Stories of the Great Operas," and it's a quick education in everything about grand opera that you might want to know.
A NEW ERA of radio broadcasting will begin in Western New York State on February 14th with the Grand Opening of Rochester Radio City, a new million dollar home of Stations WHAM and FM-WHFM.

Two years of actual construction plus many years of planning by Mr. William A. Fay, General Manager of Stations WHAM-WHFM and Vice President of the Stromberg-Carlson Company in Charge of Broadcasting, have gone into this new focal point of broadcasting.

Erected on Humboldt Street just off Culver Road, Rochester Radio City has an Auditorium with a seating capacity of approximately four hundred. The entire auditorium is constructed within the shell of the building without actually touching the outside shell in any mechanical way that would transmit outside vibrations through the walk, floor or ceiling into the studio. The Auditorium is a room within a room—"it floats."

Five additional studios are also constructed with similar "floating" technique. Indirect lighting, ultra modern air conditioning and dust elimination equipment, an ingenious independent system of creating electrical power within the building make it truly a house of magic.

Steam pipes are buried in the outside concrete steps to eliminate snow and ice; there are a musical instrument storage vault with controlled heat and humidity to keep instruments at the peak of playing perfection; an echo chamber to simulate the effect of sound coming over a long distance; facilities for WHAM's complete News Department even down to a battery of United Press teletype machines, world maps and synchronized clocks to tell the hour in any part of the world.

Rochester Radio City will be the hub of radio activity in Western New York. The Auditorium will make possible the presentation of audience-participation programs never before available in the WHAM area. Here, too, will be the opportunity of seeing favorite programs in action.

Especially during "Open House," February 14th to 22nd, many outstanding local and network programs will be originating from the studios. In addition to the appeal of seeing programs broadcast, many folks will want to be shown through this new broadcasting headquarters. To meet this demand, regularly scheduled guided tours will be conducted. Tickets of admission to broadcasts and tours are free. They may be obtained by writing to Station WHAM, Rochester Radio City, Humboldt Street, Rochester, N. Y.

William Fay has been with Station WHAM since 1928. His association has inspired such innovations in the field of broadcasting as the founding of the now nationally famous Rochester School of the Air; commissioning of prominent classical composers to write music especially for the exacting needs of radio as well as many, many other "firsts" that have helped to gain for this station an enviable place in the national radio picture.

The new studios of WHAM-WHFM in Rochester are the materialization of the dreams and plans of William A. Fay. They embody all that is newest and finest in facilities for broadcasting.
Trushay, the “beforehand lotion”—rich, fragrant, fabulously different from other lotions.

A wonderful skin softener, yes. But, Oh! so much more. Smoothed on before daily soap-and-water tasks, Trushay protects hands even in hot, soapy water—guards against drying damage.

Once you see what Trushay’s beauty extra can do for your hands, you’ll use Trushay for all your lotion needs.
Jo helps Phil choose the music for his Morning Hymn program, heard Sundays on KYW. The Sheridans are a kitchen team, too. Phil's meats and salads are tops.

When "Gabby" Phil Sheridan was a younger back in the early twenties he used to spend a lot of time on Sunday mornings watching his father cook dinner and his mother sang as soloist at the local church.

Mother broke into network radio on NBC Chicago just as Phil started to high school and he acted as her big brother escort while Father was away traveling and selling. It was Phil's introduction to show business, and he decided he'd like to sing, much against Father's wishes.

Phil's first professional appearance came one Saturday evening in St. Louis when Mother Sheridan was prevented from appearing at a local night spot by laryngitis. Phil stepped in to cover the emergency and found himself started on a career.

"Meantime romance had blossomed," says Phil. "While carrying a 100 lb. sack of feed in the Ralston plant one day, I stumbled going around a corner, dropped my sack on a pretty young lady's desk and fell in love."

Jo and Phil were married shortly after and while Phil continued his night club work, he turned to another job in the daytime: sales representative for a china and glassware firm.

With the entree that chinaware gave him to the kitchens of St. Louis' first class hotels, the Sheridan cook book began to blossom with secret recipes. It was the old story again: cooking and singing.

When war came along Phil resigned his job and spent twelve hours in an induction center before discovering that a childhood injury made him ineligible for active service. So war work became the next alternative and Phil began spending his days on a blacksmith's drop forge, his nights singing.

When the family moved again, this time to Philadelphia, Sheridan switched to war work at an aircraft plant, working days and singing nights on a local radio station. It wasn't long before his talent was recognized by KYW and after an audition he was hired.

As tenor star of the daily Lunchtimers program, Sheridan doubles as comedian opposite Master of Ceremonies Gene Graves. The Sheridan comedy springs from first hand experience in war plants where Phil associated with people having all kinds of dialects, and entertained them during lunch hours. In addition to singing Phil frequently handles dramatic roles on the Philadelphia Westinghouse station.

The Sheridans live in suburban Drexel Hill. Phil still spends a lot of time in the kitchen working on new recipes and perfecting old ones.

"We're a great team in the kitchen," he says. "I like to make salads and meat dishes and Jo is an excellent baker."

In addition to her baking prowess, Jo is also a great help in music. The two work hard each Saturday night on Phil's early Sunday morning church music program, Your Morning Hymn.

It's a new twist on an old situation. Phil now does the church singing while Jo stays home to prepare Sunday dinner.
Young beauty:
Dark-haired Jane Wade, charming Conover model and Katharine Gibbs student.

Hand beauty:
“Pretty Gay”—newest, come-hitherest Cutex shade.

Beauty miracle:
“This new Cutex wears longer than any polish I’ve ever used, regardless of price,” says Jane.

Wondrous New Cutex!
The “Stay-Perfect” Polish!

Bright beauties everywhere are raving about the new, different, magic-wear Cutex. Now wears incredibly long—even longer than “budget-breaker” polishes.

New Cutex dries faster, too... sparkles with clearer, fadeless colors. Only 10¢, plus tax.

So use this wondrous polish for your next manicure. And remember—Cutex Cuticle Remover is its perfect companion.

Another beauty...
New Cutex Lipstick
Five fresh, kiss-me-quick shades. So creamy-smooth and clinging. Color keyed to make exciting harmony with Cutex polishes. Only 39¢, plus tax.
Try new Cutex Lipstick. And try all the famous Cutex manicure products, from nail files to cuticle nippers. Northam Warren, New York.
If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics—such as those shown on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Spring dresses, without paying a penny of cost? That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, Inc., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. We need new representatives right away to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you're married or single—housewife or employed woman—you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—dresses that will not cost you a penny. In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to $23 and $25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous garments of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to $3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot. It's really a cinch.

When you hear the clipped, British accent of John Stanley as Sherlock Holmes, there's a strong probability that he's been on British television. He's become a household name and has been seen by millions. Stanley was born in London, England, and was an American the moment he came to the world. His father was Professor Henry W. S. Stanley and John was born while his parent was teaching dictation at St. Mark's College, London.

The wife of Professor Stanley was also an American and all of their four children were raised in England. John graduated from Malvern College. He still couldn't get over the fact that he was the only child of his native New England that he decided I just had to see it. It was quite a decision to make because young Stanley had two successful jobs, one as an actor-director in the London theater. But he sailed for Providence, Rhode Island, a stranger in his own country.

"I didn't have time to feel lost or lonely," the actor recalled smiling. "I went to work two weeks after the boat docked. I got a job on station WJAR in Providence. What got me the job was not the fact that I had played Shakespeare, but the station manager's discovery that I could sing a little." Stanley's radio debut was made as a singer. He did a weekly, 15-minute song recital. It didn't last too long as listeners were confused by his English accent as he rendered popular ballads. He was switched to announcing, then did script writing for broadcast special events and did spot acting jobs. When John Stanley replaced Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes, many listeners couldn't tell the difference in the quality of the voices. Stanley likes playing the role, although the sound of British voices all around him in the studio sometimes makes him nostalgic for London.

John is married, lives in Rye, New York, and is the father of two sons, Johnny 10, and David, 7. He is a calm, pleasant, reserved man, who likes to play the cello, which he does quite well, and, in turn, engages in a rousing game of bridge.

Constance Bennett

Glamorous star of stage, screen and radio, one of the world's 10 best-dressed women. She designs exclusively for FASHION FROCKS.
With Sylvie St. Clair, television has cast its hat into the glamour ring.

Every Wednesday evening Sylvie may be seen over the New York station WABD, key outlet of the Dumont television network, in a solo program of songs with a Continental air.

Sylvie St. Clair was born in Dunkirk, France, and educated at the Beaux Arts School. The daughter of a manufacturer of bicycles and motorcycles, Sylvie wasn't satisfied with the quiet, simple life led by her family. She studied commercial art and went to Paris for a job. Without any previous experience and very little training, she got one—in a musical comedy. Then came an offer to work at one of the smart Parisian supper clubs.

Sylvie had never even seen the inside of a night club and was enthusiastic about taking the job. But Papa put his foot down. No night clubs. She was to go to London to study art.

This mandate was well intentioned, but it came too late. For by this time the director of the Madeleine Theatre had asked her to join the entertainment staff of the S.S. Normandie on its initial voyage to America, which was an offer Sylvie couldn't resist.

She found New York too fascinating to leave. That she had only $12 and no immigration visa, didn't seem important. She stayed behind when the Normandie sailed back to France. She stayed right on at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, happily unconscious of the size of the bill she was running up. Luckily, her former colleagues on the Normandie began to worry about her and took up a collection to wire to her. They also contacted the French consul and asked him to keep an eye on her. Later, Papa, hearing about this daughter's straits, also wired money.

When even this money had run out, Sylvie got a job at the St. Regis for three weeks. She was so well liked that she stayed in the famous Maisonette Room for three months. Then, when the war started, NBC put her on the air in patriotic programs and gave her a sustaining show. But Sylvie got restless again. She wanted to be doing something for the war. She enlisted in the ENSA, the British counterpart of the USO.

After the war, Sylvie went to London to make some Decca records and to work for BBC television.

But she had received her American citizenship papers before the war and memories of New York were still fresh. Last Fall she returned and it didn't take the programming heads of the Dumont television network long to sign her on.

**Which Twin has the Toni?**

(See answer below)

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

It's amazing! Yes, and it's true. A Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty shop wave. The Toni twins show it—and you can prove it today. But before buying the Toni kit 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.

**Must I be handy with my hands?**

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional looking permanent with Toni. Just by following the easy directions.

**How long will it take me?**

Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

**How long will my TONI wave last?**

Your 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 Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only $2... with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada).

**Which twin has the TONI?**

Lucerne and Suzanne McCullough are well-known New York artists. Suzanne, at the right, is the Toni twin, and she says, "My Toni wave was soft and natural-looking the very first day. That's why Lucerne says her next wave will be a Toni, too."
Uncover new, natural Color in your hair

with your very first Rayve Creme Shampoo

Call it a miracle... but you'll see it happen. Before your very eyes, the very first time you use it, Rayve Creme Shampoo brings out new, natural color you never dreamed your hair could have! Rayve is not a soap, so leaves no film. And Rayve contains lanolin... needs no conditioner, for your hair dries glossily lovely—not over-dry and dull! Try Rayve—sensational billion-bubble creme shampoo. Lathers in hardest water... rinses out so thoroughly your hair whispers its gleaming, colorful cleanliness! All drug, department and 10-cent stores.

*Rayve Creme Shampoo
The Creme Shampoo that brings out Color and Gleam!

TELEVISION
in Your home

This is something you've been meaning to do. Why not do it now?

TELEVISION, as a favorite topic of conversation, has nowadays begun to give the weather a good deal of competition. And everywhere questions fly—when can I see television myself... when will my home town have a station?... when can I get a television set?... can I afford one?

Radio Mirror is going to try to answer all these questions, now and in the months to come. On pages 34 and 35 of this issue, you'll find a look at the television situation, with an easy-to-understand map that will tell you about when you may expect a station near you.

As for the big question—the one about when and where you can get a television set—here's an answer to that, too!

On the following pages you'll find an interesting and provocative story about Walter Winchell. As everyone in the United States knows by now, Walter Winchell is the sponsor of the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. Winchell founded the organization after the death of his good friend, Damon Runyon, in order to raise money to fight the dread disease which had killed him.

Now Radio Mirror invites its readers to have a special share in this life-saving work. And, in making your contribution, you will also be giving yourself a chance to own without having to buy it, an RCA Victor Television Receiver for your own home.

Here is the plan: in the box below, you will find space to tell Walter Winchell your own reasons for wanting to contribute to the cancer fund. Say simply and clearly exactly why you want to help fight cancer. Then send the statement, with one dollar to Radio Mirror. All contributions will be turned over directly to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund.

To the writer of the most interesting statement, the editors of Radio Mirror will present the magnificent new RCA Victor Television Receiver! (See page 106 for picture and description.)

The winner will be announced in, the June issue of Radio Mirror. All statements must reach Radio Mirror before March 10, 1948, and must be accompanied by a one-dollar contribution to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund, and none can be returned.

Dear Walter Winchell:
Here is my dollar. I want to contribute it to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund because


My name is .................................................................

My address is .................................................................

Send with your dollar to Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., before March 10, 1948.
Flash by flash account of the activities
of a man you either love or hate
—the man behind radio’s
“most listened-to fifteen minutes”

By WILLIAM Tusher

THIS is the kind of story that Walter Winchell would call a New York novelette:

Probably all the nation wonders about this man’s private life. I’ll correct that—all the world. Yet relatively few know that the woman most important to that private life exists, and fewer still know her name. Her husband is known and worshipped or cursed—depending on the politics of the particular land—in every tongue of man in every corner of the earth. His fabulous career has become one of the great American legends recited not only in his own country, but all over the universe. But the woman is as anonymous as your corner grocer’s wife.

In the intimate circles where she is known, there sometimes is speculation about why she remains so steadfastly in the background, why she does not expose face to lens, name to print, or voice to microphone. There is no reason for this passion for anonymity—except her passion for her husband.

It is not that he demands the spotlight for himself, but that she reserves it for him. On one of the few occasions when she was approached for a picture and story for publication, a magazine implored her to make an exception because it was preparing a story about her husband. She would not yield.

“He’s the only character in the family,” she smiled. “You want his picture, not mine.”

“But,” interrupted the magazine man, “we want pic-

tures of you both. You are his wife. Your picture belongs.”

Her smile lingered, but she would not give an inch of ground.

“Then please tell me why,” the photographer persisted.

“Because,” she replied earnestly, “it seems to me that every time you see the photograph of a prominent man in the newspapers, the woman with him looks like his wife.”

The cameraman did a double-take. “What’s wrong with that?” he demanded.
"Nothing," she conceded softly, "except that I want to keep on being his sweetheart."

Her name—with that punchline, you must have guessed it—is Winchell, Mrs. June Winchell, wife of a prominent radio commentator now in his 17th year on the air, newspaper columnist and man about town, first name Walter. The magazine which approached her for a story? You are reading it now.

This unselfish affection of June Winchell for her guy is neither maudlin nor strange to those who have seen the dynamic word-wizard in action. It makes sense to the newsroom man who gathers the discarded pages of his script as Walter pours into an ABC microphone the voice heard and heeded 'round the world. It makes sense to the wide-eyed receptionist who greets him when he arrives for his broadcast, to the select coterie in the studio when Winchell sends, to the barber who shaves him after he goes off the air, to all the obscure people for whom he pitches but whom he never patronizes.

Walter Winchell doesn't boast a drawing room manner, but he has a disarming personality. He is real from fidgety toes to gray-thatched head. He generates a magnetic warmth. He has a broad, ready smile, and quick, boyish enthusiasm.  (Continued on page 85)
It's live and let live, at the Jay Jostyns'—where any day now there may be waterlilies growing in the bathtub

By ELEANOR HARRIS

If you tune in on Mr. District Attorney—and who doesn't?—you get the definite opinion that away from the mike, Mr. D. A. must be the same omniscient judge and ruler that he is on the air. Not so. At home, which is where Jay Jostyn likes to be whenever he's not being Mr. D. A., he believes in everyone deciding things for himself. "Live and let live—just so we're together," is his motto.

Home for the Jostyns is a big gray fieldstone house in the pleasant residential town of Manhasset, Long Island. Inside it live the four most independent people in the State of New York—and the most mutually affectionate. They are Jay, Mrs. Jay—Ruth—and their two sons, 17-year-old Jean, known as "Jos," and 16-year-old Jon. Also present are John and Josephine, the Negro couple who have been with the Jostyns for four years. And Curley, a nondescript dog. And plenty of new ideas!

The house in which all these ideas generate has belonged to the Jostyns for four years now. It is a big spreading two-story house set in four acres of hillside ground, and from its windows Jay can see several neigh-

It's the downstairs rumpus room that

The Jostyns' two-story gray fieldstone house is surrounded by four acres of Manhasset countryside: enough for the outdoor living they like.
Ruth, Jay, Jon and Jos are four of the world's most independent citizens, which makes for a family life more stimulating than the average.

When Jay comes home, the stern "D.A." stays at the studio.
It's live and let live, at the Jay Jostyns'—where any day now there may be waterlilies growing in the bathtub.

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It's the downstairs rumpus room that gets the family vote for informal evenings.

When Jay comes home, the stern "D. A." stays at the studio.
Like everybody's favorite dog, Curley's the most remarkable creature on four legs . . . or two.

Jay Jostyn is heard as the star of Mr. District Attorney. Wednesday nights at 9:30 P.M. EST, on stations of the National Broadcasting Company network.

bors' homes, and his own barbecue pit and scattered garden furniture. From one window, for that matter, the whole family and an army of friends can see at once. It's the whole end-wall of the living room, made into one great plate of glass—a Jostyn-conceived idea. "The only drawback to it is that birds don't recognize the glass. They fly into it, and we've had three feathered corpses so far," Ruth admits sadly.

The whole house bears signs of Jostyn originality. If ever a home revealed its owners' personalities, this one does. The guest-room bathroom, for instance, has a built-in pale leather easy-chair at one end of the bathtub. "What's it for? For sitting in, of course," the Jostyns explain blandly when guests remark on it.

But the most amazing addition to the house is the bathroom shared by Ruth and Jay, which both of them designed. It's the last word in personalized bathrooms. Jay wanted a bathtub on a raised dais, but still sunken like the Roman variety. Ruth wanted a built-in dressing table along one wall, with a tiny black basin set in the center of it "just for moistening my mascara brush." Both of them wanted a stall shower and a regulation basin on a second raised dais . . . and all of this has come to pass. The bathroom is pink tile, on three levels, and has two basins—one just for mascara. Not
that Ruth makes use of that anymore. "I gave up wearing all make-up right after we finished our dream bathroom," she says, "so the mascara basin is never used!"

Neither is the bathtub. Both Jay and Ruth take showers, never baths. So Ruth has a new idea for the tub—she thinks she'll grow waterlilies in it. "They'd be pretty, and they'd make some use of the tub," she explains.

By this time you get the idea—the Jostyns think for themselves. One of their thoughts has become a firm habit by this time... they decided to invite foreign families from the United Nations conference out to dinner, once a month. They have followed this practice for a year now, and they have had a family from every country excepting Russia—from Denmark, France, England, Belgium, and Holland, to name the first five they invited.

Their object was to show foreign visitors an evening in a typical American home, and so far it has been a tremendous success. For one thing, the Jostyns don't give their guests a formal meal with fancy surroundings. Instead, they have everyone eat down in the cellar rumpus room—a room in which no stranger could feel strange. This again, was a Jostyn-addition to the house; and it has all the air of a mountain cabin set down, by mistake, on Long Island. It boasts (Continued on page 82)
Like everybody's favorite dog, Curley's the most remarkable creature on four legs... or two.

Jay Jostyn is heard on the star of Mr. District Attorney, Wednesday nights at 8:30 P.M. EST, on stations of the National Broadcasting Company network.

Come and Visit
Mr. District Attorney

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WENDY WAREN, bred in the newspaper business, has won a stellar position in international journalism. Wendy's engagement to writer Mark Douglas was interrupted by the war; now new excitement has come into her life with Gil Kendal, millionaire publisher of the Bulletin.
(Florence Freeman)
The story of a lovely woman who
has learned never to accept second-best

SAM WARREN, Wendy's father, is known throughout the newspaper world as the crusading, sound-principled editor of the Elmdale, Conn., Clarion, "the little paper that speaks with a big voice." His home is run by his spinster sister, DORRIE, who, ever since the death of Sam's wife, has devoted herself to making a home for Sam and Wendy. (Sam is Rod Hendrickson; Doris, Tess Sheehan)

MARK DOUGLAS, bitter over Wendy's engagement to Gil Kendal, has retreated to his family's farm in Elmdale. But Mark's career, as a writer and a man of action is proof that he is not the man for a quiet life. There is potential danger in his friendship with ADELE LANG, who is flirting with Mark, not as she tells her husband, to further Lang's schemes, but because the writer really attracts her. (La- mont Johnson; Jane Lauren)

CHARLES LANG, GIL KENDAL and NONA MARSH are involved with one another in mysterious ways. Gil is struggling to preserve Wendy's love for him, but cannot free his life of Nona's possessive determination that no other girl shall ever become his wife. And daily Gil becomes more suspicious of Charles Lang and the peculiar "Parksite Deal" into which Lang has drawn him. (Horace Braham, Les Tremayne, Anne Burr)
The story of a lovely woman who has learned never to accept second-best.

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- Wendy's engagement to Mark Douglas was interrupted by the war now new excitement has come into her life with Gil Kendal, millionaire publisher of the Bullfin (Florence Freeman). Sam Warren, Wendy's father, is known throughout the newspaper world as the crusading, sound-principled editor of the Elmdale, Conn., Clarion, "the little paper that speaks with a hint voice." His home is run by his spinster sister, DORRIE. (Sam is Rod Mendrickson; Doris, Tess Sheehan.)
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- CHARLES LANG, GIL KENDAL and NONA MARSH are involved with one another in mysterious ways. Gil is struggling to preserve Wendy's love for him, but cannot free his life of Nona's possessive determination that no other girl shall ever become his wife. And- rea is threatened by mystery. (Horace Braham, Les Tremayne, Anne Barry.)

To view the entire story, see "Nancy Adair," the film adaptation of the novel by Horace Braham and Les Tremayne, based on the story by Frances Trumbull. (Paramount Pictures.)
By JOAN MURPHY

"Oliver Wendell Holmes" won top money of all time for the Fowlers: $7,440!

Bert Párks, the M. C. with the expensive questions.
WHICH President of the United States was born in South Carolina? Who wrote *Over the Teacup*?  
Who was Vice President when Calvin Coolidge was President? . . . If you can rattle off the answers to those questions, you’d better write for tickets to the highest paying quiz program in the world—Break the Bank. The combined sum of prize money that went to the lucky (and intelligent) contestants who answered these particular bank-breaking questions correctly was (cross our heart) $14,710.00!  
Even in these days of inflation, that is a lot of money; the kind of money to make dreams come true, change your life, send the kids to college—the wonderful, improbable things that a sudden large slice of cash can do. It is exciting and interesting to delve into the lives of some of the big winners, and see how their sudden windfalls affected them. It would seem, from a poll of a group of those who received the largest prizes, that this is lucky money all along the line. None regrets having won it. It doesn’t seem to have brought any of the misfortune that large sums of money have been known to do in other circumstances. It has been used wisely and well to start young couples on their way, bring security to old folks, buy homes, further educations, and a host of other worthwhile things.  
The extraordinary amounts of money involved set this program apart from all the other question and answer shows; the tempo is faster; the excitement higher; and the questions are harder. They are not handing out sums like five, six, and even seven thousand dollars at a clip for the “Who was the Washington Bridge named after?” type of question. Break the Bank questions are designed for intelligent people—not geniuses, you understand, but people who use their heads and who either have special knowledge of the subject at hand or who are widely read and have good retentive memories. Sometimes, however, a contestant knows the final answer only through a very special coincidence, like Dr. and Mrs. Jack Weiss of Chicago, who broke the bank for $5,220 (remember their story in *Radio Mirror*?)—which was a record at the time. Dr. Weiss was then a Lt. Commander in the Navy. The winning question was “Where is Lake Maracaibo?” (The answer is Venezuela.) The only reason Dr. Weiss happened to know that was because he had flown over the lake while en route to duty in the United States Naval (Continued on page 107)
Radio's twenty-year-old baby is beginning to come of age. Did you know that television has been that long a-borning? Well, it has. And now the scientists and technicians who've been nursing it through its infancy are quietly and surely looking ahead to the not very distant future—eight years or so—when television will have replaced radio as a medium of mass entertainment, at least during the evening hours between seven and eleven. They're willing to grant that they haven't much chance of supplanting radio in the daytime, when the average housewife hasn't time to sit and watch a televised show, but can listen to the radio while she works.

In the short time since 1940, and with practically no expansion during the war years, the television audience has grown from 53,000 to roughly a million. The primary cause of this increase, of course, is the construction of more television broadcasting stations, although, as you can see by this map, telecasting is still limited to the East Coast, the Great Lakes and North Central area and Southern California.

There are (Continued on page 71)
Of course you want television in your home. When can you have it? Here's the answer.
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Of course you want television in your home. When can you have it? Here's the answer
SOFT, dulcet breezes wafted through the open bedroom window; the night was clear and cool and cloudless; all traffic noises had ceased in the streets outside the Bickerson home. There was everything in the household conducive to sleep . . . to blessed, peaceful, quiet sleep . . .

"Oh, yeah?" muttered the female half of the Bickerson marriage, as she tossed hopelessly on her bed. "How can anyone be expected to go to sleep between that!—and that?"

That was the most peculiar conglomeration of sounds ever to come from a man's throat—a weird snuffling, chortling, whining, whistling, chuckling and wheezing—sometimes in rhythm, but more often not. The source of these unmelodious and hideous sounds was the snoring, sleeping form of John Bickerson in the other twin bed.

And that was the plaintive crying that came from a new addition to the Bickerson house—a three-months-old cocker spaniel ensconced in his basket downstairs.

"Oh, no—this can't go on! I'm just flesh and blood." Blanche Bickerson sat bolt upright and switched on the little bedside table lamp. "John, stop it! Wake up! You're driving me insane. Between your snoring and the puppy crying downstairs I haven't slept a wink tonight! John—wake up!"

"Huh?" John Bickerson's eyes blinked against the glare of the light. "What's matter? Turn off that light. Whoever heard of people sleeping with the light on? Blanche, you know my insomnia—you know how I suffer—""Your insomnia is a joke."

"Well, can't you laugh with the lights off?"

"For seven years all I've heard is how you suffer with insomnia and can't sleep—and every night for seven years I've watched you sleep like a log. A log with a buzz-saw stuck in it. That snoring!"

John Bickerson sighed wearily and gave up the struggle to keep his eyes closed. "Look, sugar plum—I have a heavy day tomorrow at the office and I'll need all my strength. How can I be expected to bring home the bacon, when you wake me up to chew the fat all night? I have an im-
important deal on tomorrow. I'll need to be in tip-top shape—"

"What's so important tomorrow?"

"I'm interviewing a new secretary. I mean—Blanche, don't get excited!"

"Wine, women and song—that's all you think about!"

"I do not. Wine makes me sleepy and I can't sing a note. Please, Blanche, let me go back to sleep." Suddenly he sat up, attentive. "Listen! . . . well, how do you like that! All these years you've been waking me up every night to accuse me of snoring and now you're doing it, yourself!"

"That's not me. It's the puppy you brought home. He's been crying like that, steadily, for four hours."

"Oh, the poor little thing. He can't sleep."

"That's right. . . . you can feel sorry for a dog and all I get from you is abuse. You never give me anything."

"Why, Blanche—isn't it your birthday today and didn't I give you a present? Didn't I bring you the puppy?" (Continued on page 112)
**Rebellion**

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

"Never could stand a bed too short
To wiggle my toes," said Uncle Jed;
"These new contraptions, they make me snort—
Six feet long from the foot to head,
I must have room, and I'll have it, too!"
He said one day to his faded wife;
And then, in the reckless way men do,
He kicked the slats from his bed of life.

We buried him where the grasses spring,
And folded the earth about his feet,
But not too closely—remembering,
Colm and peaceful, and stretched full-length
In the long, long bed of Eternity.
—Helen Frazee-Bower

**Wanderer**

I like a smile that wanders far
From the well-worn path around the nose,
That in its search for laughing eyes,
Seems not to care just where it goes.

No use to try to route a smile
Free as a tumbling fountain's foam—
It must be such a lot of fun
To have a smile that won't stay home!
—Lenore Eversole Fisher

**Locomotion**

Little Miss Nan never walks to school,
She may hop, she may skip,
But there's no set rule,
She may leap like a rabbit today
Or be a colt running away,
But however she goes, on her heels or her toes
Her short curls bounce and her short skirts flounce
And her course is an unanswered riddle.
For little Miss Nan never takes to the middle
Nor yet to the left or the right.
It's a skip over here and a hop over there
And an in-between twirl of delight.
Though I never have seen her perhaps her demeanor
When once she arrives on the spot
Is to come to a halt with a back somersault
And a handspring or two like as not.
—Alicia O'Donnell Wood

**The Glass Turned Down**

Today I severed every legal tie
And gave you back the freedom that you sought;
Now you may meet adventure eye to eye
Without a pause for conscientious thought.
You will not travel far before you find
That ties which hold the heart do not unwind.
—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

**Counter Force To**
Five O'Clock
Lonelyly she strollstoward a door.
Marked "Dressing Room for Models," steps inside
And kicks bright high-heeled pumps across the floor.
Leaving her weary shoulders shed their pride.
A zipper loosen—then the soft folds glide
Downward, to fall in splendor at her feet.
Once she had dreamed of such a dress to hide
Heart loneliness. And dreaming had been sweet...
In shabby grey, she hurries down the street,
Mingles with traffic, rides in the crowded "El."
Her eyes warm up a tired smile to greet
The pale child face that waits the tales she'll tell—
How every afternoon she goes to see
Rich folk, who ask her in with them to tea!
—Easter Baldwin York

Flying Boy
I saw him first on a wild blue March day,
rushing
bare-kneed and ruffle-headed, with his kite
that tugged against the argosies of cloud,
racing the wind through childhood's changing light.
I saw him next in a roadside meadow, launching
his model plane into a gentle gust.
Again he ran, but the frail thing swerved and shattered.
His eyes were grave as he picked it from the dust.
Tonight at dusk I saw him running down
the airstrip and his steady eyes were far.
He rose into his heart's own element
and set his wings against the evening star.
—Frances Frost

Precautionary Measure
Come dusk, she fastens
Each window and door,
But to make the rounds
With a candle once more.

Even safely in bed,
Like enough, she
Creeps down the stairs
To try a key.

An old woman, bent
As a crooked pin,
Who bars evil out,
While she locks fear in.
—Ethel Romig Fuller

By TED MALONE

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

Legacies
My mother's father owned a farm
Whose buildings could withstand
The wildest storm; cattle were his,
And rolling, fertile land.

My father's father claimed his books
And violin alone.
No dwelling his, yet he could call
The earth and sky his own.

He taught my tongue a way with words,
And on his violin
My fingers learned that melody
Makes all mankind akin.

My mother's father disapproved
My song. "You'll need," he said,
"A penny in your pocket, lad,
A roof above your head!"

Now they are gone, and all they had
Is mine. Beneath the sky
What winding roads we might have known—
My violin and I!

But snugly housed from wind and storm
I live content, instead,
With a penny in my pocket
And a roof above my head.
—Beulah Ridgeway Winans

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

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

the blustering winds of March, these poems of gentle nostalgia
Music brought Dave and me together. Music is our work, our play, our life. Someone nicknamed us “Mr. and Mrs. Melody” a few years ago and I can think of no name I’d prefer, except of course Mr. and Mrs. Dave Barbour. Dave certainly is Mr. Melody to me. . . .

Patterns for romances vary as widely as those for all the music that has ever been written. Ours, for example, may sound dull or even fantastic to anyone else, but it was right for us and such things are undeniably important only to the two people involved. Ours was not love at first sight. Our courtship was no hearts and flowers affair; instead of moonlight and magnolias we had midnight hamburgers after shows in all-night beaneries. Dave is undemonstrative, seemingly as unromantical as Li’l Abner, and until he actually proposed I didn’t know whether he really loved me.

But I wouldn’t trade ours for the dreamiest, most cloud-seven romance ever concocted by an imaginative fiction writer. Dave is the perfect husband—a staggeringly broad statement, but true. His heart is as big as the soaring notes of a Bach Fugue. He is warm-spirited, kind, devoted, the possessor of a fine sense of humor. There’s no need for him to be eloquent about these things; he is them. We wrote a little song together—you’ve probably heard it—which could be my own personal theme song—“It’s a Good Day.” Every day is a good day with Dave, for ours has been and is an ideally happy mar-

Peggy Lee is the singing star of the Jimmy Durante Show.

"Last year, when Nicki had to start wearing glasses, I let her choose her own. Bright red, she wanted! I wore sun glasses for a while, so she wouldn’t feel different."
"It's the little things Dave does, like calling me 'Nor-mer'. And his adoration of Nicki is something to see."

By PEGGY LEE

and Peggy Lee didn't need props to know a love song when they heard one
"Hi, Normer"

No June, no moon... Dave Barbour and Peggy Lee didn't need props to know a love song when they heard one.

Music brought Dave and me together. Music is our work, our play, our life. Someone nicknamed us "Mr. and Mrs. Melody" a few years ago and I can think of no name I prefer, except of course Mr. and Mrs. Dave Barbour. Dave certainly is Mr. Melody to me...

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riage. And I was so afraid Dave never would propose . . .

I was singing with Benny Goodman's band. The year was 1942 and the place, Detroit. We were playing a personal appearance at one of the large theaters there. One day two girls spied on the same bill came dashing into my dressing room and announced almost as jubilantly as if it were news of war's end, "Wait until you see the new guitar player who has just joined the band!"

I was completely disinterested. I was going through a phase. A phase of absorption in heavy music, serious poetry and an equal lack of interest in men. Does that sound absurd? I think we've all gone through it. I was almost twenty-two then, and fancied myself as very knowing and blase. Men, I thought, had no place in my life at that moment.

But woman's curiosity being what it is, I stole a look at the new man when I went on stage for my numbers. I thought, "He's sort of nice looking," and forgot the matter.

But then I heard Dave Barbour play.

One was my indifference. There was more poetry in his music than on any printed page. It had been my custom after my numbers to go directly back to my dressing room, change clothes, then read some of that heavy poetry.

A few days after Dave joined the band I found that instead of hurrying off to be by myself I would stand in the wings and wait to hear his solo which was several! (Continued on page 2?)

Peggy Lee is the singing star of the Jimmy Durante show. "It's the little things Dave does, like calling me 'Mrs. Melody,' And his adoration of Nicki is something to see."
Ralph Moore and Mildred Yancey with M.C.

They were an attractive couple—Mildred Yancey, blonde and blue-eyed; and Ralph Moore, tall and handsome in his trim naval commander's uniform. Yet they were strangely hesitant and uncertain as they waited to talk with me that morning in the Bride and Groom program office. I was going over last minute details with a young couple who were to be married in connection with that day's broadcast, so it was several moments before I could greet them. By that time, their nervousness had almost reached the "We're-sorry-we-came" stage.

"Frankly, it's because of our ages," Mildred Yancey explained. "We noticed that couple you were just talking with, and the many pictures of former

The Golden Gate, always a lover's
'Brides and Grooms' on the wall. Their ages seem to average about nineteen or twenty, don't they?'

We had never averaged up the ages of the more than five hundred couples who have appeared on our programs, but I agreed that most of them had probably been less than twenty-five years old. At this, Commander Moore smiled wryly, saying: "I guess that answers the question of our possible appearance on Brides and Groom. You see, Mildred and I are engaged to be married, but both of us are forty-one years old."

"Wait," I said as they turned to leave. "We were talking about average ages. That doesn't mean every couple has been less than twenty-five. Here, let me show you pictures of a Bride and Groom couple that turned out to be one of the most popular ever to appear on the program."

The pictures I showed them were of Marie Carroll and William Hansen. Their ages? Well, Marie had been fifty years old, and William sixty-four! The committee of three which passes on applications for appearance on Brides and Groom had chosen them on the basis of the truly interesting story that had led to their eventual marriage. That's the basis on which the committee makes all its selections: will the coast-to-coast audience be interested in the couple's story?

"You'll be just two kids compared to the oldest Bride and Groom couple," I pointed out to Mildred and Ralph. They seemed to me in every way well qualified, and I encouraged them to submit their application to our program's Board of Judges. I wasn't surprised when the judges approved the application, for they were two attractive, intelligent persons, and certainly the story of their romance was both unusual and interesting.

It began when Mildred decided to paraphrase one well-known saying into: "Go west, young woman, go west;" and to test the truth of another: "Life begins at forty." She resigned her position as office and credit manager for an Atlanta, Georgia, automobile finance company, and made a long-planned visit to her sister in landmark, casts its spellbinding shadow on still another couple...
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The Golden Gate, always a lover's landmark, casts its spellbinding shadow on still another couple
Richmond, California—a brave break with routine. She arrived during the Christmas season; and her sister's husband, Julius Geritz, made arrangements for his long-time friend and Navy-buddy, Commander Ralph Moore, to escort her to a dinner dance in nearby Berkeley.

"It turned out to be a meant-to-be meeting," said Ralph, remembering that first evening. "Something special happens when the right two people meet each other—and by the time that evening ended, at least I was certain that we were the right two people for each other."

Evidently Mildred was in at least partial agreement, for she accepted Ralph's invitation to accompany him to a New Year's party to be held in San Francisco. As it turned out, the morning of December 31st found Ralph hundreds of miles away from San Francisco, and plane reservations were at a premium. But men don't become U.S. Navy commanders by surrendering to such trivial odds, and Ralph did get aboard a plane—the last one to leave the snow-bound airport for several days.

"I found out that Navy men can be resourceful, and that Ralph had remembered certain details of that Christmas party," laughed Mildred. "For, during the evening, a friend of his reached into Ralph's pocket to get some cigarettes, then pulled his hand out with a shout of laughter—Ralph had brought along a pocketful of mistletoe!"

Other evenings followed the New Year's Eve party—with Ralph and Mildred discovering that they shared a particular fondness for San Francisco. "We had a wonderful time," exclaimed Mildred. "A ride on the romantic old cable-car, dinner at Monaco's, dancing at the Officers' Club at the Fairmont, then a cab-ride across the Bay Bridge to my sister's home in Richmond."

Ralph, who had left active service with the Navy in early 1946, was then employed with the United Airlines; but not even his busy schedule prevented what Mildred described as "the most beautiful letters, at least one a day, many of them written in a plane high above the clouds."

Like many brides of Bride and Groom, Mildred says she doesn't remember exactly when he first started proposing—but she does remember that he varied each proposal...for instance, on St. Patrick's Day, the proposal was in an Irish dialect. "She forgave me that," Ralph grinned, "and on a night five months after our first meeting—while we sat in a car high in the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay—she changed her answer from the too-familiar 'No', to the 'Yes' I had been waiting to hear."

In the meantime, Mildred had accepted a position as
secretary to a soil conservation commission at the University of California, and Ralph had resumed his regular civilian post as Superintendent of Communications with the police department of Piedmont, California. "I began to realize what a truly unusual fiancée I had," he said, "when Mildred calmly announced one night that she had accomplished what I consider a modern-day miracle—finding a two-room furnished apartment in Oakland!"

Then came the application to Bride and Groom. Ralph explained that they and their friends had been long-time listeners to our program, and added: "Both of us had friends and relatives in almost every state in the union. Too, because we are older than the average engaged couple, we felt Bride and Groom offered exactly the type of marriage we would like—simplicity and informality, with a chance for everyone we knew to 'be in' on the ceremony."

All of us on the Bride and Groom staff were both proud and pleased with our "couple of the day," the morning that Ralph and Mildred came to the studio for the broadcast. Mildred's blonde attractiveness was enhanced by her long blue bridal gown; while Ralph seemed even taller (he is six-feet-one) and more handsome than ever in his uniform of Commander, U.S.N.R.

Their best man, of course, was Mildred's brother-in-law, Julius Geritz, who had arranged the first "blind date" that had led to this romance; and their matron of honor was Mildred's sister, Mrs. Geritz, whose gracefully-draped pink dress added to the charm of the wedding scene.

As listeners to Bride and (Continued on page 105)
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As listeners to Bride and (Continued on page 105)
Never forget that the world holds some wonderful people; one may speak to you anytime, anywhere, in any language.
Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

THREE DINNERS—PAID

Dear Papa David:

I am a young widow with two children to bring up on a Mother's Pension which provides the necessities of life for us, but definitely no luxuries. My little eight-year-old Mary, who was stricken with polio a year ago, was making a very slow recovery, and because her legs were still very weak she seemed afraid to even try to walk. One day, desperately seeking to give her an incentive to walk, I rashly promised that the day she took ten steps all by herself we would celebrate, she and Danny and I, by having dinner at the biggest and best hotel in town.

The idea worked just fine, and she took the ten steps plus a few besides, that very day. I was overjoyed, but later I began to wonder just how I was going to squeeze out the four or five dollars it was going to cost to keep my promise. I finally wound up by coaching the children to order a hamburger steak dinner which I knew would probably be the least expensive on the menu, and so we all got ready and started out.

We must have looked out of place as we entered the plush dining room of the hotel, all of us comparatively poorly dressed, and Mary in a wheelchair, for the headwaiter came up to me wearing a rather peculiar look on his face. I whispered to him, "We're celebrating—my little girl took ten steps today. Would you have a table large enough to accommodate her wheelchair?" The quizzical look on the waiter's face changed into a broad smile at Mary as he replied "Certainly!" and led us right past the stances of all the other diners to the best table in the room. He seated us gallantly and presented the expensive menu to each of us, from which we all quickly ordered the hamburger steak dinner as per schedule. We settled back then to wait and enjoy the soft music and elegant beauty of our temporary surroundings. It was only a few minutes, however, until the waiter came back to our table and set down an enormous bouquet of lovely flowers which he had taken from the top of the piano. He pinned off one beautiful American Beauty rose and pinned it to Mary's dress, saying "Congratulations." And then he was gone again before we could even say thank you.

The next time he came he was followed by another waiter, both bearing huge silver trays upon which I took for granted reposed our hamburger steaks. But it wasn't. What he began to place before us was the most elaborate and expensive dinner the hotel had to offer. There was roast duck with wild rice dressing, baked sweet potatoes, molded salad, cranberry sauce, and at least half a dozen other items so fancy that we don't know yet just what they were. At first I thought there must be some mistake and glanced up nervously at the waiter, but he just winked, smiled, and said "Winner take all!" There was a lump in my throat for a minute, but the children seemed to think they were in heaven, so we all ate accordingly. And when we finally finished, the waiter came back once more. This time he laid the dinner check down before me, and on it was written "Three hamburger steak dinners—paid." Now aren't some people wonderful?

Mrs. R. B.

Here Are This Month's Ten-Dollar Letters:

A MISTAKE IN TIME

Dear Papa David:

I never had much of a home, because my mother was a widow, and we moved all around the country. Also, she was such a lot older than I was, and, though she tried, she couldn't remember what it was like to be very young, so when I'd make the mistakes a child naturally makes, she'd say, "When you get married, your husband won't put up with things you do, and you'll have to change or he'll divorce you."

But the day after my nineteenth birthday I met an ex-GI just home from overseas, and after I'd taken one look, I said to myself, "That's the man I want to marry." He must have thought the same thing, because we were married almost immediately.

For the first few months I was extremely careful not to show my faults—no more turning over in bed for another nap when the alarm rang, or stacking the dishes at night when I was tired, or leaving the newspaper in a mess when I'd finished with it. I knew he'd find out someday that I had faults, but I was determined to make that day as far away as I could, for I was sure my happiness would end when he did.

We'd been married almost three months when we decided to move almost all the way across the country in the hopes of finding a better place to live. So we piled all we owned into our little red jeep and started out. We didn't have much money, just enough to get us here and last until he started working, but we had fun anyway, even though we stopped at the cheapest places and ate hamburgers.

We were twenty miles from Las Vegas, Nevada, when I tried driving for a while, and, somehow, managed to turn the jeep over while I was going thirty-five miles an hour on a straight road. I was only shaken up a bit, but my husband's head was cut wide open, and his hand was practically hamburger. The jeep was a complete wreck, and everything we owned was dumped into the middle of the desert.

Luckily a car came by almost immediately, and we were taken to a hospital. The next two hours were the worst of my life. I had tried so hard to be grown up, and hide my many faults, yet within five minutes I'd shown just how stupid and (Continued on page 89)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bithy and Don Becker, is heard every weekday, Monday through Friday, at 12 Noon, PST; 1 P. M. MST; 2 P. M. CST; 3 P. M. EST, on NBC network stations.
"EVENIN', Folks, how y'all?"

Ten years ago, February 1, 1938, NBC listeners first heard that now familiar greeting, spoken in a rich Rocky Mount, N.C., drawl. They're still hearing it (Saturdays, 10 P.M. EST) when Kay Kyser takes the air.

And they're still responding to the homespun friendliness and warmth of that drawl, to the music, fun and shenanigans that the "ole perfessor" unfailingly provides.

These have been eventful years for Kay and his gang, years that saw their rise from just another college-boy band (University of North Carolina) to the top ranks of American entertainment institutions.

Here are highlights of the Kyser decade:

At Chicago's Black Hawk Hotel, Hal Kemp had instituted a Celebrity Night. WGN broadcast it, and all
ever graduates—it's too much fun!

the stars within earshot used to converge on the ballroom to take part. It was good—so good that Music Czar James Caesar Petrillo put down a ban. No more Celebrity Nights, no more stars performing or taking bows for free.

Kay and gang had played there before. In the fall of 1937 they were going back. What to do? What to do, that is, to keep the "pull" of Celebrity Night—without celebrities?

And so, out of necessity, the College of Musical Knowledge was born. It must have been a good idea, because with variations it has been thriving ever since.

It was not a sure thing from the start, however. It was sixteen weeks sustaining before a sponsor bought the show for national broadcast. Kay had the same sponsor for eight years before (Continued on page 104)
A Salute to Kay Kyser

THE FIRST TEN YEARS

★ Kay's is the College where no one ever graduates—it's too much fun!

"FÉM!N, Folks, how y'all?"

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Wife Mary, and children named (of course!) Pat and Mike, live on the Virginia farm.

"Irish as McCarthy's pig" Godfrey calls himself—nationwide, people call him a grand guy!

Arthur Godfrey likes boiled beef and cabbage. It is a choice altogether characteristic of the man who enjoys such terrific popularity among plain folks up and down our fair land... the man whose barrel-voiced drolleries are as familiar in the American living room as the presence of boiled beef and cabbage on the American dinner table.

Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public go for Godfrey largely because they immediately recognize qualities in him that are identical with their own and those of people who live on the same block. Arthur Godfrey might be the neighbor you'd least mind lending your lawnmower to. He might be anyone in your acquaintance: that friendly insurance man, that genial short-order cook down at the corner beanery, that nice chap you worked with on the assembly-line, that truck driver or door-to-door canvasser or farmer—guys you've known, who

By Ira Knaster
Godfrey
On the early morning show, Godfrey munches breakfast while Mugs does a quick organizational job.

Everybody's welcome, but small (and doubtful) fans get an extra-hearty greeting from Arthur Godfrey.

He could be any of those people simply because he has been all of them. At one time or another during his 44 years, Arthur Godfrey has worked on the assembly-line making auto bodies. He has been an architect's office boy, a bus-boy, a coal truck driver, a sailor, a short-order cook, a vaudeville entertainer, a vagrant, a taxicab driver. . .

But all these occupations are only a part of the list. They represent only a fraction of the myriad activities that have studded his astonishing career. The complete catalogue of jobs he's held could easily apply to at least two dozen enterprising men. Godfrey has been a rolling stone. Even so, he has gathered plenty of the moss of wisdom and humanity. As for his quick wit, he owned that all along. All three qualities are apparent to the millions who make a habit of listening to his off-the-air gabbing, 90 percent of which is spontaneous, ad-libbed and unrehearsed.

It's a revelation to be on the receiving end of his off-the-air gabbing. A particularly revealing example is one Godfreyism, uttered on entering a luncheon rendezvous, a swank East 55th Street restaurant. The Little Club's decorative scheme happens to suggest the inside of milady's jewel-box. Salient feature of the bistro is a boudoiry ceiling draped in coral pink satin, deeply tufted
like a luxurious, inverted mattress . . . a resemblance that caught Arthur’s eye the moment he entered.

“Gee!” he breathed. “I bet a guy could curl up on that thing and get some real good shut-eye.”

A wacky remark . . . but then, was it? Actually, it contained more wishful thinking than whimsy. It was sheer thought-association. Soft ceiling . . . wonderful sleep. Obviously the Huckster Finn of the air-waves craves more shut-eye than he’s getting, when even a ceiling can tempt him. You’d feel the same if you had to put in the hours of work he does.

Earthy Arthur is radio’s most prolific personality. He tumble, or more probably, staggers out of bed shortly after five in the morning. At six he starts broadcasting, “Mugs” Richardson, his invaluable Girl Friday, beside him, and remains at that WCBS microphone until 7:45 at which time the control room switches him over to WTOP, thus taking care of his enormous audience in the Washington, D. C., area. To WTOP listeners he likewise jockies the discs and makes with the chit-chat, keeping at it until ten minutes after nine. During this early morning marathon he eats breakfast at the microphone . . . between wisecracks and commercials.

Except for a spot of (Continued on page 91)
Welcome to the Lux Radio

★ The first of a new series, in which Radio Mirror reserves listeners a front row seat for their favorite broadcasts!

"People who live in New York or Chicago or Hollywood are lucky!" countless radio listeners who live in other parts of the country complain. "They can go to see the broadcasts of their favorite radio programs simply by writing in and asking for tickets. But the rest of us—well, unless we can take a trip, we have to use our imagination."

On these two pages, Radio Mirror brings those curious listeners the first of a series of exciting new features, picturing in full color the top-ranking favorite programs
and stars just as they look "on the job."

Above is a studio stage at CBS in Hollywood, in the heart of the West Coast Radio City—a stage on which, on another night, you might see the Dick Haymes show broadcast, or Ozzie and Harriet, or one of the many others which originate at CBS in Hollywood. But this is Monday, and you have a date with Radio Mirror at the Lux Radio Theatre, and you will see "Nobody Lives Forever," with Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. Above, left to right, are: Herb Butterfield, Producer William Keighley, Announcer John Milton Kennedy, Ira Grossel, Herbert Rawlinson, Eddie Marr, Jane Wyman, Musical Director Lou Silvers (in background), Ronald Reagan, Bill Johnstone, Dorothy Lovett, Tyler McVey, Director Fred MacKaye (standing in foreground), Bill Conrad and Dorothy Malone.

Lux Radio Theatre is heard Monday nights from 9 until 10, EST, over Columbia Broadcasting System Stations.
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Lux Radio Theatre is heard Monday nights from 9 until 10, EST, over Columbia Broadcasting System Stations.
The biggest, proudest, fiercest steed of the lot is the only possible choice for five-year-old Nicky and his dad, Ben Alexander, when they're starting off on a tour of the bright spots.

Heart’s Desire, with Ben Alexander as M.C., is heard on Mutual stations, Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M., E.S.T.
The right man to understand anyone's Heart's Desire, Ben Alexander.

He's won his own, already

**By ROBBIN COONS**

The amusement park offers the right size in new 1948 models. Into this Ben can't get.

Something for Nicky to grow into, perhaps?

MASTER Nicholas Benton Alexander IV, as of this writing, has made only a limited contribution to radio art and pleasure.

Limited, that is, if you count only the wordage he has spoken actually on the air. Five words, and these somewhat less than immortal:

"I'd like a dump truck!"

The sturdy five-year-old with the cornsilk hair spoke this line from his heart, for he has a deep-rooted passion for things on wheels. Millions of listeners to Heart's Desire (Monday through Friday on Mutual) doubtless oh'd and ah'd over their sets, because here was the voice of the son of their beloved "Uncle Ben" Alexander, m.c. and year-round Santa Claus.

It was a nice, heart-warming moment, but scarcely one to make radio history.

In a larger sense, however, the contribution of Master Nicholas—or Nicky—is inestimable. You can't measure it. You can't weigh it. It's just there—in Nicky's dad who is your Uncle Ben, who does the things he does because Ben Alexander is that kind of guy to start with, (Continued on page 100)
PERHAPS you have a friend who on a modest income serves meals that are the envy of everyone who knows her, and manages with so little fuss and flurry that even such emergencies as delayed dinner hours and unexpected guests find her serenely gracious. Such women are envied by some and praised by others for their skill in homemaking. Almost no one stops to consider that what seems like a magical secret is no secret at all. It is simply the result of careful planning and dependable recipes. "Accordion recipes," I once heard them called, and it is an apt term because they are suitable for serving a few people but can be extended with salads, simple desserts, fruit or cheese to satisfy a greater number. This month's recipes are of the "accordion" variety. Many can be prepared in the morning and reheated for the evening meal. This means, of course, that they will not deteriorate if dinner must be served later than planned. Any one of them will win instant praise from the gourmets in your life.

**Manhattan Clam Chowder**

- 1/4 pound salt pork, diced
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 cup sliced carrots
- 1 cup diced potatoes
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 3 cups (No. 2 1/2 can) stewed tomatoes
- 3 cups water
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups minced clams

Cook pork over low heat in a large kettle until lightly browned. Add onion and cook until tender. Add remaining vegetables, water and seasonings, cover and cook over medium heat for 1 hour. Add clams and bring to boil. Makes 6 servings.

**Brunswick Stew**

- 1 (4 to 5 pound) fowl, cut up
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper

Stewing, savory—and stretchable—chowder is a quick-meal star.

---

**By KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR**

**FOOD COUNSELOR**

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks, heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, on Mutual network stations.

1 1/4 quarts water
1 medium onion, sliced
1/2 cup sliced fresh or canned okra
2 1/2 cups tomatoes
2 cups cooked lima beans
1 1/2 cups kernel corn
1/2 cup fine bread crumbs

Cook chicken in water with salt and pepper until tender. Remove meat from bones and save the stock. Cut the meat into 2-inch pieces. Combine chicken stock with vegetables and cook until vegetables are tender. Add the bread crumbs and cook for 10 minutes longer. Serve in soup bowls. Makes 6 servings.

**Mexican Bean Soup**

- 1 cup dried pea beans
- 3 cups cold water
- 1 large onion, minced
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped cabbage
- 2 tablespoons drippings
- 1 cup canned tomatoes
- 2 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 cup uncooked elbow macaroni
- Parmesan cheese

Let beans stand in water overnight. Add enough water the following morning to cover beans and cook until tender, 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Cook onions, celery and cabbage in hot drippings, over low heat, until soft. Add to beans with tomatoes and seasonings. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Add macaroni and (Continued on page 74)
The Other
John Perkin

This is a novel about the life of a young man named John Perkin, who is sent to a remote island to study the inhabitants and their way of life. The story is set in the 19th century and explores themes of colonialism, culture, and identity.
Haven turned Ma Perkins' life almost upside down

In the Perkins parlor, John Perkins' picture stood on the mantel, just as it had before he went away. It was John to the life—the fine, serious face, the good, clean line of cheekbone and jaw, and the smile . . . the rare, quick smile that, Ma always said, seemed to come straight from her heart and go straight into yours. But John was dead—killed, somehow in Germany, buried in some unmarked grave.

Ma knew it. She had accepted it, never once surrendering to the thought . . . the hope that her son John might somewhere be living, breathing, walking the earth. He lived only in her heart, in her memory, and she lived—for all she had left. For her beloved younger daughter, Fay, and Fay's little Paulette, for her older daddys, Fay—Grover and Eyve—and Eyve's husband, Willy Fitz, and their Junior. And for all her friends and neighbors in Rushville Center.

And yet, here she was, on a February night when the snow was to the doors of the houses around the town, sitting beside Shuffle Shober in the sumptuously redecorated drawing room of the old Hamilton place, waiting to see John. No, not John. She knew that. She mustn't let herself pretend even for a minute that this boy she was going to see was John. He was a religious teacher, a Dr. Joseph. But everyone who had seen him—Fay, Willy, Shober—had told her, warned her, that he looked exactly like John, had John's walk and John's voice.

Ma hadn't wanted to come. She'd been pressured into it. In January the old Hamilton place had been sold, had become Pleasant Haven, a refuge for the bereaved, the heart-sore, the world-weary. Its director was Professor H. B. Bassett, by his own admission an unworldly man, but one of magnetic voice and compelling personality. Gladys, Banker Pendleton's restless, spoiled daughter, had discovered Pleasant Haven first, had been fascinated by it, and by Professor Bassett. She had taken Fay to a "reading"—one of the meetings, and Fay had been shocked at the resemblance between Professor Bassett's young assistant and her dead brother, John. Fay had brought Willy and Shuffle to see for themselves, and the three of them had been a long time telling Ma about it, had told her finally only because they were afraid of the shock she would suffer if she should meet Dr. Joseph accidentally. But by that time Ma herself had become involved in Pleasant Haven, unknowingly, without lifting a finger.

Professor Bassett wanted to enlarge the retreat, and, because it was run entirely by contributions, wanted money from the town to do it. Banker Pendleton was heartily in favor of the plan. He saw people coming from all over to study and meditate at Pleasant Haven, saw more business for Rushville Center. He saw a growing tourist trade, saw realty values rising. There were other supporters, Gladys, of course, and through Gladys, Fay. And Shuffle, charmed by the family, by attending one reading, declared that they had found there such comfort as they hadn't known since their boy Bradford had been killed in the war.

And yet, the success of the whole plan depended upon Ma. Everyone in town knew what Ma's faith meant to her; everyone asked, "What does Ma Perkins think of it?" Simply by saying nothing, trying to keep out of it, Ma had found her old friends, her very own family turned against her. Her old friend Mark Matthews, devout and staunchly honest, had told her she was only paying lip service to her religion. Charley Brown said that she was only trying to hung onto the money Fay had inherited from her husband. Augustus and Mathilda Pendleton said she was a trouble-maker. Mayor Ross said that she was standing in the way of the town's progress. And the regular tenants of Pleasant Haven began to fill the room.

"Why," she exclaimed, "they're nice looking folks, Shuffle! So sweet of face, such nice expressions! Oh, Shuffle, wouldn't it be nice if this place turned out to be just everything everybody thinks it is? Where they really do good work, and it's sincere and honest, and—"

Shuffle leaned forward eagerly. "Ma, you got some idea this place ain't what it's cracked up to be?"

But Ma evaded him. "No, Shuffle," she said. "I just don't know nothing at all about it." Shuffle grunted disappointedly. They were interrupted by a sweet-faced old woman, a city woman, from her dress and her manners.

"Good evening," she said. "Don't bother to get up—I'll sit here with you. You're new in the abode, aren't you?"

"Our first time," Ma agreed. "We live in town, Rushville Center."

"Oh, yes." The woman noded. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, who are coming to stay with us—they're from your town, I believe."

Ma frowned as Shuffle muttered something that sounded like, "Yep—they're coming soon as Charley sells the Busy Bee and gives all his money to Professor Bassett."

"That's right," she said quickly. "My name is Perkins. This is Mr. Shober, Mrs.—"

"I'm Mrs. Liss. May the heavenly radiance shine on you, Mrs. Perkins. Every blessing, Mr. Shober."

Shuffle turned beet red. "Er—uh—thank you, I'm sure. And the same to you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Liss," said Ma gently. "I take it you live here—you're one of Professor Bassett's students?"

"I'm a student." She was gently mocking. 'I'm sixty-eight years old—hardly a real student. But the lesson they teach us here is so simple a child could learn it . . . no, maybe not a child. I think you must have lost those you loved the most. Dear Professor Bassett says that only the hungry heart, the grieving heart, is the open heart."

"Um," said Shuffle. Ma said sympathetically, "I'm sorry if you've lost dear ones, Mrs. Liss. I—has everyone
If the Perkins parlor, John Perkins' picture stood on the mantel, just as it had before he went away. It was John to the life—she, serious, face, the good, clean lines of cheekbone and jaw, and the smile...the same quick smile that Ma always said, seemed to come straight from his heart and go straight into yours. But John was dead—killed, somewhere in Germany, buried in an unmarked grave.

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Professor Bassett wanted to enlarge the retreat, and because it was run entirely by contributions, wanted survey from the town to do it. Banker Pendleton was favorably in favor of the plan. He saw people coming from all over to study and meditate at Pleasant Haven, saw more business for Rushville Center. He saw a good tourist trade, saw reality values rising. There were other supporters—Gladys, of course, and through Gladys, Fay. Grover Charley Brown and his wife, after attending one reading, declared that they had found the correct comfort as they hadn't known since their boy Bradford had been killed in the war.

And yet, the success of the whole plan depended upon Ma. Everyone in town knew what Ma's faith meant to her; everyone asked, "What does Ma Perkins think of it?" Simply by saying nothing, trying to keep out of it, Ma had found her old friends, her very own family turned against her. Her old friend Mark Matthias, de vil and stubby honest, had told her she was only paying lip service to her religion. Charley Brown said that she was only trying to hang on to the money Fay had inherited from her husband. Augustus and Mathilda Pendleton said she was a trouble-maker. Mayor Ross said that she was standing in the way of the town's progress. "Seems a lot," Ma told Shuffle drily, "for a person who's done nothing but just sit.

But now she was in the drawing room at Pleasant Haven, with an organ playing softly in the distance, waiting for the reading to begin. And somehow, all she could think was John, John, trying to make himself the best basketball player in the state. John, coming to her shyly to ask about his girl. John—Chimes sounded; Ma wrenched herself back to the present as the doors opened and the regular tenants of Pleasant Haven began to fill the room.

"Why," she exclaimed, "they're nice looking folks, Shuffle! So sweet of face, such nice expressions! Oh, Shuffle, wouldn't it be nice if this place turned out to be just everything everybody thinks it is?" Where they really do good work, and it's sincere and honest, and Shuffle leaned forward eagerly, "Ma, you got some idea this place isn't what it's cracked up to be?"

But Ma evaded him. "No, Shuffle," she said. "I just don't know nothing at all about it. Shuffle grunted disappointedly. They were interrupted by a sweetfaced old woman, a city woman, from her dress and her manners.

"Good evening," she said. "Don't bother to get up— I'll sit here with you. You're new in the abode, aren't you?"

"Our first time," Ma agreed. "We live in town, Rush ville Center."

"Oh, yes," the woman nodded. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, who are coming to stay with us—they're from your town, I believe."

Ma frowned as Shuffle muttered something that sounded like, "Hey—they're coming soon as they sell the Busy Bee and gives all his money to Professor Bassett."

"That's right," she said quickly. "My name is Perkins. This is Ma, Mrs."

"I'm Mr. Liss. May the heavenly radiance shine upon you, Mrs. Perkins. Every blessing, Mr. Shofer."

Shuffle turned beet red. "Er—uh—thank you, I'm sure. And the same to you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Liss," Ma said gently, "I take it you live here—you're one of Professor Bassett's students?"

"Student," she was gently mocking. "I'm sixty-eight years old—hardly a real student. But the lesson they teach us here is so simple a child could learn it...no, maybe not a child. I think you must have lost those you loved the most. Dear Professor Bassett says that only the broken heart, the grieving heart, is the open heart."

"Um," said Shuffle. Ma said sympathetically, "I'm sorry if you've lost dear ones. Mrs. Liss, I has everyone
THE OTHER JOHN PERKINS

here lost a dear one?"

Mrs. Liss nodded sadly. "That's why we're here, of course. To find the answer to those old, old questions—"Why?" 'Why tears, why heartbeat?' As you yourself, are asking yourself—otherwise, you wouldn't be here, either."

"I—Ma choked, but Mrs. Liss didn't notice. She'd risen swiftly to her feet. "I beg your pardon," she explained, "but there's Miss Finney, and I must sit with her. Poor Miss Finney—hers was that terrible fire, forty years ago! Sisters, mother, father, and the young man she was going to marry—gone, just like that! Please excuse me—it's been a great shock to her."

"Thank you," said Ma. "If you ever come to Rushville Center, I'd like you to visit me—"

Mrs. Liss laughed gently. "I recommend that you come here. You won't know the meaning of peace until you do. May the spirit guide you both." And she hurried off.

"Ma," said Shuffle in a low voice, "be we in a den of loonies, or is this something so big and wonderful that my mind can't rise to the occasion and comprehend the great thing?"

"I—" Then her hand descended upon Shuffle's arm in a grip that, he said, he felt for a week afterward.

"Shuffle!"

The room was suddenly hushed. A young man had come in was approaching the desk, book in hand, a finger marking his place. He was thin and pale, and a little stooped, not straight as John had been. But otherwise—"Shuffle," said Ma in a strangled voice. "You was right. It—he's—"

The young man read. "Life and death are one, for who shall measure the infinite? The outmost star, the undreamed of stars beyond, space and time without end, and in all the world—Who can then speak of a life that ends? Lay your sorrows aside, you who suffer, for there will be time for joy in all the eternity to come."

Ma cried soundlessly, and wiped her eyes, and cried again until the vibrating was over.

"He's good," she said over and over again. "—Shuffle, don't you think he's a good man?"

"This Dr. Joseph?" Shuffle asked. "Tarnation, Ma, he sure is!"

Shuffle laughed as if a weight had been lifted from her heart. "I've got to see him, Shuffle. Talk with him—"

His heart ached for her. This was what he'd been dreading. Drat Bassett, and Pendleton, and the town, for forcing her into it. "Oh, no, Ma! Please—" And then Professor Bassett entered. He was sure handsome, Shuffle admitted grudgingly, for a middle-aged fellow. Dressed well, carried himself well. And his voice was as soft as a pussy-cat's fur.

"Good evening, my friends. I hope you enjoyed the reading."

Ma swallowed, tried to force a hint of a laugh. "I hardly know what to say, Professor Bassett. I thought what was said tonight was real sincere and true. But whether I enjoyed myself—"

"Of course," said Professor Bassett softly. "You're referring to that tragic resemblance—your late son, and your young son-in-law."

"Son-in-law!" Shuffle exclaimed.

"Didn't you know?" asked Ma. "Dr. Joseph's married to Professor Bassett's daughter, the girl with the pretty name, Starr."

"If it would soothe your mind, if it would cause you to smile, I'd tell you all."

"The pain's been caused already," said Ma heavily. "And since I'm bound to be meeting him in town sooner or later—yes, I'd like to see him. Could—could I see him now?"

Professor Bassett didn't like that so much, Shuffle thought. But he gave in gracefully.

"Alone? I think—yes, certainly. He—he's rather an unworlly young man, you know. Perhaps I'd better explain to him that yet. If you'll excuse me just a moment."

He bowed. "Your servant, madame."

"Ma," begged Shuffle, "why should you plague yourself? You ain't got the terrible delusion, the absolutely hopeless idea that this boy is—"

"Is John hissel?" she finished. "No, Shuffle. This is—something else. What brought us here, what brought that boy here, and brought all these other folk here—it ain't simple. Shuffle. It's—I can't help feeling it's part of—a part of a great plan."

"Everything's part of the great plan, Ma," he grumbled. "But I just don't see why you want to cause yourself more pain and heartache."

"I didn't mean just the heavenly plan," Ma said. "I mean this one—not to mention Bassett."

And so Shuffle had to contain himself. He felt in his bones that there was something wrong at Pleasant Haven; he felt that Ma felt it, but she would say nothing more about it, not that night, nor for some time afterward. She'd said that the day she saw Dr. Joseph that night, she asked him to come to dinner whenever he could. And the next day, when Dr. Joseph called the lumberyard office and said that he and Starr would be delighted to come to dinner that very evening, Starr had asked her to be there upon it.

"You'll come, too, won't you, Shuffle?" she begged. "I want you there. And—land o'Goshen! What'll I do about Evey and Willy? I just don't feel like asking them."

"They're going to Pendleton's tonight," said Shuffle drily. "Mathilda made up with Evey after she found out you went out to Pleasant Haven last night. Sure made a difference, that visit. Charley Brown calling and asking for your trade back this morning, and Mark Matthews apologizing to Ma's! Why'd you ask Dr. Joseph to dinner?"

"To fatten him up," said Ma. "He's real thin and peaked. Then she said honestly, "Oh, Shuffle, I can't explain it! I can't explain it!"

Shuffle grew more determined. Each winter it goes; each spring it comes again. In the same way I guess I'm reaching for someone to take the place of Johnny. Oh, I know this Dr. Joseph is different from John in many ways, but he's honest and serious and gentle, and—yes, I'm sure I'm driving at, Shuffle. It's like Johnny hissel is living again, since his main qualities are still living."

THERE was something in what she said, Shuffle admitted to himself as he met Starr and Dr. Joseph in Ma's parlor that night. The boy was like John—a thin, serious John. Starr was a little thing, kind of oriental-looking, Shuffle thought, in her straight, robe-like dress and sandals, but pretty, with her red-gold hair and her great dark eyes that hardly ever left her husband's face. And he noticed Fay smiling approvingly, as if she felt as he did about them.

"It was very nice to be asked here," said Joseph. "We don't know very many people—"

Ma hesitated. "After we get acquainted," she promised, "we'll talk about asking other young folks in to meet you. It's right that young people should take part in the life of the town, such as it is, even if you are philosophers."

Starr coughed uncomplainingly. "We—we don't know if we can get out every often. He—my father—" Rapidly, she changed the subject. "This is a very pleasant room. So comfortable and homelike—"

"I knew it would look like this," Joseph spoke almost to himself. "I used to live in a place like this when I was a boy. In a real home. Some day I'd like to live in a home again, wouldn't you, Starr?"

Ma's eyes narrowed slightly; she suddenly become very quiet. "Er—uh—you'd rather have a home of your own than live at Pleasant Haven?"

"I must live at Pleasant Haven," said Joseph sadly. "I owe Starr's father too much money, and he saved my life."

"Please, dear," Starr begged. "These friends aren't interested in that."

"Aren't you interested?" Joseph asked naïvely—and then the doorbell rang. Fay went to answer. Ma saw Starr and Joseph start as Professor Bassett's voice floated into the room.

"Good evening, Mrs. Henderson. Are my daughter and son-in-law here? Ah—there you are! You've been quite naughty, my dears! You've caused me no end of trouble. Starr, my child, there's no reason to look so frightened! I'm not here to eat you up. In fact, I'll join you if I'm not mistaken."

Joseph himself looked scared half to death, Ma thought. But he was defiant. "But you weren't invited!" he burst out. "And I—" I was looking forward to
an evening to which we were invited—Starr and I. You shouldn't have come!"

"My dear boy, please," said Professor Bassett reprovingly, he turned to Ma. "Mrs. Perkins, you should understand. My son-in-law has been ill. I've gone to great pains to cheer him up."

"Why am I so delicate?" Joseph demanded. "I'm cured. I'm well—and I'm restless at the place. It does me good to get out in the world. Coming here isn't going to be a bazaar. I'm going to the flesh pots. I don't think it should be in the wrong!"

Shuffle had had all he could stand. "Now, Professor Bassett," he said, "pears to me like we was having a real fine time until you bust in without no invitation. And now, it's like being put on one terrible time. You know what it looks like to me? Looks like you're following these young people in order to spy upon them!"

"Shuffle!" said Ma, and Fay wailed, "Oh, Shuffle, what an idea!" But Professor Bassett even smiled.

"You're right. I admit it. I'm over-zealous where my son-in-law is concerned. Have you never heard how Joseph and I met? This boy was a wanderer—a common vagabond. One hot summer night I'd left my hotel and had gone for a walk. I saw a little crowd on a street corner, laughing, jeering. I went up. 'What was this boy, speaking to them? I want to know! And I want to know!' By twos and threes the crowd scattered until only I was left, but the boy never noticed. His eyes were fixed upon heaven, or on the inner mysteries of his heart. His face was white under the street lamp, and his body shook as with fever. And then, before I could take a step, he crumpled—fell. I had him taken to a nursing home... and we have not been separated from that day to this. Mrs. Perkins, you know how it is with young folks. We give them everything—our tears and our fears, but some day they leave us. And when we try to hold on, they resent us."

"I know," said Ma in a low voice. And then—"What had you been sick with, Son, that you fainted in the street?"

"Malnutrition, exhaustion," Professor Bassett answered for him. "But he's well now, and it's my own weakness that makes me worry about him."

Shuffle muttered, "When a person sees a weakness in himself he ought to fight again it—especially a philosopher."

And Professor Bassett just laughed. It seemed he could smooth anything over with that chuckle of his. He spoke to Joseph, Dr. Bassett, and Ma:

"I'm interested, too." Fay spoke suddenly. "I have an announcement to make. It is about making the friendship between Pleasant Haven and—and Perkins Haven, and—she was very serious now—"and because your son-in-law, Professor Bassett, is a good and sincere man, who is very like someone tolerably dear to all of us... I'd like to announce that in the memory of my brother, John Perkins—you could be his twin, Dr. Joseph, so it's really for your sake—anyway, in memory of my brother, John, I wish to announce that I am investing in expanding Pleasant Haven and spreading the great work you're doing. I promise a down payment of a thousand dollars, and when all the plans are made, a total of five thousand dollars."

"Father!" Starr cried. "Joseph! Isn't it wonderful?"

Shuffle felt sick of there, as he saw it, went a good part of Fay's inheritance from Paul Henderson. And when he looked around the room, he saw that there was one other person who wasn't smiling, Ma. She was trying to smile, but somehow it didn't quite come."

With all her heart Ma wanted to believe in Pleasant Haven. Not just because of the boy, Joseph, but because if Professor Bassett wasn't all he seemed to be, he would be—something just too terrible to imagine. But she had to hope that he would come to her for guidance, with Fay investing money in the place. To that end, she put in a telephone call to Pleasant Haven the next morning, and then repaired to the lumberyard office away from them. They weren't long in coming, in the form of Augustus Pensleton and Professor Bassett.

"I can't stay long," said Augustus, sidling up to the warmth of the pot-bellied stove. "Ma, the Professor just came over to tell me that you want to go out and spend a little time at Pleasant Haven."

Ma nodded. "Yes, I would. Everybody in town's been telling me how their preaching is so much like the things myself and others have heard before. Ma wants me to get up at this big town meeting you're going to have, and tell folks how they should put their money into Pleasant Haven. If I'm going to do that, I'd like to be sure of what I'm talking about.

"Dear lady," said Professor Bassett smoothly, "we are very grateful for your interest. Our plans for developing Pleasant Haven will have a great ally in you. Therefore, I'd give the world to make a place for you—but I sing can't."

It was very convincing. Ma almost believed him—until she remembered that there'd been no mention of overcrowding when Charley Brown spoke of selling his store and moving to Pleasant Haven with his family.

"But suppose folks still have doubts after I speak at the meeting?" she asked. "Suppose they ask me questions—questions which I won't be able to answer?" Then I make a bad impression; Pleasant Haven makes a bad impression. Oh, I just don't see how I can do it, 'less I got more to go on."

"Bassett," said Augustus, "Ma's got a point. Isn't the only you could give her a room for a few days? How long would you want to stay, Ma?"

"Just a few days," she said. "A week, maybe. But if the Professor do want me to go, then I'd don't go. As a matter of fact, I've been needing a little change. Maybe I'll go out to Fort William for a few days, spend a—"

"Ma," said Augustus sharply, "you're blackmailing us! You're saying that if Bassett don't give you a room, you won't be in town for the meeting?"

"And o'Goshen," Ma exclaimed. "I wouldn't do nothing like that! Maybe I'd come to the meeting, and then when Professor Bassett speaks, I'd ask some of the questions, and put the floor which I'd be wanting out to Pleasant Haven to have answered, only I ain't."

"My dear Pendleton," said the Professor dryly, "I'm afraid we've caught a tartar here. Mrs. Perkins, could we leave this way? I shall make every effort to find a room for you at Pleasant Haven—if you'll give me a little time."

"No hurry at all, Professor Bassett," said Ma sweetly. "And—say hello to your little daughter for me, and to John—Dr. Joseph. You, Augustus, greet Gladys and Mathilda for me—"

"Gladys—hm," grumbled Augustus. "I never see her myself. Don't know what the girl finds to do in a town this size until one o'clock in the morning. See you soon, Ma."

Ma went to the window to watch them go down the walk. They shook hands on the sidewalk; then Augustus tramped off down the street toward the bank. The Professor turned toward the long, new, black limousine that always made Shuffle Shober remark that the philosophy business must be real good. And then—Ma stiffened. Someone popped up in the front seat as the Professor got in. A woman. And the Professor hadn't been expecting her—Ma could tell that from the one glimpse she got of her startled face.

The car rolled away. Ma back, shaking, sat down at the old-fashioned roll-top desk. The woman had been Gladys Pendleton—and she'd been waiting for Professor Bassett in his car! Gladys herself came calling at the Perkins house that night, but not to see Ma. As Fay opened the door, Gladys said rapidly, "Fay, I want to talk to you, alone. Put on your coat and walk out outside." "Come into the kitchen," Fay suggested, "and we'll make tea. What is it, Gladde?"

"It's me," she tipped after Fay through the darkened dining room, into the kitchen. "Fay, I want you to do something for me—it's something I can't do myself—" Tomorrow I'm going to tell my folks that I'm spending the night with you. I—I've got to go to Fort William and—buy something—and they don't want me to spend the money. And I don't want to go back at night over the slippery road—Fay! Stop looking like that!"

"Like what?" asked Fay (Continued on page 94)
VICKI VOLA is one of the busiest gals in radio. She plays so many different parts that you wonder how she manages to get them all in. But she does. She also finds time to run a happy home for her radio director husband, John Wilkinson.

Of French-Italian ancestry (she was born in Denver, Colorado), Vicki sparkles with vitality and friendliness. She's a pretty, petite little number, with dark brown eyes, hair that's more auburn than brown, and skin that's glowing and healthy looking. She keeps the tan acquired during the summer by using a sun lamp all winter long.

You may know her best as the voice of Miss Miller, the efficient secretary on NBC's Mr. District Attorney program. You may also hear her on other networks. She's Stacey McGill on the Christopher Wells program, has often been heard on the Radio Reader's Digest, The Ford Theater, The Greatest Story Ever Told, as a gangster's moll, crook, and murderess on The Fat Man, and on numerous other shows.

When characterizing the part of a sweet, romantic lead, she speaks in soft, pleasant, appealing tones. If playing an unsympathetic type, she uses hard, strident tones edged with a decided coolness.

Vicki points out that the voice is an important character clue, and since her audience does not see her, she must convey the type of person she's playing by her voice alone. A well-bred voice, for instance, has great control, even in emotional scenes. But one that isn't cultured becomes loud, excited, too high pitched and harsh in emotional crises.

Many people, she says, have really pleasant-sounding voices. Yet because they don't breathe deeply, speak too fast or not distinctly enough, much of the pleasant quality is lost. So if, after listening to yourself speak, you decide that your voice could be improved upon, she suggests that you concentrate on deeper breathing, and speaking in lower, softer, pleasanter tones. Enunciate so clearly that a whisper can be distinctly heard across the room. Also strive for more emotional control in moments of emotional stress or excitement.

No matter how lovely a voice you have, its effect can be ruined if you don't keep your teeth and mouth clean with an antiseptic mouth wash. And remember to gargle, not only to ward off colds, but also to loosen up tired throat muscles.

No single factor, naturally, is more important to a radio actress than her voice. And it's Vicki Volta's belief that any girl's voice can be a great asset—or liability.

By Mary Jane Fulton
No More Teaching

Dear Editor:

Please tell me something about the actress who plays Lilly on the When a Girl Marries program. Please print a picture of her, too.

Miss L. B. M.
Chicago, Ill.

Georgia Burke, who was born in Atlanta, Georgia, the daughter of a minister and a nurse, was one of eight children. She is a graduate of Claflin University in South Carolina and taught school in North Carolina for several years. In 1928 she arrived in New York to take a summer course at Columbia. She was persuaded to audition for that successful revue, "Blackbirds" and was immediately hired. She has never taught school since. From "Blackbirds" she jumped into radio and countless Broadway plays. At this writing, Miss Burke has been temporarily written out of the When a Girl Marries script to act in the London production of "Anna Lucasta." But she'll be back!

Sara

Dear Editor:

I listen to Rose of My Dreams every day and like the program very well. I would like to see Sara's picture.

Mrs. F. F.
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Here's dark-eyed Charita Bauer, the Sara of Rose of My Dreams, heard Mondays through Fridays, 2:45 P.M., EST, CBS. She is as well-known on the stage as on the radio, having appeared for a year and a half in the original cast of "The Women." Charita sings, plays the piano, and speaks three languages.

Charita Bauer

Here's Nick

Dear Editor:

I would like to ask you a favor. Nick Carter has been one of my favorite programs. I would appreciate it very much if you would print Lon Clark's (Nick Carter) and if possible Charlotte Manson's (Patsy) pictures in your magazine. I am anxious to know what the characters of this program look like.

Miss R. P.

Detroit, Mich.

Lon Clark

Here's Lon Clark in one of his more jovial moods; quite a contrast with the same Nick Carter, isn't he? You saw Charlotte Manson in our Inside Radio column in the July Radio Mirror. She's also Dr. McVicker in Road of Life.

Radio Came to Her

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Front Page Farrell. I have listened to it for a long time, and I would like to know who plays Sally.

Miss J. A. T.

Clinton, Indiana

Sally is played by Florence Williams, who is as well known on the stage as she is on the radio. Born in St. Louis, Mo., she attended Washington U where she studied the piano and the violin as well as dramatics. Her avowed ambition was to become a concert pianist, but secretly, Florence always wanted to be an actress. She got her chance when a producer spotted her in an amateur performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan." She didn't come to radio—radio came to her. When she was playing the role of Dee in "The Old Maid," Florence was invited to play Barbara War in an NBC serial. Since then she has appeared regularly on the air and on the stage at the same time.

Florence Williams

Nurse Nora Drake

Dear Editor:

I listen to all the daytime serials and keep a scrapbook of the pictures of each program. Would you please tell me who plays in the following roles: Stella Dallas, Just Plain Bill, Maggie Lowell (in Road of Life) and Nora Drake. Please print a picture of Nora Drake.

Mrs. J. D. L.
Lumberton, N. C.

Charlotte Holland

Anne Elsner portrays the title role in Stella Dallas, and has been doing so since October 24, 1937 when the program had its premiere. Arthur Hughes is Bill Davidson (Just Plain Bill), and Julie Stevens is Maggie Lowell in Road of Life. Charlotte Holland, who plays Nora, the nurse, in This is Nora Drake, is unusually consistent in her choice of radio roles; she formerly played Hope Allison (also a nurse) in Joyce Jordan. And here's Charlotte as she appears in This is Nora Drake.

Mrs. C. B.

Puzzling Voices

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Helen Trent. However, for reasons unknown to us here in Tucson, it stopped. Please print a picture of Gil Whitney. Also, does he play Leland on Katie's Daughter and the producer or playwright on Backstage Wife? All these voices sound alike.

Tucson, Arizona

Many sponsors have cut down on the number of stations they use for their programs. If The Romance of Helen Trent is not listed in your local paper's radio log, it can no longer be heard in your neighborhood. Here's David Gothard (Gil Whitney to you). And you guessed it! He does play Leland in Katie's Daughter. But he isn't Tom Bryson the playwright in Backstage Wife. Chuck Webster is Tom.

David Gothard

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers
WEDNESDAY

8:30 Do You Remember
8:45 Honeymoon In N. Y.
9:05 Clevelandaires
9:15 Columbia Ole Smokey
9:45 Road Of Life
10:00 Clips Brown
10:15 Road Of Life
10:30 Joyce Jordan
10:45 This Is Nora Orke
11:00 Stella
11:15 Jack Berch
11:30 Lora Lawton
11:45 The Trumpeters

DOLORES HAY—There were two
young singers named Sims, only instead
of ending up in a limerick one added
another "in"—that's Ginni. The other,
Dorothy, borrowed "Shay" from a friend
when she started all that "Fendin' and
Fightin' and Funnin'" and became known
as Park Avenue Hill Billy. Lately she's
been featured with Spike Jones on
His Spotlight Revue. From Sims.

TUESDAY

A.M. NBC MBS ABC CBS
8:30 Do You Remember
8:45 News
9:00 Honeymoon in N. Y.
9:15 Clevelandaires
9:45 Ole Smokey
10:00 Fred Waring
10:30 Road Of Life
11:00 This Is Nora Orke
11:15 Jack Berch
11:30 Lora Lawton

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12:00-12:15 Echoes From Tropical Words and Music
12:15-12:30 Echoes From Tropical Words and Music
12:30-12:45 Echoes From Tropical Words and Music
1:00-1:15 Art Van Damme
1:15-1:30 Robert McCormick
1:30-1:45 Robert Ripley
2:00-2:15 Today's Children
2:15-2:30 Woman In White
2:30-2:45 Song Of The Stranger
3:00-3:15 Life Can Be Beautiful
3:15-3:30 Peppy Young
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His Spotlight Revue. From Sims.
**MICHAEL MAUREE**—was born in Ashland, Kentucky. She is a former Goldwyn Girl. Two years ago while in California making movies she decided that radio was to be her career. No more posing before cameras for "Mike," although Harry Conover had hopes of her as one of his top models. Beside her True Detective Mysteries stint, she has a part in High Adventure. Both programs are heard over Mutual's network.

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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<tr>
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<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<td>Katherine</td>
<td>Welcome</td>
<td>Wendy Warren</td>
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<td>J. W. Smith</td>
<td>Travelers</td>
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<td>Words and</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<td>Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<td>Art Van Damme</td>
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<td>Quartet</td>
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<td>Robert McCormick</td>
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<td>Today's Children</td>
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<td>Story of Holy Sloan</td>
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<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
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<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
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<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
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<th>Eric Severaid In My Opinion</th>
<th>The Chieftains</th>
<th>Lowell Thomas</th>
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<td>Sketches In Melody</td>
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<td>Eric Severaid In My Opinion</td>
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<td>Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen</td>
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<td>Al Johnson</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
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<td>Jack Carson and Eve Arden</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Bob Hawkins Show</td>
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<td>Eddie Cantor</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
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**VICOT FERRIN**—featured as Clay Brown on The Story of Holly Sloan, NBC, weekdays at 2:30, EST. Vic worked his way through the University of Wisconsin by being announcer, actor and producer on a local radio station; went to Hollywood, where his first job with NBC was attendant on their parking lot. He was soon made a staff announcer. In 1945 he freelanced as actor and announcer, lectured in radio at USC.
SATURDAY

A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS
--- | --- | --- | --- | ---
9:00 | Story Shop | | | CBS News of America Songs For You
9:15 | | | | Saturday's Rhythm
9:30 | | | |
9:45 | Coffee With Congress | Robert Hurleigh | Tommy Bartlett Time |
10:00 | Frank Merrill | Bill Harrington | U. S. Navy Band | The Garden Gate
10:15 | Archi Andrews | Shady Valley Folks | Piano Playhouse | Johnson Family
10:30 | Meet the Masks | Pauline Albert | Abbott and Costello | Mary Lee Taylor
11:00 | | | | The Little Pretend
11:15 | | | |
11:30 | Smilin' Ed McConnell | Say It With Music | |
11:45 | | | | Land of the Lost

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 | Arthur Barriault | Pan Americans This Week in Washington | Johnny Thompson | Theatre of Today
12:15 | Public Affairs | | |
12:30 | Home Is what you Make It | | | Stars Over Hollywood
12:45 | | | |
1:00 | Nat 'l Farm Home | Larchmont at Sarat's | U. N. General Assembly Highlights | Grand Central Sts.
1:15 | Veterans Aid Report From Europe | Bands For Bonds | Our Town Speaks | Country Fair
1:30 | | | |
1:45 | | | |
2:00 | | | |
2:15 | | | |
2:30 | | | |
2:45 | | | |
3:00 | Orchestra of the Nation | Metropolitan Opera | Give and Take | Country Journal
3:15 | | | | Report from Overseas Adventures of Science
3:30 | Your Host Buffalo | | | Cross-Section U. S. A.
3:45 | | | |
4:00 | Doctors Today | | |
4:15 | | | |
4:30 | First Pianos Quartet | Dance Orchestra | Dance Orchestra | Saturday at the Chase
4:45 | | | |
5:00 | Edward Talminton | | |
5:15 | Swanne River Boys | Dance Orchestra | Tea and Crumpets | The Philadelphia Orch.
5:30 | | | |
5:45 | King Cole Trio | Dance Orchestra | Dance Orchestra |

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 | Peter Roberts | Sports Parade | Vagabonds' Quartet |
6:15 | Religion in the News | Cecil Brown | Adam's Orchestra |
6:30 | NBC Symphony | Harry Warren | Bill Shadell|
6:45 | | Jack Beall | Word From the Country

7:00 | | Hawaii Calls | Quixdom Class |
7:15 | | Newspaper | Challenge of the Yukon |
7:30 | | Twin Views of the News |
7:45 | | | Hawke Larabee

8:30 | | |
8:45 | Life of Riley | Twenty Questions | Ross Dathan |
8:55 | | Harlem Hospitality Club | Detective Famous Jury Trials |
9:00 | | | Robert Montgomery, Suspense
9:15 | | Your Hit Parade | Leave it to Bill
9:30 | Judy Canova Show | Step Me If You Have Heard This Better Half |

10:00 | | |
10:15 | | Kay Kyser | Professor Quiz |
10:30 | | Grand Ole Opry | Hayloft Heedown |

CHARLIE CANTOR—The quiet, dignified gentleman who plays Clifton Fimpan on Duffy's Tavern and Zero on the Alan Young Show. He was born in Worcester, Mass., and got his B.A. at New York University, paying his tuition by working as a song pluggor. He began a vaudeville career as a blackface comic; decided to be sensible and settle down in the shoe business; went broke; came to radio via nightclubs.

The "cutest" little radio set we've seen in a long time is the miniature Emerson that measures only 7 1/2" by 3 3/4" by 8". It's made of catalin and comes in red, green and ebony for less than $30. The technical minded will want to know that it's AC-DC Superheterodyne. Model 564, it is.

An inexpensive AM and FM receiver is the Meck table model radio that sells for $60. The same company produces sets that range in price from $18 to $90. What's more, the $60 model is a radio-phonograph combination with an automatic record changer.

One of the more attractive television receivers is the DuMont "Chatham." Its mahogany-finished cabinet is just about two feet wide, yet has a screen that measures 7 1/2" by 10". The "Chatham" also includes FM radio and is equipped with a magic eye for accurate tuning and the imputoner, which keeps the set constantly in focus.

The new low-priced television sets are creating much interest among people who never dreamed of being "video" owners. Motorola offers a table model for about $180 plus tax and installation, while Hallicrafters is also ready with a table model for only $169 plus tax and transportation! Remember when the cheapest radio set was in the $500 class? It certainly looks as though the day is not far off when there'll be a television set in every room in every house.

If you too are a record collector, then you'll be interested in space-saving ideas. The Peerless Album Company devised a hassock that will serve the usual purpose of such devices and store 50 records, too. What's more, it's fairly inexpensive. For little more than $15 you can have a "Hassock." It's 18" high, 16 1/2" wide and 14 1/4" deep, and coming in blue, red or ivory simulated leather. Just think, you can actually sit on your record collection.
Under the Direction of Aneurin Bodycombe

It was Bodycombe (lower left corner) who directed that popular old-time KDKA program, The Stroller's Matinee.

The cast in costume and
Bodycombe at the organ.

The arranger in typical pose.

Aneurin Bodycombe, KDKA organist and co-musical director, arrived in Pittsburgh in September, 1922, from his native Wales and a month later he made his debut in the old Tent Studio atop "K" Building at the Westinghouse Electric Corporation's East Pittsburgh plant. KDKA and radio broadcasting were born two years previously, November 2, 1920.

Born in Swansea, Wales, Bodycombe won a scholarship to Cardiff University while he was still in high school. There, after two terms, his musical education was interrupted by World War I and he joined the British Navy. After the war he returned to Cardiff for a term and then entered the Royal College of Music in London, where he studied piano for two years. He completed his studies at Oxford where he was chapel organist and director of the glee club.

His first radio work was as an accompanist. Recalling the early days, Bodycombe said:

"Westinghouse had a big limousine which picked us up every day and took us out to the studio for the broadcasts. Of course, things were still in an experimental stage. I made my living then as a piano salesman."

Best of all, Bodycombe remembers the Tent Studio.

First, programs were broadcast from an auditorium in the plant, but room resonance was so great that engineers immediately set about finding other facilities. As an experiment they pitched a tent on the roof next to their transmitter-penthouse.

"Early fans recall the whistle of a passing freight which, in the days of the Tent Studio, became a regular 8:30 p.m. feature, no matter what the programs."

After serving as an accompanist, Bodycombe gradually undertook various musical chores and today is still active as a producer, director, arranger, orchestra leader and pianist as well as organist.

He is the organist and arranger for the Sunday Suppertime Show which features romantic tenor Bob Carter; organist and arranger for the Mildred Don and the Men About Town Program; he's the director and arranger for the Duquesne Chorus, featured on the Bernie Armstrong Show; organist and pianist for the Home Forum, the KDKA School of the Air and the Dream Weaver shows.

During his first years in Pittsburgh Bodycombe lived with his grandparents until 1926 when his parents came here. In 1930 he married Esther Marie Bothwell (he says: "She's not a musician, thank God!").
reasons for this limitation, one of the biggest ones being the difficulty of programming on an isolated station. Unlike radio stations, telecasting studios cannot fill ten hours of broadcasting time with transcriptions and recordings. If they don't fall within the proper channels to become a part of existing television relay systems, they are unable to pick up telecast network shows, the way radio stations can pick up radio network broadcasts. They are dependent on local talent and such films as are suitable for telecasting. At the moment these are few and very expensive, although several film companies have already begun to produce films especially for telecasting.

Prospects are brighter, however, since networks have started expanding their relay systems. N.B.C. has already lengthened its four city hook-up to six cities, so that now N.B.C. telecasts can go from Washington to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, New York, Schenectady, and up to Boston. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is doing the pioneering in coaxial cable and radio relay hook-ups and is bearing the great burden of financing these experiments, has applied for permits to build relays from New York to Chicago, passing through Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit.

It's interesting to know a little about the difference between the two methods of transmitting television: the relay system and the coaxial cable. The relay system is a series of towers which literally bounces the television images from tower to tower. This system can only be used over terrain in which there is no physical obstruction between the towers, that is, no mountains or masses of very tall buildings.

The coaxial cable, to put it in the simplest terms, is a large, hollow tube, which is laid very much like telephone lines, and which is capable of carrying millions of megacycles and transmits telecasts from station to station. Ordinary telephone cables can carry thousands of megacycles. To give you an idea of the difference, the coaxial cable which can carry only one television broadcast, is capable of carrying about 240 telephone conversations at the same time.

The services of coaxial cable and radio relay systems still cost so much as to be prohibitive to individual stations operating on a non-commercial basis.

As more advertisers begin to realize the value of television, more and more stations will be able to pay for themselves by selling exhibition time. In addition, the cost is pretty high when compared with the cost of putting up a first class radio station. A telecasting studio costs N.B.C. about $5,000,000. In addition, the technical staff must be added to foot the bills for talent, renting high cost films, maintaining a complete staff. A radio station costs approximately $50,000 and has the added advantage of already having the necessary equipment. Television stations, on the other hand, have the advantage because of the ease of getting program hook-ups with major radio broadcasters.

Probably the most important factor in the growth of the television audience is the gradual scaling downward of the price of television receiving sets. A good set can now be bought for $250 and one company has a small table model, with a 7-inch screen, for about $109. Restaurants, bars and theaters have begun to install television receivers in large numbers, thus raising potential audiences far beyond the number of actual sets. A few hotels already have receivers in some of their higher priced rooms and suites.

One of the most exciting developments is Paramount's new process for telecasting news events.

Now, there are two ways of telecasting news. One is to photograph the actual pictures from the face of the television tube and send the finished film by plane, or messenger, to the theater for projection. This was the method used to bring those fast newscasts of the Royal Wedding to the screens of American theaters. Another method is to pipe the actual telecast directly to the theater with 240 megacycles to a screen. This is very unsatisfactory, because the images are fuzzy on the screen and there is not enough light for sharp pictures.

Paramount's new system is capable of telecasting an event, photographing from the face of the tube, printing, developing and projecting the film directly into a theater projector in 66 seconds. In other words, if a major event is being picked up while you're in the theater, the picture can be interrupted, a special projector shifted into place, and you can watch the event happening a little more than a minute after it has taken place and keep that kind of pace with it from then on.

In spite of the prohibitive costs and all the other factors that tend to slow up development of television, fifty or sixty construction permits have been granted by the F.C.C. so you can see how television is shaping up for you, here's the breakdown of the companies and stations where these stations will be able to service an area of about 50 miles in any direction.

In California, around Los Angeles, 6; San Francisco, 4; Portland, Oregon, 1; Seattle, Washington, 1; Salt Lake City, Utah, 1; Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1; Fort Worth and Dallas, Texas, 3; New Orleans, Louisiana, 1; Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota, 2; Chicago, Illinois, 4; Detroit, Michigan, 2; Indianapolis and Bloomington, Indiana, 1; Louisville, Kentucky, 1; In Ohio, Dayton, 1; Columbus, 1; Cleveland, 3; In Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, 1, Johnstown, 1, Philadelphia, 1; Richmond, Virginia, 1; Washington, D.C., 1; Baltimore, Maryland, 2; Wilming-pton, Delaware, 1; Newark, New Jersey, 1; New York City, 3, Buffalo, N.Y., 1; New Haven, Conn., 2; Providence, R.I.; Boston, Mass., 1.

In addition to these stations most of which are already under construction and a few in operation on an experimental basis, ten more applications have been filed with the F.C.C. These, if granted, will bring television to the environs of Bakersfield, Cal.; Miami, Florida; Atlanta, Georgia; Charlotte, N.C.; Columbus, Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio; Allentown and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

It might interest you to see how investors whose fields are threatened by the growth of television, are getting in on the ground floor of this new medium. Roughly the interests involved in television so far look like this: There are a few bar-tenders, strictly for telecasting purposes. There are a few stations owned by large department stores. Paramount Pictures already has two stations, and will probably have more television stations, being operated by radio broadcasting companies now total twenty-three, with more in the offing. The same number are being operated by newspapers throughout the country. General Electric has one station and so has Westinghouse.

If this rate of television interest and service grows, it may not take as long as the dreamers now expect for television to replace radio. There are still some problems to lick, the most important being the programming and finding the particular techniques in writing, acting, staging and lighting for the most effective kind of entertainment. But we, at the time of this writing, there's still a lot to be done in this respect in radio, too, and look how long broadcasters have been experimenting in that medium!
The two women who are YOU

They can make you over

same efforts tend to neutralize the destructive impulses—the feelings of self-doubt, loneliness, defeat.

If you will resolve to work each day for self-realization, your whole world can change. You needn't feel dull and drab—always on the outskirts of life, never in the center. You can gain new power over yourself and your life. You can stand out as a personality, be vital, lovely, surrounded by people who love you, admire you.

The great laws of beauty haven't changed. They are: a strong, healthy circulation that will help keep you, year in and year out, almost outside of time! A balanced diet. Cleanliness. Relaxation—do you know that one of the chief causes for the look of age is tenseness?

Organize your day now—so that there's a time for each of these rejuvenating habits. Exercise. A few minutes of conscious relaxation during the day. Plenty of sleep. Deep breathing while walking in the open. Plenty of water each day.

And for the face, the You that others see first, practice the rites that follow. Your reward can be a face brought to a higher pitch, starry and fresh, happy, brightly alive.

You will find that if you will maintain these regular, thorough, careful renewal disciplines, it will affect your ability to organize your whole living and thinking.

Start today!

A New Face Treatment

Your skin—like a window—has two sides. To clean one side only is not enough. Pond's, working with distinguished dermatologists, has studied the needs, behavior and possibilities of facial skin—and now brings you the special new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of your skin at once. It 'capsules' your face care

MANy women live constantly with a sense of self-realization missed. Yet any normal woman may achieve personal distinction. And the success that goes with it.

There exists within you, waiting to be used, a tremendous force that can transform your whole world. It grows out of the close inter-relation between the inner you and the outer you, and the power of each to change the other. You know, for example, how a sense of well-being, of inner confidence can radiate from a woman who has lifted herself out of physical nondescriptness... into distinction.

This power of outer change to effect inner change has to do with the basic nature of a woman. As the generalized fears of the male have to do with the loss of strength, so, when a woman's appearance is even threatened it arouses in her the deepest anxiety.

But—every effort a woman makes toward realizing her physical possibilities strengthens her constructive impulses... those that reach toward new experience, love, friendship, achievement. And these

You are fluid, you are a changing thing.
you are never finished, you are always becoming.
Get away from the thwarting idea that you must continue to be the way you are. You can change yourself!
Is yours a "Special Skin"?

**DRY?** Give your skin the extra benefits of a very rich lanolin cream—Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Homogenized—to soak in better. Has a special emulsifier, for extra softening aid. Each night smooth it on over face and throat and leave on 5 to 15 minutes—or overnight for very dry skin.

**OILY?** Use a light-textured cleansing cream—Pond's Liquefying Cream—for your "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment.

**DULL? Darkened by Exposure?** Whenever your skin has been overexposed to wind and weather...looks rough and coarsened and darker than it should—a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream will restore your complexion quickly. Spread the cream lavishly over your face—all but eyes. The "keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves off curling dead skin cells. After one minute, tissue off. Your face looks brighter, clearer, feels softer. Make-up goes on with silky ease—clings.

**And now your make-up!**

**Pond's Angel Face**

A sensational new make-up that's easier to apply—no water, no greasy fingertips. And it stays on longer than powder! A smoothing "cling" ingredient is pressure-fused into Angel Face. Makes it go on evenly—stay on. Not a cake make-up though...not drying, gives a softer look. Not greasy. (Can't spill in your handbag either!)

**Play with your face a bit, too!**

Sit down in front of your mirror and try on some different faces! Be bold—experiment with new dramatic make-up colors. Just for example...

...take two wonderful blue-pink lipsticks, Pond's "Lips" in Black Blaze and Heart Throb. With the darker shade, outline the curved lipline. Smooth the lighter shade all over the lips. This highlights the sweet curve of your lips—makes them look _rounder!_ Try other experiments in color—Pond's has eight "Lips" shades for you to play with.

...blend a little Pond's "Cheeks" up around cheekbones, over eyes—very youthful!

There are fascinating new possibilities in your face. Find them!

**Charting a New Way of Living can be Fun!**

It's easy to break an old habit and make a new one, if you follow certain definite steps.

FIRST, _IMAGINE_ it! Picture yourself as you _want_ to look! That image of the New You is the first step of action.

SECOND, _PREPARE_ for it! Make a little ceremony of ribboning back your hair, setting out your jars.

THIRD, _START_ it! Today! Not tomorrow!

FOURTH, _PERSIST_ in it! Don't miss a single day.

FIFTH, _SUCCESS!_ Each time you complete your beauty work successfully, you get a glow of increased self-esteem that makes it easy to continue the good work!

**REMEMBER—the You that others see first is in your face. To develop the beauty of your own face is not vanity—it makes you a more worthwhile, distinctive person, brings the real You closer to other people.**
Your Whole hand is beautified by this new lotion sensation!

**Hinds** Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

**BEAUTIFIES SKIN**
because New Hinds has special "skin-affinity" ingredients—makes hands feel softer instantly—gives longer-lasting protection!

**"SATINIZES" PALMS**
because New Hinds helps protect them from work-roughness—soothes and helps soften calluses ... yet never feels sticky!

**SMOOTHS KNUCKLES**
because New Hinds contains emollients that absorb ... "work into" roughened knuckles—soothing and smoothing miraculously!

**SOFTENS CUTICLE**
because New Hinds is enriched with lanolin—helps avoid unsightly, ragged edges—keeps your manicures lovelier longer!

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**Line Up for Chowder**
(Continued from page 59)

Cook 10 minutes longer. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese before serving. Makes 6 servings.

**Mixed Vegetables and Fish Dinner**
2 pounds fish fillet (cod, haddock, etc.), fresh or frozen
4 tablespoons butter, divided
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 package frozen mixed vegetables
Water
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons flour
Salt
Pepper
1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Place fish fillets in shallow greased baking dish. Spread fish evenly with half the butter and sprinkle with salt. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 15 minutes. Cook vegetables in water, following directions on the package. Drain vegetables and reserve the liquid. Add the liquid to the milk to make one cup. Cook onions in remaining butter until golden brown. Stir in flour and blend well. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly until thickened. Add seasonings to taste, and vegetables. Pour over fish in baking dish and bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes longer. Makes 6 servings.

**Spaghetti Italiane**
1 8-ounce package spaghetti
Water
1 clove garlic, finely minced
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
2 cups (No. 21/2 can) tomatoes
2 small bay leaves
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese


**Hot Potato Salad**
3 tablespoons vinegar
6 tablespoons salad oil
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
11/2 teaspoons salt
Dash of pepper
1/4 teaspoon paprika
1 cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons minced onion
1/4 cup chopped parsley
4 cups diced, cooked hot potatoes
6 frankfurters, cooked and sliced

Combine vinegar, oil and the seasonings in a sauce pan and stir until blended. Bring to boil over low heat. Combine the remaining ingredients, add to vinegar mixture and blend carefully. Makes 6 servings.

Hot potato salad brings to mind a variety of good things that seem to "go with" it perfectly, and which when combined, one or many of them, with the salad, can provide any type of meal from snack to feast. Cold meat plates, baked ham, liver sausage, head cheese, cheeses of all varieties and dark sour breads or crisp, crusty ones to provide contrasting texture—all these add up to perfect goodness!
“how to give the Folks a 'Break' for Breakfast”

NOTHING LIKE a cheery start in the morning... and a good breakfast 'll do it every time...

Like, f'rinstance...

Piping hot pancakes... made extra tasty by adding two tablespoons of KARO® Syrup to your favorite batter... drenched with deelicious, energizing KARO... or maybe a few special deluxe Cinnamon Buns so easy to make with KARO...

Well... what more do I hafta say?...

Excepting... perhaps... these are about as low in cost as any hearty breakfast a thrifty gal can fix...

the KARO Kid

*KARO is a registered trade-mark distinguishing this product of the Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N.Y. © C.P.R Co., 1949

RICH CINNAMON BUNS

| 3/4 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label | 4 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1/4 cup butter or margarine | 1 1/2 teaspoons salt |
| 1/4 cup brown sugar | 1/4 cup shortening |
| 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour | 1 cup milk |

Place first three ingredients in a saucepan; bring to a boil over medium heat and boil 1 minute. Pour into 9-inch square cake pan. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt; cut in shortening with pastry blender or two knives. Add milk to make soft dough. Turn out on floured board. Roll into rectangle 1/4 inch thick. Spread with Raisin Nut Filling. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices and place cut side up in syrup. Bake in moderate oven (375° F) 45 minutes. Let stand in pan about 2 minutes. Invert pan to remove buns. Makes 16 buns.

Raisin Nut Filling: Combine 1/4 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label and 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine; spread over surface of dough. Sprinkle with 1/4 cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1/2 cup raisins and 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats.

For other KARO recipes, write Home Service Department, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.
america's loveliest colors
—the choice of Hollywood's glamorous stars! And Tangee goes on easier, stays on longer!

Tangee colors are recognized everywhere as the world's loveliest, smartest lipstick shades. And Tangee's own secret, exclusive formula means that Tangee goes on easier—stays on longer. No wonder more women have used Tangee than any other lipstick on this globe. Let your next lipstick be—Tangee!

Newest Hit Shade by Tangee... a truly Royal Red... and you'll love what it does for your lips.

Red Majesty
NEWEST HIT SHADE BY Tangee

MERLE OBERON—
A reigning Hollywood beauty, says "I've tried dozens of lipstick colors... and the one that's best for me—and for every woman of my coloring—is Tangee Red Majesty."
"Hi, Normer!"

(Continued from page 41)

numbers after mine was heard.

Someone finally got around to introducing us and we began talking about music. We had coffee a few times between shows and talked about music. We'd sit backstage—and talk about music.

And after only two weeks of knowing Dave I decided that he was the man I wanted to marry. Naturally, I didn't tell a soul, but my mind was made up! I forgot about heavy music and somber poems. Then began my year of scheming, and don't ever underestimate the scheming power of a woman!

Dick Haymes was male vocalist with the band then, and Dick and I were old friends. I would suggest quite shamelessly— I blush as I recall it now—that Dick invite me to dinner and also ask Dave to come along, and Dick, the lamb, would do it. I'd manage to sit next to Dave when we'd get on trains. I'd be around—so casually but so contrivedly—after shows when it was time for those midnight hamburgers.

We worked up and down the East Coast, New York, Atlantic City, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore. They flash through my memory like a montage in a movie. But the important part always was Dave.

For hours as we traveled from city to city Dave and I would talk. Not just about music now, but about us, too. I learned of his childhood on Long Island, of his home in which music was an integral part inherited from Italian and Irish forebears. I learned of Dave's father, Nicholas, a real estate broker, and mother, both of whom encouraged their son's love for the banjo from the time his fingers were long enough to stretch over the frets. I learned, but much later for Dave is so modest, that he became something of a child prodigy with his banjo, played at Carnegie Hall when he was eleven and just a few years later was playing profession-ally in New York when he was eighteen.

And I told Dave of my childhood in North Dakota, of my Scandinavian heritage—my real name is Norma Egstrom—of starting to sing in a small night club when banjo passed out of popularity.

We did. Three days later, at noon on March 8, 1943, in the Los Angeles City Hall, with a woman judge, Ida May Adams, officiating. There we were, two people whose life work is music, without even a strain of the Wedding March. We've sometimes talked about being married again by church, with all the trimmings, but even if we had said our vows in Heaven they could not

ecago's Ambassador Hotel where Goodman heard me and signed me for his band.

Our favorite record in those days was Duke Ellington's "Perdido," a title which fortunately wasn't prophetic, for it means "lost," and that was the time when Dave and I really were finding each other. I know now that he liked me more than he let me know, but he certainly kept it a secret then! We had known each other almost a year when the band came to Hollywood. I loved California, even in the rainy season, for my two sisters were here. Dave liked California too, so much that when it was nearly time to return east he gave notice that he was leaving the band to stay in Los Angeles. I was miserable; I felt sure I'd never see him again.

As vividly as if it were yesterday I remember a rainy day in March of 1943. I was shopping on Hollywood Boulevard and because of the downpour had on old slacks and a beat-up raincoat. I bumped into Dave, and my first thought was how awful I looked! He suggested that we get some coffee—musicians seem to drink quarts of it; this is not a plug for a java sponsor—and I agreed readily, despite my appearance. Every moment with him was precious. But I just could not be gay for I was feeling lower than the last bars of "Asleep in the Deep." I was griping about going back to New York and leaving my family. Finally I realized it was time to go home for dinner, started gathering my packages and making motions of leaving.

"Wait just a minute," Dave suggested.

"No, it's later than I thought. I must go."

"Let's get married," he said quietly.

"No, I must go . . . What did you say?" I did a double-take straight out of a screen comedy.

"I said let's get married," Dave repeated.

We did. Three days later, at noon on March 8, 1943, in the Los Angeles City Hall, with a woman judge, Ida May Adams, officiating. There we were, two people whose life work is music, without even a strain of the Wedding March. We've sometimes talked about being married again by church, with all the trimmings, but even if we had said our vows in Heaven they could not

**At the first blush of Womanhood**

by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. 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 is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes. No need for alarm—There is nothing wrong with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you must select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this danger. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this age of courtship, don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be instantly safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

(Advertisement)
A Gripping Tale

DeLong Bob Pins hold your hair as firmly as a thriller holds your attention . . .

The Stronger Grip DeLong boasts about is no mere slogan dreamed-up by ad-writers . . . it's a fact as cold and hard as the high-carbon steel that goes into these quality bob pins . . . Try them and see how much better DeLong Bob Pins stay in your hair, how much longer they keep their strength and springy action . . . You'll never go back to the wishy-washy kind of bob pin that's in your hair one minute and in your lap the next. Always remember—

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

DeLong

Do Dreams Come True?

YES! Find out how you can get your fondest wish. Fabulous gifts awarded daily.

LISTEN TO

HEART'S DESIRE

Daytime—Monday through Friday on the Mutual Network

DRAMA HUMOR LOVE

Do you want your dream to come true? Read the HEART'S DESIRE feature in this month's TRUE ROMANCE Magazine.
"You're adorable!"

JUNE ALLYSON is adorable indeed as she plays opposite VAN JOHNSON in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "THE BRIDE GOES WILD"

"I'm a Lux Girl"
says JUNE ALLYSON

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

June Allyson, famous Hollywood star, finds beauty facials with Lux Toilet Soap really work! She smooths the fragrant lather in thoroughly, rinses and then pats with a soft towel to dry. Don't let neglect cheat you of romance! For softer, smoother skin, try June Allyson's beauty care!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier!
Are you in the know?

What's best if winter gets under your skin?
- More "fuel" for your frame
- Stock up on sweaters
- Firemen's flannel

Get the chilly-willies? Stoke your system with warmth-giving foods—extra lush with Vitamin A. Guzzle lots of liquids: fruit, veg and sky juice. All to keep you cozy, help guard your skin. For comfort on "calendar" days, there's nothing—but nothing—like the new, softer Kotex. With downy softness that holds its shape. Made to stay soft while you wear it.

She is telling the world that she's—
- A curfew dodger
- No cover girl
- The dentist's delight

Comes the yawn—and all too often it reveals more mouth than manners. A smooth gal will cover those yawns—to spare her glamour and etiquette rating. You can rate an A for assurance, if you know how to spare yourself problem-day embarrassment. Simply choose the napkin with the exclusive safety center (Kotex!) That gives you extra protection.

When in doubt about whether to "dress up"—
- Don't be a Plain Jane
- Don't go
- Don't

Will the wing-ding be informal, or a fluff-and-flowers affair? Naturally, you'd like to look your loveliest—with competition what it is these days. But when in doubt about dressing up—don't! Better to err on the casual side; at least you're less conspicuous. At certain times, there's never a doubt about confidence—with Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And your new Kotex Sanitary Belt fits snugly, comfortably; doesn't bind. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super

(Continued from page 78) She is so wonderful with our little girl! Last year when Nicki had to start wearing glasses I let her choose her own so she would not resent wearing them. She selected bright red frames! I wore light sun glasses around the house at first so Nicki wouldn't feel different, but Martha topped me in psychology. She painted the frames of her glasses with red nail polish so Nicki wouldn't think she was a bit unusual.

DAVE and I love to do things together. We swim, go to football games and the movies. We like quiet evenings with friends. Last summer we went boating a lot with Axel Stordahl fromibalbo to Catalina, and now we'd like a boat someday.

Yet those things are not enough for the ideally happy marriage. It is difficult to analyze why ours is. One reason, I believe, is that we like each other as well as love each other. We're friends in addition to being man and wife. We have a mutuality of taste and temperament. Then we get moody—and find a man who doesn't occasion—have understanding.

We work in complete accord. Our song writing is strictly a matter of inspiration, not schedule. One of us may wake up in the middle of the night with an idea for a tune or lyrics, will wander in the other and we'll get to work. We've recently written the score for a George Pal Puppetoon, "Tom Thumb," and have started another short subject. Two of our other songs you may know are "I Don't Know Enough About You" and "Everything's Moving Too Fast."

It is odd that Dave, the Latin, is undemonstrative, and I, the Scandinavian, am the reverse. But Dave shows his love without mentioning it. He never has written me a love letter. He's had little occasion, for we've been separated only when I made a trip to New York last year, and when I get off The Chief he was so obviously glad to have me back I needed no letters to tell me I had been missed. One time he bought me a bangle bracelet and had it engraved "Love, Dave." He admitted one of the toughest things he'd done in his whole life was telling the jeweler that inscription, which makes me treasure it all the more.

It's the little things he does which are so endearing, like nicknaming me "Normer." Or the times he found me a hand wrought silver pin in the shape of a guitar and a clock in the form of that instrument, because I love his guitar playing. And his adoration of Nicki is something to see.

I'm so perfectly with what we have now, a good living and the prospects of a comfortable future, and for them I am humbly grateful. But with Dave and Nicki I could be happy with much less, just as we were when we were first married; without them, material things would mean nothing.

This I realized fully last year when Dave was gravely ill. He had a serious stomach operation, after which doctors gave up hope of his recovering. One day he was so low he even lost his vision. Our friends were wonderful. They offered blood for transfusions, their cars, money. They offered to take care of Nicki, but most important they gave their prayers.

When suddenly Dave woke up out of a coma, was obviously going to recover and quietly murmured to me, "Hi, Normer," I really was aware of how much a good marriage means—and ours is a good marriage.
Evening in Paris

a perfume

by

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

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Come and Visit
Mr. District Attorney (Continued from page 29)

two doubleduck bunk beds, a great stone fireplace, deer's heads on the walls, a white polar bear rug, and a tiny stage, complete with curtain—where the Jostyns often put on impromptu plays, with the whole family acting.

Most of all, their foreign guests find that the meal fits the setting. It's served on a long trestle table on bright-colored pottery. John, the butler, asks the service from a side-table, but mostly it's "pass it yourself, or don't eat." This casual meal has delighted all their guests, after their dozens of formal banquets, and all of them have timidly suggested that they come back soon again!

In asking foreign guests to a meal in the rumpus room, the Jostyns are just doing what they'd do alone anyway—the elegant green dining-room on the first floor is as neglected as Ruth's and Jay's bathtub. No one ever eats in it. "For that matter, no one ever even goes into it—except for Curley," says Jay, grinning. Curley, that indescribable dog, regards the dining room as his own by this time. As independent as the rest of the Jostyns, he has his own bench by the dining room window. No one else ever uses it; and here Curley perches, peering out into the garden, for hours at a time.

AROUND him the family carries on its busy collective life. In the living room, Jos practices on the piano for hours a day—except during football season, when he's too busy playing on the field to bother with the keyboard. In the den, Jos spends hours painting scenes in watercolors or oils, with a card table to rest his elbows on. Upstairs at his bedroom desk, Jay answers his pounds of fan-mail and decides what charities he will aid this month—he's all over New York State every month, talking at luncheons and over the air, trying to help build new schools or raise money for various causes.

But his most earnest project is the Manhasset Youth Group, which he heads and over which he has worked for the last three years. "This group was started to keep kids out of trouble, and it's certainly worked," Jay says proudly. "We've got all kinds of groups—acting, music, art, everything. And every kid in Manhasset can belong, whether he's the banker's son or the butcher's. You'd be surprised how much fun it is—and what good plays we put on, out at the country club theater!"

Ruth is as interested in those plays as he is. Both of them direct plays, and both sons act in them—Jos with the idea of making acting his career. Ruth also helps with the work at a mental home nearby; every week she spends a day there.

"I suppose some of our screwy ideas around the house and all of our do-good work is due to the same thing—our long and poverty-stricken years when we had no time for either original ideas or helping anyone but ourselves," Jay says. He's right. He and Ruth met in a small and impoverished stock company in the State of Washington, both of them young, and Jay very poor. They got married over the objections of Ruth's family, and they were determined to make a success of their marriage. But some of their hurdles were almost insurmountable.
They are still looking for a California grocer who allowed them to charge hundreds of dollars worth of groceries during one terrible period. He's moved, leaving no trace, except in the Jostyn memory. They still remember the birth of their two sons, when they were too poor to afford writing materials to notify their friends of the boys' arrival. They remember best of all the time Jay, then a door-to-door book salesman in San Fernando Valley, got a ride from a friend—who told him about an opening in radio that changed Jay's whole life. It not only was the beginning of the fortune Jay has since made, but it moved the entire family from a weatherbeaten shack in California to the big house in Manhasset.

**M**ost people try to forget their lean years by giving away all their reminders of them—but not the Jostyns. Most of all, they have preserved their mementoes of their courtship and marriage. On Ruth's dressing table is a picture of Jay as she first met him, with the platonic message scrawled on it, "To a dear little girl, wishing her the best of everything." On Jay's desk is her picture with an enigmatic message: "Hoping we'll always be friends—I'm sure I want to be," she had written. On the white marble mantelpiece of their bedroom is still another souvenir: under a glass bell are the Cupid-doll bride and groom that started life together on the Jostyn wedding cake.

Despite all these marital reminders, however, Ruth wears no wedding ring. "I lost it nineteen years ago and never bothered to replace it!" says she. Jay, meanwhile, received a turquoise ring from his wife at the same time that she mislaid the wedding ring. He's never removed it since!

Inside the house, the four Jostyns go their own ways—but once outside, they're inseparable. Every weekend finds all four of them, dressed in blue jeans and checked shirts, heading for a riding stable at Westbury, Long Island. They spend long hours on horseback, all four of them, following trails all over the territory. Back home again, all four change their country clothes for city ones, and get back into the station wagon—this time setting out for New York City, dinner, and the theater. The play that is not seen by the Jostyns hasn't been produced.

Oh—forgot! There's still another weekend ritual that the original Jostyns go through: Saturday morning

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**That's dating sense Pal—girls all like Dentyne**

Dentyne's flavor-refreshment is sure of a welcome in any crowd—*it's keen chewing gum!*

And Dentyne not only has delightfully different, long-lasting flavor, but its pleasantly chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling.

Enjoy Dentyne often and pass around the pleasure. For variety, try the other delicious Adams quality gums, too. Always—

**The WINNERS of the First Annual RADIO MIRROR AWARDS will be announced in APRIL RADIO MIRROR**

How many of your favorites are everybody's favorites? You'll find out in APRIL RADIO MIRROR ON SALE MARCH 10
is hair-cutting time, with Jay as barber! "I haven't had a real barber cut my own hair in twenty-five years," says Jay, "and the boys haven't seen the inside of a barbershop yet!"

Hair-cutting is the only home-done art as far as appearances go, however. None of their clothes are home concocted. "Mine are Jay-bought, entirely," Ruth says, smiling. "I wouldn't think of buying anything without Jay along to help—not even a pair of shoes!" One time recently she broke her own rule, and wandered into a smart Fifth Avenue store alone. There a salesgirl talked her into a pale pink hat. Ruth brought it home nervously and tried it on for Jay.

"Don't like it," said he promptly.

"Then you can return it," said she just as promptly—and most unfairly! But Jay, after a lot of brooding and balancing, did return it—by giving it to the store's doorman, along with a $1 tip! Meanwhile he raced away so as not to face the salesgirl whose sale he had ruined.

Nobody ever returns the clothes Jay picks out alone for Ruth as surprises, which are all her evening gowns. Every birthday, every anniversary, and on any other occasion he can think of, Jay goes into a store and demands an ice-blue evening gown...his favorite color on Ruth, ever since he successfully bought her one twelve years ago. Since then, however, cagy salesgirls have foisted every shade but ice-blue on him; gray, beige, and pale pink. Unaware of this, he always carries them contentedly home, and they always look fine on Ruth.

For his own clothes he has a much snappier buying routine, however. He buys four suits a year by the simple method of telegraphing a Los Angeles tailor: "Send me four to the old measurements—and make one plaid." For twenty years now he's been ordering his suits by wire, and finds it highly satisfactory. "I just pull 'em out of the box, onto an ironing board, and then on me," says he.

Ruth has one brand-new idea for clothes that is worth noting—although it has nothing to do with wearing them. She owns a tiny lace petticoat she wore as a baby that she loves to look at. "It's so pretty, I couldn't see any point to hiding it in some bureau drawer," says she.

In spite of their original thinking—or maybe because of it—the Jostyns have a bulletin board in the kitchen, on which they pin all the messages they want to remember. On it are party invitations, future theater dates with each other, and—being the Jostyns and therefore unpredictable—also a lot of yellowed clippings on how to grow chrysanthemums!

One message that's never missing among this collection of notes is: "Dinner with the Lew ('Monkeys are the funniest people') Lehrs," or "Sunday with the Dick Willards," who live across the street from the Jostyns. The Lehrs and the Willards are part of the Jostyn family—along with the boys' high school friends, and half the neighbors. The casually independent lives of the Jostyns draw people like magnets.

"No, nobody's the boss here," Ruth says. Then she laughs. "And a good thing, too! Otherwise one of us might object when Jay reads a murder mystery on a free afternoon—instead of mending a broken lamp!"

Then she looks around at her independent husband and grins.
What I Know
About Walter Winchell
(Continued from page 25)

These qualities endear him to strangers. It should be no wonder that they would endear him to his wife. Considering the army of jealous imitators and sworn enemies in the field, any of whom would gladly surrender a year's salary to spring the first indication that all is not serene with the Winchells, it is an amazing tribute that there has never been a breath of scandal about his domestic life.

One of the obvious reasons that all remains well with the Winchells is that they are so unpretentiously genuine. Winchell may not be the model of dignity and gentility that many a doting mother would set up for her own boy, but he is the true article.

He is not a good family man because he thinks that is what is expected of him. He is a good family man merely because he happens to be. It’s no act, because the fact that he happens to be an exemplary father and husband probably never has occurred to him.

“I wonder what June thought of it,” is invariably his first post-broadcast remark every Sunday night.

HIS children, too, constantly occupy his thoughts. If he had no other incentive, Winchell would rather fry in the fat than risk giving any of his offspring the slightest reason to be ashamed of anything he has done.

Winchell is a garrulous man who loves people and conversation inordinately. After a recent broadcast in Hollywood, he held forth in an ABC newsroom bull-session, and told how the slanders of his critics had been visited upon his son, Walter Winchell, Jr., during the war, and how deeply one particular incident had pained him.

It was the day his son came home in tears from the park that Winchell balked. His boy was ashamed and bewildered because his friends had taunted him. They had picked up the whispered and printed slanders, and shouted that his father was a coward.

That was when Winchell asked President Roosevelt to transfer him to combat sea duty. “I could take the other abuse,” the radio commentator told FDR, “but I can’t do that to my son. I don’t have him thinking his father is shirking his duty.”

Roosevelt nodded understandingly, but he was not cordial to Winchell’s plea for action.

“Walter,” he tried to placate him, “you’re doing too much good where you are. Besides, you’re too old for active sea duty.”

“What about General MacArthur?” Winchell countered. “He’s a lot older than I am.”

FDR smiled.

“Walter,” he sighed, “some men go into battle to be shot in the face. Others remain home to be stabbed in the back.”

There is reason to suspect that it is Walter’s secret dream that some day the boy to whom he has given his name will carry on, over the air and in the press, in the tradition his father has engraved in one of the most unorthodox and colorful personal chapters of American history.

Walter, Jr., is a slender, dark-haired, alert-eyed youth of twelve. His snapshot is a proud adornment in his father’s wallet, as are photos of his

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LITTLE LULU SAYS:

Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you’ll see that no other tissue gives you all the advantages of Kleenex.

America’s Favorite Tissue

With Kleenex you save time, trouble, tissues.

Pull just one double tissue at a time. Next one pops up ready for use! © International Cellucotton Products Co.
other children, Walda, twenty; and the two Chinese youngsters: June, four, and brother Jim, six, whom he adopted when their father, a New York boy, was killed in action in Italy. He's proud of and willing to talk with parental boastfulness of the whole lot.

Young Walter, to his dad's mixed discomfiture and pride, has and uses a mind of his own. He dislikes being called Walter as strongly as other children shrink from the names of Percy and Archibald. However, indications are that Walter Winchell the second is concerned not so much about similar nomenclature, which Walter is not, as he is about his own identity.

He has had various flings at renaming himself, all of which his old man takes delight in recounting. Young Winchell happens to be an aviation enthusiast who can name and describe on sight anything that soars through the slipstream. When, through his dad's good offices, he met Captain Eddie Rickenbacker he wouldn't talk to anybody unless they called him Rick.

THAT phase lasted until Wally, Jr., flew with Dick Merrill, Thereafter all who came in contact with him were required to address him as Dick under pain of ostracism. When Winchell took his boy to Hollywood, they even jogged around with the commentator's genial West Coast aide, Jack Diamond. There was no living with him unless he were greeted as Jack.

To the twinkle in Winchell's eyes, it was plain that he expects his boy to get this quirk out of his system, and to stick to the magic name to which he has been used by the time he is ready to take up where, when and if his puppy leaves off.

However, it was not always thus. His son is a rabid rod-and-reeler, and for years winch was aiding ambition to grow up to become a commercial fisherman. When he did waver—and that was rarely—he dreamed of becoming a pilot.

It might be reasonable to suppose that Winchell nursed hopes that his son would some day consider the job of a newspaperman. Mrs. Winchell made an abortive try at nudging the boy along their line of thinking, but the son just drifted on to his own way, for being finicky about the location of microphones. When he went on the air, the water pitcher and the pen was to be in just the right place. His chair was so arranged that he commandeered two cushions to give him elevation. There was too much of a glare on the glass top of his desk. He wanted a blotter or cloth to absorb it.

SUPERFICIALLY, the fears seemed to have been justified. But Winchell wasn't broadcasting from ABC's Hollywood studio before he had completely won over every man who had any connection with his broadcast. A gab session would follow each broadcast, and Winchell used no rule book to determine the membership of his audience. Anyone who was interested was welcome to listen. That included the script girl, the sound effects man who had nothing to do because Winchell operated the telegraph keys himself, the announcer, and a half-dozen other unidentified persons in the studio for one reason or another.

In the flush of broadcast preparation, I have seen him go off the handle, rant and snap, and throw up his hands in disgust. He is nervous and stampy. He is giving a good performance. Often, before airtime, he is so tensed up that it takes a brave man indeed to cross his path. But all this sound and fury, everyone at Hollywood, ABC has learned, is part of the operation.

Privately ask anyone what they think of this walking powerhouse, and they shrug their shoulders helplessly, and say, "You can't help liking the guy."
There's something about him that gets you.

That something is susceptible of analysis. Winchell is so completely in earnest. He wants so much to be nice to everybody. He unfailingly remembers everyone to whom he has addressed a harsh word in the course of a Sunday afternoon, and he feels so utterly contrite that he would not think of leaving the studios before personally apologizing to each possibly offended person for saying off the handle. If the men and women of ABC were to sing a song to ex-hoofer Walter Winchell, it'd be that it would be, "You may have been a headache, but you never were a bore."

There have been efforts to represent this miracle man with fifty million listeners and twenty-five million readers as a person without a sense of humor, but nobody who watches him in action can find evidence to support this slander.

Nothing is more important to him today than his warning against the peril of attack from Russia. He has done history-making broadcasts on the subject, and devoted scores of columns to it.

Yet Henry Morgan panicked him when he kidded him about it. Winchell met Morgan in a Hollywood barber shop the weekend that Morgan severed relations with his sponsor. He thought it was a good gag if Henry broke in on his broadcast—the most expensive and sought-after fifteen minutes in radio—to insert a want ad for a sponsor in the Jergens Journal. Morgan fell in with the idea.

In the studio, Morgan was droll.

"Why I should help a guy who's trying to make me a corporal again, I don't know." Winchell roared.

A few minutes before they went on the air, Winchell noticed Morgan writing out his lines. "Now, don't take too much time, Henry," he cautioned.

"The more time I cut out of your talking about Russia," Morgan responded, "the longer I stay out of the Army."

Again Winchell howled.

For someone who is not supposed to be able to take ribbing, Winchell gave an excellent account of himself. He was still chuckling after the broadcast.

Today, the older, grimmer Winchell still moves like an express train with the agility of a pogo stick.

The lines on his face, the circles under his bright, searching eyes, cut out vainly his need of rest. But Winchell still talks, works, thinks, and no doubt sleeps at a speed that's why he types his copy himself, and writes most of his correspondence in long-hand.

When Winchell is in Hollywood, there are more things on his mind than usual. Invariably, he vows to leave the ABC newsroom in five minutes, but he rarely gets away sooner than an hour later. He couldn't bear to pass up his post-mortem on the broadcast with his official warburgers in the New York ABC newsroom.

Single-handed, he carries on a good-natured trans-continent war of words with the worryings corps, reading, from left to right, Tommy Velotta, chief of ABC news and special events in New York; Ernie Cuneo, his personal attorney; Rose Bigman, his girl Friday, and, sometimes, Henry Alexander, attorney for the Robert Orr agency.

For them, too, he frequently thinks and talks too fast, and hits too hard.

**Mrs. White Uses FELS-NAPTHA SOAP**

This is lucky Mrs. "White", fast asleep on Washday Night—

Washday dreams improve her rest, since her laundry soap's the best.

It will soon be lucky you, if you use Fels-Naptha, too.

**Mrs. Gray Uses... SOMETHING ELSE**

Here is restless Mrs. "Gray", haunted by the coming day—

She knows she must rub and scrub, victim of the Washday Tub.

Mrs. G. will find there's hope, if she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap.

Every week there are more Mrs. "Whites" in the world—and fewer Mrs. "Grays". Women who want to make washing easier—who want their washes completely, fragrantly clean and sweet—naturally turn to golden Fels-Naptha in place of lazy laundry soaps. Or tricky "soap substitutes".

Why not mark your shopping list now?

For whiter washes, brighter colors, easier washing, Fels-Naptha Soap.
TODAY: Bring out all the "LOVELIGHTS" in your hair!

Richard Hudnut enriched creme SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

YOU'LL love the soothing, caressing, kind-to-your-hair effect of the egg in Richard Hudnut Shampoo. Modern science has found that just the right amount of plain, old-fashioned egg in powder form makes this grand shampoo extra mild, extra gentle. It's a new kind of shampoo, created especially for the beauty-wise patrons of Hudnut's exclusive Fifth Avenue Salon.

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

LIQUID CREME — a joy to use!

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a smooth, liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At druggist and department stores.

He has little patience for legal bottle necks when he is convinced of the justice of his cause. When he does acquiesce to the fine points of law laid down by his protective counsel 3,000 miles away, it is with extreme reluctance. He would rather trust his instinct than the unbending statute books.

As he stands over the teletype operator, reading the messages from New York as the words are registered on the paper, Winchell steps aside to side, dictating answers. Some of his retorts are serious and angry, many of them spiked with wit. He frequently circumvent the censors with epithets in pig latin bearing a strong flavor of Yiddish.

RIVALRY among radio commentators is razor sharp. Yet whenever Winchell has surplus exclusives on his broadcast, he does not relegate them to the basket or hoard them for his newspaper column. He turns them over to Louella Parsons, who follows him on ABC.

Following his broadcast of last July when he announced "Arrest Cancer — It's Wanted for Murder!" as the winning slogan in the contest sponsored on the air in behalf of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research, the switchboard in Hollywood was deluged with calls.

Milt Fishman, who answered the phone in the newsroom, asked Winchell if he wanted him to take a message.

"Hell no," Winchell boomed. "If they took the trouble to call, I can take the trouble to answer."

Walter Winchell, through his appeals on the radio, has done more than any other one man in our time to spur the search for a cure for the dread disease of cancer. He has accomplished fund-raising miracles — in the name of a friend who was killed by cancer, Damon Runyon. Hospitals and clinics across the land have adopted Runyon's name.

Someday a simple truth will occur to a simple person in high places, and a cancer hospital will be named in honor of Walter Winchell. Perhaps it is strange to consider the name of a Broadway columnist for such a purpose, but who, by dint of unselshf effort and deed, has more richly earned this niche? And it's very easy to believe that Damon Runyon would be the first to endorse such an idea.
Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 47)

careless I could be. I was sure that the next time I would see my husband would be the last time—that he would tell me our marriage was a mistake.

Suddenly, a nurse came in with my husband, said, "He insisted on seeing you," and left. I braced myself mentally for what I was sure he would say. He looked at me for a minute and then his mouth smiled under the bandage that covered most of his head. Finally he said, "Don't worry, honey, everything will be all right."

I cried myself to sleep that night, not because I was hurt, but because I had had a mistake understood and forgiven for the first time in my life.

L. D. F.

THEY'LL UNDERSTAND

Dear Papa David:

I am president of the sisterhood in our community temple. In conjunction with the Child Rescue Committee we have adopted a war orphan in France. Besides regular monetary donations each "foster guardian" corresponds with Robert and sends him gifts from time to time.

Robert is thirteen years old, the same age as my son, Teddy. When Ted heard of the work we were doing, he was eager to correspond with Robert and they became fast pals. The boys have corresponded now for the past eight months. While Robert has learned much about America and American life Ted has learned new and poignant meanings for war, Gestapo, fear, death and destruction.

In about two weeks both boys will be confirmed on "Bar Mitzvah-ed". They have been corresponding on this subject for some time now. From Robert's letters his communion will be no big affair. There will be no proud parents, no happy friends or relations. There won't be any of that new-born grown-up feeling... Robert has been grown up a long time, in fact he was never really a boy. I wished that there were something I could do; I felt sort of helpless. While thinking about it Ted came to me with his "I've got the world on my shoulders look" and said "I know Robert's going to have his Bar Mitzvah about the same time I am and I'm going to send him the same kind of clothes I'm going to wear for my Bar Mitzvah and also some presents and a prayer book and everything. I have some money saved and I'll be making some more after school and..." I didn't hear the rest. A lump was swelling up in my throat. sort of blocked my ears, too. I was as proud as a mother could be.

When my husband came home that night we discussed the situation. I knew Robert will be happier when he learns that for every gift Ted receives he will receive the same, even to his communion suit and prayer book. We have already made arrangements for a phone call to go through to France so that Ted and Robert can congratulate each other. They don't speak the same language but I think they will understand each other!

Mrs. R. P.

THE GIFT OF WARMTH

Dear Papa David:

We had moved to the country from the city, my husband, little son and I, St. Moritz...

and that FATEFUL HAND KISS

Skiing—we stopped for breath.

I offered him some chocolate. Then lost my breath completely—he kissed my hand! "I like this European custom," he said. And later...

Lunching on the ice rink, "The softest hands!" he said. Made me glad I had my Jergens Lotion to keep my hands smooth and soft.

Because...

Not long after—"Don't let other fellows kiss your darling hands," he said. "So smooth and soft, I want your hands for mine—for always." So...

I'll have to keep my hands soft—always. I know I can, with Jergens Lotion.

You can be very sure of even smoother, sweeter-softer hands today, Jergens Lotion is finer than ever, now—thanks to recent skin-research. Protects even longer, too.

Many doctors rely on two special ingredients to help smooth-soften the skin. Both ingredients are in today's Jergens Lotion. Hollywood Stars know—they use Jergens Lotion hand care, seven to one. Best for you, too. Still 10c to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling.

Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion.
when the National Road was a muddy pike, and the country people had not dreamed of telephones.

One November morning, a man on horseback came to the door, with the message that my father was dangerously sick, and was asking for us. We hastened to start on our forty-five mile journey. I had given special attention to our little son, but for us, we had scarcely realized how cold it was.

Hour after hour passed. The journey seemed long, at only five miles an hour. The twilight was falling, and we were feeling the severe cold. We knew that somewhere along the road, there was a small settlement, with a general store. Soon lights came in view, and we drove up to the hitching post. My husband entered the store and told our needs. He was sent to the stove, while the owner came out to us. He took the baby in his arms and helped me into the light and warmth. Never before had heat and light seemed such a blessing. The lady came from her rooms upstairs, and invited us up.

Supper was ready, and they insisted that we share their sausage and steaming coffee. We had grown very comfortable, but not only was there warmth of body, but the warmth that kindliness and good will brings. We offered money to our hosts, but what these folks had given us we knew could never be paid in silver.

When we went out to the carriage, we found that the horse had been fed and watered. More too, there was a soapstone for our feet, and a heavy comforter. "Leave it sometime as you come by," they said.

These friends have passed on now, and the family is scattered, but is it any wonder that as we sail along now over a paved highway in a fleet machine, I look at the little building, re-sided and painted white, with a feeling of real reverence?

Mrs. J. H. W.

BEAUTIFUL DAY

Dear Papa David:

Happiness and unhappiness had both been mine, but I think the time I found that life can be beautiful was the day my husband asked me to marry him. I can never forget that he looked at me as though I were truly beautiful and not just a girl with a twisted spine.

That was fourteen years ago and each day has been a confirmation of my happiness and sometimes when I watch the little sister and brother that we adopted seven years ago, growing up before me, I feel that surely no woman, no matter how well, how beautiful, could find her life more fulfilling.

Mrs. D. B.

SCRUBBING THE BLUES AWAY

Dear Papa David:

No matter how unhappy I may feel, all I need do is to get a pail of water and soap and scrub the kitchen floor—then begin my "cure for the blues.

Just feeling the floor begin to shine beneath my power makes me feel that with just a little more effort I too can be happier; my troubles seem to disappear as if by "washed away." Then, my disposition becomes more cheerful so does the kitchen floor.

Naturally my mother appreciates the fact that I love to scrub the floor. I have nine brothers and sisters and I must say they do get the floor quite dirty. But the harder I scrub the happier I get!

J. P.
That Man Godfrey
(Continued from page 53)

rehearsal, he has nothing to do until eleven a.m., so he hightails it to his pent-house suite atop the Hotel Lexington for a quick shower and shave. Has to spruce up, you see, because at eleven he faces a live audience... mostly women... in CBS's Studio 21 for his cigarette-sponsored program. That show, featuring the tuneful talents of songstress Janette Davis, The Mariners and Archie Bleyer's Orchestra, is heard five days a week. One highlight on this show is the Tuesday through Thursday guest appearance of a winning contestant from Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scout Show, aired coast to coast on Monday nights.

Add up all this air-time and you understand why Mr. G. is willing to sleep even on a ceiling. He's tired. He's at the microphone seventeen hours and thirty minutes each week!

"SOMETIMES I kind of hanker for the good old days," he will tell you. There's a nostalgic tinge to his voice as he talks of the time, sixteen years ago, when life was less complex; when he had one desk instead of six offices scattered around New York and Washington... a single jalopy instead of a couple of cars, a couple of boats and the private plane which he pilots himself... a simply furnished apartment instead of the pent-house in New York and the beautiful home on his 800-acre farm near Leesburg, Virginia, where his charming wife Mary and their children, Mike, seven, and Pat, five, are living the wholesome life. Another son, Dick (by a former marriage), spends summers there, too. Dick is 17.

"As far as material possessions go," he says, "I don't think I was any less happy when I had my very first program down in Baltimore, billed as 'Red Godfrey, The Warbling Banjoist.'"

Punctuating his story occasionally with that famous chuckle, Arthur continues: "I learned to play ukulele and banjo during my four-year hitch in the Navy. When I was fifteen I quit high school and enlisted. Told 'em I was eighteen. That was peacetime service. The only thing we fought was boredom, so we'd frequently put on those shipboard shows.

But when his hitch was up: "I found a job, finally—bus-boy in a greasy spoon. Before long, I was promoted to counterman.

Godfrey's chuckle is extra-hearty at this point. "I was getting all steamed up about my skilllet career," he relates. "One day, I walked into the Book-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit's biggest. I introduce myself to the head chef and began to sell him a bill of goods about my culinary genius. Very cocky, I ask him to start me off as his second chef. All the while I'm making my pitch, he's staring at me. Then he says, 'Look here, I like your spirit. Tell you what—I'm gonna geev you break. You come work here—watch me—learn ev'thing I do. Who knows? Maybe some day you make fine second chef!' Brother! When he said that I was almost deliriously happy. For a moment, that is—until he told me what the job was—cleaning vegetables and peeling spuds!"

Arthur wasn't too insulted. He did clean vegetables.

Until his friend, the head chef, died. Arthur no longer had a benefactor and the new regime was so unsympathetic to his ambitions that he quit in disgust.

Be Lovelier to Love
with new perfect Fresh

Now Fresh brings you a new, more effective, creamier deodorant to give you care-free underarm protection.

Yet dresses are perfectly safe from rotting... normal skin is perfectly safe from irritation. And Fresh doesn't dry out in the jar!

Only Fresh can give you this patented combination of amazing ingredients.

But don't take our word for it—test it. See if New Perfect Fresh isn't the most effective deodorant you've ever used!
Then a blind ad led to a job as salesman of cemetery lots!

"At the end of one year I'd sold most of the real estate in that Detroit cemetery. I made a mint of dough," he says.

Arthur's rendezvous with destiny came at the close of that highly profitable year, when his bank balance was in five figures. That very special sales technique he'd been following was door-to-door canvassing, pure and simple.

On the fateful day in question, young Godfrey called on a lady who said her husband was a "hoofier." When Arthur went back that night he wound up not by selling them a cemetery lot, but by buying a half interest in their vaudeville act—for $11,000!

And that's the inside story of how Arthur Godfrey crashed show business.

The Godfrey grin is broad and infectious as he tells how swiftly his disillusionment (and bankruptcy) came. He had become angel, it seems, to a very corny song and dance act featuring six or seven performers who did their routines in Spanish gypsy costumes. Arthur used dark make-up himself to match the Latin complexities of his fellow artists, and stuck with it until he was broke.

"I HANDED the act back to my fellow troupers," Arthur relates. "Sold my share of the props for $300. That rhinestone decorated backdrop alone cost $3,000. I kept going west, doing a solo—but not on any stage."

The rolling stone rolled hopefully to Hollywood—and then less hopefully, he entrenched for parts East. Bumped his way on the box-cars, that is. He arrived in Chicago so broke he didn't have the price of a street directory. Now, Arthur wanted a street directory and he did acquire one, although exactly how it came into his hands he is either unable to remember or reluctant to tell. For twenty-four hours straight he studied the guide, memorizing Chicago's main thoroughfares and key points. Then he walked into the offices of a taxi company, talked glibly and got himself a driver's job.

"I really didn't know one street from another, he laughingly admits, "but I wiggled out of that one by politely asking my passengers which route they'd prefer to travel. That kind of courtesy was rare from a hack driver, those days, so they'd practically draw me a map."

In a matter of weeks, Arthur knew his way around. He switched to night-driving. The tips were larger and life was easier, for that was Chicago in the prohibition era. One night, while cruising along Michigan Boulevard, he picked up a boisterous fare, a man in Coast Guard officer's uniform. Arthur instantly recognized him as a former shipmate. It was a one-way recognition because Arthur was unshaven and dressed in his old coat and cap. His passenger was lit up and louche and began outlining Baron Munchausen with wild tales of his adventure and bravery at sea. All the while, Arthur sat at the wheel, egging him on and grinning to himself. Then, his voice innocent as a babe's, Arthur began filling in with the real details. Flabbergasted and chagrined, the officer leaned forward and got a good look at his driver's face. Their reunion reached bacchanalian proportions, continuing far into the dawn and its outcome was that Arthur re-enlisted...in the U. S. Coast Guard.

That brought him eventually to Baltimore, to his try-out on WFBR's ama-
A REMARKABLE statement ... one that leaves you somewhat shocked ... until Arthur explains.

"Look," he says earnestly, "if I've been successful it's because somehow I have a talent for making each listener feel as though I'm talking to him personally. I'm able to persuade them to buy a pack of cigarettes or a gadget or some other article that helps make life just a little more enjoyable. Yes, and I can also persuade people to come to my studio and give of their blood. I've demonstrated that with GAP-SALS—"

(You immediately recall the GAP-SALS ... Godfrey's "Give A Pint ... Save A Life Society" ... to which, on September 15, 1944, despite a hurricane that disrupted most transit facilities, 476 persons responded to his personal pleas to donate blood to the Manhattan Blood Bank. By June, 1945, his subsequent pleas collected more than 6,000 pints.)

"... and I've shown that I can get people to respond to other good causes. I'll agree that I've achieved something worthwhile only when I have leisure enough and power enough to influence people on something even more important than giving a pint of blood. I mean persuade them to take a stand against all this fascist bigotry, this intolerance and race hatred that's drifting into our way of life. Why can't people realize that it's tearing our country apart? There's been too much poison from those haters on the lunatic fringe. Those phony pigs!"

Arthur Godfrey has spoken with a force that suggests a long-pent-up anger.

"I am Irish as McCarthy's pig," he says, "but I don't care if a man's skin is white, black or yellow or if his faith is Protestant, Jewish or Mohammedan. All I want is for him to be a man!"

Arthur Godfrey's ultimate satisfaction will come when he has successfully used his powers of persuasion to make every last one of his listeners take a stand against the haters ... the "phony pigs."

Now yours ... a smoother, ready-for-romance complexion. Yes, yours with Jergens Face Cream ... enriched with Vitone, the ingredient called finer than Lanolin itself by skin scientists. Smooth Jergens rich cream over face and throat. See ... feel ... how marvelously it cleanses, softens, helps smooth away tiny dry skin lines. Acts as a powder base, too.

Like four creams in one jar, Jergens is all-purpose face cream—now better-than-ever with Vitone, yet costs no more than ordinary creams. See for yourself what Jergens Face Cream can do for your complexion.
The Other
John Perkins

(Continued from page 63)

quietly. "You're going to Fort William. Do you want me to go with you?"
"Oh, no, I can't ask you to go along. I—" She began to cry. "I'm sorry, Fay. I take it all back. I shouldn't—"
"That you, Gladys?" Ma's voice came from the other room, and Ma herself followed.
"Oh, Ma!" Gladys wailed. "I've been such a fool! I'd like to throw myself off the nearest bridge!"
"Gladys," said Ma, "you mustn't talk like that. Nothing's ever so bad—"
"Oh, no," said Gladys sharply. "What if you were in my place? I've got everything, yes—a mink coat, a convertible, money—everything but contentment. What if you were unsatisfied—and then you met someone you really had faith in. Someone who understood you, who could help you organize your life. And—" Her voice lowered—"maybe you tell this someone things you've never told another living person. And this someone begins to take advantage of you. First you don't see it—but—your eyes open, and suddenly you discover that this person is just—just using you. Where do you turn? What's left for you?"

"THE best place to turn is away from ourselves," said Ma gently. "Like doing something for other folks. When Fay lost her husband and all, she found that thinking of her baby, planning for it, helped—"

"That's true," Fay put in. "There's this place Pleasant Haven, Gladys. They seem to be doing fine work there for people who've suffered. Maybe you could get interested in them, Gladys."

"Pleasant Haven?" Gladys began to laugh, a laugh that turned Ma's blood to ice. "Fay, you baby, you innocent! She caught herself. Oh, I guess Pleasant Haven's all right," she amended.

It was then that Paulette cried out in her sleep. Fay turned swiftly, automatically toward the stairs. Ma took the kettle off the stove, set out tea things on a tray. "Come into the parlor, Gladys," she said in a low voice. "I—I think maybe you and I can help each other.

In the parlor, she poured out tea, arranged the cups and saucers while, as ca."—"llly, she arranged her thoughts.

"A moment ago," she said, "you spoke of a person's taking advantage of your restlessness, your discontent. Well—suppose a person took advantage of other folks' unhappiness, played on their emotions, on grief and sorrow sold them 'comfort?' And in return got—I don't know what. That's where I need your help.

Gladys was very still, very pale. "It would be cruel, wouldn't it? It can't be that bad, Ma."

Ma nodded. "Just one thing could be crueler—and that's what I may be doing right now—thinking bad things about people who may be good and kind and who only want to help others. If I'm guilty of such, I've only got one excuse. It isn't just for myself that I'm thinking. It's for all of us. Will you help me, Gladys?"

Gladys began to cry. "Oh, Ma," she choked, "how can I? You're asking me to—"

"And I call it—I love him!"

Ma prayed, those few days before the meeting. There was nothing else she could do. Her one hope was Gladys.
and Gladys was a woman bewitched.

But then, just before the meeting, when Shuffle was waiting in the parlor to drive Ma, Gladys phoned.

"I can't talk on the phone," she said. "But will you meet me, Ma?"

Shuffle was curious, but he asked no questions. Downtown, he dropped Ma on the corner as she directed.

"Land o'goshen," said Ma, dodging a puddle of slush. "The snow's sure running away, and it ain't even the first of March! Gladys, child, you look sad."

"Bloodhounds always do," said Gladys with a mirthless laugh. "That's me—Bloodhound Gladys Pendleton. Oh, Ma, I tried to believe him—but he's not telling me the truth. He has plenty of room there. One of the old gentlemen died the other night. That room's empty, and—"

"Somebody died out there?" said Ma breathlessly. "I didn't hear about that!"

"He kept it quiet," said Gladys. "Got a doctor and an undertaker from Fort William. But that isn't all. He told me he doesn't want you there. Just doesn't want you around."

"Then," Ma said slowly, "I'll just have to go through with the announcement like I planned. Just announce that I—Oh, Gladys, you ain't the only one who's disappointed! You don't know how much I hoped for something better! All these folks here, coming to this meeting because they got faith."

Ma's long-awaited speech that night was an anti-climax. Charley Brown told simply and movingly why he and his wife were selling their store, putting all their worldly goods into Pleasant Haven. Augustus Pendleton spoke in glowing terms of business for the town. Mayor Rose, with glorious civic improvement. And Ma—

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is all I have to tell you: I been out to Pleasant Haven, and everything I seen there leads me to think the work is wonderful, just as fine as can be. Could there be any work in the world more blessed than helping those who need our help? But me—I ain't no hand at investments. As soon as I sit down, Banker Pendleton will tell you more about the investment side of it—how the money will be put in the bank, and I'm sure only our own committee, which we'll set up tonight, can take the money out of the bank, and the business details like that. And at the same time, I myself—I'm going to be living out at Pleasant Haven."

THERE was a spatter of applause; then Banker Pendleton was speaking. The pledge slips were being passed around, and in the confusion Professor Bassett sought out Ma.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Perkins, he said. "That was a very clever trick you pulled, telling everyone that you're coming out to Pleasant Haven! I had already informed you, dear lady, that we are full to overcrowding."

"Well, now," said Ma, "the meeting ain't broken up yet. Should I tell the folks you don't have room for me there? If it's necessary, I will."

He stared at her, then said bitterly, "Yes, I believe you would. No, Mrs. Perkins—I've changed my mind. I'll be very glad to make room for you. But—let's be frank—it's understood that you are coming as an enemy. You're not my first enemy."

Ma was shocked speechless. "But that ain't so!" she exclaimed finally. "The work you're doing—well, if folks like Charley and Mrs. Brown get the comfort, the peace they want, wouldn't I just be the cruellest person in the world to take it away from them? And—

---

**Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only**

**WHY DOES SHE SPEND THE EVENINGS ALONE?**

A. Because she keeps her home immaculate, looks as pretty as she can and really loves her husband, BUT she neglects that one essential... personal feminine hygiene.

B. Is this really important to married happiness?

C. Wives often lose the precious air of romance, doctors say, for lack of the intimate daintiness dependent on effective douching.

For this, look to reliable "LYSOL" brand disinfectant.

Q. Is "LYSOL" safe and gentle as well as extra effective?

A. Yes, the proved germicidal efficiency of "LYSOL" requires only a small quantity in a proper solution to destroy germs and odors, give a fresh, clean, wholesome feeling, restore every woman's confidence in her power to please.

Q. How about homemade douching solutions, such as salt and soda?

A. They have no comparison with the scientific formula of "LYSOL" which has proved efficiency in contact with organic matter.

ALWAYS USE "LYSOL" in the douche, to help give the assurance that comes with perfect grooming... confidence in "romance appeal."

---

**Check these facts with your doctor**

Many doctors recommend "LYSOL" in the proper solution, for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, gentle, "LYSOL" is non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, anti-septic odor quickly disappears. Highly concentrated, "LYSOL" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

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For Feminine Hygiene—always use

"LYSOL" Brand Disinfectant

FREE BOOKLET: Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Leh & Pink, Dept. R.M. 432, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

NAME ____________________________

STREET ____________________________

CITY ____________________________ STATE ____________

Product of Leh & Pink

---
Miss Finney had died only the week before, had been buried quietly from Fort William, and had left the professor over a hundred thousand dollars. A hundred thousand dollars—when the professor had been beseeching Rushville Center for the eighty thousand it had managed to scrape up.

The picture was coming clearer. Just one piece didn't fit—Gladys Pendleton. Using her, Gladys had said—but how? That afternoon Gladys came to see her.

"I called you," said Gladys. "That's why I'm here. But about the telephones, Ma, you mustn't blame Harold—"

"Harold?"

"Professor Bassett—that's his first name. He had to disconnect the telephones. Some of the old ladies took to calling up and spreading the wildest stories! Believe me, Ma, he's a fine man."

So the wind had changed, Ma thought. "I guess he has," she agreed. "Folks here seem to think a lot of him—so much that they leave him money, lots of money, in their wills."

"Money?" said Gladys. "Wills?"

Ma blinked. "I thought you knew. One of the old ladies told me about it. The old man who died—he left fifteen thousand, and just last week Miss Finney died and left a hundred thousand."

The radiance was gone from Gladys suddenly; she was very pale. "You're a smart woman, Ma," she said, choking. "And, no!" Ma flushed. "I ain't smart. I just try to be a little smart about right and wrong."

"But what is right and wrong?"

"If you're right," said Gladys heavily, "you've saved me from making my life a nightmare. What do we do next?"

Ma shook her head. "Nothing. We haven't any proof. And I got to have that, if only for my own satisfaction."

"Perhaps," said a voice, "I can help you."

Gladys jumped. Ma raised her eyes. "Ah! The professor bowed. "I see. I am on trial. Well, I've been persecuted before."

"Nobody's persecuting you, Harold," said Gladys. "But there are some questions I'd like to have answered. Why were the two deaths so hush-hush?"

"Do you want me to lose my life's work?" asked the professor. "You forget that I'm engaged in a profession involving people who aren't quite normal. If they get frightened, I'm ruined."

"Yes," Ma agreed. "But why didn't you say anything about your legacies?"

The professor sighed. "So you've heard about that, too! This is a cross-examination! However—I haven't received a legacy! I may receive some money, but there's a very good chance we are going to be contested. And anyway—the money comes not to me, but to Pleasant Haven!"
The radiance was coming back to Gladys' face. "Yes," said Ma, "one more question. Why do you treat your son-in-law like an invalid, like a mental case... afraid to have him talk to a soul? Who is this Dr. Joseph?"

"You see, Gladys?" The professor was pitying, even tender. "Ma Perkins had one son. She became even more fond of him when she was widowed—and then she lost him. Now, in Dr. Joseph, she sees—"

"No!" cried Ma wildly. "It ain't so!"

"It is so!" cried the professor triumphantly. "Your great love for your son has turned toward him! Don't you see, Gladys, how it's necessary for her to destroy me, destroy my work, in order to claim the young man?"

Ma turned to Gladys. "You think it's the truth, Gladys? That I ain't right in my feelings about my son, and Dr. Joseph?"

"I—" Reluctantly, Gladys took her eyes from the professor's face. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, Ma."

"Oh." It was the smallest whisper. "All right, Gladys. I guess I can't help you none, and you can't help me none. And—I guess I'll be going home."

Shuffle, at Gladys' bidding, came for her that afternoon, drove her back to Rushville Center. But the poisoned word had spread before her. She'd hardly sat down with Shuffle and Fay before Willy Fitz stormed in.

"Ma!" he shouted. "Do you know what they're saying? Banker Pendleton just been down to the lumber yard! They're saying that Professor Bassett psychoanalyzed you and you're trying to ruin Pleasant Haven because you think Joseph is really John—"

Shuffle roared, "Willy Fitz, I guess you hold the All-American, catch-as-catch-can championship for crazy remarks, but this is the craziest yet!"

Ma had no time to concern herself with the talk. She conferred with Shuffle, dispatched him early the next morning to Fort William. She herself had a long talk with Fred Sweeney, the railroad station master. And by the following noon she had her information.

Fred Sweeney reported that Professor Bassett had bought two tickets, pullman, to New Orleans—a town not on his lecture itinerary, and a good jumping-off place, Ma thought, for almost anywhere. Shuffle came back from the county clerk's office at Fort William with the information that the professor had paid inheritance taxes of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars.

"One hundred thousand clean!" Shuffle marvelled. "And I got affidavits to prove it. Got the revenue men to give me proof in black and white!"

Ma interrupted him. "Shuffle, you and Willy belong to a lot of lodges, don't you?"

"Lodges?" Willy began to laugh. "What are we, Shuffle? Volunteer Firemen, Sons and Daughters of King Agamemnon, Kivans, Rotary, Elks, Moose, Lions, Chamber of Commerce, Knights, Regular Political Marching and Chowder Club—"

"That's enough," Ma said dryly. "Between you, I guess you ought to know just about every justice of the peace in this county and the next. How many you figure you know—say within driving distance?"

Shuffle's head came up. "Driving distance? Oh—I get you, Ma. Willy, you and me's got some telephoning to do."

"First—smooth on Woodbury Cold Cream," says Hazel. "Tissue off—deep cleansing oils lift away make-up, grime. Now put on more Woodbury for softening. Yes, four special softening ingredients smooth dryness. Tissue again, rinse with cold water. Look! Skin is glowing clean...you're the girl with the Always-Fresh look."

Try Hazel Brooks' Beauty-glow Cleansing

Daytime: Before Hazel shows up on the movie set, she makes sure her complexion will be perfection in close-ups. "I count on Woodbury Cold Cream; deep cleansing for flower freshness."

"First—smooth on Woodbury Cold Cream," says Hazel. "Tissue off—deep cleansing oils lift away make-up, grime. Now put on more Woodbury for softening. Yes, four special softening ingredients smooth dryness. Tissue again, rinse with cold water. Look! Skin is glowing clean...you're the girl with the Always-Fresh look."

Hazlet Brooks in
"SLEEP, MY LOVE"
A United Artists Release

Woodbury Cold Cream
If YOU want to enjoy that SLIM 'TEEN SIZE feeling.

Does a bulging bungy make you look really old or old-fashioned, really fat? Are ordinary slacks uncomfortable to wear? Do they fail to flatten your abdomen? The way you look is important. Then here is the perfect bulging-trimming slacks for everyone. SLIM-MODE, the wonderful new adjustable slacks worn by almost every woman who is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel as if you are a "slim sixteen".

So why go on day after day with a bulging bungy that needs constant posture support to bring relief? With special comfort and your years because your modesty demands it and your figure won’t fit right? Read below why 100,000 women are enjoying you, crucial control where you need it most, how it helps to keep your figure "harmonious" and your posture at its most 'slim fifteen'. Why if you remember, you can have a SLIM-MODE to wear on FREE TRIAL. See our offer in the coupon.

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HEALTHFUL, ENJOYABLE FIGURE CONTROL — ALL DAY LONG!

You can wear SLIM-MODE all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the twoway S-T-E-T-C-H cloth plus the front-laced panel brings you perfect proportion. The design of SLIM-MODE is based on scientific tests of healthful figure control. Made by expert hands and machine. Comes in all sizes. Only $3.98 in regular sizes. (Sizes 1 to 19.) Give three weeks. Postage costs. Ask for coupon below.

If your dealer does not carry them, in SLIM-MODE in lieu of regular sizes. See which you prefer.

SEND NO MONEY you try it BEFORE YOU BUY IT!

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13 Ave. Place, New York 3, N. Y.
Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL A SLIM-MODE that is perfect for your figure. Costs only $3.98 (including postage and handling) or $2.98 with order. A BRIEF family portrait is a gift in the price. (Use best size, to fit your figure.)

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Who is to blame... Who can hope?

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PROFESSIONAL ART STUDIOS

300 East Main Street
Chicago 3, Ill.
I got it for him—to deposit in Fort William, he said, in government bonds.

Everything happened in the next few seconds. The professor darted toward the door, a gun suddenly appeared in his hand. And then the room was full of men, with guns.

The professor stepped back. "Very well—here's my gun, Mr. Shober."

"Look out for a trick," Willy warned. The professor shook his head.

"Oh, no," he said, "no tricks. I'm going through that door, but without the help of a weapon. You, Mrs. Perkins, are going to instruct your friends to allow me through that door."

"It's—John—Joseph, isn't it?" Ma asked the professor. "You've fixed it so he's the one who's responsible for the money you took."

"Exactly," Professor Bassett smiled. "My young son-in-law is a very spiritual, very unworldly, young man. He signs papers without reading them—and you know I can prove what I say. Now I make a fair enough offer—I go free, with the money; I leave behind me Gladys, Joseph, and all the rest."

Ma hesitated. Or—no, she didn't hesitate. She knew what she was going to say. It just took a while to get the words out, past the pain.

"Shuffle," she said, "tell the deputies—to make an arrest! And Shuffle, tell Willy to drop me at Pleasant Haven on the way in to town."

"Oh, Ma! Why?" But he knew. After a while he said in a low voice, "I'll come back for you, Ma, once Gladys and Willy get home. And—you want I should bring some of the cash I keep under the mattress? And maybe I should fill up the tank with gas, so in case you get anybody who's—er—catchin' a train, or something—"

Shuffle never knew just what she said to Starr and Joseph at Pleasant Haven that early morning. But he never forgot her face as the four of them stood, just after dawn, on the platform of the little railroad station.

Deep excitement burned in Starr's eyes; Joseph's were shining with the light of freedom. "Running away," he said, "makes me feel like a criminal. But we'll work, Ma, and we'll pay you."

STARR laughed. "Maybe I could be a—waitress in one of those drive-in places. Oh, I will. And—oh, there's the train! Ma, we can't ever thank you. You—I don't remember my own mother, but you've been just like—"

Ma's face crumpled. "Don't," she whispered. "Don't say that."

"We'll come back, Ma, and see you—"

"No, Joseph! You mustn't ever come back," Ma said. "Not to this town—ever."

"Just one more thing," Joseph begged. "Ma, if you wouldn't mind—I'd like to kiss you goodbye."

"Mind! Oh, son!"

The train came and picked them up and went on. The last car rattled by, and still Ma stood motionless.

"I just happened to think," said Shuffle, "it's Easter Friday, ain't it?—Good Friday."

"Yes, tis," said Ma. "And you know what I'm thinking... For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son. Oh, He must have loved the world very much—yes, it's a great love, because it comes so hard to give it. Maybe that's the truth I should hang onto, this bitter morning. Yes, Shuffle. And as for John—I mean Joseph—he's gone, but—well, after that Friday so long ago there did come Easter Sunday... ain't that right, Shuffle? And... and look, the sun is shining!"
FIT to be seen in

You won't look ruffled, feel ruffled, or be ruffled when you wear a Miss Swank Slip. Exclusive Miss Swank design—straight-cut side panels plus bias-cut front and back—insures delightfully comfortable fit—prevents twisting and riding up. For fit worth seeing, insist on slips by Miss Swank. Style shown about 6.00, others 4.00 up.

MISS SWANK LINGERIE AND BLOUSES

The new Vogue
in table settings

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $69.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

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SILVERPLATE

Nestle Hairlac
-the delicately perfumed hair lacquer

A smart hair-do needs a good start... and... a good finish, too! A few drops of Nestle Hairlac on your finished coiffure will give you all-day neatness. At drug and dept stores 30c.

My Son Nicky
(Continued from page 57)

and is even more that kind of guy because he is Nicky's dad.

Being "that kind of guy to start with" began, for Ben Alexander, in Goldfield, Nebraska, where he was born—it's a ghost mining town, now. His parents, Tenessenas, had gone there for mining wealth that failed to materialize. They moved to California. In Hollywood, a small, cherubic blond boy was a natural for the movies. Ben, as a child, played with Theda Bara, Benz Bressizza, Eugene O'Brien, the Gish sisters, and other big-name stars of the era. Once, for D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World" he went to France in wartime.

Ben was also starred on Broadway in "Penrod", and he was making $1,300 a week in films when he "retired" as a concession to gangling adolescence, high school, and college.

"Most of my time in pictures," he recalls, "I was making $35 a week. It was different, then. I was pretty well known, I guess, but nobody made much of a fuss over me, the way kid stars get it now.

"Nowadays, it's almost impossible to keep a youngster in pictures from knowing how 'important' he is, and that's one reason why we'd just as soon keep Nicky on the sidelines. We want him to grow up normally—with public school, kids games, ordinary work, camping—all the things little boys ought to do and have most fun doing."

Ben, as you can see, had good training for that fast, easy, pleasant line of chatter that Heart's Desire listeners like so much. Somewhere along the line, he must have had good training for hard work, too, and a rugged constitution. As we said, you can't measure or weigh Ben's worth to his listeners, nor can his worth to many another person, never heard of on the air, be measured. Consider the things Ben does, the quiet things above and beyond the call of duty as an m.c. on a giveaway program. Things he does despite the fact that his is one of the air's busiest voices.

Ben is up at 6:15 days a week, for a news analysis with Rex Miller (Mutual) at 7:30. At 10:30 (Mutual) he's on with The Ben Alexander Show, his own half-hour of personal comment, stories old and new, chatter, opinion, humor. At 2 P.M. (11 A.M. EST) there's Heart's Desire. Frequently he plays Bashful Ben on The Great Gildersleeve (NBC) and is on Baby Snooks (CBS) too. Besides all these, he does occasional guest shots and recordings.

Heart's Desire has attracted as many as 50,000 hopeful letters in one week. From these hospitalized veterans and other readers, including members of the studio audience, select several for each broadcast, the writers to be granted their "heart's desire." Gift pour out to the lucky few each day, and Ben m.c.'s the proceedings wittily, sympathetically,alertly. That is his job and he does it well. He could let it go at that—but he doesn't.

He doesn't have to throw in, for instance, an ad lib suggestion that each listener toss in a penny to buy a church bell for the Columbus Community Church in Colorado—the heart's desire of a friend of the little congregation. Because Ben asked it, 227,000 pennies came rolling in—enough to buy a bell for $800, bell house and
wishing well and fifty trees, plus a new
pulpit Bible, with enough left over for
further good work.
He doesn't have to wear out shoe
leather, on his own time, trying to ar-
range for a large flagpole for a little
girl down San Diego way who wanted
to fly the flag her soldier daddy left her.
He doesn't have to follow through,
on his own, any number of “cases”
that the program brings to his atten-
tion—like that of the young veteran
at Kingsbridge hospital, in the Bronx.
This boy, shot down over Germany on
his 19th birthday in 1944, was flat on his
back until someone wrote to Heart's
Desire about him. The letter was
chosen, the boy received the bedside
radio he wanted, plus the “heart box”
of other gifts. The gifts so cheered him
that he literally “took up his bed and
walked.” Ben met the lad on a flying
trip to New York, learned that he was
interested in photography, and promptly
promoted a fine camera for him. Still
not content, he enlisted a camera-
expert friend of his to give the boy
regular instructions in camera art.
Ben doesn't have to beat the drums for
aid and understanding for the mentally or emotionally unbalanced,
a cause in which his friend Dr. Otto
Gerick of Patton State Hospital in-
terested him. Ben's pleas for books—
for mental therapy—have brought in
tons of reading matter.

Ben owns three filling stations; all
staffed by ex-Navy men who served
with him on the baby aircraft carrier,
U.S.S. Steamer Bay, through six Pa-
cific campaigns from Saipan to Okin-
awa. When Ben found a little family—
mother, daughter, some sleeping, one
of the stations, he didn’t have to bother
about finding them a home. But he did.

If you pick up the trail of such
extra-curricular activities of your
Uncle Ben and ask about them, it’s
likely to fumble a bit. He's a hearty
guy with a fresh line of chatter, and
he'd hate to pose as a pius do-gooder.

He'd rather tell you about his weak-
ness for fancy care: he has a slick Lin-
coln Continental and a few smaller
models he keeps to lend to friends. Or
about his weakness for eating: he
doesn't drink (when would he find
time even if he wanted to?) but he does like
good food. He'd rather tell you about
Jack, his ageless Guamanian cook, ex-
Navy, who was torpedoed three times
in the war. Or pretend to be worried
that Heart's Desire fans insist on call-
ing him "Uncle Ben."

"I believe most of them think I'm
old, bald, and weigh 300 pounds," he'll
say lightly. "You can see for yourself—
I'm 36, my hair is my own, and I weigh
180—even after meals!"

But now, Uncle Ben, about those
extra-curricular deeds?

"Well," he says seriously, "maybe
there's something about that show.
Anybody who's around Heart's Desire
a while just naturally gets his faith in
people boosted and wants to help all
he can. Did you know that more than
sixty per cent of our letters come from
colons who want things, not for them-
seves, but for others? We get so many
letters from kind, thinking people that—
well. . . ." And he tries to shrug it off.

Actually, however, Ben was that
way long before the show—a "kind,
thinking" man, thinking about a little
better and kinder world, for Nicky and
tall others Nickys of the earth.

If you like Ben—and who doesn’t?
you ought to meet blue-eyed Nicky.
A few studio audiences at Heart's
Desire, there in Tom Breneman's Hol-
**Try this SUNSWEET Upside-Down Cake**  
**says BETTY BLAKE**

Here's a cake that's not only a treat for the palate, but a treat for the eye...with its alternate pattern of purple prune and golden apricot.

10 to 12 servings... everybody will come back for another piece

<table>
<thead>
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<th>BOTTOM OF PAN</th>
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<tr>
<td>¾ cup water</td>
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<tr>
<td>¼ cup granulated sugar</td>
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<tr>
<td>¼ cup melted butter</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>BATTER</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>⅓ cup granulated sugar</td>
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<tr>
<td>¼ cup fat</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 eggs</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon vanilla extract</td>
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<td>¾ cup milk</td>
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**Eat 'em like candy!** SUNSWEET “Tenderized” Prunes and Apricots are a wholesome and natural confection just as they come from the package. Children really go for them!

<table>
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<tr>
<th>SUNSWEET Prunes are sweet and rich because they're just-righted ... quick-cooking because they're &quot;Tenderized&quot; ... better protected because they're sealed in foil ... always tops because they're packed by the growers themselves.</th>
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California Prune & Apricot Growers Assn.  
San Jose, California

---

lywood restaurant, have already met the boy. Last summer Ben brought him around regularly one day a week for the program warm-up.

First time this happened, Ben surprised Nicky as well as the audience.

"You know, folks," Ben rambled around chattily, "once upon a time I was a boy movie actor. Right across the street where NBC now stands, I was four when I made my first picture, and I played Cupid in a Fannie Ward film called 'Each Pearl a Tear.' I was strung up on a wire and they lowered me, shooting arrows, every time Fannie and her hero made love. I had a long, fancy name then—Nicholas Benton Alexander the Third. No kidding. Oh, I see a little boy at a table over there, about as old as I was when. Come here, little boy!"

Nicky clambered onto the platform.

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Nicholas Benton Alexander the Fourth."

The audience gasped with delight—and Ben gasped inwardly. What he had not anticipated was the youngster's assurance, his stage presence and complete absence of shyness.

(I've got a little ham on my hands! thought Ben.)

"How old are you, son?" he asked.

"Five—going on seven," said Nicky. (And a comedian, yet! thought Ben.)

The audience loved it, Nicky loved it, and Ben—well, Ben wondered. He wondered still more, although he couldn't help enjoying it, the time he had Nicky up again and asked, with reference to a large "shiner" the boy was sporting:

"Say, where'd you get that black eye? Run into a door?"

"No," piped Nicky. "I ran into an old friend!"

After one appearance Ben asked him: "What do you like best about the show?"

Nicky thought it over. "The clapping," he said frankly. (His father's son! thought Ben.)

The "clapping" was probably loudest the day Ben asked Nicky, in front of the audience: "Well, now that you've seen your dad working as a big m.c. what do you want to be?"

"A truck driver," said Nicky, with no quibbling.

When the dialogue, unrehearsed, were obviously Nicky's meat, so much so his dad began to worry. Especially when it became clear that Nicky, a trooper in the making, was beginning to plot "gags."

"Daddy," he requested one day when they were driving to the show. "When I get up there with you today, you ask me this. You say, 'Nicky, how did you get that blood on your hair?'

"Huh?" said Ben, startled, but seeing no sign of blood. "And what will you say?"

"Oh, you wait and see," said Nicky mysteriously.

The mystery is still unsolved. Ben decided he'd better not risk the question, and Nicky (probably saving it for later use) never has volunteered the answer.

School bells in September ended Nicky's budding career; Nicky returned to kindergarten, his neighborhood public school and—in the press of other business—he seemingly has forgotten his public.

"This suits Liz and me fine," says Ben. "We don't want him in show business—at least, not unless it turns out to be something he himself wants very much, later on."
Liz is Nicky's mother, the former 
Elizabeth Robb of Nebraska, young, 
blonde and beautiful. She and Ben are 
divorced but, as sometimes happens, 
much better friends than ever before. 
Liz and Nicky live with her parents, 
Ben with his in the family home in 
Hollywood's Lost Felix area. But 
Nicky still has both a father and a 
mother, and never has cause to doubt it. 
Ben can, and does, drop by to see Nicky 
whenever he pleases, which is often. 
Whatever differences in temperament 
may have parted Ben and Liz, they are 
still united about Nicky and his 
wellfare.

Sundays, Ben often drives Nicky, and 
sometimes Liz, to the beach. If Ben 
takes a trip, one of his "musts" stops is 
a toy store, to see if he can add to 
Nicky's collection of miniature motor 
cars and trucks.

Nicky's cash register, a battered old 
model which still works, is a gift from 
his dad. Nicky keeps it in a hall near 
his room, where a caller seldom 
can resist the temptation to push the keys 
and insert a penny or two. This is 
Nicky's main source of "earned 
income", and he does right well—as 
does his little girl friend in the 
neighborhood, whom Nicky woos with gifts.

On Nicky's fourth birthday (Septem-
ber 13 is the day) the boy had one 
supreme heart's desire. He wanted a 
ride in an ambulance! Ben pulled 
strings. At a time of day when traffic 
was light, a shiny ambulance pulled up 
at Nicky's front door, attendants came 
hurrying with a stretcher. Liz, cast as 
the "victim," lay on it realistically to 
be carted away. Nicky stood beside her, 
holding her hand and playing "doctor", 
while he had the ride of his life. With 
shivers, too.

"This next year," Ben confides, 
shuddering a little, "all Nicky wants is 
a Good Humor wagon. I've not figured 
that one out, but I'm trying!"

No doubt about it, Ben's crazy about 
that boy—and vice versa.

Take the way Ben spends his rare 
evenings off, traipsing around the 
countryside making personal 
appearances on his own, for a cause 
dear to the hearts of all the knowing Nickys.

One such appearance recently, in 
Long Beach, netted $800 for the cause. 
And here's the story:

Ever since he was a kid around Hol-
lywood, Ben has belonged to the 
YMCA. He loved, especially, the 
summer Y camps, which give any youngsters 
a mountain vacation for a nominal fee. 
Through his years as a boy star in films, 
his fade-out, his return in "All Quiet 
on the Western Front," his college days 
at Stanford, his beginnings and ultimate 
success in radio, Ben has never for-
gotten those Y camps.

For the past thirteen years he has 
been on the board of the Los Angeles 
and Hollywood Y, working on camps. 
It is the camp problem that is his 
continuing problem. Buildings need 
repair, tents wear out, facilities get 
shabby. Ben's end of the job takes 
about $3,000 a year. There is a large 

gap between camp needs and what he 
can raise among sympathetic friends.

And that's why those "Ben Alexander 
in Person" signs go up, periodically, 
in neighboring towns.

Ben has no time for personal camping 
any more, but he's looking forward to 
the time when Nicky is old enough.

"I expect he'll be good, or so the 
predicts confidently. "And—say—" grin-
ing paternal— "Nicky being the 
ham he is, he ought to be great for 
campfire shows!"
Salute to Kay Kyser

(Continued from page 49)

going to another.

"Y'know," Kay draws, "we always kept a drawer of ideas ready just in case. Six years went by before we thought we'd better open that drawer. Our agent was on the train from New York to talk over a new format, and what d'you know? While he was heading east, the show's rating picked up four and a half points, and they said to let 'er ride the way she was."

The decade saw Kyser and Company crash the movies, or get dragged into them. Despite offers, Kay couldn't see himself in films. "I can't look romantic, act romantic, or be anything but myself," he protested. "I'm doing all right in radio and theaters, and I'll stick in my own backyard." But Director David Butler convinced him. "That's Right, You're Wrong!" was the first of ten Kay films. . . .

The decade saw a war begin and end—and Kayser in it pitching. Long before Pearl Harbor, Kay and his band were bringing cheer to training camps where the morale, in those days before the shooting war, was deep down low. They gave 500-odd camp shows, and they're still visiting hospitals. On February 26, 1941, they gave the first full-hour broadcast from a military base, at San Diego. Helping out on that show was a movie starlet, Georgia Carroll.

Oak Knoll Navy Hospital at Oak-land, California, needed a swimming pool. Kay worked up and four-hour dance program. Total take: $26,430. Oak Knoll got its pool, plus a hall!

In 1945 the Kayser troupe hitchhiked its aerial way to the Philippines, Okinawa, by way of all the radio stations. Kay's biggest stunt: "I guess it was the time we were putting on a show in northern Luzon, just behind the lines, when word came of the Japs' first tentative offer to surrender—and we got to break it to the GIs."

The decade brought romance. Beautiful Georgia, the starlet Kay met at the 1941 San Diego show, was singing with the band. Three years later, June 8, 1944, they were married in Los Angeles. Now they have a daughter, Kimberly Ann (Kim for short), who's nearly two, and Kay probably has company in her nursery.

The years saw new talent rise—and old comrades still in harness. Ish Kabibble (Merwyn Bogue) still gives with his yokel haircut and dialogue. Harry Babbitt is back with Kay after Navy duty. Sully Mason is off on his own, as is Ginny Simms.

That Pacific tour of Kay's made him want, more than ever, to spread cheer and do good. His current private crusade is for public hospitals and health services.

His tenth anniversary philosophy: "I like show business and I'll keep pitching while I'm in it. But I'm a lucky man. I'm not the richest man in the world and don't want to be. Got enough for my family, and don't need much more. I'm not rich and a soul, not out to get my name in bigger lights. And when time comes to bow out of show business, it won't ruin my life because there's so doggone much work to be done. You take hospitals, now...."

Radio Mirror salutes Kay Kyser—and hopes many more decades will pass before he draws that final "So long, Everbody!" to his radio listeners.
Bride and Groom
(Continued from page 45)

Groom knew, the actual ceremony is held privately in the beautiful wedding-chapel adjoining the broadcast-studios in the Chapman Park Hotel of Los Angeles. Reverend Alden Hill was the minister of their choice that day—a stately, white-haired pastor, who has been for thirty years with the Highland Park Christian Church in a Los Angeles suburb.

In his pre-wedding talk with Ralph and Mildred that morning, Reverend Hill explained why rings and witnesses are traditional parts of marriage. "They are important symbols," he explained. "The ring is made of precious metal—for surely the true marriage is a precious happening between a man and a woman. Too, it is a circle—for a true marriage becomes a thing without end.

"There is a meaning, too, behind the presence of witnesses," he added. "Marriage is a personal agreement between two people; yes; but also it is a compact in which all society has an interest. That is why each wedding must include at least two witnesses—who act as society's representatives at the joining of two people's lives."

WHILE the white-haired minister went to await the couple in the chapel, Ralph and Mildred and I had a friendly discussion about the broadcast which was to start in a matter of minutes. "Most of all, we want it to be a happy and informal sort of thing," I explained. "None of it's rehearsed, but it doesn't have to be—we'll be talking about the easiest subject in the world: things that really happen. There'll be three or four million listening in—but, from experience and from all the letters and comments we've had, they'll be pulling for you just as much as the personal friends who are here in the studio with you!"

As I had anticipated from our first meeting, Mildred and Ralph proved to be outstanding as a Bride and Groom couple. Nervous? Of course—who's on their wedding day? But their charm and their very evident sincerity and intelligence were unmistakable during the many minutes they were "on the air." It could judge the approval of the listening audience by the response of the audience present in the studio—everyone sharing laughter at the couple's quick humor, then leaning intently forward in their seats to catch every word as the radiant Mildred described the traditional "something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue." The something old was a 1903 penny, given her by her father as a symbol of her parents' wedding in that year; the something new was a dozen things, including the beautiful gown and flowing veil; something borrowed was a good-luck piece loaned by her matron-of-honor; and the blue was both her gown and the tiny twinkle of a bun during!

Final proof of how highly they rated as a popular Bride and Groom came when they returned from the chapel as newlywed man and wife, to appear on the closing moments of the program—women in the audience started shedding the tears that go with every "happy forever after marriage."

When the broadcast ended and they hurried from the studio—almost too excited even to notice the imposing array of gifts they had been presented with: silver service, modern gas stove,
matched luggage, camera, radio-phonograph, beauty kit, picture and record albums of the broadcast and ceremony. And so we of Bride and Groom sped the newly-wedded Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Moore off on their honeymoon, which they were to spend at a famous resort in Carlsbad, California. We've had many exciting events at the studio, but few have ever topped this as forecasting a Bride and Groom future that would fit into that familiar line from the old fairy tales, that best line of all: "And they lived happily after."

In 36 Minutes—wing your way to

New Hair Loveliness

Yes, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovely! Approach always at your best on time, for business or social engagements—and Glover's Monge Medicine helps you do just that! Fresh luster and radiance, natural color tone, hair softness and glamour—are yours with Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, conveniently, in your home! Ask for the regular sizes of Glover's Monge Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress at Drug or Cosmetic counters—or mail Coupon today for free trial application of all three!

The Famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment

To the winner in Radio Mirror's contest—the reader whose one-dollar contribution to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund is accompanied by the most interesting statement of why the contribution is being made, the editors will award the exciting new television set pictured here. It's RCA Victor's famous new model—Model 721. This receiver provides a large 54-square-inch picture in a handsomely designed cabinet. Its pictures are bright, clear and steady, tuning is simple, and the receiver brings in programs on all television channels. Also incorporated into this set is the Golden Throat microphone, one of the RCA Victor line.

Now take note, please, all readers living in areas in which television broadcasts are not yet available. As an alternate prize Radio Mirror offers a new RCA Victor console radio-phonograph, combining standard broadcast and FM radio, a phonograph with automatic record changer, and a self-contained record storage cabinet.
Breaking the Bank
(Continued from page 33)
hospital at Trinidad! The Weisses used the money to set up his practice in Chicago, and Dr. Weiss reports that even now, eighteen months later, the prize is still a topic of inquiry and comment among their friends, and many of his patients want to know all about it even before they tell him what's ailing them!

All this being true, it might be a good idea to get all the inside information on this program, because you never know what fun might be found in self-facing Bert Parks, the gay young Master of Ceremonies of Break the Bank with thousands of crisp greenbacks right out on a table on the stage—yours for the answering!

Break the Bank is broadcast from the ABC Ritz Theater, at 9:00 P.M., EST, on Friday nights; and although the doors do not open until 8:15, the line of ticket holders starts to form about 6:00. In all seasons and all weather there is a large number of people willing to stand and wait two hours or more, the idea being that they can pick out the seats where (they think) they will be most likely to be chosen to participate in the program. Bud Collyer, who directs the men with the portable mike to people seated in the audience, is an expert at spotting "regulars"—that species of radio meanie who makes a habit of quiz programs, attends them all, attracts attention by loud and conscious clothing, and tries to spoil other people's chances for winning the prizes.

These professional quiz-goers are adept at accents and dialects. If Bud asks for someone from Nevada for instance, they raise their hands without hesitation, and instantly develop lazy, Western drawls that would do a cowboy proud. Bud has worked on innumerable quiz shows, so he knows most of these "regulars" by sight and the rest by instinct. They never get on Break the Bank. Bud can't choose from just the down front seats either; his gaze roams all over the orchestra and he is just as likely to pick a couple in the last row over on the balcony as one who has rushed down the aisle to get seats near the stage.

In direct contrast to the "eager beaver" contestants are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogers, of Long Island, New York. They almost didn't go at all, but finally decided not to waste the tickets! Mr. Rogers is a co-pilot for a large airline and he was terribly tired the night Mrs. Rogers got tickets for Bank; however, he should be a shining example to other husbands that it pays to give in to your wife, because they went and won $5,410.00! That afternoon brought them a down payment on a new home and the yellow roadster of their dreams!

About fifteen couples (man and wife, brother and sister) and many others—any combination that happens to be together—are chosen, and they come up to the stage. Ed Wolfe, producer of the show, talks to each couple briefly, and selects the one which they will appear on the air according to what they have to say in those short talks. Since only about five pairs of the fifteen get on the air, you can see that many are called but few are chosen—the people who are so near and yet so far get $5.00 each for coming up on the stage.

This is how a couple is matched with

**Wonderful, NEW UPLIFT BRA**

Get "SWEATER GIRL" Curves!

Here it is at last! A marvelous new type of bra that you can regulate almost any way you want—to give your breasts more alluring lines than you ever thought possible! It's positively amazing the way it works! You get the ultra-fashionable v-i-v-e-e separation from breast to breast...adjustable without removing clothes exactly as you desire. At the same time, the breastline is moulded into smooth, fast-sitting curves, firm, round, full-looking, shaped perfectly to give a "swinger girl" appeal, without binding or constriction and invading full freedom of movement.

**SEND NO MONEY**

**MAIL FREE TRIAL COUPON**

It's easy for you to try the Ronnie Uplift for 10 days—without risking a cent. All you do is mail the FREE TRIAL coupon. See amazing no-risk offer. Send no money unless you want to. Be sure to get correct size and cup to assure perfect fit and comfort.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. B-15
13 Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y.

**AMAZING PATENTED REGULATOR ASSURES DESIRED BUST CONTOUR**

Here's the secret of the Ronnie Uplift fit. It has a secret patented regulation—a new invention—that enables you to regulate your bust to almost any desired shape...all in one simple action. Just pull on the straps and presto, according to your wish, your bust has a fuller appearance, your breasts are widely separated, or you can instantly give the uplift you want...it's your very own Uplift Bra, and a FREE TRIAL offer in coupon! Don't pass this opportunity to enjoy glamorous bust control...more beautiful curves. The Ronnie Uplift is made of luxurious, high-quality Rayon-cotton blend, designed to act instantly and give almost instant action...with complete adjustment. See this yourself at once, while demand is high.

**FREE MONEY**

**MAIL FREE TRIAL COUPON**

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**NEW**

**CREAMY, ODORLESS LOTION SAFELY REMOVES HAIR**

1. Safe—doesn't irritate normal skin. Painless.
2. No clinging depilatory odor—a pleasant white lotion.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth and alluring.

Cosmetic lotion to remove hair

NAIR

59¢ plus tax

"Country's Largest Seller"

**Relieve DISTRESS OF Child's Cold As He Sleeps**

**AT BEDTIME WORKS FOR HOURS**

Vicks Vaporub

Rub on Vicks Vaporub as child sleeps. Often it relieves distress...worst miseries of cold invites restful sleep...are gone by morning!

**BEST-KNOWN HOME REMEDY**

Rub on Vicks Vaporub as child sleeps. Often it relieves distress...worst miseries of cold invites restful sleep...are gone by morning!

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Cosmetic lotion to remove hair

NAIR

59¢ plus tax

"Country's Largest Seller"
a category, and tested for something interesting. I say, "I'm afraid this is a problem and Dept.
ILLINOIS-State-

They convenient Zonitors ininine
sponsible long
ods

Their big prize eased the Fowlers of
financial strain due to the high cost of living, and kept them from needing to sell their house or move to a smaller one.

The exact wording of their final question was, "Are the Fowlers the only ones who have

THE game of Break the Bank itself is simple and the money adds up very quickly. Each category consists of eight questions, which are worth progressively: $10, $20, $50, $100, $200, $300, $500, and the last question is worth whatever the Bank is worth. The bank starts at $1,000, and every time someone misses the question, the amount is equal to the money that has been added to the Bank. For example, say you had just broken the Bank. The next couple to compete would start with a Bank of $1,000. However, let's say that couple only answered six questions correctly, and even after the one mistake which is allowed (this is one of the unique rules), they do not have $500, so they can't get any more. They are given their $300, and that amount is also added to the Bank. Then the next couple is competing for a Bank of $1,300. That's how the jackpot gets so big so fast.

Another nice thing about the Bank set-up is the fact that the cash is right there on hand and it is counted out and put away. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure Zonitors kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying.
quick as bunnies, and walked off with $3,170. The first thing they did with their winnings was throw a party for friends from their ship, which was in the Brooklyn Navy Yard at the time.

Bert Parks, the focal point around which the program revolves, has charm of manner and a genuine enthusiasm which keeps the show moving at a swift pace. Bert has been in radio fifteen years, although he is only thirty-two years old. That most unusual record he accomplished by starting on a small station in his native Alabama at 17, then getting on the staff of CBS at 18. That would be almost impossible today, and it probably wasn't exactly easy then. He went on to become one of the top CBS announcers. Then he took up singing and was featured with both Xavier Cugat and Benny Goodman. When the war came along he enlisted and became Captain Parks, of the United States Army.

It was while he was overseas that the Great Give-Away Craze really caught on in America, and he remembers being amazed when he returned to find what fabulous gifts and prizes radio programs were giving away. Break the Bank was a summer replacement at that time, and using a guest M.C. each week. His friend Bud Collyer got him a chance to appear as M.C. one week, and he did such a good job that when the show went on a regular schedule Bert became its permanent Master of Ceremonies.

BERT has been married for five years, and he and his wife live in Manhattan with their twin sons—who are 19 months old. He admits that twins are quite a handful, but he is so darn proud of them that he manages to mention them on almost any show.

When you ask Bert to tell you about the contestant who stands out most vividly in his mind, he recounts the story of the beautiful blonde with the soft Southern accent who somehow got through the pre-airtime questioning. It wasn’t until she was actually at the microphone that it became apparent to one and all that the young lady was making slightly her debut. Bert, after the first second of panic, decided to play it for laughs, so when he gave her the question “Who was the queen of the Yiddish stage?” and she answered playfully, but correctly, “Helen Morgan,” he laughingly asked if she could sing the song—expecting the timid few bars that most contestants give out with. No sooner had he asked the question, however, than the fair participant took a step backward and let forth a rousing rendition of the song from beginning to end, not permitting anyone to interrupt her. The studio audience loved it, but Bert’s nerves took several days to recover.

Bert’s pet peeve is the contestant who is led up to the microphone and introduced to him and then proceeds at length to tell how he comes from Bert’s home town in Alabama. It isn’t that Bert doesn’t love his home folks—it’s simply that it might make the audience think Bert knows the people or that they will be given special consideration. The contestants get a special consideration on the Bank in either the selection or questioning of contestants. The integrity of the show and the absolutely fair and impartial manner in which it is run are always uppermost in the mind of everyone who has anything to do with it. Because such large sums of money are involved they have a great responsibility to both

GOODBYE HEADACHE

Alka-Seltzer brings Relief
No matter where you roam.
It pays to keep an EXTRÀ at
Work and in the home.

There’s nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer! Millions have discovered bubbling, effervescent Alka-Seltzer brings wonderfully fast and dependable relief from a headache.

Upset Stomach

You can depend on Alka-Seltzer for quick relief for stomach upset and acid indigestion! Next time try Alka-Seltzer yourself—and discover why it’s so popular!

Aches and Pains

Alka-Seltzer’s analgesic brings fast, effective relief from muscular aches, neuralgia and similar pains. Alka-Seltzer is popular with millions because it’s dependably effective.

Discomfort of Colds

Alka-Seltzer’s unique formula brings quick relief from the "ache-all-over" feverish feeling and other discomforts of a cold. Makes an effective gargle, too.

BUY 2 PACKAGES INSTEAD OF 1
It's wise to buy an extra package, so you'll have it when you need it. 30c and 60c—all drugstores, U. S. and Canada.

Alka-Seltzer
Look... at the gorgeous plaid... the 2 big pockets... the simulated patent leather belt with double buckle... the full, longer skirt.

See... the smart spring color combinations in beautiful "Beautitex..." washable cotton.

Order your beautiful "Beauty Belle" now. Gray top with gray plaid, Blue top with Blue plaid, Pink top with Brown plaid. Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15.

Send no money—we mail immediately.

Full satisfaction or money back.

Write for FREE Style Folder.

Even if you've never ordered by mail before, this is one time you should.

Florida Fashions, Inc.

Florida Fashions + Sanford 591 Florida

Please send "Beauty Bellies" at $3.98 each (2 for $7.95) plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not fully satisfied, I may return purchase within 10 days for refund. (You save C.O.D. fee by enclosing purchase price, plus 20c postage. Same refund privilege.)

Circle Size: 9 11 13 15

Circle Colors: Grey Blue Pink and Brown

R

Name

M

Address

City & State

110
When Acid Indigestion
sets me all-a-twitter,
Tums set me right!”

Says BILLIE BURKE—Beloved Hollywood Actress

“Fluttery stomach and a smooth performance just don’t go together. So when I suffer acid indigestion, I reach for Tums. Their relief is sweet—and fast!”

When acid indigestion hits you, get almost instant relief with Tums. And when it won’t let you sleep, don’t count sheep—count on Tums for a refreshing night’s rest. There’s nothing surer, nothing faster! Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly — Tums coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums sweeten sour stomach. Relieve that bloated feeling, gas and heartburn jiffy-quick. Tums contain no soda—no raw, harsh alkali—so Tums won’t overalkalize and irritate your delicate stomach. Tums are handy, too—no mixing, no water needed. Never overalkalize, always neutralize excess acidity with Tums. Get Tums today — genuine Tums for the yummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums...

10¢

Hordy Roll

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR (Nature’s Remedy). Get a 25¢ box today.

---

When Acid Indigestion
sets me all-a-twitter,
Tums set me right!”

Says BILLIE BURKE—Beloved Hollywood Actress

“Fluttery stomach and a smooth performance just don’t go together. So when I suffer acid indigestion, I reach for Tums. Their relief is sweet—and fast!”

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Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums...

10¢

Hordy Roll

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR (Nature’s Remedy). Get a 25¢ box today.
The Bickersons
Discover It's a
Dog's Life

(Continued from page 37)

Pretty Mrs. Bickerson propped her chin in her hand and stared reflectively, moodily, at her yawning husband.

"That's right, dear, you did remember my birthday. That's all. Not one cent to pay. Everything supplied without cost.

---

THREE FAMOUS FROCKS will send you big, new Style Line showing scores of Latest Fashions, with actual Fabrics, in dresses—coats, overcoats, rayons—at occasionally low money-saving prices. Also suits, dresses, overcoats, lingerie, babywear, children's wear, always new. Close to hundreds of these trims are now available, others in process of making, all without charge. Send coupon, with name and address, to HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. J-9001, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO.

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Please rush me the new Harford Frock Style Line and Full details of your offer.

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B E S T proof that Bathasweet ends hard-water hazards to skin is that no hard-water ring is left on tub. Bathasweet makes water soft as rain. Soap billows into lather. Your skin is cleansed instead of clogged.

How beautifying that is! And oh what a delight to loll in this fragrant, restful bath!

No wonder thousands of women insist on Bathasweet. Women defend it. Also other bath needs. At all drug and dept. stores.

FREE a gift package of Bathasweet, 2 fragrances (in U. S. only). Paste this coupon on postal and send to Bathasweet, Dept. N-3, 112 W. 18th St., New York 11.

NAME
ADDRESS

---

"That's not fair. At four o'clock in the morning I'm going to say something that will get me into trouble. I need a lawyer—I need advice of counsel—I stand on my rights."

"Then why did you marry me?"

"You're wondering too?"

"John!"

"I didn't mean it. I meant I was wondering how you came to marry me—I mean, what did you ever see in me? When you met me your body..."a good-looking guy with a steady job and money in the bank. Oh, darn that pup! What do you suppose he wants? He threw back the covers and got himself, groggily, out of bed. "I suppose I'll have to go down and scold him."

"Don't you dare scold him. A puppy as little as that doesn't know any better. He's lonely and he's frightened and you just leave him down there in his basket while you're warm and snug and fast asleep in your bed."

"While I'm warm and fast asleep in my bed! What a sense of humor!" He padded to the closet for his dressingrobe and then down the stairs.

Bianca came and heard him talking.

"Well, old fellow—is that the matter? Oh, so you climbed out of your basket, did you? You're not supposed to do that. You'll get in trouble. Oh...oh!"

"John, don't you dare scold that poor, innocent little thing."

"Okay—" his voice came heartily up the stairs. "But I hope you didn't care about your curtains."

"Why?"

"Because your poor, innocent little thing has just chewed the bottoms of them to rags."

"Oh, no," Bianca held on tight to her curly head. "And I wanted a milk coat!"

But at least the whimpering had stopped. John tiptoed back up the stairs.

"See?" he whispered. "It just takes psychology, that's all. A firm hand. You have to let a puppy know right away who is master in the house. Let him know you mean what you say. Give him a few simple rules—"

"John."

"—teach him to obey, right from the start, and he'll...

"John!"

"—he'll be obedient and happy. Show him who's boss—"

"John!"

"What's the matter?"

"The puppy's crying again, boss."

"Oh." Wearily John climbed out of bed again. "I knew I shouldn't have brought that puppy. If that isn't just like a woman."

"There you go—abusing the puppy just because it's a female. Now I know what you think of women. You're the big boss and I'm just a servant. You'll..."
teach me to be obedient . . . do tricks, I suppose. It's worse than a sweatshop around here, with you cracking your whip. I can just see myself, bending over, my sewing machine, my poor, tired, worn-out fingers trembling because I can't sew your shirts any faster—"

"Blanche, for heaven's sake! You've got the wildest imagination. I'd never—stop crying, Blanche!"

"John. It was a wall.

"Yes, darling."

"—John, why don't you oil the machine for me?"

"I give up!"

He plunged down the stairs again, muttering to himself, "Women. They don't make sense. No logic. All emotion—imagination . . . sweatshops! . . . sewing machines—oh, there you are, doggie. Come on, get back in your basket. Get under the cover. Don't you know when you're well off? Here am I, dying to get under a warm blanket and go to sleep and all you want to do is crawl out from under yours and get cold and cry."

"Maybe some warm milk would help. His wife's voice floated down from above.

"Yeah, maybe some warm milk will help. And maybe next time it will be your turn to come down here and take care of your dog. After all, he is your birthday present, not mine."

Still grumbling, John made his way into the kitchen. "Let's see—" switching on the light—"where would I find the milk?"

"NOT in there—" sweetly came his wife's voice, above. "That's the breadbox, dear."

"It's in the back of her head," he muttered to himself.

"And not in there, either. You're in the cupboard where I keep the mustard and the pie plate. And that's the shelf where the potato chips are—John Bickerson! Are you going to make yourself a sandwich at this hour of the night?"

"Aw, honey—I just found a little slice of ham while I was waiting for the milk to heat and—"

"Then make one for me too!"

The warm milk solved the trick for the puppy, and the feast of sandwiches the Bickersons shared on a tray propped on up Blanche's knees put them both in the mood for sleep, too. Peace descended once more.

Quietly John crept into his bed and under the still-warm covers; quietly he settled himself for sleep. He listened to the sounds of his sleep, even breathing that meant she had succumbed first—tentatively he essayed a tiny little snores (one that just rattled the windows). Blanche had let herself drift away into the deep regions of Sleep, where only those of complacent conscience may go—suddenly:

"TRILL!

"John!" Blanche moaned at him.

"What did you put in his milk? Why does he make sounds like that?"

"It isn't the puppy. It's the telephone."

"He fumbled in the dark and finally found the receiver. "Hello—hello—hello—"

"Don't keep saying that. Talk to them."

John Bickerson replaced the receiver in a quiet mood of desperation. He looked like a man pushed to the brink of something dangerous. With an effort, he kept his voice down. He was breathing hard. "How can I talk to them when nobody says anything but
**New TING is proved effective in laboratory tests in killing on 90 second contact specific types of fungi that may cause pimples!**

**ALMOST INCREDIBLE NEW TREATMENT FOR PIMPLES**

(EXTERNALLY CAUSED)

It's true! New TING works while it helps you relax—free from blemishes, blisters. You simply apply TING to pimples, let it dry—and whisk off excess powder. TING is both fungicidal and germicidal—often works wonders for externally caused pimples. Even if other products have failed, ask your druggist today for a tube of new TING Antiseptic Medicated Cream. Stainless, greaseless. Only 60c. Economy size $1.00.

---

**Relieve Constipation Pleasantly!**

Millions like and trust this easy-acting laxative!

Constipation is bad enough! Why add to your troubles by taking a harsh, upsetting laxative? Next time you or your children need relief, take Ex-Lax—the pleasant, easy-acting laxative that many doctors use in their practice.

Ex-Lax gets results gently. You can depend on Ex-Lax for thorough relief because it is biologically tested to assure effective action. Ex-Lax really tastes good—just like delicious chocolate! Always keep a box of Ex-Lax handy. Still only 10c.

When Nature "forgets"...remember

**EX-LAX**

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
plained. "Since I am doomed not to sleep this night—and since the pup is determined not to sleep either—we might just as well share our pain-
racked couch, together. I—will—not—
go—down—those—stairs—again! I can be pushed just so far, and no farther!"
He set the basket down between the beds.
"Oh, the sweet little lamb! You know I just love your big brown eyes and your brown hair and—"
"Why, Blanche!—sheepishly— "I didn't know you cared."
"I'm talking about the dog, silly. Look—she likes me. She likes to have me talk to her. She likes the sound of my voice."
"She's crazy," he muttered.
"No, John—really—watch her. She's going right to sleep—going beddy-
bye—the sweet little precious—"
"Ye Gods. Beddy-bye!"
It was true, though. The puppy whimpered softly once or twice, licked
Blanche's outstretched hand, curled up into a furry ball, closed her eyes and
went soundly to sleep. But—
"Blanche, do you hear that? That dog is snoring! Now how am I sup-
posed to go to sleep, listening to that horrible racket?"
"Do you call that snoring?" indicating the gurgling wheezes and snuffles that
came from the basket. "After what I've put up with from you for seven long years,
that is a lullaby. Besides, I know that when I call up and they say you're in
conference that you're fast asleep in
your office, and you take a nap every
day you come home before dinner and
one after dinner and anyway I'm so
sleepy—so sleepy—goodnight, John—"
And she, too, curled up and went to
sleep.
But poor John Bickerson. He had
met his match.
"Oh, no, not that!" he groaned as the
puppy triumphantly chased an imagi-
ary cat through his dreams. "Stop it!"
he moaned, clutching his hair, as im-
aginary delectable bones were crunched
between the puppy's teeth. "Grrr
yourself!" he growled, hiding his head
in the pillows in a fruitless effort to
escape the puppy's slumbering battle
growls. "Why did I ever bring man's
best friend into this house? Didn't I
have enough troubles? She wanted a
mink coat—why didn't I get her one—
why didn't I mortgage the house—why
didn't I go into bankruptcy—why didn't I
rob a store? Anything for peace and
quiet! Oooh—I'm only flesh and blood.
I can't stand this. Blanche—Blanche—
wake up!"

February 16

The Broadcast You've Been Waiting to Hear!

THE LUX RADIO THEATRE

will present

America's Favorite Motion Picture for 1947 Winner of the

Photoplay Gold Medal Award

The favorite picture of American audiences during
1947 will be broadcast with its Hollywood star cast
on the Lux Radio Theatre on February 16. Its popu-
ularity was measured scientifically by the year-long
nationwide poll which Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research,
Incorporated conducts for Photoplay magazine.

The name and the stars of the winning picture must
remain secret until March Photoplay goes on sale
February 11. In that issue, Photoplay will
announce the top ten pictures of 1947 and the
names of the ten most popular actors and actresses.

We'll tell you also how you, America's movie-goers,
select the actors, actresses, and films which win
Photoplay Gold Medal Awards. We'll feature
special portraits of the stars, and scenes from the
winning pictures. Better reserve your copy of
March Photoplay now!

TUNE IN Monday night, February 16, to the Lux Radio Theatre
and hear the radio dramatization of the outstanding motion
picture of 1947—winner of the Photoplay Gold Medal
Award. Columbia network Coast-to-Coast.

See your paper for time and station.
This sensation-different best-selling novel

Now... yours

as a new member of The Fiction Book Club

It's Man Against Nature! Man Against Woman!

For twenty days and nights the great snow falls, imprisoning Ruston Cobb, his love-starved wife, his devil-may-care sister-law, and her artist-lover. Then hidden emotions burst forth—conventional morals break down—in this fight for life and love.

WHO SAYS WE MUSTN'T...

scolds reckless Beryl, "Not the man who makes the keys for my apartment." You'll thrill to unforgettable drama as fate throws Beryl into the arms of the only man she's ever wanted—her husband—in "THE GREAT SNOW"—yours FREE as a new member of The Fiction Book Club.

THEY TRADED LOVES

in a last-minute gamble for happiness!

Here is the passionate, revealing story of two beautiful sisters who forgot about consequences and defied conventions when they thought the great snow meant each day might be their last. You'll share what starts out to be just an amusing weekend at the Cobb's country mansion; then find yourself trapped by the worst snowstorm in history with Ruston Cobb, his neurotic wife, their son and daughter, his voluptuous sister-in-law, and her drifting artist-lover.

In an atmosphere of violence and jealousy, Cobb must watch his frigid, timid wife's surrender to her sister's lover—but lets himself be drawn into a love affair with his sister-in-law. Yet all four are to find new meaning to life, a happiness they thought would never be theirs. Discover for yourself what happens in "THE GREAT SNOW"—sweeping the country at $2.75 in the publisher's edition—yours FREE as a membership gift from The Fiction Book Club. But hurry! This offer is limited.

Mail gift coupon TODAY!

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sells Clifton Fadiman

LOADED WITH BEAUTY and pain... savagely ingenious. Only a testament so frankly casual could be written to stunning effect by John Mowry.

A JOY TO EYES grown weary reading tons... of novel writing.—Harry Hansen.

"IT KEPT ME UP far beyond a sensible bedtime."—Chicago Tribune.

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Get your FREE copy of the sensational best-seller described above and get all the conveniences and savings of free Fiction Book Club membership! But hurry—offer is limited! It's first come—first served. Mail coupon NOW to The Fiction Book Club, 31 West 57th St., New York 19, New York.

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liquid liptone

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and
ARY LIV I NGSTO NE

AWARD WINNERS IN THIS ISSUE

THE LIFE OF JACK BENNY AMERICA'S FAVORITE COMEDIAN
Everybody's talking about the new Bath-Size Camay. Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it every day of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

SHOW THE WORLD A LOVELIER SKIN!

BIGGER—LOTS BIGGER!

SAME FINE, SMOOTH TEXTURE!

DELICATE, FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

BE LOVELIER—HEAD TO TOE!

BEVIES OF BEAUTIES ARE SINGING ITS PRAISES!

Making a Sensational Splash!

CAMAY NOW IN 2 SIZES!

Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.

Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR CAMAY BEAUTY BATH
Help your dentist help your smile...

Dentists recommend Ipana 2 to 1
Dentists use Ipana 2 to 1

(Over any other tooth paste, according to a recent national survey.)

IPANA Tooth Paste
for your Smile of Beauty

Products of Bristol-Myers

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!
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Editorial Director FRED R. SAMMIS
Managing Editor EVELYN L. FIORE
Television JOAN MURPHY

Editor ANN DAGGETT
Managing Editor McCULLAH ST. JOHNS
Staff Photographer STERLING SMITH

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Also makers of famous Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum
Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips...

with really new, wonderfully different

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion

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1. A softening lotion! Quickly helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended with luxury lanolin and other costlier-than-usual skin-smoothing ingredients.

2. A protective lotion, too. This same Woodbury beauty-blend contains protective ingredients to help "glove" your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS...
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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS
Referring to his newest venture with quiet humor as "record-rotating," Duke (Edward Kennedy) Ellington—bandleader, composer, pianist and arranger—put another notch in the already dazzling Ellington career at the close of 1947 with the introduction of The Duke Ellington Show, a nationally syndicated disc-jockey series. The Ellington turntable sessions are being aired by WMCA Sundays through Saturdays from 12:03 Midnight to 1:00 A.M.; Mondays through Fridays from 9:03 to 10:00 A.M., and on Sundays from 5:03 to 5:45 P.M.

Ellington occupies a unique position in the musical mores of our times. Audience comment on an Ellington recording, an Ellington composition or an Ellington concert ranges from the hep-cats' "solid" to the warm approval of the concert hall intelligentsia who gravely compare his creative work with such contemporaries as Stravinsky and Ravel.

The turntable style of the newest star in the disc-jockey firmament is as rare as his musical style. Trained as an artist, Ellington's between-record comments reflect the imagery which lends the Duke's musicianship its captivating quality.

The Ellington glossary pervades the show. Gleanings from recent record-sessions turn up such Ellingtonisms as "lady of pastel tones" (Jo Stafford); "the man with the sequin-studded trumpet" (Harry James); "serpentine and opalesque quality" (Sarah Vaughan); "singer of gossamer moods" (Mel Tormé), and "caresses a song with satin and gives it a back-porch intimacy" (Vic Damone). On the other hand he frequently salts his introductions with such phrases as "real gone" and "super-Leviathanic." When the Duke rates something particularly high, it has "scope," or he may occasionally ascribe a "pear ice-cream" quality to a record he likes—a reflection of the fact that the Duke loves food of the gourmet class.

The Ellington sessions also provide listeners with innumerable anecdotes and "behind the scenes" stories about recording artists and compositions. There is probably no artist in the business he doesn't know and, as one of the top-rated composer musicians in show-business, Ellington is uniquely equipped to comment on the music and performers' style.

A good many Ellington fans on the "solid" side may be somewhat surprised to learn that the Duke's taste runs the musical gamut. For example, he definitely goes for the sweet dance rhythms of Guy Lombardo and Vaughn Monroe, both of whom get top-ratings with him.

On the WMCA disc-jockey sessions the Duke features music in quarter-hour blocks—that is, fifteen minutes of a particular band, vocalist, composer. He also likes to play the classics—those popular tunes which have come down through the years as "steadies" in the music business—"Stardust" or "Begin the Beguine" are two of his favorites. In addition, he spots the shows with guest-interviews with such luminaries as King Cole, Charlie Spivak, Frank Sinatra, Charlie Barnet, Stan Kenton, Mel Tormé, Buddy Clark and Georgia Gibbs, to name just a few.
A weekly "must" with women who prize their Lovely Hair!

Don't wait till there's a shower of unsightly flakes every time you comb your hair!
Don't wait till ugly little scales begin to dim its beauty and there are great numbers of germs on your scalp. Don't wait till itching irritates and annoys. These symptoms may mean infectious dandruff!
Guard against it with Listerine Antiseptic.

To help keep your hair shining and beautiful . . . your scalp healthy and clean . . . treat them to a Listerine Antiseptic "bath" with every shampoo. It's easy. Simply wet hair and scalp with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic. Now . . . massage enthusiastically. You'll love the way Listerine Antiseptic makes your scalp feel. Tingling! Fresh! Extra clean!

And you can be assured that Listerine Antiseptic is guarding your scalp and the appearance of your lovely hair against the stubborn germ that many dermatologists agree is a causative agent of the infectious type of dandruff.
Yes. Listerine Antiseptic kills the ugly, stubborn, hard-to-get-rid-of germ (Pityrosporum ovale).

Get Listerine Antiseptic . . . make it a "must" for good grooming, as thousands of fastidious men and women do.
Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

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St. Louis, Missouri

Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine TOOTHPASTE?

For INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
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because

Veto says “no” to Offending!

Veto says “no” to perspiration

worry and odor! Soft as a caress... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate’s wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

Veto says “no” to harming skin and clothes! So effective... yet so gentle—Colgate’s Veto is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to filmy, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate’s exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO

IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

DANCING OR LISTENING

LOUIS ARMSTRONG (RCA Victor)—Louie sings and plays in his truly inimitable fashion. “I Want A Little Girl” is a famous old McKinney Cotton Pickers hit, while “Joseph And His Brothers” is a lifting version of the ageless Bible story. A wonderful record.

JIMMY SAUNDERS (Rainbow)—You may remember that Jimmy sang with Harry James, Charlie Spivak and Jan Savitt. Here he is doing “The Things You Left In My Heart” based on Drigo’s Serenade and “I Can Dream, Can’t I?” You’ll get a kick from the mandolin orchestra directed by Joe Sgro.

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia)—Frankie sings Irving Berlin’s old “What’ll I Do” and a new cutie, “My Cousin Louella.” We like the Berlin tune better. We like The Voice singing most anything at all. He always sings to you, not at you.

MEL TORMÉ (Musicraft)—The Velvet Fog does some neat covering on “I Cover The Waterfront,” but it’s the reverse side of this 12” platter that is so excellent. It’s Mel singing a folksy piece of music which he wrote along with Bob Wells. Don’t miss “County Fair.”

FREDDY MARTIN (RCA Victor)—The Martin Men combine a beautiful ballad with a daffy ditty; it makes a delightful disc. Beautiful is “If Winter Comes,” and daffy but cute is “The Dickey Bird Song.”

HORACE HEIDT (Columbia)—It’s the same old Horace playing the same style of music on “The Trumpets Have Triplets” and “Dance Of The Blue Danube.” Donna and Her Don Juans do the singing.

MIGUELITO VALDES (Musicraft)—Definitely danceable are “Cubalou” and “Elba Change.” The former is swing with Latin-American flavor, the latter is good rhumba tempo.

THE SQUADRONAIRES (London)—The former R.A.F. dance band gives out with “You Don’t Have To Know The Language” and “My Blue Heaven.” Both sides are tastefully done and definite proof that English bands can and do play mighty fine music.

JOHNNY MERCER-KING COLE TRIO (Capitol)—This team just couldn’t make a bad record. Please remember that “My Baby Likes To Re-Bop” is a novelty, not a lesson in progressive music. Reverse, “You Can’t Make Money Dreamin’” is a fine bit of vocalizing.

LOUIS PRIMA (RCA Victor)—From Broadway’s “Angel In The Wings,” Louis really hooks-up the “Thousand Islands Song.” Wonder if he ever did find Florence? “I’m Living A Lie” is a new ballad that may go places.

SPECIAL SPINS

SIR CHARLES ALL STARS (Apollo)—Most interesting bit is the excellent be-bop baritone sax solo by Leo Parker on “Mad Lad.” Joe Newman on trumpet is featured on “Tunis In,” obviously written for Jersey’s disc-jockey, Hal Tunis.

JACK PARNELL QUARTET (London)—Excellent be-bop combined with a tasty vocal by Parnell himself on “Sweet Lorraine” and “Old Man Re-Bop.” Drummer Parnell and guitarist Dave Goldberg are soon to emigrate to America from England.

FACING the MUSIC
Collector's Corner

By VIC DAMONE

Guest collector this month is the 19-year-old Mercury recording artist and star of the CBS Saturday Serenade. Vic is an avid jazz collector.

Want to build a collection of records that will trace the development of the jazz idiom to its present "progressive" position? Before you start searching through old attic wardrobes and musty cellar closets, get a set of four albums released by Capitol Records just a year or so ago. It's "The History of Jazz," edited by Dave Dexter, Jr.

None of the platters in the "History of Jazz" set are "old masters," but they have captured much of the flavor and feeling of the famous New Orleans, Chicago, and Kansas City jazz groups.

Be-boppers among you may be able to find an old Bluebird biscuit, vintage 1937, of Teddy Hill's band playing "King Porter Stomp." The trumpet solo, sounding like Roy Eldridge, is actually Dizzy Gillespie!

More of Dizzy can be heard on a 1940 Okeh record of Cab Calloway's group playing "Bye-Bye Blues." The first of the "new" Dizzy can be heard with Les Hite's band on Hit Records. Look for one titled "Jersey Bounce." During 1943 Dizzy made some fine discs for Apollo with Coleman Hawkins. My own favorites would be "Woodyn You" (dedicated to Woody Herman) and "Feeling Zero."

Harder to find than hen's teeth are four twelve-inch Comet records of the Red Norvo All-Stars. Titles to look for are "Congo Blues," "Get Happy," and "Hallelujah." The group that made these specials included Dizzy and Red plus Charlie Parker, Flip Phillips, Teddy Wilson, Slam Stewart, J. C. Heard and Spees Powell.

If you find "Congo Blues," let me know! I'll buy it!

Lionel Hampton fans might look around for an old Okeh record by Louis Armstrong called "Confessin.'" On it you'll hear the then 17-year-old Lionel on drums.

Goodman gourmets should be particularly interested in Benny's Brunswick album by "Benny Goodman and His Boys." On a platter called "Blue" you'll hear BG play alto and baritone sax, and, on "Jungle Blues," a cornet.

Most difficult Goodman disc to locate is probably "Clarinetitis" and "That's A-Plenty." It's on the Melotone label. With Mel Powell's band on the Commodore label you can hear Benny—but it won't say so. He's listed as Shoeless Joe Jackson.

Since earliest Colonial days
Boston has been the Hub

...the hub of everything of interest and worth while to Bostonians and New Englanders alike. No other city in the country is so conscious of its place in American history—bronce markers everywhere attest to its Colonial and Revolutionary past. Yet it is a modern, solid and up-to-date city whose people like and enjoy good things— their overwhelming preference for Beech-Nut Gum is one example of their good taste.

Beech-Nut Gum

It has the flavor you enjoy

Beech-Nut BEECHIES—good too—
Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin.

THE HOME OF THE BEAN AND
THE COD. Thousands of these small
fishing vessels bring the cod in countless
numbers to the busy Boston Harbor.

TREMONT STREET along the Com-
mon. The famous Bulfinch dome of the
State House is visible in the upper left
corner. Subway entrance in foreground.

OLD STATE HOUSE in downtown
Boston, built in 1713, now contains a
marine museum and many historical
relics to dear to Bostonian hearts.
Another British movie, with Margaret Lockwood: romantic interest was heavy.

I'm firmly convinced by now that an entertainer can never retire. Not really.

Once having smelled grease paint and tasted of success, show people can never remain at any other work for any length of time. I've made enough money to live comfortably, I've been a successful real estate man and builder, and now I'm once more ready to come "round the corner and down your way."

"What ever happened to The Street Singer?" That's a question I've often heard while riding on a train or sitting in a restaurant. The last time I heard it, I made up my mind that singing will always be my life's work. It was the day I walked into a hotel restaurant in Washington, D. C., and accidentally ran into a friend who was playing the piano. He greeted me and immediately started to play "Marta" without saying a word to his audience. As I stood by the piano reminiscing about
the "old days" two women walked over and asked, "Isn't that the theme song of Arthur Tracy?"

It was almost twelve years since I had last sung "Marta" to my radio audience here in America. Twelve years and the people still remembered! That was almost as big a thrill to me as getting my first radio program back in 1931.

I went home that night and argued with myself about the advantages and disadvantage of returning to my first love. The next morning, as luck and the fates would have it, I received a phone call from the producer of We, The People. He wanted to know whether or not I would be willing to come out of retirement and make an appearance on the program. This, I thought, would be just the way to find out if I really wanted all the work that went with radio work. So I accepted the offer, and broadcast from New York. That one appearance settled it.

Returning to Washington, I signed an agreement that had been lying on my desk for many months. I put my name on the bottom line of a London Records contract, permitting them to release some recordings that I had made in England while I was over there making movies.

Did I make a mistake? No, I'm now firmly convinced that The Street Singer would never be truly happy as a real estate man, although I gained a great deal of inner satisfaction from building my one-thousand-garden-apartment development in Brentwood Village in the nation's capital.

Oh, yes, that night I stopped in at the hotel restaurant was the 13th of the month. Why the importance of the date? That's my lucky number. It looks as though just thirteen years after I signed off my last radio show, I'm back where I started because there are plans afoot now for a new Street Singer program—which makes me really happy.

THE MUSIC

By ARTHUR TRACY
as told to JOE MARTIN
Facing the Music

That "leapin'" trumpet player and bandleader, Ray Anthony, is creating quite a stir in musical circles; his band is quietly breaking attendance records set by the "big" bands around the country. Ray runs pretty much the same band he had while in the Navy. Could be that his Tune Disc platter of "Gloria" with youthful Ronnie Deau ville has something to do with it. Then again, the fact that Ray's a pint-sized double for Caroly Grant could have something to do with his popularity among the younger set.

March 21st not only marks the first day of Spring, but also the date of Nat "King" Cole's marriage to singer Marie Ellington. No, Marie is not related to the Duke. Nat recorded a children's album for Capitol Records that is just terrific.

It's no secret that the band business has not been a financial heaven this year, for many of the well known orchestras that travel about the country on one night stands. A complete exception, however, has been Elliot Lawrence. The young Philadelphian and his band have been playing an extended string of college dates. In just 45 days they played at such campus clambakes as those held at Purdue, Illinois, Washington and Lee, Cornell, Clemson, Vermont, Bucknell, Syracuse and Yale. That's covering quite a piece of geography!

Thinking about geography has little or nothing to do with the following "gimmick". Of course you've heard about Dream Pillows. Think of it. You can dream about your favorite swooner or swoonerette by simply buying a Dream Pillow affair with an excellent likeness of your favorite sterilized right on the pillow slip. Take your pick from among a list that includes Perry Como, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Duke Ellington, Bob Hope, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Vaughn Monroe and scads of others.

By this time the Sinatras should have completed furnishing their new Palm Springs home. They moved into it last January, but it wasn't nearly complete. Frank just couldn't wait.

In a survey taken for DuMont Television it was conclusively proved that sporting events were the most popular type of program, even among the women listeners. Second and third came dramatic shows and movies. The survey also showed that the most important thing looked for in buying a television set was the size of the picture and that although the men had more to say about the brand of set to be purchased, the style of the cabinet was determined by the women.

Would-be tunsmiths will be interested in a forthcoming MGM super-spectacle called "Words and Music." It's the story of the fabulously successful song-writing team of Rodgers and Hart. Just about everyone on the MGM lot will be in it—especially Lena Horne. Lena, by the way, has some very nice things to say about the Ted Heath band, which supported her on her recent tour of England.

Arturo Toscannini refused a box at Carnegie Hall offered for the use of his family for the benefit the maestro and the NBC Symphony were giving for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. Instead, he bought it for $250, making an additional contribution to the cause.

Judy Canova had an offer from the manager of London's Palladium Music Hall to appear there this summer. Salary, Judy says, was breath-taking, but she turned it down—she's taking daughter Tweeny on a vacation trip this summer instead.

Ruth Ashton, Ned Calmer, Douglas Edwards, Gerald Maulsky, of CBS Public Affairs, foster parents to four war orphans, get the papers from Giuseppe di Lillo.
Because this amazing lotion is magic
here... as well as here...

Here’s the wondrous thing about Trushay—it’s double-beauty magic for your hands.

First—it’s the most wonderful softening lotion that ever touched your skin. So delicately fragrant—so creamy-rich—so extra-soothing without a trace of stickiness. A joy to use any time. And yet...

Trushay’s magic doesn’t stop there. For it also has a fabulous “beforehand” extra.

Smoothed on your hands before doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Actually helps prevent drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft, delightfully smooth, all day long!

Once you discover Trushay’s double-beauty help, you’ll never again be satisfied with halfway lotions.

Begin today to use Trushay.

TRUSHAY

the lotion with the “beforehand” extra
Like all Louella Parsons' guest stars, William Powell is first her house guest, for rehearsals.

"Mrs. Aldrich" turns up at NBC in costume Thursday nights; right after the broadcast Katherine Rank whisks to Broadway for her part in "The Heiress."

Kay Kyser (left) and Margaret Whiting say thanks to the Beverly Hills Hotel's director, Hernando Courtright, for one of his wonderful parties.

THE trouble with stories about Hollywood is that you don't always get the straight of them; the people who "know" don't always "tell." For a guide to reliable and exciting inside events in the screen city, nothing could be safer than Photoplay—and that's what you get these Saturday mornings on ABC when Photoplay's Editor, Adele Fletcher, offers intimate glimpses of star-life; Cal York, Photoplay columnist, shares the news he's picked up around town; and Les Tremayne tells the biggest human interest story of the Hollywood week. It's all together under Hollywood Headlines. Time: 10:30 A.M. EST, ABC.

Have you noticed how often you've been hearing from your Congressman these days? Independent stations throughout the nation report a tremendous increase in the flow of recordings being sent them from local Congressmen. The 80th Congress has become extremely radio conscious and the legislators are busily cutting discs to get their views to their constituents. This is especially nice for listeners who remember it works both ways. They want you to listen to them, and they want to know how you feel about what they have said.

We always wonder how people get the ideas which
catch the public's fancy and keep their popularity for years. Take an idea like Passing Parade, John Nesbitt's brainchild, which is familiar to all radio listeners and movie goers. John says he got it from an old trunk willed to him by his father, the late Dr. Norman H. Nesbitt, a Unitarian minister, world traveler, author and lecturer. When John opened the old trunk, he discovered in it hundreds of notes, stories, anecdotes, facts about people in all walks of life in every country on the globe. It was from these pieces that John Nesbitt got the idea of writing his commentary on the activities of other human beings.

Burl Ives, the nation's Number One folk singer and balladier, did the musical arrangements of the Civil War folk songs which are featured in the new Irwin Shaw play, "The Survivors." Burl, never one to be too commercial with his friends asked as his fee—and got—two bottles of Scotch!

If you're an Abe Burrows fan, be sure to get the record album he's made, called, "The Girl With The Three Blue Eyes." It's wonderful nonsense with a lot of the material he's done on his shows. (Continued on page 74)
Although there isn't any fairy godmother to wave a magic wand, the fairy story plot is the very idea of the new WHAM program that all Western New York radio listeners are talking about—Cinderella Weekend. The modern counterpart of the delightful fantasy is a radio program that offers, each week, a weekend in New York City to the lady who is named Cinderella of the week.

Cinderella Weekend, a comparatively new feature on WHAM, started on December 1st, 1947. It is broadcast from Rochester's popular Triton Hotel, 1:30—2:00 P.M., Monday through Friday, before approximately 150 enthusiastic spectators.

A huge friendly pumpkin from which to draw the lucky participants' numbers; a giant battery of electric timers to record the winners; microphones, control mechanism and many other colorful gadgets are all set up each noon in the Marine Dining Room of the Triton.

The ladies, who usually come early for the show, sit around small tables, sip coffee, compliments of genial host Sam Imburgia, and otherwise enjoy the "warm-up" period in the cozy atmosphere of the Triton.

The m.c. of the program is Mort Nusbaum. Mort has always been interested in radio. One of his earliest recollections is building a crystal set which had only one earphone and using an oatmeal box for a coil form.

After several years with a Rochester station Mort moved to New York City to serve as National Radio Director for 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation. Later he operated his own Public Relations office. Just before returning to Rochester he was Commercial Manager of the much publicized Blue Book Station, WQQW, in Washington, D. C. Serious illness of his father was the reason for Mort's return home.

His favorite sports are swimming and boating. He also gets a big kick out of meeting orchestra leaders. In Mort's opinion the greatest band leader of all time was Glenn Miller.

It was shortly after Nusbaum's return to Rochester that he had the opportunity to m.c. WHAM's Cinderella Weekend. He also does a two-hour platter program seven nights a week, starting at midnight: Meet Me at the Triton.

Ralph Collier, the announcer on Cinderella Weekend has had an extremely exciting life. His parents, both American citizens, were traveling in Germany at the time of his birth and Ralph was born in Berlin. His elementary education took place in Germany so it is only natural that he speaks German fluently and French, quite well. Many years before World War Two broke out the Colliers were back in America. During the war, Ralph was affiliated with SHAEF, the psychological warfare unit which carried public address systems right up to the front lines and talked to the enemy. Ralph's command of German of course made him a valuable member of SHAEF.

In New York City, Ralph has worked at WNBC, key station of the National Broadcasting Company, and at Mutual. He likes up-state New York and is getting a great kick out of his association with Station WHAM.
GEORGE BURNS; GRACIE ALLEN

Coming Next Month

If you were Gracie Allen, why would you love George Burns? No need to guess at the answer: Gracie tells you, in her own words, in the May Rano MIRROR. And it turns out to be one of the best true love stories we've ever read.

Tough? Not Duff (Howard, that is). Or maybe you know him better as Sam Spade. It's detective Spade, you'll learn, who's the tough guy; when Howard is away from the microphone he's one of Hollywood's gayest, un-toughest, most eligible bachelors. It's a new, true line on the young actor whose career is going up like a rocket —with a full page, full-color portrait of him that shows why he can't keep Effie out of his arms.

More color, blazing and bright, on a two-page picture of Saturday Night Serenade. Here, just for the looking, you give yourself two front-row seats to one of CBS's most glamorous programs, starring sensational Vic Dame and exciting blonde Hollace Shaw. And wait till you see Hollace's gown!

Rano MIRROR's new Television department settles down to serious reporting after its introduction in this issue. You'll want to know what's going in television from now on —everybody will. And here's where to find out.

Also in May: all about Claudia, two very different Mother-and-Daughter stories on Joan Davis, and Dinah Shore, with color you won't be able to keep from framing. And for a bonus, Pepper Young's Family.

YOU'RE LOVELY . . .  YOU'RE LOVABLE . . . WITH

that Always-Fresh look

FRANCES GIFFORD
soon to be seen in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"LUXURY LINER"

Try Frances Gifford's beauty-glow cleansing

ONE! Cleansing-massage with Woodbury Cold Cream. Rich oils cleanse deep. . . loosen make-up. Tissue, and—TWO! Cream on more Woodbury. Four special softening ingredients smooth dry skin. Tissue, and—THREE! A cold water splash for rosy color! Your skin's clear-clean, silky-soft . . . has that Always-Fresh look!

Morning glow—"Spring!" sing the perky hats. "Spring!" echoes Frances' fresh skin! "For my day's beauty start, it's a Woodbury deep-cleanses Facial!"

Dinner drama—Frances' "Always-Fresh" look! But my first date is—a Woodbury glamour treatment! Cleanses and softens. Skin looks romantically smooth!
Mrs. MILLER'S
Bad Little Boy

The remarks of a very young audience at the Philadelphia Zoo may make a startling program. LeRoy crossed his fingers.

THE best step LeRoy Miller ever took was the one down off his ice wagon in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, and into that community’s radio station. In a way, the move was inevitable; you can’t keep talent like LeRoy Miller’s on ice.

Now, far away from that ice wagon and in his twelfth year of broadcasting in Philadelphia, WFIL’s early morning disc jockey has more people listening to his show than tune to any other Philadelphia program broadcast at the time he is on the air. In 12 years in the Quaker City, Miller has risen from a $25 a week staff announcer to become one of the highest paid radio personalities in Philadelphia. His morning program has developed from a 15-minute sustaining show into an hour and three quarters of solidly sponsored time, broadcast weekdays at 7:00.

Like a great many others in radio, LeRoy got his break by accident rather than design. After graduation from high school in Elizabethtown, he formed a three-piece band, which played for dances in nearby Lancaster. One night the local 100-watt station needed a program when the orchestra they scheduled didn’t appear. As a last resort, they threw a broadcast line into the ballroom where LeRoy and his two side-kicks were giving their music all they had and, against the better judgment of all station officials concerned, introduced a new orchestra.

On those first broadcasts, LeRoy played the piano, doubled on the saxophone and, when he wasn’t doing anything else, tripled as master of ceremonies—managing to sound very much like Ben Bernie. After two broadcasts—the radio people liked the first one—the station manager called LeRoy in. “Miller,” he said, “you have a good radio voice and talent for ad libbing, but will you please forget you ever heard of Ben Bernie!” Miller forgot.

It wasn’t long before the station needed a part-time announcer to do two afternoon shows. That was just right for LeRoy, because the same ice business that kept him busy in the morning left him unemployed in the afternoon. As a matter of fact, LeRoy had an idea that he might use one job to make the other more profitable. Subsequent events proved him right. By mentioning the names of all his ice customers on the air—a great social distinction in those days—LeRoy soon forced the only iceman in Elizabethtown out of business.

Williamsport, Pa., was the next stop in his radio career. For $20 a week, Roy became program director, announcer, copy-writer and m.c. for five shows, including a two-hour morning program, a newscast, a woman’s program, one children’s show and a sportscast. One more year in Allentown, Pa., and LeRoy felt he was ready to try for a staff announcer’s job.

The transition from staff announcer to disc jockey was easy for LeRoy. He soon started spinning platters and has been whirling them ever since. After 10 years on one Philadelphia station, Roy moved to WFIL.

Last November, LeRoy added another program to his long list of successes—Breakfast at The Click, broadcast every Saturday morning at 9:30 A.M. over WFIL. A constant flow of requests for reservations keeps the show sold out weeks in advance.

Roy is the father of a baby girl, Lois Anne, born in July, 1947. She doesn’t see enough of her busy father, nor he of her.

Which is the reason why Roy sometimes thinks it might be better in some days if he were still selling ice.
Patience, charm, wit, and even temper under adverse conditions, all these are among the myriad virtues required of the script-wife of William Bendix in the Life of Riley series. Since the program was inaugurated, Paula Winslowe has been conveying these virtues to an ever growing audience. But very few of the listeners to the Saturday night (8 P.M., EST) NBC show have ever suspected that it takes a bit of patience, wit and even temper for Miss Winslowe to make like a radio wife every Saturday night.

But it does. That's because a short while before NBC asked her to take on the role of Peg Riley, Miss Winslowe was making plans to retire from radio and settle down to a happy domestic life with her own husband, John E. Sutherland, a Hollywood businessman. A short spell on the "Riley" show was to be her swan song. Only it didn't work out that way.

Not that Paula Winslowe is of any age that is usually associated with retirement. She was born in 1910, at Grafton, North Dakota, where her father, Winslowe Reyleck, was a leading merchant. While Paula was still a little girl, the family moved to California.

The acting bug stung her early. All schools give plays and the ones she attended were no exception. Paula got her first taste of acting at the age of six and her mind was made up right then that everything she did in the future would lead to that one goal—the theater.

Limiting herself mainly to touring with theater companies in the West and to steady runs in major Western cities, Paula accumulated a fine backlog of experience in acting. When the radio networks began to establish outlets in California, Paula was among the first "regulars" to be hired. In more than a decade of radio in Hollywood, Paula has appeared in nearly every major radio show to originate in the movie capital. She has been a frequent performer on the Jack Benny series, with Burns and Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly and on the Radio Theatre.

Attractive, brown haired, brown eyed, Paula would really like to settle down to a simple home life. She has one son, John, and would like to spend more time with him. Unlike so many Californians, Paula isn't much on outdoor exercise and sports. She'd much rather curl up on a comfortable sofa with a mystery story than go swimming and horseback riding. And for amusement outside her home, she'd much rather sit at a movie than see a prize fight or a horse race.
So soft, so smooth, so natural-looking. You'll say your Toni is the loveliest permanent you've ever had. But, before giving yourself a Toni you will 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-line hair.

Is it easy to do?
Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?
Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

Why is TONI a Creme?
Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently—leaves it soft as silk with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

Which twin has the TONI?
"My Toni-savings paid for a new hat," remarks Edith Ann, "and you'll never believe her!" "No wonder," says Toni Twins. "Eileen Mary, the twin at the left, has the Toni."

Where can I buy TONI?
At all drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.

If sixty minutes at a time of suspense don't stretch your nerves too taut, you've probably been listening to one of CBS's most exciting experiments this season: the expansion of its famous Suspense into an hour-long program with Robert Montgomery as narrator. Besides framing each story, Montgomery plays leading roles in some of the dramas, supporting roles in others.

Suspenseful mystery is no new field to actor-producer Montgomery. He escaped from playwright movie roles into meatier ones via his work in Emlyn Williams' "Night Must Fall." The brilliant performance he turned in is in that famous study of an unbalanced criminal mind marked a welcome and long-overdue turning point in his career; it emancipated him from frothy comedy roles and established his reputation as a serious, intelligent actor.

Following his wartime service as lieutenant commander in the Navy, Montgomery returned to Hollywood and to "Lady in the Lake," which introduced a revolutionary new technique to the screen. Following this, he directed and starred in "Ride the Pink Horse." He was a frequent guest performer on Suspense and other radio dramatic programs.

Director-producer of Suspense is William Spier, whose work with this program and with the Adventures of Sam Spade has earned him a reputation for outstanding ability with psychological and action radio drama. Under his guidance, Suspense last year won a Peabody award as radio's foremost mystery series. Now, with twice the time in which to develop his effects, Spier believes that aspects of the mystery-drama which a half-hour program must necessarily skimp on can be much more convincingly presented. The motivation of the criminal, for instance, can be worked out understandably, and when the climax comes there is more time in which to tie up the loose ends that a mystery always has lying around. Also, of course, the prime concern of the mystery-drama—the terrifying, mystifying details that keep the real devotee rooted in his chair with suspense—can be emphasized.

The stories chosen for dramatization are a classic of old and new mystery fiction, and well worth the careful treatment Suspense is giving them.

Musical backgrounds are composed by Lucien Morawek and conducted by Lud Gluskin, CBS West Coast Music Director. Suspense is heard Saturday nights at 8 P.M. EST.
The votes are counted, the returns are in—on this and the following six pages, Radio Mirror announces with a great deal of pride and pleasure the results of your voting in the first annual Radio Mirror Awards.

In September, 1947, Radio Mirror told readers of the Awards, invited them to participate in this, the only polling of the people who really count in the radio business—the listeners themselves. In the November issue was printed a ballot on which readers voted for their favorite stars, in December, a ballot for favorite programs. Radio Mirror's reader-listeners responded overwhelmingly. And now, for the first time, radio stations, networks, advertising agencies, the people who decide what shall be heard on the air, know what the listeners—without whom there would be no radio—want to listen to!

—The Editors
The girl with most potent voice-appeal

Checks highest in Comedian category

As Husband-and-Wife team, top honors

Everyone—the people who put programs together and the people who listen to them—has read, with varying degrees of pleasure or annoyance, the results of previous polls concerning radio—polls which have indicated the preferences of radio editors, critics and other admittedly prejudiced persons who are professionally involved in the big business of radio. How do these choices compare with the preferences of the listeners themselves? Radio Mir-
And still champion: best-loved Male Voice

Bing Crosby

Wins a double: both CBS shows voted “best”

Arthur Godfrey

Betty Winkler
Rosemary: top Daytime Actress

Bill Stern
Led Sports-Announcing field by large margin

ror editors wondered. If we conduct a poll, will Radio Mirror reader-listeners vote for their favorite stars, their favorite programs?

The only way to find the answers was to try. Would readers vote? They would and did! And from those votes came the results given here.

The first ballot counted preferences in the field of radio personalities. Here, in the order in which the categories appeared on the ballots, are the first-place winners on the poll for favorite stars:
Woman Singer .................. Dinah Shore
Dinah's songs and Harry James' music, heard Friday nights, CBS

Man Singer .................. Bing Crosby
Bing's songs, with John Scott Trotter and his orchestra, and guests. Wednesday nights, ABC

Orchestra Leader ................ Fred Waring
With The Pennsylvanians, Glee Club, Gordon Goodman, Stuart Churchill, Jane Wilson, Joan Wheatley, Walter Sheff, Mac Perrin, Gordon Berger, Joe Marine, Joe Sodja, and Daisy Bernier, Monday through Friday mornings, and Monday nights, NBC

News Commentator ................ Lowell Thomas
His own views of world happenings, heard Monday through Friday nights over CBS stations

Announcer .................. Don Wilson
Heard on the Jack Benny Show, Sunday nights, NBC

Sports Announcer ................ Bill Stern
His own program, with special sports world guests, Friday nights on NBC stations

Comedienne .................. Joan Davis
The Joan Davis show, comedy-drama, with Ben Gage singing. Saturday nights on CBS stations.

Comedian .................. Jack Benny
The Jack Benny Show, with Mary Livingstone, Dennis Day, Rochester, Phil Harris' orchestra, Sportsmen Quartet, and guests. Sunday nights, NBC

Daytime Serial Actor ........... Karl Swenson
Heard as Lorenzo Jones, lovable and funny inventor of amazing gadgets, Monday through Friday, NBC, and as Lord Henry Brinthrope, husband of Our Gal Sunday, Monday through Friday, CBS

Daytime Serial Actress ........... Betty Winkler
Title role, Rosemary, the story of a small town girl's search for happiness and her reluctance to accept it at the expense of her family responsibilities, Monday through Friday, CBS

Quizmaster .................. Joe Kelly
Leads the remarkable Quiz Kids through their paces Sunday afternoons on NBC

Husband-and-Wife Team . . . Ozzie and Harriet
Domestic comedy: Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard, Tommy Bernard, Henry Blair, Janet Waldo, Billy May's orchestra. Friday, CBS

Most Promising Newcomer to Radio
.................. Vic Damone
Saturday Night Serenade, with Hollace Shaw, Gus Haenschen's orchestra,

William Keighley
producer-host on best drama show, Lux Theatre

Basil Loughrane
produces top religious show, Light of the World.

Nile Mack
whose hand guides Let's Pretend, best juvenile.

Don Wilson
wins first place in the announcer division.
Emil Cote's Serenaders, Saturday evenings, CBS

Favorite Recording............... "Near You"
As played by Francis Craig's orchestra, Bob Lamm, vocalist; recorded by Bullet

In the December issue of Radio Mirror appeared the second ballot, on which readers chose favorite programs. Here are the results:

Comedy.......................... Red Skelton
With Verna Felton, Pat McGehean, and David Rose's orchestra—on Tuesday nights, NBC stations

Daytime Serial........... Right to Happiness
Claudia Morgan, Gary Merrill, Les Damon, Rosemary Rice, Anne Sargent, Ginger Jones, Louise Barclay, Helene Dumas, David Gothard. Monday through Friday, NBC

Drama...................... Lux Radio Theatre

Mystery...................... Mr. District Attorney
Jay Jostyn as Mr. D.A. with Vicki Vola, Len Mexico, and Peter Van Steeden's orchestra. Heard Wednesday nights, NBC stations

Audience Participation.. Breakfast in Hollywood
Tom Breneman with breakfast prizes, and surprises for his guests. Monday through Friday mornings, ABC stations

Best Program.................... Arthur Godfrey
Talent Scouts Monday nights on CBS brings talented but unknown performers to light. Daytime typical Godfrey "little bit of everything" is heard Monday through Friday mornings, CBS

For Children.................... Let's Pretend
Nila Mack's dramatizations of fairy tales, with Pat Ryan, Sybil Trent, Miriam Wolfe, Albert Aley, Gwen Davies, Michael O'Day, Jack Gaines, Maurice Brown's orchestra. Saturday mornings, CBS

Best Musical Program............ Fred Waring
Heard Monday through Friday, NBC, and Monday nights, NBC, with full Waring musical aggregation

Educational................ American School of the Air
Monday, Liberty Road; Tuesday, March of Science; Thursdays, Opinions Please. Late afternoons, CBS

Religious....................... Light of the World
Dramatizations of familiar Old Testa-
Fred Waring
Named readers' Favorite Orchestra Leader

Marie Wilson
Irma of My Friend Irma: Best New Program

Red Skelton
Star of his own—and best-liked—Comedy

Jay Scott
Mr. District Attorney of the Favorite Mystery

...ment Bible stories. Monday through Friday afternoons, NBC

Best New Program............. My Friend Irma
Marie Wilson is Irma, with Cathy Lewis, Leif Erickson, Hans Conreid, Gloria Gordon, Lud Gluskin's orchestra. Heard Monday nights, CBS

And there they are, your favorites for 1947. How did the final choices of listeners all over the country compare with your personal votes?
Radio Mirror Magazine is happy to cite these programs and stars as examples of good listening fare. We know they're good because you, the radio audience, have told us so. We know, therefore, that they are good by the best possible standard: they fulfill their function of providing the entertainment they are designed to give.

Radio Mirror thanks you for sending in your vote, invites you to vote again next fall, in the Radio Mirror Awards for 1948!
As the moans got louder, Charlie and Bergen got paler.

"Well, well—it's you, isn't it, Mortimer?" Edgar Bergen settled himself before the living room fire, beside his small friend, who was sitting and gazing vacantly into the flickering logs.

"Yup," drawled Mortimer Snerd sadly, "It's me. Ain't that jest my luck?"

"Why, Mortimer—" Bergen leaned forward. "Where did you get that black eye? And how come you're down in the dumps this evening?"

"Well," Mortimer began, "there I wuz, enjoyin' myself somethin' awful out in that empty lot down the street, with Charlie and Skinny and some other fellers and Charlie he had a stick in his hand and he wuz wavin' it and everybuddy was yellin' at him to hit it and then there wuz this one feller kept sayin' 'strike,' so the nex' time I saved him the trouble 'cause I was standin' closest to Charlie and I yelled 'strike' and he did. He struck me."

Bergen sighed. "I don't know what is going to become of Charlie. He and Skinny and that gang of theirs..."
are getting to be the terror of the neighborhood. I get complaints all day long—breaking windows with their baseballs... teasing the girls... playing hookey from school... teasing the girls... digging tunnels into old Mr. Campion's back yard... teasing the—"

"Ole Cross-Patch Campion?"

"Mortimer! I'm surprised at you. You're as bad as Charlie. It's not respectful to call that cross, mean old man a 'cross-patch.' Anyway, he came storming over here the other day and said Charlie's been driving him crazy with his pranks. Says his doctor told him he's heading for a nervous breakdown and advised him to hire a nurse to keep him calm. Says he's going to sue me. Oh, my! The trouble that Charlie is causing me. If I could only think of some way to teach him a lesson."

"Me, too. He ain't goin' to make a fool outa me—I got a headstart on him!"

"Fool—fool... that's it, Mortimer! It's April Fools' Day tomorrow. We'll play a trick on that young scamp that will take him down a peg or two. If we can get a laugh at his expense—and then we'll tell all his friends about it. Then he won't be able to lead them into those scrapes of his."

"Mister Bergen—that's a wonderful idee!" Mortimer guffawed. Then his face fell. "What idee?"

"You! All dressed up in a long, white sheet and pretending to be a ghost. Walking through the house, moaning out loud! And what's more—we'll do it tonight, before he's expecting any April Foolery."

"But I'm scecered of ghosties, too."

"This time you'll be the ghost, so how could you get scared? Right after twelve o'clock you put the sheet on over your head and start walking through the house. Moan and yell. We'll get that dog's chain from the toolhouse and you can drag that behind you."

It took some time for the idea to percolate through Mortimer's head, but finally he nodded. His face brightened. "Har! That's a good one, Mister (Continued on page 91)"
If All Fool’s Day wasn’t named for Mortimer, it should have been. It’s the only lucky day he has all year.

By Irene Holly

"Well, well—it’s you, isn’t a Mortimer?" Edgar Bergen tilted himself before the dizzy room fire, beside his small friend who was sitting and gazing vacantly into the flickering logs.

"Yup," drawled Mortimer sadly. "It’s me. Ain’t that just my luck?"

"Why, Mortimer—" Bergen leaned forward. "Where did you get that black eye? And how come you’re down in the dumps this evening?"

"Well," Mortimer began, "there I was, enjoyin’ myself somethin’ awful out in that empty lot down the street, with Charlie and Skinny and some other fellers and Charlie he had a stick in his hand and he was wavin’ it and everybody was yellin’ at him to hit it and then there was this one feller kept sayin’ ‘smile’ so the next time I saved him the trouble ‘cause I was standin’ there to Charlie and I yelled ‘strike’ and he did. He struck me."

Bergen sighed. "I don’t know who is going to become of Charlie, He and Skinny and that gang of theirs are getting to be the terror of the neighborhood. I get complaints all day long—breaking windows with their baseballs... teasing the girls... playing hookey from school... teasing the girls... digging tunnels into old Mr. Campion’s back yard..."

"Oh, Cross-Patch Campion?"

"Mortimer! I’m surprised at you. You’re as bad as Charlie. It’s not respectful to call that cross, mean old man a cross-patch."

Anyway, he came stormin’ over here the other day and said Charlie’s been drivin’ him crazy with his pranks. Says his doctor told him he’s heading for a nervous breakdown and advised him to hire a nurse to keep him calm. Says he’s going to sue me. Oh, my!

The trouble that Charlie is causin’ me. If I could only think of some way to teach him a lesson."

"Me, too. He ain’t goin’ to make a fool outa me—I got a headstart on him."

" Fool—fool... that’s it, Mortimer! It’s April Fool’s Day tomorrow. We’ll play a trick on that young scamp that will take him down a peg or two. If we can get a laugh at his expense—and then we’ll tell all his friends about it. Then he won’t be able to lead them into those scrapes of his.”

"Mister Bergen—that’s a wonderful idea! Mortimer gulped. Then his face fell. "What idee?"

"You! All dressed up in a long, white sheet and pretending to be a ghost. Walking through the house, moanin’ out loud! And what’s more—we’ll do it tonight, before he’s expectin’ any April Foolery."

"But I’m scared of phantoms, too."

"This time you’ll be the ghost, so how could you get scared? Right after twelve o’clock you put the sheet on over your head and start walking through the house. Moon and gull. We’ll get that dog’s chain from the toolhouse and you can drag that behind you."

It took some time for the idea to percolate through Mortimer’s head. But finally he nodded. His face brightened. "Har! That’s a good one, Mister (Centenarian on page 91)."

Talking to Charlie didn’t get Bergen anywhere. The only thing he could do, he decided, was to reach Mortimer well, and go ahead with that plan of theirs to teach Charlie a lesson.


**Woman, In Spring**

*Radio Mirror's Prize Poem*

There was warm wind and the quick spring thunder
And a rain that turned the gray snow under.
A drenched sparrow swung on a budding bough
And Martha Ann thought of the idle plough.

If Jeb were here, he would count each second
Until planting time, but now Martha Ann reckoned
That he wouldn't be back till rebuilding was through
And there was much too much for a woman to do.

To fret at the seasons and fume and splutter
So she baked trash bread and churned some butter
And busied herself at a hundred chores,
Never once looking at the out-of-doors.

But first thing she knew her ordered mind was going
Down a furrowed field and the wind was blowing,
Kind of sing-song like, as she mind-scattered seeds
For raising a crop against next year's needs.

So she chuckled to herself and wished for the ending
Of Spring's first rain—and couldn't start her mending
For staring through windows at rain-soaked lands
And for the urge to plant that was itching her hands.

Knowing that this hour had ever-proofed her from the blunder
Of scoring Jeb's impatience with her own small

——Anobel Amour

**The Shopper**

Madam Sparrow bargains hard,
With other birds in our backyard.

She flips her skirts and hurries along,
Never a second to waste on song,

Always careful with her cash,
She hunts for bargains in the trash.

Today the trash is full of dust,
Her bosom heaves in frank disgust.

But a lady must think of her family's needs,
So she settles for most of our garden seeds.

I ought to chase her but I just can't!
She acts so much like somebody's aunt.

——Hayden Rogers

**UNDERSTUDY**

He does not know that I have memorized
Her lines, her arias, her postured grace;
He does not know that I have dreams devised
To capture every mood upon his face.

I stand within the wings and watch her star
In the dramatic role of his great love.

My eyes scan every move lest I should mar
The act I've learned and planned to place above
My own familiar world. He does not know
My hungry arms are waiting to partake
Of April's dream and leave this undertow
Of loneliness. I must make no mistake.

The night shall come she cannot play her part.
Then I'll be leading lady in his heart!

——Ruby Diehn

**Rodeo**

Love is a bronco
Come blossoming spring,
But a lasso the shape
Of a wedding ring
Can circle him round
And draw him in
To trot to the tempo
Of Lohengrin.

——Jessie Farnham

**INSPIRATION**

I sing the worth of ugliness,
A twisted, naked tree,
The tatters of a beggar's dress,
A gray unruly sea!

My pretty days contributed
No fragment to my art.
I got the worth of all I've said
From scars across my heart!

——Geraldine Ross

**RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars**

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

Light words, mostly—to go with the fresh new April air.
By TED MALONE

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

ELEGY

Now with the last of sun on the backyard
city walls, the rubic bled
by time and shadow, now is the hour
to drink to your departed head.
I drink to your black hair tossed in heaven,
I drink to your green and blazing eyes:
you who could spit like a humped-up kitten
are not less wicked in paradise.
I drink to your heart, strong-built for singing;
I drink to your laughter and your wit;
I drink you home to a starry rafter
and cannot weep because of it.
—Frances Frost

Window

A window is so small a thing
To hold so broad a view in it:
Hoop-skirted apple tree in Spring,
And long look to the infinite
Blue sky, and close regard of sparrow;
A window is so frail to hold
A mountain, and so low and narrow
To frame a river flecked with gold.
So much there is that's beautiful
One may, through square of window, see—
But this becomes its miracle:
My true love coming home to me.
—Elaine V. Emans

and the optimistic stirring in the earth
The fiddle Ben plays for his own amazement. It's Ben's real career—radio—that's the important one in their family, Esther says.

By ROBBIN COONS

ESTHER WILLIAMS was in her hotel apartment in New York City, engaged in interviewing schoolboys to take part in her local personal appearances, when the telephone rang.

"Los Angeles calling," said Melvina McEldowney, her friend and traveling companion.

"It's Ben!" cried Esther. "I'll take it in the bedroom."

The conversation that ensued was as lugubrious, tear-moistened, and heart-wringing as any this side of a tent-show performance of "East Lynne" with the orchestra playing "Hearts and Flowers."

"Es, darling," said Ben Gage huskily, "the weather is terribly lonely out here in Hollywood. . . . Gee, honey, I'm missing you . . . Can't stand it any longer . . . The house so empty . . ."

Esther's heart bled with the pity, the sweetness, the sadness of it all. She saw visions of her giant blond husband pining away to a shadow, lost without her, and she already gone a whole week.

"I'm so sorry, dearest, so—"

Click! They were disconnected. Esther jiggled the hook frenziedly, but nothing happened. She sat down and bawled.

Five minutes later, after she had dried her eyes, she returned to the living room. The schoolboys were still there.

Melvina said: "And here's another boy, just came in."

(Continued on page 79)
Angie always wags joyously when she hears Ben's voice, on records or on the Joan Davis show, which is heard Saturday evenings over CBS.

that "be yourself" pair would tease formality into a nervous breakdown!
ESTHER WILLIAMS was in her hotel apartment in New York City, engaged in interviewing schoolboys to take part in her local personal appearances, when the telephone rang.

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"Darling," said Ben Gage huskily, "the weather is terribly lonely out here in Hollywood. . . . Gee, honey, I'm missing you. . . . Can't stand it any longer. . . . The house so empty. . . ."

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"And here's another boy, just came in, then." (Continued on page 75)

that "be yourself" pair would tease formality into a nervous breakdown!
GIL WHITNEY, prominent West Coast attorney, makes his home in San Fernando Valley, and is thus within easy reach of Hollywood and Helen, whom he loves. But Gil and Helen are both so dynamic and attractive that the pattern of their romance is constantly being interrupted by other people who are drawn, often explosively, into their activity-filled lives. (played by David Gothard)

CYNTHIA SWANSON, wealthy and, in a studied, sophisticated way, very striking, is doing her best to draw Gil Whitney away from Helen. Her bitterness against Helen dates back to a time when Cynthia and Gil were engaged, and Helen inadvertently came between them. Now the neurotic Cynthia is dominated by twin desires: to re-involve Gil, and to hurt Helen. (played by Mary Jane Higby)
HELEN TRENT demonstrates in her looks, personality and mind the advantages that a clever woman can develop as she approaches more mature years. Poised and talented, Helen is chief gown designer at a major Hollywood picture studio, International Artists. Intelligently, Helen orders her activities into smooth-running routine, but in the larger emotional aspects of her life, there are often complications. And, very frequently, these complications are caused by men—men who, like Curtis Bancroft, are strongly attracted by Helen's wit and womanly, vital charm.

(Helen Trent is played by Julie Stevens)
CURTIS BANCROFT is something of a man of mystery. Handsome and attractive, he is generally shy and ill at ease with everyone but Helen. Curtis is a man of great wealth—his money having come from Oklahoma oil fields. What Helen, who is definitely attracted to Curtis, does not know is that he is married. That he has kept a secret, for he has fallen in love with Helen. AGNES and NICK COLLINS are Curtis Bancroft's housekeeper and chauffeur. In their early sixties, both have been with the Bancroft family since Curtis was a child, and jealously guard his interests. Both are genuinely fond of him, and constantly are alert for predatory females who are interested not in Curtis alone but in the money and position that go with Bancroft. (Curtis is played by Bartlett Robinson: Agnes is Linda Reid; Nick is Klock Ryder.)
JEFF BRADY is Helen's boss at International Artists Studios—Curtis Bancroft owns fifty-one per cent of the stock and Jeff the remainder. Very fond of Helen, Jeff has known her for many years. He is an astute business man, and is well known and well liked in Hollywood motion picture circles. LYDIA is Jeff Brady's wife. A few years older than Helen, she is Helen's assistant at International Artists, working because she disliked spending so much of her time alone in the big Brady home. Lydia Brady likes Helen, admires her not only as a friend, but for her creative talent as well. (Lydia is Helene Dumas; Jeff is Kenneth Daigneau)

AGATHA ANTHONY is a charming and sympathetic elderly woman, who shares Helen Trent's attractive apartment on Palm Drive in Hollywood. Agatha has lived with Helen for many years, sharing not only her home but her troubles and good fortune as well, for she is Helen's closest friend and her confidante. She knows, with her perfect natural instinct for the right thing, when to advise and when to withhold her opinions concerning the men whom Helen attracts. Much older than Helen, of course, Agatha relives her own younger days in the vicarious enjoyment of Helen's exciting life. (played by Bess McCammon)
Beware of that word "impossible." It operates in your life as a weed does in your garden: to choke the more promising blooms.
children, six dogs, and the myriad tasks of holding jobs, while our men were away, and running a house, well, it was more than a bit of a chore.

Then, when Dotty received word her husband was on his way home, I knew that I would have to begin the heartbreaking search for an apartment all over again. After all, the little house would burst at the seams with just one more occupant.

This morning a man drove up in a nice, shiny auto and asked to see the puppies, saying he'd pay ten dollars for his pick of the litter. Patsy stood very quietly watching him as he looked at first one, then the other. But when he picked up her favorite, the little black feller, and said, "I'll take this one," she turned and ran to our room, her shoulders jerking in silent sobs. My heart heavy, I followed her. I tried to explain that when Daddy came home, perhaps we could buy a house, then she could have a puppy.

She looked up at me with tears rolling down her cheeks, and I'll never forget that resigned despair in her childish voice as she answered, "But by the time Daddy's home and we can buy a house, I'll maybe be growed so big I won't care for a puppy."

Well, needless to say, I got her the puppy. I just couldn't take it any longer. And a week later I found an apartment that would include one puppy and one very, very happy little girl.

I learned then that often the things we think are impossible are sometimes so in our minds only. And from my baby, I have learned that if life would be beautiful, we must grasp happiness at the moment it presents itself.

Mrs. L. B.

Radio Mirror's ten-dollar checks have gone to writers of the following letters:

A LUCKY BREAK

Dear Papa David:

When I was ten years old I was an orphan in an orphanage and not very happy although they were good to me. Besides being unhappy I must have been slightly wayward because I was soon transferred to a reformatory. Life really was tough and miserable there. The guards were big, rough, brutal fellows, our living quarters were unsanitary, the food was bad, and we had no clothing worth mentioning. But we did have plenty of work,—hard, backbreaking work.

On Sunday we always had church service which was held by a preacher from a different church almost every time. So we never got to really know any of them.

After a few years of this kind of life, I began to think there was nothing worth living for, and by the time I had given up all hope of anything better, a very old preacher came to hold services for us. His sermons made me feel better and he sounded so kind I wanted very much to talk with him personally. I wondered how I would get the chance as we rarely saw the preacher after the services were over. One day I got a lucky break. As we marched out of the chapel the preacher was standing by the door shaking hands with every boy. When my turn came, I said, "Sir, I enjoyed your sermon, and will you please let me talk to you privately?" I was shaking all over and my heart was thumping like our old corn mill because the guards tried to keep us from talking to any outsiders alone. After what seemed ages he said, with a surprised expression on his kindly old face, "Why yes, son. I'll be glad to talk with you. Just wait here with me." After all my worry, it was as easy as that!

No one interfered, so I told him all my troubles, hopes and fears. He seemed to understand what I needed because it wasn't too long before I was out of that place, working at a job I enjoyed and living at his home.

That grand old man is gone now, but he taught me to live the way that makes life beautiful.

M. M. W.

(Continued on page 96)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 265 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

and Don Becker, is heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, PST; 1 MST; 2 CST; 3 EST, on NBC stations.
Happy

Bunnies and colored eggs are for children,

Jinx Falkenburg can always take time out for her young son Paddy McCrary, even when she's busy rehearsing her daily WNBC show. This is Paddy's first venture into egg decorating.

Milton Berle's two-year-old daughter Vickie seems to feel that Daddy, who's always playing jokes anyway, has a trick way of making that egg stand up. She can't manage it at all!

Ann and Lee Yourman find Lee's pet rabbits social assets this time of year. Mother, Alice Yourman, is also "mother" on the Archie Andrews show.
Before you can color eggs you have to have eggs to color, Jonnie, son of Jack Berch, discovers. Fortunately, among Berch family pets is a handy egg factory, producing like mad.

Making out a guest list for an Easter egg hunt takes the concentration Len Doyle learned as "Harrington" on Mr. District Attorney. The young Doyles are Lee, 8, Dennis, 3, Terry, 9.

Jonnie, having procured his eggs from the factory, explains the art of egg dyeing to his sister Mollie, while Jack Berch takes time from his daily show to help Mrs. B. do the work.
The Major cost Vickie a fortune—

but he had love, and a ghost, on his side

“FIVE WEDDINGS a week—that’s two hundred and sixty a year—and this is your third year on the air!” exclaimed a recent visitor to Bride and Groom. Then, inevitably, he asked the question that’s heard so often around our program office, “Where in the world do you find that many engaged couples to appear on your broadcasts?”

Roberta Roberts, hostess and all-around “Gal Friday” for our program, smiled at the familiar question, and, in answer, pointed to the stacks of letters on her desk. “We receive an average of a thousand letters a week,” she explained, “and an impressively high percentage of them are from engaged couples wanting to be the ‘Bride and Groom’ of the day on one of our broadcasts. There may still be a post-war shortage of some things—
but definitely not of good, old-fashioned romance!"

When these letters are received from an engaged couple, they are answered by the mailing of an application, and a request to tell us about themselves and their romance. These details, accompanied by a photograph of the couple, are then submitted to a board of judges—a clergyman, an attorney, and a radio executive—whose decisions are final; and whose identities are not revealed, so that their selections will be on a completely impartial basis.

After a couple is chosen, we are always particularly interested in one point; what prompted their application to Bride and Groom?

Occasionally the reason is an objective one. So many young couples have to count the pennies carefully when planning marriage—and there have been several cases in which they just couldn't have afforded a wedding except for the many gifts which are presented to each Bride and Groom couple. When the two are sincerely in love, and are approaching marriage with an adult understanding of its importance and responsibility, we have a good feeling about our gifts making it possible for their dream to come true.

Or perhaps they have chosen Bride and Groom as the only way in which their friends and relatives—living in many different parts of the country—can "attend" the wedding.

But there are even more unusual reasons. The one that stands out in my memory most vividly was offered by Major Martin Kadetz when he and his fiancée, Vickie
Lang, came to talk with me about their approaching marriage. Here is the Major's reason for their Bride and Groom appearance:

"I'm so head-over-heels in love with Vickie, and so unbelievably happy that she's really going to be my wife, that I want the whole world to know about it. Being on Bride and Groom gives me a chance to shout it from the roof-tops on a coast to coast basis!"

When a man is that much in love, there must be something special about the girl. And there is. At nineteen, Vickie Lang—tiny, blonde, and blue-eyed—rated just at the top of the cute brides-to-be who have visited our studio at the Chapman Park Hotel in Hollywood.

Vickie is an aspiring actress, and motion picture studios were the lure that brought her to California from her home in Minneapolis. She lived with relatives in Los Angeles during her opening campaign in what she calls "the battle of the casting agencies." A fairly successful campaign, too, though she bemoans the fact that "most of my best scenes wound up as only decorations . . . on the cutting-room floor!"

But hopes are high when you're young and beautiful, and Vickie's enthusiasm for California increased so much that she finally convinced her family that they, too, should exchange Minnesota for the Pacific Coast.

Major Kadetz—a regular Army officer in the Medical Corps, who was then stationed at nearby San Bernardino—came into the picture about then. "Purely on a conversational basis at first," he admits. "We had a mutual friend who probably bored Vickie to tears (though she insists he made me sound interesting) by singing my praises to her. And whenever I'd see this friend, he'd go into almost poetical descriptions of the girl 'who was just made for you!'

The only factual things the Major could discover from his praise-singing friend was that Vickie was an expert swimmer and spent a lot of time at the Beverly Hills Club, which had a beautiful pool. "By that time, my friend had me so built up about Vickie that I started combing my acquaintances for members of the club, and then badgering them for an invitation."

Finally he saw her. "I'll always remember that first meeting with Vickie for two reasons," the Major said. "First, she was the most attractive girl I had ever seen—tailor-made for all the dreams my heart had ever had of The Girl. The second reason wasn't a happy one—I saw that she had a boy-friend, and a very attentive one."

It took a bit of maneuvering for Major Kadetz to arrange an introduction, but what's a little maneuvering for a military man who's found the girl who fits into every dream?

"I liked Martin from the first moment of our meeting," Vickie said. "If he had only guessed how much I liked him, what a lot of needless worry he'd have escaped."

The worry came about through the "very attentive boy-friend." Whenever the Major and Vickie would casually swim off together toward one of the less-crowded corners of the pool, there'd be a loud splash, and there'd be the boy-friend. Finally the Major determined to face the situation out, and asked Vickie how important the boy-friend was in her present and future plans.

"That's difficult to answer," said Vickie. "We've known each other for almost a year now; and for the past few months we've been going pretty steadily together.

"But she hadn't said anything about "engagement" or "wedding plans," so the Major's hopes and heart soared high again. That is, until he said casually to the member who had invited him on his twentieth visit to the club, "I was afraid Vickie was already spoken for, the day I first met her, but now that I know I've got a chance there isn't any kind of competition that could impress me."

The friend looked at him doubtfully. "Not even a million dollars?"

"Of course not! Why . . . ?" the Major's voice lost some of its assurance as he saw that the other was not joking. "You mean that boy-friend . . . ?"

The club member nodded. "He's very definitely a millionaire. Why, didn't you know you were batting in that kind of league?"

But the dazed Major didn't answer—he was walking away slowly, trying to take in what he'd just heard. "Oh, I know," he laughed later, "in all the stories it always turns out that the poor but proud hero sweeps the heroine off her feet while billionaires plead in vain for her hand in marriage. But this was real life, not a scenario. If the fellow had been a heel or something, I wouldn't have worried so much. But he wasn't. He was a good guy, popular with everyone—and he was a millionaire. I was just too stubborn, though, to give up. That, and the fact that I knew Vickie was the one girl I could love with all my heart."

He did make one concession to the millionaire competition, though—when ever he managed to bring up the subject of marriage, in his talks with Vickie, he very carefully kept it on a teasing basis. "I saw through that from the first," laughed Vickie. "He was sort of propagandizing me about marrying him, but by doing it in a kidding way he was side-stepping the chance of being coldly rejected." (Cont'd on page 70)
TELEVISION

The year 1948 marks the same exciting phase in the development of television that her coming-out ball does to a debutante: it is an entrance into the world of larger affairs. Television felt its way experimentally in previous years. Now, with major networks ready to start construction on video stations all over the country, with large-scale advertisers convinced that television has come of age as a practicable advertising medium, with lower-priced receivers increasingly available, both the industry and the public have come to feel that this, at last, is the year in which television will become an operative part of everyone’s life. Radio Mirror, therefore, enlarges its service to readers by launching, with these statements from the four chief chains, the new Television Department. Check it every month for a reliable guide to television’s progress.

NBC, which has pioneered in television since 1930, operates the nation’s first video network. Anchored on NBC’s New York outlet WNBT, the stations are WPTZ in Philadelphia, WRGB in Schenectady and WNBW in Washington. Soon to be added are WBAL-TV in Baltimore and WBZ-TV in Boston.

Meantime, NBC is constructing stations in Chicago and Los Angeles. Each of these will be the focal point for regional networks in the midwest and far west. Predictions are that coast-to-coast facilities will be available by 1950 to interconnect these regional networks in the three sections of the country to form a nationwide network.

Frank E. Mullen, NBC executive vice president, says that by the end of 1948 there will be fifty stations on the air, 1,000,000 receivers in the homes of viewers, and a potential audience of 40,000,000 persons for television in this country.

For ABC, 1948 marks the end of an era of program experimentation over the facilities of other video transmitters, and the construction of its own stations in the important population centers. The network plans to put five completely equipped television stations on the air before the end of the year. All will be ABC-owned and operated.

WENR-TV, in Chicago, will probably blaze the trail. Scheduled to open in September, the Chicago transmitter and studios will be located in the Civic Opera Building. In November ABC will telescast the first pictures from its Detroit station, and later in the year Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York will enter the fold.

New York’s ABC station transmission towers will be on the Chrysler Building. The Los Angeles site will be on Mount Wilson. Coincidental with the opening of the five stations, steps will be taken to create a national video network.

In the past year CBS Television expanded its operations substantially and nearly doubled its scheduled “on the air” hours. Approximately 50% of the total was commercial time. Both figures should increase in 1948 when, in all probability, programming will reach a regular seven-day basis for the first time. All network spokesmen agree in anticipating that television will reach a billion-dollar industry status within a very few years.

CBS Television coverage in 1947 brought viewers many colorful sports events. These sports exclusives will be continued in 1948, together with expanded television coverage in all types of programs.

An application by CBS for Chicago and Boston television outlets are pending before the FCC. These stations will be part of the CBS Eastern Seaboard network, forerunner of a national chain.

In 1948, Mutual plans considerable expansion of its television activities, an expansion for which groundwork has been laid by research and experimentation.

Mutual is a member of the Television Broadcasters Association. Jack R. Poppele, president of TBA, is a director of Mutual and several key executives of MBS have been individually active in pioneering developments of television.

Also, Mutual affiliated stations hold construction permits for two television stations and have applications pending for eight others. In addition, dual affiliates have construction permits for four stations and an application pending for one, all pointing to Mutual’s participation in television on a network scale. Mutual’s Chicago affiliate, WGN, already has a commercial television station on the air, and Don Lee’s pioneer station in Los Angeles operates on an experimental permit.
HOME-SERVICE Club

TEX and Jinx McCrary's Swift Home Service Club, NBC Television's first regular commercial daytime program, is patterned after a woman's magazine with weekly features including fashions, cooking demonstrations, home decorations, interviews, "shorts"—everything that could appear in a woman's magazine.

The two regular "experts" who appear with Tex and Jinx each week are home economist Martha Logan and home decoration expert Sandra Gahle. Then, through guests, the McCrarys m. c. specialist-eyevies of other aspects of the woman's world. You can even play games; guest experts have demonstrated Charades as an extra-special feature.

NBC execs Alley and Wade helped McCrarys, agency man Cooley scoop on British wedding.

Special feature day: columnist Earl Wilson and wife, radio writer Elaine Carrington.

Home economist Martha Logan supplies Tex with samples from NBC's complete kitchen.
Betty Rhodes, blue-eyed singing star, is known in Hollywood as "First Lady of Television," a title given her by television engineers in the early nineteen-thirties, when she began working with them on video makeup.

Coming west with her parents at the age of nine, she sang on a small station in Berkeley, California, but after a few months moved to Hollywood with Al Pearce and his gang to join the staff of radio station KHJ, and sang on a long list of glamor radio shows (Al Jolson, Tony Martin, Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney and Spike Jones) although she was a youngster in pigtails. It was the quality of her voice even then that attracted attention. Now, Betty is concentrating on her Victor contracts. According to disc jockeys, the vivid blonde Betty is as much an audience favorite as an engineers'.

Gil Fates, all-round video master-of-ceremonies and producer at CBS Television Station WCBS-TV, currently broadcasts special events, sports and other program features, with a sense of humor that is bringing him to the forefront in the new medium. Fates has been identified with CBS Television since May, 1941, except for time out in military service with the Coast Guard. He is heard on such programs as the Circus, Silver Skates, basketball and track. He also produces Scrapbook, Junior Edition.

An actor and stage manager before coming into television, Gil traveled with Alexander Woollcott in "The Man Who Came To Dinner"; Joan Bennett in "Stage Door"; Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in "The American Way." In fact, he made his application at CBS just before going on the road with the "Dinner" show. He didn't expect the quick reactions the application drew. But his response was just as quick—he forthwith left the cast and returned to CBS.

Chuck Tranum's business is television; he is a staff announcer at Station WABD, key outlet of the DuMont Television Company. Chuck announces four shows a week, Swing into Sports on Monday nights and Sport Names to Remember on Monday, Tuesday and Friday nights. He also manages the WABD Guest Relations Department.

Mr. Tranum was born thirty-one years ago in Johnson City, Tennessee. Television didn't occur to him as a career until after his Army discharge. He studied Radio Production at the University of Southern California, then switched across country to the Radio Course at New York University. From a page's job at WABD, he graduated to announcing. What happens to announcers? Well, they become m.c.s—and Chuck Tranum hopes he'll be no exception. That's what he's aiming at.

Jon Gnagy, an artist who started out with a nervous breakdown and ended up with some exciting new theories about art, demonstrates those theories in one of television's pioneer programs—You Are An Artist, televised Thursday nights at 9 EST on WNBT.

Born of Mennonite parents in Pretty Prairie, Kansas, about 38 years ago, Gnagy arrived in art the hard way: through advertising. Overwork paved the way for the nervous breakdown which forced him to relax, and gave him time to consider such question as "What is art?" He emerged with a conception of drawing as simple forms that can be grasped by any amateur, and which, it turned out, had therapeutic as well as artistic value.

You Are An Artist makes Gnagy's instructions available to anyone who has access to a television receiver. His easy, friendly manner and simple exposition make the program attractive to the least art-minded listener.
MARKET Research Service of New York recently completed a survey for Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, which showed that most New Yorkers and residents of nearby communities who buy television receivers will do so in order to see sporting events. It could be that this leaning toward sports on the part of the majority of people interested in television is due to the fact that up to now sports have been handled better than any other form of video presentation. There's also the fact that television makes it easier for sports fans to follow their favorite teams and players. It costs less and you needn't stir from your hearthside.

In case you're interested in how much it costs to buy air time on television—WCBS-TV has a new rate card for 1948. Charge for air time now is $400 per hour. WABD, key outlet of the DuMont network, has a rate of $800 an hour. No figures yet on other stations.

Like all fairly new industries, television is now suffering from a kind of scramble for personnel with the necessary training. The competition is terrific. To lessen this competition, Station WBKB in Chicago announced a plan to solve this situation. Ad agencies, labor unions, schools and colleges have been invited to send executives of their staffs to WBKB to gain actual television experience by working with WBKB crews. On the more technical side, NBC has established an 18-month training school for television technicians and engineers. This is for young men with college education, preferably unmarried, with some scientific background. They are paid $145 a month while taking the course and are trained in all phases of telecasting. After their training is complete they are placed either in NBC's New York outfit, or sent to NBC affiliates all over the country.

Talk of anachronisms. Those Penny Arcades on Broadway where you can still drop a penny in the slot and turn a handle and see those buxom Gay Nineties ladies being coy with the
mustachioed villains are now featuring combination juke box and television receiving sets!

Nobody can say that film actors' agents aren't up on their toes. They've decided that television is a swell means for drawing the attention of movie producers to the talents of their clients. One top agent is making his own package video shows for this purpose.

Television is on the upswing, but it still suffers from a lack of that (Continued on page 88)

Feminine rivalry is rife among Fran, Mercedes and Madame Oglepuss, right. Below are Fletcher, Benjah, Kukla himself, and Ollie.
MARKET Research Service of New York recently completed a survey for Allen & DuMont Laboratories, which showed that most New Yorkers and residents of many communities who buy television receivers do so in order to see sporting events. It could be that this leaning toward sports on the part of the majority of people interested in television is due to the fact that up to now sports have been handled better than any other form of video presentation. There's also the fact that television makes it easier for sports fans to follow their favorite teams and players. It costs less and you needn't stir from your heartland.

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Television is on the upswing, but it still suffers from a lack of that (Continued on page 89)

Feminine rivalry is rife among Fran, Mercedes and Madeate Oglepuss, right. Below are Fletcher, Birtsnab, Kukla himself, and Ollie.
And a Little Child

Every child needs home ties—every heart needs a child. So, for their hearts' sake, the Smiths decided to become Foster Parents!

By Jack Smith

I FIRST laid eyes on my daughter Johanna in a far different way than most fathers do. Instead of peering at her through a glass window in a hospital, I went out to La Guardia Airport and watched her climb down the steps of an airplane. She was flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, and six years old. And her first words to me were: "Mein pappa Yak Smeeth!"

Johanna is, you see, my "adopted" daughter from Holland. Until she came to America on a visit a couple of months ago, I had only seen snapshots of her, although I had been sending money for her support for four months by that time. She is now back home again, and I will continue to send money to her in Holland, where she lives with her two sisters, one brother, and her grandmother. Not that it dents my wallet much to support her for one month. It costs fifteen dollars! Yes, it is that small an amount—not much to keep a growing six-year-old fed and clothed.

But back to the airport. Johanna wasn't the only "adopted" European child who arrived on that day—there were five of them. A Belgian boy (adopted by Mary Pickford in the same way I adopted Johanna), two English girls (adopted by Ginny Simms and the City of Chicago), and an Italian boy—adopted by Minerva Pious, who is radio's "Mrs. Nussbaum" of the Fred Allen show.

My Johanna was by far the youngest—most of them were between twelve and fourteen. And what a six-year-old is Johanna! She has more pep than any twelve kids, and she came down from the airplane talking a blue streak (in Dutch), chewing gum like mad—she'd only discovered gum for the first time on the plane, and she loved it—and telling anyone who'd listen about how she had thrown snowballs when the plane stopped at Newfoundland. Fortunately for me, the Netherlands ambassador was there to meet the plane, and he translated Johanna's garrulous conversation. Meanwhile I presented her with a doll as big as she was—I'd known ahead of time that a doll was her heart's desire.

She almost dropped her gum in her excitement. For a minute she stood silently staring at the doll's blonde hair and lacy clothes and then she screamed in Dutch, "Dolls like this we haven't in Holland!" At this point (Continued on page 84)
To little Dutch-blonde Johanna,
America was oranges, new clothes,
my wife Vicki and "mein pappa Yak Smeeth."
Here, in the Morrell barn, began Mrs. M's... With her housekeeper's help, Barbara Jo keeps the Morrell ranchhouse under control. She takes all her responsibilities—including Elmer the ringtailed monkey—very seriously.

Here, her honor, the Mayor of Woodland Hills, stepped from the door of her spacious ranch home into her waiting station-wagon. A little frown creased her brow as she cogitated on affairs of state: the new postoffice—the newly planned community center—the bus lines—the tin can pick-up service for the housewives—new homes. She stopped the car at the first door down the winding street and rang the bell of one of her many constituents.

When the door opened, she almost said—"How do you do? I'm Mrs. Norman Morrell. May I come in?" That's what she'd naturally say.

Then she remembered.
"Yoo hoo! It's me!" she caroled.
"Vera Vague—it's Vera Vague!" The delighted neighbor, unconsciously paraphrasing the welcome that Bob Hope gives to his frantic, frustrated old-maid character every Tuesday evening on the National Broadcasting Company's Bob Hope Show, ushered Her Honor the
triple life, when she was inaugurated.

Mayor into the house. Actually he was welcoming Barbara Jo Allen, actress, who is in private life Mrs. Norman Morrell; but to the whole community of Woodland Hills and to her millions of devoted radio listeners, she must always be Vera Vague. They will have no other.

This, in spite of the fact that she doesn't—in real life—look like Vera Vague. Nor act like Vera Vague. Can you see Vera as The Mayor of anything—the fluttery, simpering, man-crazy spinster, who blights her own elegance with her frequent lapses into the language of the fish-wife?

The mayoralty proves that the creator of Vera Vague is everything that old gal would like to be and isn't. Barbara Jo is elegant. She has charm and poise and is gladsome to the eye—her dark hair has shiny copperish glints in it and her eyes are a lovely blue. She is happily married. She is well-read, intelligent, cultured. Her voice is low and musical, in decided contrast to Vera (Continued on page 71)

Meet the keeper of the keys to Woodland Hills—and find out how wrong you can be about Bob Hope's Vera Vague!

By IRIS NOBLE

Bob Hope, Tuesday nights at 10 EST, NBC.
Here, in the Morrell barn, began her life, when she was inaugurated.

With her housekeeper's help, Barbara Jo keeps the Morrell ranchhouse under control. She takes all her responsibilities—including Elmer the ring-tailed monkey—very seriously.

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Then she remembered.
"Yoo hoo! It's me!" she called.

"Vera Vague—it's Vera Vague!" The delighted neighbor, unconcerned, paraphrasing the welcome that Bob Hope gives to his frantic, frustrated old friend, character every Tuesday evening at the National Broadcasting Company's Bob Hope Show, ushered Her Honor into the house. Actually he was welcoming Barbara Jo Allen, actress, who is in private life Mrs. Norman Morrell; but to the whole community of Woodland Hills and to her millions of devoted radio listeners, she must always be Vera Vague. They will have no other.

This, in spite of the fact that she doesn't— in real life—look like Vera Vague. Nor act like Vera Vague. Can you see Vera as The Mayor of anything—the fluttery, simpering, man-crazy spinster, who blights her own elegance with her frequent lapses into the language of the fishwife?

The mayoralty proves that the creator of Vera Vague is everything that old gal would like to be and isn't. Barbara Jo is elegant. She has charm and poise and is graceful to the eye—her dark hair has silvery coppery glints in it and her eyes are a lovely blue. She is happily married. She is well-read, intelligent, cultured. Her voice is low and musical, in decided contrast to Vera (Confessed on page 71).

Meet the Mayor to Woodland Hills—and find out how wrong you can be about Bob Hope's Vera Vague!

By Iris Noble
The AMOS 'n' Andy Show is your destination tonight. Radio Mirror has made you a present of two front row seats for this perennially beloved program, which, in January, started its twenty-third year on the air. You'll be going to the NBC Studios in Hollywood's own Radio City, to see Amos and Andy in person, and all the rest of the cast, playing their parts just as you hear them on the air.

This is the second of a new series of features, designed for readers who have protested that the people who live in New York or Chicago or Hollywood are the only ones who ever get to see the big radio programs as they are broadcast. Here in Studio B
you're part of an audience of about three hundred, but Radio Mirror has seated you so close to the stage that you have an excellent view of, left to right:

John Lake, announcer; Glenn Y. Middleton, producer; Ray Ferguson, engineer; Art Gilmore, announcer; Charlotte Crandall, script secretary; Ed Max, actor; Lou Lubin, who plays Shorty the Barber; Ernestine Wade, who is Sapphire Stevens; Eddie Green, who plays Stonewall, the lawyer; Jeff Alexander, musical director; Amos—Freeman Gosden; Andy—Charles Correll; the choral group, and the Jubalaires. The Amos 'n' Andy Show is heard every Tuesday night, 6 P.M., PST, 9 P.M., EST, on NBC stations.
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Godden, Andy—Charles Correll, the choral

group, and the Jubalaires. The Amos n'

Andy Show is heard every Tuesday night,

6 P.M. PST, 9 P.M. EST, on NBC stations.
Why not cake for dessert? Your favorite variety reaches the oven in a few minutes via the quick-mix method.
SOMETIMES I think that we are all in too much of a hurry. We hardly have time to stop and breathe these days. During the war many of us got into the habit of pushing ourselves just as far as we could and now that there is peace to work for and try to keep—we have just never let down. But with all the things we must cram into one day it’s good to have a few short-cut recipes up our sleeves. That is why I chose these particular cake recipes for you. They always seem to fit into my day.

In these recipes there is no creaming the shortening and then gradually adding the sugar, then the eggs and dry ingredients alternately with the milk. No, sir! Just measure the ingredients into a large bowl—stir a certain number of times and before you know it the cake batter is ready to pour into the pans and bake. One thing to remember, though, is that shortening, eggs and milk must be at room temperature. So I just set these things out of the refrigerator to warm up a bit before I start. Another thing I do is to always count the strokes out loud when I am stirring the cake. An electric beater makes the job even easier, if you have one. But, believe me, the trump card is that beautiful light, feathery cake—truly an ace from the cake bowl.

**Rich Layer Cake**

- ¾ cup shortening
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 eggs

Soften shortening in a large bowl. Measure flour, baking powder and salt and add to softened shortening. Stir in combined milk and vanilla until flour is dampened. Beat until batter is smooth (100 strokes by hand). Add eggs one at a time and beat just until it disappears. Pour into two prepared 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Frost with Caramel Fluffy Frosting. Garnish with walnuts, sprinkle with coconut. Makes 1 (8-inch) layer cake.

**Caramel Fluffy Frosting**

- 1½ cups sugar
- ½ cup water
- 1 tablespoon corn syrup, light
- 2 egg whites
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and add sugar. Add milk slowly, then beat until smooth and creamy and add flavoring. More milk may be added if necessary to make frosting of spreading consistency. Add only a drop or two of milk at a time. Spread between layers, over top and sides of an 8-inch layer cake.

(Continued on page 83)
It was Jack Benny's parents who made that date for him at the top. But the way he kept
WHAT makes a winner? What makes a comedian whose grip on popularity grows tighter every season, whose public has just draped him with a wide blue ribbon as "Best Comedian" in Radio Mirror's Awards for 1947?

"It's not enough to be good enough. It has to be as good as you can make it."

If Jack Benny's mother said that to her gangly-legged boy once, she said it a thousand times. She was a gentle, blue-eyed, physically fragile woman—and firm as a rock.

Sometimes it came up over the report cards, and if the grades weren't A's, the homework schedule was tightened.

Usually, it was about the violin, and Mrs. Kubelsky was patient when she said it, sitting at the piano, ready to start from the beginning again of some difficult piece Jack was working up for Saturday's violin lesson at his Chicago music college.

And she nearly always said it as they rode back toward Waukegan in the street car after the lesson was over.

"You'll just have to practice more this week," was her conclusion if the session with Jack's music teacher had been less than triumphant. "You can do it better."

And all the next week Benny Kubelsky was indoors playing the fiddle, improving, polishing, getting it right, while his friends were outdoors playing baseball.

Jack's mother died at forty-seven—and Jack never thinks of it even now without a pang that she saw none of his success—but something that she implanted in him when he was still in short pants goes on ticking away in his machinery, making him the great perfectionist of show business, the man with the million dollar jitters.

Fifty-three now, after sixteen years on the air the best paid and consistently the most popular star in radio, as indigenous a part of Sunday for twenty-five million Americans as ham and eggs and the funny paper, Jack Benny is still improving, polishing, getting it right.

Those early sessions with his mother are half-for-gotten now, and he would scoff at any suggestion that his childhood was any more painful or arduous than any other kid's, but everybody who works for him knows that with Jack it's not enough to be good enough. So—if the boss—they make it as good as they can make it.

Education and the arts—what they liked to think of as culture and American "advantages"—loomed particularly large to families like the Kubelskys. Only one generation and one ocean away from a life which was barely more than a cruel struggle for existence, they marveled at the chances to "be somebody" every boy and girl had in this big friendly country, and worked harder than ever to insure their children's future.

Being a boy and the first-born, Jack was the focal point of all of his parents' hopes. By the time his sister, Florence, was born six years after him the fires had simmered down a little, and the little girl could take her time growing up.

But not Jack. By the time he was fifteen, he had quit school to get on with his career. He was what his parents had wanted—a professional violinist—although so far just one of an orchestra in the pit of the Waukegan theater.

Had the elder Kubelskys known that this first job would prove the first step into show business, they undoubtedly would not have permitted it. Jack dreamed of the bright lights and gay times of the theater—envied the carefree vaudevillians to whom Waukegan was just a one-night stand. He confided all this to his one close friend, Julius Sinykin, a Waukegan merchant. But not to his parents.

For them, the job in the pit was the means to another end—as "educational" as high school, in which Jack, at best, had been disinterested, and lucrative enough to pay for more and better violin lessons. It was to pave the way for his ultimate fame and success as a concert star.

When Minnie Palmer, the Marx Brothers' mother and their business manager, tried to lure Jack—he was sixteen then—from Waukegan and his family to go on the road with her sons, the Kubelskys were horrified.

Vaudeville! Why, the boy might as well join the circus, or a cheap carnival. Their Jack, who was going to be a great artist!

Frightened now—for Jack had begged to be allowed to go—alarmed that their little boy was revolting at his little boy status and "getting ideas"—they became stricter than ever.

Customers in Father Kubelsky's little store bought their suits and shoes to the rhythm of scales and exercises. Jack was practicing in the family apartment upstairs.

Mrs. Kubelsky was in bed a lot of the time now. She was to die of cancer three years later, but if she knew it then she didn't tell the family. She never tired of the monotonous, repetitious fiddling.

If the boy did, and he frequently did—his father could fix that.

"All right, then," he would say, "if you have no ambition, come on down with me and work in the store."

In actuality it was an empty threat, for his father's business could not have survived for very long the strain of Jack's "help." It was one of his father's favorite stories that Jack, left to watch the store for a single lunch hour, "charged" two expensive suits to a customer but neglected to get his name, and paid another one out of the cash drawer the $48.93 for which he had been billed.

Secretly, the father was proud that his son was such a bad salesman. Just because he had had to wait on people behind a counter all his life was no reason why his son should. His son was going to do something better than his parents had ever been able to do.

"It's not enough to be good enough," Jack's mother used to say. All his co-workers know that line now, by heart.
Everybody’s son could try for that, in America.

About Jack’s withdrawal from other traditions of the family’s past, his father was not so philosophical. He was alarmed at his boy’s casual unconcern—the whole younger generation was guilty of apathy, for that matter—for the orthodox religion of his parents.

“Look, I’m not irreligious, Dad,” the boy would say after one of their frequent clashes on the subject. “But why do you have to take it so hard? Why can’t religion be something you feel good about?”

But for the older man God was still a frightening God. And on occasion, in His name, Meyer Kubelsky did frightening things.

Once, when Jack had failed to show up at the synagogue on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, he came home to find his father in tears and rage.

White and rigid, he barred the door to the boy, and crying out that he would teach him to make light of serious things, he struck him twice across the face with the nearest thing at hand.

Then he saw what it was—his sacred prayer book.

The rage receded as fast as it had boiled up, and he stood there stricken. He had struck his child, and with a prayer book. His father’s visible remorse cut the boy much deeper than the punishment.

The older man disappeared for several hours after the incident, and the whole family suffered for him. But when he came back, he had made his peace. He had found a rationalization.

“You probably don’t know it, son,” he said—and he had known it himself until that moment—but it is a blessing to be hit in the head with the Holy Book.”

The happy holidays, at Passover, were the wonderful ones. Then the whole house smelled good for days from the special cooking. The great seder, with his mother lighting the ceremonial candles, and his father—in the traditional black cap—reading from the Haggadah of the emancipation of the Jewish people from Egypt while he, the first-born son, slowly and importantly read the responses—all this made his family, and more, his People, meaningful to the sensitive boy.

Even after he left Waukegan, to travel with a violin-piano act—it was vaudeville, but it was still serious music, which softened the blow for his parents—he managed always to come home for the seder.

If his childhood had been more work than play he didn’t know it, and home was always a lovely place to come back to, where he knew he was loved and welcome, and where, even if he were broke and jobless, it was taken for granted that the setback was temporary because the Kubelskys’ boy had an appointment to meet somebody up there at the top.

Actually, if Jack Benny were headed for the top in those first years of his theatrical career, it was on an almost imperceptible grade.

His vaudeville act was prosperous enough, but it wasn’t headliner degree, and his partner, a woman old enough to be his mother, had retired and replaced by another pianist, a young man named Lyman Woods.

They got a comfortable number of bookings, as far west as Seattle, but Jack was always jealous of his parents’ many engagements in England. Jack was relaxing and having fun on his own for the first time in his life, seeing the world, making friends. (It is characteristic of Jack that a lot of these first show-business friends are still his pal today and confidants.)

The echo of his mother’s voice in his own ambition was not prodding him too hard as yet. He was a young man, and had come a long way. There was plenty of time to cover the rest of the distance.

In 1917, however, two things happened which reminded Jack forcibly of the whirring hands of the clock.

One was the death of his mother. The other was that the United States declared war on Germany.

Called home unexpectedly from the road to find his father distraught, his sister exhausted from twenty-four-hour nursing duty, and his mother—whom he had always thought indomitable, invincible—frighteningly thin and weak in bed, he felt with a shock that he had failed.

“She is going to die,” he told himself, “and I haven’t made it. I haven’t become what she wanted me to be.”

On his Navy registration blank, when he enlisted, after the word “occupation” he wrote “musician.”

A few weeks later, the brass took away his deck-swabbing equipment and gave him back his fiddle.

If he didn’t get a job at the Training Station, specifically to the cast of a revue which Lieutenant Dave Wolf was whipping into shape to go on the road for Naval Relief.

There was a small part for a comedian who could play violin.

“Ts...m...a violinist who can tell a joke,” Jack volunteered. He had been trying out a bit of patter in his act with Woods, and found it comfortable.

Wolf was dubious, but he told Jack to try it. By the time the show opened it was padded and rewritten—by Jack—into one of the fattest parts in the revue. By the close of the run he was Navy’s comedy star—big time at last, and chronically ill of stage fright.

Ten million dollar jitters had set in, and they grew worse as the safe, solid and familiar violin became more and more a prop.

His success as a comedian doomed once and for all his mother’s vaudeville son in white tie and tails in Carnegie Hall. (And it doomed “Love in Bloom.”)

Discharged after the armistice, he went back to his old haunts, but as a “single” now. Jack Benny—and his violin. The qualifying phrase was strictly for moral support. While he closed his performance with a violin solo, still done with some show of virtuosity, the talk was the thing now.

From the first attempt, Jack refined and polished his monologues to a clean, right,” timed-to-the-second precision. His first thoughts are the first he went onto the stage for every performance with jumping nerves and a churning stomach.

There was one time when he actually fled in terror from an unfriendly audience. It was shortly after the war, and he was playing one of the little concerts of Music in New York City, which boasted the most blood-thirsty clientele since Roman “variety fans” threw Christian martyrs to the lions in the Coliseum. The house welcome to each new act was a prolonged raspberries, sometimes confirmed by a shower of not-too-fresh vegetables. Entertainers dreaded to play the spot but egotistically gave everything they had for the applause of the barbarians, as it was equivalent in the theatrical world to a Congressional Medal for Bravery.

Jack sauntered in from the wings for the first performance, apparently relaxed and confident. His nerves never show, out front.
His "hello everybody," was drowned in a resounding bird which swept away also whatever he had planned to say next. Jack’s eye, gripping his fiddle firmly under his arm, he strolled across the stage, paused at the edge, gripping the front border with his free hand. The raspberry subsided, what was left was an ominous, dare-you silence.

"Goodbye, everybody," Jack said and ducked into the wings, down the stairs to the stage door, and out into the street. He never came back.

Despite this inauspicious beginning, his routines as a monologist held the master of ceremonies chores for a whole bill of vaudeville for which he qualified next—were rapidly making his name a powerful one on the variety circuits.

Jack Benny was in the big-time houses now—his salary expanded with his fame, and his old pals of the tank-town days moved over to make room in Jack’s circle of friends for the headliners of the day, Burns and Allen, the Marx Brothers, Eddie Cantor.

IT WAS through one of the mad Marxes that Jack met the big-eyed little girl he was to marry. She was still in bobby socks and hair ribbons at the time and to Jack a profound nuisance. He was playing a date in Vancouver. The Marxes were on the same bill.

He was in his dressing room, wiping away his make-up wondering where and with whom it would be pleasant to have dinner when Zeppo Marx strolled in.

"Have dinner with me," Benny urged.

But Zeppo had a date, with Babe Marks, a girl whose family lived in Vancouver. Why, as a matter of fact, didn’t Jack hint—the Marxes were hospitable folk, they wouldn’t mind.

"Home cooking?"

Heaven.

And what was more, Zeppo promised, with just a hint of a wink, Babe had a sister.

That settled it. Jack eagerly put on his hat and coat.

Babe’s sister was a girl named Mary, and she was twelve years old! And to make things worse, she was studying the violin, and proceeded—upon her mother’s prompt insistence—to perform for Jack.

In the middle of her painful rendition of "The Bee," Jack stood up. Home cooking was home cooking, but this was too much.

"Get me out of here," he begged of Zeppo, with more anguish than fact.

Mary’s face flushed. She wasn’t then, and she isn’t now, a girl whom one could insult with impunity.

"I’ll get even with you for this," she shouted after Jack’s retreating back, while her older sister and Zeppo roared, and her mother tried vainly to shush her.

She got even.

The next day, at his opening show, Jack came out to face three rows of stony-faced adolescents, captained by Mary.

They were armed with bags of popcorn, which they consumed noisily all through Jack’s act. When he finished, they sat on their hands. The audience—the popcorn’s crackling had drowned out the jokes—was equally cold. Jack had fallen on his face. He marched off the stage and looked for Zeppo.

"Introduce me to your enemies from now on, will you, pal?" he barked. "I don’t want to know any more of your friends."

Jack left Vancouver that night, muttering that he would stay out of the entire Dominion of Canada until that "Marks brat" grew up or moved away. Nothing in his troubled dreams on the Pullman hop east hinted that he would see more, much more of the "Marks brat." That, indeed, eight years later, he would marry her.

Money flowed freely in the middle twenties, and the show folk—as they always do in a period of lavish spending—got their share.

Like all the other big-timers, Jack found his weekly salary climbing into four figures.

The violin about which his mother had spun her dreams for him was neglected now, and out of tune, but he was a success.

If his father still nursed the old doubts, the conviction that the theater was for wasters and not for gifted artists like his son, his opportunity to take life easy at last—a product of Jack’s prosperity—must have assuaged them.

Not only was Jack a big star on the variety circuits. His name was in lights on Broadway now, and there were beginning to be nibbles from that new jackpot for actors, the motion picture industry, beginning to feel its muscles in Hollywood.

Things were going great, so Jack’s jitters were worse than ever.

His Broadway debut—as master of ceremonies of the Earl Carroll Vanities of 1947—was a triumph.

The critics were unanimously impressed, if grudgingly. Their presence in orchestra seats had frightened so many seasoned stars into fluffs that they were almost insulated by the controlled, "easy" perfection of this brash young man.

They raved about his "masterly timing." They commented, if a little miffed, at his calm in the face of the biggest ordeal an actor could face in those days. Calm.

Actually, Jack had not eaten or slept for days before the opening. He collapsed from emotional exhaustion in his dressing room after taking twenty curtain calls.

Jack Benny celebrated his thirtieth birthday at home alone in a drab hotel room, nursing a nasty cold.

He suddenly felt very old and tired and sorry for himself.

What had he, after all?

He could answer with the old joke line, "a lousy fortune," but what good was it? He had starred in a series of big revues—a dizzying montage of Temptations, Scandals, Vanities—he had become a New York fixture as master of ceremonies at the fashionable Winter Garden. He could pick his spots on any of the Variety circuits. But the pace was wearing him down.

He was sick of staying up all night, and sleeping until noon, he was sick of talking too much and too trivially to too many people. He wanted some fresh air and sunshine and peace and privacy and although he didn’t admit it in—even to himself—he wanted a family and a home.

"A million people around all the time." Jack told his friend Julius Sinykin at about this time, "and yet I’m lonesome."

"Why don’t you get married?" Julius asked him quietly.

"Me?"

It was out of the question. What woman would put up with Jack’s life, with the dreadful hours, the string of dreary hotel rooms, the backstage intrigues which were all part of the business.

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THE LIFE OF JACK BENNY

It’s a date, still, when the Bennys eat “out.” The secret, Mary says, is to be in the same business.
Mary and Jack watch eagerly as guest-specialists Bacall and Bogart demonstrate. (Jack Benny is heard Sun., 7 P.M. EST, NBC.)

Besides, Jack rather liked—he had thought until this moment—the bachelor life. Pretty girls in lots of towns, fun to know them all.

Better to have one girl, Julius averred, who was there, to be counted on.

But he thought about Julius' advice when he was alone that night, alone and desolate.

During a recent vaudeville engagement in Los Angeles, he had run into Babe Marks again—she was playing at the Hillstreet theater the same week Jack headlined the bill at the Orpheum—and through her he had "met" her young and pert sister, Mary.

Jack had long forgotten the Vancouver frost and Mary, who liked him now, despite the fact—as she complained to her sister—that one eye was bluer than the other—didn't remind him that she, too, once had been an aspiring violinist.

Thinking about Mary while he paced up and down in his Chicago hotel room, Jack realized that she was different from the other girls he had dated in his travels about the country.

She had something the others didn't. What was it? He knew, suddenly. She knew how, and when, to laugh.

That's what he needed. Some laughs, to lighten the grim business of being funny for a living.

He telephoned Babe Marks, who also was playing an engagement in Chicago at the time, and with a lack of subtlety which would have horrified the people who paid good money to hear his slick humor every night he made a proposal.

"I've been thinking about Mary," he began. "Poor kid probably needs a vacation after slaving away all this time in that department store. Why don't you ask her to come and visit you?"

"I'm not sure," Mary's big sister, who was not fooled for a minute, replied, "but I think the kid's engaged."

"Oh," Jack's voice had gone dead. Maybe Mary didn't need a vacation after all.

Babe laughed. "But I'll ask her," she said.

"Let me know," said Jack, his spirits bouncing back like a rubber ball.

Mary wasn't fooled either. She knew what the summons to Chicago meant—and she was as eager to go, yet somehow afraid. She had grown very fond of Jack during their brief whirl together in Los Angeles, and had spent the time since fighting it off. She knew about actors. Like sailors—with a girl in every port. She didn't want to be one of a harem—she didn't want to compete with all of the pretty, flashy show girls in Jack's position had to see every day.

He was so sweet, but no—it would never work.

Determined not to be hurt, she had concentrated on liking other boys she knew. Her friends were all getting married, having babies, establishing homes. Why shouldn't she have that, instead of a job back of a hosiery counter, and a torch for a guy who would never settle down?

Babe's hunch had been right. Mary was "engaged" when the relayed invitation from Jack arrived. But her heart wasn't in it. Maybe what she needed was a trip to Chicago, a chance to see Jack in his native haunts. That would cinch it, that would make up her mind.

What she didn't know when she boarded the east-bound train was that the decision had already been reached. Jack had already made up his mind.

On their first date in Chicago, Mary tried to slip back into the humorous small talk she and Jack had found so quick to the tongue on their earlier meetings. But Jack was dead serious and preoccupied.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked at last. "I come half way across the country to see you, and you act as though I wasn't even here. What's eating you? What's on your mind?"

"Nothing," said Jack, biting his nails.

"Don't bite your nails," barked Mary, knocking his hand down from his face with a quick gesture. He looked up at her, startled.

"But I'm worried," he said.

She noted the hurt surprise in his eyes, the one blue, the other bluer.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't know."

She suggested he tell her all about his troubles, get them off his chest.

"I suppose they're not troubles really," Jack replied, in all seriousness. "I have just been thinking that we ought to get married."

The Mary—laughs, the mocking yet comradely Mary—laugh, bubbled out at that. And Jack's somber face lit up like a delicatessen sign.

That was Friday.

Jack called Julius Sinykin in Waukegan and made all of the arrangements. They were to be married in Julius' house next Tuesday—the first day Jack could take a few hours off from the show.

On Saturday they quarreled. On Sunday they made up.

But they were married on Tuesday, just as they had planned. After all, Julius had gone to such a lot of trouble.

Marriage to a big star was a tough job for the little hosiery clerk from Los Angeles, worse than Mary had feared and dreaded.

As a non-professional, who "just went along for the ride," she had all of the heartaches, none of the glamor of show business.

A succession of hotels, a succession of pretty girls explaining, "Oh, I didn't know Jack was married."

Knocking around strange towns, looking in shop windows while Jack fascinated the people, no chance to make permanent friends, not a glimmer of hope for a home, for really settling down. It wasn't so easy.

She told Babe that she couldn't take it. She loved the guy, but it was too tough. Babe had a heart-to-heart talk with Jack.

"Look here," she said, "you can't do this to my kid sister."

"Now wait a minute," Jack said. His nerves were too raw to be at the breaking point. "Mary knew what my job was when she married me. She knew it would be a while before we could get out of this racket. Do you think I don't want what she wants—babies, a chance to go to sleep once in a while in my own bed?"

"But how am I going to get all that if I don't work?"

Babe had an answer for that. The movies—which had just found her voice—had been making beckoning motions in Jack's direction. If he went to Hollywood, both he and Mary could have what they wanted most—he could have his work, and Mary could have her home.

Jack was dubious. The early talkies weren't keyed to his kind of humor. All noise and schmaltz—they would overwhelm him.

But it was worth trying—it would be a break for Mary, and let's face it, he had been hankering for an
occasional chance to get a look at sunlight himself. Their first home was rented, furnished, but it was home, and Mary bloomed with happiness.

Jack's fat contract at M G M brought in weekly checks but involved only occasional work, so he, too, found out how the other half lives. He found out what the morning looks like, and discovered golf—a game which he took up with as much intensity and passion—if not with quite the success—that he had earlier tackled the violin.

Everything was lovely, dangerously lovely as Jack's shrewd business mind soon reminded him.

His early pictures—"The Hollywood Revue," "Chasing Rainbows," and "The Medicine Man"—were fattening his bank account, but they were affecting his career with a creeping paralysis. He was afraid that he would go back to Broadway tan, healthy, happy and forgotten.

Mary, though reluctant to go back to the life which had defeated her, could see the wisdom of Jack's position.

"You'd better go and see Mr. Mayer," she said, "and tell him thanks so much but I quit."

He did, the next morning.

T HIS was the first of a series of moves Benny was to make which looked at the time like professional suicide but which turned out to be professional insurance.

Tearing up his lucrative film contract cost him thousands—but getting his name up in lights on the main stem again, being seen again, doing what he could do best—and better than anybody—pumped new life into his career.

It was good to be back, to see his friends, to feel the wonderful rapport with an audience which is there, in the dark but there, to know when a line is right from the reaction it gets. Jack, back in the theater, was in his prime again.

And Mary was lonely again.

She could manage in New York, where she had friends of her own, a life of a sort, too—but when Jack prepared at the close of the season to hit the road again in vaudeville, she said she couldn't face it. She would wait here, she said.

"I can't stand life with nothing to do," she explained, "I have to have some reason besides sitting and waiting—for getting up in the morning."

The way she put it gave Jack the Big Idea.

All that was bothering Mary was that she had nothing to do. She didn't hate the theater—she wanted to be in it.

The act Jack was whipping into shape for his new tour had a small part for a girl, a foil for Jack's quips.

Over Mary's protests, he rewrote it for her. She had stage fright at first, but it didn't last.

The early audiences thought her nervous giggles were planned, and laughed with delight.

"Keep it," Jack encouraged her.

She was in.

A few weeks after her painful debut as a comedienne, Mary was a seasoned performer, loving the theater, forgetting that she had once been on the outside looking in.

Sharing so much more with Jack, she found her insecurities vanishing. There was so much more to laugh at now, no time or occasion for fretting.

Or so they blissfully thought.

But something was happening to vaudeville. The first talking pictures had hit the variety world a staggering wallop, the second and third string circuits had shriveled as theaters all over the country had been wired for sound.

But the big-time houses had survived. After a few months of readjustment—months when Jack had been in Hollywood participating in the first efforts of the screen to adapt itself to talking actors—the variety houses in the big cities hit their stride again. Thousands of run-of-the-mill performers had been wiped out, but the big stars were bigger than ever.

But now, in the early thirties—signs were ominous once more. There was the depression; bads news for all the luxury trades, of course. But there were new factors. The talkies—so embarrassingly brash in their early years—were growing up.

And there was another new factor, immature and amateur like the talkies in their time, but a baby which would grow to an entertainment giant—radio. Jack Benny, who was still able to get bookings—though fewer—at $2,500 a week, nevertheless began biting his nails again. A man who could walk out on a long-term movie contract because he could feel paralysis setting in, could walk out again. But where—this time—was there to walk?

Pictures? Jack's flesh was still singed from those first painful musicals. Radio? But this new medium which was making its own stars; unknowns of yesterday were big names today—Moran and Mack, the two Black Crows, the Happiness Boys, Gene and Glenn. The big parade of the variety stars off the boards and onto the air had not begun.

Nevertheless, Jack decided that radio was for him. He promptly told everyone that he was quitting the stage (before it quit (Continued on page 75)
The Magic of the Eyes

RISÉ STEVENS has her own radio show, The Family Hour, is a first lady of the Metropolitan Opera and concert stage, one of the foremost female recording artists, and has been successful in Hollywood. Besides all this, beautician Eddie Senz considers her one of America's great beauties.

Eddie makes pretty faces for other stars, potential stars, celebrities, models, and many women who seek his expert advice. He says that Risé, by the magic of her eyes and mouth, speaks eloquently without uttering a word.

With Risé as model, Eddie showed us how to achieve more “talkative” eyes and lips.

First, he says, pluck out scraggly brow hairs. Pluck from beneath, never from the top. Clean up area between brows, which should look naturally arched. If too thin, they look harsh and artificial. Center highest brow point above outside edge of iris of your eye. Using tiny brow brush, brush brows up. With short, feather-like strokes, touch brown brow pencil to hairs. Do not touch skin, unless filling in is needed where hairs are sparse. Brow should be darkest at center, fading toward ends. Now use black brow pencil. Then with brush tip, smooth upper brow hairs to a neat line.

Apply mascara to upper lashes only. If brush is too moist, “beading” results. Hold lid up with one hand, while with the other you brush on mascara from side of brush in upward and outward strokes.

Eddie next showed us how lips should be made up to balance with the upper portion of the face. It's part of his “Face Spacing” method. He lipsticked a smile on Risé's pretty lips by making the upper one a wee bit shorter than the lower, so that the lower lip “cradled” the upper.

Make-up magician Eddie Senz touches up a face he considers one of America's most beautiful: that of Risé Stevens.

By Mary Jane Fulton
Step Up and Ask Your Questions—We'll Try to Find the Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

ROSEMARY

Dear Editor:
I listen to Right to Happiness everyday, like the program very much and I would like to see a picture of the girl who plays Susan Wakefield. How old is she, and where does she come from?

Miss J. C.

Susan is played by twenty-year-old Rosemary Rice who hails from Montclair, N. J. She's also Cathy in When a Girl Marries. And here's pretty Rosemary.

VERSATILE ACTOR

Dear Editor:
Would you give me the name of the actor who plays Judge Hooker on the Gildersleeve program, and Mr. Anderson on the Dennis Day show? I believe they are played by the same person. Also, who plays Doc Gamble on Fibber McGee's show, and the barber on the Gildersleeve program? I believe their voices belong to the same person.

Arthur Q. Byron

Los Angeles, California.

Miss M. M.

You're wrong on the first query, but right on the second. Earl Ross is Judge Hooker, and Dink Trout is Mr. Anderson on the Dennis Day show. Arthur Q. Byron is Doc Gamble who flings those caustic remarks at Fibber McGee on Tuesdays; on Wednesdays, he's the garrulous barber on the Great Gildersleeve show.

COOKIE

Dear Editor:
One of my favorite programs is Blondie. Could you tell me something about the person who plays Cookie? Is she the same girl who plays in the Blondie movies?

San Juan Batista, Calif.

The youngest member of the AFRA, and probably the highest paid radio moppet in Hollywood, little Norma Jean Nilsson, age ten, has been on the air since she was five, when she played a little Filipino girl in one of Arch Oboler's gripping dramas. Since then she has chalked up more than 33 appearances on top network shows. (You heard her as "The little girl next door" on Jack Carson's show.) At home, Norma Jean is just a normal child. Her room is strewn with books, knock-knacks, and dolls. She loves to masquerade in odd garments, including some of mother's. Cookie, on the screen, is played by Marjorie Kent.

Norma Jean Nilsson

THE VALLANT STOOGE

Dear Editor:
Write so such a kick out of the It Pays to be Ignorant show. Will you please have a picture of Lulu McConnell in your magazine? Also, who's the singer at the end of the program?

Minneapolis, Minn.

Here's Lulu, who during her colorful vaudeville career appeared with Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Lillian Russell, Anna Held and many other great personalities of the theater. Lulu, who hails from Kansas City, acquired her acting experience traveling with a repertory company, learning all kinds of roles. She enjoys radio work now, although at first the microphone threw her into a panic. The wacky theme song is tortuously rendered by Al Madieu.

FAVORITE SINGER

Dear Editor:
Bob Hannon is my favorite radio singer. I hear him on Waltz Time on Friday evenings. I would like some information about him, and if he is on any other program.

Geneva, Iowa

Bob started to sing at the advanced age of four, and has been at it ever since. While still in his teens his yen to become a singer was so strong that he quit school to become a song plugger. You may not know it but Bob used to be a bandleader in Chicago before he became a top radio singer. Besides Waltz Time, he can be heard on the American Melody Hour, Wednesdays on the CBS network.

SURPRISE!

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me who plays the part of Teena on the Fibber McGee and Molly show? My husband and I rate this program as one of the top comedy shows, and I think we know who all the players are except Teena.

Ivanhoe, Calif.

Teena is (surprise) Molly—Marion Jordan, herself. She's a talented mimic.

GAY NINETIES

Dear Editor:
About five years ago, I listened regularly to Joe Howard and Beatrice Kay who teamed on a radio program: I think it was known as The Gay Nineties. Then, suddenly, I just couldn't find them anywhere on the dial. Can you give any information as to whether or not they are still on?

Myerstown, Pa.

CBS's Gay Nineties left the air in 1942 when Beatrice Kay went to Hollywood to star in motion pictures. But, for old times' sake, here is a picture of Beatrice as she appeared on that popular Saturday night program.

FORTY FLYING FINGERS

Dear Editor:
Please tell me something about the members of the First Piano Quartet, heard Thursdays on NBC.

New York, N. Y.

Each of the four artists who constitute NBC's First Piano Quartet is an accomplished concert pianist and composer in his own right. Adam Garner, born in Poland, gave his first concert at the age of six. While still in his teens he played for Paderewski. Vee Paden, born near Moscow, has toured extensively in Europe. Frank Mintler, at the age of nine, made his first public concert as a violinist in his native Vienna. At sixteen, his first compositions were performed. The only American-born member of the quartet is Edward Edson, born in Chicago twenty-six years ago.
Inside Radio

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

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RAD HARRIS crosses Broadway with Vine and gets a 3:15 EST, program for her CBS audience, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. She's New York born and educated and was editing the movie department of a local paper before she was 12. Guests on her program have ranged from the Johns, Blon- dell, Caufield and Fontaine, alphabet- wise to George Raitt, Keenan Wynn, Lo- retta Young and Zachary (that's Scott).

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HARLAN STONE, JR., the Jughead who adventures with Archie Andrews on NBC's Saturday A. M. program.
HARRY HAGAN is a M. D. whose first radio appearance, in 1933, was on a series of health talks over WOR. He began his True or False program five years later. After thirteen weeks on WOR it went to the Blue Network, taking Harry along, and was there for 5½ years. It is now heard over MBS, Saturdays, 5:30 P.M., EST. The Hagan home is in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Harry has a wife and six children.

**WEDNESDAY**

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<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
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<td>Clevelandaires</td>
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<td>Fred Waring</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Echoes From The Tropics Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks Words and Music |
| 12:15 | Welcome Travelers | Welcome Travelers |
| 12:30 | Kate Smith Speaks Words and Music | Welcome Travelers |
| 12:45 | Welcome Travelers | Welcome Travelers |
| 1:00 | Art Van Damme Quartet | Cedic Foster |
| 1:15 | Robert McCormick | Checkerdance Jamboree |
| 1:30 | Robert Ripley | Checkerdance Jamboree |
| 1:45 | Today's Children Woman in White | Queen For A Day |
| 2:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Maggie McNeills |
| 2:15 | Mollie Perkins | Society of The Stranger |
| 2:30 | Robert Adair | Paul Whiteman Club |
| 2:45 | Robert Young | Treasury Band Show |
| 3:00 | When A Girt Marries | Dick Tracy |
| 3:15 | Portia Foss Life | Captain Midnight |
| 3:30 | Just Plain Bill | Tom Mix |
| 3:45 | Front Page Farrell | Lum 'n' Abner |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | John McVane | Sketches in Melody |
| 6:15 | Sanisco News | Local Programs |
| 6:30 | Local Programs | Local Programs |
| 6:45 | Local Programs | Local Programs |
| 7:00 | Chesterfield Club | Headline Edition Edmar Davis Lore Ranger |
| 7:15 | News of the World | Headline Edition Edmar Davis Lore Ranger |
| 7:30 | W. H. Keltenborn | Headline Edition Edmar Davis Lore Ranger |
| 7:45 | Infant of Newsmen | Headline Edition Edmar Davis Lore Ranger |
| 8:00 | Dennis Day | Dialogue of Sports |
| 8:15 | The Great Gildersleeve | Dialogue of Sports |
| 8:30 | The Great Gildersleeve | Dialogue of Sports |
| 8:45 | The Great Gildersleeve | Dialogue of Sports |
| 9:00 | Mr. Director's Dinner | Mr. Director's Dinner |
| 9:15 | Steve's Tavern | Mr. Director's Dinner |
| 9:30 | Steve's Tavern | Mr. Director's Dinner |
| 9:45 | Steve's Tavern | Mr. Director's Dinner |
| 10:00 | The Big Story | California Melodies |
| 10:15 | Jimmy Durante | Bing Crosby |
| 10:30 | Jimmy Durante | Bing Crosby |

**HATTIE McDAVID** — Heard over CBS, weekdays at 7:00 P.M., EST as happy-go-lucky Benalu, brought a real background of experience to the part, from earlier years when she drifted easily from stage to stage on more than one occasion during one-nighters. Her first screen assignment was "Queenie," with Paul Robeson in "Show Boat." She's been seen recently in "Janie," "Margie" and "The Great Lie."
FRAN CARLON—the Lorelei Kilbourne on CBS's Big Town, has been helping her crusading Managing Editor for four years on CBS, Tuesdays at 8:00 P.M., EST. She's a native of Indianapolis who came to New York in 1933 and lives happily in Greenwich Village, which she says is "just like a small town—neighborly." Fran had wide experience in the theater before she turned to radio work.

FRAN CARLON—From whose show-business wise brain sprang My Friend Irma, heard over CBS, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., EST. While at the University of Wisconsin, Wy wrote plays which were produced by various dramatic groups. He came to New York and tried acting; went to Texas and into radio via KTRH; next became Jack Benny's head writer in Hollywood; returned to New York to play in "Storm Operation," then back to radio.
**SATURDAY**

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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Arthur Barriault Public Affairs | Pan Americana This Week in Washington | Junior Junction | Theatre of Today |
| 12:15 | | Pro Arts Quartet | | Stars Over Hollywood |
| 12:30 | Homes Is What You Make It | | | |
| 12:45 | | | | |
| 1:00 | Nat’s Farm Home | Luncheon at Sardi’s | Maggi McNally, Herb Sheldon, Our Town Speaks | Grand Central Sta. |
| 1:15 | Report From Europe | | | County Fair |
| 1:30 | The Veterans’ Journal | | | |
| 2:00 | | | | |
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | Peter Roberts | Dance Orchestra | Vagabondos’ Quartet | News from Washington |
| 6:15 | Religion in the News | Dance Orchestra | Adain’s Orchestra | In My Opinion |
| 6:30 | NBC Symphony | | Harry Whiner | Red Barber Sports Show |
| 6:45 | | | Jack Baill | Larry lesueur |
| 7:00 | Curtain Time | Hawaii Calls | Quiddim Class | Hawk Larsbee |
| 7:15 | | Newscope Twin Views of the News | Challenge of the Yukon | Abe Burrows |
| 7:30 | | | | Hayzy Carmichael |
| 7:45 | | | | |
| 8:00 | Life of Riley | Twenty Questions | Ross Dolan, Detective | Robert Montgomery, Suspense |
| 8:15 | | Keeping Up With the Kids | Famous Jury Trials | |
| 8:30 | | | | |
| 8:45 | | | | |
| 9:00 | Your Hit Parade | Stop Me If You Have Heard This What’s the Name of That Song | Gangbusters | Jean Davis Time |
| 9:15 | Judy Canova Show | | Muter and Mr. Malone | Vaugh Monroe |
| 9:30 | | | | |
| 9:45 | | | | |
| 10:00 | Kay Kyser | Theater of the Air | Professor Quiz | Saturday Night Serenade |
| 10:15 | Grand Ole Opry | | Hayloft Hoedown | Dance Orch. |

**It's Here!**

Stewart-Warner's “Santa Fe”—for moderns.

If you've been having difficulty in finding that radio set that truly fits in with your furnishings, then you'll be appreciative of the new “blush” finish on the Stewart-Warner model called the Santa Fe. This finish actually retains the natural color of the genuine mahogany. For a little over $300 you can have this new AM, FM, radio-phonograph console.

An entirely new phonograph needle is now being sold that will make many a parent happy. Fact is, if you ever rough-handle your phonograph tone-arm, then you'll just have to look at and listen to the Duotone shockproof nylon needle. It's being demonstrated by actually dropping the arm onto the record. The steel spring shaft absorbs the shock and the needle bounces to a stop without breaking or destroying the record. The manufacturer promises no needle noise or scratch. It sells for $2.50.

Most interesting innovation in the radio and television console fields is Admiral's 3-way “television optional.” Tying in with sectional trend in furniture, the manufacturer is offering a matching television console, regular radio-phonograph combination and a record cabinet. Any one of the three can be bought separately and matched at any time. Distinct advantage is being able to use the three pieces as a single unit or as individual pieces, even in different rooms. The radio-phonograph and the television set have separate speakers. Prices are proof that the trend is also to “more-for-less-money” in the video market. You can buy the television unit for about $300 and the radio-phonograph for the same.

**BENAY VENUTA**—who is Keeping Up With the Kids on MBS, Saturday evenings at 8:30, speaks with the voice of experience. She has two daughters, Patricia and Deborah. Benay, a native Californian, appeared in a series of Broadway hits, including “Anything Goes”, “By Jupiter”, “Kiss the Boys Goodbye”, “Boys from Syracuse” and “Nellie Blye”. Radio audiences heard her for two years on Duffy's Tavern.
EVERY evening at 11:15, Monday through Saturday, Johnny Boyer winds up on KDKA and delivers himself of a rapid-fire Whirl Around the World of Sports—a necessary radio nightcap to allay the sports hunger of the thousands of fans who make up one of the greatest sports centers of America.

In ten minutes, this veteran KDKA sportscaster runs the whole gamut of athletic events—late scores, timely news and comment on local and national events, human interest and background stories, forecasts on events to come.

An old hand at every game, Boyer joined the staff of KDKA in April, 1941, after serving for 16 years with other stations throughout the country. A native of Detroit, he showed an early liking for the stage and appeared as a singer at the age of five. He made his radio debut when he was 16 over WCX, later WJR. After graduating from high school he free-lanced as a singer, announcer and master-of-ceremonies. He also traveled the vaudeville circuits throughout Michigan.

In 1929 he began his career as a sportscaster, bringing to the air boxing contests, wrestling matches, football and baseball games. He has interviewed practically every sports celebrity who has come up in the last 20 years and because of his interest in sports as a spectator, competitor and reporter, he has a splendid background for his KDKA duties.

Favorite radio reporter of the Steel City's newspaper sportswriters, Boyer has worked closely with them in covering baseball and football games, and he was selected to journey to Philadelphia to broadcast both of the basketball finals in the state high school contests. He has also been chosen to broadcast games for out-of-town stations when their teams played in Pittsburgh.

In spite of all his sports shows, however, Boyer likes to recall two stints which had nothing to do with the athletic world—Meet the Missus, which he conducted for four years before Tom Breneman got started (the only difference, he said, "was that we didn’t give out orchids"); and a six-hour disc jockey show he did, six days a week, during the war.

During his spare time he’s active as toastmaster and speaker at various sports banquets and meetings. Boyer keeps in trim on the handball courts at the Pittsburgh "Y."

He’s a real family man, too, with three sons and two daughters of his own, and two young nieces whom he took into his home when they lost both parents four years ago.

"In fact," Boyer says, "that’s why I’ve got to be kept busy. When you buy shoes for an outfit like that you’ll see what I mean."

As an added service for his listeners, Boyer has prepared a baseball book containing rules, regulations and playing tips for sandlotters. In a test to learn the size of his listening audience among the younger generation, he conducted a poll to determine the most valuable players in district schools. Over 20,000 votes for players poured in from 143 high schools.

His is a diversified audience—basketball, football, baseball, golf, hockey, the fights, races—each finds its place in the Whirl Around the World of Sports.
Here it is!
Your new spring complexion!

ACCEPT
Pond's wonderful lanolin-rich
Dry Skin Cream
GIVEN TO YOU
with purchase of 69¢ jar of Pond's
beautiful, snowy Cold Cream

Regular 94¢ value for only

69¢

For the first time in 6 years
Pond's special cream bonus thousands
of women used to look forward to

Just in time for Spring. Just in time for
you to do something quick about that tired-
of-everything look faces get at the end of
winter . . . Pond's brings you this spring
bonus. You get two Pond's Creams—no
finer anywhere at any price. And you get
both for only 69¢.

But you must hurry! The supply of this
Pond's 2-Cream special is limited. Don't
wait until tomorrow to get yours. Your face
needs pampering with these two beautiful
creams smoothed and stroked and patted
on it right now—today!

"This is a wonderful opportunity," says Mrs.
A. J. Drexel, III, "to get these two creams at a
real saving. I've never found anything quite like
Pond's Dry Skin Cream. And Pond's Cold
Cream is a treasure. I'm never without it."

Remember
you get both these Pond's Creams for the price of the Cold Cream
alone—but for a short time only. GET THEM NOW!

The you that others see first
is in your Face

It is not vanity to care for this face of yours
beautifully, so that it is a charming reflector
of the real, lovable inner self that is you.

New—"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold
Cream acts on both sides of
your skin.

Hot Water Stimulation
press hot, wet face cloth
against face—to stimulate
blood to skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition"

1) Cleanse. Briskly work
Pond's Cold Cream on warm,
damp skin to sweep away
dirt. Tissue off.

2) Rinse. With more Pond's
massage briskly to rinse off
last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation
a cold water splash, then pat
on the tonic astringence of
Pond's Freshener.

Special—2-Point Softening
Care with Pond's Dry Skin
Cream brings your skin extra
softening help. It is lanolin-
rich and homogenized to soak
in better. Use it like this:

Lanolin-Sofen by Night
after your "Outside-Inside"*
Face Treatment with Pond's
Cold Cream, work lanolin-
rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream
over face and throat. Leave
5 to 10 minutes, or all night.

Lanolin-Protect by Day
smooth on just a very little
Pond's Dry Skin Cream be-
fore make-up to give skin a
protective soft screen against
dryness all day. Holds powder
amazingly.
At the first blush of Womanhood

by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. 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 is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you must select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grinny. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

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

Bride and Groom

(Continued from page 42)

For instance, there was the night that he asked her to drive out with him to "a place I've always loved because my parents always liked me to drive there." Vickie, touched by what she interpreted as an all but secret sentiment, agreed. Remembering that night, she said, "I didn't notice where we were going until the car stopped. Then I looked around. We were on a hill high above Hollywood, famous as a romantic parking spot!"

But even in that setting, Martin kept his courtship on a light-hearted basis. "I was trying to work up courage to ask her to marry me. Only then I'd remember the fellow she'd gone with for a year; and I'd ask myself: 'What's so special about you that will take the place of a fellow who's not only a swell guy, but who's also got a million dollars cold cash?'

There had to be a quick answer to this argument, and Martin knew that he would soon be under Army orders to travel to Washington, D. C., and that from there he might be transferred to any corner of the world.

This came at the scence. "That was part of Martin's campaign," said Vickie. "Instead of trying to outdo the millionaire by planning expensive evenings, he did something a lot cheaper. He took me to a restaurant and planned some unique sort of evening. This time, he took me to a seance, the first one either of us had ever attended."

It was a wonderful evening for a couple in love, for the weird surroundings and odd noises in the half-darkened room gave a perfect excuse for sitting close together and holding hands. That night was the unforgettably performance—mysterious lights, tinkling bells, a table that moved in response to questions, and all the rest. Finally the woman conducting the seance asked me to pose questions. It was too perfect a chance to pass up, so Martin leaned forward and said, "When I marry, I want it to be from love and a wish to bring happiness for both of us. Is there any girl who could make this come true for both herself and me?"

For a moment there was silence in the shadowed room, except for a nervous giggle from one of the women who was in the group. Then the table gave two distinct thumps, which the medium had assured them meant "Yes."

But when I woke up, I heard a thump and a surprised gasp—for the table was suddenly sliding across the floor, directly toward her!"

That was when the Major wanted. Tossing the cooperative medium a tip that would have done even the millionaire proud, he pushed the surprised Vickie outside to where his car was parked.

Suddenly his arms were around her and, though his words were still carefully on the kidding side, something in his voice betrayed how important this moment was. "Well, Vickie, millionaire or no millionaire, don't tell me you're going to defy the order we just received from Luke the Spook!"

"I started to laugh," Vickie said, "for it was about the craziest proposal a girl had ever had. But suddenly I was more worried than ever. But the tears meant more happiness than any laughter had ever meant. The only answer I could make was to say shakily, 'I'm scared of ghosts, so let's obey Luke and get married.'"

Shortly thereafter, Martin and Vickie visited us at the Bride and Groom studio, and their application was forwarded to the board of judges, who were considering their marriage instead of Cupid. That's how they were awarded the six-hundredths of the prize. It seemed as though we were honoring personal friends (and Vickie and Martin soon became just that with all of us) when we gave them every possible assurance that their wedding day would be memorable.

It was even more fun than usual, talking with them during the "on-air" interview before the wedding, watching the faces of the radiant Vickie and her handsome fiancée as the gifts piled up—furniture, vacuum cleaner, electric stove and oven, and a lovely bridal gown, with a matching picture album, reservation for their honeymoon at the beautiful Carmel Valley Inn, and all the other things to bid them "bon voyage" on their start of life together.

The studio audience took them to heart, too—how everyone enjoyed the "Major vs. millionaire" romance; and the hilarious tale of "Luke the Spook's" part in the proposal!

But the gifts and the laughter are only a part of each Bride and Groom appearance. A special hush seemed to fall over the studio as we spoke of the wedding ceremony, to be conducted privately in the chapel adjoining the broadcast-room. The white-haired Reverend Martin's own minister of the choice, was waiting there to say the words that would make Martin and Vickie man and wife.

Many couples have gone down the tree-lined path that leads to the chapel and a waiting minister, but surely no couple has ever been more attractive than Vickie and Major Martin. Everyone who has ever carried them more sincere wishes for a life-time of true happiness as Bride and Groom.

Watch for RADIO MIRROR'S READER BONUS

In May (on Sale April 9th) It's Something Special!

70
Meet the Mayor
(Continued from page 51)

Vague's high, shrill giggles. She takes seriously her many jobs as actress, wife, rancher and honorary Mayor.

Barbara Jo is a lady without trying. And Vera Vague is her idea of a good joke on all the pretensions and affectations and shortcomings of would-be ladies.

Not that her creator doesn't love Vera just as much as the fans do. Barbara Jo has a very fond spot in her heart for the giddy antics of Vera and a sympathy for her weaknesses.

"But once in a while," Barbara Jo says ruefully, "I would like to forget her except that she comes in handy every now and then."

Once, when Barbara Jo was campaigning for the new postoffice, going door to door, petition in hand for signatures to present to the Los Angeles Railway Commission, she knocked on the door of a busy and suspicious householder. Sign a petition?—not he! He had no time for such things and anyway he didn't approve of women in politics. He didn't care if she was the Mayor of Woodland Hills.

Alf out the door, Barbara Jo managed to bring Vera Vague into the conversation. The scene changed. Whisking past a living room full of guests into his kitchen, he folded his arms and leaned back against the wall. "Okay," he said. "You're Vera Vague. Go on and convince me."

Before his startled eyes he saw an odd change come over the face of his visitor. Up went her voice an octave higher.

"You dear boy!" gushed that well-known radio star. "Women are such bargain hunters—but I wonder what ever made your mother think you were worth it?

There was more, before Barbara Jo stopped, out of breath. A lot more—enough to set the suspicious neighbor helplessly laughing. And absolutely convinced that she was Vera Vague, he reached for the petition.

When Barbara Jo was approached to become the Honorary Mayor of Woodland Hills, she was doubtful. Though assured that the job was entirely a nominal one, a pretense created office with no actual functions beyond that of gracing an occasional luncheon and permitting her name to be used in publicity for the community—still she was doubtful. Born of Scotch mother who was the famous Campbell clan, Barbara Jo had serious conceptions of honor and responsibility, and she felt the title of Mayor might entail plenty of the latter.

But this was not Scotland, she was told. This was the San Fernando Valley, a huge suburb of Los Angeles, and divided in itself into a number of small communities where glamorous Hollywood figures lived and for that reason were expected by their neighbors to shed some of that glamour upon them. This was the San Fernando Valley where Arthur Treacher reigned as Mayor of the community of Sherman Oaks and Andy Devine was Mayor of Van Nuys and Bob Hope of North Hollywood—all neighborhoods within the valley confines. Now Woodland Hills, more rural, less grown-up than the other communities, wanted an illustrious mayor to boost its stock and lure forth new immigrants.

How to brighten your kitchen for only 8c

Scatter cheerful, "singing" color around your kitchen. like twinkling stars brightening the sky! First, decorate shelves with sparkling Royledge Shelving in many patterns, in vivid reds, greens, blues. Then use "leftover" scraps on open shelves, for curtain tie-backs, etc.

"Refresh" your kitchen with a new color scheme monthly! Costs less than a penny a day to re-decorate shelves with Royledge every month or so. Fresh, gay Royledge patterns perk up your spirits. So easy to use—Royledge is shelving paper and edging all-in-one—just place on shelf and fold down the long-lasting, patented double-edge.

See gorgeous new Royledge patterns now at 5-and-10's, neighborhood, hardware, dept. stores. You'll be proud of your bright, colorful Royledged kitchen!
They wanted Vera Vague to fill this role. It would look awfully good in the newspapers.

"So I said yes," Barbara Jo says. "Then I went to a Chamber of Commerce luncheon. And was I surprised!"

It turned out that these Woodland Hills neighbors had problems she had never been conscious of before. She saw them in a new light; from the friendly men who had kidded her into taking office she saw them transformed into solid citizens, concerned over community affairs. Woodland Hills had no adequate bus service, either for adults or for children going to school. There was no post office of their own; they were served by a neighboring town.

There was a Red Cross drive coming up.

"That did it. No one was more surprised than Barbara Jo, herself, when she found herself diving head first into these problems. The least surprised of all was her husband, Norman Morrell knew that that troublesome conscience of his wife's would not let her rest with a masquerade-job."

So Woodland Hills found it had a Mayor who was a real First Lady. The community may still enjoy its own private joke and insist on having her talk and act like Vera Vague but it is growing steadily more proud of Barbara Jo Morrell who campaigns right alongside of them for the betterment of its public life.

She was a novice when she started, but she's a seasoned campaigner now. That shrinking butterflies-in-the-stomach feeling when knocking on people's doors to talk to them about a new bus line or get them to sign a petition or donate money for the Red Cross—it's all gone now and she makes her rounds knowing there will be a welcome wherever she goes.

She got the bus line. Her house-to-house canvassing for the Red Cross, which had been her first job, had led her into long conversations and put her so close to the needs of her constituents that when she went, in official capacity, to testify before the Los Angeles Railway Commission she really knew what the people of Woodland Hills wanted and needed. And her testimony was impressive. She could give facts and figures of people isolated in her hills because of lack of good transportation. It was a proud day for her and for Woodland Hills when the first new bus rolled through its hilly streets.

The post office was a tougher plum to pick. The mail had been delivered. Many of the residents couldn't understand what all the tooting was about. Why a new one when the larger town nearby had been doing the work? But Barbara Jo had learned that the community must have a post office of its own in order to be eligible for FHA housing loans, working a hardship on many who needed financing for their homes. So out she went again, petition in hand. Signatures came in, to her and the other willing workers and now an American flag flies its official protection before the door of Woodland Hills own post office.

It's not only in big projects that Her Honor is fulfilling her job. Her door must be open at all times to visitors who want to complain or who want help or who just want to talk.

Recently she had a frantic call from a neighbor woman. When Barbara Jo arrived at the woman's turkey farm she found a man and wife, itinerant workers, had moved themselves, bag
and baggage, into the woman's guest house, unmasked and unwanted. They had come in response to an ad for helpers on the turkey farm, but they had proved, during the interview, to be unsuitable and of no use.

Instead, they had taken the guest house over for their own. It took Barbara Jo and her neighbor three months of legal difficulties to dislodge the unwelcome squatters.

As Mayor she has a pet project. She is working, every moment she can spare from her home and her radio broadcasts, to get a riding center—a club house and playground—for Woodland Hills. Bob Hope has promised to do a benefit show for them in the school auditorium which should raise a good share of the money needed for the Center. Who in the whole San Fernando Valley wouldn't turn out to see these two Honorary Mayors have at each other — Barbara Jo a 'ricketty Rita Hayworth' and a 'hydro-matic Hedy' and hear her tertly reply that 'people with stones in their heads shouldn't throw them'!

Many a full-time city official can't claim the fine record in community-building that Barbara Jo has produced in so short a time. And she has a career, a horse, a walnut ranch to help manage, besides.

When Mr. and Mrs. Morrell moved to their eight acres—calling it a ranch is no affectation, since any plot of ground over an acre in San Fernando Valley is dignified by the name of ranch—they thought it would be a cinch to be farmers. In the first flush of enthusiasm they ordered a couple of cows, horses, a flock of turkeys and chickens, all to be delivered that same week. Barbara Jo shuddered to look back on that crazy, frantic week as she and Norman went from farm supply stores to get the animals and poultry settled. They had no idea so many things could go wrong. The few hours of sleep she managed to catch were crowded with troubled dreams—where was she to get the hay for the cows—mash for the chickens—where were they to get help—and she found that, asleep or awake, she couldn't close her ears to the unhappy lowing and moaning and neighing and cackling of the farm life she had so blithely acquired.

Just to make it perfect, in the midst of all this, they were informed by an experienced neighbor that their walnut trees must be immediately sprayed and pruned.

Somehow they survived and so did the farm. Amateurs that they were, they made up for their lack of knowledge by the knowledge of others and by sheer brawn and sweat. Still, the Morrells found they actually enjoyed the life and were eager to learn.

Another rancher nearby made what Barbara Jo considers a profound statement. "Farmers," he declared, "are divided into two kinds of people. You're either plant people or you're animal people."

If this is so, the Morrells are plant people. They have more of an affinity with their trees and gardens than they have with their animals around the house. Perhaps that was decided for them when they discovered that having their own cow and paying for its feed and a man to care for it and milk it would bring in a mere $6.25 a day and might earn up to six dollars and fifty cents a pound! And their own eggs averaged them somewhere around six dollars a dozen! Even now that's high. Even these stupendous costs might have been offset somewhat if Barbara Jo could ever have worked up an affection for cow or chicken... but she found them both to be silly creatures who didn't care what hand fed them, and the cow to be subject to all kinds of moods and contrariness. Docile beast, indeed.

There are two exceptions to the plant vs. animal decision—the dogs and Elmer.

Elmer is three pounds of ring-tailed monkeys and is the pride and joy of the Morrells' despair of the household. His mistress claims he is the smartest of all animals, but she also acknowledges that his superiority is of a demoniacal bent. Behind his tiny bright eyes and his constant chatter there lurk devilish plots to tease and harass every animal and human on the place. He loves to hide in corners and pounce on the unwary. He delights in scaring the chickens. His favorite trick is to hop on the backs of dogs or horses, pinching them, screeching at them, tormenting them beyond endurance.

The Morrells believe they have, through Elmer, made a scientific discovery. An onion to the monkey is not something to eat—in his tiny grasping hands it takes the place of soap and sponge. He rubs it all over his fur! The only possible explanation seems to be that the oil of the onion is of some benefit to the fur—and Barbara Jo passes this information on, here, to the furriers for whatever use they wish to make of it.

As she more and more becomes a plant person, Barbara Jo's reading habits have changed, too. From best-sellers and old classics to scientific treatises on mulches and composts and soil improvement. Though she is still one of the best-dressed, most glamorous figures of Hollywood's radio world, she seldom even peeks into a fashion magazine now. Her subscriptions have veered to farm journals and agriculture magazines.

It is quite possible that returning to a ranch may, unconsciously, be Barbara Jo's last attempt to flee from her other self, her creation—Vera Vague. Not without good reason, she would like to see her on-stage character separated from her private-life real self. She has only partially succeeded: though as Mrs. Norman Morrell she respects and likes her, still it is Vera Vague whom they love.

She was not always identified with this one character. After finishing her schooling in the University of California, at Stanford University, and, lastly, in the famous Sorbonne of Paris—Barbara Jo became a serious dramatic actress. In stock companies she played such artistic hits as "The Shanghai Gesture" and the "Trial of Mary Dugan."

She soon—because of her natural, rich low voice and her acting ability—came into demand for radio parts. As a straight dramatic artist she was heard in Death Valley Days, as Beth Holly in One Man's Family, in Hawthorne House and many others.

The fateful change came into her life purely by accident. "Vera Vague" was not intentional.

At a Talent Parade party—a purely private staff party for NBC artists in San Francisco—all the guests were asked to come and do something just the opposite, in the line of acting or music, from their usual roles.
NEW!
A LIQUID 'LIPSTICK'

Instantly... make YOUR lips more thrilling!

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's not a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to make your cream lipstick smear-proof, too. Just brush on a coat of Liquid Liptone over your lipstick... You'll love it.

And CHEEKTONE...
Rosy in your cheeks without rougel A "minute" preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.

LIQUID LIPSTONE and CHEEKTONE—nestle exciting creations of Princess Pat—each $1. plus tax.
At all better stores.

Send Coupon for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 8144
2700 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sample. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. tax) for each. Please check:

☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
☐ Regal—Glamazonous rich burgundy.
☐ Scarlett—Flaming red—definitely tempting.
☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
☐ English Tin—Inviting coral-pink.
☐ CHEEKTONE—"Magic" natural color.

Name
Address
City... State

What's New from Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 13)

Talking about song plugging, there are more than 300 song pluggers in New York and Hollywood. It's their job to exploit songs for their bosses, the publishers. A recent poll among them revealed that their No. 1 "plug" on the West Coast is Bing Crosby, in the East it's Nat King Cole. They say these two can do more to boost a song into hit class than any other performers.

One of the liveliest feuds in New York is between Superman scripter Ben Freeman's three-year-old daugh- ter and NBC's director Ed Byrom's three-and-half-year-old son. The two girls go to the same nursery school and when they get to an impasse in out-bragging one another about their respective fathers, they start talking to each other. That's the mildest form of it. Sometimes they end a session with blows. That their parents remain on friendly terms is incomprehensible to the little people.

All kinds of things can happen. Recently, Ralph Edwards received a bill from a Sherry Inn, Los Angeles hotel which came as a surprise. Inquiries revealed that during the latest "Miss Hush" stunt, a woman registered at the hotel under the name of Miss Hush and gave instructions that the bill be sent to Edwards. The gullible manager believed her story that she had been doing her cue broadcasts from a farm-house which had just burned down and that she was making the hotel her new hideout. The phony Miss Hush was given every possible consideration, including a suite, room service and all the trimmings. She stayed two weeks in this luxury and then checked out. She hasn't been traced yet.

Did you know that Jack Benny's orchestra is never allowed to hear the play before it hits? Jack insists on this because he wants his programs to sound as spontaneous as possible and he thinks this way the orchestra's guffaws, when they come, are more natural and soldered.

One of our sports enthusiasts friends who always remembers everything about every sport tells us that Irene Wood's, who's a permanent fixture on the Jack Carson show these days, was runner-up for the New Hampshire women's golf title when she was 16. From that to singing is a long swing, but on her walls it looks fine.

Sam Moore and John Whedon, who formerly wrote The Great Gildersleeve, have written the musical comedy, "Hell Bent For Election." The score is by Robert Emmett Dolan and the lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Should be a hit with all that talent put into it.

GOSSIP AND STUFF... The big trade unions are all setting aside hefty budgets for radio time this election year. . . . Perez Faith has been asked to do the voice for a Broadway musical which Fletcher Markle, radio-producer of Studio One, is producing on the Gay White Way. . . . Pat O'Brien has already been signed as Jimmy Durante's summer replacement. . . . Looks like Sam Spade will get film treatment via Universal pix and Howard Duff is part of the deal. . . . Dave Wooldred has a fat supporting role in Ray Milland's new Paramount flicker, "Sealed Verdict." . . . It is estimated that Professor Quiz has given away close to $200,000 in his eleven years in radio. . . . Ted Malone is busy setting up a cross-country FM network. Wonder when he sleeps...
The Life of Jack Benny

(Continued from page 61)

him) to "go into radio."

"I had no more radio job than a rabbit," he says now. "But I said it loud enough so that nobody asked any questions."

Burns and Allen made it before he did. So did Eddie Cantor. The early sponsors shied clear of anything as subtle and "Broadway" as the Benny school of humor.

When Jack finally did make his radio debut, it was for free—as a guest interviewee with columnist Ed Sullivan.

That fifteen-minute sustaining show was to launch the most fabulous radio career of them all, so for the record, here is the way it began.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Jack replied to Sullivan's introduction, "this is Jack Benny talking. There will be a slight pause while you say 'Who cares?'"

A lot of people cared, most importantly the manufacturers of a now Benny-famous gingerale, who promptly signed him up.

And the process of Benny-izing radio began. After fifteen years, it has come full circle. "Situation comedy," Benny style, generally has replaced jokey routines on the air; getting laughs with character rather than with gags—another Benny innovation—is the aspiration of every top notch performer.

And the legend about a man who is so stingy, so stupid, so grudging and sourpussed, such a smart guy with no brains to back it up has so convinced the American public that every Sunday 25,000,000 roar with laughter when that smart guy falls on his face.

The laugh is really on them. For Jack Benny is none of those things.

On the air, Jack Benny is a miserly man—a penny-pinching fellow who tips with nickels, who pays Rochester $25 a week, who requires of Dennis Day that for his meager salary he sing and mow the lawn.

Actually, Benny shops for the best performers in the business—pays the highest salaries in the business to his writers and actors, both the regulars on his program, and the extra people who come and go. Even the AFRA actors who come on to say "Telegram for Jack Benny" go off to collect an over-scale check.

In the face of suspicious waiters the country over who have heard tales about this guy, he tips with a lavish hand. When he leaves a hotel not only the maids and the waiters are richer, but the telephone girls, mail clerks, and bellhops. At Christmas time, at NBC, when Benny's secretary, Bert Scott, hears into view with bulging pockets the cry goes up that Santa Claus has come at last. There are money gifts for everybody—parking lot attendants, pages, thirty-five girls in the mimeograph department, the maintenance crew, the works.

The Benny family lives in luxury in one of the most beautiful homes in Beverly Hills, run with a lavish hand by Mary and a staff of eight professional, fabulously paid, domestics.

Mary is gowned by the best designers, drives the most luxurious cars, not a Maxwell in the lot. Joan, the Bennys' fourteen-year-old adopted daughter, goes to the very best schools. His family and his friends can have anything Jack Benny has.

On the air, Benny cowers before the

"We'll wash him with Mama's Fels-Napthha!"

A great many "Mamas" will understand this picture without a word of explanation. They'll be reminded of clothes that are cleaner and whiter; of 'shorter' washdays; less washing 'wear and tear.' Because they use Fels-Naptha Soap.

You may want to try golden Fels-Naptha, too, when you know why it removes dirt and stains that other laundry soaps can't budge. This mild, golden soap brings extra help to every washing job. The extra help of naptha. Gentle, active Fels naptha that loosens stubborn dirt—deep down in the fabric—so it can be 'floated' away without harmful rubbing.

Once you see a sparkling, fragrant Fels-Naptha wash on your line, you'll never want to start another washday without the extra help of Fels-Naptha Soap.

Golden bar or Golden chips—FELS-NAPTHA banishes "TattleTale Gray"
Big Name. The real Benny has respect only for what a man or a woman can do. Several years ago when he was kept waiting for an hour by a Governor of an eastern state he walked out. Over hurri
cied protests of the receptionist, he made his position clear. He had work to do. The Governor's car had been on the run—his had only thirteen weeks.

He is credited by the people who know him best—the people who work for him—with a kind of democracy rare among the “Big Boys.”

In his weekly all-Friday writing sessions with the writing staff, he is just another writer, easily overruled on any point of disagreement.

Although it has been said that any writer who works for Benny for a week is a Benny writer for life—because the man’s influence on the script is so definitivethe result is gained without Jack ever resorting to the phrase which echoes down most radio halls, “It’s going to be this way, because I want it this way.”

“We have to keep reminding him that he is a big star,” one of the writers jokes.

At the Saturday read-through—first rehearsal of the Sunday script—Benny will equalize and blend with the twenty-five or so actors, sound men and musicians on hand.

He gets the reading he wants without raising his voice. If he suggests a change in interpretation, it is so tactfully done that no one, least of all the old hands, takes offense.

Rochester has told friends that his relationship with his boss is rare and wondrous; that Jack never lets him down, and that he is the only one Jack will ever resort to the phrase which echoes down most radio halls, “It’s going to be this way, because I want it this way.”

“We have to keep reminding him that he is a big star,” one of the writers jokes.

What a feeling of confidence and self-assurance this Tampax gives to a woman on those bad days of the month. She goes about absolutely free from the worries connected with the external type of sanitary protection. Her Tampax is an internal absorbent. It can neither be seen nor felt when in place!

Dressing in the morning, she does no
harness of belt-pin-pad. Therefore she
carries no bulk to act as a reminder. No
ridges will show nor edges chafe. No
odor to be feared because odor cannot
form with Tampax. Then how can she
help feeling more like her usual self—
daintier, more relaxed, more active?

An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton firmly
stitched—and it’s encased in applicators for easy insertion. Quick to change. No
trouble to dispose of. Join the millions
now using Tampax. Sold at drug and
dotion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes
(Regular, Super, Junior). Average month’s
supply fits into your purse; the economy box holds 4 months’ average supply.
Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

A FEW minutes later when a reporter
from the local paper rushed in
breathless, hoping for an interview, he
was told that Mr. Benny had retired.
He was a little late, the reporter
theatrically exclaimed.

The reporter sat in the lobby all night.
After all, this was his big chance.

When Benny appeared, at six a.m.,
he stammered out his request.

“I want to be nice but also wanted to get started early,
black and white, for breakfast?”

“Nothing in the town was open that
early,” the hotel said. “The reporter
suggested tentatively, “we could go to
my house.”

It was quite a breakfast—hot corn
meal, ham and eggs, pancakes—the
best. He bought the house.

The rigorous work schedule he must
keep up—constant personal appear-
ances, benefits, in addition to the weekly
radio show and the motion pictures he
completes—奪de him to make at intervals—would
be enough to excuse Jack Benny from many of the
obligations of an ordinary fellow.

But he doesn’t want to be let off—he is
under oath to do anything. “I have
of the pleasure of being a husband, father,
or friend.”

When he toured the battlefronts dur-
ing the war he wrote daily to Mary,
giving her every detail of his experi-
ences. If he was homesick, he drew a
sad Benny face for a signature; if he
was heading for home, a Benny with a
big smile.

He was in Paris on V-E day and ap-
peared on the broadcast which made the
news official. He fretted that he was no
IN VENICE... a Hand Kiss... and

I felt like a movie star!
On the Piazza San Marco,
an Italian I'd met came up
and kissed my hand.
Jim (this American boy)
said, "Pretty silly, this
handkissing." But later—

Jim took both my hands.
"M-m—soft," he said.
"Maybe nice to kiss such
soft hands." It shows—I was
smart to use Jergens Lotion
and keep my hands nice.
Because—

One dreamy night in a
gondola Jim said he really
loves me. "Never let any
other man kiss your dar-ling
hands," he said.
"They're mine now." And

I know Jergens Lotion will help keep
my hands smooth and soft—always.

Softer than ever now—your hands can be smoother, protected much longer by today's
Jergens Lotion. You'll find Jergens even
finer now, as a result of recent research.
Two outstanding skin-beautifiers many
doctors use are part of Jergens Lotion now.

What hand care do movie stars use? The
Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion. Smart you
—use Jergens, too. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus
tax) for today's finer Jergens
Lotion. Leaves no oiliness
and no sticky feeling.

Used by More Women than Any
Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion
breeze for Jack, who finds plenty of time for his daily golf, and for a pleasant, unhurried, suburban kind of life with his family and close friends, the Joel Pressmans (Claudette Colbert), Burns and Allen, the Myrt Blums. (Mrs. Blum is the former Babe Marks.) Jack is relaxed, and his writers and staff insist that they, too, are free of pressure.

When the schedule is complicated, as it was last spring and summer, by a rigorous personal appearance tour, things toughen up for everybody.

Jack played to record audiences—and for a record box-office take—for one week at the Chicago Theater in Chicago, and two weeks at the Roxy in New York. (And took a train out of New York one hour after his final New York show to appear at a testimonial dinner in Kansas for General Eisenhower.)

The radio show of the Waukegan kid in him.

"Isn't it wonderful," he asked Mary the other day, "I can afford two sets of golf clubs—one to keep at Hillcrest, the other to leave at Palm Springs."

"You kill me," Mary said. "Don't you know that you could buy a new Cadillac if the old one got dirty?"

Not Jack. His father, who scraped and saved to buy those first violin lessons for his talented six-year-old son, would turn over in his grave.

As for his mother—even now Jack thinks of her uneasily.

"Town gossip," he says sometimes, "I wish I hadn’t quit school. I wish I’d had an education." (He buys books voraciously which he intends to read.)

"Then," Mary objects, "you would have been a different guy. You get laughs because you're a schmoe." She knows that his comedy is down to earth, real to millions of people, because Jack is close to the people and the roots of America.

When, as sometimes happens, a really big time violinist—a Heifetz or a Menahhin—appears on Jack's show and is approached that the great comedian actually can, if he wants to, get a good tone out of his own fiddle—Jack worries about that.

"I wonder," he'll say, "if I should have kept up with the violin."

"And lose all those laughs because you’re a lousy violinist," Mary tells him. "You're better off doing what you're doing now."

Some ghost of his mother's voice makes him protest.

"I want to be doing what I'm doing now, and be a great violinist," he pronounces.

"Sure," Mary comes back, "and you want it not rain this afternoon and spoil the ball game?"

And they laugh.

**Better Than Ever!!!**

**THE DICK HAYMES SHOW**

**Tops in Music!** with Martha Tilton

*Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra—Cliff Arquette*

CBS Stations EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT

No wonder the Dick Haymes' Show gets more popular each week! Dick's beautiful serenading, Martha's rhythmic warbling and Cliff's comedy make every Thursday night a holiday of music and mirth. Don't miss it this Thursday night.
“Hello, Sweetie!”
(Continued from page 31)

Esther glanced at the newcomer, thought idly, “Why, that boy looks like Ben.” Then she did a double-take.

"Ben!" she screamed, as his arms gathered her in. "Oh, you big moose, you've done it again!" She was crying and laughing, pummeling his chest. "Why didn't I guess you were calling from the lobby? When will I ever get wise to you?"

He grinned down at her. "Never—I hope!"

The married life of Ben and Esther, a marriage of radio and screen stars, is like that. Full of surprises, fun, more fun—and other things, including large quantities of devotion, mutual admiration and down-to-earth plain good sense.

Three other times during the four weeks Esther was on tour, Ben finished his announcing-singing stint on Joan Davis Time (CBS), hopped a plane, and turned up unexpectedly where Esther was.

Once, in New Haven, Conn., he was the "boy" who presented her the customary bouquet on stage after her performance, his appearance almost fracturing her poise but not quite.

Again, when her tour was over and she was proceeding home by train, she received a wire at Winslow, Ariz. "Hello, sweetie," it read, "meet me in the club car. I'm lonesome." He had flown from Hollywood to meet her, sent the telegram from the station.

THEIR romance started this way: they "met cute," as the script-writers term it. Esther was a rising movie starlet, helping out at a big benefit show at Earl Carroll's by peddling cigarettes. She was beautiful, moving among the customers and smiling, but her mood was deep indigo. Her teenage marriage had just ended, she was there alone, and she felt lost. Bunny Waters (Mrs. Johnny Ben) said, "Hi, Esther, I want you to meet Ben Gage—Sergeant Ben Gage."

Esther looked up, up, and up, into the blue eyes of a guy who admits to six-feet-five and 220 pounds. Now she remembers thinking: "I've seen big guys before, but here's the biggest." The impact, on each of them, was total. Esther went on peddling cigarettes but—as she knows now—her life was changed. She worked late, got her wrap, and went to get her car.

The parking lot attendants were all gone. It was raining, the parking area a black lake. She stood there, feeling very sorry for herself.

"May I help?" said Ben Gage behind her. "Getting a car here is a job for GI boots, not for your sandals."

He brought the car around, stepped out, and observed hesitantly: "I was watching you all evening. You didn't eat anything. Aren't you hungry? A sandwich, maybe?"

A girl has to be careful in Hollywood, but Esther could tell this big lug in uniform wasn't "fresh." They went to a little spaghetti place, ate, drank coffee, danced to juke-box music, talked, and talked some more. It must have been love then, because the place seemed wonderful. It was, as they found out on a later visit, actually a greasy little joint.

She did not see him again for three months. They next met at the wedding of Vicky Lane and Tom Neal, and then they began dating. Esther was making

---

shampoo life into your hair with...
Emulsified Lanolin

Helene Curtis

creme shampoo

FAVORITE OF BEAUTICIANS

It took Helene Curtis, world's leading authority on hair beauty, to create this completely new kind of shampoo. Its EMULSIFIED LANOLIN, nature's own oil, prevents dryness, sets hair magically aglow with new life. Leaves hair soft and thrilling to the touch... yet amazingly easy to manage. That is why professional beauticians use this shampoo most. Even in hard water, it bursts instantly into oceans of rich, fleecy, bubbles. Its deep-down cleansing action removes dandruff. Not a soap—leaves no film; needs no after-rinse. Beauticians will tell you "Helene Curtis" means highest quality.

twice as much for your money... five full ounces 60c
full pound, family size... $1.50

AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP, DRUG, DEPARTMENT STORE
"Thrill of a Romance," one of her first hits, and Ben was busy on air force radio at Sanata Ana.

"I must have been a trial to him," says Esther now, "being all involved in a picture and everything."

"I was a test to her, too, being a sergeant in the army!" says Ben. "Couldn't be sure about leaves, or anything. Things were so bad they could only get better."

A year and a half later, November 25, 1945, they were married. It was a candlelit wedding, in a little Westwood church, and all their families were there—mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts, even Ben's eightish grandma who flew merrily in from her home in Evanston, III. "And since then," as Esther tells it, "nothing's ever been dull in our lives."

Dull? These two can unstuff a stuffed-shirt atmosphere merely by walking through it, Ben with a grin, tall and tawny. Esther with that twinkling smile that says, "Come off it, Butch, and be yourself!"

You've seen homes where "informal living" is planned, self-conscious, even painful. At the Gage house, things are informal because formality wouldn't have a chance—they'd kid it into a nervous breakdown.

Their small redwood house hugs a Pacific Palisades hillside and overlooks a lot of land and sea. In the entry at street level, in the upstairs hall, and if you're not careful you fall down the stairway into the wood-paneled living room.

The decor is strictly Esther-Ben. Comfort, bright colors, gadgets, antiques, lamps made from antiques. There's a brass cuspidor Ben made into a lamp, with shade by Esther. An old coffee-grinder likewise sports a lampshade. Stone fireplace, cozily smoke-blackened. A flock of Toby mugs, bought for gifts—that they found they couldn't part with. A neat bar Ben made from the lumber in a wall they tore out to run living and dining rooms together. Big couches—and books. A piano which neither plays but which is pounced upon by friends. A fiddle—Ben's—which he says he "plays not quite as well as Jack Benny when he's kidding." A record-player, which sits on the floor beside the radio console. And Angie, an alert little cocker who is underfoot whenever Ben and Esther are, and who wags her tail and looks wise whenever she hears a Ben Gage recording.

The living room opens on a flagstone porch leading to the small backyard and pool. The pool is a tip-off on life at the Gages'. It's where the swimming queen and her equally aquatic mate take their favorite sport, but it's still the smallest in town—35 by 15 feet—and is fed by a garden hose. Ben and Esther painted it themselves, and Ben, quite a handy man around a house, installed the filter system. The tiny connecting guest house dressing room beside the pool is of redwood, built by Ben and Esther with a little professional help, wallpapered and painted by them on their own.

"They're always painting, building, or painting something. Sometimes, when they paint, they'll miss a spot or two—and leave it that way."

"The Town, Britten, Ill."

"BLONDES!"

Four of Marchand's twelve "Make-Up" Hair Rinse shades are created just for you! Now you can get the very color effect you want...whether it is to highlight your natural hair shade...or add a coppery tone.

"RINSES and Color into your hair!"

"BRUNETTES, BROWNETTES, REDHEADS!" There are special Marchand Rinse shades for you, too. The color chart on the Marchand package shows you which shade to use for the particular effect you desire.

"Glorious Highlights!" Every Marchand Rinse removes dulling soap film and leaves your hair softer and easier to manage. It does so much more than just lemon or vinegar...gives your hair sparkling highlights plus color! S A F E, E A S Y TO USE! After each shampoo simply dissolve the rinse shade in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair! Not a bleach, not a permanent dye, Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse is made of government-approved colors that wash off readily.

Every S A T U R D A Y M O R N I N G


HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

radios newest, brightest, newest Hollywood program, with Adele Fletcher—Editor of Photoplay, reviewing the new pictures and trends.

Les Tremayne—telling the Photoplay story-of-the-week

Cal York—Photoplay's Hollywood Reporter—with his famous flashes, tips, and rumors of the stars.

On the air just a few weeks and already the nation's movie fans are shouting enthusiastic praises for HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES. It's an unbeatable combination of drama, comedy, and flash news, all wrapped up by the editors of Photoplay, America's leading motion picture magazine.

If you go to the movies—you'll like HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

E V E R Y S A T U R D A Y M O R N I N G

THEATER

ABC STATIONS

10:30 EST

9:30 CST

11:30 MST

10:30 PST
Be Lovelier to Love

with new perfect Fresh

Now Fresh brings you a new, more effective, creamier deodorant to give you carefree underarm protection.

Yet dresses are perfectly safe from rotting... normal skin is perfectly safe from irritation. And Fresh doesn't dry out the jar!

Only Fresh can give you this patented combination of amazing ingredients.

But don't take our word for it—test it. See if New Perfect Fresh isn't the most effective deodorant you've ever used!
But Only Eddie STERLING was ever heard of. Never in the same breath as his former employers—Patronized and never with the same precision. Only in the early days, when their paths crossed....

They pride themselves on bargains, and price is definitely an object. Antiquing together is a very favorite pastime.

"In fact," says Esther, "doing anything or going anywhere with Ben is my favorite pastime. I'll tell you this with him out of the room—don't want to make him swell-headed!—but I don't know anybody who is more genuine fun. We can go into a restaurant for a sandwich and before we leave he knows everybody in the place, how many kids each has, and everything about them.

"Until I met Ben I never knew how much fun it was to go to the same places over and over, where he knows the waiters and waitresses and they know him. In Chicago he took me to some tiny hole-in-the-wall spots where he hadn't been for a dozen years—and they all greeted him like a long-lost brother! He has a way.

"And then, as you may have gathered, life with Ben is full of surprises. Always good surprises, always funny. They never miss—and I'll never get wise."

SHE'LL never forget that birthday of hers when Ben seemed to have overlooked the occasion entirely. He took her to the Brown Derby for dinner, and Esther, already tired from a hard day at the studio was feeling lower and more neglected by the minute. The last straw came, it seemed to her, when her waiter brought word that Robert, the chef, insisted on seeing her in the kitchen.

"I thought the least Ben could do was to make excuses for me, but no, he urged me to go," she recalls. "I went, and next thing I knew Robert was insisting that I see the new decorations in the American Room. I peeked in there, and I still didn't get wise—not until the whole crowd started singing Happy Birthday. Then, and only then, it sank in. I never learn!"

The "whole crowd" includes, usually, such Gage friends as Eddie Poli, Esther's make-up man, the Bushes, Jim and Henny Backus from radio, the Will Tracys, Ben's brother Charles and wife Ann, Dick Fitzpatrick of American Airlines, Melvina and Kenny McEldowney, Myron Dutton, producer of the Meredith Willson show, and Helen Young, Esther's hairdresser.

Most of these were en hand the day that Esther, for a change, surprised Ben. For their second wedding anniversary, Ben was led to expect a quiet dinner at the McEldowney's, but Esther fixed, that Backus, Bush and Dutton would require Ben for a foursome at the Brentwood golf club. As Ben was putting for the 16th hole, the gang marched from the nearby clubhouse, bearing presents proclaiming "Happy Anniversary!" "Go Ahead and Putt!" and similar foolishness. Wagons loaded with flowers and champagne and trimmings followed.

Ben was surprised, all right. He looked up, gaping, but only for a moment. Quietly, then, he turned his back, finished his putt, replaced his club in the bag—and then took Esther in his arms.

"When," he asked, "will I get wise to you?"

To herself, Esther winked.

---

"Kleenex* pops up, too!"

Little Lulu says ... Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-tissue Box—pull just one double tissue—up pops another! Compare tissues, compare boxes—you'll see why Kleenex is America's favorite tissue.

Quick and Easy
(Continued from page 55)

Chocolate Fudge Cake
1/2 cup shortening
2 cups sifted enriched all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup sugar
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs, beaten
2 squares bitter chocolate, melted

Place shortening in mixing bowl and cream until soft. Add flour, soda, salt, sugar and milk combined with vanilla. Mix until flour is dampened, then beat 2 minutes (allow 150 strokes per minute). Add eggs and chocolate and beat 1 minute. Pour into two prepared 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes. Makes two 8-inch layers.

Lemon Layer Cake
3/4 cups sifted cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup milk
2 eggs, unbeaten
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind

Combine flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and shortening. Add 3/4 cup milk and grated lemon rind. Mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes or 300 strokes. Add eggs and remaining milk and beat 1 minute longer or 150 strokes. Makes 2 (8-inch) layers.

Nutty Square Cake
1 egg
2 tablespoons fat
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup biscuit mix
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup chopped nuts

In a mixing bowl combine egg, fat, sugar and vanilla. Beat one minute (allow 150 strokes per minute). Add biscuit mix and milk. Again beat for one minute. Add chopped nuts, stir once and pour into a prepared 8-inch square cake pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes. Makes 1 (8-inch) square cake.

Light Gingerbread Cake
3/4 cups sifted enriched all-purpose flour
3/4 teaspoon soda
3/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 teaspoon ginger
3/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 cup fat
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup molasses
1 egg

Combine all ingredients in a bowl except the egg. Beat for 2 minutes (allowing 150 strokes per minute). Add egg and beat until it just disappears. Pour into prepared 8-inch round cake pan. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes. Makes 1 (6-inch) layer.

Something to keep in mind, when you're trying out one of these recipes which employ a technique possibly new to you, is this: its of particular importance with this method to follow the recipe and directions exactly.
newsreel cameramen lined us all up for pictures—the Ambassadors from Belgium, England, the Netherlands, and Italy, the five "adopted" children, and those of us meeting them. Just before they started taking pictures, one shoe fell off the doll's foot. Screaming to wait (in Dutch), Johanna ducked down to the ground and retrieved it—and only when it was back in place was she ready to have her picture taken!

She was that way for her entire visit—a very definite and wholly delightful personality. Looking back on it, I don't see how she could have been so vibrant on that first bewildering day. We went in a caravan of cars from the airport to the City Hall to see Mayor O'Dwyer—and then had to wait an exhausting two hours. Since none of the children had eaten in several hours, that was nerve-wracking; and finally one of them got sick out the window of the City Hall. "Wait—I'll use my first aid kit!" shrieked one of the British girls instantly—and tore open her first aid kit (a present to her on arrival) to apply all its medicines.

We were finally ushered in to see the Mayor, only to find him in a strangely belligerent mood. A photographer said, "Mayor O'Dwyer, let us get a picture of you with the little Dutch girl on your knee!" The Mayor snapped at him, "Don't tell me what to do. I'm not having any Dutch girls sitting on my knee at all!"

At which difficult moment, my little Johanna—who, of course, didn't understand a word of this—leans placidly against the Mayor's knee and smiled up at him in warm friendship. Instantly his mood changed. He swept her onto his lap, said, "Okay, boys, go ahead," and all was well. Johanna, as I said, was a very definite personality right from the start.

My wife, Vicki, and I, have no children of our own, and we couldn't see enough of Johanna during her nine-day stay—although part of our welcome to her was spoiled by two severe colds, one suffered by Johanna, and the other by me. Also, the "Foster Parents Plan for War Children, Inc," which had brought over the five children from Europe to make their organization better known, insisted that they all stay together at a New York hotel. This meant that Johanna couldn't be an overnight guest at our apartment. But we saw plenty of her anyway. And one day Vicki paid her when I was home, with my cold will go down in our personal history.

"Why don't you try on some of your new clothes for me?" asked Vicki, in Johanna's hotel room. (We had bought Johanna eight new dresses, patent-leather shoes, a dozen toys.) Then Vicki acted out changing clothes—and Johanna's face beamed. Happily, pretending in each outfit, she tried on different dresses. Meanwhile Vicki caught sight of Johanna's underwear—also a present from us—and it had a decided layer of New York soil on it. So she suggested something else.

"Now why don't you change your underwear? Then I can have the underwear you're wearing laundered," said Vicki. Johanna stared at her, puzzled, so Vicki began acting it out—pointing at Johanna's underwear, acting out taking it off, finally acting out washing it in soap and water. To her astonishment, Johanna's face set in firm refusal.
"Nein," said she flatly.
Vicki began pleading with her, again acting out everything. Two more times Johanna simply said, "Nein." Then, reluctantly, she nodded acquiescence.
Looking reproachfully back at Vicki, she picked up the new underwear in one hand and retreated into the bathroom to change—and seemed to have vanished forever. Vicki waited and waited for her reappearance; and finally got worried enough to open the bathroom door to see what had happened.

What she saw brought tears to her eyes. There stood Johanna, stark naked, on the toilet seat—carefully scrubbing out her soiled underclothes in the wash basin! No wonder the little girl hadn't wanted her underthings changed for washing—to her that had always meant washing her own clothes. And she didn't want mundane interruptions to her great American adventure.

Later that evening Vicki learned something else from Johanna about the lives of European war-children. The other four children came back from some outing, and while Vicki and their nurse watched, they all wolfed down a huge dinner and got ready for bed. Getting ready for bed was simple—they simply put their new nightgowns on right over their clothes and crawled under the blankets!

As the nurse and Vicki showed them how to go to bed in America, the British girls told them that the poorer children all over Europe had gone to bed that way throughout the war. It meant faster rising in case of air raids, and in the ice-cold houses of six war years, it was much warmer.

"Jack, do you realize that Johanna was born two years after Holland was conquered by the Germans? She's never known anything but war," Vicki reminded me when she came home that evening. We recalled how Johanna's father had been killed in a bombardment, and how her mother had disappeared soon afterward—and how Johanna had lived for two hungry winters on sugar beet and tulip bulbs. For many months of her life she had been unable to leave her house because she had no clothes to wear.

But now her cheerfulness was as continual as a river. We flew her to Washington—and she loved it. We took her through the hustle of New York stores, to restaurants, to visit our apartment, and she loved everything. Including the newsreel we took her to see of her own arrival in America. When she saw me on the screen she shrieked "Mein pappa Yak Smeeth" like a banshee—and when she saw herself she stood up in mad excitement and shouted, "Me, me, me!"

It was amazing how well she made herself known, anyway. One day when she was spending the whole day at our apartment, we had a big salad for lunch. Johanna made a face over it. Then she looked me right in the eye and said, "No goot," gesturing with her hands to show a big punch sticking before her.

"It is good," I said, and I gestured that salad made one tall.

"No goot," said she, grinning, but she ate it all the same. Salad was the only American food she didn't like. Grapes sent her solid—she had never tasted them before, and couldn't eat enough of them. As for oranges, when she first saw them she thought they were balls and tried to bounce them on the floor. And when she tasted them, she was deliriously happy.
Her passion for clothes was delightful to me—even though it caused me some nerve-strain once. That was the first evening she was in this new country of America. I had lined her up for my radio program, hoping that in introducing her on the air I could interest more people in sending fifteen dollars a month toward supporting some poor child in Europe. But Johanna, unfortunately for my program, proved that she was a miniature woman first—and a war-child second!

My wife and I had presented her with her first new dress, you see, just before the program. It was pale pink, and once she was in it, she kept stroking it and smoothing it with her hands, looking down at herself in a trance of wonderment. She didn't even hear when we spoke to her. Finally the folks on my show began helping me try to distract her—after all, the show would be on the air in a few minutes, and we wanted her to say two lines: “Mein pappa Yak Smeeth,” and “Okay.” This last was in answer to a question I was going to ask her about how she liked America; she had quickly learned the word “Okay” when we taught it to her.

It was finally the control room man who brought her back to earth. He took off his hat, waved it in front of her, and instantly Johanna was acting like a puppy. She grabbed the hat and ran up and down the aisle with it—completely a child again.

We were all relieved that she'd come out of her coma over the pink dress, and got comfortably set to start the show. But at the last minute disaster struck us, and presto! Johanna changed back into a six-year-old woman!

The disaster was a drop of water that somebody spilled on her dress just as the program went on the air. That did it. Johanna stared grief-stricken at her dress for the entire program, patting away at the drop of water, oblivious of anything. I asked my question about America, and had to answer it myself! Johanna was lost in a woman-world of clothes.

But it was her intense interest in everything that made her such fun. Vicki and I were worried because she almost wore out the eight dresses we'd given her while she was still in America—but we loved her for it. Her favorite was a little black velvet. That she kept for her best. She wore that whenever I took her out to dinner, which I did on several occasions. But again, her unpredictable personality always caused me some surprise. The night I took her to the Automat, for instance, thinking she'd be fascinated by the little glass windows with food behind them, she waited until I was fascinated by a chicken pie behind a window—and then she ran off and out the door, and right down Sixth Avenue! Luckily I caught sight of her flying form as she went through the door. I raced after her and caught her a block away. She was laughing uproariously—to her it was some kind of Dutch cops-and-robbers game, and after I'd won it she came happily back to eat six different dishes!

She was never homesick, for one moment. That astounded Vicki and me. We'd been afraid such a small girl would be overcome by nostalgia for her home. But the only time she wanted to go home was in rage! She and the other four kids got into a fight, and by the time I called to take her to dinner that evening she was angrily packing her bags, with a face covered by battle-scratches!
Often I wondered what she really thought of America in that quick Dutch brain of hers, and finally I asked a member of the Netherlands Embassy to find out for me. Johanna's opinions were all written down, thus:

"I loved the Smith house, and my Smith parents, and my new clothes, especially my patent-leather shoes. I also loved all things plastic in America—everything plastic, the baskets for waste paper, the combs and brushes, everything! What I hate is red nail polish, and don't see why we wear it. I also hate the long skirts the women wear here. Best of everything in America I liked the shops. I liked grapes and oranges. And I liked the funny trains that run underground with all the people standing up on them. But you know, I think secretly that traffic in New York looks funny, because it has no bicycles in it."

Bicycles, of course, make up the bulk of traffic in Holland. We found out that it was the dream of Johanna's heart (after clothes, clothes, clothes!) to own a bicycle—so we sent her one, with the special gears that European bicycles have for hill-climbing. We also sent her Uncle Joe a pipe, since she told us he had broken his. When we saw her last, she was wearing American clothes from head to foot—and nine extra American pounds gained in her nine-day stay! She was also wearing a wistful smile, and she kissed me warmly. It was almost as if she knew that Vicki and I plan to send for her in two years to come over here for her schooling.

Meanwhile we are having her 19-year-old neighbor in Holland, who speaks and writes English, teach it to her. If I know Johanna, she'll be teaching him in the end! In her nine days here, she picked up one hundred English words.

Seeing her re-convincing me that everyone should consider sending fifteen dollars a month to support a child in Europe. Fifty of my fan clubs have contributed enough to support fourteen kids—and I'm so proud of them I could shout it from the house tops. And five secretaries (one my own) banded together so as to support one child among them. That's what really pleases me—that and the fact that in a short trip right after Johanna went back to Holland, I managed to raise $300,000, or enough to support 2,000 children. I wish everyone would give even fifty cents to the "Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc."—right now!

There's another change Johanna may bring. My name has always been the bane of my existence. Jack Smith is the essence of mediocrity, if you ask me; so I will 1 legally adopt Johanna Hendrika Leijdekkers—I think I'll change my name to hers. Not bad, I think: Jack Leijdekkers, father of Johanna!

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The custom of vaginal douching is so great today—the question is not whether a woman should douche—but rather what she should put in the douche.

And you certainly will want to know that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so harmless as ZONITE! Scientists tested every generally known antiseptic and germicide they could find on sale. And no other type was so powerful yet so safe to tissues.

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Coast To Coast
In Television
(Continued from page 47)
good old stimulant—the money of the sponsor. Could it be by way of giving
the advertising boys a little hint that NBC presented a large screen
television receiving set to the Advertising Club of New York recently?
Well, maybe it wasn’t exactly that, but it wouldn’t be a bad idea for the fel-
low who governs the handling of advertising money to study this new
medium and give it plenty of thought.
It’s the thing of the future and it needs as many smart heads as it can
get. Maybe the advertising boys could help with improving video fare.

Get ready—John Loveton, who pro-
duces Mr. and Mrs. North on that old
fashioned gadget, the radio, is work-
ing on methods of adapting crime
shows for television. So far, there have
been few whodunits on video screens,
except a number of beat-up British
oldies that are run when other material
can’t be got. Loveton’s got a problem
here, because there’s a difference be-
tween telling about a gory crime and
showing it.

Ballantine & Sons—the beer and ale
people—have signed to sponsor the
television broadcasts of the home
games of the World Champion New
York Yankees during the 1948 season,
over WABD, the DuMont outlet in
New York.

The first—and probably the only—false teeth ever to be fitted by tele-
vision belong to Ollie, the dragon,
puppet star of WBKB’s “Kukla,
Fran and Ollie,” in Chicago.

The horrible dentures, gleaming white and set in flaring red hinged plates,
arrived in the mail one day with a note
from two little girls in Glencoe, Illinois.
They worried, their letter explained,
beating Ollie’s flapping mouth sports
only one tired fang. They were sure
he was unable to chew his food well
enough to stay healthy. Guarding his
welfare, they had prevailed upon their
grandfather to carve the new set of
teeth. Although Ollie and Grandpa
had met only via the television screen,
the plates fitted perfectly. Kukla
proved it by inserting them in Ollie’s
mouth during the next show, and Ollie
promptly took a bite out of the birth-
day cake.

That incident explains graphically how real cotton-headed Kukla, feath-
erng Ollie, impetuous Mme Oglepuss
and their pals have become to Chicago
kids, aged six to sixty. From four p.m.
to five each day, they’re alive on at
least fifty-eight per cent of the tele-
vision receivers which can be reached
by the Balaban & Katz transmitter, and
every set tuned on has at least four
children or adults clustered around
watching it.

The puppets are the creation of Burr
Tillstrom, a lad still in his twenties.
The show itself was dreamed up in its
present form by Capt. William Cram-
ford Eddy, director of WBKB, and one
of television’s working geniuses. Him-
self the father of three youngsters, it
was characteristic that when he sched-
uled a children’s show on WBKB, he
should make it the station’s highest
budget studio production.

Into it, he put all those things which
can make a child incandescent with

... made possible by
the amazing new
PROCTOR NEVER-LIFT IRON

A touch here
lifts it
A touch here and
it’s ready to iron

New type
leg support
lifts iron, holds it safe

THOUSANDS have tried the easier,
faster Proctor Never-Lift ironing
stance . . . learned how it
speeds up flat-work, lingerie, chil-
ren’s clothes, menswear.

They finish big ironings feeling
fresh, relaxed. Here’s why. Tests
show you save 24% of your energy
by sitting down. You save by the
shortcuts of the Proctor Ironing
Technique. You save lifting and
tilting . . . the Proctor Never-Lift
lifts itself at a finger’s touch.

See your Proctor Dealer. Try the
amazing New Proctor Never-Lift
Iron that lifts itself . . . makes Sit-
Down Ironing so easy. Ask about
the Proctor Ironing Technique.
It will make your ironing easier.

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fume! You’ll thrill over the lovely new,
golden anodized metal Pipette, com-
plete with handy key chain and lens-
proof, ball-tip perfume applicator that
rolls lightly over skin leaving just the
right trace of your favorite scent. And
yes, we’ll put TABU, WHITE
SHOULDER, SHALMAR, or any
other famous perfume with the appli-
cator, absolutely FREE. To get yours,
good only $1.49 for Pipette portland.
Or send no money: pay postman $1.49
plus C.O.D. Use for 5 days. Return
for money back if not delighted. Fill
lines below and mail to: BUFFUM
Chicago 1, Gentlemen:
[Signature]
[Address]
[City]
[State]

[Name]

My choice is:
[Print name of perfume]
Delight: Burr's puppets to play make-believe; Fran Allison (who is Aunt Fanny of radio's Breakfast Club) as a stand-in for the lady next door who takes time to listen to young, bright dreams; a cartoonist to draw pictures; movie cartoons; child's music albums; a library story teller; youngsters in pint-sized school plays; high school heroes; a contest to win a dog, and finally, a birthday party.

But to the kids, it's Kukla's show. Compared to him, Charlie McCarthy rates an A in deportment, for sparse-haired Kukla is the imp without inhibitions. Ollie, whose hand-sized red velvet mouth flaps most efficiently to blow out the candles of the birthday cake, is Kukla's fall guy. Burr gave him the single tooth and a benign expression with the intent to create a gentle dragon that it would not scare even the most timid child.

Just how popular he has become was measured the week that Kukla invented an ingenious permanent wave machine, tried it out on Ollie's luscious thatch, and scalped him, clean as an egg. Their young fans burdened the mailmen with wigs, advice, grass seed and recipes for hair restorer.

Also in Kukla's world are Mme. Ogilpuss, the hook-nosed and bedraggled ex-opera singer; Mercedes, the smart Miss Coo-Coo, glamour personified; Fletcher Rabbit, a dumb bunny, and Beulah Witch, who gives Kukla the inside information on everything.

To Burr, each is an individual. Because of this, he uses no script. Burr, Fran, Beulah Zachary the producer, and Lewis D. Gomavitz, the director, huddle briefly before each show to decide the plot for the day. After that, the puppets take over, and it's every ad-libber for himself.

Both Burr and Fran started their preparation for Junior Jamboree during childhood. When other youngsters played cowboys and Indians, Burr constructed toy theaters, started taking dolls apart and making them over to suit the characters for his make-believe plays. Kukla was the first hand puppet he created.

Do men see thrilling "LOVELIGHTS" IN YOUR HAIR?

Richard Hudnut enriched creme SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

Real life Condensed into 25 thrilling minutes

... so writes one of the thousands of women who never miss listening to "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program, brought to you in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. Here are real people in real life experiences. A complete drama every moment Monday thru Friday. Tune in your American Broadcasting Station—10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 11:30 MST, 10:30 PST—for radio's greatest morning show!

YEs, you can thank the plain, old-fashioned hen for making Richard Hudnut Shampoo soothing, caressing, kind-to-your-hair. Because this grand new shampoo contains real egg in powdered form! Now—a shampoo that acts gently to reveal extra hair beauty. Now—a new kind of shampoo created for patrons of Hudnut's Fifth Avenue Salon... and for you!

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

LIQUID CREME... so smooth to use!

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.
Burr made him as a gift for a friend, found at the last minute he could not bear to give him away, and brought him down to Omaha Tommanova, ballerina of the Ballet Russe.

Delighted, she exclaimed, "Kukla!" — the Russian word for "doll," and the puppet had his name.

Burr tried to lock Kukla and his pals in the trunk when he won a scholarship to the University of Chicago, but he found he couldn't live happily without them. They made their first television appearance during the New York World's Fair, traveled later with an RCA jeep show, and when the Army objected to Burr's flat feet, became Red Cross blisters.

Fran's husband insists that the reason she has so much fun working on the program is because she is at heart the little girl who never grew up. She isn't pretending when she plays records for youngsters who visit the WBKB Jamboree room. She's having just as much fun as they are when she presents a puppet as the week's contest winner, or tells Kukla about the kids who have invited him to parties.

Radio listeners who know her as Aunt Fanny have also heard her voice on many network shows originating in Chicago. Her radio prep school was WMT, now located at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. She made her Chicago bow as a vocalist on NBC, later worked for Columbia.

The illusion of the puppets' reality is so strong with Fran that she has become superstitious about ever seeing them off stage. She vanishes before Burr, steps into the show for Kukla, Ollie, Mme. Oglepuss and the others live during the hour a day they play the show with her, and seeing them inhibit becomes akin to seeing a movie, or listening to a radio drama.

With Chicago mothers, Kukla and Ollie have become official baby sitters. They count on them to bring the kids straight home from school in the afternoon, to keep the quiet for an hour.

Since Universal Pictures hit the idea-created a film trailer especially for television use, when it presented a five minute short to advertise "The Senator Was Indiscreet," other motion picture companies have been taking up the notion. Watch for more trailers in the near future.

Several New Jersey movie houses in the Walter Reade chain have equipped their lounges with DuMont custom-installed telesets. Managers report that the patrons are "nuts about television." Bills list the most popular now list television schedules as well as film fare. The Reade chain plans to install sets in all its theaters.

Here's a listing of new television stations which are due to go into operation within this year. Early or late Spring: WPX, New York; WOR-TV, New York; WOIC, Washingon; WTVT, Toledo; WOTC, Bloomington, Ind.; KSTP-TV, St. Paul, Minn. Late Spring or Summer: WNAC-TV, Boston; KNJ, Angeles; WNHI, Indianapolis; WAAM, Baltimore; WAPB-TV, Fort Worth. During Summer: WJZ-TV, New York; WNBY, Chicago; WENR-TV, Chicago; KSFV-TV, San Francisco; WCBS, New York; KARO-TV, Riverside, Calif. Next Fall or Winter: WHAS-TV, Louisville, Ky.; KECA-TV, Las Angeles; WDLT, Detroit; WTVJ, Miami; KCPR, San Francisco and WJAC-WJW, Johnstown, Pa.
Charlie’s Ghost
(Continued from page 27)

Bergen. I'll yell and mean somethin' fierce and Mister Smarty McCarthy'll think I'm a real ghostie 'n' he'll shook and shiver—I mean, he'll shake and shudder—I mean—“Mortimer, sometimes I think you haven't a brain in your head.”

“Aww—you've been peekin’!”

Bergen sighed. Then he heard the front door bang open. Quickly he whispered to Mortimer—

“Hurry upstairs so Charlie won't see you—” Edgar Bergen also had his doubts as to whether Mortimer could be trusted to keep their secret and not give it away to Charlie—“go upstairs and practice being a ghost in front of your mirror—and the sheet on over your head—quick!”

Mortimer had barely stumbled out before Charlie came in. Swaggeder in, would be more like it. To say that Charlie McCarthy was feeling pretty cocksure and on top of the world would be stating it mildly.

“Charlie,” Bergen was being stern, “come here. I want to talk to you. The trouble you've been causing!”

“Hmmm.” Charlie studied Bergen’s face. “Let's see—Bergen—uh, let's just say I'm a normal kid, huh?” Bergen just looked at Charlie, one eyebrow raised.

“Okay—I'll try again, then. Come, Bergen, you were a boy once yourself, you know.”

“I was, indeed. A nice, well-mannered boy—not a hoodum, frightening people out of their wits. There's old Mr. Campion—has to get a nurse to look after him—”

Charlie whistled. “Some nurse! She could almost convince me there's something in this Good Neighbor stuff.”

“There is, Charlie. There is. There have been boys who have become heroes because they were thoughtful of the well-being of their fellow man. Did you ever hear the story of the little Dutch boy who protected all his neighbors from being drowned by the sea?”

CHARLIE shook his head in despair.

“Bergen, if I had heard the story and you didn't get the chance to tell it to me, your day would be ruined. Go ahead. Keep me up all hours of the night! Burn the candle at both ends—make me an old man like yourself. Go ahead!”

Edgar ignored him. “Well, this little Dutch boy and a little Dutch girl were out walking the dikes one day—”

Charlie leered. “Hmmm. You sure this story is fit for my youthful ears?”

“Please be quiet. These two children were walking along, when suddenly the little Dutch boy saw a trickle of water seeping out of a small crack in the dike. Now you know, Charlie, that these dikes were built in Holland to keep back the ocean and make the land habitable for the people to live in. If this crack should become wider—more water would pour out—the force of it would break and crumble the dike—the ocean would flood in—”

“Quit hamin' it up. Let's get back to that boy-meets-girl part.”

“So the little Dutch boy sees this trickle of water and what do you suppose he did?”

“Somebody shoulda warned me before this started.”

“He sent the little girl running back...
to warn the town, and he stayed there and put his finger in the hole to keep the water back. It was bitterly cold, that water, and his hand became numb. He was uncomfortable, miserable, and still he stayed."

"Just like me, listening to you."

"The little girl couldn't make any- one believe he was just a few hours went by."

"It's ten o'clock now, Bergen."

"...and still he stayed. The force of the water was so great that, in spite of all he could do, the hole widened. So what did he do?"

"Who's telling this story? Maybe he stuck up the hole with gum?"

"No. Without flinching, without re- gard for the fact that he was in danger of being crushed to death if his dike should give way, he plunged his whole arm into the hole. Just think... that little arm of his was all that stood between his country and destruction."

"That big mouth of yours is all that stands between me and my bed. Look, doesn't this story have an end? What's that little girl doing? She must be grown-up and married by this time."

"She finally convinced some of the townspeople to come with her to the dike. And they got there just in time to save the dike and save Holland. And the boy became the talk of the whole countryside."

"Just like me. Ain't we the ones?"

Bergen sighed. "I can see there's no use talking to you, Charlie. It's time for both of us to be going to bed. Maybe during the night something will happen that will prove to you that a change of heart."

He got up and stretched, yawned. "Goodnight, Charlie. Turn out all the lights when you come up."

Left to himself, Charlie chuckled. "About time he toddled off, I suppose," he said to himself. "I thought he'd never leave off yapping. But that's the way he is—get something in that square little head of his and it'll rattle around for a week."

Let's see—get work done. April Fool's Day tomorrow and me not even started. Oh, Bergen, Bergen... you'll wish you stood in bed tomorrow."

Bergen walked slowly down the staircase and in the hall—here's a roller skate in a nice strategic spot—I'll just hoist these pans of water over this doorway so when Bergen opens the door he'll be sure to think about it. A string across this doorway right where he'll trip over—Whoops! what I almost said! So he can't say he didn't do me any harm."

He sent an electric buzzer in his favorite chair... good, clean fun, that's all it is. Whoever started all this talk about me being delinquent? Just rumor, nothing else. Boy, did Skinny and I have fun, changing all those house numbers tonight! Wait till old Champ finds our house number on his front door and all our bill collectors marching in there tomorrow—though I'm sure I don't want any of his friends coming in here by mistake. Oh, well, don't worry. Just when Champ's number on our house and he's got ours—boy, this whole place is a booby trap."

And Charlie, yawning, with the satisfaction of a good evening well-spent, went off to bed, flicking off the lights behind him."

"Silence fell on the Bergen household. Behind closed doors of the bedrooms, only the peaceful sounds of splumber. Downstairs, in the darkened house only a few, glowing coals in the fireplace gave any semblance of life, and they were fast..."
dwindling into smoky ashes. The hands of the big clock marched on.

In his own room Charlie slept and dreamed. Dreamed of pleasant things—of the way that little nurse of Campion’s had patted him on the head when she had said he was a ‘nice little boy’. Hmmmph. She’d learn. She’d—

‘Yeow!’ Charlie jumped straight out of bed. ‘What was that? Bergen—wake up!’ He rushed out in panic. Edgar joined him in the hall.

‘Whatever is the matter, Charlie?’

‘Don’t tell me you didn’t hear it! Listen—there it is again—it’s horrible!’

Then it came again—that low, moaning cry from the dark wall of the living room below. A moan that was followed by an ominous clanking—

Bergen suppressed a smile. Good for Mortimer—he was on the job. Doubtless he was there below in the living room, dressed up like a ghost, making all that hideous racket.

‘Come, Charlie.’ He turned to the quaking McCarthy. ‘Pull yourself together. Be brave. Let’s go down and face this together.’

‘That’s f-fine. You’re a big help with your gruesome monsters! Go down yourself, Bergen. I’m just a puny little kid. Besides, I just remembered something—I forgot to brush my teeth. Excuse me.’

But Edgar seized him by the arm. ‘You mustn’t run away like that. Don’t show the white feather!’

‘I’m not going to show at all. I’m going back to bed. There—there it is again!’

This time the noise below had risen to a long, frantic scream and there was a thud, as of a body falling.

‘We’re going down there,’ Bergon told Charlie. ‘What will everyone think of you when I tell them you were scared of a noise? What will Sklinny think? What will the neighbors say? Think of how they’ll laugh when they hear you were a coward!’

‘And you’re just the one that’ll tell them, aren’t you, Bergen? Okay, lead

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**Life Can Be Beautiful**

(Continued from page 37)

**LIGHT A CANDLE**

Dear Papa David:

On April 29, 1947, after two years of struggling with various jobs to help care for my two children, ages three- and-one-half and four-and-a-half, I was told I had a spot on my lung-tuberculosis. I believed this to be the climax to all the set-backs we had known. I realized that what earthly good I could do for anyone.

Three months later, while I was having a minor lung operation, my younger sister died of the same disease — but in a far — away hospital. My family didn’t write me about it until three weeks later as they knew I would try to make the trip home.

My being away from my children and their father’s death made me bitter at first. But in the past month, I have done a lot of serious praying and thinking — I also had a talk with the Superintendent of Nurses here. In several months I will enter training here and graduate in two years as a tuberculosis nurse. My children are with my sister who is wonderful to them. I realize it is up to me to add my humble efforts in a great fight against this inidious, though quite curable disease. I will know how to take care of myself, how to help protect my children, and my family will never say that I can spare this time usefully has filled me with courage unlimited to “light a candle instead of cursing the darkness.”

R. R. K.

**THE TRUE BEGINNING**

Dear Papa David:

In ’29, the world had been shattered into a million pieces for a million people. I was a child of thirteen then and money meant only pretty clothes and movies and candy. The Wall Street crash meant little to me until Mother and I were forced to go on relief and live in a shabby, furnished room. I didn’t like it then and quickly let my mother know just what I thought. One day things came to a head, and Mother sat down and began telling me a story. As my life’s ambition at that time was to be a writer, I listened quietly.

She spoke about a woman who wanted a little girl and how she waited for years. Then, when she was answered, the mother finally adopted a child and grew to love it with all her heart and gave her the best there was. Then a day came when the mother could give the child nothing but undying love and devotion. Was that enough? Or should she find the real mother and give the girl to her? My mother looked at me and said, "Suppose you finish it." Suddenly I realized what she was trying to tell me. I was that adopted child and I had to make the choice. I ran out of the room and out of the house into the worst snowstorm of that winter. I walked until it was dark, and I grew hungry. I found myself in front of a closed shop. The sign in the window said "Day-Old Bread." There were quite a few people waiting so I stood by the stove to dry out my clothes and think. Each snow flake seemed to be one of my dreams, my ambitions falling, and melting at my feet in a pool of water. As my clothes dried, the ice in my heart melted and I knew I could go home now and finish the

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hair and beautifully expressive dark eyes—and because she always responded so well and seemed to be living the part at all times.

Most of the music was taken from Handel's Messiah, and I shall always remember the breathless scene as she took the pantomimic part of Mary to the solo music of "My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord," in the Annunciation Scene. And then, the scene of the Nativity! The auditorium was crowded, and the complete and emotionally charged silence when the curtain was lowered sounded like the most thunderous applause.

Afterwards, I got her story from one of the other patients. They called her Madonna. She had been a singer, but the trouble and stress of life had been more than she could bear, and had brought her to this heart-breaking place. The music director had been quick to see the potential in her, the part of the Madonna, and she seemed pleased and anxious to do her part. Now, each year she waits patiently and eagerly to help bring some beauty into the lives of her fellow patients, and also the large audience of outsiders which listens to the cantata yearly. Then she goes back into the shadows to await another Christmas and another opportunity. And, my narrator told me, each year she seems a little better. That was eight years ago and, of course, I have lost track of her, but I always find her heartrendingly tender and is again mingling with the outside world.

B. M.

A GREAT ADVENTURE

Dear Papa David:

Invalidism can prove to be an adventure. During the fourteen years I have been arthritic I have had time for resting and reading in peace as I’ve never had before. I am thrilled that I can play sixty pieces in every hour for my own—time to take excursions with my mind, time to enjoy visitors, and the miracle of the radio. I read to the blind and patients too ill to read for themselves, and I also handle correspondence. Very rarely are my fingers too stiff, or my mind too dull to make something someone can enjoy. Of course, I do not deny I have days of monotony. But pray, tell, who escapes boredom?

I have a corner room on the second floor; I call it my "Haven of Rest." On the east there is the glorious view of a beautiful park; on the west, the sky spreads out like a curtain before me. In the evening, the sky line is often decorated by gorgeous groups of castles on the coast. I am tempted to pity tired tourists, who, guide-book in hand, conscientiously plod from coast to coast searching for the show places of the world. While I, with my favorite books, tour the four corners of the globe. On bleak, rainy days when others hurry out to offices, bridge clubs, or shopping expeditions, I am blessedly restful. On brilliant days when sky and earth are singing in beauty, I feel no special longing for new pastures. If I were dashing across the country, I would be very, very tired. Now I can rest.

I enjoy my correspondence. Often I am told my letters carry encouragement to those actively engaged in life’s battles. I try to keep up a friendly correspondence. Although I face a life of invalidism, I am constantly amazed my life is more beautiful than ever.

P. V. L.
Dear Papa David:

There isn’t a human being anywhere that sometimes or other doesn’t have a sorrow, a trouble, or an affliction of some kind. This letter to you, I hope, won’t give the impression that I seek sympathy. What I wish to tell you is what I do to make these last years of my life happy. I say last years for I’m at the age where the good Lord may send for me at any time.

For some time I’ve been more or less a “shut-in.” Arthritis has taken full possession of my feet, thus compelling me to stay home. Being thus situated, I need must find a pastime. There is, of course, the time I spend reading, and most important, praying. I do not care to knit; fact is, I don’t know how. I’m not especially fond of doing any fancy work. I spend hours testing my intelligence. How? By turning on educational programs on the radio, particularly quiz programs. To realize the time for myself I constantly send in questions, biographies, names of objects (animal or mineral) and the like to the promoters of the programs who ask the listeners to answer them.

I realize it takes someone with a far better command of the English language to write the lines these radio people want, but that doesn’t deter me. It’s like writing a letter to an unknown person, and hoping there’ll be an answer. Someday, who knows, I may send in just what is wanted. Will I be happy? I cannot be much more so than I am at present when I keep on filling sheets of paper with the bits of knowledge that I have gained during the last century. Doing this, I forget I am alone all day, and I forget to feel sorry for myself. The pain seems to disappear.

Young people have their dreams. Why shouldn’t I find contentment dreaming that someday I may be a “lucky old lady” and receive honorable mention for some effort of mine in sending a few lines to a radio program? In the meantime the pleasure I have keeps me from becoming sour and morose. I laugh at my own silly writings and, laughing, I feel that life is still very beautiful.

Mrs. N. B.

Since Anna Came

Dear Papa David:

I come from a small family. There were only three children. We all grew up together, and there never was a baby in the family. Mother would get very angry at me if I would bring all the kids in the neighborhood into the house to play. I always loved babies, and I loved to bathe and take care of them. I vowed I would have a whole flock of kids. They used to laugh, and tell me I should change my mind after I had a couple.

I was married young, and when I learned I was going to have a baby, I was the happiest being on earth. I was nineteen then, three long years ago. The time came at long last. The baby was born in August of 1914, and when Mom told me she was a baby, I didn’t cry or scream, for I tried to believe something Mom had always taught me: everything happens for the best, no matter how the rows of what you think should have happened. When I was well again my doctor told me I’d never have another child. That did it; I felt cheated, and I hated the whole world.

In March of 1946 when I started back...
to work, I met a girl named Josephine whom I liked very much. She was a little girl the same age Danny would have been had he lived. So in my own way I found a place to put some of the love I had stored in my heart. Soon after, I learned Josephine was going to have another child. She asked me, one day, if I'd take her home with me, that she had something to tell me.

When we settled down with a cup of hot coffee, she began, "Mary," she said, "I don't want this baby. Will you adopt it?"

Just like that! I was so surprised I didn't know what to say. She went on to explain that she had never been married.

"I know," she continued, "the baby will have a good home, and what can I give it? I can barely take care of the one I have."

She began to cry. I asked her to stay until Bill got home from work. We three talked it over, and I was happy when Bill said, "Okay."

Anna was born in August of last year, and we picked up the torn ends of the plans that had been made two years before. The crib was still there where it had been. The toys and baby clothes which we had thought we'd never use were washed and aired.

We had a tree last Christmas. I think it was the most beautiful tree in the world, for three hearts hung on that tree. You will never know how happy we have been since Anna came to us.

Mrs. W. F.

PINK DRESSES

Dear Papa David:

I think the happiest moment of my life was when I was six years old. My father and mother parted when I was a small baby. I lived with my grandparents and was pretty lonesome at times, as they lived on a small farm three miles from town. My mother was a nurse and I did not see her very often, but I dreamed of her and when my brother and I came home from the orphanage, she would bring us a pink percale dress with slit pockets. You know, the kind that do not show. But I thought they looked nice sticking out so I pulled them out so that they would show.

One day, a beautiful carriage pulled by a pair of black horses came up the driveway. The driver had black eyes and a big Irish smile. He asked me my name and a few other questions, and then about my new dress with the funny pockets. I told them they were not supposed to be that way, but I thought they looked better that way.

He just laughed and said, "Well, honey, you just wear them that way if that's the way you like them." Then he said he would come the next day and take me for a ride. I was so happy I could not sleep that night.

I never went for that ride as my grandparents look me to my aunt's that I wouldn't be born there. They told me the stranger was my father. So I hope you'll print this letter and that it will come again for I think it would like my Irish Daddy and I know I like pink dresses.

B. W.

TO HELP OUR BROTHERS

Dear Papa David:

It was during the last depression, in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. There was very little activity in the steel mills and practically no smoke could be seen coming from their stacks.

Every day sad stories appeared in the newspapers. I was at the impressionable age of fourteen. I had always been taught that it was far greater to give than to receive. One evening my mother was reading the evening paper and suddenly she called me over to her and showed me a picture of a family of fourteen; a mother, father and their twelve children.

The story went on to say that the father had been walking miles every day through snow and blizzards endeavoring to obtain employment, but to no avail.

I could not sleep that night; I lay in bed visualizing the horror of this family's predicament. The next morning at school, I asked several of my girl friends if they would assist me in making a canvas of the neighborhood to collect clothing, food, whatever we could obtain for this family. Several volunteered, and in one evening we had collected a truck-load of food, clothing and furniture.

The next day being Saturday, and no school, we loaded my father's truck and delivered the things.

The story in the paper was certainly not exaggerated, and when I walked into that poverty-stricken little shack, which looked more like an orphanage with that sea of little haggard faces looking up at me, my heart ached. We were eating in the things and the mother and father put their arms around each other, and with tears in their eyes, said, "Thank God, He has answered our prayers."

Mrs. L. W.

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TODAY you can walk into any Greyhound bus office and order a ticket that will take you to and through every one of the 48 States, up into Canada, down to Mexico.

You may never ask for such a trip! But the fact that you can do so shows how very convenient Greyhound travel is. One ticket will take you almost anywhere you want to go—assured of modern coaches, one high standard of service, and one of the World's finest records of safe operation.

Can you think of any other transportation that will take you from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific shore for less than 46 dollars, plus tax? Equally low fares apply to thousands of cities, towns and communities.

This year America holds more color and interest for the traveler than ever before . . . and the nearest Greyhound station is "Main Entrance" for those who want to fully enjoy these riches.

**CALIFORNIA CALLING . . .**

One hundred years ago James Marshall discovered gold in California. Go this year . . . enjoy the gay Centennial Celebrations which will take place throughout the State . . . and go Greyhound.

GREYHOUND
SHE FRAMES some of America’s most FAMOUS FACES

Noted hat designer

Mary Goodfellow

agrees

"EXPERIENCE is the best teacher
... in making a hat... in choosing
a cigarette, too!"

"Sonnet Bonnet" is
as emphatically American
as the Pilgrim's original.
Mary Goodfellow
created this 1948
version of white lace
and roses.

"Gibson Girl Sailor"
comes a little after Easter
... with your favorite
shantung or linen.
A multicolor straw that
embellishes hats.

"Easter Coquette," of which
Mary Goodfellow says:
"Experience has taught me
that the hat must be
made for the face,
for the woman..."
Why I Love George Burns
BY GRACIE ALLEN

OUR GAL SUNDAY
Her Life With Lord Henry in Pictures
WHY I CHARGE ONLY 10¢ for my nail polish

Even though it is the only nail polish in the world containing the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient... PLASTEEN

A year ago I faced a serious decision!

I was ready to introduce the first nail polish to bear my own name. Everything was arranged except one thing... the price I would charge for it.

It was in a beautiful pyramid bottle. The shades were up to the minute in fashion. The brush was of superfine quality. And, in addition... the polish contained an amazing ingredient found in no other nail polish at any price... the miracle discovery of my cosmetic chemists... PLASTEEN.

PLASTEEN was the answer to every woman's greatest nail-do problem... chipping.

PLASTEEN not only helps to shockproof nails against chipping but also makes my polish go on easier, quicker, without "bubbles," and adds a new, star-like brilliance.

This Was the Problem I Faced

Most every woman in the U. S. pays either 10 cents or up to sixty cents for her nail polish.

Which price should I charge?

On the one hand, I felt that, if ever there was a nail polish worth up to sixty cents, it was mine... particularly on account of PLASTEEN.

At that higher price my profits would be tremendous. At 10 cents they would be merely modest.

I also knew that, at the 10 cent price, I would have to keep my advertising and selling costs at a minimum. I could afford no fancy boxes... no lavish window displays. I would have to buy bottles, brushes, caps, etc. in million quantities instead of thousands.

These economies, plus the fact that I eliminate the "middle man" profit by making my own nail polish in my own plant (which permits me constantly to control and check quality) enabled me to make my decision...

10 cents was the price!

At 10 cents millions of women are now enjoying the benefits of PLASTEEN... in contrast to the comparatively few who could have enjoyed it at the higher price.

I sincerely believe Helen Neushaefer nail polish is the greatest value ever offered in this country. You will find it in 12 gorgeous shades... each containing PLASTEEN... at chain and drug store cosmetic counters everywhere.

Helen Neushaefer

Distributed by A. Santarius & Co., Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.
Keep your hands evening-soft all day long!

This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic here... as well as here...

Hard-at-work and "on display," your hands lead a double life. So—pamper them with the double-beauty magic of Trushay.

Trushay, you see, is first of all a velvet-soft lotion—with a wondrous touch you've never known before. A luxury lotion for all your lotion needs—a joy to use any time. Every fragrant, peach-colored drop is so rich, your hands feel softer and smoother instantly!

Yet... Trushay's magic doesn't stop there. It also brings you a fabulous "beforehand" extra!

Smoothed on your hands before doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Guards them from drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft all day long!

Adopt Trushay's double-beauty help—begin today to use Trushay!

Trushay, the lotion with the "beforehand" extra.
by skin scientists and women everywhere

vitone called finer than Lanolin itself

now in

Jergens

Face Cream

Now . . . for you! The skin-smoothing discovery called finer than Lanolin. Vitone, a precious ingredient, now in Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream. See the way it helps smooth, soften your skin to romantic beauty.

Jergens Face Cream is like four beauty aids. Enriched with Vitone, yet costs no more than ordinary creams.

A CLEANSER
A SOFTENER
A DRY-SKIN CREAM
A POWDER BASE

Doctors’ tests show 8 out of 10 complexities beautifully improved with Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream. Better-than-ever with smoothing Vitone.
ALL set up for June is a Dick Haymes story written for us by Bob McCord, Dick's—but here we're stopped. Shall we call Bob stand-in? Secretary? Right-hand or left-hand or both? Any or all of these would be so right that you'll have to judge for yourself, after you've read the story. All we can say with absolute safety is that Bob McCord is a very important man to his boss, Dick Haymes.

Remember when Radio Mirror visited Fibber McGee and Molly in their temporary trailer-home? Wistfully, then, they spoke of the house they had in mind...the house that would take the place of the trailer. Well, it has; they're in it. So back we went to visit the new shelter, and it's everything the McGees—who, at home, are Jim and Marian Jordan—dreamed of. Not pretentious; just perfect. Visit it with us, in June.

Have you heard the new lilt in Al Jolson's singing? It's love that does it—the love Al and his wife are lavishing on their newly-adopted baby, Asa. They're so happy, all three Jolsons, that the whole story sings—look for "We Adopted A Baby" in the June issue, with its appealing four-color portrait of the family at home.

Milton Berle is a very funny man. How he got that way, and why he stays that way, you'll learn from the story about him by Frank Gallop, announcer on his NBC Tuesday night program. There's an excellent color portrait of Milton, too, looking only moderately funny...which is unusual.

There's a lot about Marie Wilson that you wouldn't guess from hearing her as the not-too-bright "Irma" of My Friend Irma. You can read it, though, in June Radio Mirror's story about Marie...The backward look is at Portia, and it retells in pictures some of the very exciting past moments of the heroine of Portia Faces Life...From the Bride and Groom files, a springtime romance...and the Reader Bonus is a Young Dr. Malone novelette.

Me sit out dances alone?
Never...

I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart work, sugar! Staggering the tagline is easy when Mum protects your charm the whole thrilling evening. You'll never let a dream man down with a fault like underarm odor.

A bath washes away past perspiration—brings you up-to-date in sweetness...but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come.

Mum safer for charm
Mum safer for skin
Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or evening.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

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.
A HOME
for the
HUSINGS

Come summer, the Ted Husings will fling open the
doors of their "tavern" room, step into the shade of
a fountain-sprinkled, wisteria-covered arbor, and
sigh contentedly. By that time the four-story, private
Gramercy Park house in Manhattan Ted and his auburn-
haired, vivacious wife Iris, purchased last summer will
have had the final, bright touch applied, and will be
the permanent quarters of the Husing menage which
includes a lively three-year-old son, known as Duke.
Although each of the nine rooms is in a state of
orderly disorder, with lumber, tiles, wire and lighting
fixtures lying about ready to be put into place, they
seem to come to life, take on color and warmth as Ted
and Iris describe them.
With years of traveling from one sports assignment to
the other behind him, Husing points with pride to the
top floor of the house which is being transformed into
a permanent and private broadcast studio and study.
The two-storied, skylighted room, with its huge fireplace
and small circular staircase leading to the roof will be,
in the not too distant future, the originating point of his
WHN Bandstand programs.
The Husing home life will center in the spacious, low-
celinged "tavern" room. The dark oak paneling will
be bleached to honey tones. Red benches flanking the
fireplace, comfortable chairs, an enormous table for in-
formal dining, the glint of copper and brass and the
broad leaded-glass windows leading to the garden will
make this one of the most attractive rooms in the house.

When Ted (Edward Britt) Husing forsook sports for
his Bandstand stints on WHN a year and a half ago,
he was so closely identified with sports that fans and
friends alike considered his new venture in the role of
platter spinner foolhardy.
He had aired golf tournaments, football games, cham-
pionship tennis matches, regattas, track meets, baseball
games, turf classics, and polo games.
Famous Husing "firsts" were legends in the radio
world. He was the first announcer ever to introduce a
President (Calvin Coolidge), to a nationwide listening
audience twice in one day, a feat that drew headlines
all over the United States. His was the first broadcast of
the entire Olympic Games in Los Angeles in 1932, one of
the most impressive sports broadcasts of all time. He
was the first to use a portable shortwave transmission set
for sports broadcasting. And he was the first big name
from another field of broadcasting to become a disc
jockey. (Now, of course, all you need to be a disc
jockey is a completely unrelated background.)
Way back in 1928, when Ted was reporting football
games over WHN, and, incidentally, setting a precedent
by airing the Army-Navy, Army-Notre Dame games,
the only times these classics have ever been aired by
a local (WHN) station, he was experimenting with a
Brunswick Panatrope to determine whether records
could be broadcast. That was twenty years ago, and
though he makes no claims to being the "first" disc
jockey, he seems to have been way ahead of the field.
A man can change...

Just like that!

She was sure she would never see him again. It had been their first big date... and here she was, back on her own doorstep again before the evening was half begun. His excuse was that his head was splitting. But she knew that wasn't true. She was hurt and puzzled. After all, he had appealed to her as few men do. She had tried so desperately to please him. And now—this!

What could she have possibly said or done to turn his ardor into ill-concealed indifference?

Many a girl has had the same experience... and never found the answer. It's a matter that even your best friend won't discuss.

How about You?

Don't guess about bad breath (halitosis). Don't offend needlessly. It's foolish to let this condition put you in an objectionable light when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, delightful, extra-careful precaution against oral bad breath of non-systemic origin.

You merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and, lo!... almost instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend... remains that way for several hours, too.

If you want others to like you, if you want to be at your best never, never, omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date!

It's certainly one of a girl's best friends... part of her passport to popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Before any date LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Yes, when bothered by occasional acid indigestion or similar stomach upsets, you can always depend on Alka-Seltzer for fast relief. An extra package means it's there when you need it most.

**Headaches**

For fast relief from the pains of a headache, take Alka-Seltzer. Its bubbling, effervescent action causes Alka-Seltzer's pain-relieving agent to go to work fast.

**Discomfort of Colds**

Alka-Seltzer's unique formula brings quick relief from the "ache-all-over" feverish feeling and other discomforts of a cold. There's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer.

**Aches and Pains**

The same analgesic that relieves headache so quickly causes Alka-Seltzer to bring quick comfort to muscular aches and soreness. One more reason for buying an extra package.

Better buy two instead of one

Keep an extra package on hand for unexpected emergencies. 30c and 60c — all drugstores, U.S. and Canada.

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1. Phil Harris and Alice Faye are one successful married comedy team. Name three others.

2. Thomas G. Garrison Morfit is his real name—who is this famous comedian?

3. Amos 'n' Andy are one of the most famous teams on the air. What are their real names?

4. What top female singer had a Broadway songwriter for a father, among whose hits were "Louise" and "Beyond the Blue Horizon"?

My Favorite Quiz Questions

a. What was the Northernmost State in which a Civil War battle took place?

b. Whose picture appears on a $100,000 bill?

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Radio Mirror's guest quizmaster this month is Ralph Edwards, M.C. of Truth or Consequences (Saturday, 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC).

5. Perry Como was once a (A) Lawyer (B) Veterinarian (C) Barber.

6. Fannie Brice, of course, is Baby Snooks. What famous comedian once played Snooks' father?

---

ANSWERS

6. Bob Hope is the Zigfeld Fellow

5. (C)

4. Howard Whiting

3. Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll

2. Woody Wilson

1. Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Red Allen and Portland Hotel; Harriet Hilliard
Are you in the know?

A smooth gal's fancy lightly turns to—

- Thoughts of going steady
- Dreams of prom bids
- Shoes of gold

Her brain may be tucker with date data, but a smooth gal's tootsies sparkle plenty! This season, there's a gold rush—for sandals with that Midas touch. They're untarnishable. Smart for prom-prancing or any girl-meets-guy occasion. Whatever the crowd plans, breeze along (even on "those" days)—comfortably. For the new Kotex gives a new high in softness. Dreamy softness that holds its shape. And Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!

Bored with your bookings? A different coiffure may help snap a new stag. It's fun to experiment with false tresses. Maybe you'll add a cluster of curls. Maybe you'll find a chignon has come-on. And, if you're unsure about bangs, it's safer to buy 'em than cut 'em! On problem days there's a way to be sure of the right napkin for your needs. Simply try all 3 sizes of Kotex! Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. You'll discover the one for you!

For graduation, would you give him—

- Sports equipment
- A magazine subscription
- His pet platter

Make it a simple but thoughtful token, like any of those mentioned above. He's fairway-frantic? Buy a few good golf balls. Or, sign on the line for his favorite magazine. You could give him a disc he's dizzy about. Whichever you choose, he'll be grateful! And come commencement, join the festivities—"calendar" time or no. Remember, Kotex has an exclusive safety center. How grateful you'll be for that extra protection that vetoes nagging cares!

3 guesses what girls forget most

- De-luxe your gams
- Make with the mouthwash
- Buy a new sanitary belt

No doubt your breath's above reproach... your pegs are satin-smooth. Okay. Well isn't there something you didn't remember—like buying a new sanitary belt? That's what most girls forget; keep putting off "till next time." To get all the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new Kotex Sanitary Belt! You know, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You get such snug, comfortable fit, for a Kotex Belt is all-elastic: adjustable... doesn't bind!

What will help improve your voice?

- More volume
- Two volumes
- Whistling

Let your sound effects be listen-worthy. Want to get rid of a rasp? A twang? A high-pitched "little girl" voice? This daily breathing routine helps: Lie flat on the floor; park two "volumes" on your diaphragm. Take 20 deep breaths. The rising of the books shows you're breathing correctly, for a richer quality of voice. You can always "breathe easy" on difficult days... confident that Kotex will keep your secret. Yes, you'll bless those flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

*U. S. A. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LOTs of notes have flowed through musical bridges since the day that Nat "King" Cole graciously returned the fifteen cents that a customer offered him to play a song request. That was about ten years ago in a little club in southern California, when the newly formed King Cole Trio first started playing together. In that decade, the public has been so taken by their musical and vocal prowess that the Trio is now in the $15,000 a week class.

You might expect a tale of hardships and struggles leading up to the grand finale of success. That's the usual story about the usual group. But, of course, the King Cole Trio is not a usual group. That, perhaps, explains why Nat insists that his story is made up of equal parts of fun, hard work, luck and genuine happiness. Nat maintains that, "So long as we were working and making music, we were well enough satisfied to keep going until that one break came along." While they kept going, they weren't wasting time. Every follower of jazz knew the trio and its work long before the general public became familiar with it. And sooner or later they turned up playing in every spot that specialized in non-commercial music. Nick's, in Greenwich Village, for instance, and Kelly's Stables. It wasn't until 1943 that the big break arrived.

By JOE MARTIN

It's almost five years since Johnny Mercer heard the King Cole Trio play and sing their original bit of nonsense called "Straighten Up And Fly Right." He immediately signed them to a recording contract for Capitol and the threesome was on its merry way to stardom.

Born in Alabama in 1916, and raised in Chicago's South Side, Nat spent his youth studying legitimate music with his mother, Perlina. By the time he was twelve, he was a capable pianist, and an organist proficient enough to play for services in the church of his father, a Baptist minister.

But Chicago, in those days, was no place to be studying the classics. As the Windy City of jazz fame, it was fostering the creation of its own classics by such great musicians as Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, Jimmie Noone. Their proximity was too strong a lure for young Nathaniel—more so, since his spirit was very willing. It took him no time at all to find out that these men were playing the kind of music which, to him, seemed worth playing. He succumbed, thereby laying the groundwork for the pleasure of thousands of fans.

The original King Cole Trio consisted of Nat at the piano, Oscar Moore on guitar and Wesley Prince on bass.
Nat Cole: clever vocals and piano.

Irving Ashby: newest member, his technique adds.

Johnny Miller: distinctive bass, the heart of the beat.

Oscar left recently to join the group headed by his brother, Johnny Moore. His place was taken by Irving Ashby, who played with the Lionel Hampton band for years. He was living on the West Coast when he received the call from Nat that invited him to join the trio, and for a while, the group traveled with two guitar players, for Oscar didn't want to leave until he was sure that Irving had the King Cole stamp of perfection.

Johnny Miller replaced Wes Prince on the bass not long after the trio was formed. Least known because the arrangements call for very few solo bass passages, Johnny is nevertheless the backbone of the group. It's his intricate beat that gives the arrangements much of their character.

Through the changes, however, the style and quality of the trio has never altered. This is the group that can play and sing ballads, novelties or rhythm tunes in the finest taste. Evidence of their musicianly versatility is the wide variety of bestselling records to their credit. "That's What" was be-bopish scat singing, "Harmony" was utterly wonderful nonsense, and "The Christmas Song" was heart-warming sentimentality. No matter what they do, the King Cole Trio is full of vitality. Or as Fred Robbins put it, this is the "Gleesome Threesome."
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But Chicago, in those days, was no place to studying the classics. As the Windy City's favorite, it was fostering the creation of its own classics by such great musicians as Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, Jimmie Lunceford. That particularity was too strong a lure for young Nat. Never more so, since his spirit was very willing, his time at all to find out that these men were playing the kind of music which, to him, was worth playing. He succumbed, thereby laying the groundwork for the pleasure of thousands who never heard the piano, Oscar Moore on guitar and Teddy Prince on bass.

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DANCING OR LISTENING

JACK SMITH (Capitol)—That man with the “grinning” voice couples “I Wish I Knew The Name” and “Big Brass Band From Brazil” for a delightful dice for Smith fans. The Clark Sisters and Earl Sheldon’s orchestra supply backgrounds.

LANNY ROSS (Majestic)—The lad of radio’s “Showboat” fame sings “Winter Song” and his “Moonlight And Roses” theme. They’re sung cleanly and interestingly. No swoon-stuff, but you’ll like it.

ART LUND (MGM)—With each succeeding record, Artful Art sounds better and better. The pairing of two oldies, “What’ll I Do” and “I’ll Always Be In Love with You” make one a cookie for keeping.

DESI ARNAZ (RCA Victor)—As if being married to Lucille Ball isn’t happiness enough, Desi can well afford to be proud of his music too. “El Camanchero” and “Made For Each Other” are highly recommended.

JOHNNY MERCER-PIED PIPERS (Capitol)—Who can help but like Johnny’s versions of anybody’s music and lyrics? No exception is “Hooray For Love” and the very wacky “The Thousand Islands Song.” Wonder if they ever will find Florence?

HARRY ROY (London)—We expect to hear much more about a young lady named Joy Nicholls, who recorded with Harry Roy, a delightful version of “There Ought To Be A Society,” Harry plays much boogie-woogie on the reverse, “Sitting On Edge.”

HIMMY DORSEY (MGM)—Danceable and musically clean is JD’s coupling of “If I Only Had A Match” and “Three O’Clock In The Morning.” Bill Lawrence sings the former, while Bill Dee Parker and The Skylarks all have a voice on “Three O’Clock.”

ELLIOT LAWRENCE (Columbia)—The youthful stick-waver offers another of his originals in “Sugar Beat,” while Rosalind Patton does well by “Shauny O’Shay.”

NORO MORALES (Majestic)—By this time everyone must have heard of Noro’s brother Esy of “Jungle Fantasy” fame. Esy is featured on this platter in the title, composing and playing it. It’s “Opus Es Y’s” and “Maria Teresa.”

* * *

ALBUM ARTISTRY

SIGMUND ROMBERG (Capitol)—Lovely Lois Butler does the songs of Mr. Romberg, with Lee Sweetland. This set is a “standard” for record libraries since it contains such all-time favorites as “The Desert Song,” “One Kiss,” “Lover Come Back To Me,” and “Romance.” Paul Weston’s orchestra plays beautifully.

FACING the MUSIC

Proof that Jack Smith’s grin starts in the usual way before it gets into his voice. With Sarah Vaughan, he signs for the fans.
Collector's Corner

By JAMES MELTON

This month's guest collector is James Melton, of NBC's Sunday afternoon (2:30 EST) Harvest of Stars. If you're interested in, but uncertain about, "serious" music, Mr. Melton's ideas may suggest a whole new approach to a hobby that can give you many hours of listening pleasure.

Are you thinking of building a complete record collection? Then why not give some thought to what is so grimly choked-off as "serious" music? Actually, too many people take the liberty of placing any and all classical music in the "serious"—by which they mean heavy—category. And so deprive ourselves of a lifting Strauss waltz, or of the delicate magic of a Mozart sonata.

If this be music in a "serious" vein, then let us brood to the delightful recordings of the works of a classical modernist, Katchaturian. His "Masquerade Suite," for example, has all the exciting flavor of a New Orleans Mardi Gras. For those who are jazz enthusiasts, with sheer and righteous admiration for Stan Kenton, there is available at your favorite record shop a wonderful selection of works by Igor Stravinsky, who has been a major influence on Kenton's music.

And when we stop to think that Chopin led the Hit Parade with his "Polonaise," disguised as "Till The End Of Time," we might well explore the possibilities in the compositions of this 19th Century Irving Berlin!

If your taste runs to the pulsating beat of the rhumba and tango, Ravel's "Bolero" in its original form will head your collection list in that tempo, or if you are one of the millions who enjoyed Freddy Martin's recent piano concerto records, you too will appreciate the prolific Ravel whose "Concerto For Left Hand Alone" has been recorded in at least two different versions.

If, however, you are really sincere in your decision to build a fine and complete record collection, you begin to see that classical records are as important a counter-balance to your "peps" as Shakespeare is to Raye and Chandler. It is not suggested that you move bag and baggage down to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, but through the magic world of records you can bring the "Met" into your own living room. And as the three B's were to your academic education, so the three B's (Bach, Beethoven and Brahms) can be to your musical education.

When Pittsburgh's face is lifted ... when the smoke and smog, so much a characteristic of Pittsburgh these many years, is under control it will rightfully take its place among the "Cities Beautiful" of the country. Built on many hills, on the shores of three rivers, it has all the things nature can give to make scenic beauty. Then, when the smog is gone (the ordinance is passed) and Pittsburghers learn that the sky is really blue, there will be joy indeed that the name "Smoky City" is no more. Pittsburgh has always enjoyed the good things of life, however, and for years has put its stamp of special approval on Beech-Nut Gum

The outstanding favorite everywhere

Beech-Nut BEECHIES Candy Coated Gum Good, too

DOWNTOWN PITTSBURGH, business district of America's great steel center. But all is not business in this bustling city—it has many cultural sides of which it has long been proud and it is famous in the world of music, art and education.
Critics' going couple encourage the first-class man which want losing for This will find their economy a headache, come time to get their original show time back. Mind, this is only a suspicion.

More signs of the times? MGM, we hear, has been pulling in its horns, too. The big flicker outfit has canceled all 24-sheet billboards, all radio spot announcements and its Ten O'Clock Wire news reports. All of which still sounds like peanut stuff to our financial sense. None of these items could compare, we're sure, with some of the big salaries paid out to top figures in the flicker industry.

Dennis Day's become such a horseback riding enthusiast that he's begun converting the members of his cast to the idea, too. He's already got Bea Benedaret and Barbara Eiller getting up early and out on the bridle paths. Dennis has a secret yen to take a crack at the Roy Rogers and Gene Autry laurels.

Gene Autry, by the way, is just a singing cowboy to you and yours, but to the FCC he's a big business man. The commission recently okayed Gene's purchase of a $50,000 interest in his fourth radio station—KOWL, Santa Monica, California. And radio stations are by no means the limits of the horseopera troubadour's activities. See where clean living will get you?

Evelyn Knight reports that 1948 is going to be her lucky year. She's just moved into her first apartment—and it took her a whole year to find and get it.

Pops Whiteman is currently sponsoring Saturday night teen age dances in Lambertville, N. J., near his farm. Their success has started Pops thinking of expansion. He'd like the idea to spread all over the country. This is the way he puts it, "Every town's got a hall and there are school bands, if no other music is available. So, if parents really stir themselves, they ought to be able to get local theater and night club people—especially in cities—to let talent drop by for a few numbers. Good, clean fun for the kids doesn't just happen, it has to be organized—by older folks. Everybody's got to plug it. This business of handing a kid a couple of bucks and saying, 'Go have yourself a time,' can easily lead to the wrong time—and then it's too late. Now, if you take that same money and pool it and throw parties for all the kids—juvenile delinquency will take a first-class beating." And we're all for that.

Perry Como and Bob Hope are another pair of fellows who care about the kids. They've both accepted membership on a committee which will work on a national campaign to combat juvenile delinquency through a series of cash awards to be pre-
sented to kids who distinguish themselves in community service. Como and Hope will join Father Flanagan of Boys' Town, Bishop Sheil, head of the Catholic Youth Organization and baseball star Bob Feller to administer a $100,000 Youth Fund. Nation-wide tours are being arranged during which, in addition to the cash awards, all-expenses-paid college scholarships will also be awarded. Credit Bob Feller with the original push to start this, basing his idea on his own experiences as a kid, when he and his friends were kept out of trouble by his father's interest in keeping them all playing baseball.

* * *

Edward since Ilene Woods has been on the air, she's had an admirer, whom she has never met, but who calls her on the phone regularly. Recently, he returned from Paris and, still by phone, invited Ilene to be his guest on the French Riviera and just to keep things perfectly proper, he also included Ilene's husband, Steve Steck, and her baby, Stephanie, in the invitation. Unfortunately, Ilene isn't going to be able to avail herself of this opportunity to meet her admirer, or take that swell vacation. Radio has her tied up too far ahead.

If you're nourishing a hankering to be a member of the studio audience at the Truth and Consequences show, forget it for a good long time. Requests for tickets have been coming in at such a rate that it will be fully six months before they have all been granted. NBC isn't accepting any more requests for the rest of the season. Too much filing and paper work to be done.

One of the mysterious things we'll never be able to understand about radio is why some perfectly swell shows go on for months and, sometimes, years without finding a sponsor, while other hit and miss stanzas pick up one hopeful money bags after the other. The particular show we have in mind now is CBS's Studio One, which outshines most big-time dramatic programs in terms of choice of material: they do some of the very best plays the theater has seen; taste in (Continued on page 96)
Paul Shannon, KDKA's Ace Announcer

WHEN the other youngsters in suburban Crafton were playing cops and robbers, Paul Shannon was all wrapped up in his own broadcasting studio, and with his brothers was busy writing and producing shows that kept visitors to the Shannon home on the edge of their chairs. Not that the productions in themselves were unusual, but the manner in which they were broadcast caused the furor among the Shannon visitors.

The embryo producers, writers and announcers included Paul's brothers, Chuck and Jack Shannon. They rigged up a studio in the basement of their home (it was really a large packing case) and connected their microphone to the receiver in the living room. Then, while the folks upstairs were enjoying their favorite program, they were often startled by unusual types of broadcasts which interrupted the regular show at the most unexpected times.

Paul went on from there, turning to various little theater groups in the Pittsburgh area. He studied drama with the once famous Shakespearean actress, Janet Waldorf.

Chuck and Jack Shannon became interested in management of motion picture houses, and today Chuck is manager of Warner Brothers theaters in Sharon, Pa. Jack left the theater field for a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

During his little theater days Paul demonstrated and sold rowing machines in a local department store; taught boxing at the Downtown YMCA and played shortstop for the Crafton ball team. His first radio appearance was in 1937 on KDKA as a member of the Catholic Art Singers.

Paul joined KDKA's staff in 1939 as an actor, announcer and news editor. Since then he has been leading man on a network broadcast with movie actress Claire Trevor, and has had parts in numerous other network shows.

Shannon is best known to KDKA listeners for his announcing abilities. He won first honorable mention in the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers' award in 1944 and 1945, and in 1946 he placed first in the 50,000 watt clear channel division.

At present he has seven commercial programs a week, and he is still identified with the Dream Weaver, a program of poetry which he reads against a background of organ music.

In addition to his duties at the station, Shannon also does narrations for U. S. Navy training films, industrial training films and commercial transcribed spot announcements, all of which are produced locally. He is an active member of the Pittsburgh Radio & Television Club, and a former president of the American Federation of Radio Artists.

Shannon is married to June Best whom he met when they were both members of the little theater groups. Their two boys, Paul, Jr., aged 8, and Greg who soon will be a year old, demand and get most of his spare time. Paul, Jr., is not only a drama enthusiast but he has a chemistry set and he's so interested that his dad has had to brush up on his chemistry.
IN MARCH Radio Mirror's full length novelette about Ma Perkins, a picture of one of Ma Perkins' daughters was used, labeled "Fay." Our mistake! That picture should have been labeled "Evey," for it was Evey, as played (see above) by Kay Campbell, Fay, who is also pictured above, is played by Rita Ascot.

Rita, who measures a diminutive 4 feet 9 inches, was born in Aurora, Ill., and set her cap for a theatrical career right from the start. She reports, "Everything went well until my Grandmother refused to let me accept a Keith vaudeville troupe's offer— when I was still a youngster—to join them for a year on the road. But Grandmother finally relented in time for me to manage several years of stock. In 1934 I had a radio audition, and I've been in radio ever since. The list of shows I've been in goes from here to here, but for the past ten years I've been Fay Perkins Henderson, on Ma Perkins. Ever since the Ma Perkins program moved to New York I've spent as much of my time in the air as on the air—for I commute by plane from Chicago."

Kay Campbell—"Evey"—says this about her background: "I was born in Kansas City, Mo., went to the University of Chicago High School and College. I met my husband, Samuel E. Hibben, at college and we were married right after my graduation. I have one son, who incidentally is very talented musically."

"I became interested in radio about two years later through a good friend, Virginia Clark (original Helen Trent), and started out on the long road on which I'm still plodding. I received a year's good training with actual experience on the air up at WAAF where we did everything from writing, acting, sound effects to producing, and then began the rounds of contacting and auditioning. One of the first shows I worked on was Helen Trent, and then in 1936 I got the lead on a daytime serial called Lucky Girl which ran for two years on WGN. Since then I've worked on any number of shows either as an actress or as a credit reader."

"I moved to New York March 1st, 1947, with the Ma Perkins Show. Since coming here I've had running parts on several other shows as well."

1. "FROM OFFICE-CLAMOUR to evening-glamour! It's easy if you start the day in a jacket dress. Keep hair-do simple! And most important of all—remember to protect your dress from perspiration stain and odor with new Odorono Cream! This safe, new cream deodorant protects you a full 24 hours...

And you'll be thrilled to discover new Odorono stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

2. "SHED THE JACKET at dinner time! Add jewelry, gloves and real flowers for elegance. Then start the evening—confident that you look your best. Confident that you are your best—because you can trust Odorono to keep you dainty the evening through. The Halogene in New Odorono Cream gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

Yet, Odorono is so safe and gentle—you can use it after shaving. Try greaseless, stainless Odorono Cream today!
King Arthur's

NO MYTH

IN PHILADELPHIA, King Arthur is a well-established fact. King Arthur's Court was the title of a program he once aired in New York, and Doug Arthur has been recognized as King of the Disc Jockeys for years. His Danceland programs, broadcast daily from 10:30 to 12 Noon and from 6 to 7:30 P.M., are the highest rated record programs in the area, according to all the surveys. Before entering radio some 31 years ago, his Rose Room Orchestra, which was booked by the old Columbia Artists Bureau, was in constant demand for college proms and club dates. He broke into radio quite accidentally when his band was playing in WTNJ, Trenton and an announcer failed to appear in time for the show. He announced the program and registered so well with the management that they subsequently put him on the air. He worked a part-time radio schedule along with his danceband activities for about two years before deciding to devote his entire time to broadcasting. His disc shows are scheduled not only with an eye to what is the top tune of the day, but what will be shortly.

He is constantly besieged by song and record pluggers with new platters, who want him to introduce their songs on his shows, since such procedure has made many hits. Buddy Grecco's "Ain't She Pretty" had its world premier on Doug Arthur's Danceland on WIBG.

A suggestion of his is responsible for Columbia's "Little White Lies" by Dinah Shore. Perhaps he made the suggestion for that one because, years ago, on Dinah's first New York program, which he announced, he told her that she could never sing a ballad. And he felt that eating the right kind of crow would ease his mind for one musical mistake of his career.

His sponsors don't believe he can make a mistake. All but one. That organization, an upholstery company of Baltimore opened a Philadelphia branch and bought time on Danceland. The Philadelphia branch is now larger than the main office. And the mistake he made was doing such a fine job for them, that they had to go off the air for a period of 9 weeks to catch up with their orders.

It was Doug who caught up with the London Records label and gave those discs a terrific lift on this side of the ocean. His musical column, published in a Philadelphia monthly magazine, was snatched for world-wide distribution by London Records.

Doug Arthur was born February 16, 1908 in Newtown, Pennsylvania and was educated in the George Schools. He has been married twelve years and has three children; Nancy—7, Diane—4, and Doug, Jr.—1. His wife was a school-days sweetheart whom he knew from the time she was seven years old. They currently live in a home he himself designed in Glenside, a Philadelphia suburb.
Young beauty:
Graceful Vikkie Dougan, New York model and prize-winning skater.

Beauty shade:
"Look Pink," blithe new spring shade of Cutex polish.
(Luscious in Cutex Lipstick too.)

Beauty miracle:
"Never, ever before, have I found a polish so long-wearing as the new Cutex," says Vikkie.

"Look Pink" by Cutex—
—newest, fashion-favored look for nails and lips

This spring, fashion loves pink! You'll love "Look Pink"—glowing on your nails and lips—flattering your new clothes, and you!

It’s a heavenly shade in a stay-perfect polish! Cutex now outwears even costly polishes! Sparkles with rich, fadeless color! And new Cutex is angel-pure—safe for even sensitive skins. A wonderful exclusive found in no other leading polish! Only 10¢, plus tax.

You’ll love the "Look Pink" shade in creamy, silk-smooth Cutex Lipstick too. So luxurious! Yet... only 49¢, plus tax.

Try all Cutex’s fine manicure aids, from nippers to nail white, for the exquisite grooming new fashions demand. NorthamWarren, New York.
The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Back of the distinct delivery and careful analysis that characterize the news commentary of Alvin Helfer (Coal Speaks, MBS, Mon.-Fri.) is quite a background of practical and successful radio experience.

It was back in 1929 that Alvin Helfer said to himself, "Al, bless your old Scotch-German ancestry, you should do something in radio." So he did. He and the microphone began their friendly and binding association in Washington, Pennsylvania, on the now defunct station, WNBO. Then to Pittsburgh and free-lance work at Stations KDKA and WCAE. Next stop—WLW, Cincinnati. There, Mr. Helfer vaulted into network radio—and he's been there ever since.

In many ways, Mr. Helfer is a jack-of-all-trades before the microphone—but master of most of them. While in Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, he was especially adept at sports broadcasting. Later, this experience paid off—and he has had no less than eight different sports commentaries for the various networks. His was frequently the voice in broadcasts of the world series.

Remember the Spotlight Band Show? Mr. Helfer was master of ceremonies. He was the narrator for the Chrysler program and the Sunday Evening Hour on CBS, the Treasury Hour over NBC, Great Moments in Music at MBS, and Sunday Strings for ABC. He has rounded out his experience with character acting on Pepper Young's Family, and work on several of the top mystery thrillers.

His news reporting background grew when he was selected to do the narration for Hearst Metrotone Movie Newsreel, The News of the Day. Subsequently, he reported special events for all the major radio networks.

The only break in his radio career came just after the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. He served as a line and commanding officer in the Navy—both ashore and at sea.

Today Alvin Helfer is no longer a full-time broadcaster. He is Director of Radio for the Haehnle Advertising Agency in Cincinnati. But in Coal Speaks, Mr. Helfer earns a top-ranking place among news commentators. His precise delivery and logical analysis make him a natural—and at 39, one of the youngest network commentators.

For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!
BRET MORRISON is one young man in radio who never has time to get bored. Handsome, in his early thirties, Bret has enough talents and energy to keep four or five people going. Always busy on the air lanes, his top assignment now is playing the romantic, singing-speaking role of Pierre Varnay in Mutual's Song of the Stranger (Mondays-Fridays, 3:30 P.M., EST). This show is something Bret campaigned for, after his success in a similar acting and singing role on the Aunt Jenny series.

Singing and acting are only two of Bret's interests and achievements. He's a writer and recently finished the book and music for a musical he hopes to land on Broadway. He also prepares all his own special material for his night club appearances. He likes taking these engagements at some of New York's smartest supper clubs; in them he can present his material as he wants it to be done, which isn't always possible in radio or the theater.

But there's more to this Morrison fellow even than his strictly theatrical talents. He's a stage designer and an interior decorator, both of which talents he turns to profitable use. Not long ago he decorated Paula Stone's apartment. He's also an expert horseman and turns that into a pretty penny, too, by giving riding lessons. He's a photographer of sufficient proficiency and imagination so that he could quit all his other activities and open a studio and be an immediate success at that. Last, but not least, he's turned an old hobby—the collecting of foreign cars—into a money maker. He rents them out to movie studios.

All this started about fifteen years ago, when Bret walked into a Chicago radio studio and asked for a small part in Dracula. He got it, of course. And he went on from there, right up to the top role of "Dracula." By that time, he had spread himself around a bit. He did stock and repertory work in Chicago theaters and later on the West Coast.

Meanwhile, he continued his radio work, wherever he happened to be. He has appeared on the Lux Radio Theatre, Parties at Pickfair, Vick's Open House, Ma Perkins, and the Romance of Helen Trent. He sang leads in the Chicago Theatre of the Air operetta series, and was the popular Mr. First Nighter. Now, in addition to his Song of the Stranger lead, he is The Shadow and the narrator on the Light of the World shows.

So far as we can see, about the only thing Bret hasn't tackled so far is television and we wonder why. He's surely be something for the girls in the video audience.

HEAVENLY CLOSE-UP... for "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girls Only

Bret Morrison
Song of the Stranger: MBS, Mon.-Fri., 3:30 P.M., EST.

For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

Now in Tubes as well as Jars... Lustre-Creme gives you your choice... for home or travel use...and for the convenience of the entire family. Four-oz. jar $1.00, or in smaller sizes, jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. Rekindle your hair's highlights... bring out its true beauty... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In tubes or jars at all cosmetic counters.

Kay Dounit, Inc. (Successor) 88 W. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
You can say "yes" to Romance

Because

Veto says "no" to Offending!

Veto says "no"

— to perspiration worry and odor!

SOFT AS A CARESS... EXCITING... NEW—Veto is
Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy,
always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day!
Veto stops underarm odor instantly... checks perspiration
effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath!
With Veto, you feel confident... sure of your own exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes!

SO EFFECTIVE... YET SO GENTLE—Colgate's lovely
cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to normal skin.
Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics.
For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make
Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!
So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

Trust always to Veto
if you value your charm!
New radio programs are always interesting news to Radio Mirror editors. Good new programs are even more important, because we like to be able to recommend them to our reader-listeners. And when a program is both new and good, and is planned and put on the air by one of Radio Mirror's sister publications—well, we think that's worth taking a page to talk about.

If there's one thing women like to hear about, more than any other, it's a bargain—something that gives you real value for your money. There are true bargains in radio listening, too—programs which give you full value in entertainment for the time you spend in listening to them. Hollywood Headlines is such a radio bargain, and it fulfills all three of those qualifications—it's new, it's good, and it's a program of one of Radio Mirror's sister publications, Photoplay Magazine.

To begin with, there is news and gossip by Cal York, Photoplay's own specialist in that kind of Hollywood reporting. Each week you will hear a story of special interest told by Les Tremayne, old friend of Radio Mirror readers. Certainly no one is in a better position to bring listeners inside information about movies and movie people than the editor of Photoplay, Adele Fletcher. She is the third of this trio of Hollywood experts which brings you just about everything you can ask in the way of a program about the moving picture world on Hollywood Headlines each week. Hollywood Headlines is heard on ABC stations Saturday mornings at 10:30, EST.

The Editors
The minute I came in the front door, I heard the familiar voice, the familiar words.

It was George's voice, coming from the library.

"Take a beat before you say it," I heard, "and don't fool around with your hands."

Shades of Union Hill, New Jersey.

The last time I had heard those directions was twenty-five years ago, when the vaudeville team of Burns and Allen was born, and they started my metamorphosis from a singing, giggling Irish colleen into what turned out to be Gracie Allen.

What was going on here? Was George getting himself a new girl after all of these years?

I had been off the show for one broadcast—laid low by the mysterious Virus X. But, after all, two performances missed in twenty-five years (there was another epidemic ten years ago) is not exactly absenteeism.

Younger generation taking over: Ronnie's rehearsing for a movie, Sandra's clicked on the air. Below, Gracie grooms Suzie every day.

By GRACIE ALLEN

You don't love a man—or marry him—for

some one thing he does; it's the sum of all the things

he is that makes a woman say, "He's mine!"
I hurried, getting to the library, and flung open the door.

George's face looked up, beaming.

"He got the part!" he said.

I saw a second ecstatic face. It was that of our twelve-year-old son, Ronnie.

Ronnie, so soon, taking a beat before he said it. Ronnie, already, learning not to fool around with his hands.

Ronnie, George explained, was an actor. Casting at Twentieth Century-Fox had just called. He had a one-page part in "Apartment for Peggy." A whole page, not just "Telegram for Mr. Benny." A real start.

And George couldn't have been happier.

He has always sloughed off the questions of our friends about whether he wanted our children to be actors. I knew he did—he doesn't think there is any other life. But

(Continued on page 85)

George is only too happy to coach Ronnie for his acting debut. Sandra, at thirteen, already tops five-foot Gracie by seven full inches!
WHEN my friends and I are listening to Mother's program on CBS on Saturday nights, hearing her talk in that funny, cracked falsetto, or when we go to the movies and see her doing her comedy falls on the screen, someone's sure to ask, "Is Joan Davis really like that—at home, I mean?"

Well, I couldn't say no and I couldn't say yes. Being a fifteen-year-old daughter who thinks that her mother is just about tops in the mother department, I'm prejudiced. Maybe the best thing to do is to tell you about her, and let you judge for yourself what I mean when I say that I can't make a definite yes or no answer to that question!

Most of the time, Mother certainly doesn't look the part of the Joan Davis of radio or movies. In person

Mother's Day bouquet for the queen of radio comedy—-
with love and pride—
from her daughter

By
BEVERLY WILLS

Hear Joan Davis Saturday nights on CBS.
at 9 EST, 6 PST, in the Joan Davis Show.
she's slim and sort of elegant, where she looks angular and thin when you see her in a picture or in front of the microphone. She's very pretty—and yet she's always made up to look unattractive for her parts. At home she's graceful, where she's all jutting elbows and flying legs in her Joan Davis character.

But even at home there's something about her that is still Joan Davis, as you know her. She thinks of something funny, and that sly, oh-yeah look comes into her eyes and her voice cracks in the middle and when she tells the story she has to do it with gestures. Her humor is a very real part of her.

Maybe I can give you an example of the way her humor works in with the rest of her.

She collects antiques. I'll tell you more about them later. But one of her prized possessions is a charming blue-and-white-and-rose, hand-painted with delicate figures, English porcelain spittoon! There it sits in our Bel-Air house, in our living room with all the fine, expensive furniture she has collected over the years, right next to an elegant wingback chair. That's my mother. That's Joan Davis.

As she says: "What'll I do if someone ever really spits in it?"

Do you see what I mean?

Not that she spends all her time being funny—the major portion of it, at home, belongs to me, and to her job of being my mother.

She always makes me face what might happen. She always starts off with "Yes—but, Beverly, what would you do if...?" And it's good for me. She's giving me balance.

Mother was helping me rehearse a speech I had to give in school. I made a slip of the tongue. Nothing serious. I started to go on as if it hadn't happened.

But she stopped me.

"What would you do if that should happen when you're facing that whole roomful of kids? What if someone laughs at you? What if the teacher stops you? What would you do, Beverly?"

I still wasn't taking it seriously.

"Oh, I'd just say my braces slipped and I'd better get 'em fixed."

"But that's good! That way they won't be embarrassed for you. You remember to make a joke out of your own mistakes and you'll have people on your side—laughing with you."

(Continued on page 73)
PEOPLE like to laugh at the stories about America when it was young. They get a kick out of the idea that poor immigrants came here expecting to see the streets paved with gold and precious stones. Well, maybe there were no golden streets then, but there are some things about this country today that seem just as fabulous. I ought to know. You see, I tapped a twentieth century gold mine. With the aid of CBS and a candy bar company, I struck it rich!

My story begins in Berwyn, Illinois, thirty years ago. I led a normal kid's life except that my family was a little bigger than most. Besides me there were five boys and three girls. As a youngster, most of my free time was devoted to sports. In high school I was on the football, baseball, basketball, and track teams. Later on there was semi-professional football with the "Hecklers" and even a try as a light-heavyweight

"I STRUCK

Strike It Rich provides the gold mine—all you have to do is bring the right tools

By
Art Musil

as told to
Thea Traum

Strike It Rich is heard Sunday at 10:30 P.M. EST, on CBS stations.
in the Golden Gloves tournament. I had a good job with an automobile corporation and was doing fine. Then everything changed.

Instead of hurling speedy forward passes to a lightning-fast teammate, I was helping to fire ninety-five pound shells at an enemy nine miles away. In the Field Artillery there were very few safety zones, no rules, and no referees.

One morning, about four-thirty, just after the battle of the Bulge, I was picked up by the medics. I was lying face down in the mud, pretty far gone in shock. Medical corpsmen poured two pints of plasma into my elbow vein to replace the blood I had lost. Then the fog began to lift and I realized where I was. It may sound crazy, but when I saw those doctors, I nearly laughed out loud—I was so happy to be alive. Even from the depths of my pain I (Continued on page 77)

"Todd Russell was asking if I wanted to risk all I'd won on the next question. I hesitated—till Carolyn nodded a go-ahead."

"I guess our baby is rather unique—the baby a quiz program paid for. I'm saving the story to tell him."
"I STRUCK IT RICH"

People like to laugh at the stories about America when it was young. They get a kick out of the idea that poor immigrants came here expecting to see the streets paved with gold and precious stones. Well, maybe there were no golden streets then, but there are some things about this country today that seem just as fabulous. I ought to know. You see, I tapped a twentieth-century gold mine. With the aid of CBS and a candy bar company, I struck it rich!

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Radiant is the word for the Montgomeries now that Melissa Ann's arrived.
Enter Dinah Shore's daughter—
music, magnolias and Montana are her heritage

By ROBBIN COONS

MISS MELISSA ANN MONTGOMERY was only two weeks old, the flowers and telegrams and letters were still arriving, and she was already far behind on her thank-you notes.

Melissa Ann—"Missy"—was entirely unconcerned about this social dereliction, but her glowing mamma hoped that Missy's friends would understand.

"It's just that since Missy came I'm floating around on Cloud Number 7," explained Dinah Shore, who's so radiant now that her most prosaic words seem set to music.

"You see, I used to devote every morning to answering mail," she went on. "I worked at it from nine to twelve, faithfully. But now—well, there's Missy's bath, and I can't miss that! I have to give it to her or at least watch while the nurse gives it. And her bottle—I just can't miss that! And so many things to check, like the temperature of her room, and so many reasons just to look in on her in her cradle—she's so sweet, with her dark hair and blue eyes, and her skin white as milk and soft as velvet, and her pink cheeks. . . . Oh, things will never be the same around here as they were—before Missy!"

From all of which you may gather that the debut of young Missy is a smash hit, a solid sock, not only with Dinah Shore and her husband George Montgomery, but with their friends and fans. And if Missy's arrival has caused a few changes in household routine at that beautiful redwood Encino home, her parents couldn't be happier, (Continued on page 83)
A favorite American girl, more famous than the young wife next door but just as appealing, is on the air.

Ten years ago, after the first "Claudia" story appeared in Redbook magazine, Claudia and David Naughton became one of America's favorite families. Since then—you can trace their progress on these pages—the Naughtons have fought their way with charm and humor and an underlying seriousness to the maturity that makes their marriage successful.

Now, under the affectionate supervision of writer Rose Franken and her playwright-husband, William Brown Meloney, Claudia has been transplanted carefully into a new medium, radio. A vast new audience now.

On the legitimate stage, Dorothy McGuire brought Claudia to life. Donald Cook played David; Frances Starr (r.) was Mrs. Brown.

Originally, Rose Franken's "Claudia" was a magazine story. Forty-odd more have followed, plus six novels, tracing the progress of the appealing Naughtons.
On the air, Paul Crabtree and Katherine Bard recreate David and Claudia with traditional warmth.

helps David balance Claudia's checkbook, watches Claudia heading for a mistake that her own good sense may—or may not—save her from, agrees or disagrees that Claudia has a "mother fixation."

Katherine Bard, who very nearly played the part on the stage, is Claudia. David is Paul Crabtree; the role of Mrs. Brown, Claudia's mother, is played by Frances Starr, who first created it in the theater.

Claudia is transcribed, heard Monday through Friday at different times on stations throughout the country. Check your local stations for time in your vicinity.

Hollywood found there was audience interest enough to spread over two Claudia films, both with Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young.

Katherine learns Claudia's lessons.

Paul grows to David's stature.

Frances Starr is radio's "Mrs. Brown."
TEXAS, as everyone who has ever met a Texan knows—and everyone who isn’t bedridden has met at least one Texan—is the proudest state in the world. And it would seem that one of the things they’re most proud of, at least along the eastern half of the state, is Parks Johnson, the man who has been putting the voice of the people on the air for the last sixteen years.

The Johnson ranch is near a wide spot on an unnumbered road called Wimberly, a few miles from San Marcos. But as you travel southward through the state it seems impossible to meet anyone who doesn’t know Parks, who doesn’t remember his first broadcast on a Houston station, who isn’t as personally pleased and proud of his success as the mother of the kid making the valedictory speech at the high school graduation.

A Dallas banker finally cornered into saying exactly where the Johnsons lived still hedged. “Well, his place is down below Houston, but we like to feel that Parks just lives in Texas.” In a way, that’s true enough. Traveling all over the world for the past sixteen years, Parks Johnson has never lost the feeling of Texas, even though he doesn’t get home as often as he’d like to nowadays.

On or off the air his speech has the blandness of hominy and the folksy friendly y’all of a lazy branch, which would be a creek anywhere else in the United States. There’s an easy heartiness about him, and a combination of shyness and cockiness which is as typically Texan as tumbleweed.

All this is part of where he lives, because Sabino Ranch is Parks Johnson at rest. The way he puts it is, “Louise and I looked all over the world for a place we’d like to live when we retire. We never found any place half as beautiful as Texas, and the most beautiful place in Texas is Wimberly.”

Years ago his wife’s family lived in San Marcos. Summers her father would (Continued on page 104)
At home, in front of their favorite fireplace, are Parks and Louise Johnson and, behind them, young Bill Johnson and his wife Mary Frances, who live in the annex on Sabino Ranch.

*Parks Johnson's Vox Pop is heard on Wednesday nights at 8:30 P.M. EST on stations of the ABC network.*
This might have been a sad story—
except that Jim and Inez have some
very big ideas about happiness

The gay and gallant Strains take their first steps into the future, flanked by their attendants: Harold Overholser, Charlotte Yahnian.

"I've been on the Bride and Groom staff for more than a year, and I've never even seen them!"
The switchboard girl was referring to the board of judges who pass upon all applications from couples wishing to appear on our broadcasts. Her plaint was not unusual, for the three members of the board—a clergyman, an attorney, and a radio executive—have insisted from the first on remaining in the background, with their identities a carefully-guarded secret.

"Otherwise," they explain, "we'd be continually asked to choose couples as a personal favor to someone, or even to approve marriages intended just for publicity or gain. By staying anonymous, we can select the couples we really want—couples truly in love, with an awareness of what marriage should mean, and with stories that will be of interest to the millions of listeners."

That was why I knew something
For the album, the Strains posed calmly. Then they rushed off to inspect the exciting house-on-wheels that was Bride and Groom's big gift.

By JOHN NELSON

room gifts John Nelson has just presented to Inez.

unusual was up the morning I received a phone call from one of the board members. "It's about one of the applications sent over from your office yesterday," he explained. "We think it's a stand-out in every way, and that you'd want to schedule it as soon as possible."

As he went into details, I listened with a growing sense of doubt. Finally I interrupted to say, "Haven't you forgotten what we've always agreed upon—that we should try to avoid sadness in our Bride and Groom stories?"

That has been one of the basic points of our broadcasts from the day that John Masterson first thought up the idea of the Bride and Groom program. As Masterson has said, "No one wants to minimize the unhappiness and tragedy that exist, but a wedding is supposed to stand for happiness. Let's keep Bride and Groom that way—not only for the couples being married, but to make all our listeners happy as well."

The board member answered my question by chuckling; and saying, "I told you this couple was a stand-out in every way. Theirs isn't a sad story. Why, it's one of the happiest love stories there's ever been!"

That was my introduction to James Strain and Inez Weber, of Richmond, California. Since that morning I have learned that the judges were right, that James and Inez have truly discovered the secret of laughter and happiness that should go with a boy and a girl in love.

If Jim had been a less courageous person, this might not have been true. For, as a sergeant in World War II, he had undergone tragic experiences in the South Pacific. A member of the National Guard of New Mexico, he had been among the first American troops to enter the war against Japan; and he was one of the (Continued on page 90)
This might have been a sad story—except that Jim and Inez have some very big ideas about happiness.

The gallant Strains take their first steps into the future, flanked by their attendants: Harold Overholser, Charlotte Yablans.

A fit and proper thank-you-word for the Bride and Groom's gifts John Nelson has just presented to Inez.

"I've been on the Bride and Groom staff for more than a year, and I've never seen them!"

The switchboard girl was referring to the board of judges who pass upon all applications from couples wishing to appear on our broadcasts. Her plaint was not unusual, for the law members of the board—a clergyman, an attorney, and a radio executive—have insisted from the first on remaining in the background, with their identities a carefully-guarded secret.

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**CITY SPRING**

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Spring peered into the city's heart
And looked and looked but could not find
A tree to hang her blossoms on;
The grass-green footprints of her kind.

Yet the stone trees of buildings bloomed
With pigeons, silver in the sun;
And every grey street emphasized
That Springtime weather had begun!

For children with sun-gleaming hair
Housed our sleeping dreams and hopes,
By turning through the starlit air
Their rainbowed area of skipping-ropes!

—Pauline Havard

**ON LEANING TOWARD BEAUTY**

"When doubtful, lean toward beauty," you advised,
In giving me technique for painting birds,
And, knowing you, I cannot be surprised
At the myriad applications of your words.

So when I seek a way to hang a curtain,
Or how to rearrange a room to best
Advantage; likewise, when I am uncertain
How sympathy, perhaps, should be expressed
Or some encouragement, and when I see
Two ways to be a friend, or give a gift,
And when the road becomes a fork for me
In larger matters, then my heart will life,
I know, remembering to be inclined
Toward any loveliness that it may find.

—Elaine V. Emans

**DOUBLE LIFE**

By day my life is calm, secure,
My little house is fresh and neat.
I read a book upon the porch
Where roses clamber, nodding sweet.

My kitchen smells of baking things,
Some neighbors drop around for tea;
We talk of cabbages and kings,
And life goes on with harmony.

But when the shadows lengthen
And I glimpse a golden moon,
My soul just aches to paint the town
A lovely, bright maroon!

—Marian Fickes

**DISCOVERY**

The mind takes counsel, being wise
In time of sudden stress,
The heart, a victim of surprise
Looks vainly for redress.
The mind reserves opinion, weighs
The moment, and is shrewd,
The heart invokes the urgent phrase
To clothe the fleeting mood.

When days that gave our fancies wing
Are gone to dust and embers
The mind forgets the face of spring—
Only the heart remembers.

—Sydney King Russell

**THESE MOTHERS**

My mother is a funny girl,
So pleased with simple things,
She thinks because I have a curl
I also must have wings.

She thinks I am a prodigy,
My every act and look,
She writes down very carefully
In a little book.

She almost bursts with pride and joy
And calls me "honey lamb"
Because I look just like a boy,
Exactly what I am.

—Louise Goodson
YOU ARE NOT FAR

Within a treasured volume, thumb-worn, old,
I came upon a blossom, quaintly pressed:
Its petals rare old wine, its heart carressed
With kisses of a long-lost summer's gold.
A fragrance clung—a tender, faint bouquet
Still lingered in that small forgotten bloom:
Your hallowed presence seemed to fill the room...
I saw your gentle face, as yesterday.
And suddenly I spanned the bridge of years,
My troubled thoughts grew strangely calm and sweet:
Again I knelt, for solace, at your feet...
My tortured heart knew benison of tears.
You are not far—not gone! It cannot be—
When faded flower can bring you back to me.
—Blanche DeGood Lofton

TO A CHILD

You will not value food
So lightly, since you see
Me turn the soft, brown earth,
Since you kneel with me
Putting small seeds under
The warm loam's cover
You will see miracles
The whole world over.
—Christie Lund Coles

Sails Appeal

"Love 'em and leave 'em?" you chide him;
But what can a sailor-boy say
Except that away he is with 'em—
And when he is with 'em, away?
—Mayhoward Austin McEachern

Radio Mirror Will Pay 50 Dollars

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.
1. One Sunday morning, some years ago, in the tiny town of Silver Springs, Colorado, two old miners found at their door an abandoned baby girl. Jackie and Lively, the miners, had no way of tracing the mysterious visitor who had left them this precious gift; they didn't really want to, for the infant's sweetness captured them at once. They called her Our Gal Sunday.

2. The old miners looked after their charge lovingly. Against the wind-swept mountains and vivid skies of Colorado, Sunday blossomed into beautiful womanhood—waiting, though she didn't realize it, for destiny to overtake her. And it did. Wealthy, handsome Lord Henry Brinegrope, one of Britain's most eligible young men, met Sunday; they fell deeply in love.

On these pages as on the air, Sunday is played by Vivian Smolen, Lord Henry by Karl Swenson, Kathy by Ruth Russell, Fred Davis by Louis Neistat, Aunt Alice by Katharine Emmet. Produced by Frank and Anne Hummert. Our Gal Sunday is heard Monday through Friday, 12:45-1:00 P.M. EDT, on CBS.
3. In the face of their love, difficulties disappeared for Sunday and Lord Henry. The nameless foundling and the titled Englishman were certain that, together, they could overcome any obstacles to which their widely-differing backgrounds might give rise. Pledging themselves to each other in their hearts as well as with the words of the ceremony, they were married.
4. But they learned that Lord Henry's English home could not be home to Sunday. His family, and the women who were attracted to him, threatened their happiness. Finally Henry and Sunday came to live at Black Swan Hall, Henry's estate in Virginia.

5. Welcomed by Lord Henry's old nurse Kathy, and by Fred Davis, estate overseer, the Brinthropes prepared for a happy life at Black Swan Hall—especially since they had brought with them from England the lonely, frightened boy named Lonnie.

8. Shortly after this terrifying experience, new happiness came to help soften Sunday's memory of the horror she had suffered. To Sunday and Lord Henry a new baby was born: Caroline, who looks so much like the foundling left with the miners long ago!

9. Visiting Lord Henry's ancestral castle at Balma-cruchie, in Scotland, Henry and Sunday once again met danger. Henry's cousin Hubert Brintherpe, who looks exactly like Henry, tried to prove Henry's title belonged to him. This time it was Sunday...
6. Sunday and Lord Henry adopted the intelligent, affectionate Lonnie. In making a secure, happy home for this child who had suffered, their own happiness grew. It became even greater when the family was enlarged by the birth of Davey.

7. But anxiety checkered their happiness. Descendants of the family who built Black Swan Hall were trying to damage Lord Henry for their own evil purposes. Sunday, who discovered the plot, was barely saved from the flaming death planned for her.

10. ... who rescued her beloved husband from the dungeon in which he had been imprisoned. After Henry's liberation, Sunday realized that her suspicions had been correct: someone had been posing as Lord Henry—Hubert, who looked so like his cousin.

11. But Hubert's frantic efforts failed. Papers which he had counted on to prove his claim to the title reaffirmed that Lord Henry was rightful heir. A troubled time behind them, Sunday and Henry left for Virginia, with their Aunt Alice's blessing.
WHEN I was a little girl I had a rabbit. Peter was an energetic soul, possessed of a wanderlust, and I was constantly mending his hutch to contain his vigorous spirit.

One evening, just at dinner time, Peter bobbed out of the pen and went for a stroll without so much as an ear-waggle request for permission.

There was a rule in our house that "he who is late for dinner gets none." Consequently Peter's departure just as the bell rang forced upon my childish heart a most difficult decision. It was Peter, or my dinner—and I was ravenously hungry!

It was an hour later and after a dozen or more spirited sprints up and down the full length of a nearby cornfield that I returned home hot, exhausted, and breathless—but with the long ears of my errant pet protruding safely from the niche beneath my arm. Mother and Father, as well as my sisters and brothers had finished their meal and I resignedly walked past the dining room on the way to the cool comfort of the front porch.

Never shall I forget the sense of gratitude that bubbled up inside and spilled over in tears as my father called and I went to the dinner table to seat myself before a heaping plate. "Have your dinner," they said, "and if, when you grow up, you have as much determination about big things as you have had about this little thing—you'll find it generally works out all right in the end."

Perhaps that experience is why today my philosophy of life includes a belief in what I call the "extra effort." So many times we humans reach a point where from all indications we should give up a favorite plan, a favorite hope. Yet more than often the application of just that extra added amount of perseverance can bring us home "with Peter safe and dinner to boot!"

Be that as it may, the application of extra effort isn't always an easy thing to accomplish. And people, little or big, need encouragement.

In Grand Slam, where we meet thousands of people each day, in person and through their letters, we find this fact ever present: "People" are not a conglomerate mass of nondescript beings—"people" are individuals; and every individual needs understanding, sympathy, and love. Giving these has its own strange recompense of comfort and if you don't believe it try this one on your piano: the next time you're feeling low, find somebody—anybody—reach out to him and show an interest in his troubles. You'll be glad you did.

Irene Beasley is heard on her musical quiz, Grand Slam, Monday through Friday mornings, 11:30 EST on CBS stations.
Every Wednesday afternoon at 1:30, Missus Goes A-Shopping is televised on CBS-TV from a different supermarket.

**Missus goes-a-shopping**

**John Reed King, “Missus” M.C. for past 10 years, carried it smoothly into television.**

**John Reed King** is one of the well-known radio personalities who has made a graceful transition into television. He has been doing his Missus Goes A-Shopping show as a regular radio feature for the last ten years, and now it can be seen on television over WCBS-TV every Wednesday afternoon at 1:30. CBS-TV is at present doing no video shows from their studios; all shows are done from “natural environments.” “Missus” lends itself beautifully to this policy because it is televised from a different supermarket each week. A large crowd always gathers in the market—so large, in fact, that John no longer announces the name of the market on his radio show—and the warm King charm soon turns the whole thing into a sort of glamorized cracker-barrel session in the old general store.

John will tell you that an “on location” telecast is no easy matter. Approximately a ton and a half of technical equipment for an indoor remote like “Missus” is required, plus a truck used for haulage and as the control origination point, plus a minimum crew of eight. Using the truck or “Studio on Wheels” as control origination point reduces the amount of equipment that must be carried inside, and makes the project easier in many ways. However, this method has its hurdles—especially in New York City. First you must get a Fair Permit because you are going (Continued on page 92)
In dealing with amateurs, M.C. Walter Mack follows the traditions of Major Bowes, with whom he worked for many years in radio.

Dumont was once considered the country cousin in the television field—as are most independents when they come up against the big networks—but this is no longer true. Dumont is now one of the leaders, presenting some of the most entertaining and impressive shows to be seen on television today. This is due in large part to the efforts of A. B. Dumont, founder and head of the corporation, together with the rest of the huge staff he employs—but the gentleman generally conceded to be responsible for the extraordinary smoothness and scope of the Dumont productions is the manager of program planning James Caddigan.

One of the most widely-discussed Dumont shows is The Original Amateur Hour which is seen and heard on Sunday evenings from 7:00 to 8:00 P.M., over the full Dumont network—that is WABD in New York (where the program originates), WTTG in Washington, D. C., WFIL in Philadelphia, and WMAR in Baltimore. "Amateur Hour" is being produced by the original staff of the famous Major Bowes Amateur Hour. The master of ceremonies, Walter Mack, worked closely with the beloved Major for many years, and follows his tradition of kindly encouragement for the young hopefuls who get on the show.

Admittedly amateur shows are not the highest form of entertainment, but there is something tremendously appealing about discovering something new, and each television viewer can do just that by voting for his or her favorite contestant. The talent displayed by these unknowns is often truly amazing, and almost as important are the cheerful persistence, and the hopes and dreams that you can hear between the lines of their stories. Many thousands of those dreams became reality via the radio amateur hour, and it would seem that this type of program has found its true home in television. To be able to see the expression on a young girl's face as she tells a little bit about her background and her ambitions, and to be able to watch her while she sings her song, add to your interest and enjoyment of the show a thousand-fold.

Like its predecessor, the video version of The Amateur Hour will send out variety acts to appear in theaters all over the country. These units will be made up of the best contestants from the television program. The traveling acts will appear in theaters with local performers.

Along with the troupe will go a mobile unit—which is a television studio on wheels—with cameras, receivers, and everything necessary for closed circuit television productions. For more about this bus, see What's New from Coast to Coast in Television.
JOHN K. M. McCAFFERY

S moderator of the WNBT video show The Author Meets the Critics on Sunday evenings, 8:00 to 8:30. He was born in Moscow, Idaho, and raised in Madison, Wis., graduated in 1936 from the University of Wisconsin and received a Master's degree at Columbia in 1938. He married while teaching English at St. Joseph's College in Brooklyn, became an editor at Doubleday, Doran, was fiction editor of the American Magazine, and until recently, editor in charge of special events at MGM.

Mr. McCaffery, luckily, is skillful at handling participants in the "Author" show—where all the battles are not verbal. He is a great ad libber and quick thinker, and sometimes when sensitive authors' feelings are hurt, he has to be more referee than moderator. And through the miracle of television the audience can watch authors and critics exchanging furious looks as well as scathing remarks.

JOAN KERWIN

WORKS with Bob Loewi was one of the youngest teams in television. They have had a good deal of video experience. Currently Bob, with pretty Miss Kerwin's help, is producing two shows weekly on WABD, key outlet of the Dumont television network. One of these is Swing into Sports, which features the sport in season and presents some of the country's top athletes as guests. They've been working together ever since.

BOB SMITH

HAS enjoyed the same popularity in television that he has known in radio. His Puppet Playhouse started as a once-a-week feature over WNBT, but proved so pleasing to the younger set that it is now heard and seen six times weekly. Smith's studio audience—a large group of children called the "Peanut Gallery"—is delighted by Bob's constant conflict with "Howdy Doody," a puppet operated by Frank Paris.

Bob Smith was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1917, and he started to play piano and sing at the age of five. But it was under duress. (His first love was baseball.) At 15 he was part of a male trio called the Hi-Hatters. Kate Smith discovered them and treated them to an appearance on her network show. Then Bob went on to staff jobs with two Buffalo radio stations, until finally came the offer from NBC to do his early morning show.

BOB EDGE

VETERAN sportscaster on CBS Television Station WCBS-TV, calls the play-by-play on all Brooklyn Dodgers baseball telecasts from Ebbets Field, also all basketball games from Madison Square Garden and the 69th Regiment Armory, and many other sporting events. Edge is a pioneer in tele-sports-casting. He switched to the new medium from radio way back in 1941. At that time he was doing sports broadcasting for the CBS network and had his own show, Outdoors with Edge. But he understood at once that television's potential appeal to sports fans was enormous and he wanted to have a part in this exciting new medium.

In the 18 months that Bob was identified with television before going into military service, he covered boxing, roller skating, fishing, golf, archery, bowling, table tennis, badminton, baseball and football.
On Junior Jamboree (WBKB-Chicago) Fran Allison presents a puppy, each week, to some lucky—and deliriously happy—boy. Another tele-show for youngsters (see below) is WNBT's Puppet Playhouse, m.c. of which is Bob Smith.

Los Angeles radio dealers report that since television started booming, "... selling radios without television is like being in the antique business." One owner of three shops reports that he hasn't sold a single radio since Christmas. Also from Hollywood comes the information that television experts have produced evidence that disproves the popular belief that most receivers are in bars. More than 86% of all video sets are in homes. Other incidental intelligence shows that telecasts increased sports attendance for games which it covered.

The American Broadcasting Company plans to have five stations in operation by the end of 1948 in Chicago, Detroit, New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Plans call for the Chicago station to be finished first, ready for launching in September.

Maybe these ABC plans had something to do with NBC speeding up the opening date of its Chicago studios, which has now been moved ahead to September, too. NBC's Chicago studio will serve as the key for a midwest network, tying television stations already in operation in Milwaukee, St. Louis and Detroit.

Bill Lawrence, one of Hollywood's top radio producers, is well on the way toward becoming one of the few television production experts in...
COAST TO COAST IN TELEVISION

Here's the way CBS envisions television studios in their projected N. Y. C. plant, which will be the largest television center in the nation. Enormous major studios like these will be equipped with most modern apparatus yet developed.

the nation. For the past three or four years, Bill has spent most of his spare time studying television techniques and working out new video production methods of his own. At the moment, he has two television shows in preparation and has high hopes that each will contribute something to alleviating television's growing pains.

Film producer Jerry Fairbanks has signed a five-year contract with NBC television to produce all films required by the network.

As evidence that advertisers are starting to discover television, station WABD—key outlet of the Dumont network—reveals that while its income for June, 1947, was $6,000, six months later, for the month of January, it earned $50,000.

If Army Signal Corps technicians can work it out, brass hats—in the event of war—will be able to watch battle progress via television while sitting in Headquarters. And we here and now offer up a not-too-quiet prayer that they will never have to make use of this device—if the technicians do work it out. We'd be just pleased to see this become an interesting, but useless, marvel.

This sort of thing is common in radio, but it's the first instance that's come up in television. Because Mary Kay, feminine star of WABD's Mary Kaly and Johnny show, (Continued on page 103)
For instance, would a tough guy do his own dishes? Well... yes, if he ate the way Howard does, and hadn’t yet met “the Girl.”

By

DOROTHY O’LEARY

Howard Duff stars in The Adventures of Sam Spade, Sun., at 8 P.M. EST on CBS.

“Some day, a hill-top house. And no left-over chores!”

WHEN hard-hitting, cynical Sam Spade says a deep, vibrant “Okay, sweetheart” to his secretary Effie on those Sunday night Adventures of Sam Spade programs, several million feminine hearts do a quick flip-flop, proving once again that women, young or old, do not necessarily go for the boy-next-door type. An amazingly large percentage love a tough guy.

Perhaps they wouldn’t want to share their morning coffee and toast with this coolly calculating “private eye” Spade, but his voice evokes a swoon from the bobby soxers and a sigh from their grandmothers. It’s the voice—tough and demanding—that gets ’em, and the voice belongs to Howard Duff who hates to disappoint his fans but divulges that he is not tough—because he’s too lazy!

He will sprawl his six-foot length in a comfortable chair before the fireplace in his unpretentious Hollywood apartment, drag on a (Continued on page 81)
"private eye": Sam Spade was never like this till radio merged him with actor Howard Duff
For instance, would a tough guy do his own dishes? Well, if he ate the way Howard does, and hadn't yet met “the girl,” Dorothy O'Leary would be sure to keep her dishes washed. When hard-hitting, cynical Sam Spade says a deep, vibrant “Okay, sweetheart” to his secretary Biffie on those Sunday night Adventures of Sam Spade programs, several million feminine hearts do a quick flip-flop, proving once again that women, young or old, do not necessarily go for the boy-next-door type. An amazingly large percentage love a tough guy. Perhaps they wouldn't want to share their coffee and toast with this coolly calculating “private eye” Spade, but his voice evokes a swoon from the bobby soxers and a sigh, from their grandmothers. “I'm the voice—tough and demanding—that gets 'em,” the voice belongs to Howard Duff who hates to disappoint his fans but divulges that he is not tough—because “I'm too lazy!” He will sprawl his six-foot length in a comfortable chair before the fireplace in his unpretentious Hollywood apartment, drag on a ciggie, and listen to the radio. Where is that “voice” of yours? Have you ever imagined that a voice like that could make a woman say, “Now I'm in love!”...
Two points of focus for Gildy’s new life—wife Gloria, small son Page (lovingly tended by nurse Mae Campbell).

The Griffith Park planetarium, at night a circle of bright light on the crest of the hills, is one of the landmarks of Hollywood.

Almost directly in its shadow, but two or three miles below, in a house which looks very much like every other house on the handsome, obviously prosperous residential street, another spectacular brightness is in evidence—in the beaming face of Hal Peary, radio’s Great Gildersleeve.

There is an incredulousness in Hal’s new-found happiness that is touching. As he introduces you to his pretty bride, the former Gloria Holliday, and their fat and beaming eight-months-old son, Page (the Pearys’ Mexican marriage was necessarily kept secret for a year because of Hal’s much publicized difficulties with the first Mrs. Peary) you realize that the expansive good humor which characterizes Gildy’s radio personality has only now been incorporated in the man himself.

He says it himself.

“I never knew before what it was like to be happy.”

Success and happiness, he has found out, are not always synonymous.

Enjoying both now in good measure, he finds it hard to believe that his double good fortune is true.

He has lost forty pounds since he fell in love, he boasts, and from visible evidence as many years went with them.

Gloria and Hal, for whom a honeymoon was impossible when they were first married, trot off like children every other weekend for a honeymoon whirl in San Francisco, Laguna Beach, or—most recently—Phoenix.

“We were there for four days, where Hal appeared at
At last the expansive good humor of his character on the air has been incorporated into his home life as well.
The Great Gildersleeve, Hal Peary's radio program, is heard Wednesday nights, 8:30 EST, on NBC network stations.

the State Fair,” Gloria explains, “living like kings at the Camelback Inn. It was wonderful. But after the first day we were both so homesick to see Page that we couldn't wait to get home.”

“But it's a honeymoon,” Hal puts it, “even at home.”

“Especially at home,” Gloria corrects him as Page tries valiantly to pull out a hunk of her dark auburn hair.

Gloria and the baby were still living in their San Diego county hide-away with Gloria's mother when Hal bought the house last spring and he found himself faced with the job of decorating twelve rooms from scratch in a period when furnishings were practically unobtainable.

“The long distance bill was terrific,” he reports. “I called Gloria about everything I bought. I don't know anything about decorating—a guy needs his wife around at a time like that.”

Hal and his cousin, Bart Peary, moved into the cavernous place with a kitchen stove and two mattresses. The echoes, Hal says, kept them awake nights.

Little by little—first the ice box, then the carpets, a little furniture, some drapes (with Gloria selecting colors by telephone and fabrics by samples rushed to her by mail)—the empty house began to take on the atmosphere of a home.

When Gloria and Page moved in last July, after the Pearys' re-marriage ceremony, the finishing touches were added. A high chair, a kiddie coop, a play pen—no house with those items looks unfurnished.

Mrs. Peary shakes her head over the proportions of the job yet to be done. But it (Continued on page 72)
ON a Saturday night in Spring, West 45th Street, in the heart of New York's theater district, is the most exciting spot you can imagine. Outsize neon signs light up the anticipation in the faces of playgoers: traffic jam-packs the narrow street from curb to curb; and the noise is about what you'd expect if two or three carnivals all hit town at once. A little later, though, when you come along to keep your appointment with Radio Mirror, the street is

☆ Save one Saturday night for a big date with
much quieter. You have no trouble locating CBS Playhouse No. 2; when you slip in, you find that out of 750 seats Radio Mirror has gotten you the best ones in the house. You're in them right now!

Vic Damone, nineteen-year-old Serenade star, is comparatively new to radio. His earliest broadcasts on an independent New York station proved there was something in his baritone voice that people wanted to hear. In no time at all, as singers' careers go, he was star of this big network show, which involves all the people you see up there on the stage. They are: Emil Cote and the Serenaders; Vic; Arthur Mundorff, CBS associate director; Gus Haenschen, conductor; glamorous Hollace Shaw, featured soprano; Roland Martini, producer-director of the program; Warren Sweeney, announcer. Saturday Night Serenade is heard from 10 to 10:30 P.M. EST, 7 to 7:30 PST, stations of the CBS network.
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Dear Papa David:

Shortly after the war started, I began going with a man whom I learned to love very much, and when he was inducted, we parted with the understanding that when he came home, we would be married. I was very lonely, but was true to him until I received a letter telling me that he had met a girl in Australia, and was seeing her pretty often. This hurt me very much, and although he asked me to keep on waiting for him, I felt that it was useless.

By that time, I was working in a defense plant about fifty miles from our home town, and sharing a room there with another girl. I began accepting dates and going pretty steady with one fellow, until he, too, was inducted into the army. He had a brother overseas, and had asked me to write to him. I wrote, and when the brother came home on furlough, he looked me up.

I was instantly attracted to him, although now I don't know why. I can see now that he was vulgar, domineering, hateful, and everything else that does not make a gentleman. But at that time, he seemed glamorous, with the stories of all the places he'd been, and things he'd seen and done.

I became infatuated, crazy about him. As a result, I learned shortly after his furlough was over, that I was to have his baby. I was heart-sick, more lonely than ever, and all I could ever think of was Ray, the boy to whom I was engaged. I realized that I loved him more than anything else in the world, and I sat down and wrote him a letter, telling him all about it, and releasing him. The letter that I got in answer was so full of love and understanding that I cried for hours because I'd hurt him so much. He was expecting to come home and he said we'd work it all out some way.

I returned home to have my baby, and Ray got home three months before my son's birth. He was with me almost constantly, and his love and helpful understanding helped me through many an ordeal.

Naturally, all his friends knew of the wrong that I had done, and I was almost too ashamed to face any of them. But Ray made me realize that what we decided was our own business, and those who scorned us weren't real friends after all. We began going out occasionally, and people were really nicer than I'd hoped for.

My mother wanted to adopt the baby, but Ray told me that if I gave it away, he could never forgive me. When I went to the hospital, Ray was there every night, and he was the first one I saw after my little son's birth. He accepted the duties of a father, and loved my baby from the first. He was proud of him, and right away began calling himself "Daddy."

When baby Jim was three months old, we slipped away and were married, and in the year and a half that we've had together, I couldn't ask for a more wonderful husband and father. There's never been a time that he's reminded me of my mistake, and he's never treated my
son as any other than his own. We now have a three-month-old baby girl, whom we love very much, but even she has not changed Ray's feelings toward Jim.

With such a wonderful person for a husband, with his deep love for our babies and his faith in me after the wrong I did, how can I believe any other way, except that life can be beautiful?

Mrs. D. C.

Ten-dollar checks have gone to the writers of the letters that follow:

"NOW WE ARE OLD—"

Dear Papa David:

Can it be possible for life to be beautiful when one's last days must be spent in a nursing home for old ladies? I, at ninety-two, have found it very possible. Of course it was hard for me to break up my old home but, under existing circumstances, I am sure that the arrangements were the best that could be made, and I am content. I count my blessings and find they are many. In the first place, I am relieved of all the responsibilities and irritations that are inevitable in the best of homes. I don't have to worry about bills, I don't lie awake nights planning what I will serve for meals the next day. The other old ladies here have problems and experiences much the same as mine. So we talk together with more understanding than would be possible with the members of our own families.

We have been young, now we are old; the most of us have been wives and mothers, now we are widows. We know we have but a few years more to live, but we are trying to make our last days our best days. It is surprising to find how much pleasure we can get from the little things we failed to notice in our busy days. There are two fine old trees to be seen from my window. How eagerly I watch for the unfolding of the leaves in Spring, then the swaying of boughs and dancing of the leaves in the summer breeze; later, the gorgeous coloring of autumn. There's a new beauty in the bare branches in Winter, with their lacy patterns against the blue of the sky. The birds, flowers, the busy world going by on the street, cars, bicycles, motor cycles, workmen going to their day's work with lunch boxes, teachers (Continued on page 93)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

THREE WELLS WE ARE PRIVILEGED TO DRAW BEAUTY FOR A LIFETIME
It's your own fault if luncheon meats are dull. Look at these!
Once over Lightly

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

I THINK that when Spring is in the air and May flowers are well on the way to ushering in summer, it's high time to take inventory of ourselves and get a new outlook on life. I have always admired the housewife who can meet any emergency with a smile on her face. The emergency I have in mind is when unexpected guests drop in at mealtime or when, with an hour's warning, your husband announces he's bringing his boss home for dinner. This is an emergency if you haven't planned for it, and nothing will help the situation more than to have prepared meat on hand. Then, if you give the problem a once-over-lightly with a little imagination, well—look at the picture.

I find that these prepared meats such as canned or frozen corned beef hash, luncheon meat, frankfurters, salami, bologna, liverwurst and all other such products make delightful meals. But I guess it's all in knowing how. For instance, nothing is so simple as opening a can of corned beef hash, shaping it into patties. Just dip them in flour and fry until the patties are golden brown. They are not only easy, but perfectly delicious. Keep these on the emergency shelf—just in case! Actually you'll want to try these recipes yourself—plan them into your daily meals because they will do a lot to keep your food budget down to minimum cost.

Crown Roast of Frankfurters

12 frankfurters
1/2 cup finely chopped parsley
6 cups seasoned mashed potatoes
prepared mustard or horseradish sauce

Place frankfurters in boiling water to cover and cook for 8 to 10 minutes. Mix parsley with hot mashed potatoes. Pile high on large platter. Arrange hot frankfurters upright around potatoes. Garnish with parsley and serve at once with prepared mustard or horseradish sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Frosted Canned Meat Loaf

2 cans luncheon meat
3 cups hot seasoned mashed, white or sweet potatoes

Remove meat from cans and place close together in a shallow baking pan. Place in a moderately hot oven (350°F) for 20 to 25 minutes. Frost with the hot mashed potatoes. Place under moderate broiler until golden brown. Makes 6 servings.

Vienna Sausages in Blankets

1 recipe pastry (2 cups)
2 cans Vienna sausages

Roll out pastry on lightly floured board to 1/4 inch thickness. Cut in 3-inch squares and wrap each sausage in square of pastry. Press edges and ends firmly together. Prick top and bake in a hot oven (450°F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve two to a portion, plain or topped with tomato or mushroom sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Virginia Baked Luncheon Meat

2 cans luncheon meat
1/2 cup brown sugar, packed
1/2 cup orange juice
1 orange, peeled and sectioned
4 slices canned pineapple
whole cloves

Remove luncheon meat from cans and place in shallow baking dish, close together. Sprinkle brown sugar over top. Pour orange juice (Continued on page 70)

Kate Smith Speaks is heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, on Mutual stations.

RADIO MIRROR FOR BETTER LIVING
For those who missed it on the air, and for those who would like to recall it,
Radio Mirror retells the story of Fern... a story to which Pepper Young's mother wrote the ending.

It was the quietest of summer nights. Outside the Young house in Elmwood the street was silent under a moonless sky. Scarcely a breath of air stirred through the tall trees, or disturbed the sleeping flowers in Mary Young's garden. But behind the house there was movement. Two figures slipped through the shadows of the back yard toward the pantry window. One of them was small and very thin. The other was broader, heavier, and he wore his cap pulled low.

Mary was alone in the house. Pepper and Peggy were at Lake Beauregard with Linda Taylor. Hattie, her maid, and Hattie's young son, Butch, were at Atlantic City, on vacation. A power failure at the plant had called Sam away earlier in the evening. Even a temporary breakdown, in that wartime summer of 1944, was a serious thing.

Sam had just telephoned Mary to say that he was still working, and that he didn't know how long it would be before he could leave. It didn't matter, Mary assured him; she was alone, but she was perfectly all right. It was then that she heard the crash. Not a loud crash—as if a plate had been knocked over—but it was in her very own kitchen!

She said, "Sam!" some instinct warning her to keep her voice low. But there was intensity in it, as if she had turned to him quickly, as she'd turned to him in all crises, big and small, in their long married life.

"What is it, Mary?"

Not a sound from the kitchen. She began to feel a little foolish. "—Sam, do you hear just now?"

He laughed fondly. "But, Mary, I've got to go back to work."

"All right, Sam." They said goodbye and hung up. Mary was standing beside a dead telephone—and she was shaking all over.

The hall and the living room were lighted, dimly, and that was all. The dining room, the kitchen and the pantry were dark. Mentally, Mary went through the rooms to the kitchen—Sam, doing lights, and then she knew that it wouldn't do—just in case. Just in case a plate hadn't somehow accidentally fallen... just in case something, someone, had knocked it over. If she turned on the light in the dining room, anyone in the kitchen or the pantry could see her through the glass panels of the pantry door.

Silly! she scolded herself. She'd heard something crash—of course she was going to investigate. A broken plate couldn't bite her, could it? Or—that was it—a stray cat had got in. It must have come through the small pantry window, the high one that had no screen, and which she so often forgot to close because it was out of her reach. Well, was she going to be afraid of a cat? A poor, hungry little stray.

These arguments got her through the dark dining room, into the pantry. Then, at the closed door to the kitchen, her legs refused to go further. Everything was so silent. Eerily silent. There hadn't been a sound since that crash.

Not a whisper. You'd think a cat, if it had been a cat, would make some sound—

Sam—why hadn't she told him to come home? Or why hadn't he said he was coming? He knew her so well, he must have known something was the matter. If he were only here—

The clock struck in the living room, and she jumped, her heart pounding wildly. Stop it! she told herself firmly. Get hold of yourself. You can't just stand here, being terrified, forever. Inspiration came. She drew a deep breath, raised her voice, spoke clearly, loudly.

"Operator?" she said as if into a telephone. "I want the Police Department."

She waited a moment. Then she said, "Police Department? This is Mrs. Sam Young of 83 Union Street. I think there's somebody in my house. I heard a crash—I think there's someone in my kitchen. Please come at once. Thank you."

Even more loudly she addressed the kitchen door. "All right, I'm coming in. Who ever is in the kitchen, I warn you that I've called the police, and they're on the way. But you still have time to leave the same way you came. You have time to leave before they get here, and before I open the door. There's nothing in this house you want—

Pepper Young is played by Mason Adams; Linda, now his wife, is played by Eunice Howard. Hear Pepper Young's Family on NBC, 3:30 EST Mon.-Fri.
with this—". A table knife served as a tourniquet. Sam turned it; Mary fastened it down, let out a long sigh of relief as the bleeding stopped. She rose, trembling, her face very white.

"Now you’ve got that in hand," said Curt, "we’ve got to notify the police—"

Mary shook her head. "Not yet, Curt. I want to think. He’s too young, and he’s lost a lot of blood, and he’s so ragged and dirty, poor little fellow, I don’t know—"

"Poor little thing frightened you half to death," said Sam. "And his partner in crime might have shot you."

He might have shot you," Mary retorted. "Sam, I’m so glad you got back home—but why did you, after saying you weren’t going to? How did you know there was something wrong?"

"I don’t know what I knew, Mary, but I knew something was wrong—"

"He certainly did," Curt broke in. "He wouldn’t stay a minute after talking to you. And I came with him, because I didn’t like the sound of it, either. What I want to know is, why did the other fellow run if he had a gun?"

"I don’t know that he did," said Mary. "Although it looked as though he did when he crossed the kitchen. Besides—" she smiled for the first time in that bad half-hour, "he thought you were the police."

"The police!"

Mary explained her ruse. She was rewarded by the admiration in Sam’s eyes. "That was a smart thing to do," he said. "But for the rest of it—not telling me you were frightened, and going into the kitchen by yourself—honey, you behaved insanely! Oh, Mary, if anything had happened—"

His voice caught at the thought of it.

The boy on the floor stirred, moaned. Mary bent swiftly.

Sam, he’s coming to. Get me a damp cloth so that I can bathe his face—"

Sam watched her, grimly, tenderly. The little ragamuffin had broken into her house, bent upon heaven-knew what mischief—and her hands were as gentle with him as if he’d been one of her own children ... yes, as if he’d been her Sam and Peggy. Possessed of a sudden uneasy premonition, Sam wished earnestly that Pepper and Peggy were back from their vacation at Lake Bezurgard. It would be crazy, but he wouldn’t put it past Mary to want to move him into Pepper’s own room. He leaned forward as she lifted the boy’s cap—and gasped. Curt gave a long low whistle of surprise.

The "boy" was a girl. A mass of tangled hair, released from the cap, fell to her thin shoulders. And as they stood speechless, she opened her eyes—eyes that were dark, and long-lashed, and set in that delicate face, and very, very frightened. She struggled to sit up.

"Where am I? Let me up! Let me out of here!"

Mary tried gently to push her back. "Careful," she said soothingly. "You’ve been badly hurt. You’re weak—"

The girl shook off the restraining hands and then fell back faintly. "I can’t get up. I’m so dizzy—Where’s Lefty? Where did he go? Did they catch him, too?"

"Lefty," said Curt. "What’s the rest of his name?"

The girl’s eyelashes flickered. "Whose name?"

"Your friend Lefty’s. What’s his last name?"

"I don’t know."

"Her mouth set stubbornly."

"Sam," said Mary. "Curt, help me carry her. We’ll put her on the couch in the living room."

"Now, look, Mary," Sam beggarly, and Curt chimed in, "Mary, we’d better call the police. You can’t keep this girl here. Just as soon as she feels better, she’ll get away, and then you’ll lose all chance of finding out who the brute is."

It was all in vain. Their uninvited guest was laid upon the couch; Mary tucked pillows under her, and then insisted that she be left alone to talk to the girl alone. They protested about that, too, with no more success. "You can wait in the next room," Mary said firmly. "I’ll call you if you need you."

The girl watched them ironically. She was stronger now; color had come into her face. "She’ll call you," she taunted. "Don’t worry about that, Mister—she can call plenty loud. I heard her before." The door closed upon Sam and Curt.

"Just lie back and rest," said Mary softly. "Don’t be frightened—"

"Who’s frightened?" the girl demanded. "I know your game. You just want to find out Lefty’s last name. Well, I won’t tell you. I wouldn’t have told you his first one if I hadn’t been dizzy, and it sort of slipped out. I’m not going to say anything out of me, and you can’t do anything to me. I’m a minor. Oh, sure, you can send me to reform school, but I’ll be out of that soon, and Lefty will be outside waiting for me—"

Mary closed her eyes to keep back the tears. This little thing, younger than Peggy, talking casually about reform school, was doing something to you,” she said. "I’ve a daughter of my own—"

"Yeah?" said the girl skeptically. "I bet she couldn’t squeeze through a pantry window like I did. I’m seventeen, but rather small for my age. Lefty says I’m the best one he ever saw for squeezing through windows. I’ve done it lots of times. Then I unlock the door and let him in. Only this time there was a plate or something, and I stepped on it, and it smashed—" She paused, shaking her head ruefully. "I’ll be awful sore at me about that, but I couldn’t help it. It was a mistake. I was hurt, because the next thing I knew he’d squeezed through the window, too, to help me, and we both waited to see what would happen next.

Mary leaned forward to loosen the tourniquet. "You waited a long time," she said. "I didn’t hear a sound. You’ll have to have some stitches taken in that arm. We’ll have to get you to a doctor—"

The girl shook her head. "Oh, no, I’ll be all right. Lefty will look after—"

"But Lefty’s gone," Mary said gently, "and you’re still here."

The small chink went up proudly. "That don’t matter. He’s waiting for me in some other place—"

"Well, he went without you," said Mary, "and he’s probably far away by now."

For an instant she saw fear again in the dark eyes, then the girl sat up indignantly. "With me still here? Oh, no, he isn’t! You don’t know Lefty. He wouldn’t leave me behind. He’s—she was very proud—"he’s in love with me—"

"Are you in love with him?" Mary asked gravely.

"Sure. It was a gib, off-hand answer. "Anyway, I guess so."

Somehow, it was that that convinced Mary. In love with Lefty—and she’d answered with the easy assurance of a six-year-old confident of the affections of the little boy who brought her lollipops. It was as innocent, as unknowing as that. Turn this girl, this child, over to the police? Oh, no—"

"Mary," called Sam, opening the door, "hasn’t this interview lasted long enough?"

"We’re going to get in touch with the authorities now," added Curt. "We don’t want the man to get too far away. I suggest that we run the girl down to the police station in the car."

"Sam," said Mary, as if they had spoken, "you go call Dr. Thomas and ask him to come over here."

Curt’s jaw dropped; Sam shook his head agitatedly.

"Mary, this is absurd! This girl’s a housebreaker, and she ought to be behind bars. And yet you want to have Dr. Thomas see her and look after her as if she were one of the family—"

"Please, Sam," said Mary, and he knew that he couldn’t refuse her. He loved her too much, respected her judgment too much. But great, jumping Jehoshaphat, when he thought of her going out of her way to be kind to the tough, arrogant little piece who’d broken into their house and scared her half to death— The next moment, he himself was moved almost to tears.

The girl spoke up defiantly. "But I don’t want to stay here. Call the police if you want to. I just want to get out—"

"Hush," said Mary. "I’m not going to hold you, nor have you arrested— I’m going to see that you get away."

"Get away? But you aren’t going to turn me over to the cops—even if that man wants you to?"

"No," Mary said, "I’m not. Now you lie back and rest, and I’m going to get you something to drink—maybe a cup of hot tea and some sandwiches. Would you like that?"

The girl gave a dressing smile. Tears gathered in her eyes, spilled down her cheeks. "But why?" she burst out. "What’s your game, lady? Why don’t you haul me over to the cops? The man’s right—I’m a crook. Sure I’ll be broken in that house there—"

Her name was Fern. It was the only name she would give at the hospital, and Mary did not press her for her last one. Once he’d arrived at the house and had examined her, Dr. Thomas had said that she would have to go to the hospital so that stitches could be taken in her arm. Mary and Sam went with her, leaving Curt Bradley to return to his own home.
Sam telephoned the police from the hospital. He told them that a man named Lefty had broken into his home and that he had an accomplice, but did not say that the accomplice was a girl.

"Sam, you angel!" Mary cried when he told her about his call.

"Now hold on," said Sam gruffly. "I'm no angel. I fully intend to turn that little ragamuffin over to the police. But—well, I don't like doing it to anyone who's hurt."

But Mary went to see Fern with a high heart. She was resting comfortably after her trip to the operating room—and, with her face and hands clean and her hair combed, she was lovely, almost angelically lovely.

"Thanks for coming when I sent for you, Mrs. Young," she said. "Your name is Mrs. Young. The Doctor told me."

Mary nodded. "But, Fern—you haven't told the hospital your last name."

"I'm not going to tell them," said Fern.

Mary sighed. "We know Lefty's last name."

Fern started. "Oh, no, you don't! You're just saying that to get me to tell you."

"Higgins," said Mary, quoting what the police had told Sam. "The police are sure that he's the same Lefty Higgins who is wanted on a number of counts—even for murder."

"He's hit home. Fern's face went dead white. "Murder! I don't believe it! He's a housebreaker, but he's not a murderer."

"Tell me, Fern, how did you get mixed up with him?"

Mary asked. "I wasn't going to tell me about yourself."

"There's nothing to tell."

But Mary got the story, bit by bit, and old and all-too-common story. A father who had deserted his family long since, a mother who not only worked nights but who neither knew more about the house, or what she was doing. Never anyone there when Fern came home from school, never a meal prepared for her. . . . And your mother didn't know you'd quit school?"

Mary asked.

"She didn't care. She didn't care about anything I did."

"But who cleaned house? Who kept things tidy?"

Fern laughed. "Tidy? I wish you could have seen our house. Oh, I tried to clean it sometimes, but lots of times I was locked out."

"Locked out?" Mary ejaculated.

"Sure," said Fern. "That's how I got so I could squeeze through any window—by squeezing through the window to get into my own house. That's funny, isn't it?"

"No."

Mary swallowed. "I don't think it's very funny."

She had met Lefty at a dance. He danced beautifully, and he was good to her. She gave her pretty things—jewelry, hankies, perfume—and he thought it was cute, the way she squeezed through the window when he took her home at night. And when he asked her to go partners with him, told her that she would have to dress as a boy, and get her to make her first trip through a window in a strange house—well, she was scared, but it was exciting, too. And Lefty was always so proud of her, always ready to give her presents after they had "made a haul." No wonder she had never stopped to think much about whether it was right or wrong.

Mary blinked fast. She steadied her voice and her resolve at the same time. "Fern," she said, "I'm going to call Mr. Young in here for a moment. I want him to see you."

Sam knew what was coming. He followed her unwillingly—and stopped short at sight of the transformed Fern, with her face pale and delicate, her eyes dark and questioning—and defiant—below the innocent, childlike brows.

"Well, say!" he exclaimed. "She does look different!"

The nurse came up, then, to say that it was time for Fern to go to sleep. Triumphantly, Mary hurried Sam away.

"You see," she said when they were in the car, riding home, "she isn't a criminal, Sam. I have quite a long talk with her, and—"

"And," he finished for her, "she told you some cock-and-bull story about how she got into this racket—"

"She told me a story," Mary agreed. "But somehow I think it's true." She gave him a brief sketch of Fern's background. Sam exploded.

"Mary, anybody could sell you real estate under water, and you'd think you had a good buy! So the girl's very young, she was left alone and lonely—that still doesn't excuse her getting into the housebreaking racket. And besides, I don't think it's true. I think you're just being taken in. Of course, she'd pull a sob story to get your sympathy."

"But I believe that it is true," Mary insisted softly. "Sam, if we can check the story, if I can find out from her where she lives, and if we find out the story is true, will you give her a chance? The doctors say that she'll have to leave the hospital tomorrow because it's overcrowded, and—"

"In other words," said Sam, "you want to talk to her again tomorrow—and at the same time, I'm to hold off going to the police about her?"

"Yes, Sam, that's just what I mean." It wasn't quite all she meant, but the moment had not yet come to tell him the rest.

Sam shook his head. "I tell you, Mary, the minute she's out of that hospital, she'll join this fellow again, wherever he's hiding—that is, if they don't pick him up tonight."

"I don't think she will, Sam, if—"

"If what?" he asked quickly, alarmed at her tone. "Now what's on your mind, Mary?"

She took a deep breath, and plunged. "If we bring her home with us tomorrow."

Sam didn't speak for a moment. He couldn't. Oh, he'd known it was what she had in mind, but still . . . His Mary. His wonderful, generous, idiotic Mary! Let her open her heart and her home to a girl off the streets? Let her heart be broken when the girl took off, probably with some of their own silver?

"Now, Mary," he began calmly enough. "I'm not going to let you get sentimental about this girl simply because you happen to be childless at the moment and because your sympathy has been aroused by this fantastic story. I'm willing to hold off having her arrested until you check her story. I'll go that far. But—His anger, and his love and his fear for her got away with him.

"For heaven's sake, Mary, she's a crook! She's no good. Just because she has a pretty face and a clean one is no reason to—"

"Sam," she pleaded, "how do we know what might have happened to Peggy if we'd been different? If you'd left me, and I had to work nights and liked a good time better than coming home to my daughter, and—"

"And just suppose," said Sam, "that the moon was made of green cheese."

"Oh, Sam!" Her voice shook a little. "Please, darling, I've a theory about that girl—and I'd like to try it out."

Confused, he thought Sam, was he right, wasn't he? He was just trying to protect Mary—and, yes, the whole family. Then why should he be made to feel so wrong? Why feel that he had driven a knife into Mary's hopeful, open heart? He was beaten, and he knew (Continued on page 98)
When a woman sets her mind on looking pretty, there's usually a man at the back of it. In Harriet Hilliard's case, it's Ozzie.

By MARY JANE FULTON

HARRIET HILLIARD, the distaff side of CBS's The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet, is a classic example of the fact that a crowded life need not result in nervous exhaustion, the jitters, a rundown personal appearance, and a general aura of hysteries. She always looks as if she'd just stepped from the proverbial bandbox, has never been known to show a gleam of temperament, and her calm, warm smile endears her to all who know her. Yet, besides a seven-day-a-week career, the Nelson miusus makes a happy home for husband, Ozzie, and their two sons, David and Ricky.

"I just don't have time to worry and get upset," was Harriet's laughing reply when asked for her beauty secret. "She's always been completely unselfish and unruffled in any situation," chimed in her proud hubby. "That's her only beauty secret," he added.

However, knowing that such an attractive gal doesn't just "grow" that way, like Topsy, we pounced on the Nelsons for an honest opinion on the New Look. Aside from the fashion angle, there's a definite New Look in beauty, too.

Once again a woman can go "all out" in looking womanly. No matter how capable and efficient she is, there's something about the longer, fuller skirts and nipped-in waistlines that inspires her to drop her businesslike air. Ozzie weighed this thought, before admitting we might have something here. Harriet immediately agreed.

And how about the new make-ups? Ozzie listened, while we gals talked about the flower-petal prettiness of the delicate pink and rose-tinted foundations, powders, rouges, lipsticks, and nail polishes. And hair styles. Any bright girl, by following directions carefully, can give herself a home permanent, if she can't afford a salon job. After shampooing her hair, with curlers, bobby, or hair pins and a good wave set, she can easily fix her hair in one of the new head-hugging, flatter-on-top coiffures. For evening, she can style it more elaborately, and add false curls, braids, or a chignon to look regal or romantic. Hair rinses, we decided, can bring out golden, brown, or reddish tints, and also camouflage greying hair so subtly that no one will suspect a rinse has been used. A blue rinse on white hair takes away yellow streaks, and makes it silvery white.

All ears, Ozzie finally burst forth, "What chance has a man with a woman? Here I've been thinking all this talk about the New Look hadn't registered with Harriet. But now I see that it has, and I must confess she's prettier than she ever was!" And you can be, too!
FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 203 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.

OLSEN'S BACK!

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite personalities on the radio was Johnny Olsen. He used to be on ABC's Ladies Be Seated several months ago. Could you tell me where he is now and if he has another program on the air?

Mrs. J. C.

Carbondale, Illinois

Johnny Olsen

It was a happy day for Johnny Olsen fans when, on February 2, he returned to the air as m. c. on Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room, broadcast from New York six nights a week from midnight to 1:00 A.M., EST, ABC. He is also m. c. of the Movie Matinee Quiz, broadcast from the Palace Theater on Times Square daily at 3:00 P.M., WOR.

MEET DR. JORDAN

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of Gertrude Warner who now plays the title role in Dr. Joyce Jordan? She has a very sweet voice.

Mrs. Y. V.

Springfield, Ohio

Gertrude, a native of Hartford, Conn., studied English at Hartford High and liked that subject so well that she planned to teach it as a career. However, her ambition was altered when radio discovered her. You've heard her as Christy in Against the Storm.

L FOR LLYNWY

Dear Editor:

I have been listening to Manhattan Merry-Go-Round for many years and enjoy it very much, especially the songs of Thomas L. Thomas. We all think he's superb.

Mrs. R. E. P.

East Orange, N. J.

Thomas L. Thomas

We think he's wonderful too. A native of Wales, Thomas L. Thomas modestly traces his talent to his homeland where "singing is to the Welsh what baseball is to the Americans." Many listeners have wondered why Thomas L. Thomas does not use his middle name. It's Llynw, that's why.

STILL THE SAME JUDY

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Dr. Christian heard Wednesday nights. The boys over CBS. Would you please let me know what has happened to Rosemary DeCamp who used to play the part of Judy Price?

Miss M. B.

Mount Airy, N. C.

Nothing's happened! Rosemary still plays the secretary to the lovable character of Rivers End and we hope she'll go on playing that role for a long time to come. She's also in pictures; remember her in Yankee Doodle Dandy?

MR. AND MRS.

Dear Editor:

May we see a picture of Elliot Lewis who is Frankie the guitar player on Phil Harris' show and on The Scarlet Queen? Is he the same one who portrays the title role in The Adventures of Gregory Hood? And is he any relation to Cathy Lewis?

Plain City, Ohio

Mrs. A. W.

Here's Elliot Lewis who (as you've already guessed) is Gregory Hood, Cathy Lewis—why, she's his wife! Cathy and Elliot have appeared on every dramatic series on the networks out of Hollywood. Each usually plays leads, although they both still do bit parts for special occasions.

RIGHT YOU ARE

Dear Editor:

I have listened to Hearts in Harmony just about as long as it's been on the radio. Yet I have never seen a picture of the girl who plays the part of Penny. I think her name is Jane Allison. Right?

Mrs. W. K.

Charleston, W. Va.

Right! Jane (and she really spells her name that way), a native New Yorker, got her start in radio via the True Story Hour several years ago. Since then she has been heard on The Aldrich Family, Light of the World, Mr. Keen and many others.

CO-OP SHOWS

Dear Editor:

I have hoped some reader would ask this question but since no one has, I'll do it. Is it true that co-op shows are transcribed and then released later? I hope not since transcribed network programs are my pet peeve and some of my favorite programs are now co-operatively sponsored (Abbot and Costello and Information Please). I hope you'll find the answer.

Mr. A. R. G.

Pecos, Texas

Co-op shows are not necessarily transcribed. A co-op show is a program which has different sponsors in different sections of the country who cooperate in financing the show. Take Information Please. When there is a break for the commercial, the Kansas City station, for example, advertises a product entirely different from that plugged in New Orleans. What the listener hears is his local announcer plugging a product used in his particular locality.

IT'S IN THE FAMILY

Dear Editor:

I listen to Corliss Archer every Sunday over KGAM in Albuquerque. I've seen Janet Waldo's picture, but I've yet to see Dexter's.

Miss M. H.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

For you and many other Corliss Archer fans, here's Sam Edwards who played the bubby, lovesick Dexter. (Corliss Archer has taken a leave of absence from the air.) Sam, born in Macon, Ga., has acting in his blood. Both parents were in stock and Sam practically lived out of that well-known back-stage trunk. Today, the Edwards family—Sam, Mother Edna, brother Jack and sister Florida are busy both in pictures and radio.
### SUNDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<td>10:00</td>
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<td>Story to Order</td>
<td>People's Church</td>
<td>White Rabbit Line</td>
<td>News</td>
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<td></td>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
<td>Tone Tapestries</td>
<td>Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel</td>
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<td></td>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Bible Highlights</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<td></td>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Voices Down The Wind</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<td></td>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>News Highlights</td>
<td>Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand</td>
<td>Fine Arts Quartette</td>
<td>Negro College Choir</td>
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<td></td>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Solitaire Time</td>
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<td>Salt Lake Tabernacle</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Program</th>
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<tr>
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<td>World Front News</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Eternal Light</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>America United</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Chicago Round Table</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Robert Merrill</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>James Melton</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>America United</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>American Stomatologis</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>Eddy Howard Show</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>The Open Forum</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>The Morning News</td>
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<td>The Shadow</td>
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<td>The March Forth Club</td>
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<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
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<td>The Clinton Hour</td>
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<td>Jack Benny</td>
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<td>Bandwagon</td>
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<td>Bergren-McCathy Show</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>Mansfield Merrick Go-Round</td>
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<td>American Album</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Hollywood Star Preview</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Jack Benny</td>
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<td>Bandwagon</td>
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<td>Bergren-McCathy Show</td>
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<td>Manhattan Merrick Go-Round</td>
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<td>Take It or Leave It</td>
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### EDDIE DUNN—who is now m.c. for True or False, Saturdays at 5:30 P.M., EST, over MBS, shared his first radio contract with Frank Munn when they teamed as Munn and Dunn. Later, Eddie became announcer, actor and the m.c. of such programs as Fun with Dunn, Seramy Amby and The Jack Berch Show. He lives in Scarlade, N. Y., with his wife, Josephine and children, Eddie, Jr., and Jamie Jo.

### MONDAY

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<th>A.M.</th>
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<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>Honeymoon in New York</td>
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<td>Clevelandaires</td>
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<td>Nelson Olmsted</td>
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<td>Fred Waring</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
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<td>This is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Kate's Daughter</td>
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<td>Jack Barch</td>
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<td>The Doctor and the Nurse</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>John MacVane Sketches in Melody</td>
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<td>Sunco News</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Cavalcade of America</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Chefsedight Club</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Voice of Firestone</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>College Club</td>
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<td>Dr. I. Q.</td>
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<td>Telephone Hour</td>
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<td>Dr. I. Q.</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Voice of Firestone</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Cantonese Opera Club</td>
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### MIRIAM WOLFE—looks like this but manages to sound like an assortment of weird folks on Let's Pretend.
**TUESDAY**

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<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember News</td>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>The Trumpeters Jack Alman Trio</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y. News</td>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Breakfast Club CBS News of America</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires Dinah Shore</td>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Oklahoma Roundup</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Nelson Olmsted</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Road of Life Ceci Brown Winters</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>My True Story David Harum</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Say It With Music Elynn Winters</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Ted Malone Rosemary</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake Big Bill Harrison Tell Your Neighbor Bill Breeden Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Kate's Daughter Dr. Tom Y.</td>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>The Gilding Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Lora Lawton</td>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers March of Science</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>HARRY ROST— who plays the feminine lead in The Adventures of Frank Merriwell, over NBC, Saturdays at 10:30 A.M., EST, is blonde, blue-eyed and twenty-two. After attending the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati she took a job as vocalist and m.c. with a band; spent eighteen months traveling up and down the East Coast and she says, “There’s nothing like it to prepare you for a dramatic career.”</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlar</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Words and Music</td>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers Merry Hartman Jack Armstrong</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Service Bands</td>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Watts Warren Aunt Jenny</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Art Van Damme</td>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Our Gal Sunday Helen Trents</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>Cedric Foster Red Hook 31</td>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Dr. Tom Y. Big Sister</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>Robert McDermick</td>
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<td>Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>Robert Ridley</td>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Morning in America Harold Turner</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Queen For a Day Margaret Selins</td>
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<td>Woman in White</td>
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<td>Martin Block Show Bill Breeden</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>Story of Holy Sloan Checkerboard Jamboree</td>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>The Gilding Light Paul Whitman Club House Party</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>Light of the World</td>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>My True Story MargaretSelins Bill Breeden</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Dr. Tom Y. Margaret Selins</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>Ma Perkins</td>
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<td>Queen For a Day Margaret Selins Bill Breeden</td>
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| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | 4:15 | Stella Dallas The Johnson Family [
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas | 4:30 | Harold Turner Adventure Parade Bill Breeden |
| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones | 4:45 | Young Winder Brown Adventure Parade Bill Breeden |
| 4:45 | Young Winder Brown | 5:00 | When a Girl Marries Harold Turner Jimmie Durante |
| 5:00 | When a Girl Marries | 5:15 |迫 Mytrue Story Bill Breeden |
| 5:15 | Portia Faces Life | 5:30 | Harold Turner Adventure Parade Bill Breeden |
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill Tom Mix | 5:45 | Front Page Farrell Bill Breeden Arthur Godfrey |
| 5:45 | Front Page Farrell | 6:00 | Howie Harrigan Jimmy Durante |
| 6:00 | When a Girl Marries | 6:15 | Our Gal Sunday Helen Trents |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<td>Symphony Orchestra America's Town Merry Hartman Jack Armstrong</td>
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**HARRY JAMES—**and his orchestra have joined Dinah Shore on Call for Music, CBS, Fridays at 10:30 P.M., EST. This is his return to the air after ten years, during which time he made eight movies and married Betty Grable! Born in a circus tent in Alhany, Ga., in 1916, Harry joined the circus band as a drummer when he was four, changed over to the trumpet when his family changed circuses.
JANE WEBB—has been Belinda Boyd with Those Websters, MBS, Sunday nights at 6:00, EST, ever since that program's first broadcast and says it's like being pin-boy in a bowling alley. She plans to be married during her August vacation to Jack Edwards, Jr.
ID YOU know that you can buy a very serviceable "midget" radio for about ten dollars? You don't expect super-quality of reception and sound reproduction from the little sets, but the reception you do get is amazingly good. You can't go very far wrong if you will think of the "midget" as an extra radio for the kitchen, bedroom or guest room.

If you've not given some serious listening time to FM broadcasting, you are missing plenty. Now that you can hear your favorite network programs on frequency modulation, you may find yourself a bit unhappy about the radio you've had sitting around the house these last few years. Of course, you can buy an FM tuner that will attach itself to your present set, but make certain that the tuner will pick up all the FM broadcasts in your area. Two table model AM-FM radios that have reached the market recently appear to be worthwhile investments. Stewart-Warner offers a plastic-cased set in mahogany or ivory finish that measures approximately 8" x 14" x 6" and sells for about $80. Housed in a walnut cabinet about 10" x 15" x 7" is the Crosley AM-FM table model radio 88TC. Styled neatly and compactly, either set will cover the standard AM broadcast band plus the 88 to 108 megacycle FM bands.

If your interest in new trends in radio reception leans toward the more luxurious custom installa-

Stewart-Warner's AM-FM table model: good reception for about $80.
THE strength of a nation depends upon its farms. Tom Murray, Farm Editor at station WHAM in Rochester, New York, firmly believes this statement as he prepares his program at 12:15 P.M. each day to bring the latest weather information, facts on insect control, spraying and dust services, and other information that will help crop production for his vast audience of farm listeners in New York and Northern Pennsylvania.

Tom has been connected with WHAM in various capacities for almost fifteen years, assuming the Farm Editorship in 1939. A graduate of Ithaca College Dramatic School, he first worked in the theater and then turned to radio as an announcer and a dramatic actor. Continuing as an actor for scheduled programs, he became a regular news announcer on the many news broadcasts presented throughout the day.

Tom’s life follows the pattern of the “farm boy who made good,” since he originally came from the rural section himself—Mohawk, New York. His versatile ability and unlimited sense of good humor makes him invaluable to the genial audience that he serves.

In addition to his regular fifteen-minute program at noon, Tom provides for a 6:15 A.M. broadcast which gives the latest market reports, weather information, and other factual details interesting and helpful to fruit, crop, and cattle raisers.

Once each week, Tom Murray joins with the other three editors of the News, Sports and Local departments of WHAM to summarize his story about the farm news of the week and to predict future probabilities.

During the fruit-growing season, in connection with the early program, the WHAM Farm Director has set up a radio Fruit Spray Service whereby latest developments on the need for certain types of sprays and dusts are broadcast daily. An authority studies current weather, decides what results it will have on the orchards, and then recommends the correct spray or dust to combat development of disease and insects.

Special broadcast type radio equipment was installed in the homes of Ralph Palmer and Arthur West, Agricultural Agents of the counties served. By remote control this equipment is turned on each morning by the engineers at WHAM and the fruit news reporters supply latest information on disease development and control.

An innovation was instituted by the Farm program last year in the form of a jumbo potato contest. The idea for the contest started last year when one of WHAM’s listeners sent Tom Murray a giant spud weighing 4 pounds and 12 ounces. Publicity about the huge potato incited interest in various parts of New York State as well as in other states. In order to determine a New York State Champion potato grower, Tom Murray, with the approval and support of the Empire State Potato Club, originated the contest. The response was so good in 1947, it is expected that the contest will be conducted another year.
**NEW “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment**

**ACTS ON BOTH SIDES OF YOUR SKIN**

Your face is not unchanging like a doll's. It is the inner You put into outer form. It is what people first notice about you—what they most remember. Surely then a lovely face is very worth attaining.

**A New Face Treatment**

Your skin has two sides, and caring for only one side is not enough. Pond's, consulting with dermatologists, has studied the needs of facial skin and brings you this new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment, that acts on both sides of your skin at once.

From the Outside Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly as you massage—carries off surface dirt, make-up—throws a veil of softness over your skin.

From the Inside every step of this Pond's face treatment stimulates healthy beauty-giving circulation—speeds up tiny blood vessels in their vivifying work.

Twice each day—always at night—give your skin Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—this is the way:

**Hot Water Stimulation**

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

**Two Creamings—to "condition" skin**

1) **Cleanse** . . Work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face and throat to sweep dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.
2) **Rinse** . . With more Pond's Cold Cream massage briskly, to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

**Cold Freshener Stimulation**

A cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

See your face now! Your cheeks full of pink roses! You'll try never to skip this new Pond's face treatment—because it works.

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

Never think it just a vanity to develop the beauty of your own face—it makes you a more assured, delightful person. Because you look lovely you give a happy little glow of pleasure to everyone you meet—the real YOU is brought closer to others.
Once Over Lightly

(Continued from page 57)

into bottom of dish. Arrange orange sections and pineapple on top of meat. Stud meat and pineapple with whole cloves. Place in moderately hot oven (350° F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

Liverwurst Turnover
3 cups flour, sifted
6 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons shortening
1 1/2 cups milk
8 slices liverwurst (1/4 inch thick)
Mix and sift dry ingredients; cut in shortening. Gradually add milk, mixing to a soft dough. Turn out on a lightly floured board and roll dough out to 1/4 inch thickness. Cut in 6 inch circles. Place slice of liverwurst on each piece. Moisten edge with water halfway round. Fold over; press edges together with fork. Pierce top of turnover to let steam escape. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with desired sauce. 6 to 8 servings.

Egg Carmelite
4 eggs, hard-cooked
1/4 pound liverwurst, sliced
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
1 onion, finely chopped
dash of cayenne pepper
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
1/4 cup bread crumbs
3 tablespoons butter

Easy Hollandaise Sauce
1/2 cup butter or margarine
2 eggs
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
few grains cayenne pepper
Melt butter in top of double boiler over hot water. Beat in remaining ingredients with a rotary beater. Continue beating until thick. Remove at once from over hot water. Serve over Eggs Carmelite, artichoke, fish or broccoli.

Makes 3/4 cup sauce.

Stuffed Frankfurters
6 frankfurters
2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes
6 slices cheese or dill pickle
6 slices bacon
Slice each frankfurter in half to, but not through, the skin. Spread open and fill with mashed potatoes, fold over cheese and place on potatoes. Broil or fry the bacon until just half done. Wrap around filled frankfurters and hold together with toothpicks. Broil in a moderately hot broiler turning constantly until bacon is crisp and cheese is melted about 3 to 5 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Ham Mousse
1 1/2 tablespoons plain gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
2 egg yolks, lightly beaten
1/2 teaspoon salt
dash of paprika; cayenne pepper
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
1 cup hot water
1 cup milk
2 cups luncheon meat, diced
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
watercress or crisp greens
Add gelatin to cold water. Combine egg yolks, salt, paprika, cayenne and mustard in top of double boiler. Heat gelatin mixture over hot water, stir until bouillon cube is dissolved. Add with milk to egg yolks and cook over hot water 5 to 6 minutes, or until slightly thickened. Add meat, onion, vinegar and finely chopped parsley; chill. Fold in cream. Turn into lightly oiled loaf pan, ring mold or bowl. Chill until firm. Unmold on serving platter. Garnish with greens. Makes 6 servings.

Baked Green Peppers
3 large green peppers
1 can corned beef hash (1 pound)
6 eggs
Rinse peppers well, slice in half and remove seeds. Place in pan with 2 cups water. Boil for 2 minutes, drain and place peppers in large baking dish. Fill with corned beef hash. Form a well in center of each, drop in hole 1 egg. Place peppers in hot oven (400° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes, or until eggs are just firm. Makes 6 servings.

TUNE IN "PHILCO RADIO TIME"
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14TH
GALA PROGRAM OF "CROSBYANA" HONORING
BING CROSBY

WINNER FOR THE FOURTH TIME OF THE
PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARD
AS AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR ACTOR

Don't miss it! Hear Bing Crosby and the great stories and radio who have appeared with him as he climbed the ladder of fame in a special program of "Crosbyana" on Wednesday, April 14th; 10 p.m. in the East, 9 p.m. everywhere else; ABC Network and many odd stations. See your newspaper for time and station. Don't miss it.

READ THE SPECIAL STORIES ABOUT BING IN MAY PHOTOCY.
"So Luxurious! Lux Soap's big new BATH SIZE cake!"
says Veronica Lake

"The new bath size Lux Soap is wonderful," says lovely Veronica Lake. "It makes my daily beauty bath more luxurious, more refreshing than ever!"

"I love the delicate clinging perfume this gentle soap leaves on my skin. If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts, and a daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you sure. The creamy lather swiftly carries away dust and dirt, leaves skin fresh, sweet."

Take Veronica Lake's tip! You'll be delighted with this convenient new bath size Lux Toilet Soap.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier!
Honeymoon at Home

(Continued from page 51)

Don’t be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to freely push perspiration, a danger 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 is never gritty or grainy, will not crystalize or dry out in jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. It will not rot clothing. And it’s safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

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

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...
My Mother, Joan Davis

(Continued from page 25)

So what would you do, Beverly—if has become something I can expect from my mother. Something I know I'm lucky to get from an expert like Joan Davis. She's always approved my wanting to be a comedienne—though the story I've heard is that the first word I said as a baby was "Mama," only I said it in that same funny falsetto voice she uses on the stage. And I understand she gave my father one horrified look and gasped—"Oh, no! We've got another comic!"

Especially in radio you have to be prepared to take what comes and think fast—be ready to slip in an impromptu gag if the one you've just read falls flat. Or pick up a luff you've made or someone else has made and turn it into a joke on yourself. This, I think, is one of my mother's biggest talents. It's one of the things that has made her a star in her own right.

Also her quality of independence. She never wanted to be just one half of a team. She wanted to be able to carry an act by herself. To do this she has developed a kind of special comedy-personality that works well with other people, but doesn't necessarily need a steady partner—or any partner at all. She fits into all kinds of movies, wherever they have an opportunity to let her be herself.

Certain kinds of roles just become naturals—they are "Joan Davis" roles.

That's why she's done so many pictures, I guess, I saw "Sweethearts of the Fleet" and "Two Latins from Manhattan" that she made for Columbia, a dozen times at least. And I spent most of my allowance in motion picture houses when she appeared with Kay Kyser in RKO's "Around the World" and for her latest one "If You Knew Susie" with Eddie Cantor.

I've seen them all—these and many others. But I go not only because she's my mother and I think she's a great comedienne, I go because I want to study why she is so funny—what makes her a star. It's like a sixth sense, I know, but I try to figure out what goes into it.

Maybe it's because she works so hard at it. That part doesn't show to an audience—it seems so easy, standing up there cracking jokes and taking the laughs on herself. It must seem a natural for her to get herself into funny situations and out of them. But I honestly think she'd drop dead, if it would get a laugh. Certainly she's taken enough falls and spills in her career to break every bone in her body.

In radio she doesn't use the slapstick to get the laughs. Here her mastery of the quick-punch gag line has put her up on top. It's what has earned her the title of Queen of Comedy.

The only time I've seen her absolutely speechless—not able to even make a wisecrack—was when the college students of America chose her as the "First Lady of Laughter." It was a poll made by three hundred and seventeen college newspapers. She was so pleased!

Mother was an actress when she was seven years old. And I mean actress, with the accent on the drama. Soul-stirring drama. She was going to be greater than Sarah Bernhardt—more emotional than Barrymore. As such she gave one performance.
It was "Amateur Night" at the local theater in her neighborhood back in St. Paul, Minnesota. The seven-year-old Joan Davis went out there on the stage and gave it all she had, with gestures. Pure, serious drama. And the audience thought she was so funny they howled her right off the stage.

What would you have done? What would I do if that should ever happen to me? The very thought gives me the cold shivers.

Well, she took it and came back—one week later. To the same theater. To another "Amateur Night." Only this time—after she had cried herself to sleep a couple of nights and then faced the facts—this time she went into a planned comedy routine and she was the hit of the evening.

On the strength of this, her first real comedy performance, she was signed by Pantages for a vaudeville tour.

My grandparents went with her, taking a tutor along so she could study as she went. She was billed as "The Toy Comedienne" and all by herself she went out on the stage to do a fourteen-minute laugh routine. And Joan Davis was a success—immediately.

From that time on she has never been out of show business—vaudeville, stage, screen and radio. I don't mean to say that it was just a breeze for her. There were disappointments and knocks, as well as boosts and applause.

But she graduated from "toy" to "master" comedienne. My father became her partner—I think it was in 1921—and they were married that same year. Two years later I came along.

And went right into the act. When I was five years old we did one of those routines that went something like this: "What's your name, little girl?"—"Bev-er-ly." "How old are you?"—"Five." "Who is your mother?"—"My mother is the funniest, the most wonderful actress in the world—isn't that what you told me to say, Mommy?" And then I got pulled off the stage by my ear.

We settled in California when Mother was given her first screen role as a hillbilly in a Mack Sennett comedy called "Way Up Thar." She was a hit and was handed a contract immediately to do thirty pictures for Twentieth Century-Fox. This ended the vaudeville tours and our stage life. Now we had a home and were Californians to stay. I was just old enough for kindergarten and Mother used to drive me there every morning. Until this last year, when I entered Emerson Junior High School, I've been in a convent school.

Mother took to the air in 1941 when Rudy Vallee invited her to do a guest spot. Mr. Vallee was planning to have her make just that one appearance, as he did other guest stars. But she was such a hit that he asked her back again two weeks later. From then on she was a regular feature of the program. And when Mr. Vallee went into active service during the war, Joan Davis was made the star of the show.

Working takes up a lot of her time, and now she can't even seem to get a day off to play the golf she likes so much. Sometimes we slip off together and go fishing off the pier at Malibu Beach—she was with me the day I caught the barracuda!

When Mother isn't working she's resting. As the saying goes she "knocks herself out" every time she does a broadcast or a picture. And when she isn't resting she likes to see people.
Me, I think I have a little edge on all her other friends. It isn't often that mothers and daughters enjoy each other's company as much as they do friends of their own age. We do.

Mother enjoys reading. I get enough of that in school. Especially I'm trying to get all A's on my report cards. Mother thinks it's because I've been promised a convertible car when I graduate if I can keep up the good work—but actually it's because I've just got to beat her record.

She got all A's when she was in school.

About the only time we disagree is over Mister.

Mother likes dogs but she swears Mister is no dog—he's an elephant. He isn't very big, really. He's a Kerry-Blue puppy and I'm training him to be a champion. Mother says, "Just train him. Period." But I think he has very good manners. He just gets excited sometimes and he likes people so much he can't help jumping all over them and wanting to kiss their faces and he likes to pretend he's a lap dog.

But I got her point. It's Mister versus the crockery.

Mother has spent years collecting her lovely, priceless antique Dresden figurines and her fine Englishware (she has names for it but I never can remember) and the cranberry glass. Mister, let loose in the living room, is really a hazard. Once he toppled a gold-and-mirror fan she had just found and just placed on the end table. Fortunately there was no damage done. It didn't break.

But if he ever breaks the little miniature rocking chair that my grandfather carved for Mother—oh, dear!

She has very good taste. She designed and decorated our whole house—and even had a three-room playhouse built into it, just for me. That was a wonderful place when I was growing up. I could entertain in it and study in it and play house in it. But it seems a little childish, now that I'm fifteen, and I very seldom use it.

IN FACT, I'm old enough now so that we can wear each other's clothes. I borrow hers and she grabs a sweater of mine, once. But there's a limit to sharing…I got a gorgeous make-up and dressing case for my birthday and—do you know—I have to keep the combination lock a secret from her, to keep her out of it.

She's an awful problem to me, sometimes.

I almost weakened and let her into it, once. She was so good about helping me with my homework. But after the last time, I decided it wasn't worth it.

My teacher at school told us we were to write an essay about anything we chose. It took me a little while to think of something, but finally one evening when Mother and I were sitting in front of our new television set at home, it struck me that that would be a fine subject. Television.

So I got out my notebook and went to work. I struggled with it and at last I had it done—all but the punch line, the ending. (Being Joan Davis' daughter has made me conscious of punch lines and things like that.) I needed a final poetic touch to round out the essay. But I couldn't think of a thing.

Mother had been sort of coaching from the sidelines all this time—though I must say her help consisted mostly of thinking of all the crazy, fantastical things you could say about television.

Like the winsome Miller twins, you'll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty-shop wave. But before trying Toni 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.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a loose, natural-looking wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy...easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why more than a million women a month use Toni.

Which twin has the TONI?

Pictured above are Ann and Jean Miller of Long Island, N.Y. Jean, the twin at the right, has the Toni.

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

New Hair-Beauty Booklet for you!

It's 24 pages of valuable ideas. Professional secrets for choosing your most charming hairstyle. Words and pictures on how to style and set your own hair. Scores of other hair-beauty hints that will save you many dollars. Just mail a dime to cover cost, handling and mailing. Address your request for "Hair Beauty on a Budget" to The Toni Company, Dept. F5, Box 3511, St. Paul, Minn.
“It’s a miracle...all this Color with my first Rayve Creme Shampoo!”

See it! Believe it! Blonde, brunette, red hair or white, your very first Rayve Creme Shampoo uncovers new, natural, radiant color you never dreamed was in your hair! Without special rinse . . . in the easiest, fastest shampoo you ever enjoyed.

Not a soap! Rayve is a creme shampoo, so leaves no film to dull hair’s radiance . . . to cloud its natural color.

Rinses like a whiz! Billows of creamy lather even in hardest water—yet rinses jiffy-quick, removing all loose dandruff.

No conditioner needed! Rayve is enriched with lanolin—doesn’t leave hair dry as straw, but easy to manage, glossy, radiantly colorfull.

Handy Tube . . . can’t tip or spill
10c, 29c, 60c, $1
No Federal Cosmetic Tax
ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND 10-CENT STORES

*Rayve Creme Shampoo

The Creme Shampoo that brings out Color and Gleam!

Listen to Henry Morgan
7:30 P.M. Thursday everywhere
American Broadcasting Company

Though not in a school essay. And making faces at me—breaking me up—just when I was working my darndest.

But now she volunteered to help. She’d think of something poetic.

“I’ve got it!” she said seriously. “Look at the rose in the vase on top of the television cabinet. Why don’t you link the two together—the miracle of television and the rose. The miracle and the rose?”

That was it. That was my punch line. The miracle and the rose.

So what happened—? I guess my teacher didn’t think much of Mother’s poetical flights, because she wrote across it—“And isn’t a rose a miracle, too?”

I decided the homework help wasn’t worth giving Mother the combination to my make-up kit. Instead, I’m teaching her to jitterbug. She’s a wonderful dancer and she likes to go to night clubs so she can rhumba. But she’s still not hep to the jive—and, believe me, the movie studios would pay good money to put on the screen the contortions we go through as she and I clear the living room so she can practice the jitterbug.

It’s really fun to be Joan Davis’ daughter.

LIKE any other mother she supervises my clothes, watches that I don’t use too much lipstick, knows all about my special friends, worries about my health, takes me to the dentist and consoles me for having to wear braces on my teeth just now. Some of the most beautiful actresses, she tells me (and a comedienne doesn’t have to be beautiful), wore braces on their teeth when they were younger, and that makes me feel better. She helps me with my homework (when I let her) and likes me just as much when I’m bad as when I’m good.

Though her radio program hours, and the many days she has to spend on motion picture lots when she’s making a movie keep her from being with me as much as we both would like, I actually get more than my share of her free time. She not only worries about my dates and my health and things like that—she has to worry about my career, too.

Mother says that her greatest problem is keeping “hands off.” She refused, absolutely, to coach me when I had my first honest-to-goodness—my first, and so far my only—role in a motion picture, Eagle-Lion Studios’ “Mickey.” She doesn’t want me to be a carbon copy of Joan Davis—which certainly wouldn’t be the worst thing that could happen to me! At home, life sometimes becomes a battle of seeing which of us can top the other’s gags. And darn it, she always wins!

Yes, Joan Davis is very much okay for a mother—but she seems too young and too full of pep and too much of a standout personality in herself ever to fit into the usual maternal picture. So many of my friends just seem to have their mothers for backgrounds—there if they need them, but most of the time just someone to remind them to wear their rubbers if it’s raining.

I think I’ll end this story the way I used to end that act when I was five years old—and on the stage with Mother—

“I think my Mommy is the most wonderful, the greatest, the funniest comedienne in the world—isn’t that what you wanted me to say, Mommy?”

Only I believe it. And anyway, I’m too big now to get pulled off by the car.
realized that I was going at last. That was all I wanted.
I did go home, but "home" was destined to be one hospital after another for the next two years.
When I got back to the states my left leg, which had been badly injured, was swelled to almost double its normal size. The doctors told me that I was suffering from osteomyelitis—an infection of the bone and bone marrow. I had once wanted to become a doctor. Well, there was plenty of opportunity now to learn all about the symptoms of osteomyelitis. The only trouble is that medical science hasn't found a sure, permanent cure for this affliction. That's why I've had operations with the help of specialists in the last two years. Right now I have to use a cane and a brace to get around, and no one would write out an insurance policy on the bad leg. I never know when I may have to lose it.

The days and nights in the hospital were always the same until early one morning. Our ward had a night nurse who used to run around with a hypodermic needle, give me my shot of penicillin while I was still asleep and then speed away just as I was waking up. She was light on her feet and all the boys in the ward called her "Flash."

Finally, after five nights of this hit-and-run treatment, I woke up at about six forty-five in the morning. I went to catch the nurse actually standing still. I could only see her back, but that looked rather nice. When I called out and asked her to turn around so that I might have a better look, I regretted it instantly. Her hair was mussed, what was left of her lipstick wasn't on straight and the glare she focused on me just about completed the picture of an overheated boiler about to explode.

I thought no more about our speedy Florence Nightingale until I was given a furlough from the hospital. Just as I was leaving, my buddy Cliff had to undergo a serious operation. Naturally, I came back to see him.

When I entered his room I saw that our night nurse, Miss Best, was spending her free time trying to cheer Cliff. Once outside of the cold, gray light of a hospital dawn, she looked very pretty. Blue eyes and soft brown hair, to say nothing of the figure that had caught my eye in the first place.

That day I offered to drive Miss Best home in my car.

Once we reached her quarters, I asked as a part of a polite routine I had re-
tained from my civilian days, if I might phone her some time. She was halfway to the door when her absent-minded "Yes" floated back to me.

I never really meant to ask her out, but then a big party came up and I had to have a date in a hurry. I called Carolyn Best without too much hope that she'd come. Fate was on my side because Carolyn had just been stood up. This really isn't as bad as it sounds though. When a nurse goes out with a doctor she has to be prepared to cancel her plans at any minute.

spite of the fact that Carolyn should have been fortified against disappointments of this type, she was considerably put out about having all dressed up with no place to go. Nurses are not supposed to date their patients in the V. A., but she was in a receptive mood.

After that first evening together we knew that we might want to start "breaking the rules" more often. Everything had clicked. We had laughed a lot and the atmosphere was warmer and healthier than I could remember. I saw Carolyn all the time I was on furlough. Three months later we were secretly married, and I learned that my wife had her hospital for a very serious operation. Now we really had ourselves a situation.

There I was, lying in bed with my wife, a professional care of me as my nurse. She was "Miss Best," and I was "Mr. Musil." None of the boys in the ward knew that we were married and so they were always frank and uninhibited in their remarks. Day after day I lay there listening to cracks about her pretty legs just as impersonally as though she were Betty Grable or some other piece of public glamour property.

Sometimes it was tough, but more often it was funny. There was a hilarious showdown when the boys finally learned we were married.

Last June I was finally discharged from the hospital. Carolyn and I had decided to move to New York City for a year so that I could study at the Bulova School for watchmaking. That school was built by Bulova expressly for the purpose of training vets who have more than a seventy percent disability—men who must have sitting down jobs for the rest of their lives and who have shown on the basis of competitive tests that they possess the mechanical and manual ability to qualify. The place itself is beautiful, equipped with all sorts of special devices to aid the disabled veteran. They have electric eye doors and special elevators to help us get around. In addition to all this, Bulova is in effect giving all of its students special scholarships. Instead of accepting the government's GI Bill tuition money, Bulova converts this money into a fund to purchase the special equipment and tools that the student needs to set himself up in business as soon as possible. It certainly is a good feeling to know that you won't have to depend on anyone and can do an honest day's work to support your family.

Speaking of family, Carolyn and I were in the process of starting ours by the time we settled in the Rego Park Veterans Housing Project in New York. Our son, Bradford Allen, showed up last August 22, and life in our four-room converted barracks apartment became hectic. A great many troubles...
You feel like a different person

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How would you like to feel many years younger and twice as active—like a schoolgirl on holiday in the spring? Try using Tampax for monthly protection and discard those belts, pins and pads on “those days.” You’ll be surprised at the difference! You’ll want to run rather than walk. It’s like riding in an open car instead of a closed one!

This Tampax method has won the confidence of millions of women and girls who appreciate its daintiness, comfort and thoroughness. Tampax is worn internally and it consists of pure surgical cotton compressed in a disposable applicator for easy insertion. With Tampax there is no odor, no chafing—no bulges or edge-lines under your clothing. Why, you can actually wear it in your bath!


seemed to pile up at once. Carolyn’s mother suddenly became ill and required an immediate operation. Her father also needed surgical care, and one of my brothers died.

All of this meant hurried trips to Illinois and many other heavy expenditures which put a terrific strain on our budget. By the time Brad was three months old we still hadn’t been able to pay his doctor bills. I was beginning to feel ped as if the company.

Then one night Carolyn and I were listening to Strike It Rich over CBS. We had always liked the show, but the idea of trying to get on it had never entered my mind until then. Carolyn and I listened extra closely to the contestants that night. It had always been a hobby of ours to try and get the answers to the questions, and we were both pretty good at it. But on this Sunday evening we paid most attention to the human interest side of the program. We wanted to know why other people needed to strike it rich. We wanted to see if we, too, might have a legitimate reason.

Taking a long shot, we wrote in to CBS telling them about our baby’s debts, and much to our surprise the producer of the show, Walter Framer, called up the following Thursday and invited me to come down and discuss my chances of getting on the air.

When I met Mr. Framer in his office, he told me quite frankly that he couldn’t make any promises. He gave me two tickets to the next broadcast and said that if we were there at the CBS Theater that night, he’d do his best to give me a chance as a contestant. When Sunday night rolled around, we arrived very early and sat in the second row.

I was so nervous I couldn’t sit still. When they called my name as a possible contestant I had to get up and sit on the stage. Carolyn says that it was the only time I became glazed and I seemed to be sleepwalking. I know that it was then the real tension began.

The first contestant went up. She wanted money to help make Christmas dolls for orphans. Out of a possible eight hundred dollars, she got home ten.

The second contestant wanted to put his brother through medical school. His judgment was a little off when he staked all his money on the first question. He didn’t know the answer.

Meanwhile, Carolyn and I kept our eyes glued to the studio clock. Time was passing quickly and there seemed to be dozens of contestants sitting on the stage with me.

The next lady called upon was a Mrs. Nutt. She wanted the money to be able to change her name, explaining that her family was tired of having people call up and ask, “Is this the Nutt house or ‘Which Nut are you?’” By the time she had answered her questions and earned enough to pay the legal fees for changing her name it seemed as if the program was practically over. I had just about given up hope when Todd Russell, the master of ceremonies, called out my name.

Still numb I walked up to the microphone and heard the wonderful, warm applause from the studio audience. The first three rows of the CBS Theater were filled with disabled veterans still in uniform. They were rooting for me one hundred per cent. I could feel their support and it made me a lot more confident. Unfortunately I could also hear their advice, and that was rather confusing. On Strike It Rich the contestant is given twenty-five dollars which he can run up to as much as eight hundred dollars in the course of answering five questions. Every time you answer correctly you double the money you have staked on the particular question. Most contestants like to put fifteen or twenty dollars down on the first question and keep the rest in reserve. That way they would still have cash to put on the subsequent questions should they miss the first. I knew about this, but somehow I felt that I had to make it all or nothing. When the boys in the first three rows heard me say that I’d put the entire amount on the opening question, they went wild.

“Don’t do it! You’re crazy!” some of them yelled. Most of them cheered me on and then I looked at Carolyn still seated in the second row. She smiled and nodded her head, so I stood by my decision. The first question came.

“We know that the Waterloo Bridge is in London over the Thames River. Can you tell us where Napoleon met his Waterloo?”

That one was easy. I had been there myself. Quickly I said, “Belgium.” Todd Russell smiled. Mr. Framer and the audience applauded and Joe King, the announcer, patted me on the back. I now had fifty dollars.

The second category of questions was called “Proverbs In Disguise.” Todd Russell quoted, “Don’t let your lachrymal glands secrete over lachrymal freely flowing.” (Continued on page 80)

"Real life condensed into 25 thrilling minutes"

. . . so writes one of the thousands of women who never miss listening to “MY TRUE STORY” Radio Program, brought to you in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. Here are real people in real life experiences. A complete drama every morning, Monday thru Friday. Tune in your American Broadcasting Station—10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 11:30 MST, 10:30 PST—for radio’s greatest morning show!
GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

The New
HOME PERMANENT SET
HALGAR'S
Bu.Tee.Wave
MACHINELESS HEAT METHOD

BU-TEE-WAVE IS ENTIRELY DIFFERENT from any other home permanent wave set. It is not a cold wave. With Bu-Tee-Wave you use the same kind of genuine beauty operator's equipment and supplies that are used by beauticians in giving machineless heat permanents.

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THE HEAT UNITS create just enough heat to gently steam soft, lasting waves into your hair that will give you months of "Permanent" satisfaction.

NO NEUTRALIZERS OR RINSES are necessary with Bu-Tee-Wave. The solution does not contain thioglycollate, the ingredient used in the cold wave process.

24 CURLS ARE ALL THAT ARE REQUIRED for a complete permanent with Bu-Tee-Wave. You make 6 curls at a time in a little over 30 minutes, but they are complete and require no neutralizing. They are ready to be combed into gorgeous, natural waves.

ECONOMY FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY. Mother, daughter, and young miss can give each other a machineless heat permanent at home with no loss of time and no appointments to keep when you own the Bu-Tee-Wave Set.

With Bu-Tee-Wave there's no mess, no soaking your head for hours and no neutralizing.

For Glamorous Hair
Follow These 4 Easy Steps!

1. Pull strand of hair through Rubber-Felt.
2. Place Spacer on top of Rubber-Felt and close.
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4. Place Heat Pad over curl, snap on Pinch Clip.

Ideal for Children Also

COMPLETE SET—Set contains 6 Spacers, 6 Aluminum Curling Rods, 6 Rubber-Felts, 6 Fibre-Handled Clamps, 24 Heat Pads, 24 End Papers, and Wave Solution for one complete permanent.

FUTURE WAVES—Refill Set contains 24 Heat Pads, 24 End Papers, and Wave Solution.

At Leading Department and Drug Stores from Coast to Coast. If not yet available in your city, send check or money order to:

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE, IF NOT SATISFIED!
(Continued from page 78) "Lacteal!" I shouted. "That's about milk. Don't cry over split milk!"
"Correct!" Todd Russell beamend, and the boys went wild again. I put the hundred dollars down and guessed the next one easily. This category was called "Find The Turkey," and as Hank Sylvern started the first few bars of the song on his organ, I recognized it immediately as "Turkey In The Straw."
Ten thousand dollars was the one that had tripped up several of the other contestants. It was called "Fact or Fiction." Still, I couldn't get cautious this late in the game. I plunked down the two hundred dollars. Todd Russell wanted to know if I really wanted to risk it all. The boys in the first three rows didn't think I ought to.
Then I looked at Carolyn. She nodded. When Mr. Russell saw her in the audience he invited her to come up on the stage too. She was beside me when I heard the fourth question, which concerned Omar Khayyam. I was to tell whether he was real or fictional.

STRANGELY enough, I had just received a gift of his book of poetry so I said, "Real. He lived in the eleventh century..." It was right.

This was the test. I took my four hundred dollars, tried not to think about it, and staked it all on the last question. We plunged in. I leaned a little on my cane as the smooth Russell voice read the last question.

"If an apiarist studies bees, and an aviator studies birds, what does an ichthyologist do?"

I froze. I knew the answer but I just couldn't think. Precious seconds ticked by until finally I made an involuntary swimming motion with my right hand. Suddenly I blurted out, "Fish!"

"That's right!" Todd Russell shouted. "You've won eight hundred dollars!"
The few moments that followed are hazy to me now that I try to recall them. Carolyn kissed me, lots of people shook my hand, and the boys in the first three rows were jumping up and down in their seats, yelling.
The next day after the broadcast, we got telegrams from both families out in Illinois and everyone seemed to get just as big a thrill out of it as we did. Especially one of my brothers. He is an embalmer and was, working in the Berwyn morgue on Sunday night when he accidentally tuned in on Strike It Rich. Imagine being in a morgue when your brother's on the radio. It was very frustrating for him not to be able to poke some one in the ribs and say, "Hey! Don't you hear that? That's my brother!"

With the money I won I'll be able to pay all of Brad's doctor bills, buy a suit for myself and a coat for Carolyn. I may even have some left over to buy our son a puppy as soon as he's old enough to be good to a pet.

I'm saving this story to tell to Brad for Allen when he's big enough to understand it. He's rather unique. The baby a quiz program paid for. Maybe it will mean good luck for the rest of his start for all of us.

Ed. Note: Believing that all our readers will be interested in the further fortunes of the Musil family, Radio Mirror checked with them just before press time. The editors regret to say that at last report, Art Musil was back in the hospital for further treatment, and Mrs. Musil is anxiously trying to procure the automobile that will be necessary to his rehabilitation, when he is discharged.
Tough? Not Duff!
(Continued from page 49)

favorite pipe and tell you quite convincingly that the closest he ever came to toughness was a little more than twenty years ago.

"I was about nine, living in Seattle. I was in a gang called 'The Duff Gang,' which might just indicate who the big shot was. We used to fight an outfit named 'The Greenlake Mob.' Those were real capers. Garbage cans lids for shields, old vegetables for ammunition. Real tough stuff!"

Duff is rugged rather than tough. He is big and un-prettty, handsome in an uncut diamond sort of roughness. He is quiet, serious, soft-hearted to the point of feeding stray alley cats. He tips the scales at 185 and is a fair boxer—he works out with his good friend Burt Lancaster now and then.

HE HAS never worked in a detective agency, probably wouldn't recognize a clue if it popped him on the nose and isn't interested in guns; he saw enough of them during almost five Army years.

When he's portraying Sam Spade, as he has been without vacation since July 1946, Howard Duff is Spade. His eyes, under heavy brows, narrow. If the script calls for Spade to be smoking, Duff smokes. If he's supposed to toss off a drink or pull a gun, he goes through the motions, even though props are missing.

Like the original Spade, as created by Dashiell Hammett in "The Maltese Falcon," Duff is a bachelor and enjoys baching it.

"I would like to marry, have a home and children," he says, then adds quickly, "but I'm not panting to. I guess I have never found the right girl. And vice versa."

He lives alone and says he likes it. He is far from garrulous, is essentially reserved, so being alone is no hardship for him. He has been wary of giving his friendship quickly since an unfortunate experience in high school.

A boy who had been his best friend for several years told something derogatory and untrue about Howard to a schoolmate. By the time the story reached Duff it had been considerably colored. When he learned who had started the tale his confidence in people took a nosedive. He distrusted everyone and drew into a shell. It was then he started reading a great deal.

Now, although he makes friends slowly, he's a good friend, say those

The Charlie McCarthy Show

COMES FROM HOLLYWOOD . . .

but even if you live in Maine you can go to a broadcast—with JUNE RADIO MIRROR,
on sale Wednesday, May 12
The program was transferred to Hollywood. Duff began hearing on many big network dramatic shows, until in March of 1941 he went into the Army.

At Fort Lewis, Washington, he wrote and directed radio variety programs which he says were "pretty bad." Later he was attached to the Armed Forces Radio Service and for a time was in Hawaii. Then he was in Saipan, where his job was de-communizing and censoring commercial shows which were relayed overseas. More interesting was his subsequent service in Saipan, where he was a club manager.

One of his jobs on Saipan was writing and directing a weekly dramatic show for the Marine Corps called "Leatherneck on the Air." A different script every week, with Tyrone Power in the leads.

"I USED to sweat blood trying to fill those thirty pages each week," he says. "Most of the radio writing I had done before was music shows with short skits or brief dramatic bits. But that half hour deal! My scripts were pretty awful, but Power never complained. A swell guy."

Duff's personal reticence, does not mention that he and Power became quite good friends on Saipan. On one day off Ty flew Howard over to the next island to visit Howard's brother, Douglas, who was stationed there.

When Duff, by then a staff sergeant, was given his honorable discharge in November, 1945, he headed home to Hollywood. Soon he was working on Suspense, Radio Theatre and other big-time stanzas. Then The Adventures of Sam Spade started in mid-1946—and his contract for that still has another two years to run.

He is also well contracted for movies: he did two for Mark Hellinger, who gave him his first break in "Brute Force," and featured him again in "Night and the City," and will do one a year for Universal-International. Incidentally, there are currently 174 fan clubs organized throughout the country for Spade and Duff—more for Spade than Duff, as a matter of fact.

For one thing, Duff is really grateful to the Army. On the day he was discharged, he was introduced to the same Mike Meshekow, a former furrier. Nice young guy. They went through basic training together, then were assigned to different duties but kept in touch. Eventually Duff suggested that Mike would make a good first sergeant for the AFRS in Hollywood. Mike was transferred and became interested in show business. Coming war's end and Duff convinced him he'd make a good agent. He is—Duff's. And best friend.

Make no mistake, Duff may be a radio actor, but he cannot deny a streak of sentimentality. When his hobby again, who are always on hand at CBS on Sunday even though they know they can't see the show. He always remembers birthdays and birthday presents, and to one of his fan clubs, "Duff's Private Eyes," sent a bottle of cognac boute-

Duff auditioned at Station KOMO in Seattle, was hired as a staff announcer and then began his radio career. He did radio ads for a few years and was offered him $20 a week for a tour of the northwest he happily quit announcing, for the theater then was his goal. (He still wants to do a Broadway play.)

Duff did not like =performed that =performed that radio might hold a brighter monetary future, so with fifty dollars he had saved he went to San Francisco. He auditioned all over town; no one gave him a break. He was a actor.

"Finally some big-hearted Joe gave me a job for two weeks, substituting for a vacationing newscaster," Duff said. "I knew better. But Duff was very careful about policy, felt I was doing a good job that might lead to something else. But no. On the last night I was so fed up I grabbed up the microphone and announced to this European names and did my own interpretation which was anything but the news. Do you know, the station chairman had a complaint from a listener? That show was a "Tell it as it is!"

Literally down to his last dollar sometime later, Duff auditioned for the槐 role in the musical "From Pilots and was signed. He remembers vividly the opening suit he bought out of the first week's salary; he needed it that badly.

Of course, if he had met that right girl he might have changed his mind. But he's still a bachelor.

The home in which he'd like to install that ideal wife some day would be high on a hill, with a magnificent view. He'd like to furnish it in comfort, simple, modern style. He'd like a well-run, well-staffed household that wouldn't bog him down.

If Howard didn't consider it occa-

sionally incumbent on him to keep in trim he'd be perfectly happy to limit his exercise to driving his car or going to the beach with a radio, a pipe and a good book. He compromises by swimming—which he really enjoys—gym workouts and tennis.

An avid reader, Duff always manages to read at least a few paragraphs if not more during the day, and prefers non-fiction. He has read all of Dashiel Hammett's detective stories but avoids other whodunits.

Duff finds difficulty in talking about himself and his career. He still is not keen about interviews, even after nearly two years of popularity. He's a nervy, moody, introvert. He can do without night clubs, preferring to spend evenings at home with his friends. He likes casual clothes but dresses conservatively—no bow ties!—and hates to shave.

Duff's interest in acting started while attending Roosevelt High School in Seattle, where his family had moved from Wallawwa, Kentucky. When he was given the leading role in the senior play production of "Trelawney of the Wells" he forgot his earlier ambition to become a cartoonist.

After graduation he joined the Seattle Repertory Playhouse. There was, so day to day, he window trimmer at the Bon Marché department store. He was fired after falling asleep a few times on the job, but didn't mind; he thinks everyone should be fired at least once in a lifetime. But just the same he had to eat.

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He goes for big, ranch-sized breakfasts. Fruit, cereal, eggs, bacon, toast, coffee. Maybe coffee cake or pancakes. He doesn't cook much of his own breakfasts, unless he oversleeps. He goes for big, ranch-sized breakfasts. Fruit, cereal, eggs, bacon, toast, coffee. Maybe coffee cake or pancakes. He doesn't cook much of his own breakfasts, unless he over sleeps.

His apartment is plenty large, even for his husky size. There is a comfortable living room, with fireplace. A roomy bedroom, with three closets. A small kitchen, which he cooks his own breakfasts, unless he over sleeps.

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more excited, or more grateful.

Missy is obviously just No. One on the Montgomerys' planned parade of progeny. Dinah and George have always said they wanted several children, and Missy's arrival (although certainly not the easiest birth on record) has only whetted their hopes. The nursery upstairs in "the house that George built" has three rooms, and—

"Oh, we're going to have three children at least, if we're that lucky," declared Dinah fervently, "and maybe four.

"I'm fortunate to be in radio, because I have to go out only one evening a week to do the show." (CBS, Friday, 10 P.M., EST; 7 P.M., PST.) "I'll have rehearsals and program conferences here at home, so I can be with Missy most of the time. I imagine the rehearsals will be on Missy's schedule, not mine, but that's all right. I'd go crazy if I had to work in films all the time and be away from her all day. Just picture me going away on location, when now I can hardly stand it having Missy in another part of the house where I can't see her every minute!"

Her only picture commitment was for a movie life of the western artist, Frederick Remington, which she will do with her husband. "But it starts a couple of months from now, and they'll shoot around me until I'm ready." With the Petrillo ban on recordings (Dinah had anticipated it and made about seventy advance discs) she would have only radio to take her away now and life would be mostly home and Missy.

They're adding a permanent nurse to the household staff which previously boasted Dolores, the cook, and Jesse, the houseman. But the principal change, aside from added happiness, is the one that comes to new parents the world over.

"We just don't plan on eight hours' sleep any more," laughed Dinah. "Missy's room is next to ours, and at her slightest cry we both wake up, wondering and tense, and can't rest until we know she's all right. It's silly, we know, because Miss Kamp (the temporary nurse) is simply grand—but we can't help being silly that way. We always went to bed early, 9:30 or 10, but now we're so sleepy we're ready at 8:30 or 9. And I never felt better in my life."

The small cause of all this was slumbering, at the moment, in the cradle her daddy made for her—in the least fluffly, least pink-and-white "nursery" you can picture. The upstairs rooms intended for her were not yet finished, but more importantly, Dinah in these early days could not yet negotiate a stairway. The family's new star was established in George and Dinah's calico-papered sitting-room. It adjoins their bedroom, and here they used to read, play records, write letters, and Dinah did her sewing. Now it's all Missy's.

"We may move her upstairs later," said Dinah. "We haven't decided, because it's so nice having her close."

The cradle, lined and padded in a print of tiny roses, is of pine and oak, hand-carved. George decorated one side with family threesomes of all the animals on their place, the other side with animals of his native Montana.

"It was so touching, watching him... and the good 'doctor' might well have added—"or it won't last long".

A shirt that shows Tattle-Tale Gray is, actually, a 'sick' shirt. That dingy color proves there still is dirt in the fabric. Hard rubbing that may remove dirt, surely shortens the life of the garment.

Fels-Naptha will help make all your fine linens and delicate things last longer. This mild golden soap, combined with Fels naptha, removes imbedded grime and perspiration stains with almost no rubbing or bleaching. It brightens colors, keeps all washables fragrantly clean and white.

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Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes 'Tattle-Tale Gray'
work on it during the months we waited,” Dinah confided. “It almost made me cry—the pain he took, the loving care on each tiny detail. He’s already working on a crib for her when she outgrows the cradle.

Missy even if she hadn’t been showered with gifts on her debut, would never lack for wonderful things, not with George as a dad. The lean, quiet, handsome young giant (his latest film is “Lulu Belle” with Bette Davis) is a born salesman. Dinah spends hours in his workshop exercising a genuine creative talent for wood-working. With the aid of a pair of ex-GI helpers, George expanded the original one-room house he and Dinah bought three years ago into the beautiful and gracious home it is today. He built practically all the furniture: love seats, chairs, desks, buffet, oversized round dining table with solid oak base. He built so much and so well that friends like the Alan Ladds, the Fred MacMurrays, and Leslie Fenton have importuned him to build pieces for them, and his hobby has turned into a sideline business. For Missy, besides cradle and crib and a Welsh cupboard (for wardrobe, toys, etc.), he has built playhouses under a huge merry-go-round horse.

“She’s a little young for it now,” admitted Dinah, “but she’ll grow. She weighed seven pounds at birth, and in two weeks she gained twenty. She was born knowing how to use a bottle—didn’t have to be taught—and on Wednesday she gets her first orange juice, and this child taking a podercumorph—that’s a cod liver oil substitute—and—but how I do rave on about Missy! You must stop me. Oh, you’re interested? You mean I can talk about a happy baby! It was on a Saturday last spring that Dinah first had intimations that Missy, long dreamed of, might become a reality. We’d been hoping and praying and waiting for a baby for three years, and I was so excited I couldn’t wait to see the doctor. There were about twenty other women in the waiting room. I didn’t know any of them, but one of them must have known me, because on Sunday—while I still wasn’t sure it was true—Walter Winchell was on the air with our news. Monday I went back for the verdict and Dr. (Leon) Krohn just smiled and said, ‘Well, we can’t let Winchell down, can we?’…”

The months of waiting were normal, happy, quiet ones and all was rosy, until the very end. At two in the morning on January 4, George and Dinah hastened to the Cedars of Lebanon hospital. Hours later—six, seven, eight—Missy was still struggling for birth. In those hours, Missy can hardly be described, for—in her own room—And Caesarean section. Missy arrived at 11:52, just before noon.

“It wasn’t so bad for me,” related Dinah, characteristically but, George! I felt so sorry for him, just waiting. Some new fathers can chainsmoke to pass those hours, but George doesn’t smoke. Some new fathers take a drink to deaden their ‘lab pains,’ but George doesn’t drink. He just waited. You know how he looked when I finally saw him again? Well, George hates flying because he gets airsick. That day he looked as if he’d flown the Purtic—through a typhoon!

“When he knew we were all right and there was nothing he could do, he went home to bed. Dolores (the cook) scored a triumph that day. It was the only time she’s ever been able to take George his dinner on a tray. And then he slept for hours... utterly stunned.

In the Cedars’ maternity section, a the same time as Dinah, were Deborah Kerr (Bartlett) and her new Melani Jane, and Van Johnson’s Evie with her new daughter, Schuyler Van. The florist arrived endlessly, the hospital maids brought mountains of letters.

“I couldn’t begin to tell all the beautiful gifts Missy has received, the sweet notes, the telegrams,” Dinah sighed breathlessly. "The little gold pins from the Ladds, the silver curlers from (Pop) (Paul) Whiteman, the big fuzzy musical dog that plays Brahms Lullaby, from Joan Davis, the lovely little jackets, dresses, blankets, booties, the big Disney toys from Walt, and—and— we would take hours to do justice to all the pretty things she’s had. And the telegrams—like the one from Dottie Lamour—‘Now can’t wait for our first date!’ And the flowers. And—oh, the cutest letter from Harvie Branscomb, Chancellor of my old university, Vanderbilt, down in Tennessee. We said ‘Oh, Missy right away for the class of 1966, and the Chancellor wrote to Missy. He told her about the dramatic club there, and said she must not forget to ‘regain her emotions’ frequently, and if she preferred the capella choir she must remember to exercise her voice steadily and loudly.

If you have an idea by now that Dinah’s right up among the world’s happiest, most doting mammas, you’re quite correct. In this new role of hers there’s all the warmth, friendliness, and human quality that have won her fame, and this and something new has been added: Missy. Nice adding.

Missy will grow up on the Montgomery place, six and a half acres of quiet country, and a beautiful up-to-date highway. The place is fenced, with an electrically controlled gate to keep intruders out and the animals in—mainly a few cows, two chickens, pha-ants. There’s a guest house, and a tennis court and swimming pool, all of which promise well for Missy’s entertaining problem when she gets a little older and her friends come for the day or week-end.

She'll have plenty of friends her age, even before the expected brothers and sisters arrive. There are the new younger, Teresa (Wright) and Niven Busch, the children of Cobina (Wright) and Palmer Beaudette, of Betty (Hutton) and Ted Birkin, of Dolores Williams, of Howard, of Susie and Alan Ladd, and many others, with Van Johnson’s Schuyler Van and Deborah Kerr’s Melanie Jane almost exactly Missy’s age. Will they be on the same Montana ranch, where she can ride horseback and visit her grandmother, her uncles and aunts (George is one of sixteen children) and her cousins?

She’ll be a lucky child, all right— and probably luckiest of all in her choice of parents.

Parents, like Dinah and George, who are both No. 7 about her, who say they won’t spoil her but are afraid they will, and who want the best for her. The best.

“Well,” as Dinah put it, “to give her a sense of security, of being loved. To help her develop a strong sense of right and wrong, and a sense of humor because in this world as it is she’ll surely need it. To help her to be secure, and yet to develop independence so she can stand on her own feet. To our way of thinking, that’s the best for anyone!”
Why I Love George Burns

(Continued from page 23)

had much encouragement. Sandra, at thirteen, still in a convent school, has been more concerned about a possible shortage of tall boys when she grows up (she is 5 feet 7 inches) than a shortage of chances in the theater. She has been on the radio once or twice, acquitting herself with a poise and precision that left her father little room for master-minding. She took it in her stride, like everything else—like a trip to San Francisco or a binge-dinner at Romanoff’s. She hadn’t emerged with that certain gleam in her eye which says: “This is it—this is what I want to be.”

Ronnie heretofore had been downright discouraging. All tactful inquiries from his father brought the retort that Ronnie intended to be a mechanic.

“But actors make a lot of money,” George would argue.

And Ronnie would reply firmly, “So do mechanics—good ones.”

When it had happened, apparently, it had happened fast.

Ronnie standing there by the fireplace, his script in hand, was an actor—it was written all over his face. He had the gleam.

He had decided, he announced—patronizingly, I thought—that he might as well be an actor. It was the easiest thing to do.

Easiest!

But then, with George around, he was right.

IT HAD always been easy for me—except for a few minutes of icy fingers before broadcasts, my work is fun. George does the hard part—thinking of new routines, writing script, directing the other actors. All I do is go on. It is easy for me, because I have George, because he makes it easy.

I have had a chance few actresses have—to have a career plus the bigger things all women want; a good marriage, a home, a chance to bring up two children. (To say nothing of painting my surrealist pictures, composing and performing my piano concertos; one finger, writing a newspaper column and a book, running for president of the United States.)

I have had all this because of George, who thinks show business is more fun than anything else in the world and thinking so, has enough energy to do the dirty work for both of us.

Yes, on second thought, Ronnie was right. With George around, it’s easy.

With George around, an actor’s life is a lovely life—and I shudder thinking how close I came to missing out on it.

When the team of Burns and Allen was launched in vaudeville, it was with the strict understanding that I would be in the act for just a season or two—until my fiancé, Benny, had enough money saved up to marry me.

“Why don’t you wait until you’re twenty to make your farewell tour?” George would ask me mockingly when I would bring the subject up. “This is nonsense,” his tone indicated; “nobody quits this business.” Nobody, George thinks, ever quits show business. Unless the business quits you, he figures, they have to carry you off.

But I wasn’t kidding—I thought. I
had had my fill of grease paint. My sisters and I had been singing and dancing professionally since I was four. (Which gave me an edge on George— he didn't go on the stage until he was seven!) I was tired of it, I said. And besides, Benny was in a nice substantial business. It wouldn't be right.

George agreed that he would release me. Although I wondered why, since I was leaving so soon, he spent all of our days off rewriting, polishing, re-routing our act, schemesalways to make it better.

And I wondered why he worked patiently with me, making sure that I milked every line for all the laughs there were in it.

George had been the straight man since our second performance together. In the first run-off, he had told the jokes; I had always played straight. And the people had laughed at the straight lines. "Okay," George said—"you tell the jokes."

"Why won't you let me tell the jokes?" I asked bitterly.

"It's the way you're telling them," he said. "You're not giving me all the meaty material, if I were leaving the act next summer?"

Christmas Eve came, and I found out why. He just had never believed it. He had held back from me.

We had been traveling about the country on a try-out circuit (try-out is polite for second string) breaking in the act. I had seen very little of Benny, who was slaving away in Chicago, but had kept the flame alive—I thought—writing, telephoning him occasionally, talking about him constantly (I must have been a pain) to George.

Benny called me in the afternoon that day to say Merry Christmas, and suggested in a madly extravagant after-thought that I call him, after our last show that evening.

I promised I would, and hung up to go and tell George all about it.

"Are you going to?" he asked rather huffily, I thought.

"Of course," I answered, "I promised."

"Fine," he snorted, in a tone which said he thought it was anything but.

George wouldn't talk any more about it, but he got gloomier and gloomier, and we gave the two worst performances of our lives.

He was still gloomy when we arrived at Mary Kelley's house for our gang's Christmas party, and he made a rude face when Mary told him that everybody had been waiting for us impatience.

"What for?" he barked, the sourpuss.

What for indeed. Naturally, he was to be Santa Claus. Everybody knew that George Burns was the funny man at parties.

When they put a beard on that long face, the result was frightening. No Santa Claus ever snarled at little children the way George snarled at all of us that night.

"To Mary with love from Ray." He would read off the card with obvious distaste and shove the package into the recipient's hand.

"To Irene, Merry Christmas, Gracie"—well hurry up, take it.

At last he got to my package for him. It was on the bottom of the pile, a big box. I had bought him a beautiful robe.

Now he would cheer up, I thought.

"To George, with love, Gracie."

He looked at it hard. "Love," he said. "Haah."

I burst into tears.

I cried and cried. The more everybody tried to comfort me, the harder I cried. I cried in the living room on Irene Arnold's shoulder, and in the bedroom on Mary's shoulder, and then I went into the bathroom and slammed the door and cried all by myself.

Outside, I heard Mary complaining to Rene that I was simply spoiling the party and then George, who had been silent through the outburst, spoke up.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, he cried, snatching off the Santa Claus beard. "The poor little thing. And don't forget she's listened to your sob stories enough often."

The next thing I knew I had moved over on the edge of the bathtub to make room for George and I was crying in his arms.

"You shouldn't write 'love' on cards," he told me gently, "when you don't mean it."

"But I do mean it," I said. And I did.

"But you're going to marry Benny—you're going to call him tonight."

"Yes... but..."

George pulled out of his pocket the box which contained his Christmas present for me. It was a diamond ring.

An engagement ring, he was hoping, he said. He would buy a wedding ring to go with it any time I said the word.

"Oh, dear," I whispered. This was—or was it?—so sudden. Anyway, I stopped crying.

That night, after George took me home, I lay in bed a long time, just thinking.

At three o'clock the phone rang. It


Instantly... make YOUR lips more thrilling!

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 soft, smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to make your cream lipstick smear-proof, too. Just brush on a cost of Liquid Liptone after your lipstick.

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New! LIQUID 'LIPSTICK'
Can't smear! Won't rub off!
was long distance. Benny! Now he was fluffy.

He had been sitting in a hotel room all Christmas Eve, he complained, sitting there with the phone in his hand waiting for me to call him. As I promised. Why didn't I? Why?

"I don't know," I told him.

"Don't you love me?" he demanded.

"I don't know," I said again. "I don't think so..."

From the other end of the line, silence, with icicles.

"Would you mind saying that again?" Benny found his voice at last.

"I don't think so," I complied dreamily.

"Them," he said, "would you mind hanging up?"

I did, and called George.

I could tell from the fog in his voice that I had awakened him. Poor boy, he had had a hard day.

"What is it, Gracie?" he asked, alarmed.

"Nothing much," I answered, "just that day after tomorrow you can buy that other ring if you want to."

I dreamed of gauzy veils and rosepetal trails all that night, which was just as well since we had none of those things at our wedding.

WE BOUGHT the ring "day after tomorrow" just as I'd said, but we put off the ceremony to a date three weeks later when—after a booking in a small town near Cleveland—we had three lovely days off in a row.

The theater in which we were working was a "vaudeville weekends only" house used chiefly for motion pictures. There was no stage entrance, indeed no stage—we worked on a narrow promonory in front of the curtained screen.

As we climbed down, we passed the theater manager, who stopped to shake hands. Where were we going next, he wanted to know. Cleveland, George replied. No, not a booking, he wasn't up there yet. Just some personal business.

As we started down the aisle together, I tucked my hand under George's elbow and we quickened our steps.

The manager called out to us as we got to the back of the house. "I want to wish you two all the luck in the world," he said. Bless him, he had guessed.

The ride into Cleveland was four hours on a milk train. We got in at five a.m.

George had engaged a lovely big room and bath at the Statler, but I said we couldn't go up. We weren't married yet. And I didn't want to eat anything. Not until our wedding breakfast.

We waited in the lobby, and slept, sitting up, until George's brother and Mary Kelley, who were to be our attendants, got in on the eight o'clock train from New York. Then we all piled into a cab, and drove out to the home of a justice of the peace.

George, feeling expansive, asked the driver to wait, and we hurried up the steps. The magistrate met us at the door. He was surprised, and not happy, to see us. He had on high boots, a loud plaid shirt, and a fishing rod over his shoulder. He was just leaving, but all right...if we didn't mind getting it over in a hurry.

I don't know what anybody said, or if anybody said anything. I've gone on the assumption that the ceremony was legal. All George says he remembers about it is that the taxi meter regis-

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*some pronounce it "svahy"...others say "svay"...either way it means beautiful hair.

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WHY DOES HE AVOID HER EMBRACE?

A. Because he is no longer happy in their marriage, constantly makes excuses to avoid the romantic intimacy of their honeymoon.

Q. What has she done? Is it really all her fault?

A. It is not so much what she has done as what she has neglected... and that is proper feminine hygiene.

Q. Can neglect of proper feminine hygiene really spoil a happy marriage?

A. Yes, and the pity of it is, every wife can hold her lovable charm by simply using "Lysol" disinfectant as an effective douche.

Q. Can this purpose be accomplished by homemade douching solutions?

A. No... salt, soda and similar make-shifts do not have the proved germicidal and antiseptic properties of "Lysol" which not only destroys odor but is effective in the presence of organic matter.

Q. Why does this husband not tell his wife why he avoids her?

A. Because he feels that a woman should know these important facts... and use every means in her power to remain glamorous, dainty and lovely to love. He resents her neglect of such fundamentals as correct feminine hygiene which is achieved so easily by regular douching with "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

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But I couldn’t admit it.

“Oh, no,” I protested, trying to sound confident, “we’ll make it very nicely.”

It was just an overnight trip, but I endured a thousand years of torture in that one night. We had one of those old-fashioned drawing rooms, with the baby in her basket on the small bench; Mary—who was a big girl—in the lower berth, and I in the upper.

I traveled up and down the ladder a hundred times. Every “Eek” from the baby brought me bounding down. My ears had an unnatural sharpness that night, which was fortunate—since I heard the whisper of a sound in the midst of one grinding stop and hurried down to find that my silver fox cape had fallen on top of the split basket. The baby could have smothered.

We were afraid to wash her face. The tiny buttons on her clothes frustrated us completely. We did manage with the diapers, but after a terrible struggle.

It was all worth it, for the wonderful reception.

WAITING at Grand Central were George, his brother Willie Burns, and Louise, Jack and Mary Benny, Lester Hamel, and a lot more of our good friends. George took over the baby’s basket at once. The porter, the cab driver—nobody was allowed to touch it.

We proceeded like a royal entourage to our hotel, where five-week-old Sandra greeted thirty-three guests on her first day “at home.”

One year later I returned to the Cradle, this time from Hollywood and the twelve-room house parenthood had necessitated, and came home with Ronnie. He was not the baby the staff had chosen for us, but his eyes wouldn’t let me go. I would leave his crib and go back dutifully to the baby I was expected to take and Ronnie’s eyes would follow me, saying, “Please come back. Take me. Take me.”

He was a frail little fellow, and Mrs. Wahrath was not sure.

“But,” I argued, “we can bring him around . . . we have money, we can have good doctors, nurses.”

They let me have him.

They should see him now: star—forgive me just this once, Dorothy McGuire and Edmund Gwenn—star of Twentieth Century’s “Apartment for Peggy.”

For a while I fooled myself that I was bringing up the children. George, of course, let them wind him around their little fingers from the first; I couldn’t count on him for discipline.

I was a pretty firm mother. I saw to it that they kept their rooms picked up. I reminded them to practice for their piano lessons. And to eat their vegetables. But something odd was slipping when Sandra began to borrow my lipsticks. When I found my brand new waist-cincher in Sandra’s closet, I knew.

The new generation is taking over at the Burnses.

George summed it up very nearly the other night when he came into our room holding his sides after a fatherly chat with Sandra.

“She was swooning over a wonderful new song hit,” he said, “‘My Bill,’ ” he added, and roared.

“The same ‘My Bill’ we used to swoon over,” I asked him, “when Helen Morgan sang it in ‘Show Boat’?”

“The same,” George assured me. “And this is where I came in.”

I knew what he was feeling.

“Me too,” I said, and I sighed.

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See lustrous, natural “LOVELIGHTS” in your hair

TONIGHT!

Richard Hudnut
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Shampoo

not a soap—a smooth
LIQUID CREME

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to “love-lighted” perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.
thousands taken prisoner during the opening months of combat. Jim was lucky enough, and strong enough, to survive almost four years of living hell in a Japanese prison camp. But he did not escape unscathed. The injuries he received during those years of torment impress. Why, I don't know. But I hope he's very tough, and that he survived the harsh conditions of his incarceration.

Inez, who was with him throughout the war, kept a strict diet and exercised regularly, helping her regain her health. She's now back home, and we all admire her resilience.

I don't know where you live, but I hope you're all safe and well. Please stay in touch.

Best regards,
Jim
riage—one that we’d remember as one of the nicest of all.

The staff’s interest was contagious—John Reddy, manager and co-owner of Bride and Groom, said, “Let’s outdo ourselves this time. I’m going to line up even more gifts than usual.”

He succeeded, too. I remember that it hardly seemed possible to name all the things that we gave to Jim and Inez that day—sterling silver, a service for six ... complete set of beautiful dishes ... a radio-phonograph combination ... a beauty kit ... a photograph album with pictures of all the happenings of their wedding day and their appearance on the program ... four white woolen blankets ... a home-cleaning system ... electrical kitchen appliances ... albums of records ... and to top even these, a completely new and modern 22-foot Columbia trailer—one that included even a separate bedroom, a fully equipped kitchen, and with features that made it a truly luxurious home.

Even that wasn’t the end—for we’d arranged for their expense-free honeymoon at the beautiful La Valencia in La Jolla, California—a picturesque setting on the Pacific coast.

I made Jim a rather unusual offer during the broadcast, and I’m waiting now for him to take me up on it. When he told of his plans to enter the field of business management, I told him: “Okay, Jim—when the honeymoon is over, and you’re ready for a position, you come back on a Bride and Groom broadcast. We’ll turn over part of our air-time to you, for use as a personal commercial. There’ll be about five million people listening—you can tell them the kind of a job you want, your qualifications, and all the rest.”

I meant that, too. But that afternoon, as I watched the huge plane taxi off the field, carrying Inez and Jim to their honeymoon at La Jolla, I knew that they were headed for true success. For surely they are two of the rare people of the world, whose courage has earned them the right to the miracle of happiness and love.

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Learn here about these Intimate Physical Facts

Pity the young wife who has no one to advise her about these intimate matters. She’s too shy to ask her friends. And maybe it’s just as well, as they might give her unscientific and old fashioned advice. It’s this sort of ignorance that so often breaks up a happy marriage—

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Missus Goes A Shopping

(Continued from page 42)

to run cable over a sidewalk. This you procure from the Police Department, which also issues the parking permit for the "Studio on Wheels." The question of running cables over a sidewalk next entangles you with the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity; then with the Housing Department, and finally with the Borough President’s office. Each must okay the location from its jurisdictional point of view. The Consolidated Edison Company also has to be contacted. The installation must be supervised by a licensed City Electrician. Finally a City Inspector looks over the setup and gives an overall approval. On top of all this, the station must issue a bond to the City or a certificate of insurance evidencing the fact it carries public liability sufficient to cover any accident. Complicated as all this sounds, it is much preferred to dragging the ton and a half of equipment into the inside location.

The equipment and crew for "Missus" must arrive at the supermarket at least two hours before rehearsal time. It takes seven technicians and a supervisor about two hours to get it set up, tested and operating so that a satisfactory picture can be viewed at the transmitter and studio control room. Once the show gets underway, however, everyone has a good time. John Reed King has a "way" with the ladies, and his interviews, gags and quiz questions are enthusiastically received. He is assisted by genial "Uncle" Jim Brown, who is especially adept at getting youngsters to perform tricks. This, of course, makes for good televising. The director of the whole complicated procedure is, surprisingly enough, a pretty girl named Frances Buss. Although young in years, Miss Buss has a wide and varied background in Televisión.

The video "Missus" presents a few problems that its radio counter-part never did; for instance John and the rest of the crew have to be constantly on the lookout for people who come into the market, and not knowing what’s going on, wander right into the cameras.

On the other hand, some of the tricks turn out better than planned, just because they are done on television and can be seen as well as heard. John still chuckles when he tells about the time he and "Uncle" Jim selected two ladies from the audience gathered in the supermarket of the week. After the usual gag give and take, they placed large paper bags over the ladies' heads; then selected a man from the crowd and hid silver dollars on his person. Removing the bags from the ladies' heads, John told them that they could have any of the silver dollars they found on the poor gentleman. Well, since the coins were in his shoes, trousers, cuffs, and mouth, it took a bit of doing. The girls—perhaps after years of practice on their husbands—fell on the victim like hounds in full cry. They quickly discovered the dollars in his trousers cuffs and then after much searching, one of them thought to look in his mouth. She forced it open, and out came his false teeth still firmly clutching the gleaming silver dollar.
and students on their way to school, little tots playing in the streets and proud mothers pushing baby carriages.

All these take on a new interest and I cannot be too thankful that I have been given these days of leisure and freedom from care.

MRS. W. M. D.

TOO LITTLE TIME

Dear Papa David:

I have often read the letters in Radio Mirror but I did not realize that I had something to write about until the first night my husband came home two hours later than usual. A neighbor, who had dropped in to see me that evening said that if her husband were that late for dinner she just wouldn't bother.

"Don't you two ever fuss?" my friend asked.

"No," I replied. "It's more fun this way."

Before Bob and I were married we never quarreled because we didn't know how much time we would have together and we didn't want to spoil our all too short dates. During the war, we were apart eighteen months and we have not forgotten it. We don't know how many years are left to us and we do not want to spoil our marriage with foolish arguments now.

We have no serious religious or political disagreements. As for money, we both know where most of it must go and the remainder is not worth arguing over. Before we were married we were never stingy with compliments, affection, words of appreciation, courtesy or tact. After three years we have not stopped using these; neither have we stored them away on a shelf to use, like fine silverware, to impress our guests.

Bob helps me with the household chores and shares in caring for the baby. I appreciate these things and say so frequently. His aid gives me more time to do things for him: to prepare his favorite desserts, to keep his clothes in good order, and to finish my regular duties in time to share some of his hobbies. When I tell him how much I appreciate his help and kindness he responds with more. Bob assures me that few men are as lucky as he is to be married to such a wonderful cook and I immediately plan to prepare some special dish for him. Sometimes we laugh about the way we "work" each other, but we find that courtesy and appreciation really pay. After three years we are sure that "It's more fun this way."

MRS. R. E. L.

SECOND BIRTHDAY

Dear Papa David:

It was during depression, as I was strolling along the streets, one day, going to no place in particular and in no hurry to get there—perhaps I would look around in the nearby park for some of my buddies for a hand or two of a friendly pineapple.

This was about the hour that the children come home for lunch from school. I kept on walking, somewhat worried about the next week's room rent, as was the case of many at that time. Just as I stepped off the curb to cross the street, I saw a boy running
As he got closer I saw tears in his eyes and he was frightened. "Hey, Mister, my father hung himself." For a moment my mind went blank and I couldn't think "Mister, can't you do something—and hurry?" said the boy in anguish. I snapped out of it, and ran up the stairs with the boy.

In the bathroom, to my horror, I beheld a man hanging from a pipe. I immediately loosened the cable about his neck and placed him flat on the floor, face down, head turned to the side, losing no time whatever. The pulse, if there were any, was faint and shallow, beyond detection. I immediately proceeded with the Shafer method of artificial respiration and instructed the boy to run to the nearest telephone and call for the pulmotor squad. Not even for a second did I break the steady rhythm of artificial respiration, until the squad arrived, and thanks to the Almighty it didn't take long. At once they took over and after some time the victim slowly began showing signs of respiration and life. After being assured of his recovery, and making out the necessary report, the squad left and I remained with the boy and the father, until the mother, who at the time was the only means of support, was called from work.

Believe me, Papa David, if you ever saw tears, bliss and rejoicing, you would have seen it there, and in spite of the depression, which brought about this man's attempt of self destruction, he truly realized that life can be worth living under any circumstances.

On this day of each year, this man celebrates his second birthday. I cannot blame him for this, since it really was his second birthday.

J. L. B.

NEW LEASE ON LIFE

Dear Papa David:

My first marriage was very unhappy. My husband left me before my baby was born. In my bitterness I prayed to die. I even tried to take poison. I thought I never wanted to see another man. My baby was a girl and I only wanted to live for her.

When she was about eighteen months old I went to a picnic. There I met a young man who turned out to be everything I had ever dreamed. He loved my baby and after we began "going together" he would insist on taking her for a ride before we went anywhere.

We celebrate our tenth wedding anniversary in October. My daughter is nearly twelve and has two little sisters aged four and eight. My husband has given my daughter everything necessary, even providing music lessons and scout dues. My first husband was very well fixed and considerably older than I. My second husband made less than I when we were married and we have always been rather hard up, but he has never begrudged one penny that went for her.

My first marriage and its unhappy ending seems like a very bad dream. I can never thank God enough for giving me such a husband as I now have. It was truly a new lease on life and I pray that I have measured up.

Mrs. A. W.

BREEDERS OF HATE

Dear Papa David:

Soon after moving to the city where we presently live, we began inquiring about a school for our boy who had
become of school age. There was a choice of three schools he could attend. One of these was nearby and more convenient than the others. I asked a neighbor about it. "Oh, I wouldn't send him there," she answered. "Why?" I asked. "Too many Mexicans go there," she explained bitterly, "and I hate Mexicans!" "What's wrong with Mexicans?" I inquired. "They look like Negroes," she replied. "Except they're worse than Negroes. At least you can understand a Negro's language."

"I think this is the ideal school for my boy," I told her. I explained why by relating to her this story:

I haven't always been free of racial prejudice. Once, I, too, hated Negroes and other races, without any special cause other than that such was the cruel practice fostered in the locality where I was reared in the deep South.

It was a quiet autumnal evening, when a neighbor rode to our farm home and told us excitedly to be on guard for a Negro who had wounded his landlord and attacked his wife. A posse of neighbors had been hastily organized. Well armed, they were searching relentlessly with one aim—to kill! Rumors were rank and feelings were high. Trailed for nearly a week, the Negro was cornered and shot. It was claimed he was asked to submit peacefully, but refusing, was killed. And he was literally shot to pieces. Then the body was strapped on the running board of a Model T Ford, and driven along the highway, stopping wherever crowds gathered to view with sadistic pleasure the triumph of the mob. I was in one of these gatherings.

As I gazed upon the prostrate form, I began to realize how much he had suffered. He had been hounded and slain like a beast, without due process of law. I began to ponder about this miscarriage of justice. And after his lifeless body had been delivered to his widow and children and dumped on their porch, more details leaked out.

It seems the wounded landlord was famous for his cruelty to his Negro workers. Although there was never a trial nor legal investigation, it was learned the Negro had protested the landlord’s distribution of his share of the crop. When he argued for his just share, the land owner attacked him with a knife, chasing him to his home whereupon the Negro had shot in self defense. And we learned that the Negro had not attacked the wife.

"It doesn’t matter," remarked many of the natives. "A nigger ain’t got no business sassin’ a white man." And this is the incident that started me thinking.

This is the story I told the neighbor. I hope it starts her thinking, too.

J. D. T.

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What’s Good . . . .
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adaptation: they don't mangle the playwright's original intention for the sake of writing "down" to the air audience; production and acting. Why a job like this should have to continue being one of CBS's contributions to the culture of the country, we'll never know.

Actor-writer Elliott Lewis, like most professional people of some standing, gets a lot of bids for advice from youngsters who want to get into radio. Lewis does a switch on them. He advises them all to study for television, not radio, because they will find it a field where there is more opportunity and less competition, but because they're young and the healthiest thing they can do is get into a field where pioneering is still being done and they'll have a chance to use their new and young ideas to experiment.

Nat Polen, heard regularly in acting stints on David Harding, Counterspy, is one young man who never lets go of a good thing. Nat used to be a drummer with some of the top name bands. He still plays with a swing trio, which pays him handsomely, but which he says is merely a hobby.

Alice Frost has played in so many whodunits that the matter of crime has become a serious thing with her. Giddy as she is on her Mr. and Mrs. North show, she's really a student of the social aspects of crime. Her library is crammed with books on psychology and psychiatry relating to criminal behaviorism.

It begins to look as if Abe Burrows' estimate of public taste is at least more accurate than that of many self-styled experts. Of the few who "caught" Abe, when he was essentially a radio writer and parlor favorite, all said he was a killer. No one thought the average listener would "get" him. Burrows, they insisted, was too sophisticated a wit, notwithstanding his Brooklyn lowbrow approach to satire. Abe has always pooh-poohed the myth of the mental age of radio listeners, which (hold your hats, in case you haven't heard before what you're supposed to be) is generally pegged at a measly 12-year-old level. Abe's rating has been rising steadily since he started his own program. This ought to prove something to the fellows who choose radio fare for you.

Stars come and go, but Benay Venuta, it seems, goes on forever. One of radio's first ladies in terms of time as well as standing, Benay can lay claim to having been the very first disc jockey on the air. Long ago, when she started out on a San Francisco station, she spun her own platters, sang to their accompaniment, wrote her own continuity and contacted her own sponsors.

Cathy Lewis has been named "The Ideal Secretary of 1948," by the Executive Secretaries Club. She got it for her job with My Friend Irma because the shorthand-typing gals say she presents a truer picture of what secretaries are like with her straight performance than all the stereotype burlesques of dimwitted stenographers which are usual in radio comedy shows.
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Ken Niles, top-flight announcer and m.c., is such a sports enthusiast that his friends nearly all keep calendars of "open season" listings for a radius of 100 miles of Los Angeles. If they can't locate him at home, they can usually figure out just where he is and what he's running for. At the moment, his biggest delight is a 12-foot boat he uses for duck hunting. The rowboat can be folded up and carried like a suitcase. Open any hunter's closet and you'll find gadgets.

Red-haired Grace Lenard, who fills numerous acting roles around the Mutual Studios in New York, has a beautiful face that should be her fortune, but has been her misfortune so far. It seems that Grace looks at times like Rita Hayworth, at other times like Claire Trevor and still other times like Katharine Hepburn, which has proven a handicap in her attempts at a movie career. She doesn't sound like any of them and maybe, if she hurries, television will get her the break she couldn't manage to dig in Hollywood before.

Everything is done to make that Quiet Please show as realistic as possible including making the leading man a little sick in the interest of his art. Recently, Ernest Chappell was supposed to be talking with a "chaw" of tobacco in his jaw. Chappell held out against the tobacco, but he had to chew on something and the director picked chocolate as a substitute cheek filler. By the time the rehearsal and the show were finished Chappell had gone away and had to forego a steak dinner party to which the rest of the cast went.

You're always hearing about divorces in Hollywood. You'll be happy to hear that movie people can remain constant, too, like ordinary folks. This year Frank Morgan celebrated 35 years of marriage to the same woman, chalked up 40 years in show business, including 16 in the movies and 10 on the radio.

It is rumored in these parts that Ronald Colman and his wife, Benita, are being tempted to remain on the air during the summer months as a replacement for the Jack Benny show.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HERE AND THERE — Hoagy Carmichael will probably play himself in the forthcoming Triangle Production, "Stardust Road." This is a departure from usual film practice... Foreign radio set-ups are bidding for permission to translate Superman for broadcasts outside the U.S.A. ... Jack Carson is busy in the film version of the Broadway hit, "John Loves Mary." ... Harlow Wilcox, one of radio's top announcers, now also heading the television department of Rockett Pictures, Inc. ... Leave It To The Girls and Murder, She Wrote, now coming to you from the West Coast Mutual studios. ... Alan Young, already set in "Sweet Sue," at 20th Century Fox, may do "Chicken Every Sunday" first on that lot. The latter flicker was shelved a year ago, but is now red-hot for production. ... Mutual is opening new studios in Hollywood early this summer. ... One of radio's top sponsors, surprise, surprise, is the War Department, which has five major network shows and a sixth ready to go. ... Bill Boyd, of film "Hopalong Cassidy" fame, is being wooed by radio, offering being a packaged western.
Summer Harvest
(Continued from page 61)

it. He slept badly that night. The room seemed suddenly to have become hot and airless; there was no way he could turn away from his troubled thoughts. He had just decided to get up when the telephone rang. Mary sat up beside him.

"S'Mornin, honey! You don't think anything's happened to them in that sailboat at Beaurregard—"

The call wasn't from Beaurregard. It was from the police. They had caught Lefty at the station and they wanted Mary to go down to the station house to identify him.

She was to identify him by his voice, by hearing him speak from behind a screen.

"But I'm not sure that I can remember his voice," she told Police Chief Doyle. "I wouldn't want to condemn an innocent man on such evidence."

Chief Doyle laughed. "Oh, don't worry, Mrs. Young, we don't condemn a man on that. We wouldn't even depend upon your identifying his face if you had seen it. We go by fingerprints alone, and we'll have an expert at your house in the morning to find them. Now the real important thing I want to see is that you people about this man's accomplice. You told me the telephone, Mr. Young, that the man had somebody with him—a boy, isn't that right?"

Mary dared not look at Sam. The pleading would surely show in her eyes—and Chief Doyle would see it.

"Well," said Sam, "I didn't see either of them."

"Neither did I," Mary said weakly.

Chief Doyle looked puzzled. "Then how did you know there were two?"

"Why," she said, "I heard his voice — two voices—a man's and a boy's voice. HER OWN voice sounded thin and far-off. She'd never been good at lying. But this time she had to be good at it. The lights were out, Sam exclaimed. "And when we put them on, they'd both gone through the window. It was broken."

The rest of the interview didn't matter to Mary. Voices spoke behind the screen in the doorway of the Chief's office—one of them the same snarling voice she had heard in her kitchen.

That was all. Then Sam took her home. He was especially gentle and tender with her because she looked so white, so limp after the strain.

"Thank you, Sam," she whispered when they were on their way.

"For what, honey? FOR being an accessory to the fact?"

"For not saying a word about her."

"Well," he said, "It's kin to me, honey."

She had won Sam over. Fern herself was even more difficult to persuade. Mary was still at the next morning, as she had promised, but Fern was up and waiting.

"I guess I'll have to ask you to help me get my things on, on account of my arm," she said. "I want to get going right now—and get good and far away."

"I don't know where your home is, Fern," Mary said. "But how can you go far away unless you have money to go on?"
"Lefty'll wait for me," said Fern positively. "He'll take me with him."

Mary chose her words carefully. She had discussed this with Sam—whether to tell Fern Lefty had been bought.

"Fern," she said, "what would you do if he didn't wait for you? What if he thought you'd been taken, too?"

"It'll find out, somehow. Ah! you promised to let me go, remember?"

"Yes, Fern," said Mary. "And I intend to keep that promise." Out of the small bag she'd brought with her she took the coat. "I brought these for you," she added. "They're Peggy's. You can't go out of here the way you came in."

The dress was too large for Fern's slight figure, but belted in, it was very becoming. Fern looked at herself in the mirror, turned toward Mary, a look of wonder in her eyes.

"It's beautiful," she said. "But why have you taken so much trouble? Your husband didn't tell them about me, did he? I guess because you asked him not to, didn't you?"

Mary nodded. "Yes, I asked him not to."

"But why?" Fern burst out. "I can't make you out. Why have you done all this for me? Your voice shook a little; she broke off quickly. When she spoke again, she was her calm, indifferent self. "I got to hurry, Mrs. Young. Can't keep Lefty waiting."

"But, Fern," Mary said desperately, "what if he's not there?"

"He'll be there," said Fern. "He wouldn't leave town without me. He'll be. She stopped, her eyes widening, terror-filled. "Mrs. Young—he's all right, isn't he? They didn't get him, did they? Mrs. Young—"

"He couldn't answer, or right away. But there was no need to speak; Fern read the truth in her eyes."

"They have got him! They've got Lefty! Why didn't you tell me? Why—"

But it was all over. You'd done it. You'd got the police in. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been caught."

S0 much loyalty, Mary thought sickly, so much faith and devotion—for a Lefty Higgins! "But how can you be so sure of him, Fern?" she asked. "You haven't met many men like him."

"You bet not," admitted Fern. "I've never met anybody like him in all my life. He's the best friend I have."

"Fern—"

But there was no calming her. "I've got to go to him—" she cried.

"But he's in prison, Fern. They might start to question you. You might break down and give away the whole thing. Lefty wouldn't want that. Didn't he tell you, if he was ever taken prisoner, that you weren't to come near him, not give a sign that you knew him?"

"Oh—Fern faltered—yes. But he must be worrying about me. If I could only get word to him that I'm all right—"

"I don't think you ought to try," said Mary. "Somebody might read your letters and connect you with the girl who was brought here with a badly cut arm. Leave him alone for awhile and go home."

"Don't make me laugh," said Fern bitterly. "I wouldn't go to her for a million dollars. She doesn't want me, and if she found out the trouble I've been through she'd just make off with anybody, say, I tell you, nobody cares about me, only Lefty. Oh, I don't know what to do."

"I do," said Mary. She couldn't hold back anymore. "I would like to work for you—stay at my house a while and help me?"
Fern stared at her blankly. "Me—stay at your house and help you!" She laughed. "You don't want me. I'm a crook."

"But I do," Mary said.

"But why?" asked Fern. "Things like this just don't happen. You don't break into somebody's house and then have them offer you a job. Why are you doing this?"

"Because I think you're good," said Mary. "I believe you're loving and loyal and capable of all sorts of fine things. Lots of people are, without knowing it. But I think you need help too. If you'll stay with us for a while, neither Mr. Young nor I will remember how we met. We'll keep it a secret. You'll be just someone who's visiting us for a while."

"But—" She hesitated, torn, confused, utterly bewildered. "I'll go, Mrs. Young. It's awful good of you. I haven't any place else to go. But I don't understand it at all."

Mary never forgot Fern's face when she first saw the house—by daylight—with Sam's Victory garden in back, and the flower garden that was her pride and joy. And Fern's face when they entered the cool depths of the house from the bright sun outside, as she turned slowly on her heel in the living room—well, it reminded Mary of nothing so much as Pepper's face at sight of his first Christmas tree.

"It—it's just like the movies, isn't it?" she offered shyly.

"The movies!" Mary repeated. "I've seen a lot of pictures with magnificent rooms, but this... No, I shouldn't think it would be a very good room for the movies."

Fern flushed. "That's not what I mean. I mean, it's such a—such a kind room. I mean, you must have fun here—your kids and you."

Mary saw that it wasn't going to be easy, not when Fern's only conception of a happy family life came from scenes she'd seen in the movies. She would have to go very slowly, very carefully, so as not to overwhelm the girl.

She rested that afternoon, but was up in time to help Mary with the dinner. That is, she watched wide-eyed while Mary made hot biscuits for dinner, and she helped put the salad on plates—and very nicely, too, for a first try.

"I think I'd like to learn to cook," she said. "You know—really cook, the way you do, make biscuits and everything."

"Well, it's easy to learn if you really want to," Mary said.

Fern couldn't eat her dinner that night. Under protest, insisting that she would rather eat in the kitchen, she joined Sam and Mary at the dining room table. But it was all too much for her too; the flowers, the clean white cloth, and the stew that Mary had made especially for her so that she could eat it with one hand.

"I—I don't think I'm very hungry," she said, her voice trembling. "I—I want to go home! Why did you bring me here, Mrs. Young? I want to go home!"

"You're tired," Mary said gently. "You've had an exciting day. Why don't you go to your room, and get into bed, and in a little while I'll bring you a tray. Then you can eat or not."

"Thank you. I'd rather do that. But I don't want any food, Mrs. Young. I just want to go away—tomorrow morning for sure."

She was on her feet, looking panic-stricken, looking ready.
to flee that very minute. But she remembered her manners. "Good night, Mr. Young, and Mrs. Young."

The door closed behind her.

The next morning, the paper was full of Lefty Higgins, his record, and his attempt to break into the Yaddo house. Fern read it, every word of it, while she and Mary were having coffee in the sunny dining room.

"I've got to go to him," she said tensely. "I can't let him take all the blame. I've got to give myself up."

Mary didn't argue about the practicability of the scheme. She had a feeling that the girl was past listening to reason. "Fern," she said, "you told me yesterday that you'd like to learn to cook, to keep house—to live as we live."

"Oh, yes," Fern said carelessly. "But this kind of life isn't for me."

"But don't you think Lefty might like it," Mary asked. "If you learned all these things, when Lefty gets out of prison, he might change his ways. He might be glad to have a home and to have you waiting for him."

"I guess so," she replied. It was a completely new thought to her. "Maybe. But do you really think, Mrs. Young, that Lefty might change?"

"I think that he might not like excitement so much after a good many years in prison. Why don't you get ready for the time he gets out? Make yourself over—learn all the things that Hattie and I can teach you. And why not take a job in Mr. Young's place and begin saving money for your home? That would help him far better than going to prison."

Fern sat silent, turning her coffee cup round and round on its saucer. Then she laughed. "Me—learning to be a good housewife. That's a lot different from learning to be a good housebreaker. But I guess it's worth it—for Lefty. Only—see, maybe he won't be free, if they pin that murder on him."

"You've got to go ahead and do the best you can, Fern," Mary said firmly. "No matter what they do. And all of us are going to help you."

Peggy and Pepper came back from Lake Beauregard that afternoon, with Linda, and for a few hours, as much as it was possible for her to forget anyone she cared about, Mary forgot Fern. Peggy and Pepper were chatty and the promise of fulfillment—and tragedy. Peggy found a thick packet of letters waiting for her from Carter—letters that said he very probably wasn't going to be sent away again after all that he was going to stay in the States and instruct...and that he would be near Elmwood. They could be married. Carter wrote, right away; they could move into the house that was waiting for them.

Peggy was beside herself. The whole family was swept up on the wave of her happiness—until they learned that there were no letters at all for Linda. No letters from her husband, Jeff. But there was a message. Dr. Jeff Taylor had been killed.

Fern didn't understand it. She could understand the family's being happy for Peggy—that was like them, and like the families she'd seen in the movies. But that they should be so crushed by what had happened to Linda—that she didn't understand at all. Linda, beautiful as she was, and sweet—what little Fern had seen of her—wasn't part of the family; she wasn't even a relative. Why, then, should Mr. and Mrs. Young rush right to her house, spend hours there, and then knew the news? Why, when Linda insisted upon

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A few drops of OUTGROW bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGROW banishes the skin undergrowth, the nail, allowing the nail to be cut and thus preventing further pain and discomfort. OUTGROW is available at all drug counters. Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. D115, N.Y. 16, N. Y.
...going back to work as nurse’s aide at the hospital that very night, should Peggy and Pepper take turns seeing her to and from her job, just so that she wouldn’t have to be alone.

"Is Mrs. Taylor another one you took in when she was sick?" she asked Mary. "Like you took me in?"

"Not in quite the same way, Fern," Mary answered. "You see, I’ve known Mrs. Taylor all my life."

"But—" Fern frowned, "you said she was alone in the world."

"She’s alone," Mary said gently, "in that she has just lost her husband, only a few weeks after losing her baby. She has a father and mother, but they were away from home when it was time for her body to shut down, so she came here instead. After that, Peggy and Pepper took her to Lake Beau-regard for a rest. We’re all devoted to her; she’s just like one of the family."

Fern thought about it. About Peggy, with her own bright happiness dimmed over Linda’s sorrow, about Pepper, not sleeping, walking the floor nights...

"Mrs. Young," she said hesitantly, "do you think I’ve changed any since I’ve been here?"

Mary could have told her that she’d changed miraculously, that she had turned into a real help around the house—help that Mary appreciated doubly because Hattie was still away.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I feel different," Fern said. "It’s like being here with another pair of eyes. I mean, when I come from—meaning I came from—everybody was sort of out for themselves, sort of scrappy, always ready to pick a fight. Nobody ever really tried to help folks, you know. Everybody went together and went out of their way to help folks in trouble. And like last night, when you went in and talked with Pepper because he couldn’t sleep—nobody ever did that for me, even when I was little. I used to be scared, lots, and I’d cried myself to sleep lots of times.

Then I guess you’ll never leave your babies alone to cry in the dark, Fern."

"No," said Fern positively. "Never.

After a pause she asked, "Mrs. Young, do you suppose Lefty would feel that way, too?"

Lefty again. Mary’s heart sank.

"Do you think Mr. Young would let me start in at the plant? I’d like to start saving money—anywhere; when Lefty gets out. And I’d like to get a place of my own, and—"

"I’m sure Mr. Young can find a place for you," Mary said. "But you shouldn’t hurry about the job. Fern, until your arm is completely healed. And although I understand your wanting a place of your own, with Hattie still away, we have lots of room..."

Mary couldn’t, wouldn’t, refuse to let her go. But oh, if she could only see some sign of a change first, some hint that Lefty would be left where he belonged—in the past!

On the morning that Fern first set out for work with Sam and Pepper and Peggy, Mary was heavy.

"I’ll take good care of her, Mother," Peggy promised. "She’s going to be working with me on the files. And, oh, Fern—I think I know a place where you can stay. Toby Masters—he and his father worked at the plant, too—lived at a place called Johnson’s. I told Toby about you, and he thinks he can find a room for you.

Fern’s face was so slight; she looked so happy, so full of anticipation, that Mary had to be happy for her. For the rest of it, she scolded herself sharply. After all, she had done the best she knew for Fern—she thought she could oversee the rest of her life?

Mary was in the garden when the rest of the family came home from the plant that afternoon.

Pepper and Sam went into the house. Mary went to meet Peggy and Fern as they came flying toward her.

"Fern did beautifully!" Peggy cried. "She’s not going to have any chance to do anything but filing, Mama—she did so well at it. I can’t believe she’s never done anything like it before."

"And I haven’t," said Fern. "But everyone was so kind, and you took so much trouble to show me how."

"Not that you took much showing," Peggy laughed. "Well, I’m going in. I’m going to see everybody—" she dashed off toward the house.

"She’s excited these days," Mary apologized for her. Carter—"

"I know," Fern was smiling to herself.

"Mrs. Young, I’ll be moving soon. I talked to that boy today—Toby Masters. He says there is a room for me at Johnson’s. And, Mrs. Young—"

Mary’s heart lifted. Somehow, she knew what was coming. It was the look on Fern’s face—shy, glowering, a little secret, the way Peggy used to look when she would come to tell her about a new boy.

"Yes, Fern?"

"—Toby—was awfully nice. He seemed to like me. I’ve never gotten to know anybody just like him—with such ideas and... Mrs. Young, do you suppose, if he did ask me out, would it be all right if I went?"

It would be all right, Mary was sure. From then on everything would be all right for Fern. It had been a good summer, all around.

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11:30 m.s.t. 10:30 p.m. A.B.C. stations

Read the stories behind the Hollywood Headlines every month in Photoplay Magazine.
Coast to Coast in Television
(Continued from page 47)

has been working also in a Broadway show, "Strange Bedfellows," the time slot of the television show had to be moved from 9 P.M. to 7:45 P.M., so Mary could get to the theater in time to put on her make-up.

* Start looking for the Dumont Television Bus to turn up in your hometown one of these days. That's the Mobile Unit that Kaiser-Frazer is using to publicize its Dumont Amateur Hour (see "The Wheel Spins").

Beginning February 15th, the Mobile Unit embarked on its country-wide tour. Half bus, half truck, it's actually a complete, though small, television studio, with cameras, receivers and all equipment necessary for closed circuit television production transmitted in its 26" long interior.

The Mobile Unit visits small towns and big cities, where it parks in front of Kaiser-Frazer showrooms in which Dumont telesets have been installed. The local Mayor, Chief of Police, newspaper and other civic leaders are invited to appear before the television cameras. After they've made their debuts, all interested spectators have a chance to take part in the demonstration.

In addition to crew and equipment, the Mobile Unit carries six variety acts, chosen from among Amateur Hour winners. The acts appear with local performers in theaters along the route.

CBS's television plant in New York's Grand Central Terminal Building, as you can see from the artist's sketches, is the biggest tele-operation to date. They're all excited about it, and with reason!

* * *

We hear that many of the film technicians whose heads are being lopped off by the moving picture wave are knocking on the doors of television companies for jobs. Maybe some of those firings will turn out to be blessings in disguise. Lots of fellows might never have tried this new field, or not until it was already overcrowded.

For racing enthusiasts—CBS has acquired the exclusive rights to broadcast and telecast the Preakness, top race of the Maryland spring season. Date, May 15th. *

* * *

Announcer Ken Niles, climbing on the television bandwagon, is readying a video natural—a show for inventors to display and operate their new brainchildren. Niles would act as m.c.

A bit of foreign information. They tell us that there are 31,250 television sets in operation in the London area.

Looks as though television is coming down into the average income class. Tele-Tone hit the market in April with a television receiving set that costs $150. Walk don't run and make sure you'll be able to afford it.

* * *

Theater chains all over the place are beginning to use spot announcements via television to plug their coming attractions, ever since RKO Theaters started it in New York a couple of months ago. There's hope—they'll stop showing all those trailers in the theaters.
Come and Visit
Parks Johnson
(Continued from page 33)

THOUGH with the farming the ranch is self-sustaining, they have only recently been able to plan seriously, as Bill and Francie got back a few months ago from their honeymoon in Norway. It was a honeymoon, you decide after you’ve known them a short time, that was typical of them. They went to school while abroad.

Francie — Mary Francis Brown of Dallas—and Bill met at the University of Texas and married just June when they graduated. She’s pretty enough to have had her picture on several magazine covers and to have received offers to come to New York for a professional modeling career; but she prefers Sabino Ranch.

That’s an important part of where Parks Johnson lives, these young starters taking over and planning and building in the country. If Bill at his home won’t be complete until his daughter Betty and her husband, Boyd Willett and their offspring move back to Texas.

You can’t tell the story of visiting Parks Johnson in terms of knocking at a door and being invited into a house, because he lives first in his family and second in his business in all outdoor.

There is, of course, a house on the ranch; in fact, two of them. Both are, rambling ranch structures built of native rock and enough glass to follow the sun around. Bill and Francie live in the west house. The east house is the one Parks Johnson lives in when they come home, as they did recently for a few days on their way to College Station for a broadcast on Texas A & M.

That’s one of the few things Parks complains about—he only gets back to Sabino Ranch at odd times, for a total of a few weeks. An no year, he sees himself one of the world’s lucky people, a man with a job he loves and enjoys.

There’s nothing he likes better than meeting and visiting with people, as he and Francie do on TV and radio. If it only allowed him more time at Wimberly, he wouldn’t trade his job for a goos that could lay golden eggs.

Because they are determined to keep the program fresh and varied, Parks and Louise spend close to forty-eight weeks a year on the road, and they’re not the kind of people who enjoy living in hotels. Whenever they can they shoot

pack the family into a wagon and drive up into the hills around what is now Wimberly. Shortly after Louise and Parks were married she took him up there to visit a nineteen-acre patch the family owned and he fell in love with it on sight. It’s a romance still going strong.

Back in 1941 they took a couple of weeks off from broadcasting and while visiting Wimberly again they met a man who remarked that he had two hundred acres he’d like to sell. It took Parks two minutes to buy the place.

After that he bought other parcels of land either adjoining or nearby, until now he has about 1,200 acres. The John- sons started on one end of it, the beginning of a herd of goats for mohair, and run a few sheep and cattle. They have just begun to develop the place, and the future of it until Parks and Louise retire depends on young Bill Johnson, his son, and his pretty young bride.
EYE-GENE
SAFELY Relieves TIRED, SMARTING EYES IN SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep or smoke—will relieve rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle. 25¢, 50¢, and $1 eye-dropper bottles at Druggists. Insist on EYE-GENE!

Rinse Hair Off Legs IN 5 MINUTES
... without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!

Amazing improvement—is the new Neet with lanolin. Creamy, pleasantly scented, Neet works faster, better. You simply spread Neet on, rinse off in 5 minutes, then thrill to the super-smooth feel of your lovely hair-free legs ... to their check as satin look. Neet removes hair closer to the follicle itself to avoid prickly razor-stubble. And just see—each time you use Neet — how long it keeps your skin hair-free! Get Neet Cream Hair Remover at drug or cosmetic counters. Be sure—get it today!

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DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-86, 211 W. 7th Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

have built so far that it will always be a livable house, the kind of place where there is always the right kind of chair to drop into. Right now it is mainly a living room, which is house enough. It's about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. Only glass—sixteen feet of sliding, glass-paneled doors. When these are pushed back the living room becomes part of a veranda running the length of the house, and you're living right out in Texas.

The north wall is a floor-to-ceiling bank of book shelves containing everything from the Canterbury Tales to texts on human psychology. At the opposite end of the room is a grand piano that any one of the Johnsons plays when in the mood. The center of the floor, between the curiously-covered couch and the grand piano, gets a bright shot of color with a huge rug made by an admirer in Pennsylvania.

The atmosphere has a paradoxical flavor—just the way Parks Johnson himself is contradictory. True enough, he talks with a slurred drawl, but it turns staccato when he gets into a discussion. It's the speech of a Texan who has gone north and met hustling, bustling Yankees on their own terms.

The contradictory elements in the house are what make it both beautiful and livable. There is the wood paneling one side, the stone facing the other, a huge stone fireplace and things like brand ing irons and guns that suggest Texas. But there are also things like a Pennsylvania Dutch pie cabinet and Louise's prized water colors by Grandma Moses.

It feels comfortably Texan, but at the same time there are the collector's items Parks and Louise have picked up while traveling. This gives it a cosmopolitan air. For instance, there is Parks' valuable collection of amberina, amber and rose-colored glass. The attic is crammed with antiques and curios picked up all over the United States.

The chairs and couches are comfortably worn, and you wonder how they've had a chance to get that way when the Johnsons have been home so little. The answer is that while they may not have used it very much, friends from all over the country have.

Several years ago, for instance, Parks' friend, Dr. O.W. Shellenbarger of Great Neck, Long Island, remarked that he was fed up with New York. He didn't know where he wanted to go, but he knew he wanted to get away. Parks handed him the keys and said, "Go on down to Sabino Ranch and stay until you decide. You might like it there."

The doctor went, and liked it. He's practicing in San Marcos and Wimberly now.

Then there were young friends during the war who had only a short time to get married and no place to go for a honeymoon. They, too, got the keys to Sabino Ranch. In addition there are any number of ex-GIs who will always remember the ranch as the place where they convalesced.

The Johnson's health, the lived-in air despite their being in Wimberly so infrequently, Parks is quick to tell you, is a credit in Louise's ledger. The way he puts it is, "She's the spark-plug, the big party around home, and behind the scenes of the show."

What he means, of course, is that when they have to spend a night or two at a hotel Louise goes on ahead. She chooses a suite of rooms for them and the rooms and their associates on the program, Warren Hull, Roger Brackett, and Buzz Willis.
She has the room freshly cleaned, readjusts the furniture, places vases filled with flowers, magazines, and a collection of personal knickknacks around the room. If there’s a kitchen in the suite, she cooks their meals.

Wherever they go, Louise makes it feel a little bit like home, and she supplies the same flavor for the program. Vox Pop was one of the earliest, if not the first, quiz shows on the air, and while it is no longer a straight quiz show, its atmosphere of "let's visit," and "what do you think about your neighbor?" has constantly grown. It has always been a comfortable program, it has never asked a question that would hold a guest up to ridicule, it has never embarrassed a guest.

Louise’s part is this—in fact, her part in the whole Johnson-family-and-home-plan—is illustrated by the program’s gift policy. Vox Pop was one of the first radio shows to pay the people it interviewed, and later switched to presents. It has never been known for the large amounts of money it gave away, and has never even tried to compete with other programs in the lavishness of its gifts. But you hear something on Vox Pop you don’t often hear elsewhere: the interviewed person’s surprise, delighted, “That’s just what I wanted!”

That’s true and spontaneous. It is what the person most wanted, and he or she didn’t know they were going to get it.

BEFORE the show, Parks, Louise and the staff have dinner with the people who will be on the show. During the conversation they draw out the personality and background of their guest, and at the same time Louise learns that a woman may dearly wish for a pure wool blanket, a man hopes some day to own a good shotgun, a little boy yearns for a pair of cowboy boots.

If she isn’t satisfied with what she learns at dinner, Louise discreetly talks with friends and neighbors. In that way she learns that a prospective bride could use a set of huggable, gold-edged pillows of owning a lathe, or one of the men to be on the program talks quite a lot about some fishing gear he can’t afford.

To get exactly what their guests want Louise will scout every store in town if necessary. Sometimes her feet are aching and her eyes blurring before she gets everything she wants, from Angora cat to antique zinc.

In a newspaper interview Louise once described herself as “excess baggage.” Parks will tell you, “Don’t you believe that. She’s as responsible as anyone for the success of the show, and around San Marcos and Wimberly she’s the one who ‘votes’. Just look around here,” waving his hand around the ranch house living room, “the pictures, the way everything feels comfortable, that’s Louise.”

You easily sense what he means. Each member of the family has an individual personality, some are a shock or part of the ranch that is particularly him, but over all Louise gives them background and family unity.

You won’t find the ranch long before Parks says, “If you really want to see where I live, come on down to the creek. Man, you’ve never seen a creek like that before.”

And it’s a good bet you haven’t, unless you’ve seen a lazy little stream so pretty, the water so deep and clear a bottle-green, that the photographer says, there’s no use taking a picture of that. Nobody would believe I didn’t retouch the picture.

There’s a wide pool for swimming and

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Sagging throats, double chins caused by unexercised muscles and neglect begin to vanish under the gentle action of this marvelous Model Chin Strap. Fat and flabbiness are smoothed by its gentle action.

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107
up above, where the stream twists and turns, overhanging trees and hidden rocks where trout and bass lurk—and mock. There is a suspicion that one reason Parks is so anxious to show it to visitors is that it's a good excuse to grab a rod and a few lures and try a cast or two while he's showing it off.

On the way back you sit on the fence to rest for a minute and Parks will tell you that it’s over a hundred years old, made from the heart of cedar. At that moment Wampus, a yellow tomcat, glides over and rubs against your leg. He walked in one day and adopted Bill and Francie.

As he rubs the cat Parks emphasizes that Bill and Francie are running the place, and when he and Louise retire from radio they'll come back and see if Bill can find something for them to do.

Bill grins slowly and says, "I guess we'll be able to find you something."

To get the complete picture of where Parks Johnson lives you've got to whip down the road a quarter of a mile to Wimberly. The unincorporated town of Wimberly, they call it.

On the map Wimberly is the end of the road from San Marcos, it looks like the bulb end of a laboratory flask as the road suddenly widens and there you are. Dobbins' Trading Post is on the right as you come in, the Ranch House Cafe straight ahead, and the drug store on the left. The population, as befits a town that boasts of being unincorporated, is unknown. But practically any time of day you'll find thirty or forty cars lined around the rough square.

You get a good chance to meet most of the ranchers in the area having morning coffee either at the cafe or the drug store, or talking in front of Dobbins'. Later in the day you can meet their wives shopping for groceries or dry goods at the trading post or in the hardware store.

Some of the ranches are putting up cabins for summer tourists who have discovered Wimberly as a vacation spot, but most of them are practical plants running goats, or sheep or cattle. The ranchers are hard-working people who always find time to be neighborly. However, there are a couple of weeks a year, when the deer season opens, when there is no point in trying to find any Wimberly man at home.

Everybody, of course, knew that Parks was home. Everybody knows everything. The night before when a couple of strangers had looked for his son Bill, the waitress at the cafe offered, "Call his aunt Edna Johnson in San Marcos. He's probably there." When a long-distance call was put through to the Johnson ranch on the way down, Hugh Dobbins took it at the trading post. "Bill and Francie aren't home," he explained, "but you come on down; we'll find a place to put you up."

There's nothing busybody about it; it's just neighborliness.

There's no doubt that Wimberly recognizes Parks Johnson as a celebrity. The only radios that aren't tuned in to Vox Pop Wednesday nights are the ones that can't be repaired in time. However, that isn't why they consider Parks the town's leading citizen. Parks Johnson rates in Wimberly because of what he's done to build the area as a resort and yet retain every bit of feeling and atmosphere of the old Texas tradition.

Evidently there isn't an autograph hound or a celebrity seeker in the county. Everybody knew that he was home; but nobody sought him out. When he drove into the square most of the men standing around said, "Hiya, Parks," and let it go at that. Hugh Dobbins, who has been a friend since the Johnsons first settled in Wimberly, came out of the trading post and shook hands. A little later Helen, Hugh's wife, came out and the three of them talked about business and crops and cattle for a while.

There's no phone at the ranch and Parks checked with Hugh on a couple of other distance phone calls that had come through for him. After he had attended to that Parks said, "Well, we have to be getting up to A&M tomorrow for the broadcast and I don't aim to leave here until I get some fishing done. So I'll be getting back."

There are radio stars whose homes, no doubt, are more spectacular, more dramatic and lyrical, but it's not likely that anyone has put more of himself into a home, or had it mean as much to him than Sabino Ranch means to Parks Johnson.

As you head back up north toward Dallas and you stop to say hello to people you meet on the way down, they say, "I hear Parks Johnson is home," just as if he were living around the corner. Once a man you realize that you can't capture where Parks Johnson lives with words and dimensions the way you could the average man's home, unless you want to try to describe Texas. And even a Texan can't do that.
Modess .... because
TED WILLIAMS
BOSTON RED SOX

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BOSTON RED SOX

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BOSTON RED SOX

TED WILLIAMS
BOSTON RED SOX

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JOE DIMAGGIO
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

BUCKY HARRIS
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NEW YORK YANKEES

BUCKY HARRIS
MANAGER OF
WORLD'S CHAMPION
NEW YORK YANKEES

EVEL BLACKWEL
CINCINNATI REDS

EVEL BLACKWEL
CINCINNATI REDS

EVEL BLACKWEL
CINCINNATI REDS

THE
BASEBALL MAN'S
CIGARETTE

When you change to Chesterfield
THE FIRST THING YOU WILL
NOTICE IS THEIR MILDNESS
that's because of their Right Combination
World's Best Tobaccos

ALWAYS MILD
BEETTER TASTING
COOLER SMOKING

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD
They Satisfy

Copyright 1948, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
I WALKED INTO $22,500"

The Winner of the Walking-Man Contest tells her own story

The JOLSONS have a NEW BABY!

Picture in Color

YOUNG R. MALONE

Reader-Bonus Novelette
Be prettier with Solitair

Give yourself the new, flawlessly pretty complexion that Solitair creates so quickly. Solitair applies smoothly to give you a new-found loveliness—a complexion so fresh appearing, so gentle soft. No artificial "made-up" look—no "starched, stiff" feeling. Because Solitair is a special feather-weight cake make-up. Combines creamy smooth foundation and finest "wind-blown" face powder. It's a complete make-up—as flattering as candlelight! Cleverly hides little blemishes. Gives flawless, poreless-looking beauty to even the loveliest complexion. Does wonders for ordinary skin. And stays pretty so much longer! Like many expensive night creams, Solitair contains lanolin—to help guard against dryness. No wonder millions prefer it! You will, too! Only $1.00.

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NEW BEAUTY, TOO—FOR YOUR LIPS!

Say "Solitair "Fashion-Point" and get the one and only lipstick with a point shaped to fit your lips. Gives the cleanest, sharpest outlines without brush or applicator. Goes on creamy smooth—stays faultless longer. Made with lanolin. Six exciting new, radiantly flattering reds. Mounted in America's most beautiful lipstick case of gleaming polished metal. $1.00.

Seven new fashion-right shades

Contains Lanolin

*Slanting cap with red-enameled circle identifies the famous Fashion-Point, and shows you exact color of lipstick inside. U. S. Patent No. 2162584.
Don't be all washed-up

that way, Pet!

Clinch that bath-freshness now—lest your charm and chums fade away!

THAT HEAVENLY BATH! You feel radiant... desirable. Yet, before the evening's over, Cookie—you may be guilty of underarm odor. And if daintiness deserts you—men may, too.

So be a Mum girl. After your bath washes away past perspiration, give underarms Mum's special protection against risk of odor to come.

Be a safety-first girl with Mum

Safer for charm—Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Safer for skin—Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Safer for clothes—No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.
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I WANT TO JOIN THE AMERICAN KIND OF WAR THAT STOPS KILLING

THIS is the statement which, in the opinion of Radio Mirror’s editors, best deserves first place in the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund drive which we announced in the March issue of Radio Mirror. Mrs. Robert N. Clark of Downey, California, who sent it to us, will receive the RCA table television set described in March, and pictured below.

We are proud that the response of our readers to the Cancer Fund appeal has enabled us to send a sizeable check to Walter Winchell, chief sponsor of the Fund. Many of you took the opportunity to send with your coupons and statements not only the dollar bill we asked for, but as much money as you could spare. Every one of your contributions will help the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund forward in a war we all believe worth fighting: the war that stops killing.

And we are proud, too, of many forceful statements you sent us explaining why you wished to contribute to the Fund. In these statements lies a most important assurance that the American public is ready to fight cancer not only with money, but with intelligent interest and energy that must bring closer the winning of this battle against one of humanity’s most powerful enemies.

RCA’s Model 721TS, awarded to the winner in Radio Mirror’s Cancer Fund contest: Mrs. Robert N. Clark of Downey, Cal.

Are you in the know?

When can a girl ask for a date?

- But never
- In Twirp Season
- How desperate can you get

A miss can stalk her man — in Twirp Season. Anytime you and your gal pals declare one. Call for your dates, give ‘em zany corsages. Plans can include a dance or movies, plus refreshments — natch. The catch? Twirp means "The Woman Is Requested to Pay". At certain times, choosing Kotex pays, in self-assurance. Why not, with those flat pressed ends preventing telltale outlines? Thanks to this secret mission, Kotex’ flat pressed ends help so many girls to stay in the fun... serenely!

Do the Crew Cuts rate you —

- Affectionate
- Affected
- A femme to follow

A gal might improve her conversation. Don’t keep repeating "See?" ... "I mean..." And only a creep would dare the affected "Do you rh-lly?" approach. Shun mannerisms. Be yourself. And be rated a femme to follow. You can always be your own gay self when calendar qualities are off your mind. What with that exclusive safety center of Kotex for extra protection, there’s no ceiling to your confidence! And Kotex comes in 3 sizes — there’s a Kotex napkin just perfect for you.

How to start a modeling career?

- Trek to the big city
- Take a charm course
- Find out if you’re qualified

Modeling’s glamorous... but grueling. How’s your health? Disposition? Can your arches take long hours of standing? You needn’t fly far afield to find out. Try your wings in fashion shows at your local department store. Tells you if you’re qualified. On difficult days, comfort counts; and Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Not ’til you’ve tried new Kotex can you appreciate this new, suave softness that holds its shape. And the new all-elastic Kotex Belt fits comfortably... doesn’t bind.

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*K. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BOB SMITH sings and plays the piano, and so do lots of other entertainers. He plays records, and so do lots of disc jockeys. He also gives time signals, weather reports, goings-on about town (and all the suburbs), and chats with a whimsical style of half-naive, half-subtle comedy. But his treatment of songs and records in an off-hand, casual style has made for faithful listeners all around the East.

Bob was born in Buffalo on Nov. 27, 1917. At the age of 15, he joined a male trio called the Hi-Hatters, who appeared over several radio stations. Another Smith, Kate, brought them to New York one year later and introduced them to her network audience. This was followed by several months of vaudeville bookings in and around New York. Meantime, Station WGR, Buffalo, had wired Bob, offering him a year-round job as staff pianist and vocalist. He left the trio to accept this more permanent post, and he stayed with WGR until 1944.

Bob is often described as a 1948 combination of still another Smith, "Whispering Jack," and Little Jack Little, with just a touch of Ralph Edwards thrown in. And these capabilities were given full rein during his stay in Buffalo. While at WGR, and from June 1944 until August 1946 when he was with WBEN, Buffalo, Bob Smith became one of Western New York's best known radio names. His talents as an m.c., singer, pianist and arranger identified him with many of the most popular local shows, and he was featured on most of the network programs originating in Buffalo. He still holds several records for building amazingly large audiences locally in competition with some of the strongest network opposition.

The Bob Smith Show started on WNBC August 5, 1946. Within a year, it has been "Sold Out" commercially; audience surveys have shown a steady increase month by month; and Bob's fan mail, averaging 1500 letters per week, would be the envy of many a rising movie star.

A clue to his growing popularity is found in his musicianship. He often rehearses hours just to achieve an unusual musical effect, and his piano modulations in and out of recordings and commercial transcriptions have received much favorable critical comment.

In addition to the six early shows, Bob also conducts the Triple-B Ranch show, a quiz and fun session on Saturday mornings, in which teams from schools in the New York area compete for prizes. He's the m.c. and quiz master, and has for his sidekick a character named "Howdy Doody" (in reality, Smith's ventriloquizing). Triple-B Ranch is part of the station's Saturday morning lineup of shows only for children and teen-agers.

A few months ago, Bob began to take television seriously, and he's carried over the "Howdy Doody" character as a marionette, into his Puppet Playhouse.

The Smiths—wife Mildred and two sons, Robin and Ronnie—live a pleasant, suburban life in their large English Colonial home in New Rochelle, New York.
THOSE innocent-looking flakes and scales you see on scalp, hair or dress-shoulder are a warning. They may be symptoms of infectious dandruff ... and that is a distressing, unsightly condition that no woman wants to risk.

This is no time to fool around with smelly lotions or sticky salves that cannot kill germs. You need antiseptic action ... and you need it quick! It's Listerine Antiseptic for you, followed with several minutes of vigorous finger-tip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"
Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp and hair a wonderfully cool and refreshing antiseptic bath ... kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale). This hard-to-kill germ, many dermatologists say, is a causative agent of the trouble.

You will be delighted to find how cool and clean your scalp feels ... how wonderfully fresh your hair looks ... and how quickly those distressing flakes and scales that rob the hair of its magic, begin to disappear.

In clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of the dandruff patients:

When you wash your hair
If you're smart you will not wait for symptoms; you will make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing as countless fastidious men and women do. It's a healthful, cleanly habit and may spare you a nasty siege of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than sixty years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?
TODAY'S housewife is called upon to play many different roles in the course of her day: that of mother, playmate, cook and psychologist, to mention only a few. I imagine there are women all over the country, homemakers like myself, with vexing problems, but how many are as lucky as I am?

Every Wednesday a Family Counselor, who is an authority in one of the many fields that interest housewives, drops in and pays the Burtons a visit. That way I have a chance to listen to their advice and also to ask questions about a particular problem which may be troubling me.

Thinking that perhaps the readers of Radio Mirror might like the benefit of the information I have gathered from talking to these Family Counselors, I am passing it along in this new series of Family Counselor pages.

A recent guest of ours was Dr. Wellman J. Warner, who is head of the Department of Sociology of the New York University Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Dr. Warner and I had a very interesting discussion.

A lot of us sometimes wonder about our position in the over-all scheme of the family; so often our husbands are given a certain prestige which we feel should be shared with us. Through Hugh James, our announcer, I came right out and asked Dr. Warner which, in his estimation, was the "better half."

Dr. Warner laughingly admitted that mine was a provocative question and that it might lead him into difficulties with Mrs. Warner, but then he added more seriously that it really isn't a question of a better half; what must be recognized is the fact that in the modern American home, the wife-mother plays a major role. Dr. Warner went on to say, "It's about time we recognized the fact that, in the final analysis, it is the wife and mother on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of running a happy household. There is as much need for outstanding ability and intelligence to run a home as there is to provide the wherewithal. The wife-mother must be a specialist in her own right."

I was very glad to hear Dr. Warner say this, because after all is said and done, it is the mother who must assume the larger share of responsibility in molding the character of her children. And Dr. Warner proved this point by adding, "Years ago when a youngster had to stay at home because outside interests were few and far between, he just naturally absorbed the benefits of family life. But today with the younger generation finding so many things of interest outside the home, the larger responsibility of guiding the children falls upon the mother, and her job calls for artistry in human relationship and real leadership in home life." "From what you have told us, Dr. Warner, it sounds to me," (and I had to laugh), "as though the real 'boss' of the family is the Missus and not the Mister!" "Well," Dr. Warner chuckled, "I wouldn't say 'boss,' but the husband must recognize that his wife has a clear and definite responsibility in the home. He must respect that fact just as the wife respects the fact that she must bow to her husband as the provider of the family."

So now you can understand why I wanted to be sure that as many of you as possible could have the benefit of this enlightening discussion with our Family Counselor, Dr. W. J. Warner.

Perhaps you have a problem that we might help solve, or a topic to suggest for future discussion. If you have, won't you send it along to me, in care of Radio Mirror?
HERE is a spectacular offer which places in your hands—of one and without extra charge—SIX splendid books worth $12.00 at retail in the publishers' original editions! Just look at this great array of titles:

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS**—Dickens' heartwarming tale of a penniless orphan who suddenly becomes rich.

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**JANE EYRE**—Passionate story of a man seeking a woman he could love. An unforgettable movie classic!

**YANKEE PASHA**—Romantic adventures of an American who won a beautiful harem girl.

**SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT**—Over 50 frank tales of love, hate, intrigue, passion, and jealousy!

**UNCONQUERED**—Spectacular Cecil B. DeMille movie with Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard.

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When you realize that you can get popular best-sellers like these month after month at a tremendous saving—and that you ALSO get BONUS BOOKS of today's and yesterday's finest literature—you will understand why this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!" Mail coupon—with no money—now. BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG6, Garden City, N. Y.
By DUKE ELLINGTON

A great musician begins, this month, to face the music for us.

DUKE ELLINGTON, Radio Mirror's new Facing The Music columnist, is star of the recorded Duke Ellington Show heard on many stations from coast to coast, including WMCA in New York (9 to 10 A.M. Monday through Friday and midnight to 1 A.M. Monday through Sunday).

In all my years in the music business, I've never found there to be a dearth of news—and that's my problem since I've become a columnist for Radio Mirror. It's a mighty tough thing to get all the news in my allotted space, but let's get started right now.

Now that baseball has taken over again, it's time to tell you that my friends Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly are starting a new movie for MGM that will be chock-full of new tunes. They play two parts of a baseball combination that is much in demand. Gene is actually writing the script.

Fellow disc-jockey Tommy Dorsey has spread out his disc show so that it can now be heard on four continents. Radio Luxembourg covers Europe and the British Isles. The Major Broadcasting network in...
Dick Contino's accordion wins fans and fame on the Horace Heidt Show contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Day: a forthcoming Radio Mirror will tell the story behind the smiles.

Australia will also take on the program, following which Tee Dee will even twirl 'em for the benefit of a station in Laurencio Margues, Mozambique in Africa.

That Crosby family is always making interesting news. Bob has his radio contract renewed for two more years. As singing star and master of ceremonies on the CBS Club 15, Bob has done much to make that just about the most popular quarter hour on the air.

For the third successive year, maestro Paul Lavalle of the Friday night NBC Highways In Melody program will conduct the New York Philharmonic at Lewisohn Stadium in New York on June 26. Paul, you know, has been doing some wonderful service to youth with his annual musical scholarship. Information on this $1000 fund can be obtained from Mrs. Florida S. Cox, Belton, S. C., National Chairman of The Paul Lavalle Auditions.

Another disc-jockey has turned writer. Paul Whiteman's book, Records for the Millions, will be on sale about the same time as an album selected by "Pops," called by the same name.
He’s Still Got a Lot to Learn!

BY JOE MARTIN

WHETHER or not you believe that Frankie Laine has a “voice,” there is no question over his ability to sell a song. In Frankie Laine’s singing there is plenty of soul. That’s the controversy—is it voice that makes a singer, or “soul”?

As for Frankie Laine being “in”—his Mercury platter of “That’s My Desire” sold about 700,000 copies. In a single year’s span, his salary jumped from $75 a week to over $750 a week. He’s in, all right.

But Frankie Laine’s story is not one of sudden success or find, flash and fizzle. Frankie is thirty-five years old. He was thirty-three when he got his first red break in show business. Up until 1946, his story had always been one of hard knocks and rough going. When only fifteen, Frankie sang with a Chicago musical group that was made up of Gene Krupa, Dave Rose and Muggsy Spanier. Ever since then, Frankie has been trying to prove that his vocal style was not only musically interesting, but also commercially good box-office.

His first job as a vocalist lasted eight months—the nation was hit by the 1929 financial bust. Then he traveled the country for some years as a professional marathon-dancer.

Success as a singer studiously avoided Frankie even though Perry Como got him a job with Fred Croley’s orchestra and even though Frankie was doing well as a singer in a Passaic, New Jersey night club. The latter job was over when he beat the boss in three consecutive checker games. Gene Goldkette arranged a sustaining spot on NBC, but the day of his first broadcast was the day that England and Germany went to war and all sustaining shows were canceled.

Even a good booking as singer and master of ceremonies on a South American cruise ship flew out the porthole when fateful Frankie hurt his knee and was hospitalized for eight months in Chicago, his home town.

During Frankie’s career as a war-worker in a machine shop, it did look as though he would finally make the grade, but as a song writer. He had written a ditty called “It Only Happens Once.” Nat Cole had heard it and liked it—so had Johnny Mercer, Jo Stafford and Frankie Carle. It was so good that “King” Cole immediately made a record of the song. You’ve guessed it; it’s never been released.

“I’m still not sure how it happened,” says Frankie, “but I finally was hired to sing in Billy Berg’s in Hollywood.”

People like Carl Hoff, Anita O’Day and Herb Jeffries kinda talked around about my style and got word to Berle Adams of Mercury Records. He came in one day and asked me to record a tune that would be issued on the back of a record called ‘The Pickle In The Middle.’ That was the beginning for me—about 15 years after I was almost sure that it was the end.”

After his record of “I May Be Wrong,” Frankie recorded a song called “That’s My Desire” and his popularity actually zoomed—movie fashion.

What makes a singer, voice—or “soul”? Ask the growing public of Frankie Laine!

The Laine Controversy

FACING THE MUSIC

Facing the Music
1. Two successful comedy programs were started from characters created on Fibber McGee and Molly. What are they?

2. A former Radio City page boy has now hit the big time as a singer. Who is he?

3. James Melton has a world-famous collection of (a) Guns (b) Old Cars (c) Chinese Jade.

4. A quintet of singing sisters had their first audition in the street—now heard every Sunday evening. Who are they?

TRUE OR FALSE

A. Mel Torme, new singing star, is called "The Velvet Fog."

B. Beryl Davis, the singer, is the daughter of former Governor James Davis of Louisiana.

MY FAVORITE QUIZ QUESTIONS

C. Is there any animal that can run backwards?

D. What city is called: "The Bride of the Adriatic?"

ANSWERS

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MY FAVORITE QUIZ QUESTIONS

C. Is there any animal that can run backwards?

D. What city is called: "The Bride of the Adriatic?"

ANSWERS

1. True

2. False

3. False

4. False

Woodbury Cold Cream

"In Seconds, your skin looks Woodbury-wonderful!" promises Ava. "First, massage on Woodbury Cold Cream—its rich oils cleanse deep to the skin, loosen grimy make-up. Tissue off. Pat on more Woodbury for smoothing—four special softening ingredients leave skin velvety. Tissue again, splash with cold water. And look!—your skin glows with that Always-Fresh look!"
Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

The Supper Club's songstress, Jo Stafford (NBC, 7 P.M. EDT), does a Capitol job with a song from the new movie, "Casbah."

DANCING OR LISTENING

ART MOONEY (MGM)—The label says "vocal by ensemble" and that means Art's "Baby Face" is another "Four Leaf Clover." By this time, the people around MGM are shouting that Mooney, Mooney, Mooney is money, money, money. It's a good one, though, backed by "Encore, Cherie" in more legitimate fashion.

GRACIE FIELDS (London)—Gracie has a fine follow-up, too, for her big-selling "Now Is The Hour." You can decide for yourself whether you like "Au Revoir" better than "Red Sails In The Sunset." We'll take "Au Revoir."

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD (Columbia)—Although the great Jimmie is dead, Columbia has not forgotten him. The re-issue of his famous "Ain't She Sweet" with the Sy Oliver-Tunney Young vocal is a must for any collector. Backing is "I Love You."

LEO KEMPINSKI (Columbia)—Leo couples a Vienna Waltz with a polka. The waltz is the liting "Vienna Memories" and "Carefree and Gay" is the polka. Both are clean and musically.

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—From the movie "Casbah" comes "It Was Written In The Stars." You'll just have to admit that there are few girl vocalists who can caress a lyric in such fine fashion as Miss Stafford. It's Paul Weston's orchestra on "Stars" and "It's Monday Every Day."

BILLY WILLIAMS (RCA Victor)—Billy and the Pecos River Rogues sing a pair of western ballads that'll send you out for some ridin' breeches and a lariat. "Livin' Western Style" gets the nod over "Texas Belle."

TOMMY DORSEY (RCA Victor)—Wonder if disc jockey Dorsey's records on his show? We'd gladly listen with an appreciative ear to his versions of "My Gal Is Mine Once More" and "Starlight Rendezvous."

KING COLE TRIO (Capitol)—Always partial to Cole, we particularly recommend "The Glee," an instrumental; and "I've Only Myself To Blame." This one is a special spin because Nat's musicianship is always outstanding.

MARION HUTTON (MGM)—It's "My Brooklyn Love Song" that rates the special attention. Marion does a fine job with a set of cute lyrics. "Little White Mouse," written by Terry Shand and Sonny Dunham, is, as they say in Tin Pan Alley, "nowhere."

HALL SISTERS (RCA Victor)—Give a listen to the novelty, "Mandy, Money, Money." It could well be the start of another hit song. "Teach Me, Teach Me, Baby," on the back, runs "Money" a close second.

* * *

ALBUM ARTISTRY

NELLIE LUTCHER (Capitol)—Now that the novelty of Miss Lutcher has worn off a bit, it's time to listen a little more attentively to her barrel-house piano. Best of the set are "Lake Charles Boogie" and "There's A New Mule In Your Stall."

GREAT SCOTT! (Columbia)—In direct contrast to Nellie Lutcher, Hazel Scott plays some excellent jazz piano in the more academic fashion. Her vocals are less highly stylized but warm and well-done in her own casual way. You should like "Nightmare Blues" and "Love Me Or Leave Me." You should like it all, in fact.
By MIGUELITO VALDES

Latin-American favorite Miguelito Valdes and his "Music of the Americas" orchestra are featured on Musicraft Records. He has been seen in many movies, "Suspense" among them.

* * *

Before another paragraph is written on the subject of Latin-American music, it is best to remind you that I am not trying to select a list of the "ten best" records. The records about which I am writing are just good examples of Latin-American rhythms. They are the kind that make a foundation upon which to build a collection. What others go into making up your collection are purely a matter of personal selection. If you like them, then buy them. Don't be concerned with any one critic's appraisal of a record.

Early in my career as an entertainer I learned that the music that the public liked was "good" music. If the people don't like a selection, then it just can't be very "good"—in the critical sense.

Perhaps an unusual recording, for this type of music, is my first selection. It is not authentic rhythm. It is, however, an excellent record. Listen to the old Jimmy Dorsey version of "Green Eyes" with that special Toots Camarata arrangement. It's not as easy to find these days, either. A more recent disc is that truly great Stan Kenton record "Machito." Written in honor of one of the best of the Latin-American maestri, this is a fine mating of Latin rhythms with progressive jazz.

Among the authentic rhumbas, tangos, congas, sambas and others are a group of excellent recordings by the best of my fellow orchestra leaders and musicians. I'm sure you will find it difficult to do better than collect such fine discs as Noro Morales' "Bim, Bam, Boom" on Majestic; Xavier Cugat's "Negra Leona" on Columbia; Cugie's "El Cua Cua" on Columbia, Eddy Morales' "Jungle Fantasy" on Rainbow; Ennio Madriguera's "Cow Bell Song" on National and Desi Arnaz' "El Cumbanchero" on RCA Victor.

A few others that you will enjoy are Cugat's "Chiu, Chiu, Chiu" and one on which I had the honor of doing a vocal with Cugie, "Bruca Manigua." Noro Morales' version of "Jack, Jack, Jack" is another one for your collection.

As for my own records, here again I must leave it to the listening and dancing public. The ones that they have shown to be their favorites were "Babalu" and "Rhumba Rhapsody." These were on the same Musicraft record, which, they tell me, was the best seller of all time among Latin-American records. Thank you for your interest in our music. Hasta la vista!
Incidental information... According to a recent survey, there are more radios in the United States than there are bathtubs. Guess that spikes those foreign critics of ours who used to look down on our pride in our modern conveniences.

Notice any difference in the People Are Funny format? There was a good deal of behind-the-scenes fuss about the program's similarity to the Truth or Consequences contests, until a compromise was worked out to modify the "PAF" riddle stunts.

By the time you read this Mutual will be holding a gala opening of its new three million dollar Hollywood studios. The building which will be ready for operations on May 22nd, will be the source of all AM, FM, and television broadcasting by Mutual from the cinema city.

Credit this to wartime inventions—radio people in Hollywood predict that by the end of this year recordings as we have known them in the past will be gone from the radio scene. Everything will be transcribed on tape, they believe.

Penny Singleton came up with a bit of advice garnered from personal experience. "If you haven't heard from some relatives in years and want to locate them," Penny says, "just rent a seashore cottage for the summer."

We hope Alan Young is through having physical ailments for awhile, he's been downed so much this year. Besides, we hear he's got a special interest in staying well. He's already been invited to attend a reception by American Navy "brass" for officers of the Canadian fleet when it visits Los Angeles in July. Wouldn't want Alan to miss that.

Word comes to us that since March the Grand Ole Opry program has been used as a radio diplomat. The State Department has been using off-the-air-transcriptions of the show for broadcasting overseas as part of the government's aim to portray, to the peoples of other countries, a full and fair picture of American life, culture and customs. Some of us hope that there are a few other programs being beamed overseas, too, because Grand Ole Opry, nice as it is, is not what we'd consider the most typical picture of American life.

That five-and-a-half-year-old Robin Morgan, who...
June Allyson, Edgar Bergen and Mrs. Bergen paused for a bit of gossip.

Jerry Colonna stopped to swap gags with Alice Faye and Phil Harris.

Ralph Edwards and his pretty wife were greeting friends right up to coffee-time.

FROM COAST to COAST

... so were Bob and Penny Singleton Sparks (she's "Blondie Bumstead").

gives with her opinions so smartly on the Juvenile Jury show, is quite a girl. The kid is studying dancing, too, and has appeared with the Ballet Russe several times, which is something that takes a good deal of talent and training.  

* * *  

We don't go much for gags, but this one seems like such a commentary on our attitude toward the institution of marriage that we're passing it along. Radio actor John Brown says he was on his way to the studio, sitting up front in a bus, when a woman mounted the step of the bus, carrying an umbrella like a reversed sabre.  

"Careful, lady," Brown found himself saying, "or you're likely to put out the eye of the man behind you." The woman glared at Brown and then snapped at him, "He's my husband!"

Brown says he's going to mind his own business from now on.  

* * *  

Frances Scott, radio and television m.c., isn't going to forget the last war for a long time. Frances has a handbag decorated with several hundred metal insignia. They were given to her by as many servicemen during her years of entertaining at the Stage Door Canteen and veterans' and (Continued on page 19)
Jane's hair is Clean

but Ann's hair is Colorful

She added COLOR to her hair with...

Nestle COLORINSE

- Why look "drab" when it's so easy to use Nestle Colorinse. Colorinse does what no shampoo could possibly do—it adds rich natural-looking color to your hair—plus—sparkling highlights, silken sheen. Absolutely safe to use—washes out with shampooing.

Remember—To get the real "Colorinse" insist on genuine NESTLE COLORINSE.

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MURIEL ANGELUS has given up her stage, screen, and radio career to be full-time wife to Paul Lavalle, conductor of NBC's Cities Service Program, and mother to their eight-months-old daughter, Suzanne. It's the role she loves best.

One important way to fill it, she believes, is to keep looking as lovely, always, as she was when Paul married her. Paul declares that she's even more beautiful—a compliment for any wife to cherish, and Muriel does.

It takes planning to find time in her busy day to care for her appearance. But she'd rather neglect some minor household chore than to have Paul come home and find her not looking pretty enough to kiss. Even though she's fortunate in having a maid, there's still plenty for her to do. So she appreciates how easy it is for wives to become careless about their looks. Muriel suspects that may be why many complain of their husbands taking them too much for granted. She hopes Paul never feels that way toward her.

So, when evening approaches she leaves unfinished what can just as well be done on the morrow. She relaxes in a scented tub bath, and before dressing for Paul's homecoming, applies an underarm deodorant and perspiration check. Weekly, her hair is shampooed and her nails manicured. She thinks the use of hand lotion or cream before doing dirty tasks, or immersing them in water, protects her hands. Used after each hand washing, the lotion or cream soothes, softens, and whitens them.

After two years of marriage, Muriel is thoroughly convinced that a wife should never make her husband feel that he cannot relax completely in his own home. Many brides, she thinks, are apt to be overly anxious to keep every-
thing so neatly in order that they get after (she won't say "nag") their mates for throwing newspapers and magazines on the floor. What does it really matter if they do? She thinks it's better to save wifely complaints for more important things, and thus not create feelings of resentment which might flare up into an unhappy lovers' quarrel. Paul tries to be as considerate as possible. She knows this, and appreciates it.

Of course, neither of them would think of slopping around the house in dirty old clothes. When wearing old clothes, or lounging robes for leisure hours, they're clean enough to appear in should there be an unexpected caller. So there's no frantic scurrying in the Lavalle manage to disappear for a quick change, while the friend waits and wonders if his visit is welcome.

She and Paul watch out that they're not too much at home with each other. He shaves, even though he's not going out. She wouldn't think of not brushing and combing her hair whenever it becomes disarranged, any more than she would think of neglecting to wash her face and brush her teeth the first thing upon getting up in the morning. These are little, but very important, grooming habits which make living together compatible.

Sometimes Paul telephones her at the last minute to tell her he'll be home late for dinner, or that he can't get home for dinner at all. It's a disappointment that wives find hard to take. But Muriel knows he's as sorry as she is that they cannot dine together. They both look forward to it as the high spot of their busy day. And unless there's a particularly worrisome problem that can't wait to be discussed, they try to keep the dinner table conversation in a happy vein. Naturally, baby Suzanne is foremost in their thoughts, and her day-by-day development must be shared.

So, instead of becoming upset, she understands that it is only because of business that Paul must call with the disappointing news.

When he thinks of her during the day, as he vows he often does, she wants him to vision her in his mind as having looked pretty across the breakfast table from him. As he goes to his offices in Rockefeller Center, from which he conducts his business of being a top-flight musical conductor, Paul says that because of the send-off Muriel gives him, he's in a better mood to tackle the day's problems than he would be if he'd breakfasted alone.

While taking her marriage vows, Muriel paid special attention to the part which says, "To have and to hold, from this day forward." She decided she could best hold Paul by being the wife he'd forever admire.

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**End perspiration troubles with this miracle deodorant!**

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

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*for BETTER LIVING*
Ruth Behringer, Violinist

She left the Pittsburgh Symphony to join KDKA in 1945.

Ruth's the only girl member of the Armstrong orchestra, gets teased about it.

The best method of achieving success in anything you attempt is to start early and keep at it—that's the advice of Ruth Behringer, the only girl member of Bernie Armstrong's staff orchestra at Westinghouse Station KDKA.

The young Pittsburgh violinist, who is enjoying wide success in the professional field of music, began violin study at the age of seven, doing the greater part of her training with Ralph Lewando, outstanding Pittsburgh teacher, critic and lecturer.

Graduated at Schenley High School, she attended Carnegie Institute of Technology and Duquesne University. Miss Behringer earned a Bachelor of Science degree in public school music at Duquesne in 1943. She also took special courses in psychology at the University of Pittsburgh and attended summer sessions at Juilliard Graduate School where she studied violin with Louis Persinger and chamber music under the guidance of Hanx Letz. She also studied with Theodore Paskkus.

Miss Behringer's first public appearances were with the Pittsburgh All-City Orchestra, and as soloist and concertmaster of the Pennsylvania All-State Orchestra during her high school days.

She began her professional career in 1939 when Dr. Fritz Reiner engaged her as violinist with the Pittsburgh Symphony. She was a member of the symphony for six years, and during this time she also played two summers with the Columbia S. C. Symphony led by Edwin MacArthur. She resigned from the Pittsburgh Symphony in 1945 to become a member of KDKA's staff orchestra.

Miss Behringer has had a wide experience as a performer and instructor. She was a member of the Westinghouse Musical Americana orchestra, led by Raymond Paige; a member of the Nixon Theater orchestra for a number of musicals and was associated with Victor Saudek's "Pop" orchestra during its summer concerts in Pittsburgh. Miss Behringer's teaching chores were with Perry High School, where she taught voice, and various Pittsburgh public schools, where she taught violin. She also gave individual instruction at Irene Kaufmann Settlement Music School and Kingsley House.

Though she still devotes hours each day to study and practice, most of Miss Behringer's activities center around her work at KDKA. She is featured on such outstanding broadcasts as Tap Time, Duquesne Show, Singing Strings, Brunch With Bill and many others.

She is better known, however, for her work on Brunch With Bill, noontime comedy show which features audience interviews. Miss Behringer has taken part in the broadcasts as an actress as well as a violinist. Known as the "Sweetheart of Brunch," she has been feted at birthday parties on the show and in special scripts. Her leisure interests are listening to recordings, making her own transcriptions, reading and photography.

She lives in Pittsburgh with her mother, Mrs. Carrie Behringer.
service hospitals. And Frances hopes she won't be given an opportunity to collect any more—in the same way.

comes this June month, changes are that Information Please will bite the dust. Understand that Dan Golenpaul, who originated the idea and owns the show, has slapped a half-million dollar suit on Mutual, alleging that the network mishandled the program.

On the opposite end of the scale comes the information that Myrtle Vail has signed a seven year contract, calling for 2,025 more scripts of the Myrtle and Marge series, which seems to us to have been running forever already. Well, good luck to the enterprise.

We hear that General Foods is thinking of scrapping the Aldrich Family when its present contract expires. Plans are to substitute four low budget shows for the "Aldriches" show and the Fanny Brice stanza. If you can't get along without hearing that opening, "He-e-e-eyy!" you'd better start penning your letters now. Could be if enough of you want 'em you can have 'em.

Radio's Fat Man series has passed the preliminary discussion stage and now looks more than likely as a future film production at a major studio.

Bill Lawrence, CBS director of the Screen Guild Players programs, is one director who believes in trusting his actors. He doesn't give his actors those "waved" cues while they're on the air. Cues are all set during rehearsals and then the cast is left on its own during the broadcast. Lawrence says it makes for better performances by eliminating distractions.

SUMMER rumors: Jean Hersholt will bow out of the "Dr. Christian" series for six weeks this summer. He'll go to Denmark to accept a knighthood... Nelson Eddy will probably be the summer replacement on the Music Hall... Another show being offered around to fill in those summer blanks is Really Livin', starring Susan Peters and her husband, Richard Quine... Edgar Bergen may pick up Charlie and Mortimer for a summer of personal appearances in Sweden... And listen for Alec Templeton as summer replacement for a leading network commercial.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER... Columbia Pictures due to screen a series of shorts based on Candid Microphone... Arthur Lake's next picture will have a skiing background... We hear Morton Downey may switch from Mutual to NBC... Bob Garred, CBS newscaster, about set to do the narration on several shorts for a movie independent... Vox Pop loses its sponsor when the current contract ends... The Don Ameche-Frank Morgan stanza due to fold at the end of the year... Point Sublime will probably be made into a film series... Barbara Ellen, radio actress has been getting movie bids.

How, oh how, can a young girl tell...

the different finer silver plate?

She looks for these

In this day and age young ladies know the finest kind of silver plate they can buy, regardless of price, is Holmes & Edwards. Here, they find no mere overplating (extra plating) No! No! Holmes & Edwards is STERLING INLAID with these

Just look what this really means:
Two blocks of Sterling silver are invisibly inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks. Quite obviously, they stay lovelier longer!

So of course more women buy Holmes & Edwards than ever before... wouldn't you?

Danish Princess  Lovely Lady  Youth

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

WHICH PATTERN? Three to choose from.
Danish Princess, Lovely Lady and Youth, all made in the U.S.A. by the International Silver Company.

HOW MUCH? Surplus! Unlike so many other things price of Holmes & Edwards has not gone up! Still only $68.50 for $2 pieces, service for eight with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department stores.
TWENTIETH CENTURY MILO

Dear Editor:

I would like to know the name and age of the young man and the weight of the calf he lifted on the County Fair program about two years ago; also, the amount of money he realized from this. I am a listener of this program and have made a bet on the calf's weight at the time it was last lifted.

Mrs. J. C.


It was in October, 1945, that Allen La Fever, then seventeen, began his attempt to emulate the Greek athlete Milo, who about 520 B.C., lifted a calf each day until it became a cow. Allen's Phoebe then weighed a petite 75 pounds. On each succeeding Saturday Allen lifted Phoebe before the County Fair studio audience and, upon his accomplishment, was awarded a sum of money. Finally, on April 27, 1946, he regrettably called it quits when Phoebe topped 360 pounds. By this time he had amassed $4,700. Does this settle your bet?

ALLEN LA FEVER

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL?

Dear Editor:

Please tell me what happened to Stephen on Life Can Be Beautiful on NBC. Did he really die? Also, I would like to know who plays Phil Crawford in the same serial.

ALICE REINHEART

Mr. E. L. D.

Norfolk, Va.

Yes, Stephen, played by John Halbrook, is dead. He succumbed to a heart attack caused by the death of his and Chichi's baby. Chichi is portrayed by Alice Reinheart, and here she is. Phil is played by Bud Collyer, who, incidentally, also undertakes the title role in Mutual's Superman.

STILL OFF THE AIR

Dear Editor:

I would like to know who played the role of Aunt Emily on the radio program Those We Love starring Donald Woods and Nan Grey. Your answer will settle a friendly discussion about the program. Will it be on the air again?

ALMA KRUGER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

This role was played by that veteran of the acting world, Alma Kruger, who has been busy in motion pictures. You saw her in Our Hearts Were Young and Gay as well as in the Dr. Kildare pictures. Those We Love is still off the air.

MEMORY EXPERT

Dear Editor:

Please, please give us a picture of the man with the most fascinating voice on the air, the man who enunciates Hint Hunt on the air daily over CBS. He is also on Saturday evenings for the Full O Pep program. I have never seen his name in print so will spell it as it sounds when pronounced—Chuck Acree.

MRS. H. F. G.

Toledo, Ohio

Chuck Acree (omit the "e"), is a memory expert, too. He can read back fifty-two cards after one look at them. Occasionally, for a Hint Hunt audience he does the same stunt with household articles listed by the women in the studio.

FAVORITE ACTOR

Dear Editor:

Some friends and I have chosen Matthew Crowley our favorite radio actor and we would like to see what he looks like. Also, we're interested in the boy who plays Robin on the Superman program. What's his name?

MATT CROWLEY

Mr. N. F. C.

Bristol, R. P.

Here's your choice—Matthew Crowley, whom you knew as John in John's Other Wife and, until recently, Dr. James Brent in Knot of Ye. Ronny Liss is the lad who plays Robin in Superman.

THE DIXIELANDER

I would like to know where Janette Davis comes from. I enjoy her singing on CBS's Arthur Godfrey Show.

JANETTE DAVIS

Mrs. J. E.

Everett, Wash.

This lovely songstress was born in Memphis, Tennessee. Before starring on the networks, she had her own show on a Shreveport, La., station. Besides her stint on the Arthur Godfrey Show, she has a
WHEN AND WHERE

Dear Editor:

I hear a lot about Alan Ladd's Box 13 over the air. Please give me some information on where and when he comes on. Miss B. J. M. Hilton Village, Pa.

As this is a transcribed show, not all stations carry it. However, if you are able to reach WOR in the New York area, tune in Wednesday evenings at 9:30 P.M. Those who live in other sections of the country should check with their local stations.

FROM MODELING TO RADIO

Dear Editor:

I listen to all the daytime serials and keep a scrapbook of the pictures of each program. Would you please tell me who plays Regina Rawlings on Backstage?

ANN BURR

Wife? And does she also play the part of Ann Dunn on When a Girl Marries?

Mrs. L. O. L.

New Orleans, La.

Not only does winsome Anne Burr play these two roles but she also portrays the siren Nona Marsh in Wendy Warren and the News heard on the CBS network. Miss Burr, an alumna of Sweetbriar College, Va., did some modeling for Powers before venturing into the theatrical world. She received her first break when Orson Welles cast her for the Mary Dalton role in the stage version of Richard Wright's "Native Son" in 1941. You hear Anne often in CBS's Studio One.

THE DETERMINED

D. A.

Dear Editor:

I am very much interested in a program called Right to Happiness. I would like to know about the actor who portrays the role of Miles Nelson, the District Attorney. I believe his name is Gary Merrill. I really don't think anyone can act or talk that part as well as he.

Mrs. A. P. A.

Peoria, Illinois.

Many, many other radio listeners agree with you in your opinion of Gary Merrill. Gary, born and educated in Hartford, Conn., made his first amateur appearance in a school play at twelve. Broadway stage appearances have included "Brother Rat," "This is the Army," "Winged Victory," and the current hit, "Born Yesterday."

Booth

tuneful fifteen-minute program of her own Sunday afternoons on the CBS network.

holds your hair in place

144% BETTER

Here's the first real improvement in bobby pins! A radically new patented shape, scientifically designed to hold better. Stronger, yet flexible, easy to open.

Yes, certified, unbiased tests prove that Supergrip holds 144% better!

Gayla

SUPERGRIP

"GAYLA" MEANS THE BEST IN BOBBY PINS, HAIR PINS, CURLERS

R

M

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SINCE 1944, The Sleepy Hollow Gang has been starred in its own half-hour daily series of radio programs on station WFIL, Philadelphia. In that same year, members of the group joined the original cast of Hayloft Hoedown, the rousing barn dance show broadcast every Saturday night over WFIL and the coast-to-coast American Broadcasting Company network. Their recordings for Majestic Records have been among the best sellers in the hillbilly-western line, and the group recently signed with RCA Victor to make more music for the turntables as soon as the current ban on recordings is lifted. Both "Uncle" Elmer Newman and his brother, Pancake Pete, are widely known composers in the folk music field. And just to keep their hands in during any spare hours that might pop up, the Newmans operate the $180,000 Sleepy Hollow Ranch near Quakertown, Pa., where, since the ranch was opened in 1940, thousands of fans have gathered each weekend.

It was that year of general calamity, 1929, that saw the earliest beginnings of the highly successful Sleepy Hollow enterprises. Elmer and Pete Newman launched their radio career in Des Moines, Iowa. Elmer, older of the two boys, served as leader, singing and playing the fiddle. Pete, lanky, dark and good-looking, rounded out the two-man act, playing the guitar, bass and banjo and singing western songs in the approved manner.

Two years later, the Newmans moved to Minneapolis; in 1933 they broadcast in Yankton, South Dakota, where they originated 13 half-hour shows daily—no small chore even for two such willing workers; they returned to Minneapolis for two years; and then moved again, this time eastward to Philadelphia, where they organized The Sleepy Hollow Ranch Gang in 1936.

Their partners in this first expansion were the Murray Sisters, Sophie and Julie, who had become star attractions on radio barn dance bills in Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Chicago and Shenandoah, Iowa. In 1936, the Newmans called the Murrays east to help get The Gang started. In 1937, the Newman boys popped the question; the Murray girls were agreeable and Julie became "Mrs. Elmer" and Sophie, "Mrs. Pete." Just to keep things even, each of the couples has two children, the Elmer Newmans two boys, Danny and Charley, aged ten and eight, and the Pete Newmans a boy, Kenny, ten, and a girl, Mary Eva, eight. All of the Newmans live on the Quakertown ranch, commuting the forty-odd miles to the broadcasting station each day. With an eye toward the future, Pete has become a licensed airplane pilot; he hopes the day will come soon when the Newmans will be able to abandon those winding Pennsylvania roads and fly to Philadelphia for their daily WFIL series.

That day may not be far off. Meantime, the four Newmans, with handsome, dimple cheeked Pee Wee Miller, Canadian-born entertainer, and Monty Rosci, veteran of four years with the Army's armored forces, are making "air" names for themselves in another way.
"I dress for dancing...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

**Tom Moore**

Men who complain loudly about "women," meaning their wives or daughters, should have Tom Moore's job for just one day. As m.c. of ABC's Ladies Be Seated (Mondays through Fridays at 3 P.M., EDT), Tom has between five and six hundred women on his mind every weekday. But keeping so many women entertained bothers Tom not at all. He's a thoroughly uninhibited comic with a passion for a suit made of Toni Pink—a strong, sharp pink with a touch of blue in it, which is the color used in packaging his sponsor's products.

His early start in the entertainment world was quite natural, since his parents both earned their livings on the stage. It was with them that Tom made his first bow from behind the footlights. This was three years after he'd been born—in August, 1912.

During the years that followed, he led a life as colorful as a plaid shirt. In addition to touring the country in the legitimate drama, he traveled with a number of name bands as a vocalist, appeared in minstrel shows, did bits in the Mississippi showboat melodramas. It was with a medicine show that he nearly lost his life. While playing Hamlet in the wilds of West Virginia a brawl developed. Somebody "Hey Rubed," and soon all of the show was involved in a free for all. Tom Moore was in there, for awhile. His head stopped a tent stake and he was unconscious for 57 hours.

It was a whole series of events similar to that which gave Tom the idea that radio was a safer and saner method of earning a living. He hied himself to Tuscola, Illinois, and got himself a job as announcer—singer—writer—and janitor—with a station there. After four months with the small station, just long enough to pick up the secrets of the game, he went to Chicago to tackle the networks.

"Deciding to get into radio was the luckiest decision I ever made," he says. "My luck has continued ever since. So frequently I've been at the right place at the right time, I just plain admit I'm lucky," Which was, more or less, the way he landed his Ladies Be Seated assignment, being in the right place to attend a competitive audition and win it, when Johnny Olsen decided to leave the show to go to New York.

He met Bernice Wood at the tender age of twelve and proposed marriage to her on the spot. She consented seven years later. Now, married almost fourteen years, they have one son, Tom Jr., eight and a half years old.
THIRTY-TWO of Rochester's most distinguished musicians make up the Little Symphony with Charles Siverson, conductor. The music presented is high above the standards usually accepted for locally originated programs. Instead of featuring entertainment of the ordinary category, the Little Symphony presents the immortal works of the Masters with special emphasis on the classicalists of the 17th and 18th centuries and the modernists of the 20th century.

Solo "desks" are handled by first chairmen of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Soloists used are well-known in the concert world such as Jacques Gordon, Rene LeRoy, Luigi Silva and many others, but the brilliant success of the yearly concert series, is due to the artistry of the program's conductor, Charles Siverson. The career of Charles Siverson in the world of radio reads like a fairy tale.

Born in Buffalo, he studied music at the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester. Even as a student his ability was recognized and rewarded in the form of several scholarships. In preparing for the position of musical conductor, he learned to play all instruments in the string, woodwind and brass sections of the symphony orchestra. While still attending the Eastman School, he directed the University Band and was student conductor of the Eastman School Little Symphony Orchestra.

Having completed his musical education, Mr. Siverson joined the staff of Station WHAM as a music arranger. One year after joining WHAM's staff his title was altered to read "Musical Director and Conductor." In 1936, six years after joining the staff, he became Program Director... a job he retains to this day.

Conducting is his avocation. At present he conducts only the McCurdy Little Symphony, the major portion of his time being devoted to guiding the program destinies of Rochester's 50,000-watt Clear Channel Station.

One of the interesting little tricks that the Maestro has developed as a concert conductor is the neat ability to completely memorize an entire program's music score. The ability was really a product of foresight and necessity. It seems Siverson was conducting one night in an auditorium where the house lights were lowered. During the course of the program the lamp on his conductor's stand became erratic in operation and as a result there was light only during fleeting portions of the program. The score was a familiar one, therefore no serious consequences resulted, but from that time on all programs were memorized.

On the air one can't afford to take chances.

A fragment of Rochester's Little Symphony Orchestra, with our regrets to those members whose pictures would not fit on the page; and a nearer view of Charles Siverson, who has made a distinguished unit of these artists.
"Here's the Lipstick that has Everything!"

EVELYN KEYES
in Columbia's
"THE MATING OF MILLIE"

3 Shades for Your Type
Three exciting Reds to flatter you...a shade for every costume change.

Smoothen Texture
New superfine texture makes lips look softer, more alluring.

Longer Lasting
The color stays on-and-on...until you take it off.

Does not dry the Lips
New exclusive formula keeps lips moist, glamorous, lovely.

YES...a lipstick that has everything!...features until now only dreamed of, created for you by the genius of Max Factor Hollywood. Try it today...you'll see and feel the thrilling difference.

SELECT THE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE...correct for your coloring...correct for your costume

BLONDIES
CLEAR RED No. 1
BLUE RED No. 1
ROSE RED No. 1

BRUNETTES
CLEAR RED No. 3
BLUE RED No. 3
ROSE RED No. 3

BROWNETTES
CLEAR RED No. 2
BLUE RED No. 2
ROSE RED No. 2

REDHEADS
CLEAR RED No. 1
BLUE RED No. 1
ROSE RED No. 1

Max Factor - Hollywood
NO NEED to "wish upon a star" for clean, fragrant, lovely, heart-winning hair. You have it, thanks to your Lustre-Creme Shampoo. And that's confirmed when he murmurs—"Dream Girl, can we tell them we're engaged?"

MANY A BRIDE is indebted to Lustre-Creme Shampoo for its magical way with hair. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme is a dainty new, rich-lathering cream shampoo. Created by cosmetic genius, Kay Daumit, to glamarize hair and leave it with three-way loveliness:

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

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

Kay Daumit, Inc., Successo
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR...you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

4-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters.

STAR GAZING
...for "Lustre-Creme"
Dream Girls Only

BETWEEN DANCES you seek the beauty of the starry night. But the touch of his cheek against your lovely tresses is part of the magic that holds him enchanted.

If Ed Fitzgerald sounds easy and informal and informed on those early morning broadcasts of The Fitzgeralds, it's because he is. He was born in Troy, New York, somewhere around the turn of the century, became stage-struck when he was nine. In the succeeding years Ed grew up into Shakespearean roles, later going to England to act.

Ed was sixteen when World War I began. He was in London, then, appearing with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and very successfully. But the drums and parades got awfully loud in his head and he enlisted in the Royal Air Force. He was wounded at Agincourt and remained in hospitals for some time.

After he was demobilized at the end of the war, Fitzgerald returned to the United States. Somehow, he found the glamour had gone out of show business and nothing else seemed to hold much fascination, either. He wandered through a lot of jobs. Then he turned to newspaper reporting, which kept him busy for about ten years, but not on any one paper for very long.

After meeting and marrying Pegeen, he stuck to reporting for a couple of years, then went to the Orient as a correspondent for the North China Daily News, a Shanghai English language newspaper. In 1922 he returned to the United States, worked for awhile as a publicity man for a movie studio, then accepted a radio job with a local San Francisco station. He became M.C. on a variety show called Feminine Fancies, which kept him busy for three years.
A windfall for the Fitzgeralds, in the form of a salable Ford won in a raffle and a big money prize won by Pegeen for a Kayser stocking ad idea, made it possible for them to pull up roots and head for New York. Ed landed a job with WOR, doing very much the same kind of program as he had in San Francisco.

Then Pegeen won the thing she had been plugging for for quite some time, a domestic drama program with her husband. Thus started a show which was to pave the way for any number of imitators. Eventually, Ed and Pegeen found they had to buy and own their own show to keep it exactly as they wanted it to be. In 1945 they shifted from WOR to WJZ and it is estimated that they now have about two million listeners daily.

They make no preparations for their program, except for glancing through the papers and opening their mail. All the script they use is a list of their sponsors, some fifteen usually, which they mention easily, at random and, often, kiddingly. They're scrupulous about never recommending anything unless they have a first hand knowledge of their subject.

The feminine half of the Fitzgeralds was born Margaret Worrall in Norcatur, Kansas, in 1910.

In her early teens, the family moved to Portland, Oregon, and by the time she was fifteen, Margaret was graduated from high school at the head of her class. After about two years, she attended the College of St. Theresa in Winona, Minnesota. She worked as a bookkeeper in a Portland department store for a few months, and then shifted to the advertising department. It was through a press agent that Pegeen met Ed.

When the Fitzgeralds came east in 1935, Pegeen went to work in the advertising department of McCreery's in New York. She became advertising manager for the department store, but after holding the job some years she began to get a hankering for radio—like Ed. In 1940, she left the store to begin Here's Looking At You, her own bi-weekly broadcast from the World's Fair for WOR. Then she got her own show, Pegeen Prefers on which she dealt with subjects dear to women.

Tall, silver blonde, with green eyes and freckles, Pegeen's a busy girl for she and Ed see all the plays and movies they talk about and read all the books they review.

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

Your hair will look naturally curly the very first time you try Toni. For Toni Home Permanent gives the hair body as well as curl ... makes it easy to style ... easy to manage. But before you try Toni, 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.

Can I do it myself?
Sure. Every day thousands of women give themselves Toni Home Permanents. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers.

Is there a "frizzy-stage" with TONI?
Your Toni will be frizz-free right from the start. For Toni Creme Waving Lotion gently coaxes your hair into luxurious curls ... leaves it soft as silk, with no kinkiness, no dried out brittleness, even on the first day.

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?
With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best ... from a loose, natural-looking wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Will TONI save me time?
Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

Which twin has the TONI?
Pictured above are the Dublin twins of New York City, Frances, the twin at the right has the Toni. She says, "My Toni-savings paid for a darling new hat. Now Lucille calls me the smarter half."
Veto says "no"—

to perspiration worry and odor!

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

Veto says "no"—

to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely,
new cosmetic deodorant. Veto, is harmless to any normal skin.
Harmless, too, even to your filthiest, most fragile fabrics.
For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient
to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!
So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!
Radio's biggest voices—the major networks—are engaged at the present time in fighting for a right denied them but granted to every other medium of general information, such as newspapers and magazines. It is the right to make those big voices heard in opinion as well as fact—the right to "editorialize."

What does that mean, to editorialize? It means precisely the sort of thing which Radio Mirror, without violating any law or code, is doing right here on this page: stating a fact, then giving the people interested in that fact the considered opinion of the editors of the magazine—opinion in which the readers are interested or they would not buy the magazine in the first place, just as radio listeners are interested in opinions on the stations they tune in, or they would not be listening.

This is an editorial. It freely expresses an opinion about a fact, just as the editorial page of your daily newspaper does. The fact is that for the past seven years radio has been forbidden the right to express its views on the facts it gives its listeners. Radio Mirror's editorial opinion is that that right should be restored so that radio may bring again to listeners the carefully considered, well-informed opinions of the experts whom radio hires to sift and weigh the facts put before the listening public.

One of the objections raised to the restoration of this right is that radio editorializing might exert an influence not in the public interest, and that it is for the public interest that radio is licensed by the Federal Communications Commission. But the same things that keep magazine and newspaper editorial opinions within certain limits should and must limit opinions heard on the air—such things as good taste, fairness, viewing any given question from all sides rather than from only one (possibly biased) side. Radio Mirror is glad to be able to offer this editorial opinion: We hope that the voices of radio win back the right to express opinions honestly believed to be of service and entirely bounded by public interest (which can be loosely defined as the greatest good for the greatest number) as freely and as easily as do—

The Editors
Theres only one IRMA

There was once an actress named Marie Wilson, where she
MARIE WILSON was talking about her Irma role in the radio serial, My Friend Irma. "They needed a real nice girl who was dumb so they thought of me right away," she said. "Why, Mr. Cy Howard, who writes the show, told me he never once thought of anyone else for the part."

Marie's baby-doll face retained its God-Bless-Everybody expression without one betraying sign of annoyance at the dubious compliment. Rather she assumed a pardon-me-for-bragging attitude, for dumb, nice girls are Marie's stock in trade, and to be so immediately thought of as Irma was to her a testimony to her talent.

She should know how to play them. For over a decade she's been movies' favorite "Queen of the Stupes," for five years the dumb girl friend in Ken Murray's stage show "The Blackouts," and for almost a year has dumbed it over the air as Irma. In that time not one brief thought against being type-cast has entered her spectacularly curled, spectacularly blonde head. And why should it—with money in the bank and no noticeable decline in the dumb blonde demand?

Besides, Marie is smart enough to know that as a not too bright cutie she can freely express herself in clothes, in friends, in situations. Speaking of her friends, a producer said to her, "Marie, as a stage and radio star you should be seen with big name people and important stars. Electricians and stagehands are (Continued on page 93)
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The Jordans brought an old dream up to date . . . and now, at last, they're really "at home".

By PAULINE SWANSON

"HAVEN'T had this much fun since we left Peoria!"

Jim and Marian Jordan, settling down for keeps at last in their new home in the Encino, California, foothills, sum it up this way.

They had been trapped, as they saw it, in sumptuous "decorator's dream" houses ever since their characterizations of Fibber McGee and Molly boosted them into the snooty brackets. And they have yearned for years for a real home, a house that fit like an old shoe fits, without too much wear and tear on the disposition.

And now they have it.

It took eight months of rugged life in a trailer to get it—eight months during which Jim says they waded around in topsoil and fertilizer up to their knees—but the job is done now, and they agree that it was worth it.

The new house—and it isn't really a new house at all, but a modern and expanded version of a simple little clapboard bungalow Jim bought a couple of years ago because it was located next door (or a mile as the crow flies) to his commercial nursery and greenhouses—

"We wanted a house that would fit like an old shoe. Now that we've got it, we figure we haven't had so much fun since we left Peoria!"
No decorator touched the place. It's pure McGee Informal, except for the handsome early Americana in sunroom and dining room.
The Jordans brought an old dream up to date... and now, at last, they're really "at home"

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Come and Visit FIBBER Mcgee and MOLLY

"We haven't had this much fun since we left Peoria!"

So decorator touched the place. It's pure McGee Informal, except for the handsome early Americans in sunroom and dining room.
Collectors, both: Jim acquires woodworking tools, Marian the exquisite Dresden and Meissen pieces displayed on the mirrored shelves she got for Christmas.

From the flagstone patio, the Jordans and son Jimmy have a breathtaking view of a hundred miles of valley, edged by the purple Sierra Madre Mountains.

was in its original state not unlike the first home they ever owned, a four-room frame shoe-box in Peoria. But the view was breathtaking, and the chance to make the little house into the home of their dreams was full of challenge. The resulting house is still modest, by Encino standards, but it has everything the Jordans want in a house and nothing that they don’t.

No decorator was allowed within a mile of the place. Marian knew what she wanted. And as for the landscape gardening, Jim himself designed and supervised the entire project. No one can call the two-time Mayor of Encino, a nurseryman himself, a city slicker.

“Laid it out on paper first,” Jim explains, “and then brought in the stuff.”

“And such showing off,” his wife comments, but with tongue in cheek because the results are breathtaking and she admits it. She joshes Jim, but cheerfully—in thirty years of a happy marriage to one man a thing like that can get to be a habit.

“John Bunyan he thought he was, moving trees out, moving trees in as though they were toothpicks.”

Only one of the trees on the place when they bought it—a giant rubber tree—fits Jim’s mental picture of what “the Jordan place” should be. So fourteen arboreal intruders were removed to make room for the silver birch, evergreen elms, jacaranda, and—this one was showing off—a massive live oak that Jim wanted.

“This summer,” Marian says, “he’s going to dig
Jim's car port shelters three cars, and is the envy of the neighborhood. It's bordered by terraces, richly flowering; all the landscaping was done by Jim.

up the citrus orchard." She's not joshing about this. He really is.

This opportunity to plant and transplant to his heart's content was one of the charms of the new place to Jim. He bought the neighboring nurseries as a business investment, but one blue ribbon for his cinerarias at the county fair and he began to look upon his green thumb with affection.

The out-of-doors is his province, and he has made the grounds a thing of beauty. The fourteen tons of topsoil which during last winter's rains were such a headache to the camping-out Jordans have been rolled out into an acre or so of lush green lawn, which Jim thinks is much too pretty to mess up with a swimming pool. The hillside in back of the house has been terraced in four levels, one of which is already blooming wildly with ivy geranium. The slower starting bougainvillea on the top levels will be a purple blaze by summer.

Roses, petunias, fuchsias and begonias—what Jim calls "potting flowers"—are a riot of color all over the place. And Jim defeats the withering valley sun with a complicated sprinkling system which cost almost as much as Marian's all-electric kitchen.

"Looks like Coney Island," he says, "with the water turned on."

"And the water bill is just as impressive," says Marian.

Jim, who hasn't forgotten that his salary as a drug clerk when he met Marian was a quick eight dollars a week, can answer (Continued on page 87)
adopted a Baby

BY ROBBIN COONS

H e stands up before that microphone with a bounce that seems to start in his toes and vibrate rhythmically through his stocky frame all the time he's singing those songs.

He sings 'em brassy and he sings 'em golden with a lilt and a power that pick up an audience and put it in his pocket.

He's the same old Al Jolson, singing the same old songs that thrilled the world thirty years ago and are thrilling a new generation today. They're songs for the oldsters who were young when Al first sang them, and they're songs for the kids today who rank old Al along with their Bing and their Frankie.

And this year, in a special sense, they are songs for Asa, too.

The newspaper accounts were terse. The Jolsons (the stories said) had adopted a baby boy and the infant would be named Asa, which was Al's given name.

There's no quarrel with that way of telling it, only there's so much more that's interesting and human and sentimental—like a Jolson song.

We'll tell the story here in terms of those very songs that will always be Al's and even now are Asa's. Songs Asa will be hearing all his life because his daddy made them live.

We'll start, of course, with "Mammy" . . .

Erle Jolson, who is Asa's mammy now, is a beautiful young woman who was Erle Galbraith back in Hot Springs, Ark., where Al met her on one of those quiet hospital tours he did during the war. (You read their story in December Radio Mirror.)

Al would show up at the veterans' hospitals around the country, unannounced and unballyhooed. "My name's Jolson," he'd say. "Can I sing?"

At the Eastman Annex hospital at Hot Springs, he sang before such a packed house that many in the audience sat on the floor, among them Erle Galbraith, an X-ray technician. She sat close up front, and Al looked down and there she was—dark-haired, dark-eyed, a beauty to remember.

Afterward the girl was among those asking for his autograph.

"Say," said Al, "there ought to be a place in pictures for a girl like you. If you ever come to Hollywood . . ."

A few months later Erle came, with her sister, on a visit to California. Al hadn't forgotten. He introduced her at Columbia Pictures, and they placed her under contract, where she was promptly lost in the talent roster. A few tests, publicity pictures, nothing very exciting. Erle didn't mind. The studio world was a fresh new experience for her, but she had no serious acting ambitions. She expected, in fact, to return to medical work.

And Al went about his business, which wasn't very exciting, either, because this was before "The Jolson Story" and the great mammy-singer's principal fans were those countless GIs he had entertained overseas and at home. He had been one of the first entertainers to join the troops. He had been at Dutch Harbor when the Japs bombed the place; he had seen action in Europe. But now the war was over. He was sick, tired, and a has-been. "Jolson?" they said. "He's yesterday's boy."

They called it pneumonia when they took him to the hospital to fight for his life, and it was worse than that—in the end they had to cut through a couple of ribs and remove part of his left lung. "I didn't fight too hard," he (Continued on page 81)

Sentimental about his new baby? Not Al

Jolson . . . he says. But you don't have to read between the lines to learn the truth

Hear Al Jolson in the Music Hall on NBC, Thursday nights at 9 EDT, 6 PDT.
David scores first: Louella Parsons in NBC lobby.

Claire catches Red Skelton at a benefit basketball game.

Claire again, triumph number two: Ronald Colman.

Making people laugh—at themselves and at each other—is Linkletter's business.

If you happen to be one of the contestants whom Art Linkletter chooses to help him demonstrate his premise that people are funny, practically anything in the world can happen to you. But it will be funny. People Are Funny is not one of those do-or-die quiz shows on which you may possibly lose life or limb. All you're likely to do is have the time of your life, with maybe a prize thrown in.

Take the case of Claire Miller and David Crowe, contestants of a few weeks ago, for example. Their stunt involved covering much ground: they were sent off to see which of them could bring back the biggest batch of star autographs. Claire and David spread out over Hollywood like a brush fire, cornering celebrities in all the places you see here on these two pages and many more. When the totals were in, Art Linkletter announced that David's 144 had beaten out Claire's 104 for the grand prize: the Crosley station wagon (shown upper left). But Claire didn't go home empty-handed; she took with her the second prize, a grand new television set.
Art Linkletter pronounces David and Claire the winners and new champs; producer John Guedal approves.

A smooth line of talk bags Judy Canova for David.

People Are Funny, with Art Linkletter as m. c., is heard Friday nights at 9, EDT, over NBC stations.

Good catch for Dave, pretty picture for us: Alice Faye signs.
**Between the**

**BERRY-PICKING TIME**

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem
We dreamed up jungle games along the aisles
Between the berry bushes where the weeds
Rose tangled, dense and dark to meet our needs—
The stumps and fallen boughs were crocodiles.
Our safari plunged through the brush for miles;
I in my pinafore and Bud in tweeds
Turned cannibal and gnashed our teeth on seeds,
And gave each other fierce, blackberry smiles.
Our empty buckets lay somewhere behind us;
We stained our cheeks and hands a hideous red,
Fought hostile tribes of spiders, garter snakes
And bumblebees till Dad came out to find us,
To thrash us, send us supperless to bed
With thorny battle scars and stomach aches.
—Cosette Middleton

**ON SECOND THOUGHT**

If I died for David—
And I must confess
I would do it gladly—
Would he love me less?
Sometimes, very often,
I am sure he would;
Then again I'm certain
That he never could.
David loves me madly;
This I always knew;
If I died for David,
What would David do?
Would he wed another?
What an awful thought!
I will live for David,
Lest he grieve a lot.
—Faye Chilcote Walker

**SUBLIME BUT SURE**

Let him be firm,
Let him cling
To his own opinion
On anything.

Sooner or later
Each husband will find
It's a woman's privilege
To change a man's mind!

—Thomas Usk

**Love and Honor**

The man Viola married
Bought her a golden sable.
My husband kissed me
And bought me a kitchen table.

Her man digs hands in his pockets
To pay for increasing wishes.
Mine takes his out of his pockets
And helps me with the dishes.

—Dorothy Burnham Eaton

Green fields...blue skies...warm stillness over all. Good weather
**To a Photograph - GIRL GRADUATE**

Time has not written yet one word of all The story he will write upon your face, For you have barely heard his light foot-fall.

In days to come Time will fly an apace
As if he challenged you to run a race.
I dare not ask that all the days to come
Be sunshine-flecked; there will be cloud and rain,
The burning lightning-flash and thunder’s drum.

But may you always hear the glad refrain
Of Love’s clear song, and see the sun again.
—Georgia Moore Eberling

**As ever - Yours**

I swept the hallway of my heart,
Each room I emptied, too...
And thought that I had closed the door
On every trace of you,

But when I pulled the twilight shades,
(For shutting out your face)
I found your slippers ... and your pipe...
In their accustomed place.
—Blanche DeGood Lofton

**SOLACE**

Though a wife finds housework trying,
She’d still be at a loss
To find a new position
Where she could boss the boss.
—W. E. Forbstein

**RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars**

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

**DREAMER VERSUS DOER**

You can keep your armored heart
I’ll take mine with all its scars
While you sat wishing for the moon
I reached up and touched the stars.
—Dorothy Lowell Richartz

**Magic**

"Henry" seemed, the other day,
A plain and homely name,
Sharp and terse, unbeautiful—
Before you came.
Now that you have laid your hand
On my hand, I have found
"Henry" ringing softly
With holy sound.
—Edith Hammond

**By TED MALONE**

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

for reading outdoors!
Ralph Edwards, whose Truth of Consequences program ran the contest, and Jack Benny, whose name won it, helped Mrs. Hubbard at script-time.

That day—the day that will always in my mind be "that Saturday"—no dramatist could have set the stage for sharper contrast.

Chicago's weather (and I can assure you that even the natives, though they put up a good front, suffer from it) was really going full blast. That biting wind, carrying rain and snow in from Lake Michigan—how it cut!

And, I must confess, even before I finished my day's work at Carson Pirie Scott and started out to fight the weather on my way home to the Chicago suburb of Austin, I was tired. Saturday's the big day at any department store, and after all, I'm 68! But it wasn't so much physical tiredness as . . . well, just weariness. The salesgirls in the casual clothes department, where I worked as a checker, were many of them just youngsters and the vitality with which they rushed off to their weekend fun, after the hard day's work they'd put in, made me the more tired by contrast.
Of Mrs. Hubbard's appearance on the Benny show, Mary Livingstone said, "You gave your lines like a professional!"

For Radio Mirror, the year's favorite Cinderella tells the story behind those famous words that named The Walking Man

By MRS. FLORENCE HUBBARD

$22,500

Two half-whispered words brought a golden shower into a quiet life, sent Mrs. Hubbard west to glamorous Hollywood.

And Saturday night, after the bustle of the day, is a pretty lonely time. When my husband was alive, even after the 1929 crash, there had been friends to see, guests in the house, plenty of exclamation points to brighten a week or a weekend.

I scolded myself as I climbed to my little two-and-a-half-room apartment at 48 North Waller Avenue. I still had friends, good ones and enough of them; I had my work—and if I hurried a little I could be out of my wet clothes, through with a steaming hot bath and ready to hear Truth or Consequences by the time it came on. That was enough excitement for anyone—for surely tonight would see the end of the Walking Man contest. It had been going on for ten weeks; everyone was talking about it. I had already sent in thirty contributions with my twenty-five word reason for supporting the American Heart Association, and if need be I could think of thirty more reasons. I have a special interest in the Heart Association, you see...

it was a heart attack that took Dr. Charles from me, thirteen years ago.

I just about had time to fix myself a plate of chop suey and turn my radio to WMAQ, before Ralph Edwards came on. I don't remember whether or not I ate; I guess not, because just the excitement of hearing Ralph Edwards lead up to the phone call was very bad for digestion! As I waited and listened, it almost seemed as though I could feel everyone around me listening too—people in the next apartment, upstairs, down the street. I guess half the country was listening, at that, for the tension as Mr. Edwards began to make his call seemed to come from all around, to be right in the air and not just in me. . .

And then, like a scream of excitement, my own phone rang.

People have told me what happened next. I knew my own name, thank goodness, well enough to tell Ralph Edwards when he asked (Continued on page 76)

Truth or Consequences, with Ralph Edwards as m.c., is heard Saturday nights at 8:30 EDT, on NBC.
Life Can Be Beautiful

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bisby and Don Becker, is heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, PDT; 1 MDT; 2 CDT; 3 EDT, on stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

Radio Mirror’s Best Letter of the Month
FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE

Dear Papa David:

I had been married less than a year when tragedy struck. A drunken driver crashed into our automobile when we were driving to the corner grocery. As a result of the accident, my leg was amputated.

I wanted to die. Instead of the glorious life my husband and I had dreamed of and planned for, I was to be a helpless burden on him for the rest of my life. Hurt, bitter, and filled with self pity, I refused to listen when he tried to cheer me up.

My mother came to help take care of me when I got out of the hospital. When she started talking about getting me a wheel chair I flew into a rage.

I think God must have given my husband wisdom. Instead of the hated wheel chair, he talked my mother into buying a good camera I had wanted before I lost interest in everything. The medicine worked. I forgot about myself in the enthusiasm of studying photography from the books my husband brought home to me.

I even let my husband talk me into being fitted for an artificial limb—an ordeal I had dreaded. Seeing the self-sufficient, normal people at the orthopedic place did me a world of good, for every one of them from the office girl in her trim nylons to the experts who did the work had one or two artificial limbs of their own.

The look of happiness on my husband’s face when I lay down my crutches and took the first few faltering steps on my new leg was more than enough to take away the pain. My husband, who had repeated with me at our marriage ceremony the words, “for better or for worse,” had done all that was humanly possible to change my “worse” to “better.” Anyone with less patience or less knowledge of psychology would have given up trying to alter my despondent outlook during those difficult months. I was very lucky to have so much to live for—a wonderful husband, the photography studio we were planning to open and work in together, and, best of all, the knowledge that things are never hopeless.

F. M.
Dear Papa David:

This happened in a coal mining town. There were eleven children in our family. I always had the worst temper from the time I can remember until I got to the age of fifteen. The age when a young man begins to get neat about himself and cleans his face and neck without being told and begins to see the girls in a different light.

We boys had built a swimming hole where we could go swimming and did go nearly every day. It is easy to learn to swim if you learn when young. As our swimming hole was not over twenty-five feet wide and about ten feet deep, we would dive in off the bank on one side and swim under water to the other side. Anyone can swim under water. I had done this so often and it was so easy I decided to try coming up before I got across and see if I couldn't swim just the same on top as I did under water. Sure enough it worked just the same and that is how I learned to swim.

One morning after breakfast, two of the boys I buddied with came along and yelled to me to come on and go swimming. Mother heard the shouting and said I had to go down to the store for yeast. (People those days baked their own bread.) That made me so mad I grabbed up something off the washing machine as I was passing and slung it around my neck. Mother told me to get going and get that yeast.

I started to town. It was about a half mile to the store down through the mining village from where we lived. The first group of boys I passed asked me what was the matter did I have a sore throat? "No! I ain't got no sore throat!" and I went straight ahead, walking with my temper. Soon I passed two girls and they wanted to know if I was sick or just had a sore throat and giggled. "No, I ain't got no sore throat!" and I kept on going. I went in the store on Main Street and got yeast. The store clerk after waiting on me asked if I was feeling sick or had a sore throat. "No, I ain't got no sore throat!" and away I went. On my way back toward home two girls passed on the other side of the street and I noticed they laughed after they passed me.

About two thirds of the way home my temper began to cool and I happened to look down for the first time since I started on my errand. I noticed something hanging down my chest. I grabbed and pulled from around my neck a suit of my mother's underwear, which I had tied there by the legs. My mom is no midget. She weighed 250 pounds! Wham! I threw them for a mile. I never did tell mother what became of them. To think I had been all the way to town and in the store and passed those girls and boys and was almost home with that underwear hanging around my neck! But I was cured right there and then of my bad temper.

I am 51 now and I tell my children they better watch their tempers. They just laugh. Life has been beauti-

ful and much smoother since I lost that temper once and for all.

J. B. T.

Dear Papa David:

My father died when I was nine years old. Mother was left with two small children to support. She took in washings, cleaned house for the town's folks, and got paid very little for her hard work. She was tired, nervous and worried all the time.

Papa had been in the hospital for weeks before he died and of course the bill had not been paid. The hospital and doctor bills kept coming and mama would cry and become cross and scold us every time one arrived. I decided that every time a bill came from the doctor I would burn it, because mama couldn't pay it anyway and just became worried and cross.

Finally one came that I could not ignore—the kind that says "unless this bill is paid we shall have to put it in the hands of collectors." That worried me considerably. I visualized mama going to jail and men coming to take away our pitifully few belongings. At last I could not stand it any longer so I took paper and pencil and wrote to this doctor. I reminded him that papa was dead and told him mama worked hard but only made enough money to buy food and fuel. But I added that I was a strong and healthy girl of nine and would soon be able to get work and earn money to pay this bill, in fact already I earned twenty-five cents occasionally watching neighbor children.

In just three days an answer arrived, and in it a receipt, paid in full from both doctor and hospital, and a letter from this wonderful man stating that if at a time we needed help, to please let him know and he would gladly serve us. He ended his kind letter with, "Bless you little girl and may you know the world is not such a bad place after all."

I still have this letter in my scrap book, Papa David. Now I am a mother of five children and life still isn't easy for me—then I look at this letter from the "Dear Doctor" and I remember that without fail, the sun always come through the clouds.

M. L.

(Continued on page 101)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Phone calls are routine for a secretary. What makes Bob's job special is that his day may include some skating with Skipper, Dick and Pigeon Haymes.

FRIENDLY people I know, chief among them my boss himself, keep trying to fix things up so that I can get ahead in the world. You can act, they say. Wanta make a test? You can sing. Wanta make a record? Wanta make a name for yourself? Sure, I say, but not rushing up, sure I do, if it won't interfere with my job. Because after five years as general flunkey to Dick Haymes—Dick calls me his secretary, but you can't do that to shorthand and typing—after five crazy years I know I'm in clover right where I am. Who else, I argue, has airplanes to fly, horses to ride, a swimming pool shimmering right outside his door—and no headaches over income taxes?

All right, I'm oversimplifying everything. But, actually, in my job I seem to fall into most of the gravy which goes with Dick's big success—the friends, the fun, the interesting people and interesting places—while avoiding most of the grief. (Stars get their grief, too, in oversize packages.) To give you an idea: it's Dick who has to get up at a frosty 3 A.M. on New Year's morning to get to Pasadena in time to present the Rose Queen. While he freezes, I lie snug in my bed—and hear the whole thing on the radio.)

I wouldn't like flunking to just any star. Too

By

BOB McCORD

Radio Mirror's cover star, Dick Haymes, is heard Thursday nights at 9 EDT, on CBS.
Dick Haymes, another for his “odds and ends man”

many of them seem to think flunkey is a synonym for toady. My job is special because my boss is special—especially generous, especially democratic, especially unaffected by fame. And we were friends first, boss and flunkey later, which helps account for the difference.

We met on the set of “Four Jills and a Jeep”—it was Dick's first picture. Mine, too, but differently. Dick was a radio star making an auspicious debut in films; I was just a guy pulled into the studio from a job in a potato field—but literally—because they needed an extra who knew how to ride a horse.

So many young kids come to Hollywood dreaming of acting careers, break their hearts over closed studio doors and end up as soda jerks or shop girls. When I got the California bug and headed west from my home in Sac City, Iowa, it wasn’t because there were studios out here, or glamor, or bright lights, but because there were ranches out here, and horses, and the kind of outdoor life I wanted for myself and the family I intended to come by.

So it was I, who didn’t give a hoot for glamor, who turned up on the set as an actor! I, who had trained for the job by selling dry goods in the J.C. Penney stores and digging potatoes in the fields. I know it doesn’t (Continued on page 90)

Bob McCord and Dick Haymes got friendly over horses, then found they worked well together, enjoyed the same things, had the same ideas. Now Bob is as much at home feeding the Haymes ranch chickens as Dick is (above); and perhaps a bit more at home than the boss at the office typewriter.
Success comes in all shapes and sizes: one kind is Dick Haymes, another for his "odd and ends man"

FRIENDLY people I know, chief among them, my boss himself, keep trying to fix things up so that I can get ahead in the world.

You can see, they say, want a name?

You can sing, want a record?

Want make a test?

Sure, I say, but not rushing up, sure I do, if it won't interfere with my job. Because after five years as general flunkey to Dick Haymes—Dick calls me his secretary, but you can't do that in shorthand and typing—after five crazy years I know I'm in clover right where I am.

Who else, I argue, has airplanes to fly, horses to ride, a swimming pool shimmering right outside his door—and no headaches over income taxes!

All right, I'm oversimplifying everything. But, actually, in my job I seem to fall into most of the gravy which goes with Dick's big success—his friends, the fun, the interesting people and interesting places—while avoiding most of the grid.

(Stars get their grief, too, in oversize packages. To give you an idea, it's Dick who has to get up at a frosty 3 A.M. on New Year's morning to get to Pasadena in time to present the Rose Queen. While he freeze, I lie snug in my bed—and hear the whole thing on the radio.)

I wouldn't like flunkeying to just any star. Too many of them seem to think flunkey is a synonym for toady. My job is special because my boss is special—especially generous, especially democratic, especially unaffected by fame. And we were friends first, boss and flunkey later, which helps account for the difference.

We met on the set of "Four Jills and a Jeep"—it was Dick's first picture. Mine, too, but differently. Dick was a radio star making an auspicious debut in films; I was just a guy pulled into the studio from a job in a potato field—but literally—because they needed an extra who knew how to ride a horse.

So many young kids come to Hollywood dreaming of acting careers, break their hearts over closed studio doors and end up as soda jerks or shop girls. When I got the California bug and headed west from my home in Sac City, Iowa, it wasn't because there were studios out here, or glamour, or bright lights, but because there were ranches out here, and horses, and the kind of outdoor life I wanted for myself and the family I intended to come by.

So it was I, who didn't give a hoot for glamour, who turned up on the set as an actor! I, who had trained for the job by selling dry goods in the J.C. Penney stores and digging potatoes in the fields. I know it doesn't (Continued on page 80)
There's a Hollywood legend about a girl who commands a wonderful salary merely because she can look more worried than any other two people in radio. The wags of Radio City claim she's in constant demand— to provide the proper atmosphere for the inevitable emergencies that arise with every coast-to-coast broadcast.

According to the members of our staff whose job it is to help the Bride and Groom couples with their wedding and honeymoon plans, our program could offer that girl a steady job... with overtime!

For instance, there's the matter of the last-minute changes in wedding dates. An example of this happened recently, when a groom-to-be was offered an important position in South America. But to accept the offer, he would have to sail within a week, and his wedding wasn't scheduled to take place for more than a month.

"Don't worry," I told him. "I'll get in touch with the couples who are to be married this week. I'm sure one of them will exchange dates with you."

One of the first calls I put through was to Ilse Ickert in Salt Lake City who was to marry Richard Egbert of that same city. I hadn't yet met Ilse or Dick except through letters, and when she answered the phone I was pleasantly surprised to find that her voice was not only unusually sweet, but that she spoke with a decided and intriguing accent.

Explaining the plight of the other couple, I said, "Since it means so much to them, would it be possible for you and Dick to delay your Bride and Groom date until next month?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, "If only Dick and I could help them. But, Mr. Nelson, waiting a month for our marriage might mean that I would lose Dick—even lose the right to stay in America!"

For singer Jack McElroy (l.) and M. C. Nelson's microphone, Dick Egbert and Ilse Ickert reenact the Great Proposal Scene.
whose hearts grew fonder

An ocean divided them, and grim official words.

But stardust made a special path for Ilse and Dick

I couldn’t believe my ears—but Ilse was hurrying to explain. “You see, I met Dick when he was with the American Army in Europe; and he obtained permission for me to come here as his fiancée. But unless we are married within a certain time, I will have to go back again—just when I have found all of happiness!”

Her voice broke with emotion, and I quickly assured her that the exchange of dates would be arranged with some other couple. (As it turned out, we found a couple to whom the later date was even more convenient.) But I was glad I had phoned Ilse, for it called to my special attention one of the most interesting of all Bride and Groom romances.

Ilse’s part of the story begins in 1941, when she and her twin sister were only sixteen. The only children of a wealthy theater owner, they lived in their family home at Aussig, Czechoslovakia, one hundred miles north of

Ilse slipped on the traditional bride’s garter in what she thought was a private corner—but the camera caught her.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Egbert, at last—in spite of everything that stood in the way.

Bride and Groom’s Roberta Roberts never attended a more excited bride than Ilse Ickert.

John Nelson is m. e. of Bride and Groom, Mon.-Fri. at 2:30 P.M. EDT. on ABC stations.
Prague. Charming and cultured, educated in the best schools of Europe, the two girls had known a childhood of happiness and comfort.

But these were the black years of the war; and overnight the village of Aussig was filled with the heavy rumble of Russian artillery, and the tramp of Russian troops, setting up their defense against the advancing Nazi hordes.

Ilse's voice grows heavy with sad memories when she speaks of that day. "The battle was coming so close that they could give us only an hour to leave our home. A single hour for saying goodbye to the place where we had lived since the day we were born!"

Their experiences in the next five years followed the tragically familiar pattern of refugee-life in wartime Europe. The hardships finally claimed the life of Ilse's father; and when the war ended the three survivors were in Heidelberg, Germany. The twin sisters, Ilse and Else, and their mother were quartered in one small room of a German house. "Our landlord," Ilse explained wryly, "was a former member of the S.S. troops."

In addition to the problem of their miserable living quarters, there was the daily question of obtaining enough food to keep alive. Finally, because of their anti-Nazi record, the girls were approved for employment in a clerical branch of the military government. Their life even then would seem of extreme hardship to us; but as Ilse explained, "There is a difference between merely being hungry all the time, and being afraid you are actually going to starve."

However, their new life did permit their occasional attendance at the places of entertainment set up by the Special Services department of the occupation army. The most impressive of these places was the beautiful Star-Dust Club, located picturesquely on the banks of the Neckar River. It was at this club that Richard Egbert entered the story.

Dick was with the Signal Corps of the United States Army. A veteran of two and a half years service overseas, he held the distinction of having transmitted over the Army radio the official "Cessation of Hostilities" message when the European war finally ended.

When asked what he remembered of his first meeting with Ilse, Dick grinned and said, "The Star-Dust Club was wonderful, the music was wonderful, and suddenly I was dancing with the most wonderful girl in the world.

After that, I was in too happy a haze to remember anything except that I'd fallen head over heels in love—at first sight!"

"I wasn't used to having things happen so quickly," laughed Ilse, "and I could imagine what my mother would say if I allowed a soldier whom I'd just met to escort me home. But I liked Dick from the first, so we finally compromised by agreeing that he could take me to the dance the following week."

But when Dick, his uniform pressed and buttons polished like a West Point cadet on graduation day, arrived at the Ickert billet the next Saturday night, he began to think he'd misunderstood Ilse's words. For when he said, "Hi there—ready to go?" the girl who had answered the door straightened indignantly and said, "I certainly am not! I don't go out with strangers!"

The bewildered Dick started to protest, but the girl turned on her heel and slammed the door. Flabbergasted, Dick stood there in the darkness a moment, then walked slowly away.

But behind him the door was flung open again, and there was the sound of running footsteps. "Dick, Dick, wait. It's—I—Ilse. And I'm ready to go!"

"I give up," Dick said helplessly. "What is this—some old European custom?"

"No, Ilse laughed. "That was Else who answered the door, my twin sister. Luckily, when she came in she told me about some 'fresh soldier' who had asked her if she was ready to go—so I knew what had happened."

From that night on, Dick admits, he spent most of his on-duty time figuring out new reasons for requesting a pass, so he could spend the hours with Ilse. As weeks passed, Ilse's gray-blue eyes lost some of their shadows of remembered sadness; and both she and Dick realized that theirs was no casual meeting of strangers in a far land. Instead, it was as though each had been waiting for the other through all the years that had gone before.

Finally Dick asked Ilse to marry him. "I knew he was going to ask me," said Ilse, "but I didn't know how wonderful it would sound when it really happened. How can I ever tell anyone what happiness it meant? The end of being alone and afraid, the start of being with the man I loved, even of going with him to his country—to America, which had always seemed almost like a fairyland!"

But there was the question of official permission for the marriage—permission which was not granted. "There were so many applications in those days," Dick explained, "that nine out of ten were disapproved. Ilse and I explained to the officials that she was not a German citizen, that she was listed as 'stateless' since she had been forced to leave her country, Czechoslovakia, when war had come to her village."

But the official mills grind slowly in such matters, and finally came what seemed the day of tragedy for all their plans: Dick was to be transferred back to the United States for discharge.

"We spent the last night walking in a park, talking," Ilse said, her voice grave at the remembrance. "Neither of us would put it into words, we both assured each other over and over again that it didn't mean the end, but in our hearts we had accepted the hopelessness of finding any answer."

The next morning, Ilse tried vainly to blink away the tears as she waved goodbye to Dick. Then she turned and walked back to the tiny one-room billet, alone.

It was several weeks before the first letter came from Dick, who was with his parents at their home in Salt Lake City. It was the first of a long series of daily letters; and in it was a line that caused Ilse's heart to beat faster with hope: "I haven't given up on getting the official permission."

Their exchange of letters (Continued on page 80)
Most of Alma Kitchell's televised cooking demonstrations show simple dishes, but now and then she throws in an elaborate number like the planked steak and vegetables.

**Alma Kitchell**

**ALMA KITCHELL**, known to millions of radio listeners for her sprightly women's programs, has completely deserted radio for television. There is a curious history-repeats-itself angle to her new activities too.

Alma came from Superior, Wisconsin, when she was a young girl, to study voice—that she did in New York City, and married her voice teacher in the process. In time she became a leading concert singer, and appeared as a soloist with important orchestras and choral organizations from coast to coast. She gave recitals at both Carnegie and Town Halls and was highly praised by the New York critics.

All this plus two sons would seem like a full life; but just about then everybody started talking about that new gadget—radio. Alma got interested—it sounded new and exciting. She went in search of a radio station, found WJZ, sang for them, and from that day on for over twenty years not a week passed that did not find Mrs. Kitchell before the microphones. She went naturally from singing to women's programs—her curiosity, warm enthusiasm for new things, and friendly personality (Cont'd on page 85)
ARE you hearing whispers and shouts on every side about the fact that anyone who gets into television now on the ground floor (or at least the mezzanine) is going to make a million dollars in no time at all? Have you been wondering how you might get in on the bonanza? Well, owning your own television station is one way. Throughout the nation television stations are popping up as fast as the FCC grants permits and station owners can obtain equipment.

Now the question is—how do you go about building one of these potential gold mines? How do you get into what promises to be one of the most lucrative industries in the nation within the next five years?

Let's take as an example WPIX in New York. This station, owned by The New York Daily News, will be completed in June. Since The Daily News has the largest circulation of any newspaper in America, it will be interesting to see how this fabulous organization went about starting its video station.

The late Joseph Medill Patterson, founder of The News, first became interested in television in 1939. He quickly became convinced that The News should have a station.

Plans were under way when the United States went to war in 1941 and were dropped for the duration. On January 31, 1944, however, it was decided to make application to the FCC; but because the war was still on, hearings were put off. (This FCC application for permit, by the way, is a lengthy, involved, and expensive business.) Finally on May 24, 1946, an amended application was filed and hearings were held June 3rd and 4th. At that time there were seven requests for the four channels then available in the New York area.

Nearly a year later, on May 8, 1947, a television CP (construction permit) was granted to The News. Then the operation shifted into high gear. Architects were called in and by July Alexander D. Crosett and Associates were selected to do the job. (Continued on page 103)
DON ROPER started at WABD, the Dumont television station in New York, as a page boy just two years ago. Today he is chief announcer for the station. Television, like radio in its early days, will catapult talented people to the top in record time. Don is only 24 years old. He had some theater and radio background, but was so eager to get into video that any job available in the field—even the page-boy spot—seemed a heaven-sent opportunity. He used it as such, anyway; he went cheerfully about his page-boy duties in order to get the feel of television work. Later came small assignments as an announcer and some scripting. These led to responsible jobs in production, direction, and coordination. The diversity of Don's television experience is characteristic of the careers of most of the young people who are establishing themselves in this field. Don has an excellent voice and he's used it for everything from weather announcements to ringside sports narration. He's been in drama, comedy, and variety shows.

MARY KAY came to television via the legitimate stage. Three years ago she was one of the thousands of youngsters who arrive in New York annually for a brave attempt to get into the theater. Better equipped than most (she had studied dramatics at 14 under Zeke Colvin, former stage manager for Ziegfeld, and had been part of the famous Actors' Lab in Los Angeles, her home town), she was also luckier than most, because she obtained a job as understudy in 'Dear Ruth' almost at once, and was soon given a role. She went into stock when the show closed and there met and married a young actor, Johnny Stearns. Johnny was enthusiastic about television. They worked out a show and in October, 1947, they started their television program "Mary Kay and Johnny" on WABD, Dumont's New York Station. Their show is a comedy and is concerned with the everyday happenings in the lives of a pair of young marrieds; a subject very close to home with them, of course.

BEN GRAUER owns one of the most famous names in radio—and one of the best-known voices. Now his attractive face is becoming familiar to televiewers via NBT's Eye Witness and Americana. Ben began on television as an occasional interviewer and m.c. on spot news and feature programs. This was in 1945 and early '46. Ben's career as a regularly scheduled NBC television personality began when Eye-Witness started. This program takes viewers behind the scenes of the television industry, and has taken Ben to Washington, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities along the East Coast where television manufacture and broadcasting is in operation. With the addition of Americana to the list of NBC television programs Ben took on a second show. Americana is a question and answer program which requires, in addition to the ability to think and talk fast, a broad knowledge of American history, politics, and folklore.

JINI BOYD O'CONNOR is writer and co-m.c. with Gil Fates of Scrapbook — popular children's program series broadcast every Sunday at 6:30 P.M. over CBS Television Station WCBS-TV. Membership in the Junior Editors of The Scrapbook, JETS for short, now totals 6,000 youngsters, with new additions coming in at the rate of 400 a week. Jini was a woman's commentator on radio station WBAB, Atlantic City, New Jersey, before starting Scrapbook about a year ago. She is quite athletic—an expert horsewoman, a champion table tennis star, and is currently bettering her swimming technique for competitive purposes. Jini lives at Longport, New Jersey. She has held the New Jersey State Women's Table Tennis Championship for years. During the war, she toured service camps here and abroad with National USO Units in exhibition table tennis. She still plays matches, occasionally, at veterans' hospitals.
What television demands of an actor can be seen in these three pictures of NBC's Vaughan Taylor, the first actor to date to have been developed by video. He's Dickens' Uriah Heep (1.); a crusty old hermit; and, right, a fast-talking agent.

Joan Lloyd (center), Radio Mirror's television editor, was a recent guest on NBC's Television Screen Magazine (Thurs. 8:30 P.M. EDT). Editor-in-chief is Millicent Fenwick; managing editor is John McCaffery.

Bet you'll be surprised to hear that the way-back beginnings of the possibility of television started in 1873. That was the year a scientist named May discovered the effect of light on the conductivity of the element selenium. This discovery formed the basis for later experiments in television.

Many political big-wigs feel that radio and television will play a more important part in the elections this year than the newspapers. Video set manufacturers are going all out in production in preparation for the conventions. Already the video receiving sets are rolling out of the factories at the rate of about 1,000 a day.

David O. Selznick's "stable of stars," which includes Gregory Peck and Joseph Cotten, has been presented with television sets and briefed on the importance of the new medium.

New Yorkers and Chicagoans inspecting West Coast television activities are unanimous in the opinion that Manhattan video is far ahead in programming and techniques, but are also agreed that eventually Hollywood is destined to become the nation's television capital because of the concentration of looks and talent out there.

Here's a new slant and an idea for other experts. Video is going to mean added revenue for the nation's top golfers. One talent agency has already signed up 15 of the country's leading golfers to make instruction shorts for telecasting.

Televisers are concentrating on setting up networks as quickly as possible. By March, NBC had in operation the relay system making possible the full time operation of the NBC East Coast video network between Schenectady and Washington, D.C.

CBS, also concerned with building a coast-to-coast television network, has already started construction on the nation's largest television studio plant. It will occupy more than 700,000 cubic feet in the Grand Central Terminal Building in New York City and will serve as the center for telecasting operations for the network in the future. Even while it is under construction, space as it becomes useable will be turned over to the telecasting
Coast in TELEVISION

Martha Raye (L) and Pat Dane (r.) were Jack Eigen's guests at one of his WABD gossip shows (Wed., 7:15).

Singer Kenneth Spencer, guest on WABD's Fashions on Parade, got video briefing from Raymond Nelson (r.).

staffs. To give you an idea of CBS plans for this operation, here are details from the CBS announcement.

The studio plant facilities will comprise two large studios (sketch-plans of which were shown here last month) with associated control rooms, scenery and construction rooms, film facilities, maintenance, wardrobe and property storage quarters, Master Control room and offices for operational officials and crews. Space is available for additional studios.

The two large main studios have working areas of 55 x 85 feet of floor space with potential ceiling heights of 45 feet. With their associated features they will occupy more than 700,000 cubic feet. Between the studios will be the scenery construction and storage departments, also with a 45-foot ceiling.

Elevated catwalks for the lighting and sound technicians will span each of the two main studios. Ceilings and walls will be studded with the latest types of lighting banks. Cranes and booms for camera, lights and microphones will permit sound and sight pickups which cannot be achieved in smaller studios.

The Master Control design looks ahead many years to all conceivable patterns of (Continued on page 79)
BET you'll be surprised to hear that the way-back beginnings of the possibility of television started in 1873. That was the year a scientist named May discovered the effect of light on the conductivity of the element selenium. This discovery formed the basis for later experiments in television.

Many political big-wigs feel that radio and television will play a more important part in the elections this year than the newspapers. Video set manufacturers are getting all out in production in preparation for the conventions. Already the video receiving sets are rolling out of the factories at the rate of about 1,000 a day.

David O. Selznick's "stable of stars," which includes Gregory Peck and Joseph Cotten, has been presented with television sets and briefed on the importance of the new medium.

New Yorkers and Chicagoans inspecting West Coast television activities are unanimous in the opinion that Manhattan video is far ahead in programming and techniques, but are also agreed that eventually Hollywood is destined to become the nation's television capital because of the concentration of looks and talent out there.

Here's a new slant and an idea for other experts. Video is going to mean added revenue for the nation's top golfers. One talent agency has already signed up 15 of the country's leading golfers to make instruction shorts for telecasting.

Televisors are concentrating on getting up networks as quickly as possible. By March, NBC had in operation the relay system making possible the full time operation of the NBC East Coast video network between Schenectady and Washington, D.C.

CBS, also concerned with building a coast-to-coast television network, has already started construction on the nation's largest television studio plant. It will occupy more than 100,000 cubic feet in the Grand Central Terminal Building in New York City and will serve as the center for telecasting operations for the network in the future. Even while it is under construction, space as it becomes usable will be turned over to the telecasting staff. To give you an idea of CBS plans for this operation, here are details from the CBS announcement.

The studio plant facilities will comprise two large studios (sketch-plans of which were shown here last month) with associated control rooms, scenery and construction rooms, film facilities, maintenance, wardrobe and property storage quarters, Master Control room and offices for operational officials and crews. Space is available for additional studios.

The two large main studios have working areas of 32 x 58 feet of floor space with potential ceiling heights of 45 feet. With their associated features they will occupy more than 100,000 cubic feet. Between the studios will be the scenery construction and storage departments, also with a 45-foot ceiling.

Elevated catwalks for the lighting and sound technicians will span each of the two main studios. Ceilings and walls will be studded with the latest types of lighting fixtures. Cranes and booms for cameras, lights and microphones will permit sound and sight pickups which cannot be achieved in smaller studios.

The Master Control design looks ahead many years at conceivable patterns of (Continued on page 79).
1. When young Portia Blake was left a widow with her small son Dickie to support, she found that she could expect neither help nor sympathy from her mother-in-law. In fact, the elder Mrs. Blake tried to win custody of Dickie. So Portia bravely began to make her way in Parkerstown as a lawyer. Through her work she met reporter Walter Manning; they fell in love and were planning marriage when Walter was tricked into promising to marry the selfish society girl, Arlene Harrison.

2. Walter went to Europe as a war correspondent, and Portia threw herself into civic work. Unhappy and lonely, she met Dr. Stanley Holton, who fell in love with her. But he was murdered in circumstances so damaging to Portia that, after a trial, she was saved from sentence only by the last-minute confession of singer Julie Peters. Portia defended Julie, won an acquittal based on self-defense. And then Walter returned from Europe... at least, it looked and sounded like Walter.
But the Walter who returned was a Nazi spy, using his likeness to Walter to impersonate him. The true Walter got back to the U.S. in time to destroy his double's plot. Released from Arlen, he married Portia—which made parting more difficult when he went back to counter-espionage in Germany. Then came the report of his death. Lonely, Portia drifted into an engagement with Dr. Norman Byron.
4. Portia’s friend Kathy Campbell, a dietitian, was in love with Byron. Jealous, Kathy kept from Portia her knowledge that Walter was not dead, but a patient in a N. Y. mental hospital. Walter read of Portia’s plans for marriage, eluded his doctors and came to Parkerstown.

5. Bursting in on Portia and Byron, Walter, who was liable to an AWOL charge, persuaded his startled wife to go with him to Cuba. Byron followed, managed to get Walter to return. Walter did not encourage the advances of traveling-companion Elaine Arden, but later her handkerchief...

8. Portia, hurrying to a reunion with Walter, was badly hurt in an accident. Though progressive paralysis set in, she went with Walter to Hollywood when his hook was bought for filming by Advance Pictures. There she found her first hope that the paralysis might be permanently cured.

9. With Portia on the way to recovery, the Mannings went home to Parkerstown. But Leslie Palmer, head of Advance’s story department, tried to keep Walter in Hollywood with her by telling him a small town would dull his work. When that failed, she got him an advance on his third book.
6... in his pocket provoked a quarrel between Walter and Portia. Walter angrily left, took a job in a factory and started to write a book. Elaine followed him, conspiring with Byron to make it look as though she and Walter were intimate, so that Portia would ask for a divorce.

7. But Elaine repented the lie, decided to confess to Portia that Walter had remained a faithful husband. As Byron struggled to stop her from going, Elaine accidentally killed him. Frantic, she begged Portia's help; Portia won an acquittal, and grateful Elaine cleared Walter.

10. But the third book, as Leslie knew, was to be turned down, leaving Walter in debt to Advance. When they assigned him to Ankara to work on a documentary film, he could not refuse. The quiet life that Portia so deeply desires for herself and Walter and Dickie seems unattainable.

11. There was bitterness in the leavetaking, for Portia could not even accompany him to New York, where he was to embark—she stayed to defend their friend Mark Randall, held on a trumped-up murder charge. When Mark was free, she rushed to New York, but arrived just as Walter's boat left.
THE Charlie McCarthy Show originates in NBC's Radio City studios in Hollywood. So, if you live in Rhode Island or Nebraska, you've never expected to see a studio broadcast. But Radio Mirror has never regarded that as a fair arrangement; we'd like to make it possible for every listener to have the thrill of being part of the studio audience at a big network production. This month, therefore, the editors have made arrangements to seat you about third row center—a very good location—as the cast of Edgar
Bergen's program assembles on the stage. Far left is producer Earl Ebi who, because timing and cueing are so vital a part of comedy-building, works directly on the stage with his cast rather than from a booth as most producers do. You'll recognize Charlie, supported by the guiding hand of his master Edgar Bergen; they're exchanging with guest Al Jolson the kind of suave insult for which Edgar has made his dummy famous. On the podium is musical director Ray Noble. Traveling right, we come to Ersel Twing (played by Pat Patrick, who obviously never got over having been born in Strawberry Point, Iowa). Beside him, vocalist Anita Gordon, whose teen-age charm comes as a surprise to those who know her mature singing style. Seated, far right with scripts, are announcer Ken Carpenter and versatile actor John Brown, who creates comedy characters on this and a double-handful of other programs.

The Charlie McCarthy show is heard Sunday nights at 5 PDT, 8 EDT, on NBC.
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The Charlie McCarthy show is heard Sunday nights at 5 PDT, 8 EDT, on NBC.
I FIRST ran into Milton about twelve years ago. It was at Radio City Music Hall at an enormous midnight benefit show. He was one of the masters of ceremonies. My job was to walk out to the center of the stage, make an announcement and stand by the microphone with a stop watch for thirty seconds for station identification.

I was new in New York, straight from Boston, and I had never been on anything so vast as that stage, which is the biggest in the world. It looked like a mile to the mike from where I stood in the wings. It is not the easiest thing in the world to walk and walk and walk with 6,000 people watching you, but I made it, gave the announcement with every ounce of dignity I could summon, and stood there facing the audience. Since I was not supposed to be funny, I hoped that I was making a reasonably pleasant impression of substance and calm as befitted one who announced the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra broadcasts.

Suddenly nightmare set in. I was aware that I was losing my balance. An inexorable pressure was forcing my feet apart. Milton had sauntered over behind me and was giving me what is known as "a spread." I could not leave the microphone. There was only one place for me to go, and that was down.

So my first feeling for Milton Berle was not one of out-pouring affection. I don't remember how long it was before I met him again, but I do remember a lot of time elapsed before I spoke! Later, after we became close friends, I regretted that I had allowed so much time to pass before getting to know the real Berle. I saw a lot of him just the same because I found him irresistibly funny—so long as he was in a show and I was in the audience with a chair firmly under me and my back to the wall.

When he was headlining the floor show at The Carnival, I dropped in to see his act so often that I knew it as well as he did, but I would find myself rolling on the floor with the rest of the customers just the same. Part of his appeal to repeaters, of course, is that he never fails to give a bonus of the unexpected in every performance.

He was unpredictable then, and I attributed it to the informal atmosphere of a night club. However, since working with him, I have learned with mixed emotions that the unexpected is what always must be expected of Berle, even on his radio show. New and funny lines occur to him constantly, and in they go.

For instance, the other evening the script called for me to tell a story. His line, following, was "Very true, Mr. Gallop."

But on the air his line came out, "You slowed that story down to a Gallop. You should have done it at a Cantor—and I wish you were on his program."

Bar none, he is the greatest ad-lib comedian I have ever known. It is perfectly true that he has a bank of filing cabinets filled with gags. But they are all in his head, too. There isn't a subject in the world he cannot make a gag or a pun about, and instantly.

His memory is phenomenal. He spouts new gags all day long to the cast, waiters, elevator operators, everyone he meets. He never writes any of them down, but he never forgets one. They are filed in his mind until he drops into his office which is usually once a day. There he dictates a string of jokes, puns and ideas to his secretary who files them for future reference.

He has been working on his backlog of gags ever since he was seven years old and his mother made him memorize ten new jokes a day. She invented this somewhat unusual home-work for him immediately after he had his first heady experience with public acclaim. This was when he won a prize for an imitation of Charlie Chaplin in an amateur contest. From then on the standard studies of the second grade seemed dull stuff indeed.

Partially in self defense so that there would be variety in her home-grown floor (Continued on page 86)
Milton Berle is one man who's sure Mother Knows Best. Way back in his grade school days she knew him for what he was—a born comedian.
THE month of June belongs to brides. If a special friend or relative of yours is getting married, why not make her wedding cake? Give it to her for a wedding present.

Just make two angel cakes from the recipe given below for Bride's Cake. When they are done and have cooled, place them one on top of the other so that the tops meet at the center. Frost the entire cake and put a doily in the center to cover the hole. Fill it with flowers and leaves made of frosting, placed so that the stems and leaves fall down over the sides. This cake is especially nice for a home wedding or small reception. Here are directions for the Bride's Cake and some suggestions for what to serve afterwards.

WEDDING CAKE
5 cups sifted cake flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup butter or margarine
4 cups sugar
3/4 tablespoon vanilla
2 cups milk
10 egg whites

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter until soft and smooth and gradually add sugar, beating until very fluffy; add vanilla. Add flour alternately with milk, beating until smooth after each addition; fold in egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Turn into 3 greased and lightly floured layer cake pans of different sizes, filling each about 1/2 full, and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes. When cool, put layers together, pyramid style, with Butter Cream Frosting, spreading very smoothly. By forcing frosting through pastry tube, make a garland of white rosebuds around each layer and cover top with rosebuds. At the top place the tiny bride and groom figures. Yield: 3 graduated layers, 12, 9, 6 inches.

BRIDE'S CAKE
1 cup sifted cake flour
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 cup egg whites (8 to 10)
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour with 1/4 cup of the sugar; sift remaining sugar. Place egg whites in a large bowl and then whip with a beater until the eggs are frothy. Add salt, cream of tartar and vanilla, and continue beating until stiff but not dry. Gradually add remaining sugar, about 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended. Sprinkle flour, a little at a time, over egg whites and fold in lightly. Continue until flour is used. Turn into an ungreased 9-inch tube pan, and bake in a moderately slow oven (325° F.) for 1 hour. Allow cake to cool in pan, inverted, about 1 hour.

Note: Make this recipe twice for the bride's cake in the picture.

BUTTER CREAM FROSTING
1/4 cup shortening
1 package (1 pound) confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoon lemon, almond or vanilla extract
dash of salt
1/4 cup milk (about)
vegetable coloring

Cream shortening until soft; gradually stir in 1 cup of the sugar. Then add the flavoring. Add the remaining sugar alternately with the milk, beating until smooth after each addition. Add only enough milk for proper spreading consistency. Color as desired with vegetable coloring. Makes enough for 8-inch layer cake.

Directions for decorating the Bride's Cake:
Use the recipe for Butter Cream Frosting. Place the two angel food (Continued on page 100)
THE Malones had had a busy day. Anne had accompanied one of Jerry's patients, a very special and valuable patient, to the hospital in Lincoln Falls. Jerry himself had been in Lincoln Falls, broadcasting a reassurance to the people of Three Oaks and the surrounding countryside that their water supply was not, as had been suspected, contaminated. They had met at the broadcasting station and had driven home to Three Oaks together. Now, as Jerry stopped the car outside their house, Anne leaned over and kissed him.
"There!" she said. "Know what that's for?"
Tired as he was, Jerry couldn't help teasing her. "Does it have to be for something?"
"No," she said, "but it is. I was so proud of you when you were making your speech! You sounded as though you spoke on the radio every day of your life."
Jerry stretched—and every muscle seemed to creak with weariness. "I wonder if it's an easier way of earning..."
me, I'm going up to take a bath." Phyllis's eyes followed him up the stairs. Anne, watching her, felt pity tug at her heart. Poor Phyllis! When would she see that it was hopeless? The doorbell rang, and they both jumped.

"Hey, Anne!" Jerry called from upstairs. "I bet that's Carl—"

"I've got to get out," said Phyllis, panicking. "The back way—"

"Wait." Anne stopped her. Something had clicked into place in her mind. Not a plan, hardly even a thought—but something. "If it is Carl, Phyllis," she said with a small smile, "don't you think you'd better stay and make your own apologies?"

Phyllis didn't want to stay. But she hesitated just a second too long; then Anne was opening the door. Over her shoulder Phyllis saw the finely drawn, sombre and undeniably handsome face of Carl Ward. "I hope I'm not intruding—" he began hesitantly.

Laughing, Anne drew him into the room. "We hope you're going to intrude for a long time. I believe you've met Miss Dineen?" They shook hands awkwardly. Anne's eyes danced from one to the other. "You're both staying for dinner, you know," she said.

"Phyllis, I'll call Mrs. Morrison and tell her that you won't be home." She went out of the room, leaving behind her a strained silence.

Phyllis fumbled for a cigarette. Carl reached hurriedly for a match, struck it so hard that it broke, struck another.

"Nice country around here, isn't it?" he said desparately. "Very peaceful—"

"Very beautiful," said Phyllis. "I wish you could see it when it's green. Perhaps you will—" She broke off abruptly, realizing that she was being entirely too enthusiastic. Just because she'd blundered badly about his injury was no reason to fall all over him. In a different tone she added, "You know Dr. Malone at college?"

Carl nodded. "We went to State together." He was looking at her curiously. "Excuse me—but did you say your name was—"
Retold for Radio Mirror—the story of a lost man and a bitter woman, whom Young Dr. Malone could not help until they turned to each other.

Phyllis had had a busy day. Anne had accompanied one of Jerry's patients, a very special and valuable patient, to the hospital in Lincoln Falls. Jerry himself had been in Lincoln Falls, broadcasting a reminder to the people of Three Oaks and the surrounding countryside that their supply of gas was low, as had been expected, contaminated. They had met at the broadcasting station and had driven home to Three Oaks together. Now, as Jerry stopped the car outside their house, Anne leaned over and kissed him.

"There," she said. "Know what that's for?"

"For what, was he, Jerry couldn't help teasing her. "Does it have to be something?"

"No," she said, "but it is. I am so proud of you when you were making your speech! You sounded as though you spoke on the radio every day of your life."

"Jerry stretched—and every muscle seemed to spasm with weakness. "I wonder if it's easier way of earning living than being a doctor," he specified. "I'm glad I sounded all right to you. You know, this morning when I was trying to think what to say, I just didn't feel like I just put down the first thing that came into my head. I felt sort of say anything about Dindo's plot—just admit that there was mistake in the analysis of the water and let it go at that. If folks want to make fun of me for making a mistake,"

"They won't," said Anne softly. "They'll respect you for not trying to make anybody. Come, let's get into the house before you fall asleep."

Phyllis Dinmore, who had been called to watch over their four-year-old Jill for the day, had seen them drive and was waiting for them, the door open. Phyllis—baby-sitting—Anne did find it hard to believe. The first few she had seen Phyllis, some months before, had been in a crowded salon and Phyllis had looked as if she were making her way out, dragging—dragging—mink coat on the floor behind her. But circumstances—or Phyllis—changed since then. She had left her father's house on the hill near Three Oaks, left the mink coat and the shining, arrogant convertible, trod moved in to stay with the widowed Mrs. Morrison next door to the Martins.

"Jerr, you were wonderful!" she greeted them. "Better than Sinatra. You and Anne!"

"Thanks," Jerry grinned. "It's because I knew working was involved here. How's our daughter? Is there any calls?"

"Fine," laughed Phyllis, taking the questions in order. "And, yes, there was a call, sort of. I mean, you had a visitor."

"You startled her, I'd say."

"She had said he was an old friend—Carl Ward."

Carl Jerry gasped. "Here?" said Anne, and, as they moved wildly around as if the visitor might even then be concealed behind the door. "Did he say who he was?"

"He said he might if he could," Phyllis answered. "Only, I'm afraid I didn't make a very good impression—what a time back!"

"In terribly sensitive guy to begin with. He must have seen all the way and been looking for a chance to make a move back?"

"You see, Jerry interrupted, "he was coming in, right inside, and he must be that's Car—"

"Oh!" said Phyllis—a soft little exclamation of pain and regret. "He, when you see him again, please apologize for me."

"Forget it," said Jerry. "I just hope he's back. Now can we come out? I'm too tired to see anyone else tonight. Now, if you girls will excuse me, I'm going up to take a bath."

Phyllis's eyes followed him up the stairs. Anne, watching her, felt pity tug at her heart. Poor Phyllis! When would she see that it was hopeless?"

"The doorbell rang, and they both jumped."

"Hey, Anne!" Jerry called from upstairs. "It's that's Carl!"

"He got to get out," said Phyllis, penciled. "The back way!"

"Wait!" Anne stopped her. Something had clicked into place in her mind. Not a plan, hardly even a thought—but something. "If it is Carl, Phyllis," she said with a small smile, "don't you think you'd better stay and make your own apologies?"

"Phyllis didn't want to stay. But she hesitated just a second too long; then Anne was opening the door. Over her shoulder Phyllis saw the finely drawn, somber and undoubtedly handsome face of Carl Ward. "I hope I'm not intruding,—he began hesitantly, leaving Anne drew him into the room. "We hope you're going to intrude for a long time. I believe you've come on your own and I'm not Miss Dinmore!" They shook hands awkwardly. Anne's eyes danced from one to the other. "You've both staying for dinner, you know," said Phyllis, "I'll call Mrs. Morrison and tell her that you won't be home."

"She went out of the room, leaving behind her a strained silence."

Phyllis tumbled for a cigarette. Carl reached hurriedly for a match, struck it to hard that it broke, struck another.

"Nice country around here, isn't it?" he said desperately. "Very peaceful—"

"Very beautiful," said Phyllis. "I wish you could see it when it's green. Perhaps you will? She broke off abruptly, realizing that she was being entirely too enthusiastic. Just because she'd blundered badly about his injury was no reason to fall all over him."

"In a different tone she added, "You know Dr. Malone at all?

"Carl nodded. "We went to State together. He was looking at her curiously. "Excuse me—but did you say your name was—"
“Dineen,” said Phyllis. “Any relation of—”

“His daughter,” she answered shortly. It was Carl’s turn to feel that he had blundered. He was sensitive about his leg, and quick to feel a like sensitiveness in others. Although why a girl should hesitate to admit to being the daughter of Roger Dineen, the most powerful man in the state, he didn’t understand. It was a relief to hear Anne’s quick footsteps returning.

“It’s going to be a party,” she announced brightly. “I invited Mrs. Morrison, too. It’ll be her first time out since her pneumonia.” Phyllis rose quickly. “Then I’d better go over and help her dress. You will excuse me, won’t you?” She was gone almost before the words were spoken. Bewildered and uncomfortable, Carl turned to Anne.

“I’m afraid I’m not much of a social lion,” he said. “I chased Miss Dineen away. All I did was ask her if her father was Roger Dineen.”

“Nonsense!” said Anne. “You didn’t chase her away. And you’ll find her a very fine person, when you get to know her better. Jerry and I want you to stay with us for a while, Carl.”

“Oh, no!” He looked almost shocked. “I mean—thanks very much, but I’m at a hotel down near the University, and—”

Jerry came down the stairs, freshly bathed and changed, innocent of Carl’s arrival. He stopped, gaping, in the living room doorway, then burst out, “Good Lord!”

“Jerry,” Carl tried awkwardly to rise. “I’m still not too good at getting out of a chair—”

“Jerry,” Anne interrupted, “I want you to come right to the point with Carl. I’m having a little trouble with him. He wants to go back to the University without stopping over with us.”

“That is out,” said Jerry. “Definitely. I’ll puncture your tires.”

Carl shook his head. “After I beat it out on you that time you came down to see me at the University? I’ve wanted to explain—”

“No,” Carl hesitated. “You haven’t got it quite right, Jerry. I was afraid to see you for fear I’d ask you, once we got to talking. Then you couldn’t refuse—and I’m really not very good company these days, Jerry, I know that I shouldn’t let the loss of a foot throw me, but it does. I—I guess I just haven’t got what it takes—”

“Hey, Ward,” said Jerry. “Shut up!”

Carl flushed. Then slowly he relaxed. Slowly, he began to smile. “You know,” he said, “it’s—it’s a little like old times, isn’t it?”

Anne brought them drinks, and went out to the kitchen to get dinner. Jill, having finished her supper, came in to inspect Carl, and approved of him to the extent of making her way onto his lap. Carl sipped his drink, sniffed the savoury odors emanating from the kitchen, and looked at Jerry over Jill’s silken head.

“You lucky stiff,” he said softly. “You lucky, lucky—”

“I know it,” said Jerry. “But I don’t mind admitting that I’ll feel luckier after I’ve had my dinner. I’m starved I—”

The telephone rang. Jerry answered, spoke briefly, and hung up. Anne came out of the kitchen, her eyes wide with distress.

“Jerry,” she said. “It isn’t a patient, now, before dinner—”

“Patient? No.” Jerry was reaching for his hat, feeling in his pocket for the keys to his car. “It’s Suggs. He’s got Dineen and his secretary Burke in his office, and they want to talk about Ledderbe’s confession. Hubert Leander Suggs,” he explained swiftly to Carl, “is editor and publisher of the News and Dispatch in Lincoln Falls. A character, and a swell guy. Dineen and Burke and Ledderbe—well, I’ll tell you some other time. Right now I’ve got to get to Suggs’ office in Lincoln Falls.”

“But, Jerry, your dinner!” Anne cried. But Jerry had gone. Anne turned to Carl. She was ready to cry from disappointment, but she managed a smile. “You see?” she said. “That’s always the way . . .”

Dinner, even without Jerry, was on the surface a success. Whenever the conversation even threatened to lag, the plump and comfortable Mrs. Morrison carried it on, usually with fond reminiscences about the late Mr. Morrison. When she’d said “Mr. Morrison always—” for the dozenth time, Carl caught Phyllis’ eye, and she smiled faintly at him. The gaze she turned upon Mrs. Morrison was affectionate and understanding; Carl suddenly found himself liking her a great deal more than he’d thought he would.

But there was an undercurrent that made him uneasy. He didn’t like the way Anne and Mrs. Morrison kept looking at Phyllis and at him, and then at each other. After dinner, as soon as he decently could, he was glad to escape to the darkness and the privacy of the front porch.

The air was soft with spring, a night of dreams and moonlight. Carl told himself that he was watching for Jerry, but he found himself staring emptily at the pattern of leaves against the street-lamp on the corner. Then the door opened, and Phyllis came out to stand quietly beside him.

“If you’d like to be alone,” she said, “just say so, and I’ll vanish. I’ve been driven from the kitchen—Mrs. Morrison and Anne just wouldn’t let me help with the dishes. As a matter of fact, I think I’m the object of a conspiracy . . . and you, too.”

Carl lighted a cigarette, looked at her over the flare of the match. “Oh?”

“Yes. Only, I’m afraid I’m not very entertaining.”

“Neither am I,” said Carl. “I guess I’ve got to be sort of afraid of strangers.”

“I have, too.” As if drawn by a magnet, her gaze went past the little town, across the valley, up to the tall hills beyond. The hills where the big houses were, Carl thought. The estates—and among, them, probably, Roger Dineen’s.

“Care to talk about it?” he asked quietly.

“Would you?” she countered. “About why you’re afraid of strangers?”

He thought a moment. “No, I guess not. And perhaps that’s best.”

“Perhaps,” she agreed. She moved restlessly. “I wonder what’s keeping Jerry? He should have been back in a couple of hours. It’s almost three since he left.”

“Lucky guy,” said Carl. “To have two pretty women waiting for him.”

Phyllis stiffened. He couldn’t have guessed, she thought, not from the little she had said. But he had guessed, and it was frightening to realize that he could read thoughts and emotions that she hardly dared admit to herself.

“You oughtn’t say things like that!”
she said sharply. "Not even to joke." Then in a lower tone she added, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to speak that way."

"I'm sorry, too," said Carl. "I shouldn't have said what I did. I guess I'll go inside."

Phyllis was about to go with him, when, far down the street, she heard the motor or a car. She changed her mind. "I think I'll stay out a bit," she said, and as Carl went into the house, she left the porch, swiftly crossed the lawn. He car stopped by the house. As Jerry got out and started up the walk, Phyllis stepped out of the shadows.

"Phyllis!" he exclaimed. "Is that you? What happened to the party?"

"And Anne and Mrs. Morrison are inside. Carl was out here for a while, but he just went in. I—I guess he got bored."

"You talked to Carl?" he asked.

"What do you think? Do you think he's going to like it here?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I was careful not to ask any questions."

"But what was your impression?" he persisted.

"I don't know, really Jerry!" Her voice was sharp again. She didn't want to talk about Carl—not when Jerry was here, so close she could touch him. Not when everything inside her, and the bewitching night around them was pleasing, insisting, driving her toward him.

"Phyllis, what's the matter? You sound down in the dumps, too."

She almost hated him then, because he could be so blind, so masochistic. "Nothing," she said. "Nothing the matter. I'm sorry I can't do a dance for you."

He looked at her closely, saw the real misery in her face, and his voice softened. "Hey, now, Phyl, that's a wisecrack. And you oughtn't make wisecracks at me, I say!"

"She or didn't take any more, couldn't stand another minute of it. "I'm going home. Tell Mrs. Morrison I'm tired. Tell her anything—She started to run; he caught up with her, caught her wrist.

"Phyllis!"

"Let me go!" she cried low, passionately.

He turned her to face him, bent to look into her eyes. "Phyllis, you've got to tell me! What is the matter?"

She bit her lips hard, steadying herself. Finally she raised her head, looked him full in the face. "Isn't that a funny question for you to be asking?"

"I?" And then he saw it all. She'd been hurt before, so thought, many times, in her spoiled and empty life—but never like this. The shock in his eyes, the pity—they were too much to bear. "Oh, Phyllis!" he murmured despairingly, "Phyl—"

She pulled her wrist free. "You asked for it, didn't you?" she demanded. "Well—now you know. Please let me come home, now—and please don't pity me!"

"Phyllis—" But he spoke to the night alone. Her light dress was a pale shape swallowed up by the dark of the Morrison lawn.

Jerry went into the house. Carl had gone upstairs. Jerry fidgeted, refusing the warmed-over supper Anne laid out for him, until Mrs. Morrison had gone. Then he followed Anne into the kitchen, slipped his arms around her as she set his tray down on the sink.

"Remember me?" he said. "My name's Malone—same as yours. I live here, too."

She turned, and her arms went around him quickly. "I'm surprised you remember it," she said tenderly. "Darling, do you realize you've been on the go every minute... and that neither of us has had any sleep for something like seventy-two hours?"

He nodded. "I know, but right now, I'm lonesome. And it's a beautiful night. Could I invite you out to look at the stars with me?"

For an instant her eyes were puzzled; then she smiled demurely. "I'd love to—but you'll have to ask my husband."

"Who's he?" Jerry demanded. "That big, stupid-looking lump leaning against the sink? Hey, you—mind if I take this little lady out for a walk in the moonlight? No? Okay—"

Anne laughed and slipped her hand in his. Outside, the enchantment of the night claimed her too.

"What a lovely night, Jerry!" she breathed. "I never realized... You can kiss me, if you like."

"I like," he said fervently. He gathered her close; his kiss was hard and long and possessive. And something else besides—there was a question in it. "All right, darling," she said gently when he released her. "Now you can tell me what's bothering you. Oh—"

Jerry saw it at the same instant—the slight, pale figure, drifting aimlessly about on Mrs. Morrison's lawn. "Let's go in," he whispered.

Quietly, like conspirators, they slipped back into the house. There Anne faced him, distress in her eyes. "I went, and I—I had a talk with Phyllis tonight!"

Jerry sighed, and nodded.

She laid her hand on his arm, quickly. "It's Phyllis I'm concerned about. She's still very much in love with you—and she shouldn't be."

"Darned right, she shouldn't!" His voice was grim. "I used to think that the way she would come when Phyllis would straighten herself out, meet some nice guy, get married. Now, well, ... And I used to be pretty cocky about the situation here, the three of us. I guess I used to think I could handle it all right. But it's beginning to give me the creeps. Poor thing—her father's terrific personality has certainly made a big impact on her. All his intelligence and force couldn't have accomplished something constructive instead of earning his own daughter's suspicion and darning near breaking her heart!"

"Jerry—haven't you thought about Carl?"

"I have—" Their eyes met; then he shook his head, smiling faintly. "Anne, sweetheart, nothing would please me more, but you can't just throw two people together and order them to fall in love."

She straightened indignantly. "I'm not throwing just any two people together, Jerry Malone! But don't you see—Phyllis and Carl need each other. They've both been cramped each in his own way. Phyllis with too much money and her life with her father, and Carl with the loss of his foot. It's a natural."

"I'd like to think so," Jerry sighed. "As a matter of fact, I've had a thought or two about Carl myself. When I talked with Suggs this evening..."

"Suggs!" Anne interrupted. "Jerry, you haven't told me what he wanted!"

"So I didn't! This Phyllis business threw me off—" He yawned suddenly, uncontrollably. "Anne can we let it go undisturbed? I'm just so knocked-out tired, I—" He yawned again, and Anne laughed and turned him firmly toward the stairs.

After the plans of her own. In the morning when she went downstairs to get Jerry's breakfast, she found Carl up before her, taking the morning sun in the back yard. She slid down the side of the trap himself by remarking that it was a beautiful day. It was, Anne agreed innocently—just the right day for a drive in the country. Mrs. Pillar, who was coming in, claimed that after- noon, would take care of Jill, and, since Jerry would be at the hospital in Lincoln Falls all day, would Carl care to take Mrs. Morrison's car? Carl said that he would be delighted. Later, after he had breakfasted with Jerry and had returned to his room, Anne crossed the lawn to call at the house. She was happy about a wonderful day for a drive, she told Phyllis, and was careful not to mention that Carl would be with them until Phyllis had accepted. And then, especially to the happy wondering about Carl's car, Phyllis could hardly back out. Feeling every inch the successful strategist, Anne went home to prepare salad and sandwiches for a picnic lunch.

But the picnic failed dismally. Somehow, Anne was maneuvered into the place between (Continued on page 96)
GOODMAN ACE—resigned his speciality created CBS post, Supervisor of Comedy and Variety, last winter to bring Mr. Ace and Jane back to friends they had made in fourteen air years as Easy Aces. Now, as before, this former Kansas City newspaper columnist, who gave up his executive work at CBS because he "didn't want to become a desk jockey," writes his own script. The program is heard on the CBS network, Saturdays, 7:00 P.M., EDT.

**SUNDAY**

<table>
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<td>Earl Wild</td>
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<td>Story to Order Words and Music</td>
<td>People's Church</td>
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<td>Tone Tapestries</td>
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<td>Bible Highlights</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>Message of Israel</td>
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<td>Voices Down the Wind</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | World Front News | Pilgrim Hour | The Invitation to Learning People's Platform |
| 12:15 | Eternal Light | Lutheran Hour |     |
| 12:30 | America United | William L. Shier |     |
| 12:45 | Chicago Round Table | Stan Lomax |     |
| 1:00 | Musical Program | Army Air Force Show | This Week Around the World |
| 1:15 | Robert Merrill | Airman | Mr. President, Drama |
| 1:30 | Eddy Howard | Ernie Lee's Omega Show | The Almanac Mannequin |
| 1:45 | One Man's Family | Juvenile Jury | Sammy Kaye |
| 2:00 | The Quiz Kids | House of Mystery | Speak Up America |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | House of Mystery | Thinking Allowed Auditions of the Air |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | Living—1948 | Metropolitan Opera Orchestra |
| 2:45 | Ford Show | The Shadow | Treasury Agent |
| 3:00 | 5:00 |      | Quick As A Flash |
| 3:15 | 5:15 |      |     |
| 3:30 | 5:30 |      |     |
| 3:45 | 5:45 |      |     |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | The Catholic Hour | Those Webers | Drew Pearson | Greatest Story Ever Told |
| 6:15 | Hollywood Star Preview | Nick Carter | Don Gardner |     |
| 6:30 | Jack Benny | Shelly Holmes | Behind the Front Page | Gene Autry |
| 6:45 | Band Wagon | Local Programs |     | Blondie |
| 7:00 | Cartoon Show | A. L. Alexander | Walter Winchell |     |
| 7:15 | Fred Allen | Jimmie Fidler | Louisell Parsons |     |
| 7:30 |     |     | Theatre Guild |     |
| 7:45 | Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album | Meet Me at Parky's Jim Backus Show | Walter Winchell |     |
| 7:50 | Move to a Party's Jim Backus Show |     | Luella Parsons |     |
| 8:00 |     |     | Theatre Guild |     |
| 8:15 |     |     |     |     |
| 8:30 |     |     |     |     |
| 8:45 |     |     |     |     |
| 9:00 |     |     |     |     |
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**MONDAY**

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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Honeymoon in New York</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Yes Virginia!</td>
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<td>Clevelandaires</td>
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<td>Relator Quimsey</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
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<td>Cecil Brown</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>Say It With Music</td>
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<td>Joyce Jordan</td>
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<td>My True Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>Kate's Daughter</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Bench</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>Lara Lawton</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Harkness of Washington | Kate Smith Speaks | Victor H. Lindlar |
| 12:30 | Words and Music | U. S. Service Bands |     |
| 12:45 |     |     |     |     |
| 1:00 | Luncheon With Lopes | Cedric Foster | Happy Nancy |
| 1:15 | 1:30 | Robert McCormack | Robert Ripley |
| 1:30 | 1:45 | Tracy | Checkerboard Jamboree |
| 2:00 | Today's Children | Woman in White |    |
| 2:15 | 2:30 | The Story of Holly Sloan |    |
| 2:45 | 2:45 | Light of the World |    |
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful |    |    |
| 3:15 |    |    |    |    |
| 3:30 | 3:30 | Red Hook 31 |    |
| 3:45 | 3:45 | Young Wildblood |    |
| 4:00 | 4:30 | Robert Hurlin |    |
| 4:15 |    |    |    |    |
| 4:30 |    |    |    |    |
| 4:45 |    |    |    |    |
| 5:00 |    |    |    |    |
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| 5:30 |    |    |    |    |
| 5:45 |    |    |    |    |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 8:00 | Late MacVane |    |    |
| 8:15 | Sketches in Melody |    |    |
| 8:30 |     |    |    |
| 8:45 | Suono News |    |    |
| 9:00 | Chesterfield Club |    |    |
| 9:15 | News of the World |    |    |
| 9:30 | Mary Osborn Trio |    |    |
| 9:45 | H. V. Kaltenborn |    |    |
| 10:00 | Cavalcade of America |    |    |
| 10:15 |     |    |    |
| 10:30 | Fred Waring |    |    |

**JANE WILSON**—interviewed Fred Waring for a paper, so he interviewed her and hired her as vocalist.
MARION HUTTON— is being heard now with Andy Russell on the All Star Revue, Thursdays 8:00 P.M., EDT, over Mutual’s Network. Marion’s career began when she came east from Detroit to visit her sister, Betty, in Boston. An audition by Glenn Miller got her the vocalist spot in his band, with which she toured for two years. Next, she soloed in radio and on stage and screen and began to make recordings. She makes her evening gowns.

TUESDAY

A.M.  NBC  MBS  ABC  CBS
8:30  Do You Remember  The Trumpetmen  Jack Almond Trio
8:45  News
9:00  Honeymoon in N. Y.  Editor’s Diary  Orkay Valley Folks  CBS News of America  Oklahoma Roundup
9:15  Clevelandaires  Breakfast Club
9:30  Nelson Olmsted  CBS News of America  Oklahoma Roundup
10:00  Fred Waring  Cecil Brown  Faith In Our Time  Say It With Music
10:15  Road of Life  My True Story  Music For You
10:30  Joyce Jordan  Betty Crocker, Magazine  of The Air  Listening Post
10:45  This Is Nora Drake  Bill Harrington  Tell Your Neighbor  Heart’s Desire
11:00  Captain Young  Helen Harkness  Welcome Travelers  Wendy Warren
11:15  Rose  Helen Harkness  Welcome Travelers  Wendy Warren
11:30  Jack Berch  Helen Harkness  Welcome Travelers  Wendy Warren
11:45  Lora Lawton  Helen Harkness  Welcome Travelers  Wendy Warren

FRIDAY

12:00  Harkness of Washington  Kate Smith Speaks  Dr. Godfrey  Kingsley
12:15  Words and Music  Dr. Godfrey  Kingsley  Kingsley
12:30  Service Bands  CBS News of America  Oklahoma Roundup
12:45  A.M.
12:30  NBC  MBS  ABC  CBS
2:00  Today’s Children  Queen For A Day  Maggi McNeills  Rosemary
2:15  Woman in White  Martin Block Show  Bride and Groom
2:30  Story of Holly Sloan  Red Hook 31
2:45  Life Can Be Beautiful  Double or Nothing
3:00  Ma Perkins  Bride and Groom  Paul Whitman Club
3:15  Poppert Young  Red Hook 31  House Party
3:30  Right to Happiness  Paul Whitman Club  House Party
3:45  Backstage Wife  Robert Harrleigh  Rosemary
4:00  Stella Dallas  Robert Harrleigh  Rosemary
4:15  Lawrence Jones  Robert Harrleigh  Rosemary
4:30  Young Widder Brown  Robert Harrleigh  Rosemary
4:45  Robert Harrleigh  Robert Harrleigh  Rosemary
5:00  When A Girl Marries  Robert Harrleigh  Rosemary
5:15  Pertola Faces Life  Superman
5:30  Just Plain Bill  Superman
5:45  Front Page Farrell  Superman

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00  John MacVane  Eric Severid  Frontiers of Science  The Chicagoans  Lowell Thomas
6:15  Sketches in Melody  Eric Severid  Frontiers of Science  The Chicagoans  Lowell Thomas
6:30  Sunoco News  Eric Severid  Frontiers of Science  The Chicagoans  Lowell Thomas
6:45  Eric Severid  Frontiers of Science  The Chicagoans  Lowell Thomas

ROD O’CONNOR—who is fast becoming one of Hollywood’s busiest men, announces four top NBC programs: Red Skeleton Show, People Are Funny, A Day in the Life of Dennis Day and Kay Kyser’s College of Musical Knowledge. Rod can be seen in the new movie, “You Are So Lovely” and is working on another, “The Gallant Man.” He was raised in Texas, attended New Mexico Military Institute, is married and has two sons.
MAURICE TARPLIN—now heard as Inspector Faraday of WOR’s Boston Blackie program, was educated at Phillips Exeter, Harvard and William and Mary. Boston-born Maurice came to New York 11 years ago; won recognition with his impersonations of the famous for The March of Time; prizes his two collections, a series of recordings of the voices of statesmen and a list of 25 best restaurants.

EVELYN MAC GREGOR—was first starred as a dancer by her brothers in their vaudeville troupe when she was seven but soon gave up dancing for singing and was heard on the air from Los Angeles ten years later. She studied for opera and sang in New York and on tour in the United States and Canada. Returned to radio, she is now heard on NBC’s Waltz Time and the American Album of Famous Music.

**AFRNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>12:00</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Wendy Warren</td>
<td>Aunt Jenny</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Harkness of Washington</td>
<td>U. S. Service Band</td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
<td>Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Art Van Damme</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air</td>
<td>Dorothy Kilgallen</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Robert McCormick</td>
<td>Checkboard Jumbobore</td>
<td>Ma Perkins, Young Dr. Malone</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Today’s Children</td>
<td>Martin Block Show</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Ladies Seated</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<td>Rocksteady Wife</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Hint Hunt</td>
<td>Hint Hunt</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>When a Girl Marries</td>
<td>Adventure Parade</td>
<td>Dick Tracy</td>
<td>Gateway to Music</td>
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<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
<td>Superman</td>
<td>Terry and Pirates</td>
<td>Jon Armstrong</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Jack Armstrong</td>
<td>Sundayland Lum &amp; Abner</td>
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<td>Fred Page Farrell</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<td>San ucoc News</td>
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<td>Chesterfield Club</td>
<td>Headline Edition</td>
<td>Elmer Davis</td>
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<td>Lawrence Welk</td>
<td>Newscap</td>
<td>Newspaper Inside of Sports</td>
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<td>Aldrich Family</td>
<td>Candidate Microphone</td>
<td>The F.B.I. in Peace and War</td>
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<td>Gen. Burns and Gracie Allen</td>
<td>Ellery Queen</td>
<td>Mr. Kent</td>
<td>My Friend</td>
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<td>Billy Rose</td>
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<td>Al Jolson</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather Radio Newreel</td>
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<td>Jack Carson and Ever Anden</td>
<td>The Clock</td>
<td>Crime Photographer</td>
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<td>Bob Hawk Show</td>
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<td>Eddie Cantor</td>
<td>Reader's Digest Radio Edition</td>
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**Friday**

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<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Editor’s Diary</td>
<td>Believe Me</td>
<td>The Trumpeters Jack Almond Trio</td>
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<td>Honeymoon in N. Y.</td>
<td>Ozark Valley Folks</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Music for You</td>
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<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Nancy Craig</td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air</td>
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<td>Nelson Olmsted</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Burton</td>
<td>The Listening Post</td>
<td>Dave Harum</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>Rose of My Dreams</td>
<td>TELL YOUR NEIGHBOR</td>
<td>Davy Crockett</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
<td>Davy Crockett</td>
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<tr>
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<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
<td>Davy Crockett</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Katie’s Daughter</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
<td>Davy Crockett</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Jack Berch</td>
<td>Heart’s Desire</td>
<td>Heart’s Desire</td>
<td>Davy Crockett</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Lors Lawton</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
<td>Davy Crockett</td>
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**AFRNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>12:00</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Wendy Warren</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>Harkness of Washington</td>
<td>U. S. Service Band</td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<td>Cedric Foster</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
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<td>Stella Dallas</td>
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<td>Adventure Parade</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
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<td>Jon Armstrong</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Jack Armstrong</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
<td>Fred Page Farrell</td>
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SHIRLEY MITCHELL—is heard as Martha on Tales of Willie Piper. Thursdays, 9 P.M., EDT, over ABC. Born in Toledo, Ohio, she played summer stock while a University of Michigan student; tried radio in Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago and Hollywood, where she played Alice Darling in Fibber McGee and Molly and Leila Ransom in The Great Gildersleeve. She came to New York to marry Dr. J. H. Frieden.

Since most living rooms were not designed by theater architects, it may be a bit of a problem to decide just where to place that television set you’ve been thinking about. The Crossley people have offered an interesting solution to that problem of set location by manufacturing an all-purpose television set with what they call the “Swing-a-view” picture tube. The tube is mounted so that it will swing over a 60-degree angle, thus permitting a view from either right or left. When not in use, the tube and mounting swivel into the cabinet so that no controls or tubes are visible. The set comes in mahogany and has a record player, radio and record storage space.

Crosley’s “Swing-a-view.”

Just as good, healthy competition has forced down the prices of small “midget” radio sets, competition in the phonograph needle field has also resulted in lower-priced needles for the consumer. If you prefer a sapphire tipped record needle for your set, then you’ll be interested in knowing that the Duotone Company is now manufacturing a bent-shank needle that will list for only 99 cents. The reproducible quality is comparable to higher-priced sapphire point needles. The record shop on the corner has them in stock.

Another low-priced table model radio: Regal Electronics is now marketing a set that is only 10 inches x 7 1/2 inches x 6 inches. It’s in a bakelite plastic cabinet and has a 5-inch speaker and built-in antenna. It’s $9.75.

For those who’ve been looking for a table model radio set that will give console performance, Stewart Warner has a new set with six shortwave bands and a standard broadcasting band. It’s in a beautiful cabinet of natural American walnut with a “smoke finish” that will blend with many types of furnishings. The lines are modern, the performance excellent and the price $179.50.

Table model, console performance: Stewart Warner.
THE hundreds of handicapped children whom she taught to speak call Mrs. Newman Brandon, of Nashville, Tenn., “Big Mother.” I learned the reasons for that when I interviewed her on Welcome Travelers. And because of what I learned, Mrs. Brandon is my choice as this month’s “Traveler of the Month.” Let me tell you her story.

She’s a woman whose life story is one of service, whose achievement is the laughter of happy children. She’s one of the thousands of travelers who have stopped to visit with us at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago.

First, though, let me tell you why this gracious, attractive Southern lady was traveling. She had been out in Los Angeles visiting one of her four sons, an Army officer. They had been together on Christmas, for the first time in years. And Christmas had a very special meaning for Mrs. Brandon, because her son had been wounded during the war.

“I’ll never forget,” she told me, “the night I got the telegram saying that he had been injured. I had been attending a prayer meeting in Nashville with the parents of wounded soldiers. As far as I knew, my own boy was all right, but I was praying for the others.”

Finally, the meeting was over. Mrs. Brandon had done all she could do for the other, grieving mothers. She went home, but the words and thoughts of the prayers echoed on inside her. At home, a telegram awaited her. As Mrs. Brandon recalled:

“The shock was terrible. I don’t think I ever could have gotten through the next few days if I hadn’t been sustained by the prayers I had just been saying.”

But that was only part of her story—a setting for the really important story about Mrs. Brandon. As she stood before our ABC microphone and chatted with great poise, I remarked on the excellence of her diction.

“Well, I’ve always been interested in speech,” she replied. “As a matter of fact, I teach speech to handicapped youngsters. I’ve been doing it for the past thirty years.” Mrs. Brandon told me that as a young girl she’d attended speech classes herself, and always had wanted to work with those children who, with imperfect speech, or no speech, were facing tragic lives. One day, she began giving lessons to such a child in her own home, and she’s been doing it ever since.

Children who stutter or stammer, little boys with cleft palates, little girls with birth injuries—all these came to her home. With patience and unceasing practice she trains them to make themselves understandable. And one of the first things they all learn to say is “Big Mother”—their name for Mrs. Brandon. In fact, there is a good-sized group of the children of Mrs. Brandon’s early pupils to whom she is “Big Grandmother.”

On Welcome Travelers we like to have our guests pass on some of the lessons in life they’ve learned to our listeners. Her success in helping handicapped children to equip themselves for normal living made Mrs. Brandon’s advice particularly valuable to parents who might be facing such a problem.

“The most important thing,” Mrs. Brandon said, “is—give that child all of the love that’s in you. Don’t make him feel left out of things. Treat him as if he were a perfect child during the long pull while those speech defects are being treated.”

I was glad that the magic of radio had given the rest of America the chance to share Mrs. Brandon with fortunate Tennessee, and that this “Big Mother” was one of our very welcome travelers.
Mrs. John A. Roosevelt

"this new Outside-Inside face treatment gives wonderful results," she says

No face in the world is just a blank! In your face others see the true expression of the inner You.

Don't, don't dim it by halfway care. This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream gives the lovely, thorough beauty-cleansings faces need.

Acts on both sides of your skin

As with a window pane, it is not enough to clean your skin on one side only. From study of the needs of facial skin, Pond's brings you this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of your skin.

From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream works for you. It wraps softly around surface dirt, and make-up, as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away, as you tissue off.

From the Inside—each step of this treatment stimulates skin circulation. Tiny blood vessels speed up their important work.

Twice daily, always at bedtime, give your skin Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—this way:

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

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin
1) Cleanse . . . Work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face and throat to sweep dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

2) Rinse . . . With more Pond's Cold Cream massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation
A cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

Look now at your face, pink-flushed—prettier! Yes—this is beauty care you'll never want to skip—because it works!

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

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. Beauty's self-disciplines can make your whole personality grow. When you look lovely—you feel a happy confidence. It sends a magic sparkle out from you that brings the real YOU closer to others.
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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

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

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

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

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

I Walked Into $22,500

(Continued from page 43)

me. And I certainly gasped "Jack Benny" when he asked me to name the Walking Man. But I can't remember another thing, though everyone else heard Mr. Edwards say, "You're not going to scare me, you must have answered something to that. About all I really recall is the shriek my neighbor gave: "Mrs. Hubbard won! Mrs. Hubbard won!" It came through the walls like a signal for Christmas, the Fourth of July, and an old-fashioned election night rolled into one.

Austin is a quiet little suburb of Chicago, and my street is a quiet little part of it. But not that night. Neighbors, reporters, photographers, and friends, and a couple of thousand complete strangers seemed suddenly to have fallen from the sky. In fact, inside of twenty minutes the Austin police sent around two squad cars of officers to try to keep the strangers at least from breaking down my front door and bellowing the neighborhood. And who could possibly have kept the reporters and photographers away?

MY LITTLE apartment buzzed like a hive and seemed about to burst its seams. On and on rang the telephone; someone would answer it, and then off it would go again. Flash bulbs popped, hands moved me from chair to desk, sat me down, stood me up—"Just one more. Mrs. Hubbard. Smile now. That's right—show you're excited. Are you?" What tinged everything was the thought: Will this make in your life? Are you going to keep it all? How're you going to pay the $8,000 income tax on the stuff?

To you blame me for being just a bit flustered?

My heart was beating like mad. I guess I even cried a little. I don't remember. They told me later I'd gone on stage, and when I began to make sense out of what I had won, I knew nothing like that had ever happened to anyone before. Just look—!

A home laundry, consisting of washer, drier and automatic ironer, $1,000 diamond and ruby watch.

New four-door Cadillac sedan.

Gas kitchen range.

16mm. motion picture sound projector and screen, with a print of a current film to be delivered every month for a year.

Two-weeks vacation for two at Sun Valley, Idaho, all expenses paid.

$1,000 diamond ring.

Vacuum cleaner with all attachments.

RCA-Victor console FM and AM radio—phonograph combination and television set.

Gas refrigerator.

All-metal venetian blinds for every room in the house.

Paint job for the house, inside and out.

Complete wardrobe for every season of the year.

15-foot heavy duty home or farm freezer filled with frozen foods.

All-metal Luscomb Silваire standard 65 airplane.

Installation of ceramic tile in kitchen and bathroom.

Furniture to fill dining room and two bedrooms.

Deluxe trailer coach with modern kitchen and sleeping quarters for four.

Typewriter.

$1,000 Persian lamb coat.

Aluminum boat complete with outboard motor.

Piano.

Two years' supply of sheets and pillowcases for every bed in the house.

Choice of $300 worth of electric home appliances.

Electric blanket for every bed in the house.

Three suits apiece for every man in the immediate family.

Desk console electric sewing machine.

One thing, though, I was sure of. I was Cinderella, and this was—what else could it be?—a fairy-tale, but I knew that essentially my way of living was going to be the same. I'd be at the store, if they wanted me, on Monday. And Hollywood? Only if I could be spared from my job.

It was Mr. Pirie himself. John T. Pirie, downtown representative of one of Carson's founders, who gave me the answer to that question. He outwaited that ringing phone, and sometime—it must have been very late—he got through to me, and said that I absolutely was going to Hollywood to meet Ralph Edwards and be on the show, and with Carson's blessing.

I was so tired I was when I finally closed the door on my last visitor. And, oh, how happy! Someone, somewhere, had certainly waved a wand over me. How wonderful it was. The waiting was over—finally.

Saturday night I was all ready to go—everything was ready.

Sunday was really a most thrilling day. Out of everywhere, out of nowhere, came old friends to see me, people I'd written to, or heard from, or seen the last two or three months, sometimes for many years. They had heard the program and came to congratulate me, and we talked on and on about old times and had ourselves a wonderful time. The relaxation was a welcome let-down after all the excitement.

AND Monday, with one detour, I went downtown to the store as usual. The detour was to see an eye specialist, for the exploding flash bulbs had left me with 'Kleig eyes.' Like a Hollywood celebrity! But I found when I got to the store that there was no question of work. All my friends were lined up and waiting, and you can't pretend the kind of happiness they all felt for my good fortune. I knew every one of them rejoiced with me. I knew, when they said "Mrs. Hubbard, we're so glad for you," that they meant it from their hearts.

Then came one of the biggest thrills I've ever had. The store gave a big, glorified party for me—on a Tuesday night, with Bruce MacLeish, Mr. Pirie, and the other executives, as well as my co-workers, all sharing my good luck with me. I felt like more than Cinderella; I felt like a queen. And then, as a really final answer on whether or not I was going to Hollywood, Carson's gave me my new luggage and a complete, wonderful trip East, so that I had to go.

By the time I'd fought my way through the crowds—and some more thousands of people had turned up to jam Carson's just as they'd crowded my office the night before, so that special police had to be called again—I knew I was really tired. Thanks to...
my nephews, I escaped in time to get a little rest. They took me to a hotel, and rest and relax I did. Also I did some planning for the big adventure ahead—my three-thousand-mile trip to Hollywood.

Never having been West before, I decided not to fly but to go by train, to see as much of the country as possible. And to make it last as long as possible, and arrive as rested as possible, not just any train, I discovered, would do for me. No indeed; my covered wagon was to be the dazzlingly famous Santa Fe Super Chief! And luckily, I’d have company on the trip. Virginia Marmaduke, Chicago Sun-Times reporter who seemed by this time like an old and dear friend, had been assigned to come along with me, and I was told that I could have a traveling companion of my own choice as well. I chose Mrs. Albert C. Dodds, the daughter of my dearest friend.

“Rested” wasn’t, after all, exactly the word for the way I felt when I stepped off the Super Chief. I’d had time to rest, it’s true—time to rest, to chat with Virginia Marmaduke and with all the nice people on the train who were so excited and happy for me. But I was too excited to be really rested. Besides, I kept turning over and over in my mind one thought: “Florence Hubbard, you’ve got to be practical about this! Just exactly what are you going to do with all those prizes? What are you going to do with two rooms of tile work, for instance? Or an airplane, for goodness sakes! Somebody’s sure to ask you, so you’d better make up your mind what you want to keep!”

I THOUGHT there’d been excitement enough in Chicago to last a normally quiet-living woman like me for the rest of my life, but I just didn’t know what excitement was until we got to California. Just like jumping from the flying pan into the fire, it was, but don’t think I didn’t enjoy every minute of it just the same! I wonder, looking back on it now, where on earth I got the energy, the get-up-and-go it took to do everything they had planned for me, but I certainly had a reserve of it stored up somewhere—and I tapped that reserve right down to the dregs!

When I got off the train, there was a big crowd of people, and everyone shook hands and congratulated me and everyone introduced everyone else so fast I couldn’t possibly get any of the names, until I felt as if my head might begin to whirl ‘round and ‘round and eventually fly right off. But fortunately I was rescued—there was a big and shiny limousine waiting—with a chauffeur to drive me—and I was whisked into that and we drove away.

“Where are we going now?” I asked Virginia.

“ar to a very famous Hollywood restaurant,” she told me, “to have lunch with Ann Daggett and Mac St. Johns—they’re the Hollywood editor and managing editor of Radio Mirror Magazine, and they’re going to help us get together the Hollywood part of your story for Radio Mirror.”

About that time we pulled up in front of the restaurant, and I found out that it was called L’Aiglon. That sort of made me feel at home, because we have a very nice L’Aiglon restaurant in Chicago, too. Somehow it was extra nice to have my first luncheon in Hollywood there—bridged the gap between the known and the unknown I told Ann and Mac, when I met them.

They were as nice as could be to me, and explained they’d help me all they

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This is the Fable of Mrs. Gray and the WASHDAYS REBELLION... 

Mrs. Gray was a careful housekeeper—except on WASHDAY.

Any SOAP, real or imitation, that made SUDS suited her...

When neighbors whispered, “TATTLE-TALE GRAY,” she wasn’t worried.

Even when best friends mentioned FELS-NAPTHA SOAP, she ignored them...

One day Mrs. Gray hung out her HALF-CLEAN WASH and went inside to REST. Suddenly she looked out the window—and was HORRIFIED!... she was being PICKETED! Her neglected clothes demanded BETTER WASHING CONDITIONS!

Mrs. Gray hustled the INDIGNANT PICKETERS down to the LAUNDRY... for some COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. Then she flew to the ‘phone.

Ordered LOTS and LOTS of FELS-NAPTHA. In a RUSH...

Next day Mrs. Gray’s WASH swung gayly on the LINE—CLEAN and WHITE—just like her neighbors!

Moral—Don’t let your wash line become a picket line.

Change to golden Fels-Naptha—bar or chips, today.

Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes “Tattle-Tale Gray”
could with my story, because they knew even better than I did how busy I was going to be in Hollywood.

Right after lunch, "Next stop, Ralph Edwards' Truth or Consequences office in Hollywood," Virginia told me, "to get all the arrangements made."

"What arrangements?" I asked.

"Well, there's your appearance on Truth or Consequences and the show tonight," she said, ticking them off on her fingers, "and you're going to be on the Jack Benny Show Sunday, and—"

"Will they tell me what to say?" I asked anxiously.

I needn't have worried. Mr. Edwards made everything so clear about my part in the program the next night. I began to feel that the idea of being in this business a long time, too. And then, when the arrangements were all made, there came that question I'd known was coming.

"Mrs. Hubbard," he asked me, "have you made up your mind what disposition you're going to make of all those prizes? Of course, there'll probably be some you can't, or don't want to use. What do you think?"

I found that, somewhere along the line, I had made up my mind—at least about most of the prizes.

"I'm not going to take up flying at my age," I told him, laughing. "So I guess I'll sell the airplane. And the Cadillac, too. And the sound projector and screen—none of those seem to fit into life in a two-room apartment in Chicago. As for those two rooms of tile, I was absolutely sure they didn't fit into my life at all."

"We can fix that up for you," Mr. Edwards said. "Let's solve that problem by sending you a check for the labor costs of installing the tile. As for the tiles, you can dispose of them in any way you see fit."

"My nephew, Eber Hubbard, will know what to do about that," I told him. "Honestly, I don't know how long I would have been here if it hadn't been for Eber. It's a mighty handy thing to have a lawyer in the family, I always say, and when the lawyer is a good businessman, too—well, that makes it doubly handy!"

"The fur coat," I told Mr. Edwards. "I'll certainly keep. My old one has seen better days, and those Chicago winters do call for a fur coat!"

And I'll keep the television set—now I'll be able to watch the fights, and I love them. And the electric blanket will come in handy on cold nights.

I suppose a lot of people feel the way I did about radio programs—everyone sounds so relaxed and pleasant on the air that you're likely to get the idea that a big network program is a simple business. What a completely wrong idea that is, as I found out on Saturday!

Not only did I hear the story of the Truth or Consequences program, but for the Jack Benny Show the following day as well. We rehearsed and rehearsed—but everything went off pretty well, I think. At least, both Ralph Edwards and Jack Benny said it did. In fact, after the broadcast on Sunday Mr. Benny paid me the nicest compliment ever.

"You performed just like an experienced trouper," he told me. "In fact, you almost stole the show!" Pretty strong words from you can like Mr. Benny to a rank amateur like me! I had a lot of fun on that program, and everything was so well-planned that it made answering the questions easy. By the time the last one came, he asked me if I were thinking of getting married again, now that I had all these things that go to make up a home.

"No, now that I have all this, I don't feel that I need a husband!" I told him.

"But won't you be lonely?" he wanted to know.

Right there I remembered one of the phrases they had used earlier in the broadcast, "Lonely—but loaded!" and I realized that the wonderful experience of hearing the studio audience roaring with laughter.

After the program, Mary Livingstone put her arm around me and told me that everyone was so happy that such a nice person had won the contest. "Chicago couldn't have a better public relations department," she said. I felt tears start into my eyes, and what I said to her in answer came straight from my heart. "Everyone has been so wonderful to me! I don't believe this fairy story could come true in any other country but America, do you?"

I WENT, right after the broadcast, to Ralph Edwards' beautiful home. We had tea before the fire in the Edwards' lovely early American living room, and I met Mrs. Edwards—she immediately told me that she knew Barbara, and brought the three charming children in to meet me, too. Christine is five, Gary two-and-a-half, and baby Lucy, just fourteen months old. As Christine surveyed me solemnly and I apparently passed muster, for she broke into a big smile and assured me that she was "awfully glad you guessed the Walking Man!"

The rest of the time spent in California was hectic but absolutely wonderful. On Monday, for instance, I had an audience of the Paramount Pictures lot. I met a very charming blonde girl there and we snatched a moment to sit down and chat. I told her why I was on this trip, and after the excitement and there and as we spoke, and she was as sweet and sympathetic as could be. In a few minutes she said she was pretty busy herself, and had to go. After she was gone, I asked, "Who was that?"

And what do you suppose the answer was? "Veronica Lake!" I guess she is pretty busy.

Tuesday I did something I'd been promising myself I'd do—something I thought of myself, and wanted to do with all my heart. I drove down to the Long Beach National Airport and saw and talked with some of the veterans. Believe me, an experience like that makes the other things that happen seem pretty trivial to you.

Later in the week, San Francisco was on the itinerary. Then one day in Los Angeles for a round of goodbyes—and I really felt as if I were taking leave of old friends.

As for that Sun Valley vacation—two weeks with all expenses paid—that was one of the prizes, as I told my nephew, "I've been to many places and done many things, I think I'll postpone that for a while, until going somewhere will be a real treat to me again, and I can enjoy it to the full.

So now I'm back in Chicago—back to my old life, my old routine—but perfectly contented and happy with it, I love you. Somehow, I don't think I'll ever be lonely again. I've learned that people are good and kind and wonderful, and I have too many things to live over in my dreams, too many delightful experiences to remember, ever to have time for loneliness again!
Coast to Coast in Television
(Continued from page 55)

network operation, incorporating the flexibility developed over more than 20 years of radio broadcasting. It will be possible to mix at will the camera and microphone output of any studio program with film and program content from another studio, or from local remote points and network points. Either of the two studio control rooms, or Master Control will be able to exercise multi-channel control depending on the needs of the broadcast.

* * *

A committee established by the three operating stations in Washington, D.C., to determine the number of television sets installed there, has announced that some 7,300 TV sets privately owned were located in greater Washington.

* * *

There's an idea kicking around to keep commercials out of television, protagonists of the idea holding out for a meter or tax system of paying for television entertainment as you use it, very much the way you pay for your gas and electric, or your telephone.

* * *

Folks in the radio world out in Hollywood are convinced that budgets for television will come out of current air appropriations. Radio advertising budgets are being trimmed already and, by 1950, Hollywood expects that $10,000 will be coming on the cost of a network show. They're basing their forecasts on the number of big budget radio stanzas that are folding. Fanny Brice and the Corliss Archer program have already got the ax, in spite of Hooper and Nielsen ratings, and radio people out in filmland believe that the cut-backs have only begun. With more and more money being channeled to television advertising, the fellows think that by 1955, video will have reduced radio to a minor field, like the one occupied by FM now. Well, the world is changing all the time and who's to say that isn't good?

---

Coming Next Month

A visit with those specialists in the art of family living . . .

the DON McNEILLS

* * *

The Wife in the Life of DENNIS DAY . . . and how she got there

* * *

Earmarked for every citizen: FOUR PAGES OF RADIO NEWSMEN who will tell you what goes on at those most important events of the season—the national political conventions

All in exciting color. All—and much more—in the JULY ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR

on sale June 9th

---

Suave*

the Cosmetic for hair . . .
greasless . . . not a hair oil

WHAT SUAVE IS . . .
The amazing discovery beauticians recommend to make hair wonderfully easy to arrange and keep in place . . . cloud-soft . . . romantically lustrous . . . alive with dancing highlights . . . control-able even after shampoo . . . safe from sun's drying action! For the whole family, men-folks, too. Rinses out in a twinkling.

WHAT SUAVE IS NOT . . .
not a greasy "slicker downer" . . . not a hair oil, lacquer or pomade . . . not an upholstery "smearer" . . . not a dirt collector . . . not smelly . . . not drying! no alcohol . . . not sticky . . .

*some pronounce it "svahv" . . . others say "svay" . . . either way it means beautiful hair.

AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP, DRUG STORE, DEPARTMENT STORE
Bride and Groom
(Continued from page 50)

continued. "We found out that, when you're truly in love, absence really does make the heart grow fonder," Ilse said. "I think we grew more in love with every letter. But always there were thousands of miles between us."

Dick's letters began to include more and more hopeful reports about his efforts to gain official approval of their marriage. But then, as though testing Ilse's strength to stand up against heart-break, came the news—the United States made an official announcement that, after a definite date, no further permission would be granted to any "warbrides" for entrance into the country!

That was the end, Ilse admitted to herself. She rose to leave the house, to walk aimlessly for hours as she had done so many times during the unhappy months since Dick's departure. But at the door she was met by a messenger. "Miss Ilse Lekert?" A cablegram for you...from America."

It was from Dick. And the message! It couldn't be...but it was! They had been granted permission. Half-laughing, half-crying, Ilse ran through the streets of Heidelberg to the nearest military government office. With meddling deliberation, an official hummed through a file, then nodded in bored cảnhiness. "Yes, you've been approved all right. I doubt if you can get ready in time, though—you've got about four days before the deadline.

"Four days!" Ilse's voice shook with unbelievable happiness. "Why, I could get ready if there were only four minutes!"

It turned out to be almost that close a shave, too; for when Ilse's plane landed at New York after the trans-Atlantic flight, less than one and a half hours remained before the deadline that would have barred her entrance as a "GI Bride!"

When I asked Ilse why she and Dick had decided to be married in connection with the Bride and Groom program, she glanced hesitantly at her tall fiancé, then said shyly, "I would have none of my family here. But, this way, I will have my invited friends at my wedding —the people of America. And maybe, listening to our story, they will know what I already know—that their country is really a place of happiness."

We are used to the excited happiness of brides when they are presented with the various gifts from friends—an excited happiness that is shared by all of us and all the program's listeners. But I doubt if there has ever been a more truly "Cinderella" moment than when we presented Ilse and Dick with their gifts—furniture, silver, luggage, camera, a modern Tappan gas-stove, plus a week's expense-free honeymoon at the beautiful Mar Monte Hotel in Santa Barbara. Everyone who attended the broadcast will remember the shining eyes of the tiny bride as she said, "Now I know there is really magic in the world. To be given all these beautiful things, to be actually in America, and married to Dick—all the wishes I have ever had have come true today!"

Immediately following the marriage ceremony, conducted privately in a small chapel adjoining the broadcast studio, a limousine arrived to take the bridal pair out to the airport, where they were to be flown to their honeymoon destination. But Dick seemed oddly hesitant about getting into the car. "Wait," he said, his eyes searching the business district on the block across from the Chapman Park Hotel, where our studios are located, "there's a wedding gift that I promised to buy Ilse the moment she was my wife."

The rest of us turned to look at the nearby establishments. None of them was a jeweler's, nor a florist shop. Questioningly, we turned back to Dick, but he had already spied what he wanted. "There it is," he said. "Come on, Ilse!"

"There," turned out to be a corner drug store. And the promised wedding present turned out to be three huge chocolate ice-cream sundaes! When I used to take her out in Germany," Dick explained, "I'd tell her about America. The thing that seemed to impress her most—probably because of the starvation diet—was my telling about these soda-fountains, where you could buy all the chocolate you wanted. This is to prove to her that she's going to have all the happiness we used to talk about, when happiness seemed so far away."

Perhaps there were other weddings that day in which the bridegroom presented his wife with costly jewels. But this we no —nowhere in the world was there a bride whose special gift stood for as great a miracle of love and happiness, as did the three ice-cream sundaes that Bob gave Ilse.
"We Adopted a Baby"

(Continued from page 37)

said later, "because I thought I was through—in more ways than one." Still, fight he did, and he won, and there came a day when he could see people again.

"There's a girl downstairs," said the nurse one Sunday morning, "who has been here often to ask about you." Who could it be? "Send for her," said Al.

The girl was Erie. And some time later, in 1945, they were married, and Erie left pictures. "The Jolson Story" came out—and Al and his songs staged that most phenomenal of comebacks.

Soon they were talking about children.

"Erie," says Al, "is crazy about kids. Nuts about 'em, and so am I. I used to watch her with other people's kids. Why, I betcha if we hadn't found one of our own she'd be going into the baby-sitting business, just to be near kids."

They started looking. Adopting a child, even into a home that can give it all advantages, is no simple matter. But one day they heard about Asa, and Erie began shopping for baby things, even before they knew definitely that the child would be theirs.

THE suspense," Erie admits now, "was terrific. I don't believe we could have stood it if anything had gone wrong."

But one day they could take Asa home, theirs, to their place in Palm Springs, with a nurse approved by the adoption authorities. Everything was waiting, the bassinet, the soft blankets, the bottles, the sterilizers, the traditional tiny garments and those all-important square ones, and all the other mysterious adjuncts to modern baby care. Nothing fancy, though. The quiet, competent Erie knows that babies have no use for frilly laces, however much these may intrigue a mamma.

They installed Asa in the little home's one spare bedroom, and Al plugged in his own desert-air lamp to make sure the atmosphere was just right.

"Lookit him, honey, lookit him!" said Al, peering into the bassinet where Asa slept angelically. "What a kick, what a sweetheart! Makes you want to sing, or cry, or something!"

"The sweet!" said Erie, along with other mamma-noises.

So, the Jolsons found their "Sonny Boy."

Here's the place to describe what a cherub Asa is, blue-eyed, with a little soft fuzz on his head, and that invisible halo, familiar to all parents. Sure, he's a cherub. But he's no sissy. He's an independent little codger, with a mind of his own. Cute, of course, probably (in his parents' unprejudiced opinion) the cutest baby ever. But he reserves the normal baby's rights of self-expression, and he can geyser his milk on occasion as effectively as anybody's little darling.

He can also make the welkin clang, with a voice that does his Pappy proud, and he'll practice his yodeling at night, when he feels like it, as heartily as if the sun were shining. This bothers the Jolsons not in the least—Erie is one of those rare mothers who actually enjoys the nurse's day off because then she can do everything for the baby. (Continued on page 84)
"My Own True Love-Gift"
says
WANDA HENDRIX
Appearing in Paramount's
"My Own True Love"
with "stars in her eyes" for
AUDIE MURPHY
America's Most Decorated Soldier
Appearing in Paramount's
"Beyond Glory"

THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME
Ideal Gift for Graduation,
Confirmation, Anniversaries,
Birthdays.
"It's the Real Love-Gift"

say America's most Romantic Sweethearts

New stars in Hollywood—adorable Wanda Hendrix and popular Audie Murphy are real-life sweethearts. Just a "couple in love"—like so many, many happy, devoted couples, starting their dream home with a Lane Hope Chest! Make your sweetheart's dream come true—with a Lane Cedar Hope Chest—the one gift every girl wants from the man she loves! Sanctuary for her trousseau treasures—it's wonderfully practical, too. The only tested AROMA-TIGHT Cedar Chest in the world, with Lane's exclusive Patented Features. The Lane Company, Incorporated, Department K, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada, Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

No. 2231 (above). This beautiful Waterfall design achieves dramatic contrast of rich woods—American Walnut and exotic New Guinea and Zebra Woods. Has Lane's patented automatic tray, and glowing, hand-rubbed finish!

Free Moth Insurance Policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies, goes with every Lane Cedar Chest.

Aromatic Red Cedar, finished in rare wood exteriors from around the world, in designs to harmonize with any other furniture.
It's so soothing, so caressing... this new kind of shampoo. The reason? A little powdered egg! Yes, and Richard Hudnut Shampoo brings out all the "lovelights," the glorious natural sheen of your hair! Be sure to try this luxury shampoo, created especially for patrons of Hudnut's exclusive Fifth Avenue Salon... and for you!

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

---Continued from page 81---

(Continued from page 81) herself. ("She wishes," Al tells it on her, "that the nurse could take three or four days off each week!")

Only a few months old now, this Sonny Boy is not climbing on anybody's knee as yet. He's too busy with other business—sleeping, eating, sunbathing, gurgling and cooing, exercising his lungs, discovering his toes, and—

"Just wrappin' those tiny fingers 'round yer heart," as sentimental Al puts it. But Pappy's got his eye on the future, too.

"Gonna teach him swimming, sure," says Al. "Gonna teach him golf—betcha he'll burn up the course like his old man. Fishing? Well, one of these days when I'm not so busy with all these guest shots on the air, but—"

"But no horse races for this kid. You know, I've got tickets for Santa Anita and I give 'em away. Don't go near the place any more—can't afford it. You go to the races and whaddya do? You drop dough. Say I drop five hundred bucks out there—you know what I gotta earn to spend that? Five thousand, yeah! Ten cents on the dollar, that's what I get after taxes. Making dough, sure. A million last year—two million—what's the difference? Ten cents on the dollar, ha! Gotta save to make ends meet. Fellow wants me to buy a fancy new car—twelve thousand bucks he wants. I figure what I gotta earn to spend that kinda dough—and it's one-twenty grand. No, thanks, fellow—I'll drive what I got. Got another mouth to feed now, gonna keep those April Showers off the little fellow's head, gotta keep on singing those songs..."

"APRIL SHOWERS"—or California cloudbursts—shouldn't seriously worry Asa, who'll have his choice of two roofs. The Jolsons spend most of their winter days, between air shows, at the Palm Springs home. There Al swims, swims, swims, keeps up that exuberant, bouncing vitality of his. It's a small house, only two bedrooms, and it's never swarming with week-enders from Hollywood. Asa, whether at the Springs or at the Jolsons' long grey bungalow on a Hollywood hilltop, lives in a quiet home.

"We're building a room for him on the Hollywood house—a regular nursery for Erle to fix up pretty," says Al. "On the other hand, we've been thinking about selling it, and getting a little ranch in the valley—great place for a kid to grow up."

Asa's room, if they stay on the hill, will command a sweeping view of that San Fernando valley, and the swimming pool will be right down the hill, waiting for the day when he can join Al and Erle in their daily splash. If they stay, they'll fence that pool for safety's sake.

For another kind of rainy weather Al wants Asa to have the best available preparation. Good education, training, character.

"We'll send him to a good school—and a hard one, he says. "Want no spoiling of the boy. You can't always count on money. Sometimes I read the papers and I start singing: 'I could climb the highest mountain—and jump off!' And you train a kid to be decent, to work, to get along with people, and then he's got something better than money.

"Maybe I'll be guiding the boy from the spirit world by the time he's ready for school, but maybe not, too. I'm supposed to be at least 100, from
made her perfect for conducting that type of show.

In her early days of radio Alma Kitchell found herself much in demand as a speaker at college clubs, concert groups, and other gatherings, on the almost unknown medium of radio. Now, more than two decades later, the same thing is true again. Alma is constantly being asked to speak these days about the new phenomenon on the entertainment horizon—television.

In the early spring of 1947 her chance came. A rancher named Varick was searching for someone who had charm, showmanship, and could cook. Alma Kitchell was made to order. As Mrs. Kitchell says, "I am not a home economist, and I run my program as any normally good cook would. Cooking has always been a very special hobby of mine. I think you'll find that true of a great many singers, painters, and the like—artists of all kinds. That's because cooking is a creative art—much like writing or painting." Over the years, her loyal radio fans have added more than 200 cook books; these comprise her recipe library.

If you should ask Alma what one thing she finds most satisfying about television, she would probably say: "The highly personalized relationship between the performer and the television viewer. You are not just heard in people's homes—you are there. You are welcomed into the family circle. My mail reflects this feeling very definitely, and let me tell you it is a response that is very close to every performer's heart." To point out how sensitive video is, she tells about the first time she hummed to herself as she prepared the dish of the week on her program. She wasn't thinking about it—just engrossed in fixing the ingredients. Well, mail flooded in from her audience (which includes a surprising number of men too) about how natural and homely this touch was.

Each type of television program presents individual camera problems. Mrs. Kitchell's most outstanding one was the fact that scraping things out of her pot, which is done in the course of her show each week, must be done with the bowl facing the camera. After years of automatically doing it towards you, the camera, this was a difficult trick to master, but now she does it naturally. And toward her performance seems effortless, the placing of each cup and bowl and box must be carefully rehearsed to please the all-seeing eye of the television camera. Four sets of ingredients are used for every dish. Since it is a fifteen-minute show, and most of the recipes take longer than that to cook, it is necessary to have a pre-cooked finished product on hand so her audience can get the complete effect of the recipe, from beginning to end, in the short program time.

After the show is over, you'll find cameramen, directors, technicians, and everyone else nearby, crowded into the beautiful kitchen unit. Her sponsor had a costume for Mrs. Kitchell's program, sampling the cake or biscuits or whatever happened to be featured that night. The food is really as good as it looks!

Now as television is there's a still newer field, and that is movie shorts made exclusively for television. Already Alma Kitchell is getting offers for that kind of work. Judging from past performances the pioneering spirit should be taken hold any day now, and Alma will be off to meet the challenge of the unknown again.
WHY THIS HIGHER TYPE OF INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Is so widely used in U.S.A. Among Intelligent Women

show, partially because she knew it would be good mental training, his mother succeeded in getting Milton's full attention. There was no need for her to worry about where the school was having more difficulty in keeping his attention until he was enrolled in the Professional Children's School. He was after all, a child star and was much in demand at the Old Biograph and Fort Lee Studios, playing in support of Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline," and with Rudolph, John Bunny and Mabel Normand.

Milton calls his mother his "Number One Fan," and pays her back with great devotion, and always to wives and others who have been inserted in his life, an audience, especially when she in the audience. For instance, if an audience is a little slow to react to a fast gag, he will say, "Come on, ladies and gentlemen. I see the rest of you don't catch on!"

She must be in her sixties because Milton, the baby of the family, was born in 1908, but she doesn't look it. She is extremely attractive with an abundance of grey hair on which she wears very smart, feminine, feathered hats. He has never at one time seen her at some time every day Milton sees her. When she is out of town he calls her daily. She usually does most of the talking on these occasions with Milton uttering only the occasional "I say, darling, aren't you coming along?"

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

Greaseless Suppository Assures Continuous Medication For Hours

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It's easy to understand why this higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness is being so widely used among highly intelligent and exacting women. And why you, too, should bless the day you learned about this method.

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My Pal, Milton Berle

(Continued from page 63)

Although this boy, I have to smile every time he talks about retiring in ten years. He will never retire. He even resents having to go to sleep, and manages to get along with about five arnoldizations a night — wasted time in his opinion.

He gets up at eleven in the morning, and when his daughter, Vicki, is with him she acts as his alarm clock. His divorce last year from Joyce Mathews is amiable, and they share the child equally. Vicki will be three in September, talks a blue streak, and is a great mimic. Her father adores being with her, and usually catches up again sometime during the late afternoon.

His favorite restaurant is Lindy's, and he usually has at least one meal a day there. Although he is always filled with high-powered competition, each trying to top the other, and of course that is what Milton thrives on, after all, the only thing that can unseat Milton at table were Jack, Leonhard, Harvey Stone, Al Burnett (known as the English Berle), Julie Oshin, the Slate brothers and Red Buttons. The gags flew so thick and fast that Milton couldn't even keep up.

Finally the headwaiter took a hand. "Look, boys, it's an hour past closing time now," he said. "One more joke and you go!"

It is fun working with him, but there are two things that my pal, Berle, does not like — that he wanted to go home.

One is his habit of making those goon-boy faces at people when they are in the middle of serious lines on the air. I am, unhappily, a gagger and am likely to laugh, or turn my face away, and almost as much as he hates walking.

He lives in a big duplex in the east Eighties, only about twenty-five short blocks from Radio City, which would be just a warm-up for a marathon walker like me. But he has made it on foot only once, and then under bitter protest and because there was no other way out. The first time was when the blizzard of blizzards hit New York and all traffic stopped.

He doesn't drink at all, but he is a chain smoker. For exercise, he goes card playing. He insists he can't be a professional. He is a fight fan, as am I, and we go together every Friday night. He knows a lot about boxing himself. I remember once we were taking an audience in a club and a fellow who seemed to be somewhat jingled became pugnacious to the point where there was going to be trouble any minute. Milton tried to wack him out of her dressing room, but the fellow wouldn't budge. So Milton simply picked the fellow up and held him over his head until he cooled off. That's real weight-lifting.

But all this is by way of introduction. The real reason I write is to tell how it is with Milton. He is a most unusual personality and I've told you how he and his family take what seems to me is the most important thing. I'll illustrate:

One Sunday morning he came up to me in the green room and said, "I'm going up to the office to see about the new flavor of ginger ale. I always like to have a drink first thing in the morning. Will you wait for me?"

I don't think it sounds too bad when he lifts his shoulder to my ear in front of an audience. As a matter of fact, my opinion of him has changed considerably since that first meeting in The Music Hall that if Milton wants to give me a spread in the Yankee Stadium in front of a million people, it will be all I can do to meet him. It would not be right if lots of other people tried it, you understand; but it's okay from my pal Berle.
that. Every cent he has put into the place has doubled already—on paper. Their hilltop, which was unimproved grazing land when he bought it, comes under “estate values” in the tax books now.

Nobody who comes by the place, whether mailman, milkman or folks looking for the Phil Harrises (the last turn back down the road and to your right) can get away without a tour of the grounds, with appropriate comment expected.

A taciturn fellow who came in a couple of months ago to install the telephones nearly drove Jim crazy. He looked over the lawn, the flowers, the terraces, the guyed-up trees. No comment.

“Nice?” Jim prodded him, from time to time.

No answer. Just a laconic grunt.

The tour was over, and Jim was mighty sore. You can’t come to visit this farmer’s son without admiring his crops. Just then the man folded massive arms across his chest, looked out from the rim of the lot toward the purple Sierra Madres rising clear and sharp a hundred miles across the valley.

“I’d never live in a place like this,” said the telephone man.

“Why not?” Jim barked shortly.

“Mountains cut off your view,” he said. And he went away.

PEOPLE have different ways of showing it, the Jordans decided after that, but nobody in his right mind could help loving their new Eden.

Fred Banks, for instance. Fred is—or was—an itinerant painter who came in during the remodeling operations to do a couple of days’ work. He’s still there, six months later.

Fred kept finding jobs for himself. Jim says, jobs which obviously had to be done. Seemed easier to expand the plans to include another room in the guest house than to send him away.

Gives Jim somebody to boss around. Marian concedes. She demands one hundred percent control of the household workings, including supervision of their one servant, a casual and friendly Filipino house boy named Albert.

Jim can run the out-of-doors departments, his gardeners, and his modern car port which is brand new and his current pride and joy. Jim borrows Marian’s new vacuum cleaner from time to time to “do” the cars, which are almost as carefully tended as the fuchsias. He ran into a little excitement with that one day when his red setter Mac (McGee’s Blue Mountain Boy, if you want his full name, so named in honor of the Jordans’ Blue Mountain Ranch in Woody, California) turned up napping in the rear seat of Marian’s sedan. Getting Mac’s beautiful red hair out of the sweeper turned out to be more work than doing the cars by hand, and for a few days Jim reverted to the primitive tools of broom and dustbin for his auto chores.

Mac didn’t speak to anybody for several days, Jim said.

“Blamed me,” he says incredulously, “just like the time Marian got her hand in the washing-machine wringer.”

The wood-working shop is another
The swim cap that keeps hair dry

1. Most important is the suction band inside the cap. If a few drops of water get as far as the first ridge, the second and third stop them... shut water out.
2. The cap is shaped deep at the back of the head, assuring extra snug fit.
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the swim cap that keeps hair dry

area of the Jordan place which is exclusively Jim's domain.

Jim started collecting tools and equipment for his shop when he needed some redwood boxes for his cinerarias and decided to make them himself. Like a small boy with his first chemistry set, once he got started he couldn't stop.

He now owns and operates proficiently a band saw, bench saw, shaper, milling machine, lathe, drill press, scrod saw, and jointer. The shop is in an impressive new building near the car port with an upwinging aluminum door big enough to admit twelve-foot two-by-fours (and a window which comes out, frame and all, in case of emergency).

Nobody, and he means nobody, can enter this Temple of Sawdust without Jim. There is one set of keys for the place, and it's in Jim's pocket.

"One day," barks Marian—whose barkless need to say is worse than her bite—"we'll all stand around and laugh like crazy while the place burns to the ground."

So much of the effort and planning which have transformed this ordinary small ranch into a showplace have gone into practical improvements that many visitors come and go without a look at the house itself. They are sometimes unaware that there is one. All this, their amazed faces say, and a house too?

The house has been Marian's part of the project. All Jim cares about a house is that it works.

It was Marian's job—and pleasure—to make the place look like her long-cherished image of home, sweet, permanent home. In only two of the rooms, the all-glass sunroom which was one of the new additions, and the dining room, did she make any concessions to the grand style and formality which people of their prominence are expected to prefer.

The character of the sun room is determined by the two solid walls of glass which overlook the view. (Jim's and Marian's bedroom also is part of the new section of the house, and also has vast windows looking off to the far-away mountains.) The glass walls in the sun room are curtained to the floor with heavy white pull drapes for evening privacy. (For coziness, rather, since no spot on the hilltop is accessible to the public view.) In the daytime, a hundred miles of California scenery is the backdrop. The handsome red, white and grey-blue color scheme of the interior, dramatic as it is, bucks stiff competition in that view, but Marian says "the women notice" her handiwork—the comfortable sofas covered in a patterned quilted chintz, the deep pile rug, bright spots of yellow and crimson in two occasional chairs, lovely early American tables and chests of mellow, rubbed-down pine. Wall bracket lamps with floral bowls (they were converted from old gasoline burners) are another touch of early Americans. Mirrored wall shelves house important pieces of Marian's collection of Dresden and Meissen figurines.

The needlepoint footstools— one for each of the Jordan's two children—and the handknit afghan on the sofa are strictly Molly-touches.

"Pure Peoria," Jim says of the afghan, and it is— as it should be—the highest compliment.

The dining room is pretty impressive too. Here, against modishly dark green walls are displayed the massive and expertly carved Grecian statues. The Jordans' grateful sponsors have bestowed upon them from time to time. A wonderful old hutch is cram full of rare willowware, and the walls are hung with early American lithographs.

In the really lived-in areas of the house, in Marian's wonder kitchen—which has everything every electrical wizard from Edison to Jim Jordan could dream up—in the bright red and yellow breakfast room with the high chair always ready to welcome Granddaughter Diane, and in the study where Jim's favorite cowboy painting by Frank Tenney Johnson has the place of honor over the fireplace and another of Marian's beautiful afghans is flung carelessly over the back of the sofa, there is more of Peoria than Beverly Hills, more real comfort than style.

"We tried adapting ourselves to high society," Marian confesses, with a cheerful laugh, "but we hated it."

And what good was all their success, they wondered finally, if they couldn't have the kind of life they really wanted? They had had more real enjoyment out of life when they were the "O-Henry Twins" singing bawdy ballads for the early-risers in Chicago than when they were squeezing now out of all the money they could get.

They decided then and there that they would stop trying to live the "big-stuff" life and get back to fundamentals.

In their new home, they are content as they haven't been since their children were little. The "children"—Katharine is married and a mother now and James, Jr., is a motion-picture producer with enough success of his own to resent being introduced as "Jim Jordan's boy"—are very much a part

Hear Lowell Thomas
World traveler, author, editor, lecturer.
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For All The Drama And Interest In The News

Every Night Mon.-Fri. CBS

Lowell Thomas, captain of "The Nine Old Men," talks about big league softball—one of the fastest games in the world—in June Sport magazine! Don't miss it!
Sea of the family. Jimmy lives with his folks. Katharine and her doctor-husband and their little girl are there so frequently that they might as well be in residence. The Jordans wish they were. Their three-year-old granddaughter is a delight, and Marian's planning of the house took into consideration the requirements of the very youngest generation. A crib, a high chair, toys, dolls and a tricycle are part of the standard equipment.

Except for broadcast days, the Jordans stick close to home. In the daytime, there's all that sun and scenery to soak up. Evenings, they can be perfectly happy with magazines or a little "home-made" music—Marian was a piano teacher when she met Jim; they love singing together. Nine o'clock usually finds them in bed, if not asleep then piled up in their twin beds with mounds of pillows and books and the day's newspapers (ignored as long as the sun shines) with a bowl of home-grown fruit close by for nibbling.

And if Jim gets sleepy before Marian—and after all, he's put in a hard day's work in the shop and the nursery—he can snooze happily without interrupting her reading. Through a set of reading "spotlights" which Jim devised, the whole room can be darkened except for a circle of light around the late-reader's bed.

More gregarious folk would feel isolated on their hilltop, Marian acknowledges, but these two never have a lonely moment. If they feel like a party they get on the phone and invite a few friends for dinner; Marian pushes Albert out of the kitchen and goes to work, and presto—a party.


"Mother's ice-box cake is about the fanciest food in the country," son Jimmy puts in and then both he and his father look hopefully at Marian. That ice-box cake—and Marian suggests that you serve it no more than once a year if you wish to keep your girlish figure—has caused so much talk among the Jordans' friends that it seemed a good idea to pry loose the recipe for Radio Mirror readers. Here it is, and she wishes you luck with it.

Marian Jordan's Ice-Box Cake

1/2 lb. butter
4 eggs
2 squares chocolate
3 to 5 doz. ladyfingers—depending on size
3/4 lb. powdered sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1 can crushed pineapple
Cream the butter and sugar. Add beaten egg yolks. Mix well. Then add beaten whites.
To 2/3 of this mixture add melted chocolate. Line the bottom of a square pan, as follows:
1. Split ladyfingers and put in with smooth side up.
2. Then layer of chocolate filling.
3. Layer of crushed pineapple.
4. Another layer of ladyfingers.
5. White filling (nuts added if desired).
6. Another layer of ladyfingers.
7. Chocolate filling.
8. Another layer of pineapple.
9. Then ladyfingers on the top with round side up.
Put in ice box overnight. Serve with whipped cream.

Okay, honey, tuck in your tongue!
It'll be quite some time before mother hears you say, "Ummm, Gerber's all taste so good!"
But like thousands of other tots, you've been smacking your lips over the wide variety of Gerber's—ever since you began to eat from a spoon.

Babies certainly go for variety.
The doctor said so way back when we started you on Gerber's 3 Cereals. And ever since, Gerber's have kept your spoon filled with tempting surprises—Soups, Vegetables, Fruits, Meat-Combinations and Desserts!

Calling all Mothers!
Remember, doctors approve Gerber's too! So, you know baby's flavor-favorites are as nutritious as they are delicious! For easier change-over and less leftovers, Gerber's 15 Junior Foods come in the same size container as Gerber's 20 Strained Foods! All are the same low price too!

FREE! Samples of Gerber's 3 tasty Cereals. Write Dept. W-64, Gerber's, Fremont, Mich.
He's My Boss
(Continued from page 47)

make sense. Certainly not in Hollywood.

It doesn't make sense, either, that the
star of a picture should pick out an
extra for a pal; at least it isn't cus-
tomary. But Dick Haymes had the
horse bug, even then, and he gravitated
toward me—and my horse—as iron fl-
gles toward a magnet.

Before the first day's shooting was
over, he had asked me to spend the next
Sunday at his new house in Longridge
estates.

I told him I usually spent Sunday
with my family, and explained about
Wanda. Wanda and I grew up to-
gether in Sac City and were married
as soon as I had landed my first job, the
$85-a-month deal in the drugstore store.
I told him about our son, Bobby, who
was four; another baby was on the way.

Couldn't be better, Dick said. He and
Joannie, too, were expecting their
second child. Our wives could talk
about their obstetricians, our boys—
Skipper was just a couple of years
younger than Bobby—could wear one
another down, and we could talk about
horses. By all means, I should bring
the family along.

It turned out to be quite a day. We
all swam in the new pool, and Dick and
I played a few sets of tennis on his new
tennis court, and then we sat around
and breathed deep and said wasn't it
great to be living in California.

"And with all this," Dick said, waving
in the direction of his new "estates."

"And two years ago," Joanne re-
mined him, "we were so poor I had to go
to home to mother to wait for Skip-
per." I

"Because all we could afford to eat
was spaghetti," Dick winced, "and her
mother thought she should have red
meat and vitamins."

"Me, too," said Dick. "Hey, let's make
some.

It was the servants' day off, so we all
invaded the kitchen and whipped up
the prettiest batch of spaghetti with
meat balls that you ever saw.

Skipper was put to bed finally, and
Bobby went to sleep on the sofa. And
the McCords, who had arrived at a cool
ten a.m., didn't get around to saying
thank you for a lovely time until p.m.
of the same number.

We had to be friends, with so much in
common. Dick and I were both strict-
ly home kids, crazy for our families and
our own hearthside—even if it was for
different reasons. I was a home boy be-
cause I had grown up in a wonderful
home, which was more fun than any-
thing on the outside. Dick loved home
because he had never really had one. He
had just batted about, he said, prac-
tically since the time he was born in
Buenos Aires. For him, this house in
Longridge was fulfillment of a dream
he had been dreaming a long, long time.

That we had horses in common, and
swimming and tennis, was just extra
good luck.

"We even look alike," Dick said a
couple of days later on the set. And we
measured off—same height, but exactly,
same weight, same chesty build.

It was the physical similarity that
gave Dick the Big Idea. Why didn't I
come along on his next picture (which
didn't have horses) as his stand-in?

The idea appealed to me. Life as a
ranch hand (I worked for Johnny
Epper, who trained Flicka and a lot of
other horses for films) so far had in-
volved more potatoes than horses—to
say nothing of cash—and I was not
averse to a change.

Seventy-five dollars a week, the
standard salary for stand-ins, all that
money and no potatoes—it sounded like
heaven. We shook hands on that.

And to celebrate the McCords cooked
supper for the Haymeses, our McCord
special—enchiladas—with everybody
pitching in. Dick chopped the onions,
Joanne grated the cheese.

"Irish Eyes are Smiling" was the first
picture in which I stood—in or is it up?
—for Dick. The cameraman was de-
lighted. We are so identical in build
that there was no re-lighting problem.
Dick, I think, was a little afraid that I
wouldn't like it. Owen McClaine, the
casting director, spurred from some
motel quarters, was pretty sure to
turn up when Dick—and I, of course—
had a day off, to say there was a bit in
some other picture on the lot and I
could have it if I wanted it. I wanted it.
I loved it. Dick needn't have worried so
much about the pull of those potato
fields.

But then, the picture finished, we
were both “off the lot.” And I was off
salary.


It was at this point that Dick sug-
gested that I go on his personal payroll,
as his “secretary.” I howled.

I don't know shorthand, and I had
forgotten all I ever knew of my high
school typing.

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photograph of Arthur. Don't miss it!
It didn't matter, Dick said. He didn't dictate. And there wouldn't be much typing. (That wasn't true.)

Then what did I do?
Oh, he said, odds and ends.

Like what?
"Your first chore," he said, "is to invite me to dinner tonight. Joannie is out of town. And, please, enchiladas."

I complied, even to the enchiladas, but I wasn't very happy about it. I didn't get this deal. A secretary who had never written a letter? I didn't want any hand-outs.

I didn't know Dick then as well as I do now, or I would not have worried. The guy is loyal to his friends, but he doesn't collect stooges. His old boyhood pal, Eddie Pike, the writer and Marty Clark, composer, ride the boom with Dick not because he is their pal, but because they can produce, and he knows it. The same thing goes for Alec Milne, the kid who taught Dick to fly. Dick's raves around town have made Alec prosperous as a pilot-instructor, but because he's good, not just because Dick likes him.

I didn't know this then, and I fretted for twenty-four hours after Dick made his offer. Then Wanda, my smart wife, took me in hand. I was being silly, she said. Dick was not the sort of a guy to turn a friend into a patsy.

She was right. A patsy would strike after a week of what Dick calls odds and ends.

Our first undertaking together under Dick's "new deal" was a trip east. Dick had theater engagements in New York, Atlantic City, and Boston. I went along, taking over the worry department on such matters as hotel reservations, train space, interviews and appointments. I had to learn, but fast, which people were important and had to have time on the schedule no matter how pressed and busy Dick was, and which people had "angles" and were to be avoided even if all we had to do was go out on the town for the evening. A star's secretary, it seems, is buffer, diplomat, librarian and accountant, to say nothing of body guard and shoulder to cry on.

At one point, Dick dropped a hint about one of the "odds and ends" waiting for me when we got back home.
"You'll have to do something," he said, "about the fan mail. It may have piled up a bit."

It had piled up in truck loads. I took it out to my office at Dick's place in a bushel baskets from the studio and the radio station. Here for the first time, the cover came off the typewriter and I began to brush up on my hunting and punching.

"Pictures to everybody who requests them," Dick ordered. "Personal letters with them. They're important."

I wrote letters, answered requests, chopped phones, made appointments, organized a file of the household bookkeeping, began to organize the backlog of Dick's radio scripts, cataloguing them according to date, song titles, guest stars.

I fired domestics who hadn't turned out. Joannie it seems, loves hiring people, but can't bear to hurt anybody's feelings when it is necessary to give them the chop-chop.

There never, it seemed, was a day off. But, in terms of most jobs, neither was there ever a whole day on. On Dick's broadcast days, one of my odds and ends was to exercise Cupie—Dick finally had a horse of his own, first of quite a stable, a present from his manager, Bill Bur...
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all right but in Hollywood it's important to know the right people.'

Marie laughed. 'But that would be out of character, wouldn't it? Besides, I like electricians and stagehands.'

The question of clothes is another sore spot. The ultra-daring gowns Marie wears in "The Blackout" and the reds, greens and yellows of her everyday street attire threw Irma's Cy Howard into a dither. Irma couldn't dress like that," he protested. "But who sees me?" Marie asked.

"The radio audience sees you, I see you, your co-workers see you and it throws everything out of character," Cy howled. Marie, always eager to please and never one to argue, showed up the following week in a white frilly pinafore over the red, green and yellow.

The role grants her the privilege of making blunders that would throw others into agonia of embarrassment. But not Marie. To the distinguished author Mr. Aldous Huxley she once said, 'Oh Mr. Huxley, I just loved your book, 'Late in Summer Comes the Swan.' With the exception of Mr. Huxley, no one has laughed louder. Marie when the error was pointed out.

Uninhibited, unfrustrated, uncomplicated, like the White Queen in "Alice," Marie goes her serene way in a world inhabited by the many who are frustrated, inhibited and unhappy. And like the "Queen" her logic is unique, making sense in an obscure and typically Wilsonian way.

For instance, take her remark concerning little green onions. "I think they're wonderful—little onions, don't you?" she asked. "Yes," we agreed half-heartedly, passing Marie the scalions. "Oh no thank you," she said, "I don't care for them. I just think they're nice for people who like them."

Immediately the listener knows that words have been uttered that contain a semblance of sense but—well, two days later one is no nearer the core of the remark than before. It's Marie's own mode of expression, and who can say she's wrong? The only way to understand Marie's logic is to work it out by "algebra."

Her ability to laugh at herself and her extreme goodness of heart are the two outstanding characteristics of this bland faced woman. Good-natured beyond the point of requirement, Marie has a better time listening to herself being kidded than the kidder himself. Nothing fazes her. The harsh scolding of the radio producer in her direction, the kind that draws down the brows of the rest of the cast, is accepted by Marie with a simplicity that catches the throat. "It's good for me," Marie says. "I need to be driven." The truth is, of course, Marie no more needs driving than a flea, but somewhere within that heart is a warm desire to protect, to shield, to love her fellow man—to ex- 

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The possibility that Marie, as Irma, may one day be called upon to sign for a letter or a package in a televised broadcast is another worry. How audiences will react to Marie's printing of Irma is something to think about.

"I learned to print first," she explains "and I just never changed over to writing."

Evidently, her school teachers in Anaheim, California, where Marie was born, even then sensed the individual logic that is Marie’s and let it go at that. Nor did they protest much when Marie came into a $3000 legacy, quit school, and headed for Hollywood. Marie was not a pampered child, and learned to grow a lot of vegetables and to iron clothes. The money seemed to her like a small amount.

Bringing her family along on the trip at all, Marie was only a part of Marie. Nothing can shake it. They are hers to look after, take care of, believe in.

"To UNCLE (unemployed at the time) could only be President," she used to assure me, “everything would be wonderful. Uncle has such interesting ideas.” To this day Marie believes the salvation of the world rests with Uncle, "Only he isn’t an uncle exactly,” she’d amend. In time it became clear Marie wasn’t too sure who Uncle really was after all. In some way, she’d explain, he was related to people in her family.

Five years ago she met handsome Allan Nixon, a young actor, and married him in a quick ceremony. That rocked Hollywood, Marie being actively engaged at the time to an older man.

"For heaven’s sake, Marie, are you married or aren’t you?"" we demanded while reporters phoned in a frenzy.

"No," she wept, "I’m not. And besides I’m having it annulled.” It wasn’t that she didn’t love Allan who, by this time, was a studio boy, but she said she saw one. "I just can’t bear to hurt anyone," she wept, "so I’ll divorce Allan and go back to Nicky.”

"But then Allan will be hurt," we argued.

Marie regarded her husband through long wet lashes. "But he’s younger and doesn’t need me," she reasoned and the weeping began all over again.

Eventually, the triangle ironed itself out to a twosome and with five years of marriage and only one or two disagreements between them, Allan and Marie are completely happy.

At heart and at home, Marie is an Irma. She neither drinks, smokes, nor resorts to colorful language or back-fence gossip. No matter the faults or weaknesses of friends or strangers, Marie sees in them hidden virtues. And in that secret world she moves and lives and has her being. That’s Irma—and My Friend Marie.
them in the front seat of Carl’s car. Neither Phyllis nor Carl cared to talk. Anne dragged the conversation along by her ears over miles of winding road- way, through the rows of picturesque houses on the sunny hilltop that was the picnic site.

Jerry, returning from Lincoln Falls, caught up with them on the home stretch. He honked Carl to a stop at the side of the road, calling, “Hey, Carl! I want to talk to you.”

In a flash Anne was out of Carl’s car and into Jerry’s, shaking him vigorously. “Now, now, you lug!” she hissed, and raised her voice sweetly, “Carl, you won’t mind driving back with Phyllis. I’ll keep company.”

Carl and Phyllis drove on. Jerry gapored after them, rubbed the sore spot his wife’s fingernails had left on his arm. “Now what’s the idea?” he asked, aggrievedly. “I wanted to ride luck together, at least. You don’t know what a time I’ve had with them—hu?” She sat bolt upright. “Did you say a job? For Carl?”

They told him about it before dinner that evening. “This guy Suggs,” Jerry said, “has packed as much excitement into running his dinky little newspaper as a big city publisher does. He wouldn’t have the nerve to do it, you’d once been a newspaperman—Carl’s eyes were alight; he was excited, and trying not to show it too much. “It sort of takes my breath away,” he said. “I didn’t expect—”

“Wait a minute,” ordered Jerry. “I certainly not trying to discourage you, but we’re in a mess, both Suggs and I. Half this state is run by a crooked galoot as ever came down the pike, Carl. He was using me to run interference for him in a lulu of a swindle—trying to get a water reservoir condemned here in order to sell the land to the railroad. He got the governor to appoint me Assistant Commissioner of Health for this county—and then put a cut-rate bacteriologist named Ledderbe in the office. We caught Ledderbe red-handed a few days ago. He signed a confession—and collapsed. We took him to the hospital in Lincoln Falls yesterday.”

“That crooked galoot,” Carl interrupted, “is Roger Dineen?”

“Right.” Jerry nodded. “He’s national character, smart, smooth completely ruthless. Last night in Suggs’ office—that’s why I was called away from dinner—he threatened Suggs with a libel suit if Suggs printed the confession, and he might as well have said it. He’s safe as long as Ledderbe’s in the hospital in a state of shock, and unable to testify against him. Ledderbe’s a good guy underneath, and he likes me—”

“—and he’s mortally afraid of Dineen. You see?”

“What has Phyllis to do with all this?” Carl asked bluntly.

“Oh, Phyllis!” Jerry spoke rapidly. “Her story’s a book in itself. She has nothing to do with her father. She’s left him. She doesn’t even know all the details Jerry just told you.”

“That’s right,” Jerry corroborated. “One of the nasty things about breaking the business in Suggs’ newspaper is what it will do to Phyllis. But—get this straight—she’s okay. Strictly.”

“Well—” Carl hesitated, so long that Jerry grew impatient. “What do you say, Carl? Will you go to see Suggs?”

“I don’t know,” said Carl slowly. “If you’ll excuse me, I think I’ll take a walk.”

The next morning Carl was backing his car down the Malone driveway and watching what had taken possession of him. Maybe it was just the Malones. They were so happy together that they had made him think of happiness.

He jammed on the brakes. Phyllis didn’t even half look up, and Phyllis had darted into the driveway from behind the privet hedge, directly into his path. “What are you doing there?” he shouted in a voice that shook with fear and anger. “I might have killed you.”

She rose, an onion-shaped object in her hand, and came toward him. “Planting tulips for Mrs. Morrison. A bulb that’s in for me.” She said pleasantly.

“What are you doing?”

“Aside from trying to run you down, I’m on my way to see about a job. To see,” he added carefully, “a Mr. Suggs about a job on his newspaper.”

“Oh,” her face didn’t change. “I wish you luck.”

He said, “I’d like to know what you think of it.”

“I? Why—”

It came to him without surprise that he wouldn’t have taken the job without asking her first. “I understand,” he explained, “that your father and Suggs are political enemies. I wouldn’t like to find myself in a position where I’d be chosen your father, shooting from both hips.”

“Why not?” she asked flatly.

“Because—well, you’re his daughter, which proves he can do some things right. I’d like to be your friend.”

“I see,” she turned the tulip bulb slowly in her hand, studying it soberly. “I don’t think you ought to let yourself be influenced by anything like this.”

“Are you telling me to go jump in the lake?”

Her eyes looked up in a startled gleam. “I’m telling you to think of what it means to you what I think. In a low voice, she went on, “Does—he know about this, this job with Suggs?”

“He—he means Jerry.” Jerry was closer a brother to him, but the name was suddenly bitter on his tongue. “It was he who found out about it for me.”

“I see,” he was just a whisper. “And suddenly, everything was decided for Carl. It was all completely crazy. For one thing, he hadn’t a chance, and for another—well, anyone who’d never felt what he felt would say that it had happened too quickly, that he couldn’t be sure. But he was sure; he knew how he felt—and, since he had no chance, he had nothing to lose by saying so. He felt—”

He got out of the car to stand before her. “There’s another reason I wanted your opinion,” he said, “only I’m afraid it’s going to annoy you. You see, I love you.”

She gave a little gasp—more of pain than anything else. “But why?” she cried frantically. “Why does it have to be?”

“I mean—there are so many girls—”

“That’s always the pity of it, isn’t it?” he said ironically. “There are so many girls I know...”
Oh, please understand! I'm flattered—complimented. And I think you're a fine man—

"But I've only got one foot," he broke in. "I didn't lose the other heroically, you know. It was an auto accident. It might have happened down the street. But instead it happened in the Philippines—so you don't have to give yourself a sales talk about how you're turning down a hero. You're not."

She went white, then furiously angry. "That has nothing to do with it! You must believe that! Please believe it. You...

"All right," said Carl quietly. "I'm a heel to even mention it. But that's only part of it. There's another part—and this is really mean. It just goes to show what a guy will stoop to when he feels the way I feel. You're in love with Jerry Malone—and you're making nothing but misery for yourself by keeping your mind set on him. You know that. I don't see why you don't try to shake yourself loose—"

He plunged on desperately. "I know this sounds like a boast, but I might as well get everything off my chest right now. As long as you live, nobody else—nobody else—is going to love you as much as I do now. And there's one other thing: I'd like to grab you and kiss you until you yelled out loud. Don't get scared—I won't. I was too well brought up. And now—excuse me, I've got to get on—see Suggs."

It was several days before he saw Phyllis again. Hubert Suggs, with a minimum of the grandiloquent phrases for which he was known, put him to work on sight, and after that Carl found that Jerry had stated only a fraction of the truth in promising him excitement in the News and Dispatch office. An attempt was made to get Ledderbe in his hospital bed—Dineen's work, Jerry was sure, while Roger Dineen blandly hinted to Prosecutor Pierce that perhaps Jerry had some private reason for wanting his patient out of the way.

Carl was kept busy haunting Pierce's office for interviews; he even interviewed Roger Dineen in his great house on the hill. Having met the man, he could understand something of Dineen's effect upon his daughter. There was a magnificence about him—corrupt, but still a real magnificence. And then Ledderbe disappeared. He was simply gone from his bed one night when the nurse made the rounds at the hospital, and with his going, the bottom dropped out of Jerry's case against Dineen. He still had the written confession, but it was useless without a well and cleared Dineen ofLedderbe to back it up.

In the midst of all the excitement, Mrs. Morrison planned a birthday party for Phyllis, with the Malones and Carl as guests. Carl's present was a bouquet of violets picked from the big tree in the back yard. Phyllis not only wore them, and wore them proudly, as if they were the first flowers anyone had ever given her, but there was a special softness in her eyes for him, a special timbre in her voice.

But still, at the end of the evening, when Jerry went to the kitchen for a glass of water, she followed him.

"Happy birthday!" Jerry toasted her with his glass of water. And then his physician's sixth sense told him it was time to operate. "Phyllis," he said, his eyes on the violets at her throat, "do you mind if I say something?"

The glow, the softness went out of her. "I know what you're going to say," she said tightly.
“Maybe,” he agreed. “Part of it. That Carl is fine, and gentle, and that he loves you—you. And also, that it’s time you stopped kidding yourself.”

“Kidding myself!” It was a cry of anguish. Jerry was unmoved.

“I’m a doctor,” he said. “It’s a business that isn’t entirely confined to giving pills. You get to know what’s good for people—and just for their up-set stomachs. Oh, I know, you’ve told yourself a bunch of cock-and-bull stories about how you’re in love with me and how sad it is and all the rest. But it’s not the truth, the real truth. The real truth is that you were sheltered for too many years of your life, and when you reached the point where you could no longer be sheltered, you were hurt. Being hurt made you afraid of life—and that’s the real point of it. Hanging onto a hopeless love for me is only an excuse to keep from facing life. By telling yourself that you love me and that’s why you can’t marry Carl no matter how much you like him, you’re actually confessing that you’re afraid of life and of what life offers.”

Her face was drained of color. She swayed, and he was afraid for an instant that she was going to faint. “It isn’t true,” she whispered shakily.

“It is true,” said Jerry, more gently.

Carl was blissfully unconscious of the scene in the kitchen. Phyllis had seemed close to him that evening as never before. This time he didn’t want to check himself with common sense. He wanted to dream for a while.

He told Anne and Jerry that he was going for a drive, and then he got into his car and started out toward the country. At a lonely and thickly wooded place, he stopped the car and began to walk, humming softly to himself. The bushes at the side of the road moved; his humming stopped.

“Who’s there?” he asked sharply, and listened. He heard no sound at all at first, then the explosive outlet of breath, of scream—!

An apparition stumbled out of the bushes, a ragged, bearded, emaciated ghost of a man with burning eyes.

“Ledderbe!”

The man groaned. “They tried to kill me in the hospital,” he whimpered. “I had to get away. But there are troopers—watching—every road— I haven’t had any for days.”

Carl had seen starvation, and desperation, before. He could not have, that night, turned the wild and desperate creature in for his own sake. But there was another, stronger reason for doing what he did—Phyllis. Once Jerry—and Suggs—knew about Led-derbe, Roger Dineen’s name would be smeared all over the state in type three inches high.

For several days he railed the Malone icebox, and drove out at midnight with his preferred food to the hunted man’s hiding place. He was keeping Ledderbe alive, and gaining his confidence, but the problem wasn’t solved. When Ledderbe agreed to give himself up. . .

It was Hubert Suggs who, all unknowingly, showed Carl what might prove to be a way out. Suggs played detective in the case one afternoon, on the suspicion that Roger Dineen’s henchmen, his secretary, Burke, and his butler, Connors, were desiring their master. He left Carl and Jerry in his office to await his call. When the telephone rang, Carl leaped for it.

“They’ve done it!” Suggs shouted.

“They’ve skipped! I saw the tickets! Connections straightened to Monter-ery, Mexico! Get going, Carl! Go straight to Dineen and tell him his boys have skipped.”

“The thing to hammer at,” said Jerry, after he, too, had talked with Suggs, “is that Burke and Connors have headed for Mexico because they’re implicated in the kidnapping and possible murder of Ledderbe. Tell that to Dineen—in other words, find out what’s happened to Ledderbe, or else this wonderful break for us is no good. We’ve got to find Ledderbe, or we fail. Understand?”

Carl understood all too well. He walked out of Suggs’ office, got into his car, like a man condemned. And, as he ran the bell of the big house on the hill, the idea, the barely possible solution, came to him. It was a chance, he thought, just a bare chance. But he would have to take it for Phyllis. . .

That night he told Anne and Jerry what he had done—that he had told Dineen he, Carl, had Ledderbe. The Malones were astonished at what seemed like duplicity, until Carl explained that he had hoped by this to force Dineen to resign. “And if he gives up, signs a confession, promises never to meddle again . . . won’t justice be served as well as if he goes to prison? And Phyllis won’t be as badly hurt . . .”

They didn’t know, until they heard her voice, that Phyllis had come into the room. “Don’t worry about me,” she said tightly. “I’ll—I can go away. I couldn’t have less of a life . . .” and suddenly she keeled over.

The front doorbell sounded. Jerry groaned. “A patient—now! It would happen. Carl—Anne—take Phyllis in-
to the living room, and I'll steer whoever it is into the office.

"She's only fainted, Carl," Anne comforted him as they laid Phyllis on the living room couch. "She'll be all right—" She stopped, at the sound of the high, hysterical voice that floated down the hall. Suggs' voice.

"We've done it!" he shouted. "Open that envelope, Jerry boy! Read those papers! Resigned as State Chairman, National Committeeman, his bank directorship... everything. He's through. That's his surrender!"

Over Phyllis' still face Anne's eyes met Carl's. "Suggs," she said. "It's out of our hands now, Carl."

But it wasn't over, not quite. Carl had his late rendezvous to keep with Ledderbe. Phyllis insisted, over Jerry's and Anne's protests, upon going to see her father, and upon going alone. It was Richmond. He was waiting when Jerry's car, with Phyllis at the wheel, stopped before the house. He crossed the lawn to meet her.

"Phyllis—"

"Yes, Carl. What happened?"

"I brought Ledderbe back with me. He's inside with Jerry now, and he still can't believe he's safe from Dineen. But that isn't what I want to talk to you about."

She looked ready to run, then changed her mind and waited. "What is it, Carl?"

"I want you to marry me."

"You'd be throwing your life away," said Phyllis. "I think too much of you to let you in for something—"

She found that she suddenly couldn't say another word. "Forgive me, Carl."

"And she turned to me—"

Phyllis."

He started after her. She heard the sickness thud as he went down, heard him groan. She spun around, was kneeling beside him.

"Get Jerry."

"It's my leg."

Phyllis stayed with him through every minute of it, and she flinched just once when Jerry cut away the sock and exposed the torn flesh beneath. And when Carl was comfortable, and Jerry had turned his back for a moment, she bent close to Carl, whispering, "Carl. I love you—"

"I found out. When you fell, back there, it was as if it were I who'd been hurt. You're as close to me as that. Can you believe me, Carl?"

Jerry, returning, stopped short at the sight of them, backed quietly out, went down the hall to the kitchen to Anne. He put his arms around her and rocked her back and forth, humming foolishly and grinning.

"Jerry Malone! If you won't tell me what it's all about—or has all the excitement gone to your head?"

"No," said Jerry, "my head's all clear. Everything's all clear for everybody—even for Phyllis. Her father's name isn't going to be smeared all over the papers after all. There'll just be a genteel announcement that he's out of politics, out of the state. Suggs can't do otherwise, now. After all, he's proved his case in public by the very fact that Dineen is getting out, and he owes something to Carl and me for helping him prove it. And furthermore..."

Anne shook him. "Jerry, stop! If you won't tell me—"

"And furthermore," he went on airily, "Suggs thinks a lot of Carl Ward. He's not going to do anything that will hurt Carl's wife-to-be, not anything at all."
And Something New
(Continued from page 65)
cakes together so the tops meet at the center and frost them. Put a small doily in the hole at the top. It will look like an old-fashioned bouquet if you fill it with flowers and leaves of frosting.
First make the stems: Roll up a square of smooth brown wrapping paper to make a cornucopia (open at one end and lightly closed at the other). Fill about 1/2 full with frosting which has been tinted green. Fold the open end closed and press the frosting toward the point. With a scissors snip off a bit of the closed end just so a small stream of the frosting can be squeezed through.
With this paper tube you can place the stems wherever you want them.
Then make the leaves. Use green frosting in the same tube (or make a new one if the one you were using wears out) but press the tip of the tube out flat. With a sharp scissors cut ¼ inch off each side of the end of the tube. When this tube is squeezed it will make leaves.
Little Pink Roses: Color about ½ cup of the frosting pink. Fill the paper tube. With a scissors cut out a 1/2 inch of tip of the tube. Small amounts pressed through onto the green leaves will make little roses and rose buds. If you make little mistakes, just cover them with a few green leaves.

Wedding Breakfast, Lunch or Supper: (to serve at the home reception)
Chicken Salad
Hot Rolls
Brides’ Cake
Champagne Punch

MOULDED CHICKEN SALAD
2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 cup diced celery
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup French dressing
1 tablespoon gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1 cup chicken stock or water
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1/4 cup mayonnaise
1/2 cup ricotta cheese
Combine chicken, onion, celery, salt and French dressing. Soften gelatine in 1/4 cup cold water. Add to hot stock or water, and stirs until dissolved. Place green pepper in a layer on the bottom of a 2-quart mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Add 2 tablespoons gelatine mixture and chill 15 minutes. Add mayonnaise to remaining gelatine mixture. Pour over chicken and celery, add rice and mix thoroughly. Turn into mold; chill until firm. Serves six.
Life Can Be Beautiful
(Continued from page 45)

DOUBLY DEAR

Dear Papa David:

My cousin and I were orphaned and brought up by our grandmother. There was one difference in our ages, my cousin being the older. She has always been sweet and very intelligent, and no one would ever know that she did not finish high school, because there was a small baby to take care of. When my grandmother took me, she was already old.

When I finished Junior High, my cousin had just become engaged to a splendid man. I loved her and wanted her to be happy. I also knew that I would have to leave school, as now my grandmother needed someone to take care of her. I tried to hide my intense misery. I felt that without my diploma, I would be an outcast from society.

All this changed when my cousin announced that she and her fiancé had decided not to marry for a few years. She stayed home, took care of grandmother, did up my clothes for school every day, and saw to it that I had time for my lessons and some fun besides. I'll never forget how proud and happy she was the day I came home with my National Honor Society pin, and her tears of happiness when I finished my High School diploma. The following week she was married. I was too young, then, to realize what she must have gone through, loving this wonderful man as she did, and yet waiting three years to marry him.

My High School diploma made it possible for me to continue my education, and earn a good salary for many years before I got married. I used to buy lovely things for my cousin whenever I was able, but, of course, nothing could ever repay her kindness and sacrifices for me. To me, my education is doubly dear.

A. T.

THE HAPPIEST FEELING

Dear Papa David:

I am a girl of fifteen years old. I am in the ninth grade. I will tell you what a struggle I have to study. I have three brothers, but I am the only girl, and I cook for my father and brother. My mother is an invalid. I have to look after her, too. I cook breakfast, get my mother settled for the day, then I go to school. I walk almost half a mile to get to the bus.

When school is out I come home, clean up and wash some, cook supper. Then I settle down to do my home work for the next day. You see I want to be a librarian. I like to read so much I think I would like to be one. I am reading something everytime I'm not happy. So you see Papa David even though I can't get to go out as much as other girls, I really enjoy doing the things my family need my help in. I know Life Can Be Beautiful. There is not a happier feeling than doing good for others and seeing their eyes light up with praise for you.

H. S.

UNDERSTANDING HEART

Dear Papa David:

When I was sixteen I married to escape a miserable, loveless home. Within a year I was left a widow with twin sons. For twenty years I worked to give them happiness and advantages

Advice To Girls
With Oily Face

Does all the time you spend on make-up seem absolutely wasted? Does your freshly painted face take on an oily shine in minutes? Then DO use Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack! Especially before important dates, because you'll be simply thrilled with the difference that a daily clay can make. Use it firmly on your face—let dry about 8 minutes—rinse off. As it dries, it works to coax brighter color to the surface, absorb and carry off excess oil...leaving your skin looking smooth and velvety-ready to take—and keep—a perfect make-up. Use Hopper White Clay Pack regularly twice a week. See how free from oily shine it leaves your skin, how its regular use helps dis- encourage blackheads caused by oil plus grime and gives your complexion a smoother, cleanser-textured look a velvet radiance you'll love. A real 'must' for the oily complexion—make a date. S. H. Hopper White Clay Pack right away—today! And for everyday care use Edna Wallace Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream, At drug and cosmetic counters.
I'd never had except in daydreams. Then they died overseas within a month of each other and I was left alone, friendless, older than my years without a thing in life to love.

One evening a soldier who had known one of my boys came to see me. He had just lost his mother. Sorry for him, I invited him to be my guest. Again I cooked steaks and apple pie. A little old lady down the street lost her son, too. I called mean to comfort her, and she gave me peace, too. We seemed to be real friends from the first, and sewed and worked together. Concerts and church were more fun together. Someone gave us the names of boys in the service and we adopted them, sending them nice gifts from home, long letters, and books.

The bewildered little girl who came to me after her kitten was run over made my heart ache. Hot chocolate and cookies made her a little less bitter. Later she came calling with friends. Soon my empty rooms echoed with happy children playing.

Rebellious little boys who can be so good or so naughty; lonely old ladies who fear they have out-lived usefulness; frightened young people facing a baffling world; I've tried to meet them all with an understanding heart. With so many people who need loving in the world, I can never be afraid and lonely.

L. E.

CALL IT FATE

Dear Papa David:

My family consisted of my father, two brothers, three sisters and myself. My mother having died when I was born, I was lonely, desperately so, but that I kept weeping. My father was worn and tired from hard work for so many years. My sisters and brothers were much older and I—well, I was just the little girl that had to be clothed and fed and was always in the way.

So when the kind, sweet lady moved next door, I found in her the mother I never had.

As a grown older, went to high school, had my first date, Mother Blake was the one who shared my secrets.

During these years, my father had died, two sisters and one brother had married, and we were planning homes of our own, but I was in the way. Again Mother Blake solved my problem. I went to live with her, and she really became my mother.

She had never mentioned anything of her family to me, except to say that none were living, but one day after I had gone to live with her, she told me the tragic story of her life. She was the only daughter of parents who had died within a month of each other of smallpox. One year old at the time, she had been placed in a children's home until she reached the age of 18. She was married at the age of twenty and had three sons by the time she was twenty-five. Her cup of happiness was overflowing. Then, when her oldest son was eight years old, he died from the flu epidemic of 1918 struck. Within one week, her husband and three sons had left her.

The days and months went by and I finally married. My husband loved her deeply and she became the soul of her family. We moved on in the cottage where Mother Blake passed away in her sleep, as quietly as she had lived. We sent her body back to rest beside the family she had loved and lost so long ago. She had left her house, the furnishings and the Bible. Her influence and goodness were all around us and would always be.
Pix Means Pictures
(Continued from page 52)

After the architect's plans were approved, Mr. Denton decided how much and what type of equipment was needed. On December 3rd orders were placed with General Electric and Radio Corporation of America. Two days later, Robert L. Coe, formerly chief engineer of KSD-TV of St. Louis, Missouri, was named station manager and three other department heads were named.

On January 30th of this year, Harvey Marlow, young, piping-smoking program man from the American Broadcasting Company was named Program Director. It is his job to line up program ideas, special features, news and sports events, and to sign talent. First "name" personality to be signed for a regularly scheduled WPIX program was the long-time favorite Gloria Swanson. She will do an hour show once a week. The show will be divided into four distinct parts. Each 15-minute segment will deal with a different subject. Mr. Marlow announced at the signing of the contracts that the program will cover fashions, homemaking, kitchen hints, and interviews.

All the while that Mr. Marlow and his staff are planning programs and hatching ideas, the actual construction of the station goes on about them. Loads of steel are constantly being hoisted into position. The television tower will rise 777 feet above street level. Inside the building, the television department keeps expanding. It started off modestly with floor space on the tenth floor. Two months later the department had also taken over space on the fifth and seventh floors as the various departments worked feverishly to get the station on the air by June 15th. Greatest scenes of activity are in the engineering, news, and special events, the film and programming departments. They will be the backbone of the station once it is on the air.

"You'll want to see it," says Mr. Marlow. "You think you'll make your million some other way? Why, when we've just pointed out that all you need to start a television station is to surround yourself with geniuses of every description, go through a long FCC battle, obtain untold equipment, and spend lots and lots of money!"

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