Mary Pickford's story: "My Buddy"

Your Ticket To THE GOLDBERGS

Reader Bonus: RADIO'S OWN LIFE STORY

DON McNEILL
of the BREAKFAST CLUB
Caressable Hands in just Seconds!

—with this fragrant new Lotion that Dries Fast, without Stickiness!

Prove It for Yourself with This 10-second Test!

Want hands that are soft as any flower petal? Just as fragrant, too? Then it's New Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion (with lanolin) for you! Do this and you'll understand why!

Use Cashmere Bouquet on one hand, any old-style lotion on the other. Wait, then compare.

Your “Cashmere Bouquet” hand? This fast-drying lotion that softens like a cream has already done its wonderful work. Not a trace of stickiness or tackiness. Your hand feels smooth, is excitingly fragrant, excitingly soft to the touch!

Your other hand? No comparison, of course! In just 10 seconds you've seen for yourself, that caressable hands call for Cashmere Bouquet!

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

Pours like a lotion — Softens like a cream

25¢, 39¢ and 79¢

Remember!

There's a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!

LIPSTICK
Creamy, clinging... in 8 fashionable shades!

FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture! 6 “Flower-Fresh” shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, “date-time” loveliness... a bedtime beauty “must”!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of spring flowers!
When you have a date, you do things with your complexion. You want it to be radiant.

You fuss for hours with your hair to make it frame your face just so.

You wear your most flattering gown, your daintiest shoes. You're pretty sure of your charm, and yet... and yet...

If you've overlooked one intimate little matter* your charms count for naught, your date may be a flop, and you can lose your man just like that!

You may not know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath)*. It may be absent for days and then crop up at the very time you want to be at your best.

**Never Take a Chance**

Why risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution that so many popular women rely on?

Listerine Antiseptic is no make-shift of momentary effectiveness. It instantly freshens and sweetens the breath. And helps keep it that way, too... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours usually.

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

**Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.**

**Listerine Antiseptic**

*THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH!*
NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

The Most Conclusive Proof in All Dentifrice Research on Tooth Decay!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a proved way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years’ continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most conclusive proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate’s contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! And no change in flavor, foam or cleansing action!

No Other Dentifrice
Offers Proof of These Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. Brushing teeth with Colgate’s as directed, helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate’s penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, proved way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream!

CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH —AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
Coming Next Month

Three-minute question and answer bee: Q. What's a dog's life like when his mistress is Marie Wilson? A. It's not a dog's life at all! And you'll know why when you read the story about Marie and her four-legged friend, Mr. Hobbs, in February's Radio Mirror. (Marie is next month's cover girl, too.) Q. How does it feel to return to your hometown, a full-fledged celebrity—to be honored and feted by all the people you've grown up with? A. Mighty fine, according to the girl who has two hometowns, both in Tennessee. Her name, of course, is Dinah Shore and she tells about her homecomings in the February Radio Mirror. Q. Where can you find the fascinating story of that fascinating medium—radio? A. In next month's issue, in this month's issue and in other issues to come you'll find Radio's Own Life Story, a continuing history which Radio Mirror believes is the most outstanding feature that has ever appeared on its pages. Q. Where do you have the chance to apply the wisdom acquired in your own life to the problems of others? A. In Radio Mirror's new feature, which presents a problem facing the characters in one of the daytime radio dramas. You are invited to help solve the problem and there are cash awards for the best solution. Next month's problem will center on a situation in which the Brents of Road of Life are involved. Q. Where can you find Nancy Craig's recipes, Ted Malone's poetry pages, Joan Davis's wise counsel; a full length Bonus Novel; and all the latest television and network news? A. On the newstands, Wed., Jan. 11th, when the February Radio Mirror goes on sale. Be sure to get your copy!

Toni with SPIN curlers twice as easy—twice as fast!

The new patented Toni SPIN Curlers save you half the time of winding up curls. No rubber bands! All plastic, all-in-one! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! Quick start! Tiny teeth gently grip hair tips so even the shortest ends become easy to wind! Easy-spin action—rolls each curl up in one quick motion. Winds more hair on each curler. Fewer curlers are needed. Snap shut! Non-slip clasp fastens curls closer to head to assure a better, longer-lasting wave.

Most natural-looking wave you've ever had! For Toni Creme Waving Lotion is different. An exclusive gentle formula with matchless results—more than 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves.

So gentle and so fast! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and sparkling, so easy to set and style. Jany, on the left, has the Toni.

Still the center of attraction at the dance. And Jany knows her hair has a lot to do with it. She says, "Even after a strenuous day my Toni waves are still in place and look just as soft and natural."

Toni Refill $100

Special Combination Offer

Refill Kit and complete set SPIN Curlers $3.00 value. Only $229

At the game all eyes are on Jany's spinning baton—and her shining, natural-looking curls. Jany says, "The new SPIN Curlers have spin action, too. They grip —spin—and lock with the flick of a finger!"

Attractive hair styles in this picture by Don Rice, famous Hollywood Hair Stylist.
Twenty-eight years ago Fanny Brice created her incorrigible Baby Snooks.

Morton Downey congratulates Guy Lombardo on his Twenty-fifth Anniversary in radio.

Ralph Edwards and Nellie Lutcher egg on a shy Truth or Consequences contestant.

A backward look: The New Year rolls around and once again—Father Time literally has nothing but time on his hands. Now in radio this isn't bad. For instance, a lot of entertainers would like to have even a small share of the Lombardo time. Guy is celebrating his twenty-fifth year in radio, and twentieth year as bandleader at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City. . . . Running neck and neck with Lombardo is Ben Grauer who has spent twenty memorable years before the mike, and is currently one of radio's most sought after announcers and commentators. . . . Amos 'n' Andy, an American institution as immortal as Johnny Appleseed or Paul Bunyan, are enjoying their twenty-third season on the air, the first two years of which were aired as Sam 'n' Henry. It is interesting to note that after more than two decades, this upper Lenox Avenue set still polls an estimated twenty-five million listeners weekly.

On November 20, 1929, The Rise of The Goldbergs made its air debut, and, with the exception of two years when the show took to the stage under the title "Me and Molly," has been a listening must ever since. Twenty years after its air premiere, The Goldbergs bowed on television and on January 17, 1950, will celebrate its first TV birthday. . . . Not too far behind The Goldbergs is turkey-in-the-straw-flavored Lum and Abner which first hoofed-down over a Hot Springs, Arkansas, station in 1931. Eight performances later it went network, and the Jot 'em Down store is now as well known as Macy's or Marshall Field's.

The misadventures of The Aldrich Family originated as a stage production, "What A Life!", which ran on Broadway for well over a year. The first radio versions were three ten-minute skits aired on the then-popular Rudy Vallee program. These made such a hit that Henry was installed as summer re-

By DALE BANKS

Len Doyle (Harrington), Vicki Vola (Miss Miller) and Jay Jostyn (Mr. D. A.) relax before attending to the serious business of airing Mr. District Attorney.
Looking into the records, there is one name that receives more billing than any other in radio and TV history—Arthur Godfrey Time, Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. Another recordbreaker is Sammy Kaye whose Showroom is heard on the largest network of stations of any commercial program—375 in all.

And while discussing records it may surprise you to learn that the American Forum of The Air with its twenty-one-year air history becomes the oldest of the broadcast discussion programs, and as speakers has presented ninety percent of all senators, representatives and cabinet members, as well as two men who were to become Presidents... Band of America, which is now being broadcast over both radio and TV, first took to the air in 1929 and holds the record for being the longest continuously sponsored program... CBS' New York Philharmonic-Symphony is currently enjoying its twentieth consecutive season of Sunday afternoon concerts broadcast from Carnegie Hall, while on Christ- (Continued on page 17)
GODDARD off-guard

Don and his family: Susan, 14; Donald, 15 and Mrs. G. Another child, Marilu, is a freshman at the University of Vermont.
"I had to watch a Three-day Football game!"

says SUSAN HAYWARD, co-starred with DANA ANDREWS in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production, "MY FOOLISH HEART"

Though it lasts only a few minutes on the screen, the football sequence in "My Foolish Heart" took days to film! I sat with chilled, icy hands through three days of the rawest, meanest weather I've ever seen before we got the final "take"...

I washed dishes for hours to satisfy director Mark Robson...

But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from looking rough...

Kept them soft and beautiful in tender, romantic scenes...

And close-ups with Dana Andrews. You'll find that...

CAN YOUR HAND LOTION PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Because it's liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin...

Prove it by making the easy test described above...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

And is used in Hollywood 7 to 1 over other hand cares.

Jergens Lotion

used by more women than any other hand care in the world

still 10¢ to $1 plus tax
WITH disc jockey Martin Edwards was once an usher in a Baltimore theater. In true Shakespearian manner, he donned a flowing cape and declaimed before the box office, "Standing room only." Says it was good for his vocal chords.

**Man with a Mission**

Martin Edward's story, although not an Horatio Alger tale, is one for the "local boy made good" category. Nowadays, lots of local boys make good—but Martin Edwards is one of those fortunate who stuck it out, kept working and driving until he made good in his own home-town on the station of his choosing.

Marty is a native Baltimorian, one who dreamed of making radio his career even as a small boy, when he and his sister played "radio station." They used to take turns being announcer and engineer, and Marty's hobby was putting together small crystal sets for the use of his family.

Of course, breaking into announcing was a long, hard pull. Early in the game, Marty decided that WITH was the station he wanted. He took his first audition at WITH when he was sixteen. The answer was "no soap." "You need more training—you need experience!" And at each succeeding audition, the answer was the same.

In 1944, Marty's unswerving drive towards his goal was interrupted by a hitch in the Navy, but by March, 1946, he was back in Baltimore, more eager than ever for a radio announcing career.

Wasting no time, he enrolled in the Peabody Conservatory of Music. There he majored in voice and piano, and attended radio school at the same time. Then his big chance came. WANN in Annapolis opened up—he auditioned and was hired. After fifteen months in Annapolis, he successfully auditioned for WBMD in Baltimore.

Then, in July, 1949, Marty was hired by WITH. Marty is a well-rounded announcer and now that he has reached his goal, he isn't relaxing the habits of hard work he learned while working towards a job with WITH. At WITH he specializes in news and disc shows. Never one to loaf, picking hits and polishing his news delivery keeps Marty as much on the go as ever.

So, would-be announcers, take heart and learn by Marty's example. Hard work, patience and time have put Martin Edwards at the top of the heap in Baltimore—and diligence, continued hard work, and "stick-to-it-iveness" will keep him there.
1915: figure was no figure at all. Straight up-and-down boned corset and loose clothes gave a potato-sack effect.

1926: figure was straight, uncorseted, boyish. Its "tubular" lines were unflattering to many women.

1931: saw a changing figure. Rigidly girdled, bias-skirted fashions were more feminine, but hardly exciting.

1947: featured the famous "New Look!" Its full-skirted, padded-hipped fashions helped to conceal figure-faults.

PLAYTEX® PRESENTS THE "FIGURE OF THE 1950's"

A slim, supple, vital figure that only Playtex gives with such freedom

Radical changes in feminine fashions within the average American adult's memory have been changes in foundations even more than in fashions. The girdle that has helped bring about the most recent revolution in silhouette is the sensational PLAYTEX. Made of tree-grown latex, it combines amazing figure-slimming power with complete comfort and freedom of action.

Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX fits invisibly under the narrowest fashions—smooths the line from waist to hips to thighs with its all-way action-stretch.

For your fashion of the 1950's—have the figure of the 1950's—a slim, young PLAYTEX figure.

JACQUES FATH, world-renowned designer of fashions, expresses the "Fashion of the 1950's" in this dress designed exclusively for the American collection of Joseph Halpert.

GIRDLE OF THE 1950's is PLAYTEX—at all department stores and specialty shops, coast to coast. In slim, silvery tube: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White; extra small, small, medium, large.

PLAYTEX GIVES YOU THE SLIMNESS-WITH-FREEDOM SO IMPORTANT TO YOUR 1950 FIGURE

PLAYTEX LIVING PANTY GIRDLE $3.50
PLAYTEX LIVING PANTY GIRDLE with garters . . . . $3.95
PLAYTEX LIVING CARTER GIRDLE $3.95
Extra Large PLAYTEX LIVING CARTER GIRDLE . . . . $4.95

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE? It's the newest of the PLAYTEX Girdles—light, smooth, cool and fresh as a daisy, it actually "breathes" with you . . . in slim, shimmering pink tubes . . . $3.95 to $4.95.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park © 1950 Dover Del.
Newscaster Howard Brown practiced law for five years before entering radio.

Howard surprised WFIL staffers with the announcement of a January wedding. The future Mrs. Brown is Ruthe Cohn.

It used to be that announcers were radio's most mysterious performers and therefore among its most glamorous. By now, however, most of the mystery has been dispelled but, in the case of Howard Brown, the inside story adds to the glamour, rather than detracts from it.

A familiar voice on WFIL, Philadelphia, Howard is, in addition, a lawyer and a scholar. He passed his bar exams in the State of New Jersey after having been graduated from the Law School of Columbia University. For five years he worked in the legal profession, serving as a police judge and public defender. His ambition was to specialize in criminal law but the appeal of radio became too strong and Howard eventually joined the announcing staff of WMCA in New York.

Established in radio, did barrister Brown inevitably meet the studio sleuths and the omniscient "private eyes" who had their own shows? He did. What's more, he hit the trail himself in a series of "whodunits" for a national detective magazine.

Howard's radio career, however, has not been bound by lawyer type-casting. He has achieved wide popularity on WFIL as a newscaster; his two morning news programs are consistently rated among the city's highest. And here's a view of Brownie's off-hours: When the tongue-twisting names in the news from and about Russia loomed as the chief occupational hazard of the radio reporter, Howard registered for a course in the Russian language at the University of Pennsylvania. Before long he was working at the University for his Master's Degree (but not in Russian).

The academic letters Howard Brown is entitled to use after his name would stagger even the Quiz Kids. But an interesting fact is that he got his Master's Degree in Psychology. What better subject for a radio announcer whose job it is to "sell" the predominantly feminine daytime audience?

Away from the microphone, Howard is an amateur photographer and one of the Quaker City's most eligible bachelors. This latter talent is waning, though, and Howard has announced his plans for a wedding in the very near future. Add domesticity, then, to the accomplishments of the lawyer, psychologist, photographer, announcer Howard Brown.
I FIRST MET WALT AT A DANCE

I was just a small town girl, so awkward and unsure of myself in all the excitement and gaiety of my first college affair. Then I saw him, or rather, Walt saw me. Before he even spoke I think I must have been in love with him—Walt was so darkly handsome, so sophisticated, so supremely confident of his charm.

That was the beginning. My roommate, Mary Jane, tried to warn me. She saw a side of Walt my love-blind eyes could never see; but I wouldn't listen. Not to her, not to anybody—all I knew was that with him I was all I always hoped to be; smart, gay and wanted... I could only hear my foolish heart.

You know what happened then. Before I knew it, Walt was gone and I was alone—so terribly alone, afraid and so ashamed.

I still don't know if what I did was right. Lew was Mary Jane's sweetheart, but he'd always been more than just a friend to me... it seemed the only answer. It was so easy to make him believe I loved him, to fan his liking into ardor.

Within a few days we were married and I thought that now my child would have a name, a home, security.

I've never told Lew about Walt and what there was between us—maybe that's why these things have happened.

What would you have done?... wait until you know the Truth about—"MY FOOLISH HEART."
It takes more than talent to be a successful television performer. You have to know how to walk, stand, talk and gesture. No one knows the exacting requirements better than Rosemary Rice.

Ever since the petite star was given the role of daughter Katrin in the new CBS-TV program, Mama, she's been spending her spare time perfecting her acting technique. Blonde Rosemary likes to practice in front of her full-length mirror so she can see just how she looks to the thousands of eyes that watch her on the screen.

"I'll never forget the first time I concentrated on my gestures," says Rosemary. "I just couldn't get them right because I was so self-conscious of my hands. They looked so unattractive and awkward that I made up my mind to start a daily hand care routine."

She began by keeping her cuticle and hands soft, between manicures, by applying cuticle oil and hand lotion every night. Rosemary was careful never to start her household chores without first protecting her hands with a rich cream and work gloves. Her weekly manicure, which she once skimmed through in less than an hour, now takes at least two hours. Before she applies her polish to her long tapering nails, she files, creams, soaks, buffs and base coats her nails. As for the polish itself, Rosemary learned to choose shades that blend best with the clothes she plans to wear.

Rosemary has discovered the secrets of keeping her hands beautiful. Though she has to memorize forty pages of script every week, in addition to going to rehearsals, she always finds time to pamper them.

So, next time you see her in the television version of "I Remember Mama," take a moment to notice her soft, expressive-looking hands. She really wants you to. You're her favorite audience!
audience

Can you imagine 915,843 people watching you? It happens to video star Rosemary Rice every Friday.

After Rosemary files her nails, she always applies a protective covering of creamy hand lotion. She knows it will smooth and keep her hands ever lovely.

Don't look now...

You're at the Mocambo. Over at the next table is Lizabeth Scott. It's not polite to stare—but what do you do? You look up from your crepe suzette, steal a glance. Think she doesn't know it? Of course she does! She's a star...she expects it! That's why she wears Woodbury Powder (Fiesta for Lizabeth) on her radiant features...and carries it in her compact.

there's Lizabeth Scott...

Lizabeth is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder, 6 to 1, in response to a recent survey.* Something wonderful in Woodbury Powder—a new ingredient—gives your skin a smooth-as-satin look. The delicate fragrance clings as long as the powder. 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type—no obvious “powdered” look. 15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.
If ever there was a year in which the record buyer could get loads and loads of discs at real bargain prices this was it. What with most of the major record companies running those wonderful "half-off" sales, lots of us have taken full advantage of the opportunity to add those long-wanted records and albums to our collections. More than that, this Christmas season sees the manufacturers offering the greatest selection of Yuletide music that was ever available. Of course, RCA Victor, Decca, Capitol, Columbia, M-G-M, London, Mercury and the others will have available the fine catalogue of records and albums that they offered last year. In addition, however, each company has already introduced several holiday items that range from Christmas songs by a western singer to carols sung by a church choir.

Some of the most interesting news and photographs of your favorite recording artists can be found in those regular monthly publications issued by the disc companies themselves. Newest of the pamphlets is the RCA Victor Picture Review. It's actually a revised version of the old Record Review, but this one is bigger and better. Then, of course, there's still the Columbia Records Disc Digest and the Capitol News. It's a good way to keep up with the latest recordings and musical happenings of the month.

One of the most sensational American acts ever to play the British Isles has been Billy Kenny and the Ink Spots. Three separate times, thus far, they have had their original four-week engagement extended for several additional months. Looks as though our English cousins don't want the group ever to leave, and we can hardly blame them.

It may seem hard to believe, but it's absolutely true that the Hit Parade's new vocalist, Jeff Clark, hadn't even thought about singing for a living until three years ago. When friends insisted, Jeff went to see vocal coach Jimmy Rich, who numbers such great names as Dinah Shore among his former
Ted Steele is a busy man these days. He makes records with the Marlin Sisters, above, has his own TV show (WCBS, M-F, 5:00 P.M. EST) and he's WMCA's morning disc jockey.

pupils. Jimmy knew when he had found a sure thing. Jeff easily went from vocalist on the Henry Morgan Show to star of the top musical stanza of the air waves.

Mel Torme gets another crack at the movies soon when he starts to work on a new Esther Williams-Van Johnson film titled, "Duchess of Idaho." The Velvet Fog will have to give up his lucrative personal appearance tour to return to Movieville. But he'll go back on tour as soon as his flicker duties are finished. Lena Horne will also be seen in the film.

Never one to rest on his laurels, Benny Goodman followed his European tour with one in the Philippines! In addition to a series of concerts, Benny got together groups of Philippine musicians and formed a little jazz group to show the Islanders that playing jazz isn't difficult when it's started right.

Listening to the pianistics of Errol Garner usually makes for a fine evening of music, but trying to buy a specific Errol Garner disc usually results in an afternoon of frustration. One record shop we visited had Errol Garner records under twelve different record company labels! The prolific young pianist has made so many records for so many companies that it's a tough job to find the one you want. Might be a good idea for someone to issue a special Garner catalogue!

There is a strong possibility that the days of the big-name dance bands may be coming around again. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Woody Herman and now, Artie Shaw are once again waving their batons in front of dance bands—rather than show bands. Then, too, there are such up-and-coming groups as Ray Anthony, Ralph Flanagan, Claude Thornhill, Elliot Lawrence, and Sam Donahue. The old stand-bys—groups that never did give up—include Charlie Barnet, Bob Chester, Sammy Kaye, Guy Lombardo and Alvino Rey. It would be wonderful once again to have ballrooms and campusses resounding with little else but good, danceable music.
"Faith is power," affirmed Reverend Smith in an inspirational message to Terry and her listeners.

This past summer Stan and I were in church one Sunday when Dr. Cornwall, our minister, was on vacation and we were fortunate in having Reverend Smith, pastor of the Roxbury Methodist Church in Stamford, Connecticut, visit us.

Stan and I were so deeply impressed with Reverend Smith's talk, "Faith Is Power," that we asked him if he would come and visit the Burtons as a Family Counselor and repeat his inspiring message. Reverend Smith said he'd be delighted to come and this is what he told us:

"Friends, faith is power. The reason I say this is that so often people with problems tell me that if they only had faith, they would have the power to solve their troubles. As an example of this, I recently read of a young actor who took his life, and left a note saying: 'Please forgive me. I've decided that the cons outweigh the pros in life. Goodbye.' What could have made this man, who was in apparent good health and who had an interesting career, decide that life's cons outweigh the pros? Many things, perhaps, including a girl. But primarily he took his own life because he didn't have the faith which would give him the power to solve his problems.

"Yet every day, we hear of people in this world, much worse off than this young man, who solved their problems. People like Helen Keller, who was born deaf and blind and who taught herself to read and communicate with others. And there's Glenn Cunningham, who was badly burned during his childhood and was told that he would never walk again. He became one of the great track stars of all time. These people solved the power problem by making a simple discovery which transforms the lives of all who make it—that faith is power. Faith, however, like the heart and the brain, needs exercise to grow. Like a weak muscle, it can be strengthened through use.

"Another example of the power of faith was vividly illustrated to me when, as a young preacher out West, I was called to the bedside of a sick boy who had safely passed the crisis but had no desire to live. I went to the boy and prayed and read passages from the Bible to him until he fell asleep. The words got through to him, somehow, the boy found faith, wanted to live—and he did, which shows how faith is working energy."

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard on CBS, Mon.-Fri. at 2 P.M. EST.

FAMILY COUNSELOR • By TERRY BURTON
mas day, 1949, the Metropolitan Opera
celebrates its eleventh year of weekly
broadcasts.

In the department of firsts comes We
the People which is in its thirteenth
year. In 1948 it became the first regu-
larly scheduled program to be pre-
sented on radio and TV networks sim-
ultaneously... Although a comparative
newcomer to the air, The Life of Riley
(a mere six-year-old) lays claim to
being the first show in history that has
appeared simultaneously in three en-
tertainment media—radio, motion pic-
tures and television.

The New Year also finds a number of
the many daytime shows well on their
way to making radio history. Just Plain
Bill has aired five-times-a-week for
eighteen years. Helen Trent has been
romancing since 1933. Big Sister, which
was originally a newspaper serial, has
been heard Mon.-Fri. for over thirteen
years... In the whodunit bracket, Mr.
Keen has been tracing lost persons for
nearly fourteen years, while the chil-
dren's show that is enjoyed by equally
as many adults, Let's Pretend, will have
its twentieth birthday in 1950.

Two of the big radio-television prob-
lems that will hold the stage in 1950
are the FCC's ban on giveaway shows
and the development of color television.
With regard to the latter, there is no
longer any doubt but that color TV is
inevitable. At this writing, the big
question is which method—CBS' or
RCA's—is more desirable. It would
appear that CBS is way out in front. Why
the FCC-giveaway show squabble will
come to trial is anybody's guess, but
the industry will feel a lot safer when it
can look back on the litigation.

Never underestimate the power of
radio, or WGN gets the bird! Recently
actor Paul Langton of the Chicago
"Death of A Salesman" cast, lost a cock-
ateel from his apartment. WGN news-
caster Leslie Nichols flashed the news.
Within five minutes Les received a
call stating that such a bird had been
sighted on the mast of the U. S. S.
YR51, rescued by the Machinist Mate
first class, and sold for five dollars to
Shipfitter first class, M. R. Jackson who
was at this point hitch-hiking home. Mrs.
Langton hopped a train, met Sailor
Jackson, presented him with a fifty-
dollar reward, and recovered the errant
bird. The reason for this to-do? The
Langtons were very attached to the
cricket—having raised it from an egg!

OFF THE LINE... CBS may not
agree with this, but Charlie McCarthy
says the web's call letters stand for:
"Charlie, Bergen and Snerdl"... Warn-
er Bros. may do a re-make on "The
Jazz Singer" with Gordon MacRae in
the role created by Al Jolson... Jack
Bailey is considering an offer to stage
his Queen For A Day from the center
ring of Ringling Bros. circus this Spring
... Humorist Robert Q. Lewis, who
subbed last summer for Arthur God-
frey, now speaks of the great man as
"my winter replacement"... Ben Grauer
is being wooed to conduct the first-
two-hour musical show on TV... Hildegarde
has waxed more albums than any other woman in show busi-
ness... Singer Jack Smith has acquired
a piano originally designed for Princess
Margaret Rose... That's all for now.

Like an Angel of Mercy
to your Face and Hands

Millions of women find
this NEW BEAUTY IDEA proves
wonderfully effective aid to:
1. Lovelier, clearer-looking skin.
2. Softer, whiter-looking hands.
3. Healing beauty-marring blemishes.*
4. Glorious soothing relief for irritated
or itching skin conditions!

Why bother with countless jars and bot-
tles? You don't need a lot of preparations
to help keep your skin looking lovely.
Do as so many nurses, models, actresses
do. Give your skin medicated care.

Try it for 10 Days
Use medicated Noxzema as a dainty,
greaseless night cream—as a long-last-
ing foundation for make-up. Try this
beauty secret for just 10 days. See how
fast it helps your skin improve.

You'll be delighted to discover how
quickly medicated skin care helps
smooth and soften a rough, dry skin
and helps heal unattractive skin blem-
ish* from external causes.

Smother, Whiter-Looking
Hands...often in 24 hours

Nurses first discovered Noxzema for
hands irritated by constant scrubbing.
If your hands get red and rough from
housework, from exposure to water or
weather... see how quickly medicated
care helps soften and heal them back
to natural beauty.

Read how 2 typical women
helped solve their skin problems:

Beauty... Pat Barnard
says, "Noxzema is part
of my regular beauty
routine... I use it every
morning and night. It
works wonders for my
complexion."

Blemishes... Rita Ten-
nant uses Noxzema as
her regular night cream.
"Noxzema is so dainty
to use," says Rita. "And
it quickly helps heal
any of those little ex-
ternally-caused skin
irritations."

25,000,000 Jars Sold Yearly

Try Noxzema! See if you aren't hon-
estly thrilled at the way it can help your
own complexion problems... as it has
helped so many thousands of other
women. See for yourself why over
25,000,000 jars are used every year.
Available at all drug and cosmetic coun-
ters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.

R M
I've heard of a number of reasons why visitors come to Chicago, but one of the most unusual was given by our Traveler of the Month, Miss Blanche A. Sherman, of Monona, Iowa. She made the trip to the Windy City to buy a pair of shoes.

She told me that although it isn't so easy, for her it's more important to have well-fitting, comfortable shoes than for most of us. Miss Sherman has been a polio victim since 1910 and cannot use her left limb and right arm.

Many of us would consider this a real handicap. But not Miss Sherman. Her smiles, her radiance told me without words that she has had a busy, happy life. That has been her aim since her illness which came shortly after she finished at Upper Iowa University.

Hers was the second case on record in her home state and in those days there was no such thing as therapy, exercise in pools and Sister Kenny treatments. Miss Sherman credits her recovery to the encouragement given her by parents and friends, who never said a discouraging word to her. It was her mother, she says, who helped her so very much by massaging the afflicted areas.

"I had been teaching school when I was taken sick," Miss Sherman told me. "High school English and dramatics were my subjects. I wanted to get back to my desk, but before I could go back I had to learn to walk again. I had braces for support."

It was only a year after she returned to work that she was advanced to the position of principal of the high school, a job which she filled for twenty years.

Those twenty years were not always easy. Three times she fell, and broke the already-weak limb by stubbing her toe or slipping, and each time she had to learn to walk again; braces, crutches, and finally being able to graduate to a cane. During this period she was also caring for her parents, until they both passed away.

After the last tumble, she gave up her position at the high school. To loaf, you say, for the rest of her life? Not our Traveler of the Month! About that time the women's club of Monona decided to establish a public library. At first
all the members took turns passing out books. But finally when the operation was organized and there were more readers than they could handle, Miss Sherman took over. She now has the title and authority as well as the headaches and pay-check of the head librarian.

Her eyes sparkled when she told me, "I'm luckier than most librarians. The library board is so co-operative and the purchasing committee ... well, they always approve of the books I select. We're real proud of our library. It's grown so much that we are moving into larger quarters in the fire station."

Talk about a full life! Miss Sherman has done graduate work at the University of Chicago. She's been to California several times, driving her own car. She's gone to the East Coast by train.

She writes for her own pleasure, but some of her poems have been published in Poetry Magazine.

She collects antiques, some of which came in the covered wagon which brought her father to Iowa from New York, when he was only eight years old.

When she meets some of her former pupils and they tell her how much she has meant to them, she's gratified and proud of her accomplishment.

About those shoes! Right after the broadcast we rushed Miss Sherman over to one of Chicago's most famous shoe stores where she had a pair made to order. Welcome Travelers also gave her a platinum fox fur scarf as a remembrance of her visit to the broadcast.

Welcome Travelers, heard Mon.-Fri. at 10 A.M. on NBC, originates in the College Inn of Chicago's Hotel Sherman.

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**Are you in the know?**

**What to do if Mom says you're too young for dating?**

- Try crowd psychology
- Play Hannah the Hermit
- Stick to her parties

Chances are, it's solo dates the family vetoes ... they're not against your having friends. Why not get your schoolmates to rally at your homestead, now and then? Show Mom you can cope with a mixed crowd. Dating first on the "gang" plan is good practice for solos later. And whatever the doings, whatever the day, remember—those flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Even when you're togged for a gala evening, you know you can brave the limelight with confidence ... (and Kotex!).

**Should you break a movie date with Bill—**

- For a Big Man On Campus
- If you're asked to a formal fray
- Ta meet a blind find

You're booked for Saturday night at the cinema. Then the real Bikini comes along. Should you call Bill and beg off? Check no on all three counts above! Breaking dates is a rating-buster. And "calendar" time, too, is no excuse... for new Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape. And your new Kotex Wonderform Belt won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Made with DuPont Nylon elastic: feather weight, fast drying!

**It's a mighty sharp student who—**

- Snags the prof
- Has the Tweedy Look
- Majors in poetry

Competition's keen when the prof's cute. True, you may not be a ball of fire at scanning. But your tweeds'll tell him you're on your toes, style-wise. For this year, tweed's terrific ... now, inexpensive, with a "high fashion" look. In coats, suits or dresses, it's for you! And just for you on problem days, there's a Kotex absorbency you'll find exactly right. How to tell? By trying all 3: Regular, Junior, Super. Each has a special safety center—pledging extra protection!

**More women choose KOTEX**

than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
Harry Schad sings Mon., Wed., Fri. at 9:15 on WBEN's breakfast show. Harry once studied dancing, became so proficient that he and Doreen Weider (above) won Buffalo's Great Waltz Contest in 1938.

**BASHFUL BARITONE**

Harry Schad presents something of a paradox in Buffalo radio. The WBEN vocalist took dancing lessons for five years and became so expert that he and his partner won the Great Waltz Contest sponsored by the Buffalo Evening News at Shea's Buffalo in 1938. Nevertheless, Harry forsook dancing for singing.

The “bashful baritone” has had a fine measure of success in upstate New York radio and yet he remains shy and gentlemanly in a profession that has more than its share of prima donnas.

Harry was still in grade school in 1933 when he decided to sing on a children's amateur hour on WEBR. Although dancing still was his first love, he decided he'd like to sing, too, so he picked the sure-fire and popular “Shuffle Off to Buffalo” and proceeded to walk off with top honors in the contest. That about decided him on a singing career and since then he's had featured programs on four Buffalo stations.

When war came he enlisted in the Coast Guard and did plenty of singing while in the service. He's made somewhat of a habit of winning contests for in 1933, while in uniform, he won second prize in a Frank Sinatra amateur contest in Boston.

When Harry wound up a two and one-half year radio series in 1948, he decided he needed a vacation. Typical of the ambitious youth, he hied himself to Hollywood. While there he decided to gain some experience for his trip so he went to the RKO studios for an audition. There he was received favorably by Bob Keith, the studio's vocal coach, who advised him to return to Buffalo to make a radio name.

The popularity of young Mr. Schad was reflected when he had a pneumonia attack, which lasted from August to September, in 1949 which kept him off the air for several weeks. He received more than 250 get-well cards from his WBEN fans and the hospital switchboard was clogged by hundreds of inquiring calls.

Being a veteran himself, he is generous with his time and talents wherever disabled buddies are concerned. While he is in demand at Buffalo churches for sacred music and features popular tunes on the air, he generally offers the classics when entertaining at veterans' hospitals.

A graduate of Buffalo's McKinley Vocational High School, Harry is still single.
Collector's Corner

By NAT "KING" COLE

(There is little that can be said about this month’s guest record collector that hasn’t already been mentioned. After years of hearing “the king,” the music-minded public suddenly realized that Nat Cole played the kind of music and sang the kind of songs that came from the heart—not from a written score. His meaningful interpretations of every type of music from hot jazz to folk ballads have made him an all-time great. His Capitol records, plus radio and personal appearances, have gained for him a large and loyal audience.)

Picking a list of discs that I would call my favorites—among-favorites wasn’t nearly as hard as I had imagined. I just thought about my record collection, pictured the records and albums on the shelves and then recalled the exact positions to which I most often reach when I start playing my records. Way over in the far left corner, on the second shelf from the top, I’ve got my Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Kenton, Frank DeVol and Duke Ellington discs.

I never go to that shelf without taking down Dizzy’s version of “Manteca” or the Duke’s “Black, Brown and Beige” album or his record of “Chelsea Bridge.” I like those particular numbers because they are just plain good music, played with technique and taste. Then, too, there’s Stan’s album, “A Concert in Progressive Jazz,” and his “Artistry Jumps” record.

In my collection of vocal discs—that’s the top shelf in the middle cabinet—I almost automatically take down Sarah Vaughan’s great record of “Trouble Is A Man,” or Billie Holiday’s “Lover Man.” And for a really restful evening of record-listening, give me the Frank DeVol album of “Classics In Modern.”

Of course, I hope that I’m not leaving the impression that my collection is limited to the popular or jazz fields. Drop around some time and listen to my Milhaud, Debussy, Stravinsky or Copland selections. Or would you rather be a mule?

Some tinted make-ups cling—even in the rain...but

you need a special cream to remove them

Thanks to those new tinted make-ups, you no longer have to look like a Sad Cinderella when you go walking in the rain.

But those same cream, cake or liquid make-ups that cling for hours are no cinch to remove!

They need a special cleanser—Woodbury Cleansing Cream!—specially designed to remove hard-to-remove make-ups (ordinary make-up, too). Because it contains Penaten, Woodbury Cleansing Cream penetrates deeper...emulsifies the clinging pigments...quickly floats every stubborn speck away!

So mild, so gentle is this “special” cream that sensitive skins prefer it. Your skin, too, will feel soothed, cool, fresh as mint! 20c, 39c, 69c plus tax.

Woodbury Cleansing Cream
penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN
Examining the first transatlantic wireless set: its inventor, Guglielmo Marconi, at right; his first assistant, G. S. Kemp, left; and Viscount Wolmer.

The then unknown David Sarnoff who stayed on duty at wireless station 72 hours in 1912, directing ships to scene of the Titanic disaster.

Used for first broadcasts of KDKA, Dr. Frank Conrad’s Wilkinsburg, Pa., home was birthplace of radio as it’s known today.
1901 to 1920: Nothing in the whole fabulous history of radio is more astounding than the fact that broadcasting for entertainment is barely thirty years old.

Well within the memory of many people not yet middle-aged is the very first news broadcast, the first coast-to-coast hook-up, the first advertising on the air.

Thirty years ago there were no networks. There were no paid entertainers. In 1919, there was only one regular broadcast of music in the entire United States. That came from Pittsburgh for two hours each Wednesday and Saturday evening, and it was devised for the amusement of only one hundred people listening through earphones.

Forty-five years ago, the first broadcast of a voice was still to be made. Fifty years ago even the dots and dashes of the Morse Code had not crossed the Atlantic by wireless.

This story of broadcasting will deal mainly with the great entertainers of radio rather than with the great inventors who made radio possible, though their stories are fascinating, for their discoveries set the stage for the biggest show on earth—the show that comes free to us for the turn of a dial—the show that fills the air that was empty and silent half a century ago.

The story of broadcasting in this country starts on December 12, 1901, when the young Italian, Guglielmo Marconi, waited on the icy shores of Newfoundland for the sound of the signal his men in England were trying to send over more than two thousand miles of winter sea.

Marconi must have held his breath as he waited in the little control room under the weirdly cumbersome wooden masts of his crude aerial as the time drew near.

Then he heard it. Dot Dot Dot. Clear and hard, the prearranged signal crackled out from the tip of Cornwall, and rounded the curve of the world at the speed of light—186,273 miles per second. Feeble and faint, but unmistakable, it was netted by the flimsy web of wire all the way across the Atlantic. Four hundred and nine years after that other great Italian, Christopher Columbus, heard the cry “Land ho!” Marconi conquered the ocean again. The day of radio was at hand.

Broadcasting is not the invention of any one man. Scores of brilliant explorers of the ether contributed. Marconi, himself, was only part of the great stream of experiment. The presence of ether waves had been noted long before he was born.

He is properly called “the father of wireless,” however. He was the first to harness the thin ether for practical use when he built the first sending aerial in 1895 and picked a sound out of the air a mile and a quarter away—a miracle no man had done before.

He was twenty-one years old, son of an Italian father and an Irish mother. The family was wealthy. The boy had been educated by tutors. In his teens, when he became absorbed in his wild surmise that the ether was another uncharted ocean waiting for its Columbus, his father gave him 5,000 lira or about $1,000 for pocket money with which to carry on his experiments.

He is one of the few great inventors whose way was easy from the start. His genius won almost immediate recognition and quickly brought honor, fame and great fortune. There was one major set-back, however.

When he succeeded in sending a Morse Code signal through the air to a station out of sight behind a hill, young Marconi knew that he had something of enormous value. Patriotically, he offered his discovery to the Italian government. The fantastic fact is that it was courteously but firmly refused as not important enough to deserve official consideration, and Italian ships continued to use homing pigeons to carry messages from ship to shore!

Marconi’s mother had influential connections in England so they took young (Continued on page 78)
Here's Mary Pickford's own story about Buddy, and why she came to New York with him—
"You have to be near the man you love!"

Transplanting the roots of a well-loved, well-established home to strange new ground is something most women have always been able to do with a minimum of fuss and protest. The reason stands out with great clarity: a woman, quite naturally, prefers to be near the man she loves. That's why it was easy for Mary Pickford of Beverly Hills, California to say to her husband:

"Why, of course I'd love to live in New York, darling. Let's go!"

Husband Buddy Rogers' great success on radio and television during a brief period in the East was a fact that Mary was well aware of before Buddy returned to California to tell her about it himself. She had seen kinescopes of the Toast of the Town show when Buddy substituted as emcee for Ed Sullivan. She had read the rave reviews of his vocalizing on the Roberta Quinlan show. And friends returning from the East had informed her that Buddy was being hailed as the new sensation of television. Best of all, she had heard that the American Broadcasting Company wanted to sign him to a long-term radio and video contract.

It was typical of Buddy's modesty about his own accomplishments that Mary hadn't heard the wonderful news during any one of their innumerable long-distance telephone conversations. Buddy, however, was much more eager to find out what was going on at home during his absence: the children's progress at school, Mary's new recipe for enchiladas (which he loathes, but will eat just to please her), the fact that eight-year-old Roxanne had lost another tooth, and that son Ronnie had frightened everyone by remaining away most of one day to hunt "coyotes" in the mountains surrounding their home.

So it wasn't until Buddy returned to Pickfair that he even mentioned his activities in the East. He and Mary were seated in the comfortable little Book Room, (Continued on page 74)
Now I Can SING AGAIN!

Breaking up a marriage, especially when there are children, isn't easy. Add the fact that Dick's in the public eye and you'll understand his heartaches.

By DICK HAYMES

It seems hard even to recall it now, but a year ago I was a trapped, emotionally exhausted, bitterly unhappy guy.

My eight-year marriage to Joanne Dru was breaking up—it would have ended long before, and both of us knew it, except for our mutual concern for our three children.

The career on which I had embarked ten years before with such energy and enthusiasm had become an intolerable burden, worse, a bore. I was fed up with being the perpetual singing juvenile, certain in my bones that the public was equally fed up with meeting me in that role.

For all I really cared, I could have quit—but I couldn't quit.

The future didn't look black, just dirty, sullen grey...it was as hopeless.

Until I met Nora.

It was in October, in Palm Springs.

I had flown down alone in my plane, just to get away for a few hours, just to have a chance to think.

At the Racquet Club, I watched a beautiful girl playing tennis. I couldn't stop watching her, because she seemed to be everything I wasn't then—healthy, happy, vibrantly alive.

Someone told me she was Nora Eddington Flynn. I wangled an introduction, and something happened inside me—Nora says it happened to her, too—the minute we spoke for the first time.

That afternoon we played tennis together, and I was amazed that I could play so many sets without a hint of fatigue. I had been exhausted, or so I had thought when I arrived.

I asked Nora to have din- (Continued on page 72)
"At the Racquet Club," Dick says, "I watched a beautiful girl playing tennis. I couldn't stop watching her, because she seemed to be everything I wasn't then—healthy, happy, vibrantly alive. I wangled an introduction and something happened inside me—Nora says it happened to her, too—the minute we spoke."
Pay a visit to the First Family of The Bronx—Molly,

If you're one of the many, many people who have made The Goldbergs your favorite radio or television show—or both—and if you live in or around New York, here's a chance to see the Goldbergs in person. If you were to enter the big CBS television studio in Manhattan, you would see the above set, which is a replica of the Goldberg dining room at 1038 East Tremont Avenue, The Bronx. And, if you just happened to find everyone home, you would be able to identify them from this picture. That's the gregarious Gold-
her brood, her friends. Their happiness is contagious!

berg neighbor, Mrs. Kramer, at left; Uncle David, seated first left at the dining table, seems to be trying hard to put across a point; next to David is the wealthy, sophisticated Uncle Simon, whom the Goldbergs sometimes try to impress. Then, of course, come the Goldbergs themselves: Rosalie, Molly, Sammy and Jake. This is how The Bronx’s most beloved family looks when it gathers together to enjoy one of Molly’s abundant dinners. (The Goldbergs are on TV Mon., 9:30 P.M., EST; on radio Fri., 8 P.M., EST, both CBS.)
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1950 is more than just a new year in a new decade. According to an incurable optimist named Eddie Cantor, it’s the beginning of a great new era filled with happiness and hope for all mankind
TAKE 1950

By EDDIE CANTOR

Nineteen hundred and fifty, if you'll pardon a clown a few serious thoughts, will go down in history as the year of great opportunity, the year of choice.

What right does a comedian have, you may ask, to get profound, or even sentimental about the New Year? Well, even a comedian can see the atomic writing on the wall. And as a comedian, I don't think the script reads very funny. But just the same, I know that everything is going to be all right with the world in 1950, that 1950 is going to be a happy New Year, that all the years after that are going to be happy.

As for that atomic writing on the wall, I like to think now that maybe the bomb was invented not to be used, but to wave over our heads to keep us humble, to keep us from forgetting that we have created the means of our own destruction. With that leveling influence, what else can we do but have the sense to enjoy the wonders that wait for us in 1950 and the years to come?

It's easy now—much easier than it ever was for our ancestors—to rely on a Happy New Year. It's got to be. Either it's a happy New Year or no New Year.

In military circles, they say they haven't found a weapon to cope with the atom bomb. They just can't beat it. But the way to head off atomic destruction will never be found on military blueprints. It will be found, as it has for more than two thousand years, in the Sermon on the Mount, and it will be found in the Ten Commandments handed down to Moses.

You know, Cantor has lived a pretty long time. After all, I might as well admit it—I'll be thirty-five in 1950. And I've seen a thing or two, and heard a thing or two. One of the things I'm almost always hearing is the despairing cry that you can't change human nature.

I hope they won't try in 1950 to change human nature. I like it the way it is—despite occasional quirks that give some men nothing but daughters. There's nothing wrong with human nature that a good laugh and a good cry can't cure. Admit it. Well, is that bad then, if human nature is centered around the heart?

And since you can't change human nature—and since we're all selfish by nature—let's learn one thing only. It's a very simple trick. The wisest selfishness is unselfishness. Honest. Just think about it.

Nothing is paid back more quickly or more abundantly than unselfishness. You know, it's really a miracle formula. If everybody was unselfish—and I guess it goes back to the Golden Rule again—think how it would pay off, on a strictly, selfish basis. Here's how it works.

Cantor is just one man in a country of 150,000,000. I reform and act unselfish, while everyone else in the country is doing the same thing. It's wonderful. I'm just one guy being kind, but 149,999,999 others are returning my kindness—by being kind to me. Where else can you get such returns on an investment? It's more kindness than I can handle.

And if the whole world did that—well, no one would have to worry about anything, even the A-bomb.

See what I mean? Happy New Year. Don't take it or leave it. Take it, with my sincerest good wishes.

Eddie Cantor, in Take It or Leave It, can be heard on Sundays at 10:00 P.M., EST over NBC.
At a flower-banked altar in Glenwood's picturesque little stone church, lovely Vikki Adams fulfills her greatest hope by becoming Roger Hoyt's bride. The charming and wealthy Roger was considered the town's most eligible man and the wedding is in keeping with Hoyt standards of elegance and fashion. But despite their momentary happiness, the newlyweds face a serious problem.
The "OTHER WOMAN"

Vikki Hoyt, of the daytime serial Marriage For Two, faces the problem of a lovely rival for her husband's affection. What is your advice to her?

Hardly a day goes by that does not bring to Radio Mirror letters from reader-listeners commenting on how amazingly real are the problems in the lives of their daytime serial favorites. And often a reader will say, "That same thing happened to me not long ago—I wish I could tell those people what I did about it. Perhaps it would help them, too."

Beginning with this issue, Radio Mirror has made arrangements for you to offer your advice to your daytime serial friends, give them the benefit of your experience with the problems they face!

This month's problem is that of a young wife who, only very recently married, faces an emotional crisis which, wrongly handled, might lead to disaster. She is Vikki Hoyt of Marriage For Two, the story of two young people who differ widely in their attitude toward life but who, because they love each other, are starting the sharing of one life under one roof. They hope for nothing but happiness. But it is only in fairy tales that lovers live happily ever after, and Marriage For Two is a story of the modern world and the obstacles which must be met and overcome if marriage is to succeed in that world. One of those obstacles, for Vikki, is a lovely young woman named Pamela Towers.

On the next two pages you will find the story of Vikki and Roger, and of the other people—particularly Pamela Towers—who will influence them in their marriage. On the air each day you will hear more of the Marriage For Two story of the life of Vikki and Roger. When you have read about them, listened to them, perhaps you will be able to advise Vikki on a question that is vital to her happiness.

Radio Mirror will pay $100.00 for the most interesting letters!

You'll find full details by turning to the next page.
Roger is unstable. He's a dreamer. His head's in the clouds and always has been. He doesn't know the value of money—and, as much as he thinks he does, he doesn't know the value of having a wife like you!

That was the warning Vikki got—from Roger's own Aunt Debbie, his guardian for all the years since his parents had died—before she married Roger.

That wasn't the only unpleasant foretelling of disaster for the marriage of Vikki Adams and Roger Hoyt. Roger had his share of them, too—from Pamela Towers, the girl he'd known overseas when he was an Army captain and she worked with the Mobile Canteen. Pamela had fallen in love with Roger. Now that they were back in Glenwood—even now that Roger had fallen in love with Vikki and was going to marry her—Pamela made no attempt to conceal the fact that she still loved Roger, still felt that she would be a much more suitable wife for him.

"Vikki's not your kind," Pamela told Roger again and again. "She's too practical for you."

"I can be anything Vikki wants me to be."

"You won't like that," Pamela cautioned. "You won't like pouring yourself into a mold. You'll be miserable."

But in spite of Aunt Debbie's warnings and Pamela's, and the less pointed mutterings and head-shakings of some of the other Glenwood people, Roger and Vikki were married—at high noon in the Community Church, on a lovely day in October. And they went to New York on their honeymoon, to the big city Vikki had never seen.

Neither of Vikki's parents was sure their daughter had made a wise choice. Tom Adams, Vikki's father—warm, loving, full of gentle humor—determined to watch the marriage closely, hoped for nothing but the best for his only child. Vikki's mother, caught up in the excitement of marrying her daughter to one of Glenwood's most eligible young men, gave herself up to enjoying the things of the moment—the car that Roger gave Vikki for a wedding present and the fact that her daughter was going to live on Mountain Avenue, in Glenwood's best residential section.

Now, Roger and Vikki have returned from their honeymoon, have settled into that big house that Mrs. Adams so admires. And still no one close to them feels that they are quite suited to each other. No one but Roger and Vikki themselves, that is. To Aunt Debbie's pre-marriage warning Vikki had replied, "All Rog needs is love and understanding, and I can give him those!" It's by this creed that she's embarking on her married life—and already she has discovered that neither love nor understanding can be the answer to all facets of Roger's character.

There was the honeymoon itself, for instance—on the trip Roger showered her with jewelry and clothes. Vikki—too happy to protest aloud in those first days of their marriage—nevertheless wondered about their dwindling bank account, and planned passionately for the future. A future which, to her, means the building of a stable, sensible life together.

Now Vikki realizes that there will have to be a compromise between her way of life and Roger's. Roger knows it, too—but neither will give an inch! They aren't being stubborn—it's just that they are so terribly different—parallel lines that reach out, in their mutual love, but can never really meet.

There's the house on Mountain Avenue, for example. Roger rented it from Aunt Debbie who moved away because, she says, "It never brought me anything but misery!"

What an impressive place that house is, Roger feels—what a place to entertain! It suits Roger perfectly. But Vikki had in mind a more modest estab-
lishment—a place more in keeping with the sort of life she's used to, and with the budget she's planned. And although she agrees to live there, the house is one of those points on which she and Roger will never think alike.

Another such point is Pamela Towers. Contrary to all her instincts, Vikki tries, sometimes, to be more like Pamela—to have a reckless, devil-may-care attitude—because she knows that Roger admires those things in Pamela. But each try is a dismal failure.

And Roger, in his great love for his young bride, tries in turn to play the role of a practical small town family man. But his temperament rebels; he finds himself growing more dissatisfied, remembering more of what Pamela said to him before he was married. "We're cut of the same cloth, you and I, shiny silver stuff—the stuff that dreams are made of."

"And Vikki?" Roger had asked, amused.

"Vikki? She's cut from checkered gingham, like the curtains at a cottage window. Not your type!"

Roger had laughed at her—then. Now he's not so sure. Often nowadays, he finds himself turning to a willing Pamela for understanding!

So—as every woman must—Vikki faces problems in her marriage undreamed of in courtship. The problem of money, the big house. The problem of difference in tastes, in way of life, between her and her husband.

But largest and darkest of all looms the problem of "the woman"—the problem of Pamela Towers. Pamela, so like Roger, always understanding him, always sympathizing with him. Pamela, eager—as Roger is—for adventure, excitement, for living life to its fullest without regard for the consequences. Surely, of all the problems, Pamela is the greatest threat to Vikki's happiness, to her Marriage For Two itself. How shall she handle it? What is the wisest course—and why?

Radio Mirror will purchase Readers' Answers to the question "How Should Vikki Handle Her Problem Of The Other Woman?" Best answer: $50.00; Next five best answers: $10.00 each.

Nearly every married woman has at one time asked herself, "What would I do if I found that my husband was attracted to another woman?" Vikki Hoyt, of Marriage For Two, finds herself in that situation. Perhaps you can help her. Write your advice to Radio Mirror, based on what you have learned about Vikki and Roger and Pamela in this story, and from listening to Marriage For Two on NBC. State in a letter of no more than one hundred words how you think she should handle this problem. Address your letter to Marriage For Two, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors of Radio Mirror will choose what they feel to be the best letter and will buy it, for $50.00, for publication in the April, 1950, issue. They will also choose the five next best letters and purchase these at ten dollars each. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters will be returned. Your letter must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 31, 1949. The coupon below must accompany your letter.

NAME

STREET or BOX

CITY or POSTOFFICE STATE

35
From time immemorial the controversy has raged—is it Mom or Dad who’s the “head of the house”?

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

By WARREN HULL

—who, with Isabella Beach, upholds Mom’s side on Mother Knows Best, Saturdays 5:30 P.M., EST, CBS

“Better ask Mother; she knows best!” Sound familiar? This is Father’s stock answer to most household posers. In some cases Dad is too tired from his “hard day at the office” to enter into family problems and so he passes the decisions on to Mom. Although he’ll only jokingly admit it, Father really believes that Mother knows best. Which brings us to the question—just what does Mother know best about? Mrs. Isabella Beach, homemaking authority on Mother Knows Best, says Mother knows best concerning just about everything on the warm and human side of life. And Mrs. Beach rates as an expert on the subject because she has had eight children of her own. In addition, she is Food Editor of the New York Journal-American.

Dad may wear the crown as the breadwinner but Mom’s the queen at home—and particularly in the kitchen. Before Pop can teach junior to be a running back on the school team, Mom paves the way with body-building meals.

Mom is thinking of the future. From the time she encourages the baby to say “thank you” she is teaching manners which will be important in the business and social world.

Mother knows it’s best to be enthusiastic towards the children’s activities and sees that she attends their school functions, sometimes with Dad in tow—Dad, who at the outset wishes he were home behind the evening paper but at the close of the affair finds himself enjoying his family life.

Aside from making a comfortable home, Mother has to have a general knowledge of reading, writing, geometry, Spanish, French, biology, etc.—how many times during an evening has that muffled voice behind the newspaper said, “Ask your mother to help you. I’ve been working all day?”

History shows that mothers have played a major part in many great lives. As a father myself, I’d like to quote the tribute Abraham Lincoln paid to his mother during his first inaugural speech when he said, “All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.”

And though Pop thinks Mom is a fuss-budget about such rules as a jacket and tie worn at the table or no dog in the living room, don’t think he’s hedging when he says to ask Mother, she knows best—he knows she does.

WHO KNOWS BEST

At your house, is it Mom or Dad who makes the final decisions? Does Mother’s better understanding make her the “head of the house” or does Father’s superior wisdom win him the role of final court of appeal? Or perhaps the burden and pleasure of decision-making is pretty well divided according to the subject at hand and the special abilities of one parent.

Warren Hull, Robert Young, and the editors of Radio Mirror would like to hear about your own experiences along these lines—incidents from your own lives which proved that either Mother or Father knew best. They may concern any subject
Everybody knows that Father knows best—at least everybody says so when the old boy is within earshot. But I guess the only one who really believes it is Father himself. However, being pinned down to defend the family pants-wearer in print puts me, Bob Young, the father of four gals, right on the well-known spot—how would you like to have five irate females waving a copy of Radio Mirror under your nose and demanding explanations? So I guess I'd better launch into this debate as my radio-self. Jim Anderson, Sr., the breadwinner in the radio series Father Knows Best. Jim not only knows best, but knows he knows—and the Anderson household realizes that there's no use arguing the point.

As Father Anderson, then, let me say right off that there are some things that Mother knows best about—calories and vitamins, for instance, and symptoms of children's diseases, clothing and rubbers, table etiquette and things generally associated with 'proper bringing up.' But Father is the fellow who makes the weighty decisions that affect the child's future. His knowledge of the world, with which he does daily battle, makes him an authority on the things which are out of Mama's ken.

Father's children, be they boys or girls, know almost by instinct that Daddy is the one who will give them 'the straight dope.' And whether the problem is a broken toy or a broken heart, Father can be counted on for an answer.

Father is right there with the right answer when it comes to the more important things like making the home secure, mending broken toys, participating in constructive play, such as erector sets and model trains, making sling shots; boxing and building doll-houses, hunting, fishing and philosophy; baseball scores and political awareness; crossword puzzles and arithmetic; how to drive a car; allowance and wage earning, home building and grand-children raising.

Yes, Father can be counted on in any emergency to come through with a solution.

His superior knowledge of all these things mentioned, and many more, weigh the scales heavily in Father's favor, and make the phrase, "Father Knows Best," entirely justifiable.

FATHER KNOWS BEST

By ROBERT YOUNG

—who, as Jim Anderson, roots for Dad on Father Knows Best, Thursdays, 8:30 P.M., EST, over NBC.

AT YOUR HOUSE?

of interest in the home—children, finances, Radio Mirror WILL PAY $25 for the best incident, sent in by a reader, which proves that Mother Knows Best, and ANOTHER $25 WILL BE PAID to the reader sending in the best incident proving that Father Knows Best. Tell your story in one hundred words or less, and address your letter to Who Knows Best!, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. This is an offer to purchase stories on this subject for publication in the April, 1950 issue. The opinion of the editors will be final. Your letter must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31.
"MY BROTHER'S"

This is Nora Drake is the story of Nora, a young woman with her own way to make in the world, who has chosen the profession of nursing, and Charles Dobbs, able young attorney whose integrity sometimes proves a stumbling-block to his ambition.

The story Radio Mirror has dramatized this month tells of a time of crisis for Charles—a crisis he must face and resolve without help from Nora, the woman he loves. Here is Charles' own story of this critical moment in his life.

I guess this has happened to everyone, sometime... You get to a point in your life where all of a sudden things look pretty good. You're healthy, your job is going well, maybe you're lucky enough to be in love. Altogether you can't, at the moment, find anything serious to worry about.

"Where can I turn?" Charles asked himself
—and knew the answer. He could always turn to Nora.
She would know, would tell him what to do...

George Stewart
(Played by Leon Janney)
Well, when next that happens to you, enjoy it. Because the one thing you can be sure of is that it won’t last long. I suppose it’s not in the nature of living to have any state of affairs continue indefinitely, but why the most pleasant interludes have to be the briefest ones I don’t know. All I’m sure of is that, just about the time you’re telling yourself in a surprised way that it’s not such a bad world after all, it suddenly turns upside down and your little holiday is over. Sometimes the morning mail will do it; sometimes it’s a phone call, or somebody you meet accidently in the street.

With me, it was a ring at my doorbell one evening . . . an evening when my small particular world seemed full of hope and smiling promise, challenge and reward. There were some little reasons for it, and three big ones.

I’d been given a case to handle which was an unusually important one to have fallen to a mere Assistant District Attorney. I’d been told on good authority that the governor had definitely decided on me for a Special Prosecutor’s appointment that I almost hadn’t dared to hope for. And I’d seen Nora that day. That was the biggest reason of all. I’d touched her hand twice—once to say hello, once to say goodbye. I’d seen her eyes and her lips warm with excitement when I told her about the governor, and behind her words of congratulation I’d heard—or thought I heard—something that was a little more than the delight of a friend at what was coming up for me. Something that made my heart bound with the hope that at last she’d understood what I felt for her. Something that started me thinking that maybe, one day soon, I could tell her . . .

And then the doorbell rang, a sharp dagger of sound that pierced my little soap-bubble world as effectively as if the woman who stood there had reached out and done it with her pointed red nails.

Dorothy Stewart gave me a slow smile, and enough time for my mind to register the automatic warning I gave myself whenever she faced me: Be careful! Then, when I didn’t speak, she said amiably, “Are you entertaining your callers in the hall these days, Charles? How different of you. Unless . . .” she drew back in mock confusion, “perhaps you’re not alone?”

I moved aside. “I’m alone, unfortunately,” I said, knowing I could count on her to register the double meaning of my words. She did. She looked back over her shoulder with amusement, and wary as I was I felt the impact of those long dark eyes of hers that went so oddly with her (Continued on page 82)

This Is Nora Drake is heard M-F at 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS stations.

Dorothy Stewart
(Played by Elspeth Eric)

Nora Drake
(Played by Joan Tompkins)

Charles Dobbs
(Played by Grant Richards)
BETWEEN THE

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

SONG FOR CANDLE GOLD

"When we're rich," I said it lightly,  
"We'll light candles, burn them brightly,  
Set them out at dinner time  
And have a silver bell to chime  
The hour, we'll be as fine as silk  
With candleshine to star the milk,  
The cookies, and of course your eyes."  
He looked at me in quick surprise  
That such as these could ever be.  
But little boys of five can see  
A dream come true, while you can mix  
The biscuits and find candlesticks  
While you put plates and cups in place,  
Can turn a checkered cloth to lace  
With one sound kiss and turn to state  
Unanswerably: "Must we wait  
Until we're rich?" Now all the room  
Is wrapped within the golden bloom  
Of candle flame and certain blue  
Of shining eyes when dreams come true,  
And my heart gaily, left and right  
Spends riches spun of candlelight  
And the rare, quicksilver gold  
Of a little boy five years old.
—Gladys McKee

WITH NIGHT

When night has dyed my window pane  
Deep blue, and pointed there  
A single star—a candle set  
To summon me to prayer,  
I speak your name into the dark;  
And light a candle, too,  
Upon the altar of my heart—  
My memory of you.  
—Rowena Cheney

JUST WONDERING

A woman of few words, I see  
Why use them, then, so constantly?
—May Howard Austin McEachern

SHARE

I'll never be one hard to please  
When shares of heaven are given out.  
My wishes will be only these:  
A heart at peace, and free of doubt;  
A lamp beside an easy chair;  
A gaily colored picture book;  
And snuggled, warm, beside me there,  
A little child to help me look.
—Emma Jean Bell

YOUNG ENVY

A's father is a wealthy man,  
He owns a sleek, chauffeured sedan,  
Its finish always polished bright,  
Its tires with sidewalls gleaming white.  
But A looks wistfully at B,  
A lad about as old as he,  
And envies him his great good Jack:  
You see, B's father owns a truck.
—Richard Armour

GROWING, GROWING, GROWN

Barbara Anne, a grown-up three  
Already, is versed in coquetry  
And dodges a would-be hug or kiss  
With an eighteen-year-old's artifice.  
Barbara Anne has buttercup curls,  
And poppy cheeks, and satiny whirls  
Where other people's eyelashes are,  
And a dimple that trembles like a star.  
Barbara Anne has pale brown frockles,  
Smudged as tarnished-gold fawn-speckles;  
Her mouth can't decide which way to grow:  
A parenthesis smile or a wondering "O!"  
Sun-flecked laughter and blue surprise  
Mingle their colors in Barbara's eyes,  
Till one cannot say they are green or blue,  
Like a woodland roof when the sky falls through.  
Barbara Anne will outgrow dolls  
For lace-and-nylon folderas;  
But the thought we stifle, tremulous,  
Is "when will Barbara outgrow us?"
—Lola Ingres Russo
THE CODE

Their teen-age heads bend raptly over pages
Of ancient history with new-found zeal,
They ride the bus with Babylonian ages;
And digest Egypt with their malt-shop meal.
She copies cryptic symbols on his jackets;
He doodles hieroglyphs while on the phone.
And oh, the secret joy of daily packets
Exchanged in class, but read by each—alone!
Inscriptions from lost empires live once more
In new translation. Puppy love is blind
But literate; it robs stone tablets for
A paper tablet of the five-cent kind.
Even a Pharaoh's dust must fondly sigh
To sense the feet of young love passing by.
—Esther Baldwin York

AVOWAL

I cannot relegate you to the past.
To tell you why would tax my eloquence,
For death is too inscrutable and vast,
And immortality is too immense
To comprehend. But, though I stand aghast
Against the overwhelming evidence
That you are dead, I hold steadfast
And still avow, "I love you, present tense."
—Donnafred Baker Hoff

EARS

These things have amazed me:
How well a robin hears,
How much a rabbit misses,
For all its length of ears—
And how old folks insisting
Their hearing days are spent
Can tell me, from another room,
How conversations went.
—Elaine V. Emans

PUBLIC FUTILITY

That person I would like to throttle,
Who first put olives in a bottle!
—Howard Haynes

MENTAL CRUELTY

The soup is tasty, full of savor,
The salad has a tangy flavor,
The casserole is good and hearty,
The fresh-baked rolls would grace a party,
But, while I wait in expectation
Of husbandly appreciation,
You simply say, in accents clear,
"Forget to buy the pickles, dear?"
—Norah Smaridge

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines; address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. Each poem must be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.
Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

SONG FOR CANDLE GOLD

"When we're rich," I said it lightly,  
"we'll light candles, burn them brightly.  
Set them out at dinner time  
And have a silver hall to shine.  
The hour, we'll be as fine as silk  
With checkered tablecloth on the milk.  
The cookies, and of course your eyes,"  
He looked at me in quick surprise  
That such as these could ever be.  
But little boys of five can see  
A dream come true, while you can mix  
The biscuits and light candlesticks  
While you put plans and vows in place,  
Can turn a checkered cloth to like  
With one round kiss and turn to state  
Unanswerably: "Must we wait  
Until we're rich?" Now all the room  
Is wrapped within the golden bloom  
Of candle, candle and certain blue.  
Of shining eyes when dreams come true.  
And my heart gayly, lifted right,  
Speaks riches upon candlelight  
Of the rare, quicksilver gold  
Of a little boy five years old.  
—Gladya McKee

SHARE

I'll never be one hand to please  
When shares of heaven are given out.  
My wishes will be one these:  
A heart of peace, and free of doubt.  
A lamp beside on easy chair,  
A gaily colored picture book;  
And snuggled, warm, beside me there.  
A little child to help me look.  
—Emma Jean Bell

YOUNG ENvy

A's father is a wealthy man,  
He owns a deed, cushioned sedan,  
Its finish always polished bright,  
Its tires with sidewalls gleaming white.  
But A looks wistfully at B,  
A lad about as old as he,  
And envies him his great good luck:  
You see, B's father owns a truck.  
—Richard Armour

GROWING, GROWING, GROWN

Barbara Anne, a growth-up three,  
Already, is versed in coquetry  
And dyes her windows bright or kiss  
With an eighteen-year-old's artifice.  
Barbara Anne has buttercup curls  
And poppy cheeks, and merry whirles  
Where other people's eyelashes are  
And a dimple that troubles like a star.  
Barbara Anne has pale brown freckles  
Stained as tawny-gold for one-speckles:  
Her result can't decide which way to grow:  
A pensiveness smile or a wounding "O."  
Sun-peeked laughter and blue surprise  
Mingle their colors in Barbara's eyes.  
Till one comment say they are green or blue.  
Like a wandering root when the sky fails through.  
Barbara Anne will outgrow dolls  
For lace-and-ribbon faced Dollies;  
But the thought we gave, transmuse,  
is "when will Barbara outgrow us?"  
—Leola Ingray Russo

THE CODE

Their teenage heads bend rapidly over pages  
Of ancient history with saw-found seal.  
They ride the bus with Babylonian age;  
And dig Egypt with their multi-shop meal.  
She copied cryptic symbols on his jackets;  
He inlaid hieroglyphics while on the phone.  
And oh, the sweet joy of daily packets  
Exchanged in class, but read by each—alone!  
Inscriptions from lost empires live once more  
In new translation. Poppy love is blind  
But literate; it edicts stone tablets for  
A paper tablet of the five-cent kind.  
Even a Pharaoh's dust must finally sigh  
To sense the feet of young love passing by.  
—Ethan Bakwin York

WITH NIGHT

When night has dyed my window pane  
Deep blue, and painted there  
A single star—a candletick  
To summon me to prayer,  
I'll fold my name into the dark,  
And light a candle, too.  
Upon the altar of my heart—  
My memory of you.  
—Reverend Cheesey

JUST WONDERING

A woman of few words, I see  
Why use them, then, so constantly?  
—Mary Howard Austin Dearing

EARS

These things have amaze me:  
How well a robin hears,  
How much a rabbit listens.  
For all its length of ears.  
And how old folks insist  
Their bearing days are spent  
Can tell me, from another room,  
How conversations went.  
—Elaine E. Emans

PUBLIC FUTILITY

That person I would like to throttle,  
Who first put all in a bottle?  
—Howard Maynes

ANVOWAL

I cannot relapse you in the past,  
To tell you why I dwelt my abnegation.  
For death is too inscrutable and vast,  
And immortality is too immense  
To comprehend. Yet, though I stand obedient  
Against the overwhelming evidence  
That you are dead, I hold steadfast  
And still swear, "I love you, present tense."  
—Dorothy Baker Hall

MENTAL CRUELTY

The soup is tasty, full of flavor.  
The added hint a tummy warm.  
The cream soup is good and precise.  
The fowl-baked rolls would grace a party.  
But, while I wait in supposition  
Of humbly appreciated.  
You simply say, in accents.  
"Forget to buy the pickles, dear!"  
—Verona Smalley

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to purchase poetry for our Bookends page.
When a Girl Marries

Problems, even the most trying ones, are never insurmountable when shared with another. That is why Joan offers her confidence to you.

By JOAN DAVIS

Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of When A Girl Marries, heard M.-F. at 5 P.M. EST, NBC.
I t's a funny world, isn't it—there's always something wrong with the rest of it! Parents complain that their children are difficult to manage, and children—even when they're grownup—can't seem to understand their parents. That was the problem of Mrs. C. S. in October Radio Mirror: her recently-widowed father was spending his time with a group of disreputable, and possibly dangerous, new companions. I think Mrs. G. Wilton Owens, of Baltimore, Md., has offered the most hopeful solution. For her letter, below, Mrs. Owens gets a $25 check.

Dear C. S.:

Your father is lonely, and there is nothing more bitter than the aloneness of the old. You say that "for two years he was fine." In that time did you try, truly and sympathetically, to fill the need that every human being has to be wanted and loved and cherished? Have you let him know in action and word that you wanted his happiness and loved him? Apparently he got into this situation searching for sympathy and understanding. Your only recourse now is to prove not that his new friends are scoundrels (he probably knows that), but that you care about his happiness. Remove opposition, even invite his new companions to your home—but more important, try to interest him in other activities. Social groups, church or fraternal orders, hobbies he might take up—perhaps a trip that would provide a complete change. You are looking at the possible loss of material things and "what people will say," but what really matters is your father's peace of mind and happiness in the closing years of life. Think of that, and your problem will solve itself.

Now, here are the letters I've chosen to answer this month—letters that tell of problems that might be your own. You'll also find a problem letter to try your hand at answering. Your solution may earn $25 for you.

ASKING TOO MUCH?

Dear Joan:

I am sixteen years old, and even though I have quite a few years before thinking of marriage, I have a problem about it. My friends say I'm too particular about the boys I go with. They say I expect too much of them. Do you think I'm expecting too much to want a boy that attends church regularly, doesn't drink and doesn't use profane language? I'm afraid if I go with just anyone I might fall in love with a man of different ideas from my own. My friends believe a drink and a little profane language is masculine, but I can't see it that way.

J. B. C.

Dear J. B. C.:

You're very right—it takes more than "a drink and a little profane language" to make a man. In fact, I imagine your problem is that, for your age group, you're a little too right—in other words, you have perhaps matured earlier than the rest of your friends and have come to an understanding they have yet to attain. But . . . in the (Continued on page 75)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25 WILL BE PAID to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than December 26. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 285 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.
When a Girl Marries

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Does Dunninger, whose brain busters have baffled millions on radio and on his current Wednesday evening CBS television show, actually read minds?

“No!” magicians contend. “It’s all a bag of tricks.”

Then why don’t the magicians expose Dunninger?

“Dunninger uses professional magic tricks that cost money or require years of practice to perform,” they explain. “To expose Dunninger would mean exposing ourselves and destroying our means of livelihood.”

Dunninger, the master mindreader, insists loudly that other magicians envy his peculiar talent. He claims the ability to read minds is a kind of extra-sensory act, like touching or smelling, and argues, “Anyone similarly blessed could do the same thing with sufficient practice.”

The intense, colorful mentalist has had more than thirty years’ practice, although raised in a family that displayed no power of telepathy and even tried to discourage their youngest son’s interest in magic. Joseph Dunninger, born in New York City, April 28, 1896, was the son of a textile manufacturer from Bavaria. His parents and brothers were as conventional as any other American family.

As a child, Dunninger claims that he first became conscious of his extraordinary power when he startled his parents by casually announcing who was calling when the telephone rang or when someone knocked at the door. In school he “guessed” the answers to arithmetic problems by mere concentration on the minds of the other pupils.

“How could I miss?” demands Dunninger. “With fifty out of sixty students concentrating on the right answer, I usually got the correct result.”

At an age when most boys are wound up in scout activities, he became absorbed in the practice of magic. His mother, apparently unimpressed by his feats of telepathy, insisted that he go into business. To satisfy her, young Joseph took a job in a department store but spent his evenings practicing sleight of hand tricks and the performance of (Continued on page 89)
Every week on Leave It to the Girls a lone male guest tries to uphold the dignity, infallibility and sovereignty of his sex against the verbal onslaughts of four determined and articulate young women. That he succeeds at all against such odds is a personal triumph for each male who is brave enough to appear.

Even when, as frequently happens, he comes off second best in the encounter, he still manages to let go with some plain truths about women that never cease to amaze me—coming from a man, that is. Women have long known these facts about their own sex. In my role as moderator for The Girls and their opponent, Man, I often listen to a girl's pat arguments, watch her grow a little smug at how well she's putting Man in his place, and then suddenly see Man blow the arguments into thin smoke simply by giving her a straight-from-the-shoulder answer with nary a wisecrack in it. (Of course, at home the little wife would probably burst into tears at this point and win the argument anyway. Men know about that trick, but they let us get away with it.)

Not that I'm deserting my sisters and going over to the men's side. I know, for instance, that men are not as objective in their thinking as we are. Even (Continued on page 91)
Henry Morgan: came with blood in his eye and, asked, “Why are women so feminine?”

George Brent: hedged a little about expressing views, but Girls thought him a good guest.

Andre Baruch, suave emcee: enjoyed making girls fumble, but apparently without malice.

Bennett Cerf: asked “Why do women want convertibles, then always ride with top up?”

Eloise McElhone (left) and Robin Chandler—two of the Girls who have appeared with Maggi quite often as panel members.

Kilgallen, Faye Emerson, Maggi, Dr. Houston Peterson.
By MAGGI McNELLIS

Leave It To The Girls—Maggi McNellis as moderator and a changing panel of experts—Sundays, 7 P.M., EST, WNBT.

Every week on Leave It to the Girls, a lone male guest tries to uphold the dignity, infallibility and sovereignty of his sex against the verbal onslaughts of four determined and articulate young women. That he succeeds at all against such odds is a personal triumph for each male who is brave enough to appear.

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Not that I'm deserting my sisters and going over to the men's side. I know, for instance, that men are not as objective in their thinking as we are. Even (Continued on page 91)
MY HUSBAND,

I've always chuckled at stories in popular magazines about the “little woman” who is responsible for her husband's success. I'm sure it's usually a figment of the imagination—the little woman's imagination. I wish to declare here and now that I am the little woman who is not responsible for her husband's success.

We were married twenty years ago, when Ed was a sports writer, twelve years before he became a Broadway columnist. In those years I have never contributed actively to his success as a writer, nor to his more recent success as host of the town on CBS-TV's Toast of the Town, his big Sunday night show at 8 o'clock and on the Little Old New York show, Monday nights at 7:30 on WPIX. My part has been that played by most other wives—a leader of the cheering section. Mostly it has been roses, but at times there were the accompanying thorns—reading occasional bitter attacks against Ed by other newspapermen, suffering through his disappointments, but always rooting.

In twenty years you get to know a person awfully well. After these twenty years I can still say that my husband is a wonderful guy. He has his share of idiosyncrasies, he is a little spoiled, as anyone in his position must be, but he is a fine husband and a wonderful father to our nineteen-year-old Betty.

Ed is a liberal in his attitudes on political issues, one hundred percent American in his idealism, and loyal to his friends. He is never jealous of the success of other people and he judges everyone, even those he has cause to dislike, dispassionately. He is Irish in his sentimentality. He has the quick Irish temper and the sudden remorse that follows it, is generous with his emotions and his money and will fight as hard for a lost cause as for a winning one.

Certainly he has done things that irritated the blazes out of me, and I've told him so. Remember, we'll soon be celebrating two decades together! We've been lucky, to be sure, enjoying the maximum of happiness and the minimum of tragedy. God has been very good to us, and in my own small way I have tried to repay our blessings by working for the Red Cross for the past eight years. I'm a Gray Lady at the United States Marine Hospital, at Ellis Island, in the harbor of New York.

Although Ed's ambition and determination have never needed prodding from me, there is one area in which the wife of a busy Broadway columnist and toiler in television might be tremendously helpful to a husband often too busy to cover every new show or motion picture. The “little woman” could step into the breach, rush to the theater, report on the show, and by an accurate analysis of plot and performance values predict the likelihood of success. So I dutifully rush to the theater and sit through the entire action, not budging until the cast has taken the last curtain call. Thence home, where my spouse awaits my report.

Once, alas, he waited eagerly, until the years revealed that my batting average wasn't destined to get me into the Hall of Fame. It's a terrifying fact that only twice have I called the turn on a hit: once I declared defiantly that “Oklahoma” was a great musical, and then shuddered through the night, fearful that the morning papers would prove me wrong again. (Continued on page 92)
Toast of the Town's host makes his living on the gay, glittering Broadway heat. But, according to the woman who knows him best, there's one place he loves above all—and that place is his home!
TV NOTES: Delora Bueno, Dubuque-born star of Dumont's Flight to Rhythm, is an expert on Brazilian folksongs. She was taken to Brazil for her education, but finished her studies at New York's Juilliard School of Music... John Tillman, chief announcer of WPIX, New York, is one of the busiest men in busy TV, with twenty-seven weekly shows. Twelve of these are the twice-daily Telepix Newsreels, which he narrates every day but Saturday. At least two are emcee jobs: the forty-five minute This Is Your City program every Thursday evening and the Saturday night hour-long Four-Star Showcase. In between, he interviews would-be announcers and is a part-time production supervisor. Oh yes, and he narrates special events whenever he has a spare half-hour... The same situations and dialogue are used for television and radio scripts of The Goldbergs, except that radio scripts must sometimes tell more in order to take the place of action that can't be seen. Gertrude Berg continues to write both versions and to give out with the Molly Goldbergisms on both programs. In fact, the whole cast doubles in radio and TV.

Christopher Stearns is probably the only actor who has been in television all his life. Chris is the year-old son of Mary Kay and Johnny Stearns, whose Mary Kay and Johnny show has been on NBC-TV for more than two years, Thursdays from 8:30 to 9 P.M. EST.

In the months before Chris was born, on December 19, 1948, his mother continued on the show, and after his arrival very little time was lost in writing a carry-on part for him in the script. He has now appeared several times, gets his own private fan mail, and boasts a number of proposals from young lady fans around his own age.

More than twenty years ago talking pictures were born on the lot that now houses the huge ABC Television Center in Hollywood, the home of KECA-TV. The twenty-three-acre site is the former Vitagraph lot, and it still houses the largest sound stage in the Film Capital. The last theatre size movie made there was "Kiss in the Dark," with Jane Wyman and David Niven.

When the new Center was opened last September, exclusively for TV, old Hollywoodites brought their memories to the opening performances. Newcomers saw Chico Marx, Art Linkletter, and Gale Robbins, among the many others who helped re-christen the lot. But the old residents saw the faces that once shone under the kleig lights—the Gish sisters, Norma Talmadge, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Antonio Moreno and the Costellos—Maurice, Dolores and Helene, and a host of others.

When KFI-TV, Los Angeles, wanted to install an all-tile kitchen for their Cook's Corner program, they had to figure on a color and finish that wouldn't reflect the glare of studio lights and yet would look like honest-to-goodness tile—which it was. Tile in gray satin finish solved the problem and gave Monty Margetts, the cook of Cook's Corner, a real home kitchen to work in, not just a television setting. There's even an electric dish wash-
Birthday boy Dennis James gets a surprise party from ladies of the Peabody Home for the Aged. Occasion was planned by the ladies to express gratitude to Dennis and the WABD Okay, Mother show for adopting their home last winter.

er, garbage disposal unit, refrigerator, and of course a modern gas range where Monty whips up her tasty tidbits.

"I'm just another Marine named Mac," says the voice, as Mac comes marching onto your TV screen to tell the story of World War II in the Pacific. He tells it in twenty-six separate chapters, each running twenty-seven minutes. It begins with the pre-War Pacific and Pearl Harbor, continues through Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Guam, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and ends with the post-War Pacific and the atom bomb tests.

Thirteen of the chapters were ready and two had been shown on television by early fall of this year. Historian Fletcher Pratt, whose book supplied the title, worked with producers Otis Carney and Paul Cunningham on script and footage selected from more than 9,000,000 feet of U. S. Marine Corps combat film and from 3,000,000 feet of captured Japanese film.

Producing company of this series is United Videogram, but there's another Pacific series coming soon, made by the same group that did Crusade in Europe. So TV viewers will have plenty of opportunity to review our recent war in waters that were once thought to be as peaceful as their name.

Dennis James of the DuMont show Okay, Mother, has been the tele-darling of the Peabody Home for the Aged ever since last winter when he adopted the home. For his birthday the ladies gifted Dennis with a surprise party dominated by a three-layer cake which they had baked especially for him.
GIVE ME KIDS
Anytime!

And the kids say: “Give us Ed
everytime!” It’s no wonder, for he
believes that children should
not only be seen, but heard as well

By SMILIN’ ED McConnell

Most of my adult life I’ve been a radio entertainer
and peddler. Before that I worked for a living
. . . but let’s not dig up old painful memories.
I’d rather talk about my twenty-seven years of do-
ing the thing I most enjoy in the world—and getting
paid for it.

In radio, twenty-seven years is a pretty long spell
of continuous employment; I can’t think offhand of
anyone who can top it. Which proves how good I
am? Not at all—just how lucky. Of all the good luck
I’ve had, I guess about the best was hooking up with
the Buster Brown Gang which I am ramrod of when
it takes over NBC’s air from 11:30 to 12 every Satur-
day morning. From my experience with the Buster
Browners I can tell you this about entertaining kids
—it’s purely a pleasure. A pleasure, but no cinch.

The pleasure part comes from kids’ responsiveness
to something they like. You don’t need any Mr.
Hooper to tell you how you rate when you’re working
in front of a kid audience whether it’s the gang in
the studio or the one-ear-in-the-loudspeaker home
listeners. If they like you, you’ll be hearing from
them—you and your partner in the deal, your
sponsor. That’s why I say: for my audience, I’ll take
kids.

“Oh sure,” I can hear some wise guy in the back-
row mumbling, “give him kids. They’re easy.”
Now, I’d like to ask that (Continued on page 76)
Surrounded by the people he loves best, Smilin' Ed McConnell shows why he's entitled to such an optimistic nickname. Contributors to Ed's easygoing, genial nature—as well as reflecting it themselves—are his family: daughter Mary Jane Shimp, left, holding her daughter, eleven-month-old Ronnie Shimp; Ed's wife Ruth, right; and their son, Jim, center.
CHRISTMAS ALL YEAR

As Christmas Week babies, the McNeills missed a lot of fun. But thanks to the Breakfast Club

By KAY McNEILL

Bobby McNeill, helping Kay wrap the gay gift packages, tries Santa's whiskers just for size.
It's Christmas Week baby! Unless it happened to you, it's difficult to appreciate just what that means. It isn't only a matter of receiving half the normal number of presents. You grow accustomed to having gifts arrive late, tagged "Merry Christmas and Happy Birthday." The cheated feeling goes far deeper than that.

It's more a sense of having no birthday at all. Where every other child has a day when the whole family celebrates his arrival into the world, the Christmas Week baby gets the idea he sneaked in when no one was looking and his coming caused no end of bother.

Don and I were both Christmas Week babies. We grew up—he in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, I in Milwaukee—with that secret, puzzled resentment. While being the first to say Christmas was wonderful, we also used to think why, oh why, did Christmas have to come so close to our birthdays?

Years later, after we met and, eventually, were married, I added a private, silent promise to the usual "love, honor and obey." It was—"and remember my husband's birthday."

I kept it, too, until—you've guessed it. It was the Breakfast Club which made me forget, that first Christmas broadcast.

Tommy was just fourteen months old, and Don had his heart set on having his Breakfast Club listeners meet his son. Paternal pride, however, didn't compensate for Tommy's lack of vocabulary. My birthday and Don's birthday slipped by unnoticed in our concentration on teaching the baby something to say and in doctoring his cold so I would dare take him out in the stormy weather to go to the studio.

Our child rewarded us handsomely. He not only said Mama, Daddy and bow-wow, he also recited glibly, "Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," right down to the last word.

You people out in the audience loved it. You told us so in hundreds of letters and asked for a repeat performance the next year. By that time, Don had two sons and a bright idea that for a Christmas present he wanted one morning when he didn't have to get up to go to the studio. Instead, he would have breakfast in bed.

The microphone got smeared with jam and bacon before that was accomplished, for with two lively boys squirming over the covers and listeners expecting a play-by-play account of their antics, Don was too busy to be concerned about table manners.

Those first two Breakfast Club Christmases set the precedent, and I turned into the shortest-shining star in radio. Escorting by our boys, Tommy, Donny and Bobby, I arrive to the jingle of sleigh bells promptly at 8 A.M. Central Standard Time, on December 25, and at 9 A.M. my career is over for another year.

The only Christmas broadcast that I've ever missed was one that didn't happen on Christmas day at all, but
CHRISTMAS ALL YEAR 'ROUND

As Christmas Week babies, the McNeills missed a lot of fun. But thanks to the Breakfast Club parties, they've made up for it since!

By KAY McNEILL

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Our child rewarded us handsomely. He not only said Mama, Daddy and bow-wow, he also recited gibberly, "Oh, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," right down to the last word. We people out in the audience loved it. You told us so in hundreds of letters and asked for a repeat performance the next year. By that time, Don had two sons and a bright idea that for a Christmas present he wanted one morning when he didn't have to get up to go to the studio. Instead, he would have breakfast in bed.

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in the middle of the summer.

Again, I attribute it all to Don’s feeling about lost birthdays. When, during the war, servicemen mourned the Christmases spent in combat, Don decided to do something about it, and that something was labeled the Breakfast Club’s Christmas in July.

It took a little doing, for decorations at that season are packed in warehouses, and a tree had to be specially cut and trucked to Chicago. Yet it was worth the effort, I realized as I sat at home listening to the carols, hearing about the brightly bedecked tree, and feeling like the servicemen guests and the rest of the audience that the Christmas spirit ought not be restricted to one day in the year.

Its finish, however, was unlike any other Christmas broadcast. Don arrived home late that afternoon, tired and sunburned. “Where in the world have you been?” I asked.

Don grinned. “When the show was over, we went down to the beach to cool off. Santa Claus swapped his coat for a red bathing suit, but he kept on his whiskers.”

It took two more special Breakfast Club broadcasts to bring a happy ending to Don’s and my Christmas-birthday frustration.

The first occurred when a downstate Illinois woman wrote complaining that Don was, to say the least, “frugal”. While other radio shows were showering fortunes in gifts, the Breakfast Club didn’t give away so much as a cup of coffee.

Don and the rest of the staff thought it over. Give-away shows were sweeping the country. Perhaps he was missing the boat. They decided to ask you people in the audience what you thought about it.

You told them. More than fifty thousand of you wrote that you didn’t want washing machines, furniture or fur coats. All you wanted was just what you had been getting, good old Breakfast Club corn, complete with gags, puns, audience interviews, Sam Cowling, Aunt Fanny and all the rest of the gang.

You set an idea cooking. How, the people around the microphone wondered, would you Breakfast Clubbers like to do the giving?

That’s what produced the Reverse Giveaway, when, to gain admission to the studio, visitors had to bring Don a useful gift. The response was overwhelming. Twice as many persons as could get into the studio jammed the doors.

Sponsors, staff, cast and orchestra added to the loot, and when completed, the mountain of presents ranged from enough roofing to cover a house down to hand-made sewing kits.

We’ve always wished all of you could have seen what happened when those presents reached families which really needed them. The Cook County Welfare Board undertook the distribution, and the cast went along with the truck to deliver some of the major items. Don spoke for the people who received them as well as from his own heart when he thanked you, saying, "Nothing
Santa Claus, of all people, gets caught in a tug of war between Don and a pretty model at one of the Christmas in July parties.

exceeds the generosity of the Breakfast Clubbers. You actually believe it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

The second event deeply important to Don was the show’s Fifteenth Anniversary Party. That was held last year in our backyard and everyone who had been connected with the show added their greetings to those of the listeners. When it was over, Don said to me, “Do you know, Kay, it was like all the birthday parties I never had rolled together into one great big celebration.”

Although I knew the Breakfast Club’s birthday, June 23, occurs exactly six months after Don’s own, I didn’t realize until then how fully it had replaced his usually uncelebrated natal day.

But by this past summer, it had slipped my mind.

I was sitting reading one day, hearing through the open windows the boys’ shouts as they pursued some game of their own in the backyard. I also heard, after Don’s car pulled up, footsteps too fast to fit that sizzling weather. From his walk I could tell that the Breakfast Club’s toastmaster was just bursting with a bright idea.

Grinning from ear to ear, he greeted me with, “Guess what? I’m starting a new society.”

A ten-year-old just admitted to the secret sessions of the DeWindt Road Daredevils couldn’t have been more excited. He thrust a publicity release into my hand. It was headed, “Don McNeill Forms STOFFTGPTCWB.”

I looked up, puzzled. “Is this supposed to mean something, or did the stenographer just run a crescendo on her typewriter?”

“This,” said Don important— (Continued on page 81)
Radio’s Dr. Christian proves that a person can lead a normal home life even when his address is Hollywood, U.S.A.

By PAULINE SWANSON

Among the thousands who come to Hollywood every year to work, or perhaps just to look, there are many who flee in alarm, horrified at the lack of reality, the feeling of impermanence which characterizes the place.

“The people work on stage sets, and they live in stage sets,” these runaways complain. “There are no roots in Hollywood, no reality.”

But they haven’t looked far enough. There are real people in this unreal town, and real homes, as anyone could testify who has been lucky enough to visit Jean and Via Hersholt in the lovely, mellow house they have lived in for the past twenty-four years.

“Dr. Christian”—for that is the name by which most Americans know and love Jean Hersholt—and his lovely Danish-born wife live in a simple two-story house on a busy corner in the heart of Beverly Hills, but once inside its big vine-shaded front door they, and the many famous people from all over the world who are their friends, have entered a quite different world, an unhurried serene and cheerful place, filled with great books and great paintings, with warm welcoming color, and good, serious talk.

Every inch of the Hersholt house and the charming walled garden is used and lived in—and it looks it. There is no clutter, but complete comfort. The visitor understands at once (Continued on page 88)
Cold, brisk weather—how my family's appetite thrives in it! And when the holiday season is over we settle down to simple dinners again. Although the food is plain, I try to make it flavorful and attractive.

I have no worry about criticism from my "best beau" and the children when I place before them a crisp brown pork roast. How they love it! It's a special treat when I take the time to rub it with oregano and make our favorite stuffing. Of course, a pork dinner, being a favorite at our house must follow a ritual: sweet potatoes, hot corn muffins, sautéed pineapple are always part of the menu.

Because pork tastes so good at this time of year, I have a variety of appealing dishes using different cuts: sweet and sour spare-ribs, are easy to prepare; or a tenderloin baked with tomato soup sauce is tempting served with carrot and raisin salad.

STUFFED SHOULDER OF PORK

4 pounds boned shoulder of pork
1 recipe Apple Stuffing
salt
pepper
oregano

Wipe off roast with a damp cloth. Stuff pocket of roast loosely with apple stuffing. Roll and tie securely. Place fat side up on a rack in an open roasting pan. Rub outer portion with salt, pepper and oregano. Insert a meat thermometer into center of the thickest muscle so that the bulb does not touch fat or bone. Roast in a moderate oven (350°F.) 2 hours or until meat thermometer reads 185°F. Makes 8-10 servings.

APPLE STUFFING

\( \frac{1}{2} \) pound salt pork, diced
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup diced celery
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup minced onion
2 cups apples, diced
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup sugar
1 cup coarse stale bread crumbs
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
\( \frac{1}{4} \) teaspoon salt
\( \frac{1}{4} \) teaspoon pepper

Fry salt pork in a large skillet over low heat until crisp. Remove salt pork and drain. Sauté celery and onion in fat. Add apples and sugar. Cover and cook until apples are tender. Combine bread crumbs, parsley, salt, pepper and salt pork. Add apple mixture. Blend well. Makes 2\( \frac{1}{2} \) to 3 cups stuffing.

TROPICAL SWEET POTATOES

2 lbs. or 6 medium sized sweet potatoes
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup butter
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup pineapple juice, heated


SAUTÉED PINEAPPLE RINGS

1 No. 2 can sliced pineapple
2 tablespoons fat

Drain pineapple slices well. Melt fat in a skillet. Add pineapple slices. Cook over low heat until both sides are slightly browned (3-5 minutes). Garnish with parsley. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

CORNMEAL MUFFINS

1\( \frac{1}{2} \) cups sifted flour
3\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup yellow cornmeal
2 eggs, slightly beaten
\( \frac{1}{4} \) cup sugar
1\( \frac{1}{4} \) cups milk
3 tablespoons melted shortening

(Continued on page 77)
DAYTIME DIARY

Daytime Diary is compiled by Radio Mirror each month to keep reader-listeners posted on the latest events in daytime radio drama. If you have missed listening to one of your favorite serials lately, Daytime Diary will tell you what went on during the time you were unable to hear the story. Or perhaps you may only recently have become interested in a particular story and want more information about it before deciding whether or not you want to listen to it every day. Whatever your interest, you will find Daytime Diary a useful, compact chart for planning your listening, for keeping you abreast of happenings in daytime serials, and for reference concerning the people in the stories and their relationships.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

CAST: Mary Noble, married to handsome, popular actor Larry Noble; Tom Bryson and Maude Marlowe, their close friends; Rupert Barlow, who plans to back Larry's new play; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent hired by Barlow to publicize Larry... and for other reasons.

BACKGROUND: Both Mary and Larry innocently accept Rupert Barlow's interest, thinking that he merely wants to make a success of Larry's play. But Rupert has another success in mind: his personal success with Mary Noble.

RECENTLY: Neither Mary nor Larry has any suspicion that one of the reasons Rupert hired Beatrice Dunmore was her beauty. He hopes that she will attract Larry deeply enough to break up his marriage with Mary... thus leaving Rupert himself a clear field with Mary, who appeals to him more than any woman he has ever known. And Rupert's plan begins to succeed as Larry, becoming increasingly involved in Beatrice's publicity campaign, spends so much time with her that Mary, in spite of herself, feels a dreadful doubt entering her heart.

DAVID HARUM

CAST: David Harum, one of Homeville's most respected citizens; Aunt Polly Benson, his sister; Mrs. Elaine Dilling, former Homeville resident, who returns with her daughter Dorothy, and Dorothy's fiance Jack Wallace.

BACKGROUND: Since Mrs. Dilling has come back to Homeville on financial business, David, as president of the Homeville Bank, is immediately involved in her affairs. She arouses his interest and sympathy so strongly that he invites her, with her daughter, to stay with him and Aunt Polly at the Harum house on Catalpa Street.

RECENTLY: Renewing his friendship with Mrs. Dilling, David becomes aware of a strange thing—she is afraid of her daughter. He doesn't yet suspect that the girl he knows as Dorothy is an imposter who is trying to lay claim to the real Dorothy Dilling's inheritance. Nor does he realize that Dorothy and Jack, aware that David distrusts them, are planning an unpleasant surprise to prevent him from interfering in their scheme. Through what mysterious hold does Jack force Elaine Dilling to help him deceive David Harum and the Homeville police.

LORA LAWTON

CAST: Lora Lawton, who lived quietly with her friend May Case in a small New York apartment until millionaire Theodore Blaine entered her life; Rosalind Ray, actress, and Sidney Markey, her manager, who resent Lora's friendship with Blaine; Ira Cullen, Blaine's lawyer; Mabel Oakes, whose past may control Lora's future.

BACKGROUND: Lora is more than half in love with Blaine when Mabel Oakes arrives in town. Swathed in furs and glittering with gems, Mabel makes it plain that the source of her wealth lies in Ted Blaine's past. What is this secret so dangerous to Blaine's security that he and his lawyer Ira Cullen will go to desperate lengths to prevent Mabel from revealing it?

RECENTLY: Rosalind, infuriated by Blaine's romantic interest in Lora, is swift to realize that she can make use of Mabel Oakes in some way, for the woman obviously has knowledge of Blaine that gives her power over him. Has fate at last placed a real weapon in the hands of the jealous and driven Rosalind, who will stop at nothing to separate Lora and Theodore Blaine?
LORENZO JONES

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, mechanic by profession—Inventor by choice; Belle, his devoted wife; Jim Barker, who can't decide if he
keeps Lorenzo on at his garage for work—or for fun; Marty Crondall, an old school friend of Lorenzo's.

BACKGROUND: Lorenzo's back at Jim Bar-
ker's garage again, after a short spell in
another job, and life appears to be settling
down once more. Then suddenly Marty Crond-
dall comes to town in a blaze of glory. Lo-
renzo is delighted, till he learns that Marty
is subsidized by a syndicate interested in
an invention he's working on. Lorenzo's in-
ventions have never had such success.

RECENTLY: Adding insult to injury, Marty
leasons Lorenzo's workshop to work on his in-
vention. It's a very hush-hush thing, to hear
Marty talk about it. In fact he won't talk
about it; he just talks around it in a way
that makes Lorenzo very suspicious. And
Belle's flattering response to Marty's big
talk doesn't help things any. As Lorenzo
does his dull work at the garage, he has a
new companion... a little green-eyed
monster who gets bigger every day.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

CAST: Helen Trent, mature, attractive, a
successful Hollywood designer; Gil Whitney,
lawyer, who loves her; Cynthia Swanson,
who hopes and plots to take Gil away from
Helen; Carl Dorn, a sinister "mentalist" once
employed by producer Rex Carroll, who has
been murdered.

BACKGROUND: Discovered by columnist
Daisy Porter alone with Rex Carroll's mur-
dered body, Helen cannot convince the po-
lice that a mysterious phone call brought
her to Carroll's apartment to find him al-
ready dead. But Gil believes in her, and
is working desperately to save her.

RECENTLY: Gil knows that the vengeful
Rita Harrison, one of the chief witnesses
against Helen, had a strong motive for
murdering Carroll herself. But he cannot
prove that she was involved, and he does
not know yet that a more direct road to the
truth lies through Cynthia's maid Francine.
In fact Francine herself does not realize this,
for on the day of Carroll's death she had
been hypnotized by Dorn, and remembers
none of the details which Gil must discover
if he is to prove Helen innocent.

STELLA DALLAS

CAST: Stella Dallas, devoted and unselfish
mother of Laurel, who married wealthy
Richard Grosvenor; Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's
aristocratic mother; Gordon Crare and his
sister Mercedes, an attractive, unscrupulous
pair of schemers.

BACKGROUND: Stella doesn't know just
what designs the Crales have on Laurel's
family, but she is sure they are up to no
good. She would be even more disturbed
if she knew that Gordon and Mercedes plan
to break up Laurel's marriage and get con-
trol of the Grosvenor estate.

RECENTLY: While Mercedes schemes to
trap Gordon into a situation so compro-
mising that Laurel will leave him, Gordon
Crare pursues his own end of the plot—
pursues it so well that the widowed Mrs.
Grosvenor, deceived by his charm and at-
tention, agrees to marry him. But Stella is
not deceived. Even when Gordon rescues
her and Mrs. Grosvenor from a holdup man,
her instinct tells her not to trust him. Some-
how she knows that the Crales are danger-
ous... but just how dangerous she has yet
to learn.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO

CAST: Vikki Adams, who has married Rog-
er Hoyt in spite of temperamental differ-
ences; Rose Streeter, the homemaker who
loves Roger; Roger, a hard operator who does
not believe that Roger will make a good husband.

BACKGROUND: Their honeymoon abruptly
ended by Aunt Debbie's illness, Vikki and
Roger came back to Glenwood, to the house
Roger insisted on renting from Debbie,
though Vikki protests that it is too large.
RECENTLY: Shocked to learn that Debbie's
will now names Vikki instead of Roger as
her heir, Vikki tries to persuade Debbie to re-
instate Roger. But now that she herself has
to contend with his irresponsibility, Vikki
knows there is no way for Debbie's fear that
Roger cannot be trusted. Nor is Roger's un-
derstandability only financial. Despite Vikki's
dislike of Pamela, he continues to see her
in New York, where they both work. Lately
the house has created another kind of worry
for Vikki. One day she hears noises in the
cellar that drive her into a panic. But Roger
is completely unsympathetic. She cannot
convince him that something evil is living
with them.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

CAST: David Farrell, star reporter on the
New York Eagle; Sally, his wife, who was
once a reporter herself and shares David's
excitement when a big story is about to
"break."

BACKGROUND: David's fearless exposés of
city racketeering and crime have earned
both him and his paper a reputation for
honest reporting. Now, however, he is in-
volved in a story whose repercussions may
astonish not only his own city, but the rest
of the world.

RECENTLY: To investigate the strange
death of a famous scientist, David takes a
room in the hotel where the scientist was
killed. Gradually he places together a series
of clues which lead him to a startling discov-
er. The dead man had apparently come to
New York to work on a formula so secret and
valuable that it was of international
importance. The reason for his death, David
realizes, must in some way be tied up with
this formula. When David learns the fright-
ening secret behind the scientist's murder,
the New York Eagle has another brilliant
scoop.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS
PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

CAST: Pepper Young, married to Linda; Mother and Dad Young, his parents; Peggy, his sister, wife of Carter Trent; Mrs. Ivy Trent, Carter's mother; Miss Taylor, her secretary; Jerry Feldman, pilot friend of Pepper's; Edie Hoyt, who lives with the Youngs, and whose husband Andy was lost in a plane crash in South America.

BACKGROUND: Mrs. Young has always detested the high-handed selfishness of Carter's mother, and is afraid that Mrs. Trent's present visit to Elmwood may mean trouble for the marriage of Carter and Peggy which has been happy so far.

RECENTLY: Grimly, Mother Young watches Ivy Trent's efforts to keep her efficient secretary from becoming involved in a love affair with Jerry Feldman, and vows that she will not allow the self-centered Mrs. Trent to interfere in the happy future that might otherwise lie ahead for these two young people. In the meantime, the search for Andy receives new impetus as the Youngs learn that a man has been seen deep in South America who may be Edie's missing husband.

PERRY MASON

CAST: Perry Mason, brilliant lawyer-detective; Della Street, his secretary; Gertie Lade, his switchboard operator; Martha Herald, now the wife of Don Smith, through whom Perry became involved in the murder of blackmailer Wilfred Palmer.

BACKGROUND: Gertie Lade, who was discovered with Palmer's body, has been exonerated by the police. Martha, who, as one of Palmer's victims, had a strong motive for murdering him, dreads the moment when her name will come into the case, and Don, who loves her deeply, prepares to protect her even if he must sacrifice himself.

RECENTLY: Meanwhile flamboyant Allyn Whitlock congratulates herself on having so successfully covered her tracks that the police may never learn it was she who plunged the letter-opener into Palmer's heart. And the man who exercises such a strange and sinister power over Allyn—Walter Bodt—feels fairly secure too, as he sees the police hurrying down false trails. Will over-confidence lead these two to give their secret away to the alert, experienced eyes of Perry Mason?

PORTIA FACES LIFE

CAST: Portia Blake Morning, who hopes to give up the practice of law to devote herself to her new baby, but is forced to undertake the defense of her own husband, Walter, charged with murdering Joan Ward; Clint Morley, district attorney, determined to convict Walter; Dickie, Portia's older boy, who knows something he is afraid to tell; Carrie Abbott, waitress, Portia's friend.

BACKGROUND: As Portia dreads the moment when Dickie will be called to testify against his father, the boy takes matters into his own hands by running away. He is too upset to realize that this is an admission that he knows something against his father.

RECENTLY: Portia is almost desperate with anxiety when a radio alarm finally brings Dickie home. After Morley extracts his story things look hopeless for Walter. But Connie Abbott, the waitress whom Portia once helped, is working grimly to get to Nick Evans the man she knows can save Walter by breaking the alibi of Steve Ward, the murdered woman's husband. Will Nick Evans be willing and able to help?

WENDY WARREN

CAST: Wendy Warren, successful newspaperwoman; Mark Douglas, who wants to marry her; Nona, Mark's estranged wife; Sam, Wendy's father, who has gone to a sanitarium to recover from a bad heart attack, leaving Aunt Dorrie free to come to New York to keep house for Wendy.

BACKGROUND: The long heart-searching that preceded Wendy's decision to marry Mark was wasted, for Nona has discovered that she is going to have a baby and now refuses to go ahead with her divorce. She pleads with Wendy to help her re-establish her marriage with Mark, and Wendy, though she is bewildered and almost stunned by the abrupt change in her own expectations, succeeds so well that now to all outward appearance Mark and Nona are together again.

RECENTLY: Wendy's personal troubles are complicated by professional ones as a new managing editor takes over on her paper. His gruffness and sarcasm infuriate the independent Wendy, who has yet to learn that her new boss has a thorough understanding of his job, of men... and of women.

GUIDING LIGHT

CAST: Charlotte Brandon and her husband, Ray, bitterly estranged over the loss of their adopted son Chuckie; Meta Bauer, Chuckie's mother, who has taken him to live at her parents' home; Trudy, Meta's sister, in love with surgeon Ross Boling, resentful of Meta's interest in him; Ted White, Chuckie's father, determined to persuade Meta to marry him in order to provide a home for their son; Sid Harper, Charlotte's theatrical agent.

BACKGROUND: Unable to explain to Ray why she was willing to give Chuckie up when Meta claimed him, Charlotte sees her marriage drifting toward disaster.

RECENTLY: Resentful over Ray's attitude, Charlotte begins to pay more attention to Sid, who has always loved her. In the Bauer home, strained emotions approach a climax as Trudy, whom Chuckie already prefers to his real mother, tries to force Meta to marry Ted White and leave Ross Boling free. And Ted's own determination to give Chuckie a real home intensifies when his father reveals the truth about the strange environment in which Ted himself grew up.
CAST: Liz Dennis, who, at twenty-six, has fallen into a pleasant rut caring for her family: Althéa, the glamorous, now Mrs. Bruce Bigby; Patsy, the genius; Bobby, the ever-hungry adolescent; her brother, Grayling; her beloved father, Reverend Richard Dennis. Liz recently began to work for lawyer Sam Winship, and is very fond of his two motherless children, Tallula and Taby. BACKGROUND: Only since Althéa’s departure has Liz been conscious of an emptiness in her heart. Believing that the one romance of her life is behind her, Liz cannot account for her restlessness.

RECENTLY: When little Tallulah falls ill, Liz cannot help realizing what a wonderful man Sam is, and how much she values his friendship. Is it possible he’s beginning to appeal to her as something more than a friend? Meanwhile, in the small college town where Bruce is studying, Althéa’s avaricious desire for excitement begins to rub up against the facts of life. How much longer will the modest rooming house content her—particularly when she knows all too well how wealthy Bruce’s family is?

MA PERKINS

CAST: Ma Perkins, who is revered by all of Rushville Center for her warm common sense and willingness to help in time of trouble; Joe, the young milkman; Ma has taken under her wing; Alfred Sinclair, writer, and his glamorous assistant, Ann Morrison, who completely upsets Joe’s quiet scheme of existence.

BACKGROUND: Though at first she was a trifle suspicious of Sinclair, Ma now knows that he is a very intelligent and honest person who wants to write about Rushville Center because he feels it tells the whole story of America. She enlists his help when Joe, mortified because his dinner date with Ann Morrison gets talked about all over town, lets his temper run wild. It is largely due to Sinclair that Joe retains both his friends and his job.

RECENTLY: Joe has allowed a wild dream to carry him away, but Sinclair tells Ma that there is no hope of its becoming reality. Ann, he reveals, is no longer able to love anyone. Sinclair’s warning is justified when a hideous tragedy exposes the bitter secret of Ann Morrison’s past.

ROAD OF LIFE

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, whose wife Carol returns to him and their daughter Janie after a year’s absence; Maggie Lowell, who must now step out of Jim’s life; Frank Dana, newspaperman, who is suspicious of Carol’s story; Beth Lambert, an actress who has been trained to pose as “Carol Brent” by a gang that wants information about the top-secret work Jim is doing.

BACKGROUND: Accepted by everyone in Merrimac as the real Carol, Beth falls easily into her part. Too easily . . . for she comes to love Janie and Jim as if they really belonged to her. Anxious to protect Jim’s work, she tries to stall her ruthless employers.

RECENTLY: Frank Dana is suspicious enough of “Carol” to send a detective to Europe to check on the story Beth has told. And on the other hand, Beth’s employers have caught on to the fact that she is no longer really cooperating with them. Now as she understands for the first time in her life what happiness might be, Beth faces a double threat: exposure by Frank Dana’s agent and retaliation from the gang she is trying, for Jim’s sake, to deceive.

ROSEMARY

CAST: Rosemary Dawson Roberts, who stays home in Springdale when her husband Bill goes to New York to work, accompanied by his assistant Jane Springham; Jessie, young daughter of Bill’s first wife and gangster Lefty Higgins; Audrey, the girl friend Lefty can’t get rid of; Brad, who loves Jane; Mother Dawson, now engaged to her old friend Dr. Jim Cotter.

BACKGROUND: Gossip, and her own intuition, lead Rosemary to suspect that Jane is in love with Bill. When Jane herself admits this to Bill in New York, he insists she return to Springdale, where she tells Rosemary that she would take Bill away from her if she could.

RECENTLY: Lefty Higgins’ attempt to get out of the country fails when the ship on which he and Audrey are escaping sinks. A government cutter brings them back to New York. Lefty chooses this time to admit his love for Audrey—an unfortunate time, for he is turned in to the police by his friend Mac. Meanwhile Rosemary makes eager plans for her life in New York as she prepares to rejoin Bill.

YOUNG DR. MALONE

CAST: Anne Malone, superintendent of the Dineen Clinic in Three Oaks; Dr. Jerry Malone, her husband, staff member of a medical research institute in New York which is dominated by Lucia Standish; Sam Williams, Three Oaks industrialist, and his son Gene, both attracted to Anne; Dr. Brown, whose fear and dislike of Lucia may ruin his friendship with Jerry.

BACKGROUND: The Malones’ separation was supposed to be temporary, but as Anne in Three Oaks and Jerry in New York draw farther apart in every way, it begins to look as though their marriage can never again mean anything to either of them.

RECENTLY: Because she knows what misery misunderstanding can create, Anne meditates in the tempestuous quarrels between Sam and Gene, and finds a strong appeal in Sam’s positive personality. Meanwhile, Lucia’s domination of Jerry begins to influence his very words and thoughts. Unable to understand Dr. Brown’s deep-rooted fear of this woman, Jerry may find too late that her pathological need for power has destroyed his character and his happiness.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS
OUR GAL SUNDAY

CAST: Sunday, married to Lord Henry Brinithrope; Hazel Dobbs, crippled daughter of Lewis Carter, who is devoted to his brilliant ward Joyce Irwin; Peter Galway, Lord Henry's friend and neighbor, at whose request the mysterious Roy Kingsley has been hired as a gardener on the Brinithrope estate, Block Swon Holl.

BACKGROUND: Sunday realizes that the tension in the Carter household will finally come to a head over Roy Kingsley, for Hazel is driven close to hysteria as she suspects that Roy, the only man who ever noticed her, is being drawn away by Joyce's dazzling charm.

RECENTLY: The mystery of Roy Kingsley approaches solution as the Brinithropes are told that he is a government agent on a strange and secret mission. How will this involve Clifford Steele, the New York real estate man who has come to Fairbrooke to talk to Lord Henry about going into partnership with him... and who has long been in love with Joyce Irwin? And will Sunday be able to prevent the tragedy toward which the Carters and Joyce are heading?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

CAST: Noro Drake, a nurse, who thinks she is falling out of love with the young lawyer, Charles Dobbs; George, Charles's scapegoat brother, married to Dorothy, who can't decide why she stays with him—but doesn't leave; Tom Morley, who blames Charles and Noro for the death of his father; Suzanne Turrie, brilliant young pianist deeply in love with Charles.

BACKGROUND: Tom's bitter threat of revenge against Charles takes shape when he discovers in his dead father's safe a forged check which enables him to bring suit against George. Unable to persuade Tom to call off the suit, Charles and Dorothy pool all their cash for George's bail.

RECENTLY: Tom, meanwhile, has found another way to disrupt Charles' life. He convinces Suzanne that Charles, whom she hoped desperately might fall in love with her, has really loved Noro all along, and takes advantage of the girl's disillusionment to be an ally of her. Then the most crushing blow of all falls: George disappears, forfeiting the bail Charles and Dorothy had so painfully scraped together.

SECOND MRS. BURTON

CAST: Terry Burton, married to Stan Burton, merchant of Dickstone; their children, teenage Brod, baby Wendy; Barbara Wright, who is on her way to visit the Burtons when she is hurt in a train crash; Helen Greene, who usurps her place.

BACKGROUND: Knowing of Barbara only through a phone call from Terry's father in far-off Wisconsin, the Burtons welcome Helen, never dreaming that the real Barbara is in a distant town struggling against the amnesia she suffered during the crash.

RECENTLY: The mentally unbalanced Helen, armed with the information Barbara innocently gave her as they were traveling together, loses no time in disrupting the Burton home. Irresponsible, a liar and a thief, she involves them in much embarrassment through her pilfering of small objects which she disposes of through Grimes, who runs a junk shop and acts as a "fence" for stolen goods. Through her negligence, Wendy falls seriously ill. And a climax threatens as Helen, fancying herself in love with Stan, begins a gossip campaign against Terry which may destroy Terry's home.

JUST PLAIN BILL

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; his daughter Nancy, married to lawyer Kerry Donovan; Karen Ross, who is trying to save her father, John Ross, from ruin by flirting with wealthy Wesley Franklin; Vera, Franklin's despised wife.

BACKGROUND: Hoodstrong in her determination to save her father, Karen continues her dangerous flirtation with Franklin in spite of Bill's cautioning advice. Kerry, meanwhile, is in a difficult situation. When Franklin first came to town, he engaged Kerry to look after his interests, and now the young lawyer finds himself helping to destroy one of Bill's oldest friends.

RECENTLY: Finally Kerry makes his decision—he withdraws from Franklin's employ. But Karen Ross finds herself caught in her own trap as Franklin agrees to drop his campaign against her father if she will marry him after he divorces Vera! But her problem approaches a tragic solution: Franklin disappears under strange circumstances that makes it look as if John Ross knows more about the disappearance than he will reveal.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

CAST: Ellen Brown, a young widow, who provides for herself and her children, Mark and Janey, by running a tearoom; Dr. Anthony Loring, Ellen's fiancé: David Campbell, who wants to marry Ellen; Angela McBride, who wants Anthony; Amanda Cuthcart, David's possibly unbalanced sister.

BACKGROUND: Anthony suffers deeply when Ellen, having lost her memory in an accident, appears unable to recall the closeness of their relationship, and indicates interest in young David. But Anthony suddenly realizes that he cannot just wait for Ellen's memory to return. He, and he alone, must do something to help her.

RECENTLY: Fate helps Anthony to choose the right moment to make a powerful appeal to Ellen's emotions... and with indescribable joy he sees the light of recognition in her eyes. She remembers him—he remembers everything! But now Angela, seeing the ruin of all her hopes, makes a desperate resolution. If Anthony cannot be lured away from Ellen, then Ellen herself must be destroyed! Will Angela succeed in trapping Ellen into the danger she plans for her?
HILLTOP HOUSE

CAST: Julie Paterno, assistant to Grace Dolben of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House; Michael, Julie's renewed contact with Kevin Burke, with whom Julie was once in love; David, Kevin's child. 
BACKGROUND: Happy in her work and in her marriage, Julie looks forward to a successful future until Kevin returns. Now on the verge of a possibly fatal operation, Kevin pleads with Julie to shelter his motherless, five-year-old son. Though the mon himself recalls painful memories, Julie cannot refuse to help his child, for children are her life's work.

RECENTLY: Michael is unable to suppress his bitterness at Julie's renewal of contact with Kevin now that he knows how much this man made her suffer in the past. When Kevin, after bringing David to Glendale, remains instead of leaving, Michael becomes suspicious. Kevin says that he has decided against the operation, preferring to gamble for the year of life doctors say is all he can hope. But Michael wonders—is the whole story a ruse to appeal to Julie's emotions and break up her marriage?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

CAST: Coraìyn Kramer, divorced from Dwight Kramer, and fighting him for custody of their son, Skippy; lower Miles Nelson, Carolyn's fiancée, who conducted her case until his political ambitions made it necessary for him to go to the state capitol; Constance Wakefield, once Carolyn's good friend, now the new Mrs. Dwight Kramer; Dr. Dick Campbell, Carolyn's former suitor; Annette Thorp, politically powerful head of a newspaper chain.
BACKGROUND: Carolyn, realizing Miles' political career is at stake when he leaves her, tries to overcome her resentment, but she is desperately afraid that his desertion will mean the loss of Skippy. For Harlow Sloan, Miles' partner, is no match for Dwight's unscrupulous lawyer, Kirk.
RECENTLY: Now that Annette Thorp has met Miles, she has begun to make plans for him that go far beyond supporting him for the governorship. When Carolyn finally sees them together she is quick to realize this. It makes her doubly grateful for the sympathy and friendship that young Dr. Campbell is eager to offer.

BIG SISTER

CAST: Ruth Wayne, "big sister" to her friends; Dr. John Wayne, her husband; Dr. Reed Bannister, John's friend and associate; Valerie, his wife; Park. r, a power-hungry millionaire; Mark Anderson, his old business associate.
BACKGROUND: After Anton's death, Park er tries to ingratiate himself with the Waynes and the Bannisters by showing great sympathy—but John is the only one who believes him. John wants to believe, for he sees in Parker a vast source of funds for the Health Center which he and Reed have built up in Glen Falls.
RECENTLY: Mark Anderson, who owes Per ker money, comes to Glen Falls to plead for an extension. Ruth waits for Parker's refusal, hoping that his refusal will prove to John the danger of associating with such a man. But Parker fools her. Graciously, he agrees to wait, and gives John the chance to say "I told you so" to Ruth and Reed. Nonetheless, Reed's uncensored suspicions cause him to reject Parker's $50,000 donation to the Center—and lead to John's infuriated resignation.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

CAST: Popo David, who lives by the philosophy that life can be beautiful; Chichi, the young woman whose life was changed by Popo David's beliefs; Chuck Lewis, leader of a youthful gang; Douglas Normon, who wants to marry Chichi.
BACKGROUND: Some years ago, when the frightened, homeless Chichi found shelter in Popo David's Slightly Read Book Shop, she began to change from a tough, defiant youngster to a warm-hearted young woman. But she's young enough to recall her own days of running with a neighborhood gang, and when young Chuck Lewis starts making trouble at the Recreation Center, Chichi decides to step in.
RECENTLY: Chichi's impulse to reform Chuck leads to trouble with Douglas Normon. But he loves Chichi too much to go out of her life entirely, even though her partner Alice Swanson would be quite ready to take Chichi's place. The Recreation Center trouble comes to a triumphant conclusion when gambler Colman Reynolds, the moving force behind the young delinquents, gives the Center to the Settlement House.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

CAST: Joon and Harry Davis, reunited after Harry, suffering from omniscio, had disappeared in N. Y.; Phil and Kathy Stoney, their friends; Angie Jones, whom Harry knew in N. Y.; Anna Dunne, who hates Joon.
BACKGROUND: When Phil Stoney's mother bequeathed her money to Anne, she put in Joon's hands the power to decide whether Anne spent it wisely. For if she did not, the balance was to revert to Phil. Joon's decision that Anne has squandered the money has earned her Anne's enmity.
RECENTLY: Having turned her estate into a luxury club, Anne wires to N. Y. for a dining-room manager, and is elated when Angie Jones replies. Far Anne recognizes the name of this woman with whom Harry was so intimately involved during his omniscio, and knows that her presence in Beachwood will mean trouble for the Davises. Meanwhile Joan is stunned to learn that Anne has not regained her memory, but has pretended to because his love for her was the one thing he retained despite his loss of personality. Does he remember Angie, and what she meant to him?
### INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

#### SUNDAY

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<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<td>8:30</td>
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<td>Early Wild</td>
<td>Carolina Calling</td>
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<td>Happiness Hour</td>
<td>Memos From Lake</td>
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<td>Dixie Quartet</td>
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<td>National Radio</td>
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<td>Pulpit Children's Hour</td>
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<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
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<td>Message of Israel</td>
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<td>National Radio</td>
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<td>Christian Reform</td>
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<td>Church</td>
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<td>Solitaire Time</td>
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#### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Eternal Light</td>
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<td>College Choirs</td>
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<td>Lutheran Hour</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
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<td>Chicago Roundtable</td>
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<td>Fine Arts Music</td>
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<td>Meanings of the News</td>
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<td>Mutual Chamber Concert</td>
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<td>Music Appreciation</td>
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<td>Veterans' Information</td>
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<td>Tied This Week Around</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>The World</td>
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<td>Living, 1949</td>
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<td>House of Mystery</td>
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<td>Martin Kane, Private Eye</td>
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<td>Morton Opera Album</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
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<td>Family Closeup</td>
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<td>True Detective Mysteries</td>
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<td>&quot;Broadway's My Beat&quot;</td>
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#### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Hollywood Calling</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Roy Rogers</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Drew Pearson</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Adv. of the Falcon</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>The Saint</td>
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<td>Take It or Leave It</td>
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<td>Kay Arvon Show</td>
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<td>Don Wright Chorus</td>
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#### BARBARA WHITING

Barbara Whiting—who is Junior Miss (Saturdays at 11:30 A.M. EST on CBS stations) was born in Hollywood, California, almost nineteen years ago. While still in high school (she graduated last year) Barbara played the part of Fuffy Adams in the screen version of Junior Miss, and has been seen in several other motion pictures. She isn't entirely new to radio listeners as she has played Mildred in the popular Meet Corliss Archer series.

#### MONDAY

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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
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<td>Cincinnati</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>Murv C. Deane</td>
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<td>Marriage For Two</td>
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<td>Dorothy Dix at Home</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>We Love and Learn</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Dr. Paul</td>
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#### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
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#### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>Sunoco News</td>
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<td>Fred Waring</td>
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<tr>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>Gayle Hatcher</td>
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<td>Dance Bands</td>
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#### HARRY ELDERS

Harry Elders—forsook a medical career for the stage. He is the star of Curtain Time (Wed., 10:30 P.M. EST, National Broadcasting Company).
**JERRY LEWIS**—the “child star” of The Martin and Lewis Show (Fridays, 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC) began his theatrical career at the age of fourteen doing amateur shows. He worked on the Borscht Circuit until 1947 when he teamed with Dean Martin. Since then they have played nightclubs all over the country. In December 1948 Martin and Lewis were signed by NBC to an exclusive radio and television contract.

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### **WEDNESDAY**

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<td>Eddie Albert</td>
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<td>Ceci Brown Say It With Music</td>
<td>Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>Behind the Story Bob Polie</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
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<td>Modern Romances Pick A Date</td>
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### **TUESDAY**

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### **AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>Bob Polie Heatter’s Mailbag Kirkwoods</td>
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### **EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<td>Big Town</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>People Are Funny</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>News</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Mutual Newswred Dance Bands</td>
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<td>Time For Defense</td>
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### **MINETTA ELLEN**—who plays Mother Barbour on One Man’s Family (Sundays, 3:00 P.M. EST, NBC) made her theatrical debut playing a mother role at the University of California Greek Theater. Two students at the school, Barton Yarborough and Michael Raffetto, now play her radio sons, Clifford and Paul. She has played the Fanny Barbour ever since One Man’s Family began seventeen years ago.
### THURSDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| 9:00 | Eddie Albert | Robert Hurleigh | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America
| 9:15 | Clevelandaires | Tennessee Jamboree | CBS News of America
| 9:30 | Inside the Doctor's Office | Cecil Brown | My True Story | Bing Crosby
| 9:45 | Welcome Travellers | Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air | Bing Crosby |
| 9:45 | Martha Divine | Dorothy Dix at Home | Bing Crosby |
| 10:15 | Marriage For Two | Behind the Story | Modern Romances | Bing Crosby
| 10:45 | Jack Burch | LB Lawton | Modern Romances | Bing Crosby
| 11:15 | Dr. Paul | Behind the Story | Pick A Date | Bing Crosby
| 11:30 | Pick A Date | LB Lawton | Modern Romances | Bing Crosby
| 11:45 | ABC | Local Programs | Bing Crosby |

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | Betty Harris Show | Karte Smith Speaks
| 12:15 | Pick A Date | Doubleday Quiz
| 12:30 | The Barnyard | Lanny Ross
| 12:45 | Rosemary | Local Programs
| 1:00 | Vincent Lopez | Wendy Warren
| 1:15 | Missing | Aunt Jenny
| 1:30 | George Hicks | Helen Trent
| 1:45 | Jack Kitty | Our Gal Sunday
| 2:00 | Double or Nothing | Jack Smich Smith
| 2:15 | The Barnyard | Club 15
| 2:30 | Today's Children | Edward R. Murrow
| 2:45 | Light of the World | Jack Smith Show
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Countertop Spy
| 3:15 | Read of Life | Bobby Crocker
| 3:30 | Pepe Young | Magazine of the Air
| 3:45 | Right to Happiness | Bing Crosby
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Bob Pelle
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas | Heather's Mailbag
| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones | Viva Vague
| 4:45 | Young Widder Brown | Ladies Be Seated
| 5:00 | ABC | ABC
| 5:15 | Portia Faces Life | Cap. Midnight
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill | Sky King
| 5:45 | Fred Page Farrell | The Greensboro

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | Lionel Hevia | Local Programs
| 6:15 | Glenn McCarthy | Local Programs
| 6:30 | Sunoco News | Local Programs
| 6:45 | Local Programs | Local Programs
| 7:00 | Frank Sinatra | Newsletter
| 7:15 | News of the World | Newsletter
| 7:30 | Echoes From the Tropics | Newsletter
| 7:45 | Richard Harkness | Newsletter
| 8:00 | Adolph Family | Newsletter
| 8:15 | Father Knows Best | Newsletter
| 8:30 | Fishing and Hunting Club | Newsletter
| 8:45 | Screen Guild | Newsletter
| 9:00 | Duffy's Tavern | Newsletter
| 9:15 | Comedy Playhouse | Newsletter
| 9:30 | Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour | Newsletter
| 9:45 | Hallmark Playhouse | Newsletter
| 10:00 | Chesterfield Supper | Newsletter
| 10:15 | News | Newsletter
| 10:30 | Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands | Newsletter

### FRIDAY

| 6:00 | NBC | Local Programs
| 6:15 | Glenn McCarthy | Local Programs
| 6:30 | Sunoco News | Local Programs
| 6:45 | Local Programs | Local Programs
| 7:00 | Frank Sinatra | Newsletter
| 7:15 | News of the World | Newsletter
| 7:30 | The UN is My Beat | Newsletter
| 7:45 | M. V. Kellenborn | Newsletter
| 8:00 | We the People | Newsletter
| 8:15 | Life of Riley | Newsletter
| 8:30 | Jimmy Durante | Newsletter
| 9:00 | News | Newsletter
| 9:15 | Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands | Newsletter

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | Betty Harris Show | Karte Smith Speaks
| 12:15 | Pick A Date | Doubleday Quiz
| 12:30 | The Barnyard | Lanny Ross
| 12:45 | Rosemary | Local Programs
| 1:00 | Vincent Lopez | Wendy Warren
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| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones | Viva Vague
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| 5:15 | Portia Faces Life | Cap. Midnight
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill | Sky King
| 5:45 | Fred Page Farrell | The Greensboro

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | NBC | Local Program
| 6:15 | Glenn McCarthy | Local Program
| 6:30 | Sunoco News | Local Program
| 6:45 | Local Program | Local Program
| 7:00 | Frank Sinatra | Newsletter
| 7:15 | News of the World | Newsletter
| 7:30 | The UN is My Beat | Newsletter
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| 8:00 | We the People | Newsletter
| 8:15 | Life of Riley | Newsletter
| 8:30 | Jimmy Durante | Newsletter
| 9:00 | News | Newsletter
| 9:15 | Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands | Newsletter

### MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE

One of radio's busiest actresses, having appeared on hundreds of programs since the beginning of her radio career in 1917. She is often called "the little Irish-American actress" because all four of her grandparents were born in Ireland, and, to top this, she was born on St. Patrick's Day. Mercedes appears often on programs such as Inner Sanctum (CBS), Big Story (NBC), and Armstrong Theater of Today (CBS).
### SATURDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
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#### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Arthur Barrislaw</td>
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<td>Man on the Farm</td>
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<td>Girl's Corps</td>
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<td>Theatre of Today</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Grand Central Station</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Public Affair</td>
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<td>Campus Salute</td>
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<td>American Farmer</td>
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<td>Stairs Over Hollywood</td>
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<td>Give and Take</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
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<td>Campus Salute</td>
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<td>Dance Orch.</td>
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<td>Concert of America</td>
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<td>Jazz</td>
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<td>Handyman</td>
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<td>Get More Out of Life</td>
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<td>Colonial Country Journals</td>
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<td>13:00</td>
<td>Nat'l Farm Home</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Campus Salute</td>
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<td>Dance Orch.</td>
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<td>Metropolitan Opera</td>
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<td>Report From Over-Land</td>
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<td>Adventures in Science</td>
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<td>Cross Section U.S.A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>13:15</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>13:30</td>
<td>Your Health Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>14:00</td>
<td>Contrasts Musical</td>
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<td>Concert Hall</td>
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<td>Dance Music</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Mother Knows Best</td>
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<tr>
<td>14:15</td>
<td>Hollywood Closeups</td>
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#### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>17:00</td>
<td>Bob Warren</td>
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<td>Religion in the News</td>
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<td>Bands For Bonds</td>
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<td>Mel Allen</td>
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<tr>
<td>17:15</td>
<td>NBC Symphony Orchestra</td>
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<td>Quick as a Flash</td>
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<td>7:55 John B. Kennedy</td>
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<td>17:30</td>
<td>Richard Diamond, Private Detective</td>
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<td>It's Time For Music</td>
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<td>Raley Koury</td>
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<td>Bert Andrews</td>
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<td>17:45</td>
<td>Hollywood Star Theatre</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
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<td>Take a Number</td>
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<tr>
<td>18:00</td>
<td>Richard Diamond, Private Detective</td>
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<td>Casebook of Gregory Hood</td>
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<td>18:15</td>
<td>Hollywood Star Theatre</td>
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<td>Chande the Magician</td>
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<td>18:30</td>
<td>Treach or Consequences</td>
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<td>Gene Autry Show</td>
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<td>18:45</td>
<td>A Day in the Life of Dennis Day</td>
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<td>Tales of Fatima</td>
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<td>19:00</td>
<td>Your Hit Parade</td>
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<td>Life Begins at 80</td>
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<td>Dick Jergens Orchestra</td>
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<td>Cambell</td>
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<td>Gang Busters</td>
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<td>Tales of Fatima</td>
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<td>19:15</td>
<td>Judy Canova</td>
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<td>Theatre of the Air</td>
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<td>Record Show</td>
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<td>Dance Music</td>
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<td>Sing It Again</td>
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### MEL BLANC

Mel Blanc—Is a man of a thousand voices. If you're a movie cartoon fan, you know his voice as well as your own because he's the sound attached to Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig and other male characters in Warner Brothers animated cartoons. In radio he's heard on Jack Benny's program (Sun., 7 P.M., CBS) and the Judy Canova Show (Sat., 10 P.M. NBC). Mel is married and lives in Santa Monica, California, with his wife Estelle and his son Noel.

### MADALENE LEE

Some twenty years ago, a pert New Yorker named Madeline Lee started out in radio as a baby, playing a baby—and she's been at it ever since. Now, although she has a baby of her own, Madeline is still the voice of Wendy, the baby on the Second Mrs. Burton, CBS, Mon.-Fri., 2 P.M., EST.

One of her first regular shows was the popular Ray Knight program, Cuckoo. "It was a wonderful and crazy show," Madeline says, "and it probably had something to do with the fact that I'm now married to a comedian—and love it." The comedian is Jack Gilford, a wonderful and crazy zany.

For a long time radio producers kept her typed in baby or child roles, but lately she's been getting more and more character assignments for which she is grateful. It gives her a much better opportunity to demonstrate her versatility.

On the Henry Morgan Show, Madeline played parts ranging from Mrs. Beethoven to Gertrood, but she took some time off to have her baby. "But," Madeline said, "I was back on the show eleven days after my baby was born."

Of herself, Madeline says, "I'm ambisextrous—I can play girls or boys. Girls from the time they're born until they're twenty-five and boys from the time they're born until they're ten or twelve. I think after that, the boys' parts ought to go to boys."

In the theater, Madeline was one of the blonde twins in the "Eve of St. Mark," Maxwell Anderson's Broadway hit, and in the Theater Guild's production of "Embezzled Heaven," she played opposite Ethel Barrymore.

### OWEN JORDAN

When Owen Jordan was earning his B.A. at De Paul University and, later, spending two years there as a drama instructor-director, he was, in a way, preparing for his present radio assignments. (Owen is heard almost regularly on The Greatest Story Ever Told, Sun., 5:30 P.M., EST, ABC.)

Born in Chicago in 1913, Owen went to Tuley High School and from there to De Paul. While he was teaching at De Paul, Owen was offered a part in a play coming to Broadway. He grabbed the chance, but the play opened and closed immediately and, as he puts it, deservedly. Nevertheless, Owen was in New York and he liked it, so he decided to stay and tackle radio. It was a year before he landed his first part. Then, for the next two years, he worked on nearly every major show on the air, including the Kate Smith Hour, the Arch Oboler Plays, and Cavalcade.

In between radio assignments, Owen appeared in "Lilium" at Westport with Annabella and Tyrone Power, and, in 1943, on Broadway in the "Eve of St. Mark."

Outside of radio, Owen lives an average life. He's married—but not to an actress—and the Jordans have two adopted children, to whom they devote as much time as possible.
Now I Can Sing Again!

(Continued from page 26)

residence in Nevada to obtain her freedom. It would be a year—according to the ruling of California courts—before we would be free. But I stayed in that long to be a bought, but we decided it would have to be that way.

Then Christmas came. On the day after Christmas Nora went back to Palm Springs, the scene of our meeting. I was miserable.

I drove out to the airport and warmed up my plane. The weather was bad. But I decided to go anyway. I had to see Nora.

I made it, although the first break in the fog was over the Racquet Club. Nora was down there. I was there in ten minutes— I went straight to Nora. I didn't care who knew; I no longer cared what anybody said.

Neither did Nora.

"This may be the end of my career," I told her. "You know I may wind up running a gas station."

"I don't care," Nora said.

I returned home. I was married. We spent the first five weeks in Palm Springs, and we were exhilarated with a sense of our own new beginnings.

The way was cleared in the spring for our marriage, Joanne, having withdrawn her opposition to my divorce, went to Nevada and got her decree. Nora's Nevada decree was granted a few weeks later.

In July, we were married, Nora and I.

We came back from a blissfully peaceful honeymoon in Honolulu to take up our new life together.

We have a house in Beverly Hills. Nora has plenty of room and comfort for Nora and me, and for our kids. Diedre and Nora, Nora's little girls, are with us now, and my third spend a lot of their time with us.

Pigeon, as we call my five-year-old daughter, Helen, and Skip, who's seven now and going to Military school, and Nugu, who's only a half, are staying in our rooms of their own house, and we are always especially happy when they're in them.

Our life is simple. We get up early...

We're tired enough nights just to have dinner in bed, and read aloud for awhile before sleep. (I always have a house full of books—for the first time in my life, I'm reading them.)

Other nights we'll run a cartoon for the kids, maybe a picture for ourselves. We see a few good friends, Lionel and Beverly Neuman, Nora's friend, Bernice Turrel, the Victor Youngs, the Lefébours, the Spencer's, the Yost's, the Geers, the dinners have taken a hint and left us alone. It was a pretty broad hint. I just said, "Sorry, we're busy."

"Our money is different..."

One day, before I met Nora, I was in New York, doing a brutal five-shows—a daily personal appearance at the Roxy. I got a letter from my secretary.

"Mr. R....", he wrote,

and named a dozen or so of our fairly constant visitors. "We're all getting fat and tan."

I showed the letter to my brother, who indignantly tore it up.

"Everybody is getting fat and tan," he said, "and you're singing 'Old Man River' five times a day."

I won't be one of those more of those killing tours. I don't need money that bad. Nora agrees with me. My career is important, but not as important as our family.

As for her career, she decided long ago that it should be confined to being a wife and a mother. "A woman can have a marriage, or a career," she told me. "I decided on a marriage."

And I know, at last, what I want.

As I figure it, my job is being happy with Nora and our family. And, important but second, entertaining people. I love my work, but I won't live for it.

Probably because I have put it into its proper place in my life at last, my work is more satisfying to me now than it ever was. On my new radio show, Club 15, I have had the opportunity—

for which I fought unsuccessfully for so long—to step out of the juvenile group and enter into the ranks of an adult.

My records are getting better than they ever did. Pictures can wait until I am allowed to do on film what I have managed on the air—to grow up. I will take a show of my own into the Coconut Grove in a few weeks—and indicate the sort of thing I want to do now. Who knows, maybe the people will like it.

And the way things are now, Nora and I have our weekends to get in the plane and run off somewhere, anywhere, together.

Nora loves to fly. Nora loves everything.

But why go on. Nora is a lovely lady. And I get a great big lump in my throat just thinking about her.

I am so glad, so grateful, that it happened—even the way it did. Now... I feel like singing!
Do you, like so many women, have that hampering, unhappy sense of being inadequate? You can change this. You have within yourself a wonderful power that can re-make you to new loveliness.

This power grows out of the constant interaction between your Inner Self and your Outer Self—between the way you feel and the way you look.

This power fills you with confidence when you know you look charming. But—when you are not living up to your best, it can engulf you with self-doubt. It is the reason you must never neglect the daily details that can add so much to your outer loveliness—your inner happiness.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment
Don't imagine your face is going to show your loveliest self, without the right encouragement from you. This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream brings lovely help to faces. Always at bedtime (for day cleansing, too) cream your face with Pond's—like this:

**Hot Stimulation**—splash face with hot water.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This light, fluffy cream will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

**Cream Rinse**—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin—From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away dirt, make-up, as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Mrs. Roosevelt says, "I'm enthusiastic about this face treatment with Pond's. It gives results immediately."

Remember—it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely—everything you do takes on a happier significance. And this happiness you show has a magnetic way of bringing others closer to the real Inner You.

Mrs. Roosevelt's flawless complexion has a special flower-fresh beauty—"To my mind there is nothing finer in face care than Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

Within you— is a delightful second self
— and she can make new happiness come your way

Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

Her face speaks out to you of her enchanting Inner Self

Something fresh and lovely about Mrs. Roosevelt's face draws you to her immediately. For her face gives out the enchanting self that lives back of it.

Your face, too, can give such a happy impression of you. Always—your face is the you that others see first—remember best. Keep it, then, bright and unclouded so that wherever you go it will beckon friends and happiness to you.
which is his favorite spot at Pickfair, when he said very casually, "I feel the way, you mind you, well in New York for a few months? The reaction I got back there was quite good."

Mary would have been prepared to say, and knew in advance, without knowledge of his New York success, for, as she says:

"The most important thing in life to Buddy and me is each other. This means that I want to do and to have what he needs to do and to have. And Buddy wants the same for me. Happily, we almost always want to have things and do things in the same manner."

It was just a matter of weeks after the Book Room conference that the Rogers family, together with Elizabeth Lewis, Mary's long-time good friend and secretary, left a partially closed Pickfair in a skeleton staff and arrived in New York. Fortunately, Mary really does like New York, having spent most of her childhood there.

"But even if I didn't like it," she says, "I'd have come. Buddy is hard working, and he could, if he liked the show, Pick A Date With Buddy Rogers, is on five mornings a week and he spends a lot of time planning his television show. When he's not busy, he'll be hard at work. He needs the tranquility that only his home and family can give."

Like many another uprooted wife, Mary has a lot of adjusting to do. They wanted for her husband and children weren't easily realized. She finally found the right one—a very pleasant, not-too-large apartment, but it took a lot of doing. Real estate agents had determined among themselves, apparently, to show her nothing less, in size, than fifteen to thirty rooms and nothing less elaborate in decor than the tenancy of, say, Mary Antoinette.

Said one such agent of one such elegant establishment: "Very spacious, very rich, really quite, uh, chi-chi, don't you think, Pickford?"

"I agree," she said, "and that's just why I am not interested."

But, Miss Pickford,—the young man, that is, was more disillusioned than disappointed. "I had supposed that you and Mr. Rogers..."'

Mary didn't bother to explain to the frustrated young man that he was more disillusioned than disappointed. "I had supposed that you and Mr. Rogers are, at heart, a Kansas farmer and that the less he has of the "uh, chi-chi," in his surroundings, and in his life, the happier he is. Nor did she feel called upon to explain that what she now wants in her life is as little responsibility and as much fun as is possible for her to have, not for Buddy, but also for Buddy and the children, herself.

She did play with the notion of confessing to the baffled realtor that she and Buddy are planning a series of kitchen parties, maybe one or two a month while they are in New York, and that each guest will do whatever dish he or she does the best, and will also wash the dishes, and put everything in apple pie order.

But, as Mary knows so well, one of the great secrets of life is to exit gracefully and so she said: "I'm sorry, but what we are looking for in New York is a small apartment or house. And she added: "But small, Thank you, and go." When Mary speaks of Buddy as a "Kansas farmer" at heart, she does not mean that he is a behind-the-plough sort of farmer. So far as she knows, he has never worn a home-made suit to the land. It's just that he is a simple, typically American man in many of his tastes. His favorite dinner is a good steak, any kind of potatoes, creamed spinach, and a salad. When away from home, he likes to wear clothes and not only likes, but loves a special pair of run-down slippers that have to be seen to be believed.

Buddy is really a Kansas farmer at heart, she is convinced that he is an Oalthean at heart. Buddy was born in Oalthe, Kansas, went to school in Oalthe and graduated from the University of Kansas. He believes that Oalthe is practically the heart of the nation (as a matter of geographical fact, it is) and certainly Oalthe and environs of this good people of the town are in his heart.

Oalthe, indeed, was the cause of one of the worst frights of Mary's life. "Buddy is practically never sick," she says, "and for dinner," she explains, "or, if he knows he's going to be late, he never fails to call. In all the years we have been married, in fact, I can remember only one time when a car accident kept him away from home. That's when I tell to tell me why. After an hour had passed and no word from him, I began to be very nervous. After three hours, then, the Missouri State police and the hospital where he worked in the city."

"He was really stricken when he saw my frightened face. Very, very stricken," she declares, "by you see, this fellow from Oalthe. I think of yours? I interrupted, still smarting from plain scare. Well, not exactly, but his great-uncle loaned my grandfather a team of mules and helped him when he was plowing the crop. So when I ran into him downtown today, found him in a jam and needing someone to go bond for him, when he had to pay the fines on what could I say but 'of course,' too?"

"Not only not acts admirably towards his family, but his friends. Buddy," says Mary, "he will not gossip and will not listen to gossip."

"If I make even the mildest criticism of anyone," she says, "he will stop me, saying that I must be in the wrong. She tells him that he's not at all the way you think and then you'll be sorry!"

"Only once since I've known Buddy has an air he has dislikable for any person and funny as it was, I was quite shocked. We were dining out one night and suddenly Buddy whispered in my ear, 'Look, I think this is a man at the next table and I just hate him!'

"Do you know him?" I whispered back, 'No,' he said, 'but if I did, I hope I'd like him just as he is right.'"

"But don't think that Buddy is all angel," she will tell you. "Imagine me living with anyone with wings! He's not much of a flower-sender or gift giver, but fed in my ear, 'I am looking at a man at the next table and I just hate him!'"

"I'm sorry, but what we are looking for in New York is a small apartment or house. And she added: "But small, Thank you, and go." When Mary speaks of Buddy as a "Kansas farmer" at heart, she does not mean that he is a behind-the-plough sort of farmer. So far as she knows, he has never worn a home-made suit to the land. It's just that he is a simple, typically American man in many of his tastes. His favorite dinner is a good steak, any kind of potatoes, creamed spinach, and a salad. When away from home, he likes to wear clothes and not only likes, but loves a special pair of run-down slippers that have to be seen to be believed.

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As a father, Buddy gets top rating A from Roxanne and Ronald. He plays tennis, which is near enough to New York to enable them some home on weekends. Together they've been exploring the enchanting pleasures of the city—the zoo at Central Park, the museums of Natural History, the Statue of Liberty and all the other time-honored sights of New York. But there's one treat that means even more to them than the magic of the city and that's the special privilege of being allowed to stay up to have dinner with Daddy.

In time, perhaps, Buddy's schedule will enable the Rogers to return to Pickfair. But in the busy months to come, Mary feels that Buddy will benefit more by the presence of his family. Preferably, of course, she feels that he will benefit by her nearness. "I try to be to Buddy what Mother was to me—a person upon whose face and loving advice I could always depend," she explains. "While Mother would give me full share of praise, she also said would point out any weak spots in me that she was not so critical of my personal appearance. I can hear her saying now, 'Darling, you look like a catfish today. Recomb your curls, pat the cream, change that dress.' You might meet a man?"

America's Sweetheart—and she still can qualify for that title—tries to take an impersonal, sincere look at her husband, that look, like the critics, finds something slightly sensational.
When A Girl Marries
(Continued from page 43)
meantime, you stand in some danger of limiting your social life, always a most unfortunate circumstance at your age. What I suggest is this: don’t preach your beliefs to your friends, or show that you hold them in low esteem because they do not make the same demands on each other that you feel you should and want to make. When a date comes your way, accept it (unless you know definitely that the boy is a really undesirable associate). And then try—by your example, not by your words or criticism—to prove that it’s not necessary to swear or drink or act in any other regrettable manner in order to enjoy oneself. In most cases it’s the girl who sets the tone of a social evening, and if you make it pleasantly clear that you expect to be treated like a lady—a friendly, gay, young lady with an operating sense of humor, but still a lady—you may be surprised how quickly your companion will respond with the kind of behavior you can approve and enjoy. If he does not, you’ve lost very little, for after all a single evening is very quickly over, and if your date has been offensive you are under no compulsion to date him again. But be tolerant, and remember that sixteen is really very young to be setting up too-rigid standards. Stick to your own ideas, by all means—but don’t become prematurely carping and old-maidish as you try to live up to them.

Here is a problem in family relations which Mrs. H. B. has found herself unable to solve. Can you suggest some way out for her? Your letter of help may earn $25.

Dear Joan:

I was adopted at birth, and was always close to my dad and mother for they had so much trouble with their only son. He was always in trouble or in prison. They spent thousands of dollars on him, but when he got out of prison he would always go to another state and get into trouble there all over again. Last year I became ill with a bad lung, and the doctor said I could no longer live in our apartment but must have a house in better air. My husband and I were so in debt that my mother and dad gave us the down payment and gave up their apartment so we could all live together. This spring my dad died, and my mother has been staying with us, but now we have heard that my brother is expecting to be paroled. He says he will come ‘home,’ but my husband refuses to have him here—he will not stand for the drinking and carrying on and having the law knocking on our door as has happened in the past. But my mother says she owns part of this house, and insists that my brother be allowed to come here. Must we sell the house and return her money? And must we stand by to see her go through the same troubles all over again with my brother? What shall we do?

Mrs. H. B.

Note: Baby Paulette is Fay Hender-
son’s child, not the Fitzs’ as she was
incorrectly identified in Christmas
With Ma Perkins (Radio Mirror,
December).
Give Me Kids Anytime!

(Continued from page 52)

money's worth of radio mention. They did, I believe my first commercial ran about half an hour.

Those, to the best of my knowledge, were the first paid radio commercials broadcast on WSB. Perhaps this historical fact entitles me to be called a benefactor of humanity is debatable. One thing isn't debatable, however, without paid commercials, we would never have got to be the big source of free entertainment it is today. The sponsor pays the freight.

After about a year I went down to WSB to see R.B. and picked up a tape where I had a couple of partners I put in my own radio station. When the boom began to shivel I turned over my share of WSB to my partners and moved on.

I worked a spell in Cincinnati, where I hooked up with a paint company, my first network sponsor. Going network led to my moving to Chicago, where I was in 1943 when Ed Nuff said he wanted to get a sponsor, I took on the Buster Brown Gang.

I sweat gallons of blood trying to figure out the rest of my Buster Brown time besides giving the kids a dramatized story. Without those two sprouts of my own to experiment, I doubt I ever would have worked out their reactions help a lot with the show.

I've never believed in the old adage 'when the kid's not around the father can't be heard.' How are you going to find out what kind of people your kids are, if you never give them a chance to express themselves? 'Cause, believe me, kids are people, minors not excepted. They're not just small size replicas of Mom and Pop. Any parent who thinks they are is due for a lot of surprises. With your kids if you try to get them to write and sent in unpleasant depends on whether the kids are allowed to work out their own personalities naturally or whether they have to battle every inch of the way against their parents, or rather against a group trying to grow up through a crack in a sidewalk. Cultivate 'em, don't cement 'em in, is my motto for raising kids.

Well, back to the field. I took Mary Jane to Froggy the Gremlin—that irreplaceable needler of over-inflated personalities—and saw their delighted reactions. I knew I had me a permanent character for the Buster Brown Gang. I believe Froggy is my most popular character with the older kids at least. In the last and toddler division, Squeakie the Mouse, we have the first rank. We also have a little music on the show mostly comic songs which I composed myself.

For the first thirteen weeks the Buster Brown Gang was on the air we didn't have a studio audience. Then we invited the kids to come down and watch their show. We found that the audience even got along without 'em. Having a few hundred happy kids out front is the best tonic a radio show could have. Most of the time during those first few months of doing a show I wondered how big a home audience we had. Then something happened that not only reassured me but brought a lot of happiness to a little girl who'd been on short rations of that commodity for a long time. Her name was Evelyn Valence and she was twelve. She wrote me a letter saying she'd like to get a valentine from me. Something made me want to read that letter over the Buster Brown Gang.

I did, and when I'd finished, I said, "You bet I'll send you a valentine, Evelyn, and I'm asking all my buddies to send you one, too." And I gave her address.

That little girl got 50,000 valentines.

A couple of years later, in 1945, I got another very touching letter from a little girl in St. Louis who'd been a wheel-chair paralyzed nearly all her life. She asked me to send her a birthday card. I read that letter over the air, too, and those wonderful kids who listen to the show for our photograftic field trip what they did? They sent that little girl over 300,000 pieces of mail—cards, presents, remembrances of every sort. How you think kids can make the best radio audience?

My gang writes to me, too, mainly to tell me what they like or do not like. Whenever I don't give Froggy Gremlin enough of the real Eaton's' pay-off, I have a mail week. Some of my kids go on for ten pages telling me exactly what they want Froggy to do and say—and then illustrate it in crayon. It makes sure I get it right. I always try to follow instructions of this kind.

Another nice way the kids have of showing what they think of old Smilin' Ed is red-letter days. I'd save any records of my sponsor. When the Buster Brown Gang first took the air, children's shoes were the smallest division of their business. Paul told me then that the baby was not the biggest thing that's happened to Buster and me since our move is the advent of our first grandchild, a little cute carrot-top, eight years old, and a future writer. While waiting for my grandson to get big enough so I can start teaching him to swim in our backyard pool, I find myself putting in a lot of time with Jim, my son, who's fourteen now. Jim and I share a hobby—photography, furnish the equipment and Jim furthers the talent. To provide transportation for the Buster Brown Gang, you know, I recently bought one of those little sawed-off English MG runabouts. Getting out of one of those things isn't half as hard as it looks, but unbuckle it and stand up. I'm kind of like cars like women are about hats—got to have a new one every few months. The MG is known as our 11½ car.

I'm in the market for a contract to put Buster Brown on television, whenever our sponsor deems it advisable. But whether or whenever I do go on television, I know I'll take the kids with me. A performer needs another pay-off besides that green stuff the banks dote on; he needs to feed some of what he puts out coming back to him. A man would go empty mighty quick, if it was all put-out and no take-in. When you're putting out for the kids, you get an awful lot back. You get a lot more back than you put out. How can you beat a deal like that?
Good and Rich!
(Continued from page 61)
Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt into a large mixing bowl. Add cornmeal and blend well. Combine eggs, sugar, milk and melted shortening in a small bowl. Pour into dry ingredients. Stir enough to blend. Fill greased muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 20 min. Makes 20 muffins.

SWEET AND SOUR SPARERIBS
1 No. 2% can sauerkraut
3 pounds spareribs
1 cup sugar
1 cup cornmeal
1 cup salt

Drain sauerkraut and turn into a shallow roasting pan. Wipe spareribs with a damp cloth. Cut into serving pieces allowing about 3 ribs for each serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange over sauerkraut. Cover pan tightly and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour. Wash and core apples. Cut in quarters. Place in pan with sauerkraut and spareribs. Cover and continue cooking 30 minutes longer or until apples are tender. Makes 6 servings.

COTTAGE PIE
Grind left-over pork and measure. Make up twice this amount of bread stuffing. Line the bottom of a 1-quart casserole dish with one-half the amount of pork. Top with bread stuffing. Then add remaining pork. Make a well in the center of the casserole and fill with left-over gravy. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 4-6 servings.

BAKED PORK TENDERLOIN
1 1/2 lbs. pork tenderloin
sliced bacon
salt and pepper
1 can condensed tomato soup
3/4 cup water

CARROT AND RAISIN SALAD
2 cups grated raw carrots
3/4 cup seedless raisins
2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice
3/4 cup salad oil
3/4 teaspoon pepper
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika

ORANGE-LEMON CHIFFON PIE
1 tablespoon gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
4 eggs, separated
1 cup sugar
3/4 cup lemon juice
3/4 cup orange juice
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 9-inch pastry shell, baked

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this common sense way
and join in the fun!

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Guglielmo’s “ether telegraph” to London, and he took out his first patent in 1886. Demonstrations were given for the proper people, including Queen Victoria at the Crystal Palace. Marconi formed. Marconi owned half the stock, had fifteen thousand pounds in his pocket, and wireless was headline news around the world.

Sea-faring, fog-bound England put it to work immediately. What a wonderful thing for a maritime nation this invention that could jump fifty, a hundred, even two hundred miles was it, through the dark and storm and warn ships of danger in thick weather. There was talk of ringing the entire rocky coast of May only. The daily comic strip of the fogginess of its countless lighthouses. By the time he was twenty-three, Marconi was famous, well on his way to wealth, crowned with success.

But he was not satisfied. If his wireless could reach two hundred miles, why not five? Why not a thousand? Why not Europe, or even the United States of the Atlantic so that a ship leaving England could keep in touch with its homeland to the middle of the ocean? Then, as it passed beyond the sight from below, it could move into signals sent out from the shores of America.

The thing was fantastic, absurd, ridiculous. Against all sober counsel, he set up a huge ring of wooden masts and wires in the little village of Poldhu in Cornwall. The masts were 170 feet high and covered an acre. He erected his station with such a fierce force of electricity that a three-foot wooden lever was used to turn current off and on. Then he crossed the Atlantic to build a receiving station at St. John’s in Newfoundland. By this time his plan had changed. He was going to cross the Atlantic by wireless in one leap.

In December, 1901, all was in readiness. The savage winter storms had blown down the first mast that had held his aerials, but they had been replanted. On the other side of the Atlantic his generators were whirring and his staff was working. When they thrust the lever home, the world entered a new era.

It was a world that would seem fantastic to us if we could spin back the dial of time and take a look at it. It was a world without movies. Not until 1903 would the first one-reeler with a story, “The Great Train Robbery,” be produced. There were no electric refrigerators or dishwashers, no planes, no automobiles. It was 1901, a world of invention that only the very rich could afford, and, outside of cities there were no paved streets for them to travel on. Pianolas were vying with Mr. Holland’s Dominoes to play popular tunes. The cylindrical records and the morning-glory-shaped horn. Many city homes were still lighted with gas, and the housewife lit the rugs to prevent drafts. In The Yellow Kid, Foxy Grandpa, The Katzenjammer Kids, and Happy Hooligan had just started and were seen on Sunday “fun.”

His dream was not to begin until 1909 when Mutt and Jeff took the plunge. Vitamins? Not until 1913. Permanent waves, rayon, crooning, aluminum pans, pres- sure cookers, jazz—what were they?

The newly born twentieth century was to see a rush forward on every scientific front, and discoveries in radio came thick and fast. Many men share the credit but above them all, two American giants tower: Lee deForest and the greatest of them all, Edwin H. Armstrong.

Without the inventions of these two there might be no symphony in the air today, no news round-up from the ends of the earth, no sixty-four-dollar gunners, no famous, no possibly no United Nations.

Lee deForest was born in 1873 at Council Bluffs, Iowa, one year before Max. His family was not wealthy. His parents made the white community practically ostracize the family of the Reverend deForest. Young Lee had a lonesome and unhappy childhood. His college years were not much better. He took his entrance examinations at Yale in a shiny suit, shoes a year old and a straw hat his father had discarded.

He did not have enough money for most of the social activities at Yale. The laboratory became his main diversion. After he won his Doctor’s degree, things were a little better. But he still carried less than the average of a dollar a week. Even after his sensational invention of the audion tube, his career was harried for years by financial struggles, though the audion made him one of the wealthiest men in the world.

It was the first practical vacuum tube, and what it did was pick up the weakest signals and magnify them. Then there was the tickling of the watch sound like a drumbeat. It could lift sounds out of the seemingly silent air and make them heard.

By 1906, many men were working on the possibility of sending the human voice through the air. The race was won by a brilliant Canadian who had an experimental station at Brant Rock, Massachusetts. It was deForest, however, who led the way in the commercial development of our wireless telephone.

The story they tell of his first voice broadcast is fascinating.

In 1907 he had a laboratory in New York. He devoted himself to the improvement of wireless, but on the side he was carrying on a special experiment—the wireless telephone.

One day a distinguished amateur came to inspect his workshop. With them was a concert singer, Madame Eugenia Farrar. DeForest asked her if she would like to be the world’s first wireless singer. Not quite sure whether it was a pretext to get her to sing, or the real thing, Madame Farrar stepped in front of the curious instrument and began to sing.

"Did anyone really hear me?" she asked when she had finished the last note of "I Love You Truly."

Dr. deForest had expected that he had no way of knowing, but over in the Brooklyn Navy Yard a wireless operator had torn off his ear-phones, aghast, convinced that he was ready for the booby hatch.

He had been listening to the routine dot and dash signals of ships at sea when suddenly the loveliest singing he ever heard came through. He lifted his ear-phones. All was quiet in the Navy Yard. He put them back on. The beautiful music came through clearly.

"Angels! Angels singing in the air!" he muttered, and, completely unnerved at being so close to heaven, shouted for his commanding officer who listened and was excitedly told the Herald Tribune.

A bored night editor almost let the story die right there. Voices in the air? Silly. But the man who told the story had gathered reporters was trying to pull his leg, he refused to cover the story until he had called the Navy Yard back to verify the facts. Before the time his reporter reached Brooklyn, the singing had long since ceased. The faintly sceptical newsmen wrote a brief account which appeared in the paper the next morning. But Dr. deForest knew that his experiment was a success.

Once again it was men of the sea who recognized the great potential of the new instrument. Six months later, twenty-four Navy ships streamed out of New York harbor on a round-the-world cruise equipped with the new wireless telephones.

Lee deForest is credited with the first broadcast by remote control when Emory Eraut invented the wireless telephone wire from the Metropolitan Opera House to the laboratory and from there put on the air.

Even though the singing of one of the greatest tenors of all time had been heard 260 miles at sea, no one thought of radio as anything but a new method of communicating messages. Broadcasting as entertainment was undreamed of, though wireless was fast becoming a fascinating hobby for "hams." By the thousands these amateur operators began to build up hams—mysterious and exciting. It was the ticking of the watch sound like a drumbeat. It could lift sounds out of the seemingly silent air and make them heard.

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key, without pay and frequently at the risk of his life, the radio operators' creed was developed in disaster. The one particular tragedy that waked the world to the importance of radio, more than any other, happened in 1912 when the fastest, safest, proudest ship built to that date went down in the Atlantic.

She was the greatest thing that had ever sailed the seas. She was vast. She was beautiful. Her passenger list of 2,223 was packed with the distinguished, the famous and the novel. When she set out on her maiden voyage.

She was so big that nothing could hurt her. She was so fast that when an iceberg rose in her path ahead she could not possibly change her course in time. She veered, but not enough. The wallowing berg raked a three hundred foot hole in her steel side below the water line, jamming the mechanism, that operated her waterproof compartments. Four hours later she was gone.

The CQD went out first, the call meaning "All Stations Stand By for News." Then, shortly after midnight, the wireless operator on the Carpathia, fifty-eight miles away, was shocked to hear CQD-SOS-CQD-SOS from the great unsinkable "Titanic." 

CQD—the signal of distress. SOS—the newer signal that meant death at hand.

The Marconi company first started, CQD was chosen to mean an urgent call to clear the air for the message that was to follow. It did not mean "Come Quick-Danger!" as people thought, because it meant the same thing in other languages besides English. In 1906, SOS superseded it as the international code for distress. It was chosen because it had three dots, three dashes and three dots of SOS were easier to send and to identify than the dot-dash-dot-dash-dot—dash-dot-dash-dash-dot-Dash-dot-Dash-dot-Dash-dot. CQD, SOS does not mean "Save Our Ship" or "Save Our Souls." It means "Distress-Help" in every language in the world from Persian to Chinese.)

But SOS was new in 1912, so the Titanic's radioman took no chances. He sent it and then CQD and then SOS again as it became, and it is perfectly certain that the Titanic was doomed.

"Coming hard," wirelessed the Carpathia, turning off her course though her old engines could not bring her to the scene under full power. The ship the Titanic had disappeared. Tragically, another ship only fifteen miles away chugged calmly on through the dark, oblivious to the cries. A radio operator from the Cunard Line, Henry Howard, immediately sent SOS to the Carpathia.

The sinking of the Titanic and the loss of all but 706 of her 2,223 passengers was the greatest news story ever covered by wireless on so small a platform as a standard Morse key. It cost the radio operators change, 35 cents a day, into their pocketbooks in the form of a broken and bleeding little finger.

Then young Edwin Howard Armstrong entered the picture with the first of the four discoveries that were to qualify him as the greatest of all radio inventors, and, according to many engineers, the greatest American inventor since Edison.

His background was completely different from that of both Marconi and deForest except for one thing—all three decided to become inventors in their teens.

Armstrong was born in 1890 in New York. His father was the American representative of the Oxford University Press. The family lived comfortably in a big house in Yonkers. When Howard was fourteen, his father brought him a present from England. It was The Boy's Book of Inventions. He read it, absorbed, and immediately began his career with the setting up of a shop filled with homemade wireless gear in his spacious attic.

Before he graduated from Columbia University he was ready to apply for a patent on the regenerative circuit. That name is well worth remembering. It is the discovery that took wireless out of the crystal detector, earphone stage and made possible the radio we have today.

His patent was issued in 1914, and he became the sensation of the radio world. Dreary litigation, exhausting to both sides, was to follow when Dr. deForest's attorneys were to press the claim that the same ground was covered in his patent for the ultra-audion, but that is not a part of this story. The important thing is to honor both men for great achievement, and to remember the name Armstrong because his later invention of the superheterodyne was to make possible the standard receivers we use today. His superregenerative circuit made possible our short wave communications. His frequency modulation gave us static-free, high-fidelity FM sets—a stumbling list of gifts to the world.

Take courage. The stage is almost set. The curtain is about to go up on the show.

In 1916, another very young man, David Sarnoff, was dreaming of a completely new use for wireless, and he wrote a memo to his chief at the American Marconi Company about it. He wanted to bring music to individual homes by means of what he called a "radio music box." Sarnoff is one of the most fabulous of American success stories. He was to play a vital role in the formation and operation of the first great major network, NBC, and was to become the president of RCA before he was thirty-nine, so his start is doubly dramatic.

He was born in Minsk, Russia. He was brought to this country in 1906 when he was nine years old. His father died when he was fifteen, and David became the main support of his mother and four other little Sarnoffs. He went to work selling newspapers. On the side he picked up many-needed extra cash as a messenger boy for the Commercial Cable Company. He became so fascinated with what he learned there of long distance communications that he studied Morse Code at night. When wireless telegraphy came along, he became an operator, first at a lonely station on Nantucket Island, then on a sealing ship, then in New York where he stayed on duty for seventy-two hours straight helping direct ships in the search for Titanic victims.

It is amazing how accurately he outlined the future of radio in his memo of 1916, though his plan was turned down cold as quite impractical. The company could make a profit on the sale of the music boxes, as he suggested. Certainly. But who would pay for the programs that would have to be supplied? Could they charge a monthly
fee for the use of the music boxes as the telephone company did for its services? No, the radio music box would never replace the Victorola. Forget it.

So the memo was filed and forgotten by everyone but Sarnoff.

1917 came and in April we entered the war. The biggest movie stars of the day, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, toured the country for weeks to sell Liberty Loans. They did not use the radio. There wasn't any. Contrast their demanding schedule and the comparatively few thousands of people that became enamored with Walter Smith achieved in one day in 1944 when she sold $12,000,000 worth of War Bonds—over the radio.

July 31, 1918, was a sad day for the hams. On that date the government banned all amateur stations from the air and took over virtually all commercial stations as a wartime measure. Except for this brief period, amateur radio has remained free. Stations were returned to private control a few months after Armistice Day, when crowds poured into the streets to wait for extras—the only way they could get the news.

In 1919, occasional scraps of music and talk were heard on the air, notably from the brand new Detroit News station, 8MK. But the real birth of broadcasting took place in Pittsburgh. The first disc jockey, too. He was the distinguished Dr. Frank Conrad, chief assistant engineer for the Westinghouse Company, makers of all kinds of electrical supplies. His specific job was to improve the sending of radio signals.

So that he could have an accurate check on mental temperatures, but he put one hundred hams on the payroll. They were spotted at different distances from his Station 8XK, and they were paid to listen and report.

As time went on, the hams grew vastly bored at listening to the same old test signals in Morse Code, and perhaps Dr. Conrad grew bored sending them. He started broadcasting records of new songs like "Dardanella," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," and "K-k-k-katy." Within a few weeks he had an idea that he could handle. Hundreds of hams besides those paid to listen began to request special records and more of them. Finally in self-defense he had to bend to broadcasting music regularly. That was Wednesday and Saturday evenings for two hours, just as a goodwill gift to the amateurs.

And that was the very beginning of regular music broadcasting.

The first advertising came out of these programs in an elementary sort of fashion when a Pittsburgh music store began to donate new records in return for an announcement on the air.

Dr. Conrad had no idea what he had started until an enterprising department store ran an ad offering radio receivers "capable of picking up Dr. Conrad's popular broadcasts."

Westinghouse was delighted. Money was appropriated for a more powerful station—KDKA, a giant of 100 watts.

This same year, the Radio Corporation of America absorbed the American Marconi Company and David Sarnoff became Commercial Manager at RCA.

Immediately he began talking about his radio music box to his new bosses, but still without success. RCA was dedicated to the sound commercial enterprise of sending messages by radio and wireless telephone, and doing very well, too. Nobody wanted to talk about selling music on the air. Too visionary and not practical.

1920 was the year the Eighteenth Amendment prohibiting the manufacture, transportation and sale of beverages containing more than one-half of one percent alcohol was ratified and became the law of the land. Later in the year the Nineteenth Amendment became law, too. For the first time women went to the polls all over the nation.

The big movie was Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan (five years old) in "The Kid."—silent, of course.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" was published, heralding the twenties as "the Jazz Age" and the young men just back from war as "the lost generation."

It was the year of the first big news broadcast which happened in a casual and unplanned fashion on November 2.

President Wilson had come to the end of his second term a broken man. After his return from the Versailles Conference, he had made a gruelling tour of the United States in a desperate attempt to tell the people his conviction that the League of Nations was the only road to permanent peace. Though he had scored speeches of speeches, the tour did not reach enough voters and it broke him.

What might have been the history of the world if he had been able to tell the nation over the radio what he so passionately believed?

The Republicans had picked Governor Warren G. Harding to run against Governor James M. Cox. They were jubilantly confident of victory. They had the country prepared already for a change—any change. Harding's promise of a "return to normalcy" was tempting.

The election news was the biggest thing in the restless country. Newspapers were braced for extras. Circulation crews were ready to grab the paper off the press and rush out through the streets crying "Wuxtry! Read all about it!"... a cry that soon was to be heard no more.

Newspapers, with the dream that radio ever would compete in the coverage of news. Amiably, the publisher of The Pittsburgh Post allowed the returns to be telephoned as soon as received by telegraph to Dr. Conrad at KDKA. He read them to his few thousands of listeners before the extras were off the presses—and so newscasting was born. KDKA picked out names in radio. Nearly every time its listeners tuned in they heard something new and wonderful. There was the KDKA little symphony, for instance, the first live orchestra to be heard on radio.

Nearly every time its listeners tuned in they heard something new and wonderful. There was the KDKA little symphony, for instance, the first live orchestra to be heard on radio. Nearly every time its listeners tuned in they heard something new and wonderful. There was the KDKA little symphony, for instance, the first live orchestra to be heard on radio.

KDKA was run on high-minded lines, keeping up the dubious honor of being the first station with no censorship of any kind needed. It happened on the symphony program of all places. A singer, taking a mighty lungful of air before a big hit song, belched a bug. First the strangling sounds hit the air. Listeners thought it was static, but not for long.

As he was being assisted away from the fume of the microphone, the singer expressed his opinion of insect life, freely and profanely—and censorship was around a not too distant corner.

This year marked the beginning of a brand new style of singing. Vaughn de Leath, known as "the original radio girl," was one of the early great favorites. She became enormously popular because she had only a pretty voice, she had learned to pitch it so that it did not knock the station off the air.

That was a major achievement in those days because volume was considered a virtue. Vaughn de Leath sang cautiously, sweet and low. Soon she was getting fan mail on what was beginning to be called a "blues" voice.

Though there were only about fifty thousand sets of radio in the whole country by the end of 1920, radio was beginning to have an effect on popular music. The bouncy rhythms of the Turkey Trot and the Charleston were the way to the dreamer melodies of such songs as "Avalon," Japanese Sandman," and "Rose of Washington Square."

The great day of broadcasting for entertainment was at hand, though nobody knew it yet...

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"It enriches my life!"

—These are the words of one listener to "My True Story" Radio Program, but they speak for many thousands of others. For here are morning radio dramas culled from real experiences of real people, a complete story every day Monday through Friday. One day you may "visit" an Arizona ranch ... New York ... a small town ... a village the next. You "meet" the wealthy and the poor ... enrich your own life by the experiences of others, taken from the pages of TRUE STORY magazine.

Tune in "My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

80

Next Month

A young teacher, Milton Cross, gets a new job. The heavyweights of the heavyweight championship fight on radio. "Uncle Don" takes the air. The Goat Gland Doctor makes a fortune.

Radio's Own Life Story will be continued in the February Rario Mirror, on sale Wed., Jan. 11, 1950.
Christmas All Year Round

(Continued from page 57)

ly, “is the Society To Prevent One From Forgetting to Give Presents to Christmas Week Babies.” Since they’re bound to be in at least one of the Christmas parties, I considered the handsomest lad in Journalism.

However, by the time the last number came, Marty and I were content to sit it out. At least I thought I was content, as I chatted with the handsome senior stepped up and asked me for the dance. I had glimpsed Don McNell at school, but I really didn’t know him well. I let him bluster in confusion when he asked if I would care to go out with him. I murmured something to the effect I would have to know more about him. In the finding-out department, he was a blank. Mine constituted a family Gestapo.

The comment at times had been disconcertingly frank, but after investigating Don McNell, I didn’t hesitate. That was one date I knew I wanted. His graduation as valedictorian of the senior class was the best emotional crisis to me. I finally settled on a pair of bronze bookends, but presenting the gift frightened me. The minor matter of persuading two girl friends to accompany me to the door of Don’s apartment. There I set the package on the floor, rang the doorbell, and stepped away fast before anyone could answer.

Despite my shyness, Don was becoming the man most likely to succeed, both in my heart and in his career. Jim the Milwaukee Journal he was a triple-threat man, holding simultaneously jobs as radio editor, cartoonist, and anchor man on his paper’s radio station. Then the Louisville Courier-Journal offered him more money.

By the time Christmas rolled around again, letters had become a faint sub-still for me. I had a vacation, but Don didn’t. He wrote pleading that I come to Kentucky.

However, it wasn’t until Don proposed that we discovered we shared the frustration of lost birthdays.

We were driving through a park when he cleared his throat and said, “Would you care to marry me?”

I answered just “Yes.” Then both of us blushed and couldn’t say a word.

Don broke our embarrassed silence by asking, “How old are you, Kay?”

December 29, 1906. When were you?”

“December 23, 1907.”

When I realized I was a year older than Don, I asked, “Did you really do it? I thought you would.” Don, however, was pleased. It was right in his family tradition. His mother was a year older than his father; his grandmother, a year older than her grandmother. Then he asked, “Did you ever have a birthday party?”

We didn’t lack conversation after that. Each of us poured out stories of things they would like to rob of our birthdays, things only another Christmas week baby could understand. And as I said, Don and I no longer mourn our own lost birthdays. We use the occasion of a happier birthday to others. You’ll know we are thinking of them and praying they may have a brighter future when, with new joy in our veins, we say to you this year, “Merry Christmas!”

Have You Heard?

PULL UP A PILLOW, pretty, and let me tell you about my dreamy F.M. That’s my Favorite Man—and he answers to the familiar name of JOHNNY OLSEN, one of the great entertainers on the air. Of course, I have to share him with millions of admiring mademoiselles from 6 to 60, but he’s still the lad who called me “Johnny” from me whenever I tune in on his “LADIES BE SEATED” program. Why, I’m just about glued to the chair while Johnny’s broadcasts through a half-hour of fun with the females. And all those wonderful games and prizes! Incidentally, you’ll find it most rewarding, too, participating in the “LADIES BE SEATED” friendly Heart Award. JOHNNY tells all about this heart-warming listener feature on the program every week-day afternoon.

You can join my gang. Tell JOHNNY (dear F.M. that he is) over your local ABC station at 3:30 P.M. (EST). When he says “LADIES BE SEATED,” “kohlklaff!” down I say for a sitting time, enhanced by pleasurable puffs on the F.M.’s (and my) favorite cigarette, Philip Morris, of course.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, there’s no place like home— especially when it houses ART LINKLETTER’S happy “HOUSE PARTY,” one of the nicest places to visit come high noon any weekday. This jovial jamboree takes the cake for being one of the gayest sessions sparkling the airwaves. Hear Pillarsbury’s “HOUSE PARTY” (better that cake with Pillsbury, pretty!) with ART LINKLETTER, than whom there is even better. Down noon to 12:25 P.M. (EST) on ABC.

GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE, (wasn’t that a “pop” tune once?) “cause there’s five minutes more to complete the half-hour link with “LINK.” In this gal’s opinion WALTER KIERNAN can’t be beat. When it comes to humanizing the news and making complicated, world-wide events seem simple, even to me, He’s really been around, too . . . and how I do envy the experiences he’s had interviewing the outstanding personalities of the day. Catch KIERNAN in your news with “ONE MAN’S OPINION” every Monday through Friday, at 12:25 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station (yes, it’s another wonderful Philip Morris program).

My TUNING TIPS
Breakfast Club 9:00 A.M. EST Don McNell’s wake-up-time.
My True Story 10:00 A.M. EST Stories of human emotions.
Bride and Groom 2:30 P.M. EST Boy meets girl—and weds.

Joan Lansing

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
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"My Brother's Keeper"

(Continued from page 39)

Dorothy sighed. "Charles, you'd be so much more fun if you'd let your over-sensible waves be the unwise things you want to say. I'd love to see you really excited for once!

Part of me wanted to smash something, swear, pick her up bodily and throw her out through the door in her insolent, smiling face. But the other part, the wary, cautious part, had much more practice. A lawyer can't afford to do something like that. No man ever said coldly, "I'm saving my strength."

"You're so right, really. It's nothing to get excited about. Only ten thousand. She blew an imperfect smoke ring and shook her head at it sadly.

Dorothy started to say something else but I cut her off sharply. "Don't tell me anything about it; I'm sick to death of George's. I told him the last time I was finished."

She shrugged. "All I wanted to say was that he told me to ask for fifty thousand, but I'm not that much of a pushover. I happen to know the number.

"Thanks for letting me off so easily. I've got news for you. I haven't got ten thousand dollars. I haven't got half of that. I can't get any of it. I couldn't if I could. Run along and tell George he's got to help himself out this time."

"Oh, too bad." Dorothy began to pull off her gloves, smoothing each finger with care. I knew I saw her in jail. It'll be heartrending. I can see it now—also the headlines: District Attorney Dobbs visits jailbird but adjourns to court toshape up.

"Jail? You mean they know?"

"They will on Monday." Rising, Dorothy draped her fur about her. She walked toward the door. "Wait a minute," I said irritably. "Give me time to think."

This was Wednesday. Four days to raise more money than I'd ever seen in my life. Four days to run around the City—1 thought if George went down this time, I went with him. Everything I'd studied and worked and prayed for. And Nora.

Dorothy looked impatiently. "Say yes or no and let me be on my way. I'm late already."

"Why do you stay with him?" I asked.

"You're obviously very expensive. He may have given you those fur's and that bracelet once, but what can he give you now? And why did you come here to beg for him?"

"Why?" She surveyed me thoughtfully. "I don't know that I can explain it. My motives are all so beautifully clear—like a ten-year-old child. I've often thought you don't know much about real people. You must be like George and me." Opening the door, she gave me her practiced backward look. "I can't give you the answer. Some day, after you've grown up a little, you'll learn. You're a pretty people like George and me together."

I couldn't stay in that room, with the scent of Dorothy swirling around me. Maybe she would clear my head, help me decide... Reaching into the closet, I grabbed at the first coat I felt (I saw later that it was an old raincoat, though the night was brilliant with stars) and went out.

For a decision had to be made. It wasn't as simple as telling George he couldn't expect help from me. Assistant District Attorneys can't afford criminal brothers. And I jangled as a Special Prosecutor every detail of my private life would find its way into the files of the men who mattered.

But that might happen anyway, I argued. Morley's like an octopus—he's in almost every ambitious man in this town. Someone or other's bound to get to me. And he's not such a bad guy. Maybe he won't want anything in return.

But not now, perhaps. But suppose I really got somewhere? Suppose that Special Prosecutor's appointment was the stepping-stone I hoped it would be, and led to the bigger, better jobs because, after all, I'm myself if I didn't admit that in a year, five years, ten, there would be something. John Morley would want me of. Some day. I could put something against my oaths, my conscience, my deepest beliefs. That was the way men like Morley built power and held it.

Back and forth, back and forth went the argument, a leaden pendulum swinging against the sides of my brain. In a corner drugstore I bought myself a cup of coffee. I hadn't wanted to see Nora Drake more than anything in the world. I didn't give myself time to think about whether I should have played at a game or whether I should have gone straight from the counter in a drugstore and dialed her number.

The gods had saved me a little luck that night, anyway. She was home, she was happy, and my coming up there seemed to please her.

In fact, as she let me in and took my coat—that was when I noticed it. For the first time, there was an unusual warmth in the way she said, "I'm glad you called. Charles. I was feeling low and lonely."

"Have a bad day?"

"At the hospital, you mean?" She shook her head, curled up in a big chair and put aside the book that lay open across its arm. "Nothing special. Outsiders always think hospitals are
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83
his way up. I know a lot of things, Charley. It's my business. Don't say yes or no, boy. It's up to you. The offer stays open whenever you need it."

With a friendly goodbye he rang off, but it was the first time since John Murray called it an end to my phone down. I said, "How do you do it?" But of course I knew. He did it by having eyes and ears everywhere—eyes and ears that belonged to people like me, and not done something for, Men he'd bought, with his charm and his friendship . . .

The pendulum began to swing again. I couldn't deliberately sell my features to big John Murray. No man even in politics can keep himself absolutely clean—I knew that, I accepted it. But I knew too that some men manage to keep themselves to even a sort of self-respect. I meant to be one of them.

George would just have to take it, this time. And even if his scandal pulled me down with it, at least I'd have nothing to hide.

My brother George has an instinct for self-preservation that's like an extra sense. Doubtless why did he pick just that moment to call, the very moment when the pendulum had swung away from him?

It was a long time since I'd spoken to him, and I'd forgotten everything I was glad to hear his voice. "Charley," he said tentatively, "are you okay?"

I'm fine," I said. "But what about you? Is it safe for you to be around town?"

"Oh, I'm all right. Until Monday," said Doretta. "Yes. We've got to talk about it. How about lunch?"

"Swell!" I said eagerly. "What about the Barrington, at one?"

The Barrington. Well, that was typical all right—one of the dressiest, most lavish places in town. "Fine," I said. "I'll be there at one to get my new suit. The one I've got on would never do. See you later."

I was still irritated when I joined them there—George and Dorothy. I said bitterly, "This is quite a place, George. Sure you can cover the check?"

He flushed, and Dorothy looked up quickly. "I can. I always carry a little something extra when I'm out with George. So eat your fill, children."

Quietly, as though we were an ordinary table of friends, we got the order in over what I considered a real stunt.

Dorothy said finally, "Well, Charley?"

I met her eyes. I didn't look at George. "I can't do anything, Dorothy. It means my whole future. I can't give that up for George."

She nodded. "I knew you wouldn't. I told George that!"

"I didn't believe her!" George burst out. "Charley, tell him if he had help him would have been able to live with himself. George was my brother and I was his."

Who knows himself so well that he can say that for a time in my life I did thus and for this and this reason? Not I. If, behind my impulse to help George, there lurked a small, silent accusation, I'd have been able to accept me, Charles Dobbs, of having a jailbird brother—I honestly wasn't aware of it when I went to John Morley's office.

When his secretary told him I was there, he came outside and led me himself through the door that said "Private." He placed his own face before he sat down. And he didn't offer me a cigar not because he was rude, but because he remembered I didn't smoke them. It was all part of his secret, part of the deception he'd learned to use like a special tool.

"Charley—it's nice to see you here. Say, tell me, how do you keep that figure?"

He put his own impressively paunch and grinned. "Not that I'll do anything about it even if you tell me. Play much tennis, is that it?"
No, just worry," I said. "Nothing like it for keeping the weight down." He laughed. "Try tennis, anyway. Come up to the farm some weekend and my youngest son will give you the game. They tell me he’s good." He grew serious. "That’s not a come-up-some-time invite, boy. I want you to meet my family. And you'll meet a few others too—some of the men who ought to know around town. Will you let me know when you can make it?"

I nodded. "I could use a rest, I guess. But John, I—"

He held up a big red hand. "Wait a minute, Charley. Let's get this thing over with first. unlocking his top drawer, he took out a long envelope and slid it across to me. "Read the figure, boy," he said. "See if it’s right."

I knew then that I didn’t even have to look, but my stiff fingers had gone ahead almost of their own accord. They drew the check out and held it so I could see the figures. "Ten thousand," it said. "$10,000." I stared at it, fight- ing for self-possession.

"Do you know everything, John?"

I asked when I could.

"Almost everything. You’ll find that as you get to know me better, Charley. I make it my business to know a lot about anyone I think is important. And I think you’re on the way to becoming very important, boy. I'm going to be proud of you one day. Proud of having helped you."

"Wait a minute." Fumbling in my breast pocket, I drew out an envelope and gave it to him in turn. "Before you say anything you’d better read that. Then if you still want me to have this check, okay. But only on these terms."

Taking my letter, he bent his head over it for a long moment. When he looked up, I saw that for once I’d caught him off guard. He didn’t know how to proceed.

"Charley. Why on earth do you want to do this? Turn down the governor’s offer—why, it’s political suicide, boy. A spot like that for a man your age is unprecedented. It can lead anywhere. You can’t afford to throw it away."

"I can’t afford to take it, John."

I flicked his check. "Not under the cir-cumstances. Let’s say I don’t feel that my family background makes me a good choice for the job."

"That’s nonsense when I spoke to the governor about you—"

"You spoke to him?"

"Don’t be a child, boy. Of course I spoke to him! He agreed you were the only possible man for the job. Do me a favor, Charley, and do yourself a bigger one, too. Don’t send this letter!"

I handed back the check and stood up. "Okay," I said. "Then this is off too, and thanks for trying."

Morley shook his head in exasperation. "What a bother! Listen, that money’s yours whatever happens. Take it and do whatever you have to do with it. You think ten thousand matters to me? Take it on your own terms."

"On my own terms?" I asked.

"Sure, sure, boy. I’m not buying and selling. I want you to clear up your personal affairs so you’ll have your mind free to concentrate on public affairs. That’s all this check means."

It was a bitter-sweet victory, all right. In my pocket—freedom for George. Freedom from scandal for me. And in Morley’s hand, the key to my future. The key, I thought miserably, that was going to lock the door in- stead of opening it. Well, it had to be this way. I couldn’t take Morley’s money and accept the governor’s appointment. That much integrity I would, I must maintain. It was the only way I’d been able to bring myself to come to Morley for the money.

"You’ll get this back, John," I said.

"Not right away, maybe, but . . ."

His voice silenced me, but didn’t affect my determination. How long, I wondered, would it take to pay back ten thousand dollars on an Assistant District Attorney’s salary? Who could count that high? Not Charles Dobbs.

Maybe George can, I thought grimly—George has the brilliant mathematical brain. I started for the door, but stopped before I opened it. "John—will you take care of that letter? Mail it?"

"The letter?" He looked down at it, still in his grip on the desk. "Sure. I’ll take care of it for you, boy."

Suddenly he lifted it and ripped it cleanly in two. He looked up at me almost pleadingly. "Like that, Charley. Boy, I can’t do it. I can’t see you throw a sensational future down the drain for an idealistic whim, a nonsensical childish idea. Fun’s fun, Charley—"

"Yes," I said quietly. "Fun’s fun." I went over and put his check down before him. "It was fun having that much money, even for a few minutes. Okay, John. You’ve got yourself a Special Prosecutor. But remember this—he
doesn't owe you a thing!" I didn't even try to get a glimpse of his face for my memory book. I just got out of there as if we were escaping from the entrance to a church. But that didn't make what lay before me any easier. Though I hadn't said anything when I parted from George and Dorothy at luncheon, my very silence had been a giveaway. I knew that George realized I'd changed my mind again, and his defeated eyes had flamed with hope as we said goodbye. He'd felt I was going to try . . .

And now I had to go and tell him it was off. Really, finally off, this time. I'd flung myself on the windmill, and it had boomeranged. George was going down, and—I unless the governor thought more of me than I had reason to believe—I was going down with him. Well, I'd been a Special Prosecutor for a whole day, anyway. In fact, they'd probably let me have the job all weekend, because if the story about George didn't break in the papers until Monday they couldn't revoke the appointment till Tuesday, could they?

When I reached Dorothy's apartment, I didn't give myself time to hesitate. Get I thought, and knocked, and rapped hard on the door.

A blaze of light and a blare of music hit me as George opened the door. He had a droll look on his face when he saw me, and he said, nearly the same gold-lit color. I had never seen her apartment before, and I spared it a look. You couldn't avoid looking at it, since it was all of curved and glided chairs, full of rich, brilliant color. Money had been poured all over the place. I looked at Dorothy, and it was evident that she knew what I was thinking.

"A little fancy, a little chi-chi, you think? Well, perhaps," she said. "But I like it. I like things elegant and glamorous. What do you want me to say—like yourself?"

"What a cad you are, Charles," George said gaily. "If you won't say it, you're a dolt, and all the way across the large foyer he tried to make me take it. But I thrust it aside. You didn't drink with a man when you were about to cut his throat.

George, I saw, had had a little to drink. So had Dorothy. She swept toward me in a robe that seemed to be part of her, and I thought, and wondered, and nearly the same gold-lit color. I had never seen her apartment before, and I spared it a look. You couldn't avoid looking at it, since it was all of curved and glided chairs, full of rich, brilliant color. Money had been poured all over the place. I looked at Dorothy, and it was evident that she knew what I was thinking.

"A little fancy, a little chi-chi, you think? Well, perhaps," she said. "But I like it. I like things elegant and glamorous. Here—have a drink."

"To celebrate," Dorothy said, eyeing me thoughtfully.

I looked at her and both, and sat down.

"What are we celebrating?" I asked.

The room became strangely, awfully silent. The lights still blazed, the music still blared, but they had been drained of life, and nothing alive left in the room at all. Then, slowly, George sat down.

"I see," Dorothy said. Carefully she put down her glass, she rubbed her fingers with a small handkerchief. "You didn't get the money."

I shook my head.

George's lips twitched. "I counted on you. Well, then, I guess you just couldn't, Charles."

"No. Don't ask me about it. I just couldn't."

"That's his," he said again, and sighed.

Dorothy walked across the room, stopped the record, and selected another. She took a long time placing it on the turntable and steadying the needle on it. When she turned to us, she was smiling a little.

"What a depressing atmosphere," she said. "Like a Russian play."

"Try doing something about it, instead of standing around pointing out what we already know," I snapped. For the first time in my life I knew how you would have to feel before you hit a woman you hated her. She smiled more broadly.

"I did," she said.

"You did what?"

She said simply, "I got the money." George was the first to collect his wits sufficiently for speech. Harshly, he said, "Where did you get it? You're crazy. You haven't got ten thousand."

"I told you, Dorothy," I said. "I've got one."

I went over and picked up her hands—first one, then the other. Then I dropped them again. "It's all right. George, you don't understand it, but it's all right. She means what she says. She's got the money."

"How?" George came over and gripped her by the shoulders. "How did you get it?"

He shook her, and she pulled violently from his grasp. I stepped in front of her.

"George, you're a dolt. Shut up and calm down. George knows why, but she thought you were worth selling her jewels for. That emerald she always wears—it's gone. And probably a lot of other things. Too, she was wrong. I thought a thousand dollars is a lot of money—"

"Just say I saved it," Dorothy put in, patting her hair into place as calmly as though an impersonal breeze had ruffled it rather than her husband's vicious shaking. "And for heaven's sake let's not make a song and dance out of it, shall we? I knew all along somebody would have to help you two ways the way you were fumbling along—George because he's too stupid to know when he's licked, and Charles—" she smiled her mocking smile, "Charles because he believes he can be a pure white knight and a politician at the same time." She laughed. "And because he still hasn't found out what makes people human.

I looked at her with a mixture of admiration and horror, and I looked at George with pity. There was no point in saying anything. Dorothy was already wrong. Wrong, that is, about me. I might not know, yet, what "made people human"—not all of it. But there were some things you knew. You knew about self-doubt, and confusion, and love and contempt and hate so mixed together that it was impossible to tell where one left off and another began. I knew that the kind of "human" Dorothy meant was not for me. There were people who could live as she and George lived, clawing and spitting at one another, believing they were living exciting lives.

As for me, it was the other kind of life I wanted. I couldn't get out of Dorothy's apartment fast enough, or get enough clean fresh air into my lungs to blow away the charged, uneasy, unhealthy atmosphere of her place.

As I hurried along the street, I had a moment of relief. I suddenly felt calm, generous mouth that could be so stubborn . . . and so soft. I laughed aloud. Dorothy was a strange, erratic, shrill woman. Perhaps she was even more generous than she believed. But understanding she was not, and perceptiveness she certainly was not. Hadn't she said I didn't know anything about love?
Come and Visit Jean Hersholt
(Continued from page 59)

why the Hersholtls love their home and are always loath to leave it. Their home, a new
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period last year came to the aid of
the general Fund program.

There was a Motion Picture Relief
Fund to rescue down-on-their-luck
actors when Jean Hersholt first came
to Hollywood. And not because there
were none among them—frequently
down on their luck.

Jean was making eighteen dollars
a week at the Ince studios when he and
Via brought their infant son, Allan,

“We had a little apartment at
Ocean Park,” Via recalls, “three rooms
and a kitchen, for $12.50 a month.
The rent set us spending what with the
cost of diapers and milk.”

But they managed, for, as Jean says,
“Via has always been a splendid cook.”

They managed, that was, until Allan
died and the same network fever.

There was no provision in their
budget for medicines, or doctor bills,
so Jean had to think of something.

He had a lot of left him black and
blue, and increased his professional
versatility.

There were no such things as extras
in those early days of film-making,
which Jean Hersholt has been in.

Actors in the stock company who were
willing to ride horses bareback as
Indian braves could pick up an extra
for those roles. Herholts, however, were
willing to be “shot off” their horses,
they could claim three dollars a fall.

When the baby was sick Jean, who

was deathly afraid of horses, volun-
teered for falling duty. His bruises paid
the doctor bills.

The Hersholtls were willing to do
anything, when times were tough, to
see that Jean, as a struggling actor, got
some of Jean’s treasured first editions.

But times were not tough forever,
and they’ve been rosy now for a good,
long time.

Jean Hersholt has been one of the
lucky ones, and he is acutely aware of
that. In his thirty-six years in films
and radio, he has spent thirty-four
under the Hollywood sign. He has
fallen off a horse to pay a doctor bill.

Jean’s professional activities for the
past twelve years have been concen-
trated in radio. Dr. Christian went on
radio with the result of the marriage
of Jean’s success in the same role
in the film, “The Country Doctor.” The
show has been on the air every week
since 1938. He has also had the same
same time, and for the same sponsor.

Jean’s comparatively easy life as a
radio star leaves him with time to de-
vote to his reading and writing, and
publishing. And among those publishing
years he has known and helped three
years Academy president.

Not only has he served the Motion
Picture Relief Fund as president for
twelve years, but for the past seven
years he has been in the executive
motion as well as a leader of another
motion picture industry institution, the
Academy of Motion Picture Arts and
Sciences. For three years he was first
vice president, and for the four years
Academy president.

At home, Jean says he “lives” in his
upstairs library. Surrounded by his
picture collection, one of his closest
famous collection of pictures, Jean can
read or write or just think in peace
and quiet. Every wall of his library
is lined with great books, and they have
spilled over into the closets.

“It’s the good life at the Hersholtls’
—it’s real, it’s permanent. And the skep-
tics would do well to take another look.

They met in 1913 when twenty-
year-old Jean—though cele-
brated as a star in Copenhagen, was
a struggling aspirant to American fame
in the infant film industry in Holly-
wood—was invited to Montreal to star in
the world’s first feature to be made.

His hosts had assembled a group of
young amateurs from whom he could
pick his supporting cast, and Jean
quickly saw that they were Via An-
dersen to be his leading lady.

Jean spent only four weeks in
Montreal, but before he left they
were engaged, and the next April Via
came to meet Jean in San Francisco,
where they were married.

They went to Hollywood—or rather
to metropolitan Los Angeles, there was no
women’s picture industry in those days
in the city. Jean and Via went to
establish their home in a cramped,
little apartment on Figueroa Street.
From there Jean took the fifteen-mile
street car trek to the Ince studios
every day, and Via managed to keep
house, "splendidly," Jean says,
on their fifteen-dollar-a-week income.

They returned to San Francisco
and the Danish Embassy, where Jean
directed the Danish national play at the
International Exposition and Via went
to a hospital to have their son, Allan.

Life is much easier now for the
Hersholtls. The success of Jean’s
movie career and their marriage, and their circle of
friends expanded to include notable
people from every field and from almost
every country of the world.

Their guest lists are never without
a sprinkling of notables from diplomatic
and government circles, for Jean
Hersholt has for years been a friend of
kings and queens.

In the only motion picture in which
he has appeared in the past six years,
"Dancing in the Dark," Jean plays a
leading role in the Motion
Picture Relief Fund. This group, through
which the people of the motion picture
industry provide for the sick and aged
and destitute among their fellow
workers, has increased the number of
its subscribers to fifty thousand.

In the red to the tune of $34,000
when Jean first took office, the Fund
now has thirty thousand applicants for help, and remained solv-
ent, at the same time running at
capacity its beautiful Reest Home for
retired actors and its new hospital
with beds for one hundred patients.

The Screen Guild radio program, which
Jean Hersholt originated, supports the
hospitals, and in the film-depression

return to the film industry, and

"The Good Life at the Hersholtls’" — it’s real, it’s permanent. And the skeptics
would do well to take another look.
illusions. At the age of sixteen he got his first job as a magician at the Eden Museum on Manhattan's West 23rd Street. Billed as "The Child Wonder Magician," he set a record with a run of sixty-five weeks. This proof positive convinced his mother Joseph's hand was quicker than her eye. With her change of mind and encouragement, Dunninger quit his daytime job and embarked on a career that has established him as one of the greatest entertainers of our time.

For the next several years he toured the vaudeville circuit and between tours performed at club meetings and banquets. It was after one of these private performances that he displayed his mind reading act. He had sat down with the entertainment committee and they pleaded for more tricks. That evening, for the first time, Dunninger worked only with a pencil and paper, mystifying the small group of men with his skill at projecting and receiving "thought waves."

It was a surprised booking agent who had a call from the same club two weeks later. "We want Dunninger again."

"But why?" the agent asked. "You just had him."

"We want his specialty this time," the man explained, "his mind reading act."

That, perhaps, was the turning point in his career. Since then he has performed for presidents and royalty. Huge scrapbooks of newspaper clippings attest to his drawing power. There are complete records of public appearances since his childhood but he refuses to discuss his personal life.

In radio circles, however, everyone knows of his wife, Chrystal Spencer Dunninger, who won a separation from him in 1944 on the grounds of abandonment. Their names still splash in newspaper headlines when they meet in court to settle an alimony squabble. This unpleasant sequence has not corroded Dunninger's feelings toward women in general but the handsome mentalist shrugs off any speculation as to whether he will marry again.

Among other magicians he is known as a "lone wolf." He belongs to none of the several magic fraternities and societies. He believes that he can gain nothing by such an association. With no attempt at self-modesty he has said, "Fundamentally, I am the last of the great name magicians." Such sweeping, startling statements are an integral part of his stock in trade.

To raise a simple question of doubt stirs up his temper, for Dunninger takes himself seriously on or off stage. He continually battles with those who ridicule his claim to being a telepathist.

"There is nothing supernatural about what I do," Dunninger says. "I cannot foretell the future but I definitely perform feats of genuine telepathic communication and thought reading."

This unyielding attitude has aroused a storm of criticism from scientists, newspaper men and magicians.

During the war, two Columbia University professors, D. Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Dr. Robert K. Merton, director and associate director of the University's Office of Research, participated in a radio "brainbustor." Dr. Lazarsfeld was to concentrate on a sentence from any book in his library while Dunninger read his mind. Dr. Merton sat in the studio with Dunninger to confirm the correctness of the experiment. With fingers poised to his temple, his brilliant dark eyes staring at the hushed audience, Dunninger announced, "The name of the book is 'Middletown.'" The page is 444."

"That is correct," confirmed Professor Merton.

Dunninger went on to give the quotation. The audience applauded the performance but that was not the end of the matter.

Dr. Merton, for many years an amateur magician, had agreed to participate in the show under the impression that Dunninger's act was presented as entertainment. The professor was startled to discover during the broadcast that Dunninger presented his act not as entertainment but as a true demonstration of mental telepathy.

No man, of course, would start a scene during a network broadcast although Dr. Merton had reason to believe Dunninger had not read Dr. Lazarsfeld's mind. In an anteroom before the broadcast Dunninger had asked Dr. Merton to write down the book, page number and quotation on a slip of paper. In doing so, Dr. Merton with scholarly skepticism purposely made several minor errors as a check. Dun-
Dunniner treats such accusations with scorn and points to his scrapbooks as evidence of the famous people whose minds he has read. Other magicians, some of them admirers of Dunniner, grin tolerant at his testimonials.

"Of course the Prince of Wales or President of the U. S. is mystified," one explained. "A person could be a genius yet know nothing about magic. It takes a fellow magician to explain how Joe does his mind reading act."

Fellow tricksters refer to Dunniner as "Joe." All of them respect his showmanship but they split sharply on his claim to being a real telepathist.

"That's parlor mind reading," one said. "When a magician saws a woman in half he doesn't explain it's a trick."

Other magicians take a more serious attitude. They contend that very few people actually believe that the illusion of a woman being bisected is real while many people have been exposed to just enough coincidence of thought that they may swallow Dunniner's claim to being a telepathist.

Richard Himber, bandleader and magician, said, "I've never thought of myself as an altruist but if Dunniner convinces enough of the public that mind reading can be performed with such ease, fortune tellers could spring up all over the country to bilk the public by using tricks of mind reading to gain confidence."

Himber and Dunniner have been carrying on a feud for many years. Neither one has suffered from a lack of publicity but there is little doubt that the contempt each holds for the other is the real thing.

"I'll give Dunniner $100,000 if he can read my mind," Himber has said. Dunniner usually replies, "First let Himber prove that he has a mind."

All magicians interviewed by this reporter bring up the point that Dunniner has never been tested by both scientists and magicians, although there have been invitations from various universities.

Asked about these invitations, Dunniner rears back and roars, "Tests, I'm sick of tests. Would you ask a surgeon to demonstrate an appendectomy before you submitted to an operation?

In my years I've had hundreds of tests."

This answer doesn't satisfy the skeptics. Some of them wonder why Dunniner hasn't bothered to pick up the $100,000 offered by the British Society of Psychic Research to anyone who can perform a supernatural feat.

Several years ago Waldemar Kaempfert, science editor of The New York Times, took a blast at Dunniner, writing, "It is significant that always more than one person is involved, and that always the one in the studio knows what Dunniner is to 'mind read' and has to write it down. If there were no writing Dunniner would probably be stumped. No psychologist would accept the evidence of the broadcasts."

Dunniner replied to this during his next performance by reading a subject's mind without requiring a scratch pad or cards to do so. Despite the evidence, apparently he had disproved the Times article—but again magicians snickered.

"There are many ways known to magicians in performing a mind reading act," one explained. "Joe knows all the techniques and a few of his own."

These critics speculate that the "thought reading" act is done by (1) any number of professional gimmicks and techniques practiced by other legitimate entertainers, (2) that Dunniner uses stooges occasionally even though he offers $10,000 to anyone proving he uses paid confederates, (3) that he forces cooperation from subjects through his impressive mannerisms, shrewd psychology or hypnosis.

Dunniner snorts at these accusations. "These men are but charlatans," he thunders.

Perhaps the most reasonable attitude to take is that of his many friendly admirers who consider him a great entertainer. And Dunniner should find little fault in this description. As an entertainer he has given most of his life to amusing and mystifying generations of Americans. The public has responded to him with acclamation and enthusiasm. Whether some day he will be remembered as a demonstrator of telepathic communication or one of the greats among magicians, only his audience can decide.
on the show, men put their questions, on a personal basis.

And besides getting personal about the girls, men invariably ask questions that are the key to their own domestic status and experience. Married men harp on how much money women spend and how many clothes they buy—especially hats.

Bachelors betray their status with questions like, "Why does a girl pretend before marriage to be interested in the things a fellow likes, and lose interest after marriage?" Questions, obviously, that are keeping them bachelors!

Some of our guests are amused by the girls' ready answers. Some stumble and are quickly routed when all four girls go to work on them. A few get really angry—especially at Eloise McElhone.

Eloise is our enfant terrible. She's the only one of the regulars who isn't married. She's pretty, witty and popular—and the girls suspect that she doesn't mean a word of what she says against men. But the men take every word that comes from her lips as the gospel truth of what she thinks. So when Eloise disposal of their arguments with remarks like—"Men remind me of drums—a lot of skin stretched over nothing"—naturally, it riles them!

Florence Pritchett is another sparkler with a sharp, quick quip. When nice, kind Dick Kollmar stressed the importance of a woman being a good cook because romance fried when the roast got charred, Florence answered, "As far as I can tell from listening to you, man is nothing but an enlarged stomach." Whereas Dick's wife, Dorothy Kilgallen, is often on the side of the men.

Robin Chandler is the really serious regular member of the panel. I often call on Robin first because she treats every question thoughtfully and fairly.

Besides being an indication of what he knows about women, the questions the man asks and the comments he makes indicate his type, sometimes even his occupation. For instance, male movie stars often hedge in expressing their opinions about women, with one eye on the box-office. Or maybe it's just that they're more suave and courtly.

Men like Dr. Houston Peterson, of Rutgers University, and Lawrence Spivak, American Mercury editor, aren't easily downed by the girls. Neither is Ted Malone, who sees both sides of the problems and approaches them with a gentle wit and philosophy.

Nor Bennett Cerf, who came up with the stumpers which always insist that their husbands buy convertibles and then never ride with the top down? Nor Andre Baruch, who innocently asked why women are suspicious of their husbands' pretty secretaries. When Vincent Lopez asked the same question on a recent program (it seems men have guessed we're jealous!), he added that "pretty girls are often just as efficient as less attractive ones," but Eloise flung back, "A wife isn't worried about the girl's efficiency. It's the husband's deficiency that bothers her."

Summing it all up, Leave It to the Girls seems to prove that men know quite a lot about us. But not as much as they think of course.

"Oh yeh?" I can hear them chorus. "Doesn't it take four girls to answer one man on this program?"

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On another red-letter night I reported, again defiantly, that "Mrs. Miniver" was ' Chow Picture.'

But it's a standing joke in the family that my liking a play or picture is equivalent to the kiss of death, because even I must admit that Ed, my husband, is 'hooked' within the four walls of a theater.

There are housewifey areas, of course, in which the little woman could not compete with the selections of a jigsaw puzzle, and that I do not cook is not entirely my fault. Ed doesn't like home cooking. He likes the conveniences of hotel living, and he enjoys very good hotel food. Granted my eagerness to cook for him, I shouldn't enjoy having to compete with Henri Soule at Le Pavillon, or Gene Cavallero at the Colony, or the Kiendlers at "21." I'm not even the poor man's Escoffier, and even if I were, Ed is a real city-bred, a native New Yorker, who prefers the fine cuisine of top restaurants.

I say that I often get spagheti at Leone's one night, fish on Friday nights at Billy the Oysterman's—whatever he wants at a place that prepares it to perfection.

Making party dates in advance for him is a form of suicide which I early learned to avoid as often as possible. As the date approaches Wednesday, the answer is "I'd love to." Usually he forgets it completely, never mentions it to me. If he does tell me, something important generally comes up and he has to break it off after a few minutes.

That's my job, and one I do not relish. People invite you in good faith and it's difficult for them to understand.

It's probably Ed's aversion to noise, but he has a great need to hear— that makes him dislike people with bad table manners, loud telephone bells, shrill-voiced women and men with booming voices. Living in what must often be a chaos of noise, he wants quiet. He detests crowds and one reason he doesn't go as often to nightclubs as he once did is because of inebriates who insist on greeting him like a long-lost brother. (This happens to all columnists, I imagine. The drunk always starts off being enchanted at meeting "me, Mr. Sullivan," but a few minutes later wants to start a fight.)

Because Ed works at an amazingly fast tempo—five newspaper columns per week, an occasional magazine article, two network television shows (Toast of the Town on CBS-TV network Sundays, and Little Old New York locally on Mondays on the Daily News’ WPIX), his benefit shows and appearances at various hotels, plus the shrill demands of three telephones that ring almost continuously—he begrudges anything that wastes time. If I try to make a long telephone call, he scolds me in the necessity of setting it down. Out when he drives the car, he drives fast and decisively, and if a motorcycle cop grabs him I have never heard him offer an alibi.

His streamlining of Toast of the Town acts, the technique which I'm sure has been responsible for his TV success, is part and parcel of his economy of thinking. Brevity, to him, is the soul of effectiveness.

He's very conscious of vacation plans he doesn't waste time. We have done a lot of traveling, and the approach to a trip is always the same. He'll come home one night and suggest flying to Europe. I'm happy, because I know we're on our way.

But even on a vacation Ed's in high speed. He's always ready to move on when the plane has slowed down and he feels he's going to stay long. I practically ran through the Vatican. I got one quick look at the Coliseum in Rome, and we were off again. Recently we flew to Europe. In the plane going there, because I know we're on our way.

Most everyone is interested in his opinions, and in pleasing. It is inevitable that he is spoiled, all men let their wives know in this respect. Ed's other love after golf is television. He's very proud of his Hooper and Pulse ratings, and he spends hours on anything that will help his show. I'm proud, too, of Ed's success with it.

I don't know any home that has greater affection than ours. Betty has always been treated as an individual in her own right. It was never a case of a child being seen and not heard. We always had a total viewpoint on the situation, in discussions, and we have extended the same respect for her thinking as she has extended our thinking and opinions. We agreed, Ed and I, that if we ever made a promise we would keep it, and as a result we have never destroyed our integrity with Betty. Her father once promised her that she could choose her own college. She picked UCLA, and though he didn't like the idea of a three-thousand-mile separation, the promise was kept. She's a sophomore there now.

Betty is in very happy at UCLA that both her Daddy and I feel wonderful that we had some part in making it possible. Despite the distance from New York, we visit her often. Every Sunday night she telephones and we have a three-way conversation—I in the living room, Ed in his den, and Betty at her sorority house. That Sunday night she said, "I've made up my mind." Ed grew silent. I knew what was coming.

"There's another member of the Sullivan household I must mention. He's Carmine Santullo, Ed's secretary, to which if anyone ever talked to over a telephone. Carmine has been close to us for almost ten years, since he began to do little odd jobs and favors for Ed backstage at Loew's State Theater when Ed was appearing there. Everyone who knows Ed well knows and likes Carmine.

And there's another member of our household who must be mentioned. He's my loyal friend, Bojangles, named after our friend Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. Ed, Betty and I are mad about dogs and always have had one. Bojangles is dreadfully spoiled, but he's adorable.

Ed's hobby is golf. He plays a very good game, scores in the seventies, but is always seeking the secrets of golf. He has read more golf books and taken more golf lessons than I can count. Every time he comes home from the club he tells me, with great glee, "I have the secret of golf." Whatever I'm doing I have to stop. He hands me a golf club and proceeds to show me his secret. I'm never too impressed because I know he'll have another "secret" next week. I don't play golf with him—I'm not very good.

Most everyone is interested in his opinions, and in pleasing. It is inevitable that he is spoiled, all men let their wives know in this respect. Wherever he goes, Ed gets preference. In a restaurant or nightclub he is ushered in with fanfare, gets the best table. The food is prepared to his specifications, and there are so many solicitous hands, many of which I must admit that all of this has spoiled me a little, too. I enjoy the special privileges. But mine is a reflected glory, such as when a saleswoman recognizes me in a department store and asks "Is that the Mr. Sullivan?" I try to appear nonchalant, but I'm very flattered.

There are drawbacks, however. If I'm quick in recognizing me. If I meet the same people sometimes without him they haven't the vague idea who I am.

It's an amazing misconception that the network television star must laugh her way through life. Doesn't she live to the gay refrain of nightclub bands, popping champagne corks, world premiers? The answer is a positive no. The truth is that the role calls for great understanding, great adaptability and great tolerance. If you want peace and quiet, it's not the life for you.

As a Broadway columnist and television personality, Ed naturally meets a lot of people. Fortunately, I'm not jealous. I'm very conscious that girls like Ed are not jealous. They don't worry about it. He is attractive. I'm proud of his good looks. My only reaction is to try and look as well as possible myself. I'm not the life of the party, but people like me as a whole, I would say that people like him. He has a wonderful sense of humor, in spite of what some people call his "poker face." (Which, by the way, he has not changed now, because it has become his television "trade-mark.") Above all else, he requires loyalty and alertness.

For Ed, as for me, it's a job, and the job is not the life of it.
Modess .... because
I LIKE OLD-FASHIONED WIVES
by Bob Poole

2 full-color pages
MILTON BERLE AT HOME
Hopalong Cassidy
Dennis Day
Aunt Jenny, Road of Life

Marie Wilson of My Friend Irma

FIGHT INFANTSILE PARALYSIS
I invite you to try my lipstick
discover lip loveliness you've never known before
dollar quality for only 39c

6 enchanting lipstick shades which I have created to make your lips beautiful.

These colors have drama...exciting companions to my nail polish...flattering luxury tones that make you more appealing than ever.

Helen Neushaefer
NAIL POLISH • LIPSTICK
at your favorite chain or drug store
GUARD AGAINST TOOTH DECAY AND GUM TROUBLES BOTH!

Dentists warn you must do both to save your teeth.
You can help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums—with doubly-effective Ipana care!* 

You realize, of course, that fighting tooth decay is vitally important.
But you may not realize that fighting gum troubles is just as important! It's true—for leading dental authorities warn that most tooth losses are caused by gum troubles.
You can help prevent tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH—with doubly-effective Ipana care.*

No other dentifrice—paste or powder—has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.
So get Ipana for double protection—for fighting tooth decay and gum troubles both.

HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS
IPANA for Both!

With a smile like this, popular Jean Fritz of Long Island, N. Y., never risks halfway dental care. As a highly successful junior model, she knows that healthy teeth and healthy gums are both essential to an attractive smile. So Jean (like thousands of other smart girls) fights tooth decay and gum troubles, too—the pleasant Ipana way. Give yourself this same doubly-effective dental care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today!

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!
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FEBRUARY, 1950
VOL. 33, NO. 3 KEYSTONE

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Convention and the Copyright Law of the United States.
"I took two days to climb three feet!"

says VALLI, starred in RKO's
"The White Tower"

WE MADE "THE WHITE TOWER" IN THE ALPS. TO GET ONE SCENE, I SPENT TWO DAYS CLIMBING THE SAME THREE FEET!

LATER, I had to claw my way up a "chimney" barehanded...

EVEN RESTING, my hands were burned by the hot Alpine sun...

I LOVED the way Jergens Lotion kept my hands soft...

BEAUTIFUL HANDS are so important in romantic close-ups...

BEING A LIQUID, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin.

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...

YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion
used by more women than any other hand care
in the world
still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

AND IS USED by Hollywood stars 7 to 1 over other hand cares!
LEARN THE SECRET OF "PERMANENT" PIN CURLS ...even in damp weather

set your hair tonight with De Long bob pins

stronger grip—won't slip out

Yes, you can set your permanent in this chic salon style. Just be sure to use stronger-gripping De Long Bob Pins for lovely long-lasting curls that resist drooping—even in damp weather. Rounded smooth ends slide in and out easily. And De Long pins stay in day or night! Look for the blue De Long card on your counter.

The brush bob by Errolle Carson, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set up in 4 rows—turn front row toward face, back 3 rows away from face. Begin at right side, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, around head to back of left ear. Set left side counter-clockwise. Brush all directions, then up in back, down from crown and up off face with rotating motion.

You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

VITAL STATISTICS

Dear Editor:

Ever since I had the pleasure of hearing a story entitled Long Distance starring Jan Miner, she has been my favorite radio actress. I have heard her quite frequently on various evening shows and I know she plays in many daytime serials. However, I know very little else about her. Is it possible for you to send me some private life data on her? I saw the picture layout on Long Distance in the November issue and really enjoyed it.

New York, N. Y.

Jan is single, five feet six inches tall, and she has sparkling blue eyes, honey-colored hair. She is a graduate of Boston's Fesper George Art School and an accomplished painter.

Miss D. G.

JUNIOR

Dear Editor:

Would you please send me some information on The Life of Riley program? I would like to know who played the part of Junior in the movie version of Life of Riley. Does the same boy play Junior on the radio?

El Paso, Texas

Lanny Rees played Junior in the motion picture version of The Life of Riley while Tommy Cook is Junior in the radio version. Tommy, incidentally, is an amateur tennis champion and former member of the Junior Davis Cup team.

Tommy Cook

Miss J. S.

BOB CROSBY

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me why Bob Crosby did not return to CBS' Club 15 this year?

Jamaica, N. Y.

Bob Crosby has left the band business to become a singer. He can be heard on The Pet Milk Show, with Kay Armen, Sundays, 10:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.

Miss E. E.

SUPPER CLUB STAR

Dear Editor:

Would you please inform me whether or not Chesterfield's NBC Supper Club singer Perry Como is married? Is it true he has a television show? When?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Perry is married to his childhood sweetheart, Roselle Belline and they have two children. His television show can be seen and heard Sundays at 8:00 P.M. EST on WNB, Channel 4.

Perry Como

QUERY

Dear Editor:

I am asking this purely out of curiosity: Question: What is Arthur Godfrey's height and weight?

Delight, Md.

Answer: 5'11" tall; 170 pounds.

GARRY MOORE

Dear Editor:

I would be very grateful to you if you would let me know what became of Garry Moore who was on the Take It Or Leave It Program. I think he was tops and now that he's gone, I don't care for the program any more. I hope I can hear the voice of Garry on another program.

Chicago, Illinois

You can hear his voice on The Garry Moore Show, broadcast five times a week at 3:30 P.M. EST, on CBS.

Mrs. T. S.

ROSA

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of the actress who plays the part of Rosa, the girl Luigi is always betrothed to in Life With Luigl?

Mrs. F. O. M.

Del Paso Heights, Calif.

JODY GILBERT

Here's Jody Gilbert, who plays Rosa.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 253 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.
Even then
he didn't take the hint

HERE WAS THE NEW MAN in her life, heedless of the meaningful music . . . heedless of the soft lights . . . heedless even of her. There was no mistaking his expression . . . he was bored! He wanted “out”. Mabel simply couldn’t understand it. For some reason her charm wasn’t working tonight. Why it wasn’t, she would be the last to suspect.

It Could Be You!
You may go week-in and week-out without halitosis (unpleasant breath) and then, some day, when you want to be at your best, it catches up with you . . . to put you in the worst possible light.

Why run such a risk when there’s a simple, easy, wholly delightful aid in putting your breath on the agreeable side? Night and morning, and especially before every date, simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic is no mere make-shift effective only for a moment or so. It’s an extra-careful precaution that helps keep the breath fresh and sweet . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Better to be safe than sorry, so, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date when you want to be at your best. It’s almost a passport to popularity.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Cold coming on? Gargle early and often with Listerine Antiseptic . . . it kills millions of germs on throat surfaces . . . often helps head off much cold misery.
Have you ever wondered why The Singing Lady, Ireene Wicker, spells her name with three es? A long time ago a numerologist made the suggestion, and it's brought Ireene such good luck she wouldn't dream of going back to the normal two. Maybe you would like a few more ee's in your name!

It takes a really acute sense of humor to stay in the radio business, as witness Curt Massey on one of his recent broadcasts. Two minutes before air time an usher snapped off the house lights. Ninety seconds showed when the control room crew discovered they were without "juice." Seventy-five seconds were left as director, producer, engineer and sound man poured out on the stage, checking mikes, cables and stage wiring. Thirty seconds remained as combined genius and luck switched house lights back on, and with them power for the controls and mikes. Fifteen seconds to go as the frenzied crew flew back to the control room. With five seconds left before "On The air," Massey threw the studio audience into a gale of hysterics by stepping up to the mike and announcing: "This is the Ulcer Hour!"

Ever question how far back singing commercials go? In the late 1800's, a London firm offered free hymnals to a poor church in re-
turn for inserting a musical commercial in the books. The hymnals were used by the church—and so was the commercial:

"Hark the herald angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing.
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for men and one for child.

Maestro Guy Lombardo is currently holding a new sort of a record. He has to date turned down fourteen television sponsorship offers. Reason? None of the offers has, in his opinion, done justice to the band and the type of music they play.

Holding another type of record is Hattie ("Beulah") McDaniel. Hattie has probably washed more dishes than all other radio and movie actresses put together. Practically all of her three hundred films have had at least one sudsing episode, while her starring role of Beulah has her swishing the dishes five-times-a-week.

It took a retired Los Angeles schoolteacher to set a new record and embarrass Mutual's Take A Number quiz show. Contestant Mrs. Edith Perkins, answered seven listener-submitted questions before she was stumped—and cleared the stage of all the prizes available for that broadcast. (Continued on page 25)
When you're handsome, twenty-three and a popular singer—in other words, when you're Bill Lawrence—what do you want the girl you marry to be like? Bill answers that question in a delightful story entitled, "What I Want In a Wife." You'll find it in the March Radio Mirror—the one with Bill's picture on the cover. Inside, there are pictures of his friends—Janette Davis and a man named Godfrey. But that's not all. Radio Mirror is inviting its Lawrence and Davis fans to tell why they think they would make a good wife or husband for Bill or Janette. Can you think of some good reasons why you might? There are cash awards for the best ones.

"Which Man Do I Really Love?" That's the question confronting Chichi of Life Can Be Beautiful. In the March Radio Mirror, you'll find out more about Chichi's problem, the problem all women face at some time in their lives. You'll read why it's important for Chichi to make the right choice, and you'll also learn about the young men who are interested in her. Then you'll be asked to help Chichi solve her problem. Also on hand in the March issue is Stella Dallas. There are 2 pages of color pictures of this beloved heroine and her family. And next month's issue will bring you a fictionalization of Portia Faces Life, a Reader Bonus full length novel.

"It's a beautiful day in Chicago!" says the man on the radio and suddenly it's a beautiful day everywhere—in Scranton, in Tallahassee, in Red Cloud and in Brooklyn. Wherever the radio is tuned to the Farm and Home Hour, this announcement cheers and brightens the lives of its listeners. And for a cheering and bright story, be sure to read the one about and by the man who made that announcement famous. His name, of course, is Everett Mitchell. Everett, among other things, will tell you how to make your garden grow all year round. There's an extra added attraction to this feature, but you'll see it for yourself in the March Radio Mirror.

Next month's issue will also bring you an inspiring story by Norman Brokenshire. "Broke" is a man who has experienced an aspect of life that most of us can only shudder to think about. But he made an important discovery—one that can be of value to everyone. You won't want to miss his story any more than you'll want to miss your favorite regular features: Nancy Craig's food page, Joan Davis, Family Counselor, Daytime Diary, the television section and it's all yours for just twenty-five cents in the March Radio Mirror, at your newstand Friday, Feb. 10, 1950.
PARIS DESIGNERS ACCLAIM INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® GIRDLE AS PERFECT WAY TO THE "FIGURE OF THE 1950's"

For years, no new fashion has created such a sensation as the narrow-skirted, slim silhouette seen in current Paris collections.

And leading Parisian designers agree, these slender fashions of the 1950's call for the figure of the 1950's, the slim, young PLAYTEX figure.

PLAYTEX combines figure-slimming power with comfort and freedom of action. Made of tree-grown liquid latex, without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX trims the figure naturally, fits invisibly under 1950's slim-hip dresses. It washes in seconds, dries with a towel.

Just wear PLAYTEX, and see how slender you'll look in all your new clothes.

GIRDLE OF THE 1950's is PLAYTEX—at all modern department stores and specialty shops, everywhere. In these new colors: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White.

...in SLIM silvery tubes
PLAYTEX LIVINGGIRDLE $3.50 to $3.95
Extra small, small, medium, large (extra large size slightly higher).
HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE? Newest of the PLAYTEX Girdles—smooth, cool, light and fresh, it actually "breathes" with you...in SLIM, shimmering pink tubes $3.95 to $4.95

MME. SCHIAPARELLI, renowned Paris designer: "All my models wear PLAYTEX to have the figure of the 1950's."

ROBERT PIGUET, talk of Paris: "My designs require the figure of the 1950's. A figure you can have—with PLAYTEX!"

COUNTESS POLIGNAC, head of House of Lanvin: "The figure of the 1950's is easy to have with PLAYTEX!"

PIERRE BALMAIN, brilliant Paris originator: "The figure of the 1950's is a PLAYTEX figure—so alive, so trim, so young!"
Everybody at WOV calls her "Rosalie," just "Rosalie" — although everyone knows her full name is Rosalie Allen. When there's warmth and a feeling of close friendship, people drop last names and that's probably what accounts for the fact that her listeners and fans just naturally drop Rosalie Allen's last name.

Twenty and a few years ago in Old Forge, a small town in Pennsylvania, Rosalie was born. She says she can remember when she was not quite four years old, sitting beside a squawky old phonograph and listening, as often as one of her brothers or sisters would play it for her, to a scratched and cracked recording of "Home On the Range." "I could sing it when I was four and a half," she told us, "and I never got tired of it myself but I bet the family did!"

Before she was in her teens Rosalie had entered every amateur theatrical contest in the vicinity and won most of them. At seventeen, she was offered a regular spot on Jack Karnes' radio program and she spent several years touring the Eastern states with him and Shorty Fincher and Gary Montana. She remained with them until Denver Darling, Decca recording artist and radio folk star, heard her and brought her to New York to appear on his Swing Billies show.

In mid-1944 Rosalie came to WOV to be the guitar-playing, singing, yodeling mistress of ceremonies on the now justly famous Prairie Stars, heard Monday through Saturday at 9 P.M. Rosalie and WOV have built the show to a point where it is famous across the country, even though it can be heard only in New York, New Jersey and parts of Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

PRAIRIE CANARY

Rosalie's first RCA disc—"I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart"—has had 7 pressings.
"Externally-caused blemishes were a real problem," says Cover Girl Carmen Lister. "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked so much softer and smoother. Now it's my regular beauty aid."

--

"I had dry skin before I started using Noxzema," says pretty Doris Moore of Houston, Texas. "Now my skin feels so smooth. I always use Noxzema to help keep my complexion looking soft and lovely. It's a wonderfully soothing hand cream, too."

---

**LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

**Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine!**
*Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!*

- Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're ever bothered with dry rough skin, externally-caused blemishes... if your hands are red and rough from housework—here's real news!
- A famous doctor, using one cream—medicated Noxzema—developed a New Beauty Routine. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women! Here is the Doctor's Simple 4-Step Routine.

**Morning—1. CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA.** Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin looks and feels.

**2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.**

**Evening—3. Before retiring, again CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA.** See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how really clean it leaves your face.

**4. Now massage Noxzema into your face.** Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was clinically-tested by doctors with amazing results!

**Softer, Whiter Hands**
And if your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, housework or painfully chapped from exposure—try medicated Noxzema. In clinical tests, 7 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter-looking hands in 24 hours!

**Money Back Offer**
So sure are we that Noxzema's results will delight you, we make this sincere money-back offer. Tonight—smooth Noxzema on your hands. Tomorrow—start using this New Home Facial. See if your hands don't look softer, whiter in 24 hours. See if your complexion isn't smoother, softer and lovelier looking in just 10 days. If not completely satisfied—return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Try Noxzema. Remember—it's clinically tested—used by millions.

**Special Trial Offer:** To win new friends for Noxzema, we offer you the regular 40¢ size jar for only 29¢ plus tax. But you must hurry—time is limited. So get your jar right away.
Welcome Aboard the S. S. Duquesne, a giant new half-hour musical regarded as the largest production in Pittsburgh radio history, is broadcast over KDKA every Saturday evening at 7:30.

Built around a showboat theme, Welcome Aboard has longtime radio star Ed Schaughency playing the role of Captain Jack. Beautiful soprano Marilyn McCabe portrays Captain Jack's niece, Marilyn Summers; Irving Barnes, baritone, plays First Mate Bill, and a rising young singer, Don Werle, handles the role of George Young.

Bernie Armstrong directs the orchestra, with Aneurin Bodycombe coaching the Silver Toppers quartet and the mixed chorus. Everett Neill is in charge of production. Sy Bloom scripts the show, and Johnny Scigliano is in charge of sound effects on the weekly extravaganza.

Feature of the show is a sensational song contest. Each week two well-known girl singers compete, with each week's winner pitted against a new contestant the following week. The grand prize winner receives a long-term contract with Welcome Aboard.

Winners are selected by listeners by mail or telephone balloting with Pittsburghers Harold V. Cohen of the Post-Gazette; Karl Krug of the Sun-Telegraph and Si Steinhauser of the Press, acting as judges.

The entire company is beautifully costumed and the studio decorated so as to carry out the showboat theme.
Radio actress Shirley Blanc (Mysterious Traveler, CounterSpy) was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1925, but shortly after her birth her family moved to Los Angeles. By the time she'd got halfway through high school, Shirley had her mind set on becoming an actress. With the idea of preparing herself seriously for a theater career, Shirley enrolled at the Los Angeles City College. She chose well, for at college she won an award for being the outstanding woman in the Drama Department.

Her college graduation was followed by lots of work in the theaters in and around Los Angeles, with stock and little theater groups, which was excellent training and experience, but not too great on helping a young lady to be self-supporting. So Shirley did what many other theater aspirants do—she turned to radio.

For Shirley, it was fairly simple. She did several auditions, then one for a West Coast program, Raffles. After that, she began to work pretty regularly.

But first, while success in radio had its compensations, still it wasn't the theater, so Shirley decided to try her luck on Broadway. All she landed was a summer stock engagement at Manomet, Massachusetts. So back to radio she went in the fall.

The big event for her in radio was the show on which she met a young actor named Jimmie Lipton. Not too long after, in December 1947, she married him.

Although radio assignments keep her pretty busy, Shirley has by no means given up the theater. She's still studying and, for the past two years, along with her husband, has been in a professional drama workshop under the direction of Don Richardson. She's also studying dancing with Hanya Holm, partly because it's good training for theater work.

Shirley has never stopped making the rounds of theatrical offices. She hopes that "this" will be her year. Meanwhile, she has appeared with two Equity Library shows—showcase performances under the sponsorship of Actors Equity—in "Waiting for Lefty" and "Brooklyn, U.S.A." Last Spring, Shirley displayed her ability in ANTA's "Talent '48."

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

Scientific tests* show 22% more effective Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion leaves hair springier, and stronger...less apt to break...than other home permanent waving lotions. And what this means to you is a smoother, prettier, longer-lasting wave with more natural-looking curls that spring right back after combing...no frizzy ends, more natural sheen.

Regardless of what type curlers you use, make sure your next home permanent is a Richard Hudnut with the waving lotion that makes all the difference in the condition of your hair after waving and the kind of wave you get.

From the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
NEW IMPROVED
Home Permanent

with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory.

Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights
Bandleader-pianist Claude Thornhill plays for Fred Nahas of KXYZ in the Emerald Room of Houston's Shamrock Hotel.

By MARTIN BLOCK

WNEW disc jockey Martin Block is also on NBC's Perry Como Show, Thurs., 10 P.M. EST, and seen on the TV version Sunday nights at 8.

For once, Frank Sinatra has the top hat and Dorothy Kirsten, the bobby sox. They're both on Light Up Time.

Combining a beautiful operatic voice, a beautiful face and an affinity for singing the popular songs of the day has made Dorothy Kirsten one of the most popular singers of the year. In addition to her vocal chores with the Metropolitan Opera Company, the lovely Dorothy is teamed with Frank Sinatra on his nightly radio program. And now, to Dorothy, has come the honor of being selected the Queen of the Tobacco Festival.

We don't quite know whether the trend will continue, but have you noticed that several of the most popular tunes of recent vintage started out as what is often called hillbilly or country music? The list now includes "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon," "Jealous Heart," "Someday," "Slippin' Around," "Room Full Of Roses," and "I Never See Maggie Alone."

"If people like Joseph Stalin were to dance with people like Perle Mesta to the music of a good orchestra, there would never be wars." That's according to Larry Geer, who heads the National Ballroom Operators Association. Larry, who just completed celebrating National Dance Week, has sent a suggestion to the United Nations for the establishment of International Dance Week. By the way, the ballroom operators have reported the results of a poll taken among their patrons—the dancing couple of America. Here are the dancers' selections for their favorite bands in all classifications of music: sweet, Sammy Kaye; swing, Les Brown; western, Hank Williams; novelty, Spike Jones; modern, Elliot Lawrence; latin american, Xavier Cugat; waltz, Wayne King; jazz, Louis Armstrong; polka, Frank Yankovic; gypsy, Emery Deutsch.
Recording artists Bing Crosby and Lionel Hampton run through a quick rehearsal before waxing a new number.

Carnegie Hall announcer’s son Jeff Hamilton gets lesson from orchestra members Hank D’Amico, Irv Horowitz.

MUSIC

Winner of the M-G-M record album in the song title contest is Mrs. Frances Menke, Baltimore, Maryland. Congratulations, and the set of records are on their way right now.

While the Christmas season is now over, the Christmas spirit keeps right on—at least among most of the people in this fair land. It isn’t very difficult to maintain this spirit of brotherly love, either. And whether or not it proves anything, this may be the time to tell the story of Perry Como’s Christmas recording of “Ave Maria” and “The Lord’s Prayer.” The choir of thirty-six voices that backed Perry’s singing was made up of people representing the Catholic, Jewish and Protestant faiths. It was recorded at the Chapel of the Incarnation, an Episcopal church in New York and was purchased by people of all faiths, religions and races. That’s it—the brotherhood of man on a wax disc.

The most sensational opening night ever attended in blase Hollywood was the evening that Vic Damone opened at the film city’s Mocambo night club. Vic actually stopped the show, despite an unusually noisy crowd . . . And after writing the background scores for more than 200 movies, Max Steiner has finally signed a recording contract . . . The guy who did all the whipcracking on Frankie Laine’s hit disc of “Mule Train” was Mercury Records’ musical director Mitch Miller—now known as “The Whip” . . .

Little has been said about it, but Arturo Toscanini deserves much acclaim for his benefit concert in Ridgefield, Connecticut. He took his entire NBC Symphony Orchestra to that city in order to raise some funds for Ridgefield’s Library and Boys’ Club. It was an inspired concert and a financial success.
Jinx hardly ever walks. She doesn't have time. She's too busy being Mrs. Tex McCrary. Life is exciting, hectic, and completely wonderful.

Together, the McCrlys have their own morning radio program on WNBC, guest-star at dozens of benefit performances, and write a daily newspaper column. As final insurance against life ever becoming dull, they've also been quite busy bringing up two handsome sons; namely, John Reagan McCrary III, alias Paddy, aged three-and-a-half, and one-and-a-half-year-old Kevin.

It hardly seems possible that the crowded days allow Jinx time for relaxation. But just sitting and talking gives Jinx an opportunity to relax. She slips off her shoes, curls up in her chair, and makes believe every muscle in her body is liquid. She couldn't be tense if she tried!

Because Jinx can't spend hours at the end of each week bringing her grooming up-to-date as most women do, she's learned to utilize extra minutes through the day instead. She calls it her continuous beauty performance. And the results are proof of success. Her nails are never chipped, her brows are never straggly, her hair is never unkempt-looking.

She keeps her nails in constant repair by inspecting them daily, and touching up wherever necessary. As for her hair, no matter how tired she may be at the end of the day, Jinx would never think of going to bed without putting it up in pin curls. Jinx never has to worry about her clear, fine-textured complexion, either. Just before she goes to bed, she allows herself a few minutes to apply a rich lubricating cream to her face.

Jinx certainly disproves the theory that a woman can be too busy for beauty. It's just a matter of making the most of those minutes that usually slip by unnoticed. And, with a husband like Tex, who is always dreaming up new and better things to do, every minute must count—and does—to this beauty on the run!

Jinx Falkenburg, one of the busiest and loveliest of all radio stars, makes every minute count. Do you?
Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier your hair can look... after a **Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

**EXCLUSIVE!** This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!
**EXCITING!** This new three-way hair loveliness...

1. **LEAVES HAIR SILKEN SOFT, INSTANTLY MANAGEABLE.** That's the first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in water hard as nails. Ends the problem of unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2. **LEAVES HAIR SPARKLING WITH STAR-BRIGHT SHEEN.** No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin... brings out every elusive highlight. Lustre-Creme leaves hair aglow with natural sheen and shimmer. With no special rinse needed!

3. **LEAVES HAIR FRAGRANTLY CLEAN, FREE OF LOOSE DANDRUFF.** Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo for “down-to-the-roots” cleansing action. Yes, tonight, show that man in your life how much lovelier your hair can look after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!
You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look *new*? A delirious dress can do it... or a once-in-a-million hair-do... that lift sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff — it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse — it *can't* spill! Only 49¢ in 4 dreamy shades.

**Woodbury**

**DREAM STUFF**

New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!
How a wife's false modesty can "freeze" her husband's affection

By GENE HAMILTON

(Gene Hamilton is equally at ease among the jivers and the lovers of classical music. Narrator and musical director of ABC's Carnegie Hall concert series, Gene has served such baton luminaries as Paul Whiteman, the Dorsey's and Benny Goodman. He likes all music, whether it be symphony or be-bop. He is an ex-singer and his appraisals of music and musicians are deeply respected among radio row.)

"Most of my working and social hours are spent with musicians and singers. Naturally we discuss music—anything that is singable and playable is our conversation meat. All of us are avid collectors of recordings, and we're constantly battling about our respective selection 'bests.' So here is a list of my own 'best'—five pop tunes and four classical. Among the so-called pop discs, even our best musicians are not agreed as to what is the best jazz, but here are my picks.

"South Rampart Street Parade' by Bob Crosby and the Bobcats. This group certainly captures the full rapture of dixieland jazz.

"Dippermouth Blues' by Miff Mole and his Mills. The mighty Miff is at his magnificent best.

"King Porter Stomp' by Louis Armstrong. 'Satchmo' belongs among the immortals, as does this recording.

"In A Mist' by Bix Biederbecke (with Bix at the piano). Anyone who doesn't appreciate Bix is dead—and I'm not dead!"

"Muskrat Ramble' by Henry Levine and the Dixieland Band. Henry and Sidney Bechet combine their talents in a performance that rings the bell.

"Among the classics, I have a very definite list of recordings that are in my special favorite category. Two are recorded by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony. They are Tschaikowsky's 5th Symphony and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. Most anything that Bing Cassio records is for me—particularly 'La Boheme.' Then I'll take Sir Thomas Beecham's interpretation of the Cesar Franck D Minor Symphony, which is superbly handled by the London Philharmonic."

If Only You'd Read Here Scientific Truths

You Can Trust About These INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

A wife's ignorance or false modesty about these intimate facts of life often leads to an increasing coolness on her husband's part.

If only every young woman could realize from the beginning of her marriage how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and happiness—how necessary it is to combat one of woman's most offensive deodorant problems. And what's even more important: why should she always use ZONITE in her douche. Here's why:

NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTISEPSTIC
germicide of all those tested for the douche is SO powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE!

Developed by World-Famous Surgeon and Scientist

A famous surgeon and skilled scientist developed the ZONITE principle. What better assurance could you want! ZONITE'S scientists have tested every known germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And no other type proved so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE. So why be old-fashioned and continue to use weak or dangerous products? ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE eliminates odor, removes waste substances and discharge. You feel so dainty and refreshed after your ZONITE douche. Helps guard against infection. And ZONITE is so effective—it kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE does immediately kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy at any drugstore.

Zonite FOR NEWER feminine hygiene

*Offer good only in the U. S.
Radio ALL THE WAY

WITH's nightly Jazz Session, conducted by John Egan, is a favorite with Maryland stay-up-lates.

John "Bach to Boogie" Egan is a versatile WITH announcer who boasts a varied career in radio for nearly a decade. Johnny got his start in the mike game when, as a reporter for the Hartford Times, he was selected as a newscaster for their new radio station. Johnny liked his radio stint so well that he undertook an intensive study of voice, diction, mike technique and presentation. Then, on the advice of an able instructor, he accepted a position at radio station WBRY, in Waterbury, Connecticut.

From Waterbury, John went to Philadelphia, where he moved rapidly up the ladder of radio success, gaining experience and technical "know-how" at the same time. It was at WCAU that John did the color and commercials for the Pennsylvania football games. He won second prize in an Atlantic Refining Co. contest for the best color and commercial presentation of Atlantic sponsored football games.

Now, at WITH, John admits that his preference is still newscasting, but he has branched out to encompass Jazz Session, a late nightly show of the best in jazz—and to wield the baton for WITH's famed Symphony Hall, a program of selected symphonic music.

And what about radio as a career? Well, Johnny says there's nothing like it. Radio is always interesting and keeps you constantly on the go. There's little chance for boredom because you meet famous people, and learn about world affairs first-hand. And it's always a great thrill to know you're bringing both pleasure and information to the listeners. Of course, it has its ups and downs like any other career but, taken altogether, as far as Johnny is concerned, it's radio all the way.

John Egan was born in Albany, New York, and moved to Hartford, Connecticut, in his early boyhood. He is thirty years old, married, and the father of three small children.
Listen in on February 13th!

The Lux Radio Theatre's presentation of America's most popular motion picture for 1949

WINNER OF PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal AWARD

★ Monday, February 13th, America's favorite picture of 1949 will be presented by the Lux Radio Theatre with its original star cast. A year long, nation-wide poll conducted by PHOTOPLAY Magazine has established this great picture as the top favorite of American audiences.

The name and star of the winning picture must be secret until March PHOTOPLAY goes on sale February 10th. In that issue, PHOTOPLAY will announce the top ten pictures of 1949 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. Be sure to reserve your copy of March PHOTOPLAY now!

TUNE IN Monday night, February 13th, to the Lux Radio Theatre for the radio presentation of the outstanding motion picture of 1949. Columbia network Coast-to-Coast. See your paper for time and station.
“I had a hunch…”

Editor’s Note: Here are the five letters which, in the opinion of the editors, best describe the act of playing a hunch influencing the life of the writer. Hunches, or “intuition” as some people prefer to call it, played an active part in the life of Alice Frost, heroine of the radio mystery drama, Mr. and Mrs. North. Alice’s story, as you may remember, ran in the July, 1949 Radio Mirror and it was in that issue that the editors offered to buy the five best hunch letters. A check for twenty dollars is being sent out to each of the persons whose letters are published below.

My husband was in the service, stationed at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. He had been ill in the hospital there and the doctors told him that he might be discharged, although they didn’t say when. One Saturday I felt so strongly that he would be home that I bought extra groceries and prepared special food. I cleaned the whole house and talked with my dog, Sandy, about my husband coming home. I didn’t go to sleep that night for though he hadn’t come, I felt sure that he would. About one o’clock a taxi stopped out front. I went to the door and didn’t even ask who it was. I knew it was my husband. He thought his coming would be a surprise. He was disappointed when I told him that I had been looking for him all day!—Mrs. E. L. Freeman, Asheville, N. C.

During my first visit to New York, I played a hunch that has rewarded me ever since. It was my last day in the city, about two hours before train time, and I had checked my baggage at Grand Central Depot. With that much time left and so many sights yet unseen, strangely enough, I had no desire to cram in the unvisited places. Something inside me told me that I should return to the little restaurant near my hotel where I had enjoyed dining in the evenings. I did and whom did I meet there but an old friend. She, too, had been visiting the city for the first time—to attend her son’s wedding. Though we had lost touch with each other in the many years that had passed since our schooldays, we now enjoy a warm, renewed friendship. She lives too near enough to mine to insure our seeing each other quite often. I’ve been grateful ever since for playing the hunch that made me return to that little restaurant in New York.—Mrs. Fran Hughes, Duluth, Minn.

I believe in playing hunches ever since I played one some years ago. It was during depression times and money was very scarce in my home as I had a family of seven to care for. One night I started for my sister’s home and had to pass a movie theatre on the way. Three times I passed and then walked back as something seemed to draw me and tell me to go in. A ticket at that time cost only twenty cents but it was a lot of money to me. Well, after the third time my hunch won out and so did I. It happened to be gift night and my number was one of those drawn for a prize. I came home with a carton of canned goods, a large cake, a ticket for one month’s supply of bread, a basket of fruit and a slab of bacon weighing fourteen pounds. My hunch was good and so was the food. Now I never let a hunch pass by.—Mrs. Gertrude Dunn, Rome, New York

Shortly after we were married thirty-three years ago, an outstanding member of our church suddenly began selling oil stock. Ever so many members started hunching some plunged pretty deeply. We couldn’t really afford to indulge but with much urging and the fact that so many had felt it was a secure investment, we also purchased several shares—but not until we were assured by the salesman that if at any time we wanted or needed our money, he personally would take the stock off our hands. One night a couple of months later, I had a strong, mental picture of wells and pipes, and they were all dry. This hunch made my husband and I ask for the refund of our money. The said salesman, to save his face, kept his promise about the refund. We were the only ones in the entire group to save our money—a couple of months later it was learned that the stock was “phony.”—Mrs. George Baker, Muncie, Indiana

It was one of those early spring days that invites a person to come outdoors despite whatever else must be done. Out I went for a walk in the pretty little park near my home. For some reason, I started thinking about an elderly aunt of mine who used to enjoy walking until her advanced age made it impossible for her to get around out of doors. Intuition, impulse, hunch—call it what you will. I felt sure I had made other plans for later on in the day. I boarded the bus that would take me to her home. I had a strong feeling that it was very important for me to do so. And it was. By following this hunch, I met the man who is now my husband. He was visiting my aunt, who was also his aunt—he was her nephew on the other side of the family. Probably I should never have known him if I hadn’t obeyed a hunch on that beautiful day in spring.—Mrs. Alida Scott, Oakland, Calif.

Don’t be a die-hard on the subject of monthly protection

You certainly can’t modernize your good-grooming habits if you just close your mind while others are getting the benefit of new ideas and discoveries. It is no secret at this date that Tampax has only one-ninth the bulk of the outside pad... and needs no belts or pins to fasten it, because doctor-invented Tampax is worn internally. Also it causes no chafing, no odor and no bulges, bumps or ridges under a dress or skirt.

Tampax is made of safety-stitched absorbent cotton contained in dainty white disposable applicators. Your hands need not touch the Tampax and when it’s in place the wearer cannot feel it. It’s really the last word! Millions of women and girls now use Tampax in more than 75 countries — and that’s the truth.


What are you waiting for?

Tampax Incorporated
JOAN LORRING

When you meet Joan Lorring, you're immediately struck by the way she can be so calm. Joan is one of the most sensitive and talented young actresses on the air, and—aside from being beautiful—looks less like an actress than most. Among her assignments in New York radio is the part of a young European musician on This Is Nora Drake (CBS, Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 P.M., EST).

Miss Lorring is a tiny, trim blonde with large, serious blue eyes. She has a way of putting her head to one side, every once in awhile, that gives her a very impish look. She has little of the imp in her, however, and seldom brings any of it to her work, except where it is called for in the script. She's a very serious actress with a profound understanding of her roles.

Joan Lorring was born in Hong Kong, which may account to some small degree for her wonderful quietness. It was in the American Colony in the Oriental city that Joan made her first public appearances, dancing at local benefits. When Joan was eleven, her family emigrated to the United States and Joan entered a professional school in Hollywood.

A year later Joan made her professional debut on the radio, appearing with Irene Rich in one of the Dear John series. Soon she was playing leading roles on Suspense, Passport for Adams and Paul Gallico's Snow Goose.

Naturally, with her looks and talent, the movies had plenty of work for her. She was co-starred with Bette Davis and John Dall in "The Corn Is Green." She also played in "The Other Love," "The Lost Moment" and "Good Sam."

In spite of her success in radio and pictures, Joan's first love belongs to the theater. While still in California, Joan squeezed in every moment of theater acting that she could, playing in "The Glass Menagerie," and in "A Free Hand," with Larry Parks. When she decided to go East in 1948, she devoted herself to a whole summer's fun—fun for her meaning working in the summer theaters. Now, while she is working in radio, she never stops looking for just the right part on Broadway. Meanwhile she goes quietly about her business, calm and gentle and thoughtful, leaving her fellow actors, directors and studio audiences gasping with admiration and pleasure when she lets go on a characterization.

DON'T RISK
SUCH DISASTER
IN YOUR MARRIAGE

Because of one intimate neglect, a wife can crash to the depths of unhappiness

This unfortunate wife has only herself to blame, because she has been guilty of one unforgivable intimate neglect. This disaster need not have been...she could so easily have protected her married happiness. She could have done this simply by safeguarding her dainty allure with regular, effective vaginal douching—with a scientifically correct preparation such as "Lysol." Reliable "Lysol" assures complete feminine hygiene.

Germs destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, proved power to kill germ-life on contact...truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" acts in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda never can.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness...keep you desirable!

NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________State____________________

MARRIAGE

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on...

"Lysol"

Brand Disinfectant
A Concentrated Germ-Killer
Product of Lehn & Fink
Art Young and Dona Lee (she's Mrs. Art) are two good reasons why the Buffalo area is square dance conscious. Art and Dona are stars of the South Park Barn Dance, which has been a half-hour commercial feature on WBEN-TV for the past year. Visitors from New York are constantly astonished at the size of their audience because the show is heard at eleven o'clock on Tuesday nights.

Art started his career in 1936 by winning the Buffalo Evening News Amateur Contest at Shea's Buffalo Theater. His prize-winning selection was "Oh, Why Did I Get Married?" and he still loves to sing it. Spurred on by his success, Art joined an amateur troupe which was going on tour and, following that, crossed the country, broadcasting over stations from Pennsylvania to Kansas City.

In 1946 he landed in California, where he won the West Coast Yodeling Championship at Redondo Beach.

A versatile young man, Art plays many musical instruments, including guitar, and makes records under his own (Frontier) label. He recently recorded two of his own compositions—"Daddy's Little Helper" and "We Gotta Get to Texas by Sundown."

Dona, whom Art married in the summer of 1949, was born in California, but came East with her father, a barn dance promoter, when she was a little girl. From her dad, she learned to yodel, play accordion and guitar and sing western songs.

Also heard on the show are three rootin' tootin' musicians known as the Sun Dodgers. A frequent guest is Harmonica Bill Russell, who toured with Art.

Featured on WBEN-TV's popular Tuesday night show are (front) Art Young and Dona Lee; rear: Bill Russell, Ted Skowron, Hank Chmielwski, Barney Elias.
Stop-watch boys in the control room at a recent Fibber McGee and Molly broadcast clocked the uproar caused by Bill Thompson, in the role of a flannel-mouthed street-car conductor, at exactly fifty-six seconds. At the current rate of exchange on air time, that was a sable-cloaked laugh.

A word to the wise: If you really want to win a give-away jackpot, borrow Junior’s geography book and start cramming. Bob Hawk, emcee of the Camel-spelled-backward quiz series, finds that geography is the surest stumping block for radio contestants.

Maestro Vaughn Monroe is well on his way to stealing McNamara’s hitherto uncontested title, “Best Band In The Land.” A recent engagement in one of New York’s swankiest nightclubs, Cafe Rouge, resulted in the biggest crowds the nitey has ever seen—5,500 guests in one week. A poll of juke box operators, just completed, annouces the baritone-bandleader as their biggest money-maker. And Vaughn’s large and staunch air following will swoon for no one else.

And while on the subject of singers, George Burns’ recent full-throated rendition of “Ain’t Misbehavin’” has resulted in somewhat strained relations between Bill Goodwin and stars, George and Gracie. Feeling that George deserved an appropriate title, such as other singers employ, Gracie dubbed him George “Sugarthroat,” Burns, while Goodwin felt “The Burlap Smog” was more appropriate. Nominations are in order!

Comic Bob Hope has found that even he is not too old to learn. After muffling a few lines on a recent broadcast, he was chagrined to find that six-year-old Mary Jane Saunders was giving a flawless performance. Her secret? She had memorized the script.

About Duffy’s Tavern, you never can tell. But one of its greatest surprises was the appearance of Helen Traubel, the world’s greatest Wagnerian soprano. Editor’s comment: “Where do we go from here?”

Veteran actor John McQuade learned the hard way about the realities of TV acting. In the production Reverse, the law eventually won the battle and clamped handcuffs on the reluctant wrists of villain McQuade. The curtain rang down, and everyone went home. That is, all but McQuade and one studio carpenter. The key to the handcuffs was missing, and it was three-quarters of an hour later before our by now very limp thespian was set free.

Never Underestimate the Power of A Woman: Arthur Godfrey first used his “kid the commercial” technique when he was handed ad copy describing flimmy lingerie.

As a result of the helping hand he gave Perry Como—jumping in as a last minute replacement for the late Bill Robinson—Morey Amsterdam has been offered a contract calling for a regular series of appearances on the singer’s TV and radio shows.

OFF THE LINE: With good cause, Beverly Wills of Junior Miss fame claims to have the best comedy teacher in the business—her Mother, star Joan Davis...a New York squad car rushes Ralph Bellamy from his TV show, Man Against Crime, to his Broadway production, Detective Story, each Friday night. A recent record cross-town dash of less than two minutes left Bellamy a very bad insurance risk indeed...Bill (Martin Kane, Private Eye) Gargan confesses to having been fired from his first job—that of a private eye in his Father’s agency...with a flicker series in mind, two film companies are bidding for rights to Crime Photographer...the cello being essential to his act, comic Morey Amsterdam has insured his hands for $100,000...Capitol Records due to wax Betty Clark, thirteen-year-old blind web singing star...over the years Amos ’n Andy have created some one hundred and ninety different characters...recognized the voice of Jim Kelly of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons? Kelly was once the voice of Pop-eye, the Sailor...keep your ear pealed for the return of America's Sweetheart, Mary Pickford—probably on ABC...Picture Of The Month: We The People's Dan Seymour and the Met's Lauritz Melchior dueting “Baby It’s Cold Outside”...Many Happy Returns!

What’s New From Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 7)

Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap Can Bring You A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days!

Not just a promise—but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1885 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here is the easy method:
1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that’s all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start your Palmolive facials tonight!

Look for these Complexion Improvements in 14 Days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness—even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

Palmolive

For Tub or Shower
Get Big
Both Size Palmolive!
Chicago was never like this, says Tommy Bartlett, who temporarily deserted his College Inn post for some continent-hopping. But like all good travelers, Tommy was more than happy to come home again.

Although I've rubbed shoulders with travelers in front of my NBC microphone in the College Inn for more than two years, being "on location" with them this fall gave me a new and different feeling.

It gave me a real opportunity to observe their emotions, I too had a part in the excitement of new scenes and new peoples. I shared their curiosity. I came back home loving travelers more than ever. And so this month I'm going to be the Traveler of the Month, so I can tell you about the trip I made with the Welcome Travelers staff, to the air bases and military posts in Germany, France and England.

I've traveled all my life, but this trip, my first across the Atlantic, was new and thrilling. As a guest of the U. S. Air Force, I flew in a C-54 with the twenty-nine other members of the company, which included the Page Cavanaugh trio, who were featured in our after-broadcast entertainment. We didn't figure distances in miles, but in hours of flying time. Newfoundland, the Azores and Germany were on our itinerary in a single weekend.

Climate, location or nationality didn't matter, I quickly learned. People are all the same, they work and struggle for food and shelter; for creature comforts for their families and themselves. Only many of them are not as lucky as we. They don't live in a land of plenty, where repression is unknown. On this tour, if nothing else was gained, my interpretation of the word tolerance was furthered.

I'll always remember this trip; the quaint and beautiful village of Furstenfelbruck, skirting the big air base that is home to our jet planes. For years to come I'll have a memory picture of the lights of Paris and their Christmas tree gaiety as we flew over, eastward bound to Germany. The shattered buildings of Berlin and Nuremberg will be balanced by the "Student Prince" charm of Heidelberg. Colorless, monotonous Burtonwood, England, stands out as the opposite of the once gay, popular spa, Wiesbaden.

Not all faces I met along the way were new. For instance, in Munich we ran across our old Welcome Travelers friend, Elsie Voight, whom Radio Mirror readers will remember as the Traveler of the Month, who went to China as a field accountant for UNRRA. In Germany she is occupied with the affairs of the International Refugee organization. Specifically she is keeping herself busy trying to find American homes where family circles will stretch to include an orphan from overseas.

At the Celle Air Force base, located in the English zone, near the industrial city of Hanover, blond Lt. Barry James of Fortana, California crossed our path. On his way overseas a year earlier, Lt. James had stopped briefly at the Hotel Sherman, where our program originates. But it wasn't our good fortune to have him as our guest on the air until we reached Germany. Here, too, to his surprise and ours, he was assigned as pilot for the C-47 which carried our two-weeks' supply of prizes and which made the trip with us.

In Berlin I met for the first time, famous correspondents whose bylines (Continued on page 90)
ME WELCOME!

Tommy's 15,000 mile junket was made in a specially-named U.S. Air Force plane.
Not that there’s anything terribly wrong with modern ones, Bob is quick to add. It’s just that he finds them lacking when compared to certain old-fashioned wives—ones like his mother, for instance.

By BOB POOLE
The average man wakes up to see his wife still asleep, looking like a savage. Her face is greased with cold cream, contraptions dangle from her eyelashes for the purpose of curling them and maybe she has a tight cloth around her chin pulling out the wrinkles.

If the man's lucky, his wife may stop snoring before he's finished dressing and rush to the refrigerator to open a can of tomato juice, slip a couple of slices of bread into a toaster and heat some water for coffee.

"That breakfast isn't fit for a baby butterfly," my mother would tell you.

My mother was an old-fashioned wife who believed a woman's place was in her home and her first duty was the welfare of her family. And that's what I've been harping about on my program, Poole's Paradise. I've got nothing but disgust for the woman who turns her family over to hired help while she puts most of her energy and time into a career or bridge.

When I saw my mother for the first time, usually about seven in the morning, her hair was brushed neatly and put up, her face clean, and she already wore a house dress and shoes. There was nothing fancy about her clothes and she wore no cosmetics on her face, but she gave you the feeling that you were living with a human being.

And our morning breakfast was fit for a man who expected to do a day's work—just as any doctor will tell you the first meal should be. There was none of this business of working on nervous energy. We had fresh fruit and plenty of ham and eggs and milk with pans of hot biscuits. Not those store-bought biscuits the size of a half-dollar, but big, home-made biscuits (Continued on page 76)
On the dining room table where Milton Berle has his daily brunch, there are two telephones, one a regular line and one a private wire direct to the Berle business office. Most of the time, telephones are the bane of Milton's existence—they ring incessantly, and at the other end of the line there's always someone who wants him to do something, to add a twenty-fifth hour to the day so that he can pack more work, more shows, more benefits into a schedule already bursting at the seams.

But during brunch, when the Berles gather together, those phones give Milton the high spot of his day, a time when he can laugh unaffectedly and wholeheartedly at someone else's antics.
This is the story of two people who found that there’s only one place to be when you’re in love—and that’s together.

The someone else is Vicki, his completely delightful four-year-old daughter. Every morning Vicki visits Daddy while he’s eating, because Milton has learned that if you don’t do two things at once you’re likely, if you’re Milton Berle, not to get either of them done—eating’s a necessity, and having some time with his little girl is one of Milton’s chief pleasures, if not his greatest.

The routine of the daily visit with Daddy goes something like this:

First there’s the business about the coffee. There’s something very intriguing to small fry like Vicki about so grown-up a beverage, and a spoonful from Daddy’s cup is, (Continued on page 102)
This is the story of two people who found that there's only one place to be when you're in love—and that's together.
Everywhere that Marie went, Mr. Hobbs was sure to go—that is, after people found out just who he was!

By PAULINE SWANSON

Good friend, inseparable companion and sometime emissary from Cupid—that's Mr. Hobbs, who weighs in at five pounds, two ounces and comes from a long line of Yorkshire terriers. "But, please," says Marie Wilson, "don't call him a dog."
Here's something that, even if you've never taken a course in crystal gazing, you can predict without the slightest possibility of error:

Bright and early on the morning of February 14th—St. Valentine's Day, in case you've lost track of the more romantic aspects of your calendar—a young man will appear at Marie Wilson's door. A handsome young man; a very personable one. He will be carrying the laciest, frilliest, mushiest Valentine to be found anywhere in Hollywood and environs. He will lay it, and his heart along with it, at Marie's feet.

Marie, you may recall, is married. Happily married to Allan Nixon, and in love with her husband. Be that as it may, there's another man in her life. His name is Mr. Hobbs, the young fellow with the Valentine. Mr. Hobbs loves Marie with every fiber of his being, as the saying goes, and Marie doesn't hesitate to tell you the feeling's mutual.

Despite these goings-on there's no breath of scandal, no mutterings about the eternal triangle, no consulting of the Advice to the Lovelorn editor necessary. Mr. Hobbs, you see, isn't a man—he's five charming pounds of fluffy gold-and-grey Yorkshire terrier. In other words, a dog—although he, himself, would never in the world admit it, and Marie and Allan and their friends refrain from referring to him in that way, for fear of hurting his feelings.

Hobbs—you can drop the "mister" as soon as you're friendly, which is about one split second after you meet him—is Marie's good friend and constant companion. As for Marie—she is to Hobbs more delightful than a hambone long buried in the back yard, more charming than a chocolate-flavored rubber mouse, more beautiful than a bright red fire hydrant. He loves her, and he is her inseparable—and Hobbs means inseparable—companion.

Sometimes Hobbs causes considerable worry, not to mention trouble, for his two-legged owners. But Marie remembers a time—a bad time—when Hobbs saved her marriage (of which more later) and says Hobbs is worth any amount of trouble.

Take, for instance, Marie's recent 35,000-mile personal appearance tour on behalf of My Friend Irma's movie debut. She's back home now, but she left in her wake assorted irate and harassed airline officials, theater managers and hotel clerks, to say nothing of twelve weary and disillusioned young men who comprise the field staff of Hal Wallis Productions, and who are, it is understood, even yet far from recovered from their dreadful experience.

Not that Marie wasn't a perfect lamb about the whole thing. Not that she didn't make millions of friends for the picture. Not that she didn't stand up under the grueling tour like the good trouper that she is. No, Marie wasn't the trouble.

Hobbs was. Hobbs, you see, went along.

Marie says that Hobbs is worth every speck of trouble that he, all unwittingly, caused—and she has an excellent reason for believing this. The twelve young men, not fortified with (Continued on page 100)
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Marie says that Hobbs is worth every speck of trouble that he, all unwittingly, caused—and she has an excellent reason for believing this. The twelve young men, not fortified with (Continued on page 101)
On the surface, a quiet home scene—Dr. Jim Brent saying goodnight to his daughter, while his wife and daughter-in-law look on. But there are undercurrents: Carol is an imposter, not Jim's wife; Francie, without knowing what, senses that something's wrong.
This is the question that Dr. Jim Brent, of Road of Life, asks himself:

Can you help him find a satisfactory answer?

Not a day goes by that Radio Mirror’s mail from reader-listeners doesn’t contain letters which say, in effect, “The daytime serials are so real to me—the problems of my favorite characters are like the problems in my own life, or the lives of my friends. I wish there were some way that I could give my advice, tell them what I did when I was faced with a similar situation.”

In answer to these many letters Radio Mirror has arranged, beginning with the last issue, this department—through which you may, at last, offer your advice and experience to your daytime serial favorites. Each month a problem of universal interest to reader-listeners will be chosen, and the background story, to give readers information necessary to understand and answer the problem, will be printed.

Each month the problem will be one with which readers will be able to identify themselves, about which they can say, “something very like that happened to me” or, “I know someone to whom that very thing happened,” or, at least, “It’s easy to understand how that came about—I can imagine how that very same thing might happen to me!”

This month’s problem is taken from the serial, Road of Life—the story of Dr. Jim Brent; his wife, Carol; his daughter, Janie; his foster-son, Butch; and Butch’s wife, Francie. It concerns, too, the other people in Dr. Jim’s home city—people who, because of their friendship with or interest in Jim Brent and his family, have become involved in the complex circumstances in which the Brents now find themselves.

On the next two pages you will find some of the background story of the lives of Jim Brent and those near to him. As you listen to Road of Life on NBC each day, you will get an intimate picture of the problem which is having so great an effect on their lives at the present time.

When you have read this story, listened to it on the air, thought about it in relation to your own experience or the experiences of people whom you know, perhaps you will be able to offer Jim Brent some practical advice on the question which affects not only his own life, but that of Janie, his daughter, of Maggie Lowell, who loves him, of Beth, who is the very center of the storm.

Radio Mirror will pay $100.00

For the most interesting letters!

Please turn the page to find full details.
Can you help Jim Brent decide how much...

She is my wife, Jim thinks. My wife, my daughter's mother. No matter how much my heart pleads another cause, my mind knows that all my loyalty belongs to Carol.

But Jim does not know the truth.

Some time ago, Carol, Jim's wife—who had left him and their daughter, Janie, to pursue her career in Paris—had been supposed killed in a plane crash. That left Jim free to realize, as he had not allowed himself to do before, that he was in love with Maggie Lowell—sweet and gentle Maggie, who has, in the past, known so much unhappiness. A date was set for the wedding of Maggie and Jim—and on that very day, Carol Brent returned to Merrimac!

What could Jim do but cancel his wedding plans and accept the woman who had the right of a wife to return to her home and her family?

But what Jim did not know, still does not know, is that this woman is not Carol at all, but an impostor named Beth Lambert, sent to Merrimac to impersonate Carol in order to obtain information about the secret government experiments in which Jim is engaged.

Beth Lambert, an actress who has, as he says, "been kicked around by life" was at first perfectly willing to accept the assignment to win Jim's confidence, to get the information necessary to her employers. A thorough training period and a slight facial surgery have made it possible for her to pass herself off as Carol, although Jim, and everyone else, feels that there is "something different" about Carol since her return. Nevertheless, Beth was able to establish herself in Jim Brent's home, to take her "rightful place."

The coming of Beth Lambert to Merrimac changed a great many things. Once more, Maggie Lowell returned to lonely waiting. The happiness that Jim has
so long deserved was denied him. Janie, who had
looked forward to her father’s marriage, found it
to hard to welcome Beth home as her long-lost Mommy.
Frank Dana, a newspaper man who loves Maggie
so unselfishly that he wants only her happiness (al-
though he knows that her happiness lies with Jim
Brent) is extremely suspicious of Beth’s story. Fran-
cie Brent, wife of Jim’s adopted son, Butch—also a
doctor, at work with his father on the experiments
—resents, for her past actions, the woman she thinks
is Carol. Throughout the entire circle of those close
to Dr. Jim Brent in Merrimac, the return of the
supposed Carol has caused unrest.

What of Beth Lambert, herself? Time has passed
since she came to Merrimac, identified herself as
Carol. Time enough to change her feelings, her
attitude. She arrived in Merrimac a hard and em-
bittered woman, willing to do anything, however
dishonest, that her employers asked of her.

But knowing Jim and his family—knowing, at long
last, what a warm and pleasant family relationship
can be—has changed all that. Beth has examined
her conscience. And her heart.

She knows, now, that she cannot betray Jim, nor
can she allow herself the greater betrayal of her
country, which is what passing along Jim’s secrets
to her employers would mean. She knows that no
matter what the risk, she cannot go against her new
feelings of loyalty.

As for her heart—there is a new warmth there, a
new gentleness. Beth finds that she feels compassion
for Maggie Lowell, that she wants the friendship and
respect of Butch and Francie, that she loves little
Janie, wants to win her affection in return. But, most
important of all, she faces the fact that she is in love
with Jim Brent and the painful knowledge that he
must someday find out that she is not Carol.

RADIO MIRROR will purchase readers’ answers to
the question, How Much Can A Man Forgive? Best
answer: $50.00; five next-best answers: $10.00 each.

Sooner or later, Dr. Jim must learn the truth
about Beth Lambert. But surely he must learn,
too, of the change of heart she has had. Most
important of all, Jim will surely find out, some
day, that Beth loves him.

What, when he has learned these things, should he do? Can he, in the generosity of
heart that is so characteristic of him, forgive
her? Or must he feel that because Beth was
once a spy, she is not to be trusted? When
previous deceit and disloyalty are balanced by
present acts of good faith—how much can a
man forgive?

What do you think? Write your answer in
no more than 100 words, to Road of Life, Radio
Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, N. Y.
17, N. Y. The editors will choose what they
feel to be the best answer, will purchase it
from the writer for fifty dollars, for publication
in the June, 1950, issue of Radio Mirror. Five
next-best answers will be purchased for ten
dollars each. The opinion of the editors is final;
no letters will be returned. This coupon must
accompany your letter:

NAME ..............................................
STREET or BOX ................................
CITY or POSTOFFICE ........................... STATE ........................
Can you help Jim Brent decide how much a woman's deed a man should forgive?

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PART II: The infant industry's first steps turn—almost overnight—into the strides of a giant. Radio Mirror continues the fabulous history of a fabulous medium.

Everyone knows the announcing voice of Milton Cross, but radio first knew him as a tenor soloist when he started on WJZ in 1921.

Pioneering prima donnas brought grand opera to radio in 1922. Result: a revived interest in good music.

By LLEWELLYN

1921: In this year of 1950 when radio is standard equipment not only for every home but for most cars, it is hard to believe that entertainment on the air was virtually unknown only thirty years ago.

1919 is the year that radio as we know it got its first feeble start. Before that, wireless operators had been hearing each other in Morse Code only. Then KDKA in Pittsburgh offered a dazzling novelty: regularly scheduled broadcasts of records—four hours weekly! What wouldn't they think of next? In 1920 the very first newscast went on the air—the results of the Harding-Cox presidential election. After that the deluge.

Little boys began to build crystal sets by the thousands. By 1921 it was estimated that there might be as many as fifty thousand such sets in the country. Their owners spent hours hopefully listening through ear-phones to bleeps, cracklings, clicks, shrill mechanical screams and long, long stretches of humming silence. Static was terrible but everyone endured it fatalistically as part of the new wonder of sound in the air. Nobody complained. It was all too fascinating, just the way it was.

Much happened in 1921, but the program with probably the most far-reaching effect was the first broadcast of a
Distance disappears when you’re equipped with an Aeriola, Jr. crystal set. These boys made that delightful discovery, but many others built their own sets.

OWN LIFE STORY

MILLER

heavy-weight boxing championship fight.

On July 2, Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier were to meet at Boyle’s Thirty Acres in New Jersey. Interest in the event was feverish. Seats were snapped up. It was the first million dollar gate in history. Radio had to get in on this. Major J. Andrew White, a famous figure in the early days of the air, decided to find a way to broadcast it. But how? There was no such thing as a portable sending unit in those days, and there was no station anywhere near the big wooden saucer. If the fight were to go on the air, a station would have to be built. That would take months. White began to scout around to see what he could borrow.

Fortunately, everyone knew him. He was the editor of RCA’s Wireless Age. That was a handsome monthly specializing in such articles as “How To Build A Radiophone” (with a range of twenty-five miles!) though shortly it was to progress to personality interviews and to pictures of such top movie stars as Wallace Reid and Clara Kimball Young enjoying their head-phone sets, and Charles Ray with his “Ray-dio” — no press agent could resist that gag.

White combed the town. He discovered that General Electric had just finished a big new transmitter for the Navy. He talked fast and managed (Continued on page 91)

WJZ’s first studio was in, of all places, a blocked-off part of the ladies’ room in Westinghouse’s Newark factory.
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White combed the town. He discovered that General Electric had just finished a big new transmitter for the Navy. He talked fast and managed (Continued on page 91)
Bringing up four daughters, sending them to school, isn't easy these days—any days! It doesn't leave much over for luxuries. So some of the prizes, like certificates for clothes, and a TV set, made the apartment seem like fairyland.

"It is maybe twenty minutes after ten of a Saturday night in the Spring when, suddenly, the telephone rings in our four-room walk-up flat in the Bronx, and," Mrs. Cohen said, sounding breathless, "I'll never be the same again!

"Who can be calling us,' Papa wants to know, 'this time of night?'

"A scared feeling, like a thin little knife, stabs me. I am one of those mothers that worries about the children all the time. Twenty-two years ago, Papa and I lost our baby boy, our only son and never, since then, have I been free of fear for my children. Our married daughters, Judith and Roslyn and their husbands and babies had just gone home after spending the evening. 'I hope it isn't something wrong,' I say now, 'with Judy or Ros or the babies....'

"Our nineteen-year-old daughter, Louisa, answers the telephone. 'Hullo,' she says, in her natural voice and then, in an unnatural voice, 'Pa, oh, PA!' she is screaming, 'it's the Sing It Again program! It's Danny Seymour calling! He's asking for you!"
BE THE SAME!

Here's the story—a little bit sad, but mostly happy—of Helen Cohen, housewife, who won a fabulous collection of prizes on Sing It Again!

By GLADYS HALL

What to do with the big things—that was the question. And the obvious thing was to hire a loft, so they did.

"Now our youngest daughter, Roberta, is screaming, too. 'It's no kidding!' she yells, 'it's on the level! I hear him asking for you, Pa, right now, over the radio! Oh, Pa, hurry, hurry!'"

"Now both girls are jumping up and down like on hot needles; their faces redder than firecrackers and above the racket they are making, Papa is yelling, too. He is saying to me, 'You take it, Helen, you take it!' And as Louisa is pushing me across the room, pushing the telephone receiver in my hand that is limp like a piece of biscuit dough, I hear Papa saying, dazed-like, 'Out of twenty-three million people, it should happen to us!'"

Shortly before this most exciting thing in their lives happened to the Cohens, they were all together doing what Mrs. Cohen describes as "our Saturday night relaxing." Papa, in his shirtsleeves, was reading his evening paper. Mama, in her housedress, was taking forty winks over her crossword puzzle. Judith and Roslyn and their husbands were playing, "this new card game, this Canasta." The little ones were watching Louisa take up the hem in a dress she let down only two months before. "Skirt lengths changing so," Louisa was complaining, "it keeps your nose to the needle!"

Seventeen-year-old Roberta was sitting, "her ear glued like always," laughed her mother, "to the radio. She was listening to a reporter interview Joe DiMaggio. She was sighing, also like always, 'Oh, if only we had a television set, I could see DiMaggio!'"

"This rouses me from my catnapping and in between filling in spaces in my puzzle with words like 'emul' and 'eland,' I am thinking, Louisa needs a new dress. All four girls should have winter coats. A new suit of clothes must somehow be managed for Papa. A television set for Roberta—that, unless there is a Santa Claus, we cannot manage. . . . "

"I feel the hurt inside me I always feel when one of the children badly wants something she can't have. . . . Then I think, By this time, I should be used to the mother-pain. . . . "

"It is not easy to bring up four girls in a four-room flat in the Bronx," Helen Cohen said, "dress them decently, feed them properly. (Continued on page 77)
Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

AND ALL MY LOVES

If loving you meant love, and only that—
A lamp for one dim corner of the heart,
A private warmth that pleased the soul and sat
In dear seclusion like a queen apart;
If loving you meant sacrifice of all
The smaller loves a dreamer must attend,
I could not promise I would let them fall—
I could not ask them to be less than friend.

But knowing you has spread my heart, and where
Your warming love resides a wider arc
Springs outward from the flame, a light more fair
Than all my dreaming shoulders back;
You give me more of beauty than you know,
And all my loves would have me tell you so.

—Harold Applebaum

JEALOUSY

My mind and heart co-operate
To reassure me, when you're late.
But jealousy is sometimes prone
To dream up reasons of its own.
So, while I'm sure you wouldn't lie,
The green-eyed beast demands that I
Invest me with sufficient doubt
To hem me in with, when you're out,
And you, with just enough of sin
To bawl you out for, when you're in.

—Faye Chilcote Walker

FOR YOU

I bring you a handful of stars
From night's prismatic chandelier.
To reach its height I became
An ocean wave's charioteer.

Play with them, please
Have fun!
Wear them in your hair.
Toss them to glisten in candle-light
Roll them down the stair.

Before they tarnish or dim
Hang them in mem'ry's sky
To dance nostalgically,
Tremblingly near,
To remind you that I passed by.

—Marjorie L. Schaefer

BEGINNING IN THE MARCH ISSUE

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY
TEN DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Between the Bookends is being discontinued with this issue, but Radio Mirror is still interested in purchasing poetry. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. Each poem must be accompanied by this notice. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in Radio Mirror.

FELICITY

This is marriage. I lean on you,
And unperplexed is the path I view;
You talk to me and your thoughts become clear—
You are my shoulder, I am your ear.

—May Richstone
**SWEET MORSEL**

One birthday party changed our son.
Now he on honey dew hath fed.
He came home grinning like a cat.
"We played a kissing game," he said!
—Betty Isler

**COUNTRYSIDE VALENTINE**

Fleecy February snow fringes
Every bush and tree.
Now through the countryside is traced
A lacy filigree.
The old red barn is frilled with darts
Of silver icicles and flounces
Of fluffy white. Across the path
A graceful cotton-tail bounces,
Printing patterns woodlands know—
A message scrawled in soft pink snow.
—Justine Huntley Ulp

**DRAMA**

We pause sometimes in passing
And speak of trivial things,
As though our souls were strangers
With hearts that knew no wings.

You say, "It's lovely weather,"
And I, "How have you been?"
Both bent on slyly hiding
The tumult that's within.

We play our roles so nobly
The world could never guess
Your eyes have asked, "Remember?"
And mine have answered, "Yes."
—Mudge Hawkinson

**PROCEDURE FOR TWO**

Contrive to let me miss you now and then,
And I, occasionally, shall let you seek
Me through the entire house and back again
[Not hiding, nor unanswering when you speak]—
For music is the lovelier because
Of silence, wind is sweeter after calm.
And, though we loved it, sunlight never was
So gold before gray skies, nor gently warm.

Arrange your work to make my hours prick
Up both their ears for you sometimes [unless
My need is great] and I shall learn a trick
Or two of being awaited that will bless
And give, beyond the transient joy of greeting,
A certain quiet gladness to our meeting.
—Elaine V. Emans

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone M.-F. at 3:55 P.M. EST over ABC and Sundays at 10:15 P.M. EST on ABC.
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—Justice Hainley Up

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—Eveline V. Emani

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The green-eyed beast demands that I
Invest me with sufficient doubt
To remonstrate, when you're out.
And you, with just enough of sin
To bowl you out for, when you're in.
—Raye Cichota Walker

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS
If loving you meant love and only that—
A lamp for one dim corner of the heart.
A private warmth that pleased the soul and not
In dear seclusion like a queen apart;
If loving you meant sacrifice of all
The smaller love a dreamer must attend,
I could not promise I would let them fall—
I could not ask them to be less than friend.
But knowing you has spread my heart, and where
Your warming love resides a wider arc
Spring outward from the flame, a light more fair
Than all my dreaming shoulders lack the dark.
You give me more of beauty than you know;
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—Harold Applebaum

Barold Applebaum

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem
AND ALL MY LOVES
If loving you meant love and only that—
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Double or Nothing's emcee is that mathematical improbability, a one in a million guy. No one knows that better than his musical director—unless, of course, it's his legions of loyal listeners.

By IRVINE ORTON

As musical director of Double or Nothing, which takes over NBC's air from 2 to 2:30, Eastern Standard Time, five afternoons a week, I daily witness what is to my mind one of the most impressive displays of sheer raw courage known to our age—quizmaster Walter O'Keefe's descent into the studio audience to select the contestants.

Most other radio quizmasters, I believe, let the network employees handle this arduous and risky chore. Not Walter. He always goes over the top himself. So far it hasn't been necessary to send out a rescue party.

The man I call my friend as well as my boss, genial, ebullient, mercurial Walter O'Keefe, loves it—because he loves people. He'll be astonished I'm sure to hear that I think his job requires intestinal fortitude as well as a liberal supply of ready wit and a nice flair for broken field running. When Walter goes down the aisle brandishing his portable
Walter O'Keefe

mike he's confident that, besides a sprinkling of those avaricious and persistent types whose only interest in the proceedings is to latch onto a batch of easy scratch, his audience contains real people, genuine folks with characters as diverse as their places of origin. Day after day (I'll never understand how he does it) Walt manages to sidestep the loot seekers, who are usually sleeve grabbers as well, and picks those real people for his contestants.

Then by some magic of contagious high spirits he infects those folks, most of whom have never faced a mike before, with the O'Keefe attitude of: “Let's try it, and see how much fun we can have while trying.” Not only does his geniality, his genuinely friendly interest in them help his contestants overcome self-consciousness in front of the mike, but with the infectious O'Keefe wit to spark them they often give out with some astonishingly funny answers. For my money (Continued on page 88)
Double or Nothing's emcee is that mathematical improbability, a one in a million guy. No one knows that better than his musical director—unless, of course, it's his legions of loyal listeners.

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Aunt Jenny, a widow who lives in the pretty little town of Littleton, and to whom her friends and neighbors have formed the habit of turning for advice, tells her real-life stories to those friends and neighbors—stories born of her many friendships, warmly cemented over the years. Stories, too, that have a point—one which can be used as a guidepost by the person who, at the moment, is seeking her wise and friendly assistance in the solution of a problem. Like the story of the Hubels, for instance, which Aunt Jenny retells here...
investment, you saved so much on repairs.

The country club did make her hesitate a little. You see, Marsha came of plain folks, the in-between kind with just enough for all their wants, but nothing to waste. Her mother’s eyebrows would have gone up at the idea of spending three afternoons a week chattering over a bridge table. And her father had been pretty busy with his hardware shop. He got out for an occasional fishing trip, but he didn’t play golf, and though he was a friendly man it would never have occurred to him to meet his friends in a bar, as one did at the club.

But the business angle finally convinced Marsha—after all, Joe said, he was a salesman, and it was a well-known principle of salesmanship that you had to get people to like you before they would buy from you. “Take them to lunch at the club,” Joe argued. “Play around the course with them, let them rub elbows with all the best people in town, and let them see you signing all the checks as if you owned the place—why, you could sell anyone the Town Hall after that!”

Well, Joe’s salesmanship was good enough to sell Marsha on that idea. Afterwards she knew that she’d been very willing to be sold . . . but in the meantime, for two years after Joe’s father died, she went along into the gay new life the money bought them. There wasn’t a thing to worry about . . .

Until that awful day when, having met Helen Fielding for lunch, she decided to join her on a shopping tour. They went to Hilton’s first, because Helen was convinced that they did something to the mirrors there so that everyone looked beautiful.

A few minutes later, Helen was twirling before the dressing-room mirrors in a slender brown suit at whose Paris label they had both looked with awe when the salesgirl brought it out.

“Try it in black,” Marsha advised. “It’s stunning, but brown isn’t right for you.”

Regretfully, the salesgirl said they didn’t have it in black. “It’s the only one we’ll be getting of that model,” she said proudly. “The only one in town.

But I have some others . . .” She disappeared, and Helen took off the suit with a sigh.

“Just my luck,” she grumbled. “Here, you try it, Marsha. I hate to let it get away, it’s so wonderfully French. I bet you look terrific in it.”

Marsha laughed. “Not me. I just came along for the ride.” She held the suit up against her, and regarded herself thoughtfully in the glass. “It does look right, though . . . oh, well. I’ll just slip into it. Maybe it won’t fit. It’s a terrible price.”

But it did fit. It was breathtaking—so perfect that the salesgirl, when she returned, had the good sense not to say anything. When a customer looked like that in a garment, one didn’t have to sell it. Marsha, meeting the girl’s knowing eyes in the mirror, grinned.

“I’m not strong enough to resist,” she said. “I’ll take it. It’s a charge, please . . .”

It took Helen considerably longer to make a selection, but finally she found something she thought was “special” enough. They gave the salesgirl their names and addresses and were about to leave when the girl, looking worried, reappeared in the doorway. “Mrs. Hubel, would you come this way,” she murmured.

“It’ll take just a moment . . .”

Helen wasn’t an observant woman, so it didn’t occur to her that when Marsha returned her pale lips and startled eyes were the mask of shock. She was only mildly surprised at Marsha’s abrupt collection that she was having company for dinner and had to get home at once. Later, Marsha was desperately grateful that she’d been with so self-centered a person when the shock came, because otherwise her obvious distress must have drawn comment and question . . .

All the way home in the cab she fought her growing panic. It was an accident. Joe could explain and straighten it out. The section manager himself had said it, hadn’t he? “An oversight, Mrs. Hubel,” he’d said—and why on earth, she thought angrily, had he been so embarrassed? What a fuss he’d made! He’d muttered so she could hardly hear—“so long overdue, the office refuses (Continued on page 95)
It was Allen Funt on the telephone. "We're going out on location for Candid Camera and you have been wanting to come along. Meet us at three. It should be a good day." As it turned out, it wasn't. We wasted about five hours. This was the call I had been waiting for, however, and I grabbed my coat and ran, already fancying myself a combination Philip Marlowe and Dick Tracy, wondering whether I ought to take along a couple of disguises. But all I had in the house was an old false face left over from Hallowe'en.

I needn't have given it a thought. Candid Camera is all done in the open, practically. Of the several locations I covered with Funt and his crew, the camera and microphones were most completely hidden on this first one—yet this was the only one where someone dropped a hint that a television program was in progress and spoiled the whole thing. It was a school, and Allen was posing as a visiting instructor to private pupils. I won't tell you what kind of school because the idea is still good and he may not have a chance to use it before you read this.

By early evening I had spent the best part of several hours in a narrow doorway, huddled under a black-draped motion picture camera, in company with cameraman Arthur Florman and assistant Bill Horgan. We had watched Allen and his subjects through a small pane of glass in the screen that masked the camera. We had waited each time for the signal from Allen to start photographing and recording. Russ Harknett had his recorders almost under our feet. It
ComAajAj

CcumjUvcu

Donning clerk’s apron, Candid Camera conductor Funt, r., takes place behind counter with pet shop owner Harry Meyer.

seemed to me Allen was getting some good stuff for one of his Monday night television programs.

When no signal came during the last interview, Arthur whispered, “He’s delving. He’s not satisfied.” Then Allen dismissed his “pupil,” peered through his side of the glass pane.

“It’s no use,” he announced. “It’s a phony. These people aren’t acting natural. Somehow they’ve found out something. Let’s skip it. We’ll try it again later, somewhere else.”

Now I know that Candid Camera is spontaneous and un-rehearsed. I lost five hours and got cramped muscles proving it.

Next day we worked in an office Allen uses when he hasn’t an outside location lined up and ready. It has a name on the door, of course, but I’m not going to tell you what it is. Maybe you’ll go there some day and get on Candid Camera yourself!

This time the camera and surrounding screen had to be in the same room with the subject, so I was relegated to an adjoining room and given a pair of earphones. It was a lucky thing they kept me out because I got so convulsed with laughter I almost shook off the earphones. The result of that eavesdropping expedition was a hilarious Candid Camera comedy, the one in which a boy from a nearby food shop got the strangest order of his career. It called for food for seven men whom Allen said he was expecting later that day, men he didn’t like and never (Continued on page 86)
FRAN ALLISON

Last year the Kuklapolitans had a Valentine Party and after dancing and games the Valentine Box was opened. My name wasn't called on the first round, but I didn't mind too much. By the fourth round panic set in. Nobody loved me! Then I heard a faint voice call my name. I stood, wondering, when a giant heart moved into view on the stage. It said "To Cutie—from Guess Who?" Two dear faces burst through, Kukla and Ollie. My Valentines!

ABE BURROWS

Of course if you had asked me for my sweetest Valentine or my darlingest Valentine, it would be a different story. But this is one I'm not apt to forget. Here's what it said: "Dear Abe, in these eyes of mine, Your lovely head will always shine. You're the patron that I love the best. When you're in my chair I know I can rest. Your barber." And you know, it wouldn't surprise me if he made a copy and sent it again this year. It's still true!

PERRY COMO

My best-remembered Valentine? Well, I don't know that there is just one, but last year I got one of the best valentines ever. It came from the kids who sing with me on the Supper Club show—Bee, Marge and Geri Fontane, and it's a sentiment I think very much of. The kids certainly went to town on this one. Here's what it said: "We do adore Caruso. And love our Valentino, But our favorite Valentino, oh, Is you, dear Perry Como." Pretty nice?

MY BEST REMEM

This is for anyone who has ever wondered

DOROTHY DOAN

The Valentine I'll never forget came from my husband, Dick, when we got our house in Silvermine, Conn. I was always losing my key and telephoning frantically for his. Valentine's Day brought me a bracelet, tiny charms linked around a large gold key. The card read: "With charms to charm my Valentine, This bracelet is entirely thine. The key's to our house in Silvermine, So you'll no longer ask for mine." I'll wear the bracelet, and key, always.

JOHNNY STEARNS

My wife, Mary Kay, is sentimental about Valentine's Day. Her Valentines came in several parts, each accompanied by a poem which tells where the next part is. Last year my Valentine began with an arrow tie-clip that pointed to the hiding place of the next, a Love Song. That sent me hunting for a necklace with a Cupid motif, and another helped me find a box of candies. My Valentine to Mary? A gold heart for her bracelet, like her own heart of gold.

BILL SLATER

For two days we'd been dropping our missives of love in the Valentine Box teacher set up. I was sure that Mildred, the filling station owner's daughter, was my Valentine. And she was, with a touching document of devotion. She was mine alone, it said. Homeward I trod on air. I had to share my emotions with Johnny Sickles, for he had one just like mine, signed "Guess Who?" in the same hand. Best remembered, because I never believed another!
BERED VALENTINE

what the fourteenth of February would bring

ROBERTA QUINLAN

During the war when I was leading an orchestra in a war plant I met a young man who worked there. I didn't have much time for dates, but when Valentine's Day came along I got frilly ones from a lot of the boys I had met. Still searching, down at the bottom of the pile I came across the nicest one of all. It was written on the back of an old envelope, and said, "This is not the best Valentine in the world, but—will you marry me?" And I did.

FRED WARING

My best-remembered Valentine? The cock-eyed moose! Gift of that unpredictable Ferne Buckner, known to our listeners as "Ferne and her violin." It came in a huge crate, this mangy moosehead with a bunch of flowers in one antler and red hearts dangling from the other. Strung on red ribbon around the neck were letters spelling "Be My Valentine." I looked at it, laughed, looked again and simply roared. The funniest Valentine ever!

KYLE MacDONELL

I was a high school freshman and he a senior. At school he gave me a Valentine and I was so thrilled that the braces on my teeth vibrated, until I opened it. It was a comic Valentine, a very un-prettty girl, with my Dutch bob and braces. My heart cracked. That night a heart-shaped corsage of violets came. Later he arrived to explain the comic Valentine was only kidding. It was a wonderful romance—I wonder what ever happened to him!

DAVE GARROWAY

A couple of Valentine Days ago I found an envelope under my door with this card: "Here's a horse laugh. I'd love to be Your Valentine." Attached was a piece of red ribbon which snaked on under the door, down the steps, and into the yard, where it was attached to a swaybacked mare, rescued from the stockyards by a friendly girl I knew. The tragedy of my life is that I had to give her—the horse, that is—to the stockyards.

PETER LIND HAYES

Nine years ago Mary Healy was in Hollywood and I was doing nightclub dates. Valentine's Day found me in Washington with two quarters—not enough for a telegram. Discouraged, I shoved them in a slot machine. The coin hit and I rushed for a telephone with eight dollars in quarters. I had decided to propose, but before I got started the operator said "Your time is up," Mary accepted the charges and me too! She's still my Best Valentine.

HOWDY DOODY

I have received lots and lots of Valentines from my friends, but I think my favorite was one from a 70-year-old grandma. Even though the Howdy Doody Show is for kids, she said, she wouldn't miss it for anything. Mr. Smith and I loved this Valentine because we think fun and laughter are good for everybody—no matter how old or young. And it made me feel so good to know that we are bringing happiness into the life of this nice grandma friend.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION
This is for anyone who has ever wondered what the fourteenth of February would bring.

FRAH ALLISON

Years ago the Kidtopians and a Valentine Pete were dancing and quite the Valentine Box was opened. My mate wasn't called out on the list, but I didn't mind too much. By the fourth round pair set is, Nobody loved me! Then I heard a faint voice call my name. I stood trembling, when a giant heart moved into view on the stage. It said, "To Dear Valentine, Guess Who?" Two tear forces burst through. Koko and Oliver, My Valentine!

ARE BROWS

Of course if you had asked me for my sweetest Valentine of all, it would be a different story. But this one I'm sure not to forget. Here's what it said, "Dear Abe, In these eyes of mine, You slowly find I'm always a wildcat. You're my fate that I love the best. When you're in my chair, I know I'm glad. And you know, it wouldn't surprise me if he made me a king again this year. It's still true!

DOROTHEA DOAN

This Valentine I'll never forget came from my husband. Dick, when we got our house in Silvermine, Conn. I was always losing my key and telephone book. Luckily for his Valentine's Day he bought me a bracelet, tiny charms linked around a large gold key. The word said, "With charms to charm your Valentine. This bracelet is entirely thine. The key's to our house at Silvermine. So you'll no longer ask for mine. I'll wear the bracelet and key, always.

JACK CARTER

I was fifing true, but when I got here I found a Valentine from the girl I loved. It read, "My Valentine is my own. American made money, What's wrong with you?" I grabbed the phone and broke our date. Later we met. She glared, told me to go home and read the second page. "But really, I'm kidding. I think you're the best, I know you're just wonderful. You know the rest—Will you be my Valentine? Would it make her my wife?

ROBERTA QUINLAN

During the war when I was leading an orchestra in a war plant I met a young man who worked there. I didn't have much time for dates, but when Valentine's Day came along I got forty ones from a lot of the boys I had met. Still searching, down at the bottom of the pile I came across a street once of all. It was written on the back of an old envelope, and said, "This is the best Valentine in the world, but—will you marry me?" And I did.

FRED WARNER

My best-remembered Valentine? The eye-quickly-missed gift! Of that unforgettable Pierre Buckle, handing to our listeners on "Ferns and Girls." It come in a box cute, this stringy scroll with a bunch of flowers in one midst and red hearts crawling from the other. Strung on red ribbon around the neck were letters spelling "I'm My Valentine." I looked at it, laughed, looked again, and simply roared. The funniest Valentine ever.

WILLE COMO

My best-remembered Valentine! Well, I don't know that there is just one. But last year I got one of the best Valentine ever. It came from the kids who sing with me on the Supper Club show. Bea, Harry and Gert, and it is a sensation! I think very much of The kids certainly went to town on this one. Here's what it said, "We do adore Connie. And love our Valentine, But we're not Valentine, oh, do you. Dear Pier Cyn, Popty nose."

JOHNNY STEARNS

For two days we'd been shopping our minimates of love in the Valentine box, teacher set us up. I was sure that Wmed, the filling station owner's daughter, was my Valentine. And she was with a charming looking document of devotion. She was mine alone, it said. Nowadays I wouldn't get an air kiss from either, but to share my sentiments with Johnny Sickles, for he had a sort of hair, was called "Guss Whist" to his and I remembered. I've never believed in gold.

BILL SLATER

A couple of Valentine Days ago I found an envelope under my door with this card, "Here's a surprise, I'd love to be your Valentine." Attached was a piece of red ribbon which wrapped around the door, down the stairs, and into the yard, where it was attached to a string-wrapped around a tree trunk. The words by a friendly girl I know. The beauty of my life is that I had to give her the—horse, that is—back to the story.

PETER LINN HAYES

Nine years ago Mary Bev was in Hollywood and I was stamping nightclub dates. Valentine's Day found me in Washington with two quarters—not enough for a telegram. Discouraged, I threw them in a slit machine. The coin hit and I rushed for a telephone with eight dollars in quarters. I had decided to propose, but before I got started the operator said, "Your time is up." Many accepted the changes and me too! She's still my best Valentine.

HOLLYWOOD DOODY

I have received love and hate of Valentine's from my friends, but I think my favorite was one from a favorite actress, Miss Edith meets. Even though the Hollyw Tanny Show is for kids, she said, she wouldn't miss it for anything. My Smith, and I loved that Valentine because we think he's the best girl that ever was, no matter how old or young. And it made me feel so good to know that we are bringing happiness into the life of this nine-ounce brain.

MILTON EIRLE

It was Valentine's Day, 1949, and I found a long-trimmed phlox for my daughter Vicki. I could hardly wait to open it, because I noticed at the Miller's lake rock my the little note, "Dear Daddy, I can't think of any poetry but this is as you can. You one can taste it. And Murray says you should read this book. I love you. You are My Valentine. Yeah. It's not only my best-remembered Valentine but one— I know I'll never, never forget it."

KYLE McCORDONELL

I was a high school Freshman and an senior. At school he gave me a Valentine and I was so thrilled that the boxes on my teeth vibrated, until I opened it. It was a comic Valentine, a very unpretty girl, with my Davi book out behind. My heart raced. That night a heart-shaped corsage of valentine came. Some kids were calling out the comic Valentine was only kidding. It was a wonderful anticipation. I wondered what ever happened to him.
Betty Law and Bill Skipper of "Lend An Ear" repeated their roles when CBS's Tonight On Broadway televised the hit revue.

The Rileys lead their life on TV, too. Gloria Winters is Babs; Jackie Gleason, Riley; and Rosemary DeCamp, Mom.

Something for the girls: Jack Haskell, baritone on NBC's Garroway-at-Large show.

TV Tidbits: Some of our best ice cream parlors and drugstore counters across the country are featuring Howdy Doody ice cream sodas. They're mostly double-chocolate, we're told—always a small fry favorite. . . Typical fan letter received by Fran, the charming human on Kukla, Fran and Ollie: "I like Kukla, our little boy likes Ollie—and Daddy likes Fran." By the way, high school girls all want to know how Fran ties her scarves. She wears a variety of them to relieve the monotony of watching her half an hour a day on TV, Monday through Friday ("monotony" is her word, not ours, remember!) And she's always trying to figure out new ways to drape them. . . TV is constantly losing some of its most experienced talent to the stage, for varying periods. First there was Ruth Enders, Mrs. Paul Tripp in real life, who left her husband's Mr. I. Magination show to play Maria in "Twelfth Night" on the Broadway stage during a recent revival of the Shakespearean comedy. Then Dick Boone and Jack Diamond, of Paul's show, left for a Broadway stage production. And the original Dagmar, of the popular CBS-TV show Mama, got a Broadway role and had to be replaced by Robin Morgan. . . Five-year-old Pamela Roland, whose father directs Arthur Godfrey's daytime radio show, watched Godfrey and the
Rehearsal doesn't seem to be a grueling matter for the attractive principals in the Ford Theatre's production of "Skylark." Lee Bowman, Faye Emerson and Alan Baxter appeared in Raphaelson's play over CBS-TV.

Mariners on television recently. When the boys came out appropriately attired in kilts to sing "Hop Scotch Polka," she was appalled. "You take those dresses right off, boys," she told the screen severely.

It's time for the second annual Television Academy Awards out in Hollywood. Last year they were limited to West Coast video but this year they go national. Outstanding TV personalities and programs will receive "Emmys," voted them by Academy members and viewers, and categories will include both live and recorded programs.

Emmy, the gold statuette of a woman, is equivalent to the motion picture industry's famous golden Oscar. Originally, the TV statuette was called Immy, after television's image orthicon tube, but someone decided Emmy sounded more suitable and the name stuck. She is more than two inches taller than her older brother Oscar and is just as highly prized as the old boy.

That group of German sailors seen wandering around Grand Central Station were not grease-painted ghosts from the Nazi's Davey Jones' locker, but actors from the TV play Battleship Bismarck.

Cobina Wright, Sr., shows off her French poodles' hats to Mal Boyd on KTTV's Hollywood in Three Dimensions.
The stories of kids and how they react with rapture to the sight and sound of Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd could reach from Christmas Day till the Fourth of July—but the nicest stories concern Bill, himself.

He's that rarest of actors—a happy man with a sense of responsibility to the public. He is passionately in love with his beautiful wife who is just as passionately in love with him. Her name was Grace Bradley and when she was just a sassy-faced little girl she fell in love with him at first sight, when he was the star of "The Volga Boatman." She never dreamed she'd grow up to marry him, but now that she has, she is just as fascinated by him as the enraptured thousands who sit enthralled, watching him on their television screens.

His wildfire success today as Hoppy didn't just happen. He almost went broke, trying to retain the rights to this Western character—and do you know why? Because it was just a good part? No. That was a proportion of it, but the real reason, in Bill's words, is, "I knew Hoppy was something I could do good with."

Bill now heads the seven companies it takes to keep Hoppy in full circulation. On the radio, his Hoppy series is just starting over five hundred and sixteen stations. Last year the Hoppy comic books sold more than fourteen million comics. All the movie rights are his. Topper is his personal property and as for those Hopalong Cassidy guns, shirts, lassoes, neckerchiefs and the like, Bill personally oversees every bit of them. He won't tolerate anything shoddy. He believes in the kids just as much as they believe in him.

If Bill had been willing, five years ago, to make quick money with Hoppy, he could have saved his great ranch down in the Santa Monica mountains, overlooking the Pacific, which he loved completely. He sold the ranch at a loss rather than turn Hoppy into a series of cheap gangster pictures.

Then if he had been willing to put out clothes for kids that weren't fireproof, sunproof, color proof and boy proof, he could have saved the fine apartment to which he moved, and Gracie wouldn't have been so long between dresses. Gracie learned to cook, instead, and they went into a tiny three-room house, just living room, (Continued on page 85)

By RUTH WATERBURY

He loves them, too

—and that's why the kids believe in him. But his audience is even wider than that, for everyone who likes a squasheroot has made a hero out of Hoppy

Bill Boyd in Hopalong Cassidy can be televiewed on Sundays at 5:30 P.M., EST, on WNBT.
"DEAR HEARTS"

There's something so heartwarming about seeing again the home town that's always there claiming you. That's quick to praise you if you get a little lucky. Slow to knock you if your career hits a sour note or two. And when you have two home towns like mine—Winchester and Nashville—you can double that whole wonderful feeling of community kinship.

I went back at the invitation of the Nashville Banner and the Kiwanis Club to attend the big baseball benefit game for their underprivileged youth fund, and with an invitation signed by all the leading citizens of Winchester to be guest of honor at the Franklin County Fair.

Believe me, no "Oscar" could ever equal for me the thrill of their warm double welcome. Or the lump that came into my throat when I looked out that plane window and saw what seemed like the whole solid South (at least most of Middle Tennessee) waiting to say "Hello" to me. I hadn't expected that at all.

It was pitch hot. The plane was an hour and a half late, arriving at 10:30 P.M. I thought—I hoped—that an official welcoming committee might be there, even if only because they had to be. But when I saw all those wonderful Tennessee regulars lining the air field and the highways my stomach felt like butterflies, my knees got watery, I started crying . . . and I never thought I would make it down the steps of that plane.

There was, however, one familiar face missing. Much missing. My Dad's. My mind kept saying over and over, "I wish Dad could be here. He'd be pretty proud. If only Dad could be here now. . . ."

I was remembering that morning ten years before when I left Nashville for New York for a career. How Dad had driven me down to the station in the Chevrolet convertible he'd given me for my graduation present . . . and there wasn't much talking going on from either side. He hadn't exactly approved of my leaving home so young and going so far away.

"A thousand people can sing," he said. And he was so right. He thought since I had a degree in sociology I should stay home and teach school . . . until I married some nice hometown boy our family had always known. But Dad had promised me the summer before (when I'd gotten a job on the radio in New York while vacationing there and wanted to stay) that if I'd come back home and graduate I could go back the following year. And he was keeping his word, but for just two weeks' "vacation."

"When those two weeks are over, Frances Rose, you must come home," he said. I didn't answer, I was so blue. I knew this was something I just had to do . . . whether or not Daddy wanted me to. And I think in his heart he sensed that too.

"Now you take care of (Continued on page 82)
No matter how far, how fast you travel,
your heart—like Dinah’s—yearns for the
familiar faces, familiar places of home . . .

By DINAH SHORE
Day family: Peggy, Dennis, and little Patrick McNulty III.
MY BOY!

Dennis Day, according to his mother, played tricks, brought home stray pets, just like anyone else’s son. But unlike other little boys, he sang—in a voice so big the family begged him to take it down cellar!

By Mrs. Patrick McNulty

Somebody's always asking me—and why not?—how it feels to be the mother of a famous singer.

Well, I'll tell you—I don't know. Somehow, in spite of the radio and the movies and all, I can't get to think of Dennis as anything but my son, my youngest. I can't think of him any way but as the kid who was always bringing home a stray animal to take care of—an eel it was, once, of all things—or the boy who sang so loud the whole family used to beg him to go down cellar!

Even when it comes to his singing, I don't think of his name up in big letters, or hearing some announcer introduce him like he's somebody—which he is, mind you, and you can't take that away from him! But I think back to the day when he earned his first money singing, and how I worried about it.

Dennis had it in his mind, those days, to be a lawyer. Singing was a hobby with him, as it was with the whole family. He'd been going to enter Fordham, this time I'm talking about, as soon as fall came. But meantime he'd got sick and had to have an operation, and he didn't get well as soon as we'd thought. All in all, by that time he'd missed the fall semester and we talked him into waiting until the next year, and getting his strength back meanwhile.

So there he was, with a lot of time on his hands. That was when he began to fool around with recording machines. He used to go downtown—to Broadway, in New York, where we lived then—and make records of songs he'd learned. Just to pass away the hours that were hanging heavy on his hands, now he felt better.

And one day, when he was singing in a little back room, it so happened that some executives from a big Canadian corporation heard him and asked him to sell the record he had just made. "Jeannie With The Light Brown Hair," it was. They gave him seventy-five dollars for it—imagine!

That was a day, to be sure! Coming home, Dennis started yelling at the corner. Yelling and waving. Waving that fistful of dollars, and yelling that he'd sold a record of his singing. Well, what could we all think but that Dennis was up to his old foolery again? Sell his singing, the boy we'd always say to, "Please, Dennis, go to the cellar!" and he would, for his voice was too big for the house.

But finally the young rascal made us understand that actually he'd been paid to sing. For a moment, when I saw that bunch of money he had clutched in his hand, my heart turned over. Panic, like. You know how mothers are.

"Son," I began in a worried voice, "you didn't—well, that money—it is all right, isn't it?"

"Oh, you darlin'," cried Dennis, wrapping me in a bear hug. "I didn't steal it, beg it, or borrow it. I earned it, Mama. For singin'!"

My, you'd have thought he'd got a million dollars, such a fuss he raised about it. Patrick, his father, was as full of disbelief as I was. In amazement he said, "They give the lad money for singing? My, what a wonderful country this is—when I sang, back in Ireland, they just threw water at me!"

Everyone was crowding around by that time, and laughing and talking all at once. But suddenly I felt a sense of peace in the midst of all the excitement. I felt that maybe this was the thing Dennis was meant for. Music. Not that he was unhappy, mind you, about going to law school. But it never lit up his face the way this did.

I didn't say much, though. I let the boy pick his own way. And sure enough, one day a while later he came home and said, "Ed Herlihy, down at the radio station, says I should maybe get serious about my singing." He paused. "But I don't know for sure, Mama. I think I'd like it. But you, now—would you rather have me a lawyer?"

"Dennis, dear," I told (Continued on page 84)
SORROWS THAT MULTIPLY WHEN CARRIED ALONE CAN BE LESS OF A BURDEN WHEN SHARED WITH SOMEONE LIKE JOAN

By JOAN DAVIS

Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of When A Girl Marries, heard M.-F. at 5 P.M. EST, NBC.
WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

In the November issue I asked for your answers to the problem of Mrs. R. E., who was faced with a desperate decision as the long-deferred result of a youthful indiscretion. Before her present marriage, Mrs. R. E. had had a child out of wedlock, who had been taken by her sister and brought up as her own even after Mrs. R. E. married and had the two children who now constitute her family. Now the sister has died, and Mrs. R. E.'s brother-in-law, unable to make a home for his family, is planning to send all his children to a children's home for adoption. Can Mrs. R. E. remain silent and see her own little girl go out of her life forever, or can she risk the ruin of her marriage by telling her husband the whole story? Here is the answer which seems to point to the possibility of happiness for everybody concerned. It was sent in by R. Ronson of Boston, Mass., to whom Radio Mirror has sent a $25 check.

Dear Mrs. R. E.: I suggest that you say nothing to your husband about your unfortunate past. You have been married for some years. The time for confession is past. Telling him now can only hurt him so deeply that your marriage must surely break up, and you have no right to hurt him in this way.

As for your daughter, she has come to look upon her departed aunt as her mother. To reveal yourself to her would be shocking to so young a child, and would leave a scar which might upset her whole future. My advice would be not to tell her, either.

Have a talk with your husband and say—what he probably already knows—that you loved your sister dearly and would like to take in as many of her children as you can possibly afford to shelter and bring them up as your own. It is by no means unusual for a devoted aunt to act in this way, and your husband would surely understand your urge. In this way you can discharge part of the debt you owe your sister, whose unselfishness made your present happiness (Continued on page 79)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25.00 WILL BE PAID to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than January 28. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 202 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.
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It is by no means unusual for a devoted aunt to act in this way, and your husband would surely understand your urge. In this way you can discharge part of the debt you owe your sister, whose unstinted love under your present happenings (Continued on page 29)

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What's more delicious than fresh, homemade bread? Using new short-cut methods, you can turn out masterpieces like these!
"I MADE THEM MYSELF!"

By NANCY CRAIG

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST, Mon.-Fri. on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

Overnight Success
Remember the joy of eating fresh bread or rolls—just an hour out of the oven, and still hot? When I was a youngsters, every Saturday morning was bread-making time. Each of us was given a piece of dough to bake just as we wanted. The rich yeasty smell kept us all in the kitchen. We were allowed to eat the first warm slice off the loaf, spread with lots of butter. We made rusks, too—crusty rolls which we decorated with currants to make a face or our initials.

Now my own child enjoys the same thing. At least once a month during fall and winter, I make my own bread or rolls. It's so much easier now. Packaged yeast and hot roll mixes do simplify the job. When I want to make dough and bake tomorrow, a "refrigerator recipe" is the answer. Homemade rolls and bread are a family treat—and a treat for company, too! And, with a good recipe, it's easy to appear to be an expert.

Refrigerator Rolls
Makes about 2 dozen large rolls.

Combine in a large mixing bowl:
1 cup boiling water
2 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
Cool until water is lukewarm. Meanwhile, soften:
1 package yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water
When yeast has stood 5 minutes and water mixture has cooled to lukewarm, combine. Add all at once:
3 cups sifted flour
Beat until well combined. Then beat in:
2 eggs
Add as much as possible of remaining flour.

Let this sponge set at room temperature 1 hour, or place in refrigerator, covered with waxed paper. It will store up to four days. Knead and roll out on lightly floured board. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place on greased baking sheet, and let rise in warm place, covered, 2 hours, or until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 15 to 20 minutes, or until well browned.

Rusks
Makes 3 dozen rusks
Scald, then cool:
2 cups milk

Add to this:
2 packages yeast
1 tablespoon sugar

Stir in:
3 cups sifted flour
Beat well, then cover and set aside. Let rise 1 hour. Then beat together:
¾ cup butter
1 cup sugar
Add to sponge. Then beat in:
1 egg
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup currants, well floured
and as much of remaining flour as possible. Turn out on floured board.

Kneading: With the palms of your hands, flatten the ball of dough into a rectangle. Fold this rectangle back on itself, and swing it one quarter turn. Repeat—flattening, folding and swinging. Sprinkle more flour on board and hands as necessary. Knead about 10 minutes, or until dough is smooth and satiny and springs up when you touch it. Place dough in a greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place to rise about 2 hours, or until doubled in bulk. Then turn out on floured board. Shape into rolls as di-

(Continued on page 87)
DAYTIME DIARY

Here's your guide to good listening on the daytime drama circuit. These up-to-the-minute reviews will keep you informed of all that's new on your favorite radio dramas. Keep Daytime Diary near your dial—you'll find it indispensable.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

CAST: Mary Noble, wife of Larry Noble, one of the most popular actors on Broadway; Rupert Barlow, backer of the new play in which Larry is starring; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent hired by Barlow to publicize the play.

BACKGROUND: As rehearsals for Larry's play go on, Mary becomes aware that Barlow seems anxious to spend as much time as he can with her. She finds him a pleasant and considerate companion, and is grateful for his activities on Larry's behalf, but does not suspect that he has fallen so deeply in love with her that he has hired Beatrice Dunmore to attract Larry.

RECENTLY: Determined and clever as Barlow is, he does not know much about the solid, enduring kind of love that exists between Mary and Larry. In spite of his efforts they have been drawn even closer together. Mary seems immune to all Barlow's plans to involve her with himself, and Larry remains cold to Beatrice Dunmore's charms. Blaming Beatrice for his failure as well as her own, Barlow dismisses her. But Beatrice herself is not yet ready to admit failure.

BIG SISTER

CAST: Ruth Wayne, wife of Dr. John Wayne; Dr. Reed Bannister, John's associate at the Glen Falls Health Centre; Valerie, Reed's wife; Dr. Kenneth Morgan, former protege of Reed's; Mary Winters, a widow with a farm just outside Glen Falls.

BACKGROUND: The friendship between Reed and John, in which there has always been an element of rivalry, is badly strained over John's cultivation of Parker, a power-hungry millionaire distrusted by all the others. But when John angrily resigns from the Centre, Ruth persuades him to reconsider.

RECENTLY: Still in conflict with Reed, John resumes work at the Centre. The situation is not improved when Dr. Kenneth Morgan comes to town. This embittered young man, whose work Reed believes brilliant, arouses John's antagonism, and the tension increases when Reed gives Morgan a job at the Centre. It looks too as though Morgan is going to bring trouble to Mary Winters, who has already had more than her share. At Ruth's suggestion the young doctor takes a room at the Winters farm, and Mary finds herself falling in love with him.

BRIGHTER DAY

CAST: Liz Dennis, daughter of Reverend Richard Dennis of Three Oaks, who—though she's only twenty-six—mothers the rest of the family; Althea, now Mrs. Bruce Bigby; Paty, the sharp-tongued teen-age; Bobby, the baby; Grayling, the only boy.

BACKGROUND: Althea's marriage to young Bruce Bigby, student son of the very wealthy Bigby family, seemed like a real success story. So Liz believed when glamorous Althea, evidently prepared to be the perfect wife, went off with Bruce to the college town in the East where he was scheduled to complete his studies.

RECENTLY: Now, however, Althea is back in town for a visit—a visit after which none of the Dennises will ever be the same. For it is shockingly apparent now that Althea married Bruce only for his money, and is so determined to get some that she finally provokes Bruce's father into ordering her out of his house. Undaunted, Althea starts using Bruce's love for her as a goad to make him fight for money. Even Liz, who believes ill of nobody, now sees her sister as the callous person she really is.

DOROTHY DIX AT HOME

CAST: Dorothy Dix is a name familiar to all of us—the name of a woman who has earned world-wide fame through her sensitive, yet forthright advice on personal relations. This new radio drama tells the story of the woman behind the name, the woman who, in a pleasant, rambling farmhouse near Greenfield, writes her thoughtful replies to the questions of bewildered people, and somehow finds time as well to consider the problems of her neighbors.

BACKGROUND: Dorothy's handsome nephew, John, has been offered $10,000 by Roxanne Wallingford's banker to break up an affair between the headstrong young heiress and the gangster, Sherman Lane. Though Roxanne seems interested in John, Lane's influence over her is very strong. Dorothy suspects that the real basis for it lies in Roxanne's hatred for her mother, Lela.

RECENTLY: In an honest talk with Dorothy, Lane reveals that Roxanne is almost insanely determined to force her mother to leave their home. It's Dorothy's problem now: should she tell Lela how desperately her own daughter despises her?
DAVID HARUM
CAST: David Harum, leading citizen of Homeville; Aunt Polly Benson, his sister; Mrs. Elaine Dilling, an old Homeville resident whose recent return has started a mysterious series of events; "Dorothy," who is supposed to be Mrs. Dilling's daughter—but isn't; Jack Wallace, "Dorothy's" fiance; Hilda Jackson, posing as Mrs. Brodshow, mother of Elaine Dilling.
BACKGROUND: As president of the Homeville Bank, David is vitally concerned in Elaine Dilling's affairs, because she has returned to Homeville to claim an inheritance belonging to her daughter.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL
CAST: David Farrell, star reporter for the New York Eagle; Sally, his wife.
BACKGROUND: When his city editor sends David out on a story, he is almost always sure of getting more than he asked for, because "Front Page" Farrell is never satisfied with mere facts. He wants to know who and generally finds out what's behind the facts. Sally, who used to be a reporter herself, has the same keen-eyed curiosity as her husband, and though she sometimes tries to help him out of coming along on his more dangerous missions, he invariably ends up being grateful that she is around to help.
RECENTLY: One of David's recent assignments centers around an author whose new book sensationally "exposes" a number of socially prominent people. Keeping an appointment to interview the woman, he arrives at her house just as a taxi pulls up before the door. In it, to David's horror, is the writer...murdered. The confused trail which leads David from this incident guides him finally to a society party at which a daring robbery takes place, and to the capture of a gang of blackmailers.

GUIDING LIGHT
CAST: Charlotte and Ray Brandon, whose marriage begins to break up when their adopted child, Chuckie, is claimed by his real mother, Meta Bauer; Dr. Ross Boling, with whom both Meta and her sister Trudy are in love; Ted White, Chuckie's father, who wants to marry Meta; Mona and Papa Bauer, anxious about their daughter; Dr. Reginald Parker, brilliant, cynical surgeon who knows something about Ross Boling's past.
BACKGROUND: When Charlotte, over Ray's protests, agreed to give Chuckie up, she thought she was doing the best thing for him. Nobody knew that the little boy would become the center of a struggle as Ted, determined to give his son a home and family, tries to force Meta to marry him.
RECENTLY: Finally persuaded that she owes it to Chuckie, Meta agrees to marry Ted. Trudy hopes this will give her a clear field with Ross, but the young doctor faces his real feelings and makes a fight for Meta. Meanwhile, Reginald Parker's enmity hangs like a two-edged sword over Ross's head—a personal, and professional, threat.

HILLTOP HOUSE
CAST: Julie Paterno, assistant to Mrs. Grace Dolben, supervisor of Glendale's orphanage, Hilltop House; Michael, Julie's lawyer husband; Kevin Burke, whom Julie once loved; Clementine, the six-year-old Hilltop girl who knew she would someday find her father.
BACKGROUND: To everyone's joy, Clementine's father is found. But Julie's efforts to bring them together change quickly into an anxious attempt to keep them apart, for Sgt. Clement Arnaud not only refuses to acknowledge the child but makes many bitter, frightening threats against her.
RECENTLY: Julie finally learns that Arnaud's hatred for Clementine is based on the lies about his wife, now dead, that were sent to him by his jealous sister while he was overseas. Working patiently, Julie convinces Arnaud that his suspicions are unwarranted, and is delighted when he completely accepts Clementine. But Mrs. Dolben's heart is set on having Clementine adopted by the Jessups, particularly since Arnaud is penniless. She resents what she considers interference on Julie's part.

JUST PLAIN BILL
CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter, wife of lowly Kerry Donovan; Wesley Franklin, whose return to Hartville upsets the lives of John Ross and his daughter, Karen.
BACKGROUND: Karen Ross, knowing that Wesley Franklin is determined to get control of John Ross's factory, tries to turn him off from his purpose by flirting with him. Bill warns her against trifling with a man like Franklin, but Karen goes on—until suddenly she realizes Bill's fears are justified. Franklin forces her to promise that she will marry him after he divorces his wife.
RECENTLY: John Ross furiously orders Franklin to leave Karen alone. In the midst of this explosive situation Franklin suddenly disappears. Ross, who made no secret of his hatred for the man, is suspected of knowing something about the disappearance, and when Franklin is later discovered, murdered, Ross is in a very dangerous position. But Bill Davidson, who has a habit of keeping his eyes and ears open, manages to save his friend and bring the real murderer to justice.
LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

CAST: Papa David, whose belief that life can be beautiful has helped many of his friends, particularly Chichi; the girl who is now like a daughter to him; Douglas Norman, engaged to Chichi; Alice Swanson, who helps Douglas run the East Side News.

BACKGROUND: After their brief quarrel over Chichi's interest in Chuck Lewis, the tough young gang-leader, Chichi and Douglas are closer than ever. Douglas now realizes that the attention Chichi was paying Chuck arose from her desire to help the boy outgrow his delinquent tendencies—in a way, she was spreading Papa David's philosophy to still another young person, knowing how it had helped her.

RECENTLY: Everyone is happy that Chichi and Douglas are reconciled, except, perhaps Alice Swanson. With one bitter marital experience behind her, Alice has been very much afraid to fall in love again. But Douglas Norman has come to represent everything she wants in a husband—and he, apparently, cares only for Chichi. Alice hopes that she can win his happiness back. Will she try to win Douglas?

LORA LAWTON

CAST: Lora Lawton, who works in a dress shop and lives quietly with her friend, May Case, until millionaire Theodore Blaine enters her life; Rosalind Ray, star of the play Blaine is backing; Sidney Markey, Rosalind's manager.

BACKGROUND: With Blaine's encouragement, Lora embarks on a career as a designer; planning the costumes for the play in which Rosalind Ray stars. Rosalind watches with cat-like jealousy as Blaine's interest in Lora deepens into love.

RECENTLY: Undiscouraged by several fails, Lora continues to discard Lora in Blaine's eyes. Rosalind and Markey work out a brutal plan for the out-of-town opening of the play. They mix up the costumes that Lora has designed so carefully, and manage to create a clumsy effect that, of course, Lara, as the designer, is blamed. But before the play opens on Broadway the mix-up is straightened out. Lora's costumes are shown in their proper light and she is hailed as a success. However, Rosalind's determination to break up the affair between Lora and Blaine has reached a dangerous intensity.

LORENZO JONES

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, a mechanic who'd rather be an inventor; Belle, his wife, who may question Lorenzo's ideas, but won't allow anyone else to do so; Marty Crandall, an old friend who comes back to town in a blaze of glory—a successful inventor.

BACKGROUND: Though at first he's happy to see Marty again, Lorenzo becomes suspicious of the invention about which Marty talks so mysteriously. The admiration which the whole town—Belle included—lavishes on Marty adds strength to Lorenzo's distrust of the man. What kind of machine is it, Lorenzo wonders, that keeps Marty so busy in the workroom that Lora has lost him?

RECENTLY: Gradually, Lorenzo pieces together a fantastic idea, to which he clings despite Belle's scoffing. Astonishingly, it turns out to be correct! Marty is a counterfeiter, wanted by Treasury agents! When he is apprehended, Lorenzo, who has spread it around that he has known the truth all along, becomes the town hero. After basking in this for a while, he turns to new food for thought: a famous author, whom he somehow, instinctively, mistrusts.

MA PERKINS

CAST: Ma Perkins, Rushville Center's best-loved resident; Shuffle Shober, her associate in the lumber yard she runs; Joe, the young milkman of whom Ma is so fond.

BACKGROUND: Mr. Baswell, an old friend, makes a surprising suggestion to Ma. A good lumber yard is for sale in Middlebora, and Baswell says he will finance its purchase if Ma will manage it. Ma likes the idea, but who can be enlisted to do the active work?

RECENTLY: Shuffle, of course, can't be spared; Willy Fitz, husband of Ma's daughter Evey, feels too much at home in Rushville Center to move to another town; and Joe claims he has no ambitions beyond driving a milk-wagon. But Baswell's offer may go begging... but all at once comes a letter from Cauis Bonita Ham-macher who, when last heard from, was homesteading in Alaska with her family. But Alaska didn't turn out any better than their other ventures. They claim it's hard luck; Shuffle wonders if it mightn't be shift-lessness. Anyway, they are once again looking for an 'opportunity.' Are the Hammersch the answer to Mr. Baswell's offer?

MARRIAGE FOR TWO

CAST: Vikki Adams, who marries Roger last believing he will outgrow his instability; Roger's Aunt Debbie and Vikki's parents, who are worried about the marriage; Pamela, Roger's former girl friend.

BACKGROUND: Vikki and Roger set up housekeeping in the lavish house Roger insisted on renting from Debbie. It forces them to live beyond their means; Roger even hires a maid to help with the housework. But a series of ghastly noises which Vikki hears in the cellar are heard by the maid too, and after that it seems no maid

will stay in the Hayt home. RB has helped her, near Roger in town, makes opportunities to see him and remind him how wonderful he is. In contrast to his uneasy home and to Vikki, who is always over-tired and worried about money, these interludes seem increasingly pleasant to Roger. Meanwhile Vikki is drawn into the troubles of Loretta, her ma-tron of honor, who can't decide whether to go back to Mike, from whom she's sepa-rated. Vikki is on the side of true love... but is she giving Loretta the right advice?

DAYTIME DIARY—
OUR GAL SUNDAY

CAST: Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brin thrope, who live at Black Swan Hall, in Fairbrooke, Virginia; Lewis Carter, his crippled daughter Hazel, and his bril- liant ward, Joyce Irwin; Florence, Carter's wife, just released from a mental hospital; Roy Kingsley, the mysterious stranger who was kind to Hazel—until he saw Joyce; Clifford Steele, an insistent suitor of Joyce's.

BACKGROUND: Everyone, including Joyce, is shocked when Lewis Carter's devotion to her is finally revealed as a romantic attachment, instead of the fatherly affection it seemed to be. It is particularly upsetting in view of Florence Carter's recent return to a normal life, full of hope that it will be a happy one.

RECENTLY: The tragedy which Sunday fears finally strikes. Joyce Irwin falls to her death from a hotel window in nearby Richmond. Everyone assumes she killed herself in remorse over coming Carter and his wife... everyone but Sunday, whose firm conviction that Joyce was murdered is triumphant vindicated when she helps to expose the murderer.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

CAST: Pepper Young, the red-headed boy who grew up to be Mayor of Elwood; Linda, his wife; Peggy, his sister, wife of Carter Trent; Dad Young, who hopes Mother Young won't tell Carter's wealthy, strong-willed mother, Mrs. Ivy Trent, what she thinks of her; Edie, who firmly believes that Andy, her husband, is still alive though he's been missing over a year after a plane crash in South America.

BACKGROUND: When Mother Young sees Ivy Trent maneuver her secretary out of what might be a happy love affair with pilot Jerry Feldman, she explodes. Now things can never be the same.

RECENTLY: Ivy Trent persuades tough Gil and his long-suffering wife, Min, to come to Elwood for a while. She gives Gil some money, feeling vaguely that it's wise to have him available for anything she might want him to do. Bored with Elwood, Gil arranges for his extra-morital girl friend, Sadie, to come on from Chicago. What will happen when Min finally rebels? And what of the search for Andy, which is still going on down in South America?

PERRY MASON

CAST: Perry Mason, sharp-witted lawyer-detective; Della Street, his secretary; Martha and Don Smith, his clients, now standing trial for the murder of blackmailee Wilfred Palmer; Allyn Whitlock, a willful girl completely corrupted by her association with a peculiar man named Walter Bodt; Audrey Beesman, desperate with fear that her hard-won happiness will be destroyed if her husband, Ed, learns she was involved with Palmer.

BACKGROUND: In spite of Perry and his colleague, Paul Drake, Martha is indicted for Palmer's murder, with Don named as her accomplice. The most hopeful clue Perry has so far is a glove... a glove which Audrey, from its picture in the newspapers, recognizes as her own.

RECENTLY: Hysterically, Audrey visits Martha in jail and extracts a promise that Martha will not reveal that Audrey, too, was being blackmailed by Palmer, and can testify to Martha's innocence, unless there is no other way for Martha to save herself. But is anyone safe while Allyn Whitlock is still at large?

PORTIA FACES LIFE

CAST: Portia Manning, a lawyer, whose heart-breaking present assignment is the defense of her husband, Walter, who stands accused of the murder of Joan Ward; Clint Morley, the district attorney whose admiration for Portia leads him to press for Walter's conviction; Dickie, Portia's son, who was forced to reveal evidence which he knows helped build the case against Walter; Connie Abbott, a waitress who owes Portia a debt of gratitude, and pays it by trying to clear Walter.

BACKGROUND: As circumstantial evidence piles up around Walter, even Murray Lathrop, the lawyer with whom Portia is working, decides his client is guilty and withdraws from the case.

RECENTLY: Connie Abbott knows that if Nick Evans can be persuaded, or paid, to tell the truth Walter will be out of danger, for Nick's story can prove that Steve Ward, the dead woman's husband, has no alibi for the time of the murder. But can Connie and Kathy Baker raise the five hundred dollars without which Nick will not reveal what he knows?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, divorced from Dwight Kramer, who has been granted custody of their son, Skippy; lawyer Miles Nelson, Carolyn's fiancé, who is running for Governor; Constance Wakefield, once Carolyn's good friend, now Dwight's wife; Dr. Dick Campbell, Carolyn's former suitor; Annette Thorpe, powerful head of the newspaper chain backing Miles's candidacy.

BACKGROUND: Miles, after beginning a brilliant fight on Carolyn's behalf in the custody battle over Skippy, was forced to turn it over to his partner when a crisis in his political party called him to the state capital. Though Carolyn knows his presence might have made no difference, she feels that he deserted her when she needed him.

RECENTLY: Carolyn's resentment and fears for the future are intensified when, on Miles's return, she sees that Annette Thorpe's claims on him have become powerful. Losing hope that he will succeed in getting the custody decision reversed, Carolyn forms a plan to take Skippy and flee the court's jurisdiction. It's an unsound scheme, but Carolyn is too upset to see how foolishly she's acting.
ROAD OF LIFE

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, who does not suspect that his wife, just returned to him and his daughter Janey after a year-long absence, is not the real "Caral Brent" but an imposter; Beth Lambert, the actress trained to pose as "Caral" by a gang that wants information about Jim's important work at Wheelack Hospital; Frank Dana, a newspaperman who is suspicious of the story Beth tells to explain Caral's absence.

BACKGROUND: Though Beth's mission gets off to a successful start, her own emotions interfere. Janey and Jim begin to mean too much to her... so much that she starts faking the information she sends to Rockwell, head of the gang which employs her.

RECENTLY: Beth, now hoping she can prevent the ruin of Jim's work, doesn't know that Frank Dana has sent a man to Europe to investigate her background. His suspicions gain strength when he learns of a meeting between Beth and Rockwell, who is now pretty sure that he is being deceived and comes to check on Beth. Time is what Beth needs... time enough to gain Jim's confidence and tell him the truth.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENTO

CAST: Helen Trent, Hollywood designer, fighting for her life against the charge that she murdered producer Rex Carroll; Gil Whitney, resourceful lawyer, working desperately for Helen because he believes her innocent—and loves her; Cynthia Swanson, always Helen's enemy; her maid Francine, whose association with the sinister Karl Darn involves her in Carroll's murder.

BACKGROUND: Found in Carroll's apartment alone with his dead body, Helen's explanation that he was dead when she arrived makes no impression on the police.

RECENTLY: Gil, working his way through tangled evidence, finally collects enough material to persuade the District Attorney to issue warrants for the arrest of Darn and Francine.

BACKGROUND: Still without a memory, Barbara finds the Burton address in her coat pocket and impulsively goes to it. When she sees Helen, she starts remembering, and Helen knowing that if Barbara succeeds in regaining her memory she will be in danger of imprisonment, frantically tries to kill Barbara. But Jerry and Stan, their suspicions thoroughly aroused, pick up the trail Helene has left and manage to arrive in time to rescue Barbara. Meanwhile... who is the mysterious stranger trailing Stan?

ROSEMARY

CAST: Rosemary, wife of Bill Roberts, who joins him in New York where he has accepted a promising new job in an advertising firm; Lefty Higgins, gangster, whose relationship with Bill's first wife keeps him on the fringes of the Roberts' lives.

BACKGROUND: Bill's trip to New York makes history in Springdale, for at the last minute his assistant, Jane Springham, decides to go along. Some time later Jane returns, and frankly tells Rosemary that she loves Bill. However, when she told him so when they were alone in New York, he insisted that she go back to Springdale.

RECENTLY: Completely convinced of Bill's love, Rosemary joyfully wires him she is on her way to join him. But there is no Bill to meet her, and since she can't seem to contact his office, she spends a frantic time searching for him before he finally finds her. Sent off at the last minute on an urgent out-of-town deal, he made arrangements to have her met, which misfired. But now they are together in the luxurious apartment Bill's boss found for them, and eagerly embark on an exciting new phase of their marriage.

SECOND MRS. BURTON

CAST: Terry Burton, whose husband Stan is a merchant in Dickston; Barbara Wright, who is hurt in a railway crash on her way to the Burton's; the strange traveling companion who steals her purse, and her identity, and whose real name is Helene Gruner.

BACKGROUND: Having made room in their home for Barbara at the request of Terry's father, the Burtons welcome Helene... unaware that the real Barbara is fighting amnesia in a nearby town. But almost at once Helene behaves oddly; she is tough, evasive, and steals jewelry from Terry and merchandise from the store.

RECENTLY: Still without a memory, Barbara finds the Burton address in her coat pocket and impulsively goes to it. When she sees Helen, she starts remembering, and Helen knowing that if Barbara succeeds in regaining her memory she will be in danger of imprisonment, frantically tries to kill Barbara. But Jerry and Stan, their suspicions thoroughly aroused, pick up the trail Helene has left and manage to arrive in time to rescue Barbara. Meanwhile... who is the mysterious stranger trailing Stan?

STELLA DALLAS

CAST: Stella Dallas, who believes that her simple, homely personality has no place in her daughter's life now that Laurel is married to wealthy Richard Grosvenor; Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's widowed mother; Gordon and Mercedes Crake, who gain Mrs. Grosvenor's confidence, and whom Stella instinctively distrusts.

BACKGROUND: Seeing Laurel's happiness threatened, Stella sacrifices her own principles against interfering, and tries to warn Mrs. Grosvenor against Gordon. But the deluded woman goes ahead with plans to marry the smooth gentleman who— as Stella fears—is merely after the Grosvenor money.

RECENTLY: Though Stella can't destroy Mrs. Grosvenor's faith in Cal, she can work to save Laurel's marriage from Mercedes Crake's obvious determination to break it up. But one of Cal's associates double-crosses him, steals some securities which Mrs. Grosvenor planned to give to Cal to invest for her. Stella sees that the Cal plot is even worse than she suspected. Fortunately, Dick is now on her side— even together, can they save her mother?
THIS IS NORA DRAKE

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse, who is trying to help lawyer Charles Dobbs save his career from the after-effects of the death of Big John Marley; Tom, Marley's vindictive son; Suzanne, the sensitive young refugee friended by Nora, in love with Charles, but persuaded by Tom to become his ally; George Stewart, Charles's brother, who makes it possible for Tom to fulfill his threat against Charles; Dorothy, George's wife. BACKGROUND: The Douglas divorce is almost under way when Nana seeks a meeting with Wendy, to tell her that she has discovered he is going to have a baby and has decided, in spite of their post troubles, to try to make a go of her marriage to Mark. Convinced by Nana's sincerity, Wendy agrees not only to give Mark up but to help Nana work things out with him. RECENTLY: Though gossip still couples Wendy with Mark, she tries firmly to put him out of her mind. Concentrating on her work is easy right now, because of the dynamic new editor whose keen ideas and criticism keep Wendy on her toes. At first their interviews together are rather bored, but Wendy soon begins to suspect that Mark is not only a brilliant editor but could be a very attractive man . . . if he wanted to.

WENDY WARREN

CAST: Wendy Worren, newspaperwoman; Mark Douglas, who hoped to marry Wendy when his estranged wife Nona divorced him; Aunt Doris, who kept house for Wendy's father until he went to a sanitorium to recuperate from a heart attack; Dan Smith, new managing editor on Wendy's paper. BACKGROUND: The Douglas divorce is almost under way when Nana seeks a meeting with Wendy, to tell her that she has discovered he is going to have a baby and has decided, in spite of their post troubles, to try to make a go of her marriage to Mark. Convinced by Nana's sincerity, Wendy agrees not only to give Mark up but to help Nana work things out with him. RECENTLY: Though gossip still couples Wendy with Mark, she tries firmly to put him out of her mind. Concentrating on her work is easy right now, because of the dynamic new editor whose keen ideas and criticism keep Wendy on her toes. At first their interviews together are rather bored, but Wendy soon begins to suspect that Mark is not only a brilliant editor but could be a very attractive man . . . if he wanted to.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

CAST: Joan Davis, who learns that her husband Harry, has not really recovered from a recent loss of memory in town. Though Joan now knows that Harry's love for her is all he actually recolls from his past life, she hopes the future will bring complete memory back to him. She has not been told about Angie's appearance in town. RECENTLY: Knowing that Angie is obsessed with the desire to get Harry back, and that Anne Dunn will help her, Terry thinks perhaps Joan should be told, so that she will be prepared for whatever shocking scenes she must go through. Harry, almost desperate from his efforts to keep Angie's presence from Joan, decides to tell her, but before he can do it, Joan— who has been strangely ill lately—collapses.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

CAST: Anne Malone, superintendent of the Olive Clinic in Three Oaks, who is separated from her husband, Dr. Jerry Malone; Sam Williams, on industrialist, and Gene, his son, bath attracted to Anne; Lucia Standish, under whose influence Jerry has swiftly become director of a medical research institute in New York; Dr. Browne, Jerry's friend, who tries to warn him against Lucia. BACKGROUND: The separation between Anne and Jerry, at first considered a temporary one, stretches on and on until Anne realizes that their marriage is hanging by a thread, makes a pride-destroying trip to New York to attempt reconciliation. RECENTLY: One thing is plain when Anne and Jerry meet. They still love each other. But over plans for the future they clash. Knowing that Lucia Standish's influence will be fatal, Anne insists that Jerry resign from the institute and return to Three Oaks. But Jerry cannot understand her reason. Blinded by the glamor of his big job, he refuses to leave, not realizing that more and more Lucia Standish is running his life.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

CAST: Widow Ellen Brown, who loves Dr. Anthony Loring, but will not marry him until her two-age children, Mark and Janeey, are willing to welcome him as a stepfather; Angela McBride, who works out a vicious scheme to win Anthony away from Ellen; David Campbell, whose neurotic sister, Amanda Cathcart, was working with Angela to ruin his future; Bruce Weldon, Angela's former fiancé. BACKGROUND: Having tried many methods, both obvious and subtle, to catch Anthony's attention, Angela resolves to simply get Ellen out of his life. The whole town is shocked when Amanda Cathcart is killed by a car which apparently was being driven by Ellen Brown. RECENTLY: Ellen's position is indeed dangerous, until Bruce Weldon suddenly comes forward. Unfortunately for Angela, Bruce says he saw the accident, and is able to swear that she, not Ellen, is guilty. Ellen feels under great obligation to Bruce, but her gratitude is supplanted by confusion when he tells her he has fallen in love with her.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS
### INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

#### SUNDAY

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<td>Old Fashioned Revival Hour</td>
<td>The Garden Gate Memo From Lake Success</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Wm. Warwood Forest</td>
<td>Happiness Hour</td>
<td>Sunday Morning Concert Hall</td>
<td>News of E. Power Biggs</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Bath Art's Group</td>
<td>Dixie Quartet</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>Trinity Choir of St Paul's Chapel</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>Message of Israel</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<td>Children's Hour</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>Southerners</td>
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<td>Christian Reform Church</td>
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<td>Frank and Ernest Hour of Faith</td>
<td>Allan Jackson News</td>
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#### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>12:30</td>
<td>America United</td>
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<td>Chicago Roundtable</td>
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<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<td>The Quiz Kids</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>Living, 1950</td>
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<td>Radio City Playhouse</td>
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<td>James Melton</td>
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#### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>Hollywood Calling</td>
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<td>Adv. of the Falcon</td>
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<td>The Saint</td>
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<td>The Family Closeup</td>
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<td>Martin Kane, Private Eye Album</td>
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<td>The Shadow</td>
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<td>A. L. Alexander</td>
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<td>Enchanted Hour</td>
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<td>American Album</td>
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<td>Opera Concert</td>
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<td>The Thunderbird On the Air</td>
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<td>Labour's Serenade</td>
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<td>A. L. Alexander</td>
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<td>Take It or Leave It Bob Crosby Show</td>
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<td>Music</td>
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<td>The Garden Gate Memo From Lake Success</td>
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**LEW VALENTINE** celebrates his eleventh year as Dr. I. O., heard Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M., EST on ABC.
**WEDNESDAY**

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<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>Inside the Doctor's Office</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>Marriage For Two</td>
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<td>Dorothy Dix at Home</td>
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<td>We Love and Learn</td>
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<td>Dr. Paul</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>Today's Children</td>
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<td>Light of the World</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<td>7:15</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>The Smoothers</td>
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<td>Cavalcade of America</td>
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<td>Count of Monte Cristo</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>America's Town</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Bill Henry</td>
<td>Meeting of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Show Hope</td>
<td>Life With Luis</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Gilbert McGee and Molly</td>
<td>Erwin D. Canham</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
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<td>We Care, Drama</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Big Town</td>
<td>Time For Defense</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>People Are Fatuity</td>
<td>Hit the Jackpot</td>
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**SHEILAH GRAHAM**—who is heard on Hollywood News (Sun., MBS, 9:30 P.M. EST) spent two years on the London stage before turning to writing about people behind the footlights. Soon after her arrival in America her columns were carried by The New York Evening Journal and INS; and her Hollywood Today is syndicated to nearly one hundred American papers. Sheilah is married to Trevor Westbrook and they have two children.
**T H U R S D A Y**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Eddie Albert</td>
<td>Robert Hurlefth</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Inside the Doctor's Office</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Marriage For Two</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Dorothy Dix at Home</td>
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<td>Money Saving Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>We Love and Learn</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Modern Romances Pick A Date</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
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<td>Dr. Paul</td>
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<td>Jack Birch</td>
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<td>Loré Lawton</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>Echoes From the Tropics</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Hometowners</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Heather's Mallbag</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Vinny Lopez</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>George Hicks</td>
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<td>Playboys</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>Light of the World</td>
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<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>Pepper Young</td>
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<td>Airdoch Family</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Father Knows Best</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>CBS Television News</td>
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<td>Screen Guild</td>
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<td>Comedy Playhouse</td>
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<td>Duffy's Tavern</td>
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<td>Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands</td>
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**G L O R I A  M A N N**—was three years old when she went to Hollywood for her film debut in the "Our Gang" comedies. When she was six she began playing on Broadway. Her first role was in "The Old Maid" starring Helen Mencken. She made her radio debut soon after and has been busy on the air and stage ever since. Gloria now plays the bittersweet Veronika on NBC's Adventures of Archie Andrews, heard Saturdays at 12:30 A.M. EST.

**BOB HOUSTON**—the star on Solitaire time (Sun., 11:45 A.M. EST) was born in Greenfield, Mass., thirty-two years ago. His first job was with a local radio station where he was billed as "The Siberian Troubadour" for five-dollars a week. After a two-year stint with Johnny Long's band, Bob entered the army where he did vocals for Glenn Miller's orchestra. Following his service discharge he was signed to a five-year contract with NBC.
If you’ve ever heard flowers bursting into bloom, if you’ve ever heard gooney birds singing on Guadalcanal or if you’ve ever listened to the sound of the doomed Mary of Scotland’s head rolling off the executioner’s block, then you’ve been in on some of the auditory techniques that versatile Keene Crockett has demonstrated for radio listeners. Producer-actor-soundman Crockett’s greatest coup in sound effects, and certainly his most terrifying, was for the Scottish queen’s untimely demise in the air version of “Mary of Scotland.”

Ingredients for the Crockett executionary method consisted of one rather large cabbage and a long, sloping chute. At the critical moment, when the axe was supposed to strike Mary’s head, the cabbage was sent rolling down the chute, thumping eerily out along the ether. Keene later used melons for the same effect on other shows, but that was before squeamish broadcasting officials decided that such realism could be sacrificed.

Keene Crockett’s career began in the little country school near his birthplace in Blackhawk Township, Illinois. He directed the entire school in his own version of “The Covered Wagon” and ended up by having almost no school at all when he staged the prairie fire sequence and burned nearly everything within sight. The rest of his schooling was marked by an increased interest in drama and the theatre, and after graduating from Knox College, Keene accepted a job in the summer theatre at Boothbay Harbor, Maine. In addition to acting, he was stage manager and electrician.

The inevitable next step was New York, of course, and Keene got a job at NBC as a page during the evenings and worked as an actor on an early morning air show called Cabbage and Kings. It was this job which led him into the sound effects department at NBC where he produced noises for such shows as Death Valley Days, Gang Busters, Mr. District Attorney, the March of Time, the Rudy Vallee Hour and the Bob Hope Show.

Broadway discovered Keene and for fourteen months he had an important part in Elmer Rice’s “Dream Girl.” He played in several other stage productions, “Joan of Lorraine” and “O’Daniel” among them, before returning to radio. He now supervises sound for U.S. Steel’s Theatre Guild on the Air and is producer and actor in Ray Knight and the Od Bodkins, a new TV show which kids comic strips. Keene also has acted for Theatre Guild On The Air in its version of “Lady In The Dark” with Gertrude Lawrence.

But the attractive actor finds time—somewhere—for other activities, like still and movie photography. Prompted by the need for sets and decor for his home movies, he enrolled at the Art Students’ League. He completed the course there and that led into another absorbing interest—oil painting. Keene’s first interest though—and one he hopes to be with always—is radio, with television coming a close second.

BEN GRAUER—the commentator on the NBC Symphony Orchestra broadcasts (Sat., 6:30 P.M. EST) has run the gamut from moderator and straight man to special events reporter and commercial announcer. Known as one of the best ad-libbers on the air he has learned to be at ease with all types of assignments. Grauer is a bachelor and lives in Manhattan. His hobbies include archeology, music, and the study of Latin American culture.
By

TERRY
BURTON

LIFE with the CHILDREN

Recently the Burtons had a special treat when Howard Lindsay, who was the unforgettable "Father" in "Life With Father" and "Life With Mother" came to visit. Mr. Lindsay told us that during the seven years "Life With Father" ran, he came in contact with a good many children, for the cast changed many times. In the New York company alone, there were thirty different children, and with the road companies the number came to nearly ninety. When asked about these children, Mr. Lindsay said, "All the years the play ran, I never encountered one child you would call a 'brat'."

This surprised me, and I asked him how he accounted for it. He replied, "I think it can be partially explained by the fact that children in the theater realize their responsibilities more than the average child does. Too, these children were under the influence of Victorian manners while on stage and it added to their good behavior off stage."

As Mr. Lindsay is an expert on Victorian days, I asked if he thought we've lost anything by giving up the more formal manners of that time—particularly for children. His answer was: "Frankly, I think we've lost a lot. For good manners are the measure of our consideration for other people. Victorian children were taught respect for their elders. There were definite rules—like rising when adults enter the room, not sitting down before they do, and not speaking while grown ups are talking."

I commented on how strongly I felt concerning the subject of good manners, and Mr. Lindsay concluded by saying: "I believe that manners indicate the morale of people. After World War I, good manners in the home, among strangers and between countries began to crack. It was disheartening to see this. And I firmly believe that today our peace would be a great deal more secure if our international good manners were better."
Fascinating your inner self can refashion you to new happiness.

Far too many women live with a numbing feeling of inferiority. Yet—no woman needs to be a disappointment to herself.

An amazing power in you can refashion you. This power stems from the interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you look and the way you feel. It illumines you with confidence when you are delightful to see. But—if you don’t show your best self it can baffle you with inhibitions. That is why it means so much to you to care about the way you look.

“Outside-Inside” Face Treatment
You’ll find this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream will give your skin the wonderful, softening cleansing it needs for true beauty. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) use your Pond’s this way:

- **Hot Stimulation**—splash face with hot water.
- **Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream all over your face. This light, fluffy cream softens and sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.
- **Cream Rinse**—use more Pond’s to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
- **Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

This face treatment really acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond’s Cold Cream sweeps away dulling dirt as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this rewarding treatment stirs up beauty-giving circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely it sends a warm happiness shining through your face to meet the world—brings the Inner You closer to others.

A quality of happy confidence comes out to you through Mrs. Gould's face. She looks so rightly lovely that all who see her respond with pleasure. Her complexion is glorious—with a white-velvet-and-blush-roses look. "I don’t believe you’ll ever find a lovelier cream than Pond’s Cold Cream. I'm devoted to it," she says.

Spontaneous, gay, charming—her Inner Self glows out from Mrs. Gould’s lovely, spirited face.

**Mrs. George Jay Gould, jr.**

Your face is what you make it—Get yourself this big size jar of Pond’s Cold Cream—today.
spread with butter and honey.

"Food may not be the most important thing in life," my father used to say, "but your mother's meals take any doubts out of marriage."

So meals were something I'll never forget but I don't believe they were much different from those of the average old-fashioned wife. On Sunday, especially, she just let herself go. It was the only day of the week that we ate on the dining room table with a fancy tablecloth and had lots of extras. We'd get down to the dining room at seven-thirty on Sunday morning. The atmosphere of our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and pull up a chair to a breakfast of steak or fried chicken, bacon and eggs, milk, buttermilk, coffee and hot biscuits.

After church, Mother proved her cooking magic again, and for dinner there were three main courses, usually a roast chicken, veal cutlets and country ham, and a lot of vegetables. And I can't forget the soup—thick, delicious, a creation in itself.

I never ate a storm-proof dessert until I got home from college. We usually had four kinds of sweets. May be ice cream, a coconut cake, or a couple of pumpkin pies.

And there was never a servant in our house. Our family ran our own housekeeping, cooking and serving for her family of nine.

A modern wife is different. She gets enough stuff of cans and packages to stock her stove before she takes off for an afternoon of cards. She sets a couple of thermostats. When she returns after a few rubbers of bridge, she feeds her family, whisks the dishes into an automatic washer, and is ready for a movie. It was never that way in my home.

Gloria, my wife of five years and mother of our little girl, Michele, had to be educated to old-fashioned ways of living, since she was a city girl from New Orleans. Basically, however, she's some sort of new-fashioned wife. She understands the principle that a wife's chief duty is to her family. And we nearly always agree on how to bring up our own daughter.

I was raised in the heart of tobacco country. My father owned a couple of stores and farms, but don't get the idea things were easy for me. What with the big depression and being the youngest of seven children, luxuries were spread pretty thin. It isn't easy to put seven kids through college.

"Bob is my baby," my mother always told her friends, even when I was seventeen years old. But Bob is quite a treated baby. There was none of this new-fashioned business about letting children have their own way. Mother believed in the old-fashioned rule—"Spare the rod and spoil the child."

She made me toe the line. And this is the funny part of it—as a child I feared my mother but when I became a boy I realized as much love and respect for her as they child ever had for a parent.

She taught me respect for elders and saw that I said my prayers before every meal. What a difference. Michele, our two-year-old, resembles Mother in many ways. She has Mother's blue eyes and fair complexion and brown hair. Like Mother, she is a little hot-tempered. And since Michele is our first child we have to work hard to keep from spoiling her.

I have to admit to one thing though. I am still too chicken-hearted to spank Michele and the job falls to Gloria most of the time. She does it well but with firmness. But when I was seven, at the age of five-year-old deed, I had my first experience inachieving a home.

Recently, I bought Michele a new pair of white shoes and that same day we went out to see an apartment that was being painted for us. While the painter was putting the finishing touches to the room, Michele found an open can of paint and daubed her brand-new shoes.

"I'm not going to spank her for that," Michele and I were the only people in the place glad we had been left there in the first place and in the second place Michele didn't know what she was doing was wrong.

That was wise and then there was no reason to be afraid of Michele away from paint and a brush. She might grow up to be a housepainter. Anyway, I hope she has more talent than I have. It seemed that when they were passing our apartment, they didn't notice the paint on Michele's shoes. Then they gave me the gift of gab.

As a kid, I was rather puny, but never too weak to talk off someone's ear. I was a lawyer like Daniel Webster. I didn't lose my ambition to be a lawyer for a long time in spite of working on the farm during the summer and after school. I was the principal's clerk at the Stoneville High School you can still see where I made the Valedictorian speech my senior year and won the state oratorical championship to boot.

Guess Dad got taken in for he shipped me off to the University of North Carolina. My freshman year a speech teacher auditioned the class for a radio job at WBIG in Greensboro. I got the job and by the time I graduated I was offered a full-time job announcing.

I stayed down south until war broke out. But at one time a petty officer and, believe me, I was just as petty as you can be. I got a rating as a Specialist T, which was a special rating for a teacher. And I didn't do any learning first and sent to me at a weather forecasting school in New Orleans. But when I arrived, there was no school there. Pretty soon I got to doing some radio broadcasts.

It was in New Orleans that I married Gloria Rothschild. It was love at first sight (for me) and I came uninvited to a party at her home. She was and is a smart, stunning brunette. Whatever she saw in me, she don't know. As a matter of fact, she didn't see anything in me. I called her the day after the party to ask if I had few minutes to spare for me that evening.

"I haven't," she said and hung up.

For two weeks I persevered, and finally a day when I've gone to her with old-fashioned courtship like my mother told me about, taffy pulls, buggy rides in the country.

To me that sounded a lot more romantic than the gesture of a man driving a car in a sleek convertible, with an orchid under his arm, to make the rounds of the nightclubs. Romance with an orchestra isn't going to do it. I failed. In the first place I didn't have a convertible. Anyway I couldn't afford to buy orchids on Navy pay.

But when we stopped at a traffic light (in the car) she asked if we could go on our second date, I asked her to marry me.

"Tonight?" she asked.

"Tonight," I confirmed. "All right."
"I'll Never Be the Same!"

(Continued from page 41)

educate them. My husband is the inside manager of the Yorkville Central Laundry, in New York. He earns sixty-five dollars a week. I work for the Industrial Overall Service, which mends and supplies overalls, pants, shirts. I make forty dollars a week. But it is only recently that Papa was raised to sixty-five. Things are easier for us now, but for a good many years, for most of the years the girls were growing up, we lived on a salary of fifty dollars a week and, when they were babies, less. The children always had a roof over their heads, good plain home-cooked food, decent clothes. But it was a struggle—and it wasn't often they could have the luxuries.

Such as, for instance, the diamond rings, the set of sterling silverware, the thousand dollars' worth of perfume, the beautiful new sedan car and such that Danny Seymour was telling his radio audience about. (Joe DiMaggio was through, now, and Roberta had tuned in Sing It Again on CBS.) Twenty-eight thousand dollars in merchandise prizes, Danny was talking about, a trip, by plane, to—

My mind wandering again," Helen Cohen went on, "I missed the destination of the trip by plane, but it might have been the moon for all of me...."

Mrs. Cohen was also remembering, she recalls, that it is said to be a one-in-twenty-three-million chance that Sing It Again will put the finger on your name in their telephone directories, which cover the whole of the U.S.A., every big city, every small town. Said Mrs. Cohen, "When Danny Seymour says, as he often does, 'If your name is in that phone book, we'll find it!' or when he declares, 'Great or small, we call them all!' I've always thought, yes, but the Benjamin Cohens, one of a couple of thousand other Cohens in any man-sized directory are too small to call, so why dream? I didn't dream—and how wrong can you get?—for just as these thoughts were going through my head, the orchestra was playing and taking advantage of this lull in the program to say their goodnights, Judith and Ros gathered up their husbands and babies and went home. Five minutes after the door closed behind them the telephone rings!

All papa thought was who could be calling us this time of night. The next thing I know, Louisa has got me to the telephone. As she is tying my fingers, like they are pieces of string, around the receiver, I can hear Danny Seymour saying, on the radio, 'Who got the Lucky Sing It Again call this time? Operator? Who? Cohen? Oh, Mrs. Benjamin Cohen. Okay, Operator—and then I get the receiver to my ear and Danny Seymour is speaking to me. He is saying, 'Hullo, Mrs. Cohen. Where are you from, Mrs. Cohen?' 'From the Bronx,' I tell him, 'from 576 Southern Boulevard.'

'Then Danny Seymour is saying that I am the third person to be called that night and that here is my chance—to ride to fame and riches. 'But first I must guess the name of the country hinted at in the parody song which Alan Dale will now sing for me, Danny Seymour is explaining and then, if I am successful in naming the country,
I will have my chance to identify the Phantom Voice. If I name the Phantom Voice, I will win the eighty thousand dollars in merchandise prizes, which he has described. I can then give the nickname by which he is known to his friends, there is an addition of forty thousand dollars to the total prize for twenty-five thousand dollars in cash.

"Well, I guess you understand now, Mrs. Cohen," Danny Seymour was saying, "what is at stake."

As a fan of the Sing It Again program, Mrs. Cohen certainly thought she understood what was at stake. "But I didn't think so clearly, dear," she replied, "not really. If I had understood what I would be doing, I wonder if I would have been as ready as you are.

"As the song, a parody of a wedding day, came to an end, I heard a voice saying, "I'm going to Switzerland to pick up a newspaper." And I'm sure you would have guessed that it was the way the man of the country hinted at the song. And that's my voice saying it, although not even my husband would have recognized it as mine. Then Danny Seymour was saying, "andCo., Mrs. Cohen, that is the correct answer and you have won the chance—the identity of the Phantom Voice."

"Doesn't it sound crazy when things go in a crazy dream that I remember what went through my mind in the few minutes, or maybe seconds, before the chance of a lifetime was mine?"

"As the television set, twelve-inch screen..." Danny, again describing the merchandise prizes, was naming a television set as one of them... oh, Roberta. I'm thinking, oh, baby... a grand piano, I hear. I take a look at Papa. Papa is drumming, with his fingers, on the kitchen table. Once, long ago, Papa had a piano too. I'll win the twenty-dollar-hundred-complete workshop... for Papa, I'm thinking, who has to keep his screwdriver in with his socks..."

Ten thousand cans of food, a refrigerator..."

And a deep freezer to be installed, with a three-year's supply of frozen foods... with..."

"We just got a new refrigerator. I'm thinking, that won't allow you to have an electric stove in our apartment house and besides, installed where? I am asking myself, measuring in my mind, our pint-sized kitchen..."

"And that is the food that had never happened on the program before, the Phantom Voice was in the studio that night and so, just before the program signed off, she told me. I know, it is very lucky, Mrs. Cohen," said Mr. Lloyd.

"It was midnight before things were quiet at the Cohens'."

And for three or four days after that, it was not quiet. The neighbors, too, were pounding at the door."

"Then, suddenly, it is quiet. Said Mrs. Cohen, her voice hushed, "I hope it is quiet, the Phantom Voice is about to sing. And, in the quiet, what the Phantom Voice sings is this:"

A tortoise told a household pest
Goodbye, goodbye!
An M.D. said you'll pass the test
Up in the sky.

"The quiet stays unbroken. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Roberta leaning against the radio, her hands folded, her face set."

"I am a radio fan as ever. I hear everyone and everything on the radio—political speakers, baseball and football games, fights, the forums, plays, singers. I am a movie fan, too, I can recognize the voices of most of the movie stars. My hope had been that they would give me some clue to me, if only an inflection, about the Phantom Voice. There wasn't. That voice I had never heard before.

"For what seemed an hour, I just stopped trying. The diamond Seymour was saying, 'Are you there, Mrs. Cohen? What is it? Would you like to hear the Phantom Voice again?'"

"He didn't mean it as a tease. The lyric was sung again. Then, "Well, Mrs. Cohen?" Dan Seymour was saying. Mrs. Cohen didn't know the voice. She had never heard it, one of the knuckleheads from way back. She remembered the silent stars and all about them. The "tortoise" rang a bell with her. She thought at once of tortoises, she thought of electric stoves. It meant something to her. The movie star whose trademark was a pair of tortoise-shell specs married Mildred Davis. She couldn't help it. She knew why the voice with the spec had once worked for the Hollywood producer Hal Roach."

This was near enough for me. I threw a big deep breath. I took a pot shot. I said 'He's Harold Lloyd.'

"I heard Danny Seymour saying (or was singing), 'Yes, I did. I'm telling you, you have just won twenty-eight thousand dollars in merchandise prizes!'

"I could hear the studio audience whispering and clapping. Papa and the girls were hugging me. Mama was crying from happiness. The neighbors, hanging out of their windows, some of them now down in the street, were cheering."

"Of course, I was such that I honestly didn't care—when I failed to win the additional twenty-five thousand in cash that would also have been mine if I had known Harold Lloyd was the Phantom Voice."

"Specs was what I said."

"A very good try, Mrs. Cohen," Danny Seymour said, "but—I'm sorry. Sorry, I mean."

Mrs. Cohen wasn't too sorry, she insists. "How could I be?" she asked and added, sensibly, "after all, you can take only so much."

But there was more to come."

"I know, I know, Mr. Lloyd, but this is not the time to come."

"It is not the time to come."

"But it was all out of this world, it was like living a fairy-tale and we didn't come back to solid earth until then."

Papa was saying. "Mom, that's right. The tractor's downstairs—what shall we do?"

This was the beginning of what, for the Cohens, was to be the end. Day after day, the television sets, the radios, the rings, the diamond wirstatches, the linens and blankets, the fitted handbag, the gift certificates, the television set then the old refrigerator, the bill of the roof and at considerable expense, we managed to get in our flat!

But the other things, the huge things—the television-foot boat, with outboard motor, the house on the packages of $1,700, the complete bathroom worth $1,000 "to be installed" the nine-hundred-dollar workshop, the ten-thousand cans of food, the small refrigerator, the washer, deep freezer, the tractor, the plough, the farm wagon and—oh, yes—the whole dressed steer—what, in a folding flat, could the Cohens do with such as these?

"We couldn't do anything with them," sighed Mrs. Cohen. "We couldn't even get them in the front door. If we'd had a house in the country, we might have kept our prizes but we haven't so much as parking space for anything except the new car and that we parked in the driveway."

"The car, that is, the car, that didn't come 'stone door delivery,' which meant that if we had had them carried up four flights of stairs we would have had to pay for it, and plenty! We didn't have them paid for. We hired a loft and sent them all there.

"We hired a loft and then, when we learned about the tax we will have to pay, we did something."

"The lawyer advised us that the tax is liable to be in the neighborhood of six thousand dollars. This is fair enough, I'm sure, but—Papa and I haven't six thousand dollars.

"There was only one way to raise the tax money and that way, the Cohens were advised, was to sell their prizes to the highest bidder. But the auction, the best way, they were further advised, to get the most money. And to sell them at auction—"Even though it hurt, you bet!"—is what the Cohens said.

"A few, a very few of the things, they held out. "The television set," said Mrs. Cohen, adding with a smile, "need I say?"

"I couldn't, I just think of the pleasure papa gets from that piano, that it will not have to go is my hope. I'd like to keep the diamond rings and wirstatches, this, I know, is foolish, but I am not certain of their worth."

"If the things we cannot use, such as the tractor and the other enormous things, bring in sufficient money for us to meet the tax, we hope to be able to keep the car, but that is a doubt."

"We are meeting time and keeping our fingers crossed until our lawyer can get around to figuring out what comes from the sale of the prizes and whether it will pay the tax in full."

"So, the end of the fairy-story isn't quite as happy as anyone would have expected if we had been able to keep all the gifts Santa brought us. Even so, I wouldn't have it different. It's been fun to live a fairy-tale. It's fun to believe in Santa Claus!"
When a Girl Marries
(Continued from page 61)

possible. And you will have your child close to you without endangering any-
one's happiness.

You can do much more in the way of rearing and educating your child than
you could if you made her position known to your husband, to her, and to the
world. It might entail moving from
your present home, upsetting your married life, and ruining the happiness
not only of yourself but of your other
two children, whose welfare you must
certainly watch over.

WHAT MATTERS MOST?

Dear Joan:

For the past two years now my hus-
band has worked on a job that keeps
him away for two weeks at a time, and
when he is home it is only for a few
days. Since we are young we feel that
we are missing the things other young
couples enjoy together, such as dancing,
movies, etc. We have a small baby who
seems to be growing up so fast that my
husband doesn't even know him. We
go over and over the situation trying to
do what is wisest. You see, my hus-
band's work pays so much that we can
save toward his schooling and a secure
future, so it always wins out. He has
a job offered that would pay a small
salary, where he could be home every
day living a normal, happy life. We
know from experience that love is the
most important thing on earth, but that
it can wear thin where money is scarce.

L.M.A.

Dear L.M.A.:

You know convention would insist
that I advise you to put your being to-
gether before all other considerations.
But I'm not going to do that. I'm
going, instead, to point out a fact that
sometimes escapes us until it's too late
to do anything about it. And that is
that the word "future" has two mean-
ings. There's the future that stretches
far beyond sight, the "some day" of
fairy-tales, the future that never comes.
And there's the future which can be
counted in time as we know it: the
future of which we can say "Next
month I'm going to do such and such,"
or "Next year in December I'm go-
ing to buy this and that."

Which kind of future are you look-
ing toward? It makes a vast difference
in your decision. If it's the first—the
future of which you say "Some day my
husband will be able to stay at home
with us," then I think that, regardless
of the financial advantage of his pres-
ent work, he ought to take the smaller-
salaried job that would allow your
home life to take a more normal form.
Happiness is too precious, the growing-
up years of your child too swiftly gone
(as you've already realized) to be sac-
crificed to the vague hope that some day
things will be different.

On the other hand, you say you are
saving toward a definite goal: your
son's schooling. If a reasonable length
of time will see this sum accumulated—
and by reasonably I mean brief, less
than a year longer—perhaps the future
benefits would be worth the present
sacrifice. But if it will be longer than
a few months, longer than a year be-
fore you have accumulated the money
you need—give it up! Decide to get
along on the smaller salary, and have
the happiness now that you are putting
off until the future. There's more than
one way to reach an objective such as
Now in Drene...Only in Drene
This New Beauty Conditioner

Now! For truly Natural Softness, Natural Sheen...
Don't just "wash" your hair...

Condition Your Hair
with New Drene Shampoo

Only New Drene has this amazing discovery—this wonderful new Beauty Conditioner that actually conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen! It's an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid.

If you haven't tried Drene recently, you just don't know how wonderful it is!

So get a bottle now—right away—and see for yourself how it awakens the sleeping beauty of your hair!

1. New Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen...yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
2. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
3. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes dandruff from hair and scalp!
4. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

yours, usually; the chances are high that your husband will find another way to establish security for his little family to replace the questionable course he is now taking—a way that will enable you to preserve your love and develop your relationship, instead of depriving you both of the companionship for which you married. And the benefit to your child of having his father's love and interest constantly around him must weigh very heavily indeed in the balance. Besides, what makes you think that the small salary of which you write must always remain small? Or that there may not be other, and better, opportunities available close to home? Don't magnify the difficulties. Get a new perspective on the problem. Perhaps you'll see that there are more than two ways to go about solving it. I'm sure there are.

The dilemma of Mrs. F. P., below, has been judged this month's best problem. Can you suggest a solution which offers some chance of happiness for Mrs. F. P.? Your letter may earn you $25.

Dear Joan:

I have been married almost ten years to a man I once loved. In fact I still do love him, but not the same way because we have grown too far apart. My husband has only a few interests in life, and I do not seem to be one of them except in so far as I make him comfortable and prepare his meals. He once wanted to be a musician, and though he must now earn his money in other ways (he is in business with his father), he still practices hours a day on the piano and seems to care for nothing else. He is not even interested in working a little harder so that we might have a better home or more security for the future, but is content to just drift along waiting for the evening when he can be alone with his music.

I have just begun to go to work myself, so that the future will be better provided for, but as long as his house is fairly clean and there is something to eat he does not seem to notice what I am doing. Also, I would have many friends if he shared my pleasure in them, but he always says "Why don't you go alone?" when I suggest visiting, and though I do my heart aches, for I think this is no way for a marriage to be. I am not the kind of person who enjoys doing things alone. I am lonelier in my marriage than I could possibly be if I were unmarried, and yet I am terribly afraid to do anything final like asking for a divorce. I have tried to become interested in his music, but he doesn't encourage or help me to do so. Life is so dreary, and I fear it will become worse as the years go by unless I find courage to make a break now while I am still on the young side. Or is there another way? I am still fond of him and would like to have him as a friend, but I cannot respect and look up to him as one should to a husband.

Mrs. F. P.

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Right now your druggist is featuring sick-room needs. Check with him today!

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(ON NEWSSTANDS ON JAN. 20)
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Sally was smart. She knew that *Monthly Blues* tests nerves, irritability just don’t go over with a man. “Be wise,” says Sally. “Don’t let nervous tension, periodic headache and cramps play havoc with your romance. Instead—help relieve those symptoms with these wonderfully effective Chi-Ches-Ters Pills!” Packed in three convenient sizes. Get Chi-Ches-Ters Pills at your druggist today.

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**DEAR HEARTS AND GENTLE PEOPLE**

(Continued from page 56) yourself, Frances. You’re a good girl. I’m not worried. But take care of yourself,” he kept saying as I got on the train. Yes... I wished my Dad could be there. I knew he would be touched by the way the home town was welcoming the Shores back home.

I was so happy my sister, Bessie—she’s Mrs. Maurice Seligman—agreed to go along and officiate at my “secretary” and make it a double family feature. With what with the hectic minutes of meetings and getting lost the instant she landed, Bessie was always kidding herself in her “resignation”—and I was always handing it back.

Bessie had the bridal suite in the Andrew Jackson hotel. We were “sirened” all over the state of Tennessee (a fact that really makes me a VIP with my young nephew in Hollywood) with our escorts, including the two regular patrolmen assigned us. And talk about billing! Billboards at the baseball park and bannens spanning the main street of Winch-ester. Ours was a welcome, king-size.

They were jam-packed, those three days. Much too short to see all the people I wanted to see. My next song: “Dinah,” the folks requested most everywhere we went. And when I’d begin, “But you see my name isn’t really Dinah...” Well, we knew what your name is—Fanny Rose.” Home is the only place I can sing that song without explaining that...

Funny how visiting the old home haunts and driving by Hume Fogg High and Vanderbilt University, with its wonderful old red brick buildings, its familiar winding paths and old trees, my mind kept going back to that guy... Frances Rose. A kid whose joint ambition was to date the star football player and to some day be a great actress, neither of which ever paid off. I wish we’d seen each other, for I hope I have never seen her again in the same way.

We used to go on the same lot together, I was always singing—I was going to see Dave again. It was Greta Garbo I was going to make go back to Sweden then... I was wonderful seeing Beasley. (That’s Lark, who sang "Anything Goes." A great voice. The wonderful singing Beasley."

...It was her always believed in me. insisting I had an unusual style of phrasing. Actually I didn’t even know what phrasing was then. I just went along singing whatever came naturally.

Nothing had changed much back home in Winchester. Saturday was still as big a day as ever. The farmers were still selling their produce around the square. Everybody had come to town, I was glad to find. Even our old home (except that we used to call it “the little brown house” it had been painted white) was just the same. And the old cherry tree where we used to have a rope swing was gone from the back-yard. Otherwise we had a real wonderful sounds that old parlor where I used to always entertain Beasley’s boy friends singing “My Canary Has Circles Under Its Eyes,” with an enthu-asmus that would make a gentleman of the age of ten. So real... I half-expect to hear my mother’s lovely throaty laugh. And to look up and see...
Daddy coming in the front door, and look for the bulge in his pocket that meant he'd brought us some surprise. It was fun the way all the home folks kept remarking to some member of the party, "Dinah? Why can I remember when I used to wipe her little nose." I loved the lady who said, "You don't remember me—but your father let me buy a winter coat for my mother and said, 'Just pay for it when you can.' He was a wonderful man."

Nobody had changed much. Except me—thank goodness! My hair's lighter and my teeth have been straightened. But the rest looked just the way I remembered them. There was a lot of fun seeing such haunts as MacDowell's Cafe, where we went for sodas, and Prince's Drug Store. And to have a picnic at Winchester Springs resort where we used to go, swimming and hold social affairs, To go to the Franklin County Fair, which provided one of the highlights of my childhood, with its pink cotton candy, ferris wheel, merry-go-round, harness races—and the blue-ribbed tent with my favorite cakes.

Little did I dream then that some day I'd be going to the Fair as guest of honor. Or that I'd be introduced by Governor Gordon Browning, honored by local dignitaries, that the governor would make me an Honorary Colonel on his official staff! A particular privilege—they don't give away the title of Colonel with coupons in Tennessee. I was the second woman thus honored and was delighted to be in the distinguished company of Grace Moore.

Fair-side there were a few extra activities that only added to the fun. Such as the way the little old hearthbreaker inveigled me into riding in a red cart drawn by two dignified billy goats. Such a little charmer, he was, with his serious face and big brown eyes. "You know, when the goats didn't make the uphill grade. Now I'm not floating zephyr myself, and by the time we picked up additional passengers—the goats, Tom and Jerry, just couldn't pull us over the hill. And this native daughter was out pushing the goat cart, pistachio-colored 'Fair' dress with green velvet cummerbund and all. And all the while our little chauffeur muttering, 'Darn! I knew those goats would let me down.'

There was another worried interval when I, in the company of Freckles, a young lady who's been accompanying me so ably ever since I started in radio in New York. But he finally turned up. And wouldn't you know I'd even lose my voice before the main event? (That was singing at the big baseball benefit at Sulphur Dell ball park.) After ten years, there's a lot of catching up on conversation to do, and by the afternoon of the big show, I'd sung and talked myself right out of a voice.

I'd excused myself from singing at the Kiwanis Club luncheon the day of the big show, because of hoarseness. "I've been feeling yucky-yuck for three days, so I guess I won't sing. I'll save up for tonight." Nobody had any objections. They all understood. But when I poked around at all my old friends I just had to sing. But that trip home was meant to be perfect, and everything worked out. My voice came back, and although it had been broken that afternoon and early evening, the rain stopped when I rode into the baseball park. It was almost as though even the weather was welcoming me back home.

Just call it the thrill of a lifetime, the whole affair! Joining up with home town talent like Beasley Smith, who directed the orchestra for me; with Smokey Long, a singer anybody could swoon over; and singing a duet with Francis "Near You" Craig. And at last—long last—getting a mention from a captain of the Vanderbilt football team who presented me with a floral bouquet on behalf of our old alma mater.

As for that wonderful crowd, bless 'em, who sat through all the early rain, and who backed me up so enthusiastically by clapping hands behind me when we did "Dixie".

The benefit, I assure you, was all mine. To be so well remembered after ten years provided such a shot for my morale that the voice might be good for another ten.

Shortly after Tickler and I arrived back in Los Angeles we heard a song that seemed to express perfectly to my homeowners the love and gratitude I felt. It spoke of the "Dear Hearts and Gentle People" who live and love in my home town. We recorded the song and sent it straight home so that they would know in some small way that their generosity and kindness to me would never be forgotten. And any time I sing it I get a sort of lump in my throat—not only because of those thrilling, gratifying three days, but because of the thrill of the early life which were made so by those "Dear Hearts and Gentle People."

WHO? WHY?

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Hear the inside facts taken from actual police files. You are right along with the police as they hunt vicious criminals, when you tune in that exciting radio program, "True Detective Mysteries."

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Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for napkin or tea-cup. It does not come off on anything your lips touch.

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PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADES AT YOUR INVITATION

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Can you imagine anything more true red—very flattering. Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—very ravishing.


CHEEKTONE—"Magic" color for cheeks.

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Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. tax) for each shade checked below:

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[ ] Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
[ ] Orchid—Exciting pink—romantic for evening.
[ ] English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
[ ] Green (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smoothes.
[ ] CHEEKTONE—"Magic" color for cheeks.

[ ] Miss

[ ] Mrs.

[ ] Address.

[ ] City. State.
him then, “I want you to be anything and everything you want to be”

So—sang’ it was.

I could tell you the furthest thing from my mind, when I set out for America for the first time, that I thought I would someday become the mother of a famous singer.

I was just plain Mary Grady then.

I can remember when I was not far from the age of the boy, and it was yesterday the day I landed in Boston with a brogue as thick as the grass of Carracass. It makes me laugh to think back on what a wide-eyed young green-horn I was.

Not so green, however, that I didn't have my wits about me when I first got a glimpse of one Patrick McNulty! I met him while I was visiting some friends in New York.

We got married in the spring of 1911. It was a real old-fashioned Irish wedding with all the trimmings. Singing and dancing. And me with my beloved accordion. I suppose it's a bit strange, a girl playing such a thing at her own wedding, but Patrick is one of those rare music lovers in our family. My own mother had a beautiful voice, and it’s probably from her Dennis inherited his talent for singing.

Even as a baby, still in his crib, there was nothing that made Dennis so happy as to have me sit by and sing to him. He was a wonderful baby.

Dennis had a special sense about animals and that stray turtle could spot him for a handout from six blocks away. He brought home pigeons, dogs, cats—everything you could think of.

About the only other thing that absorbed Dennis as much as his manegerie was music and musical goings-on. We used to have a lot of fun in those days putting family shows. And by family, I also mean the neighbors' children, too.

Sometimes on week-ends there'd be as many as twenty-five young ones scrambling around our house.

What a great candidate we wanted to have! We had miniature vaudeville right in our living room. Sometimes we'd persuade Dennis and his sister Marie to put on an act for a church social or a benefit. I always got a big kick when you think you didn't know what Dennis didn't mind putting on a show in the house, but to make a public appearance—ah, that was an Irishman of another color. I remember one couple of times when I literally had to push him out onto the stage.

One time I had to promise him a corndog suit that he'd been wanting. Although, even for a candy like I, would be bribe enough. Oh, that corndog suit!

One day early in September, when Dennis was five, I had shipped off the two older children to their first-day of school. Then—I looked around and no Dennis. No corndog suit.

After two hours I really began to get uneasy. I phoned Patrick when up the walk as nonchalant as you please comes Dennis in his suit, flanked on both sides by Marie and John.

Dennis explained solemnly. “And they got his name in a book in the office. We just brought him home for lunch.”

“You mean registered for school?” I asked incredulously.

James said that was so. But after lunch Dennis didn't want to go back.

Three weeks later a truant officer showed up. It took some explaining to convince the man that Dennis had been premature in his school registration.

It was when he was seventeen that Dennis went to Ireland, to see the country and my mother and father whom he had never met.

He loved them. My mother, having such a fine voice and all, was so delighted that Dennis liked to sing. And my father, of course, was mad at the boy.

Of course Dennis always did have the knack for mimcry. No one escaped it. Sometimes I'd think I'd hear the milkman, rush out with the money, and there, by Jove, be Dennis having his joke.

Then there was the time he sold that record of “Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair.” The beginning of the book was, for about this time Jack Benny was looking for a replacement for Kenny Baker. Just for the dicker of it, Dennis sent Mary Livingston a recording of “Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair.”

The minute she heard it, she felt the voice was exactly what they were looking for. She and Jack were coming to New York and they wrote for New York and she wrote Dennis that they wanted him to do an audition for them. The audition was a success—and the next thing I know, I'm packing his bag off to the Coast.

When he first took me to meet Jack and Mary, I was trembling, so I thought my knees were made of molasses. But they soon soothed my fears away and were talking as though we had always known each other.

After we were sure it looked like a permanent job for Dennis, I went East and collected the rest of the family. None of us have fallen into the ways of Hollywood glamour. We like to live as we always have—not apart and together. We couldn't find a house big enough for our clan, so we bought a small apartment building.

I have one tiny confession to make. And here is, I was married in Dennis's marriage to Peggy Ahlquist. I introduced them to each other. After that it was up to them.

I think I know how to expect when I saw Dennis's face light up when he was with her. The way it lit up the day he decided to make music his career instead of law.

I delighted when Dennis finally told me he was going to marry Peggy. She's the kind of girl you can't help loving.

And now, as you know, Peggy and Dennis are the parents of a third Patrick McNulty. (That's Dennis's real name, though of course everybody thinks of him as Dennis Day.) An ex-champion little fellow he is. Got a voice, too. Not much melody yet, but loud. We'll probably be sending him into the cellar to practise like his father used to. In fact Dennis has already mentioned such a possibility. "It was good enough for me," Dennis says, and "I want my son to have all the advantages I had." In a way I think Dennis was serious when he said that. About the advantages, I mean. The advantage of being in a home with lots of love.

That's one thing we never took away from. Or if I did, I'm not willing to confess or even admit that the mischief they got into, what problems they created, they knew we loved them and wanted them. And they, in turn, gave us their love and confidence. That's our success. We're happy.
He Believes in Kids

(Continued from page 54)

bedroom and kitchen. They say they'll never go back to a big one again.

Bill is always stubborn where an ideal is concerned. On his recent personal appearance tour, in Atlanta, Georgia, they asked him to hustle up the line of children with whom he was shaking hands in a department store. If he did, they said, they could get a few of the waiting Negro children in. Bill told them to make two lines. It had never happened in the deep South before but Bill stood in the middle—one hand to the white children on one side, the other to the dark children. Everybody was happy.

In Brooklyn the cops were afraid the vast crowds would get out of hand and crush Bill standing in the middle of them. Bill prevented that by saying, “All of you, turn to the person next to you, shake hands, say Hi, Neighbor, and smile.”

In Oklahoma City, the store in which he was supposed to appear was so packed he couldn’t get in and the police got scared for the safety of the whole building and asked Bill to do something. He climbed on top a police car, called to the crowd and circled the block twice. They ran laughing out after him, like kids after the Pied Piper—and the danger vanished.

Bill never drinks or smokes because, he says, “I’ll never willingly disillusion one person who believes in Hoppy.” He’s been thirty-five years in show business and claims this past one is the happiest. “It’s gone to my heart,” he says. “What makes me happiest is that Hoppy’s success proves this country is beginning to settle down again. It’s a great thing when a wholesome cowboy can keep a whole family together, watching his antics on a screen in their parlor.”

You don’t wonder, do you, when you hear things like that—that the young in heart—no matter what the dates are on their birth certificates—all love him.

Little boys and girls cluster around their television sets of a Sunday evening, bug-eyed. It’s an event that they wouldn’t miss for worlds. Their elders are equally enthusiastic, if somewhat more controlled, for Hoppy strikes a chord that lurks in all human beings, even in those whose childhood is but a nebulous memory. And it’s no wonder, for Hoppy believes in people. But most of all, he believes in kids.

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   Veto’s scientific formula was perfected by the famous Colgate laboratories. Veto works like a charm, is always delightfully smooth and creamy. Let Veto give you your loveliness double protection!

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T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
wanted to see again. So, he explained to the bewildered boy, he wanted cold coffee, sandwiches on stale bread, terrible pickles and squashed cake. The discussion about the spelling of “squashed” and Artiz's solution of writing “squeezed” helped increase the boy's confusion.

What impressed me about the interview was that Funt got his subjects to go along with the conversation after they decided he was slightly bally, and even after they were really annoyed. I concluded it's because he has a friendly approach, a guileless smile, a sense of timing, and a terrific line.

My next call from Allen came late one morning. "Meet us at the Madison Square Pet Shop at one," he told me, "This time you can see the whole setup."

When I got there the crew was tearing itself reluctantly from the monkeys and the puppies to begin their preparations. They were deciding on the best spot at the counter for Allen to pose as a salesman. A compromise had to be made on the camera's location.

Customers came and went and nobody seemed to care. Allen told me later that most adults are either so unsuspecting, or so pre-occupied that they never ask questions.

"Children are more apt to spot us," he said, "They see and hear everything.

Lights were placed in strategic positions; the counter where Funt would tend store was blocked off with piles of merchandise, so his subjects would be kept close to the salt-and-pepper mikes in a box of rubber toys.

Now Funt was ready for business, dressed in a big apron like the other clerks. I was across the store, lost among the fish bowls.

Funt waited on several customers but they were non-committal and didn't fall for his "reverse technique", an example of which is the time he sent for an auto mechanic to dent his fenders. He seemed to sense the exact moment when a conversation in a store would get amusing enough to record.

Three boys came in. Allen began to draw out the twelve-year-old, but the others broke in and the mood was gone. "It was just because while later the boy came back and whispered in his ear, "Aren't you the Candid Camera man?"

Finally he shook his head with his next two customers. The first was a man who came with a list of supplies for the boss's German Police dog. After considerable talk about the dog's size, color, diet, even his home address and telephone number, the fellow was so completely confused that he asked Funt to call his boss and get the order straight. That was the token, ostensibly to phone, and came back with the astounding news that instead of a German Police dog it was a tiny Chihuahua, and what the boss really wanted was bird seed.

By this time the man decided he'd better telephone himself.

"The joke had gone far enough," he said, "We'll go by this order." Funt told him, "And know what, pal? You're on television."

The news was received with an uncomprehending grin. Then he took a good look at the lights. "Sure," he said. Actually he wasn't on television—yet.

He was on film but until he signed a release, and accepted the token fee, nothing could be done.

Allen's next customer was a thirteen-year-old whose teacher had sent him to price guinea pigs for experiments in the science class. The conversation went about like this:

"Boy: Well, we're going to feed one protein, one all-vegetable, one starch. We're trying to find out what happens, like when they have too much starch.

Funt: But if I sell you the guinea pigs will you be nice to them?

Boy: We're supposed to take care of them. We're on the Committee.

Funt: What Committee?

Boy: You're on the Protein Committee. I'm chairman. There's four of us on each Committee. Anyhow, I just want to know how much five guinea pigs cost.

Funt: You're on television. Right now.

Boy: No I ain't.

Funt: Yes you are. With me.

Boy: Prove it to me.

Funt: The boy stuck his chin out. "Prove it to me," he repeated. So Funt let him listen to the playback.

"Now do you believe you were on television?" Funt asked.

"Well," said the boy, reluctantly, "I know, I think I'm going to sell you those guinea pigs," Funt told him. "You'll make a good scientist. You don't believe anything until you see it."

"How can I prove it to the teacher and the kids," the boy demanded.

"I'll fix it so they see the show," Funt promised him.

The boy started to leave the store, came hurrying back. "But what about the guinea pigs?" he wanted to know. "How much will they cost?"

"That's it," Funt shook his head. "The best things happen when it's all over."

Allen Funt himself is a good-looking fellow, big, pleasant-mannered, devoted to his wife Evelyn and his small son Peter. Once an artist, Allen Funt, went into an advertising agency as a paste-up boy, graduated to copywriting, worked on radio accounts, opened his own office, then as quickly or as easily as it's written here.

His Candid Microphone program was on radio for sixty-five weeks and Candid Camera evolved from it. It took several years to put them across.

"First, I thought we'd be accused of eavesdropping, and nobody likes an eavesdropper. Then I discovered only one in a hundred got funny and I could always make that one laugh it off.

"Second, without provocation not enough happened. People had to be heckled. When I made some presentations, the audience really nit-picked. I wasn't the heckler. I didn't plan to continue. I never had training as an actor and don't want any."

At this point I brought out the big question. What are you going to do when more and more people recognize you on sight? How, then, can you keep Candid Camera candid?"

"Oh, we've got that all worked out. Allen Funt has a three-week glasshouse, where we do full scale make-up then."

As we finished talking I saw that the recorders were still open. It looked pretty suspicious. Had I been a "subject" too?

I don't know, but maybe we'll be meeting soon—on Candid Camera, of course!
“I Made Them Myself!”
(Continued from page 63)
rected below. Place in well greased pans, cover, and let rise an hour, or until doubled in bulk. Brush with egg beaten with a little milk. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Decorate with currants.

Shaping Rolls:

Just Plain Rolls: Shape equal amounts of dough into round balls, rolling between floured palms. Set in greased muffin tins to rise.

Cloveleaves: Shape equal sized pieces of dough into small round balls. Hold 3 together, dip in melted butter, and set in greased muffin tins to rise.

Seeded Braid: On a lightly floured board roll equal-sized pieces of dough into ropes ¼ inch in diameter and 6 inches long. Join 3 ropes at one end and braid through entire length. Fasten well at bottom, ends underneath. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle poppy, caraway, or cardamom seeds over top. Let rise on greased baking sheet.

Raisin Nut Ring
Makes 1 9-inch ring (serves 6)
Prepare and turn out on floured board:
1/4 recipe Refrigerator Rolls
Roll dough into oblong ½ inch thick and 10 inches wide. Brush with melted butter.
Combine:
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup seedless raisins
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 1/4 cups chopped nuts
Spread on dough. Roll like a jelly roll, working from one long edge to the other. Cut into 1 inch slices. Make 2 layers around 9” tube pan. Brush top with melted butter. Let rise until doubled in bulk (1 hour). Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 40 minutes. Turn out and glaze with Confectioner’s Sugar Icing.

Confectioner’s Sugar Icing
Sift, then measure:
1 cup confectioner’s sugar
Add gradually:
1 tablespoon hot water until icing has spreading consistency. Add:
1 1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring
Beat until smooth. Brush on rolls.

Shaping Filled Rolls:

Surprise Packages: Roll out dough 1/4 inch thick. Cut into 2 by 2 inch squares. Place filling in centers of half the squares. Cover with second square and pinch edges together. Let rise on greased baking sheet and bake.

Crescents: Roll out dough 1/4 inch thick. Brush with melted butter. Spread with filling. Cut into triangles. Roll triangles, winding from end with two points, toward single-pointed end. Place on greased baking sheet, curving end slightly. Let rise and bake.

New Sweet Roll Fillings
Each recipe enough for 1/4 recipe dough.

Sweet Apricot Filling
Combine in saucepan:
1/2 cup unsweetened apricot pulp
1 tablespoon orange juice
Simmer together 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Spread on dough.

Prune Cheese Filling
Blend together:
1 cup cottage cheese
1/2 cup cooked prune pulp
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Spread on dough.

I enclose payment of $14.75, to be paid upon receipt of stock. Send me 12 stock books and 120 each of the following sizes:

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ASK ANY DRUGGIST ANYWHERE...
Walter O'Keefe gets more good spontaneous laughter out of his contestants than any other master in radio.

"When the contestants are getting the laughs, the show is clicking," O'Keefe declares—and means it.

That this happens so frequently on Dr. Kell or Mother's Own, I, simply explained, O'Keefe inspires people to rise above themselves. The first job I ever did for him was a perfect example of that.

Walt came along at a crucial time of my life—summer, 1940. After considerable early success in the musical side of radio, I'd suffered a serious illness, when, unhappily, I had to take a long convalescence, had completely severed my connections so that I'd been reduced to playing the piano in a Connecticut summer resort inn. With a wife and three sons to support, and nothing in sight after the summer season was over the outlook for me was a bit grim. It brightened more than a little when I first met Walt through doing O'Keefe arrangements for his wife, Roberta, at that time a featured singer in Broadway stage shows. Before long, Walt and I had begun a songwriting collaboration that continued to this day. He's words, and I'm music.

One night, after I'd known him only about three weeks, I got a telephone call from O'Keefe at the place where I was working. "How'd you like to conduct the orchestra in a musical air show I'm auditioning?" he asked me. "I said I would, and I did. However the show failed to connect with a sponsor; deprived of this vital connection it perished, taking with it a bale of O'Keefe's cash.

Walt went back to vaudeville and the night clubs to re-establish his preeminence in the field from which he'd first bounded up to radio's dizziest heights. I went with him as his accompanist. I had a barrel of fun and I learned more about the fundamentals of show business in those years on the road with Walt than I could have learned in a lifetime. I fell in love with Roberta O'Keefe.

To hit just a few of the spots of the O'Keefe career, we'll have to go back to Hartford, Connecticut, where Walt was born in the year he got his big solid, happy sponsors by voyaging to London, England, at the age of twelve, to live with his mother's brother, a Catholic priest. Four years of the devout presbytery atmosphere gave young Walt the idea he wanted to be a priest like his uncle, whom he greatly loved and admired. One year in a junior seminary back in Hartford convinced him that orphanage was his vocation. His puckish eagerness to make people laugh, and his delight at finding this not too difficult, deflected his aim from the pulpit to the stage.

Next stop for O'Keefe was South Bend, Indiana, where he enrolled at Notre Dame, and, not liking the university's freshman accommodations, wangled a room in a local Inn, which he spent a few weeks filling in for Don McNeill on the Breakfast Club while Don was ill. That experience opened his eyes to the importance of a good morning show just as the enjoyment of daytime radio.

"This daytime stuff is for me, from now on," Walt told me one day, while he was still on Breakfast Club. "The whole atmosphere is different from that ulcer-breeding tension you get on the nighttime shows. This is so much more relaxed, informal, that it's fun. And
you get a much more faithful audience; if they like you, they stay with you. Look at Don. I think I’ll go after some of this. What do you think, Iv?"

T’ll buy every word of what you just said,” I replied.

Let me say here that, in his business affairs, O’Keefe really practices that democracy he preaches. On all projects a vote precedes any decisive step. The voters are, Walt, Roberta and myself. When the vote goes against one of the ideas he’s continually generating, Walt stops his enthusiasm, and forgets the whole thing. He never attempts to override the decision.

On his going into daytime radio, however, the vote was unanimously “Aye.” And without much to do there was formed that connection with our sponsor and NBC which has continued so pleasantly through the past two years. Not long after being over Double or Nothing, Walt sent for me to preside over the piano and organ.

Of course, no small chore like a daily radio broadcast could be expected to exhaust more than a fraction of the O’Keefe creative potential, nor take up more than a portion of his energy.

If his two small sons, Mike and Tony, could be home all the time, they’d probably manage to take up considerable of the slack in both potential and energy—as it is, Roberta has to remind Walt that he’s getting a little bit tired for backyard football. It’s just as well that the program doesn’t take all his time, however—he’d never hold still for that. Walt’s a family man, and in his life there’d have to be plenty of room for his wife and his sons, or he’d soon rearrange that life so there was!

One of the things Walt’s always wanted to do is to write, and at the present time he’s working on his autobiography—that’s what he does on those sandwiched-in trips to Arizona, when he can manage them. At home, too, he types away on that during his spare time, or does some polishing on the musical show he and I have written. His shaving time every morning is reserved for thinking up gags to be used on Double or Nothing that day. In case the contestants don’t come up with any.

The balance of the time he just loans—sometimes as long as twenty minutes a day—in the glassed-in lanai at the back of the house.

Weekends belong to Mike and Tony. Anything the boys want to do, Walt’s their man. One football game they never miss, weekly, is the P.C. O’Keefe, is Notre Dame vs. U.S.C. One of the most highly prized O’Keefe possessions is a football bearing the autographs of all the Notre Dame players and of the coach, Frank Leahy.

Roberta doesn’t consider this object a suitable decoration for the living room mantel, where it is put when first borne home in triumph. But so far she hasn’t succeeded in getting it taken down. When the question of whether the ball belonged upstairs or down was put to a vote recently, I abstained (for obvious reasons) leaving the issue hopelessly deadlocked.

Later, Walt privately thanked me for not voting, “I know you agree with Roberta,” he said, “but I just didn’t want to have to.”

Now I think we should just forget the whole thing until Mike and Tony get to voting age and then we’ll have another election. Meanwhile—well, the ball might as well stay where it is.”

If I were O’Keefe, I wouldn’t count too many chickens. Those boys are pretty fond of their mother, too.

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KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security, in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. KLUTCH spares the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, vibrating plate. The KLUTCH doesn’t have to be held up by the tongue or by whatever the patient has that isn’t waste money on substitutes, but send in the enclosed coupon and we will mail you a generous trial box.

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Just try this system on your hair 7 days and you'll really enjoy the pleasure of attractive hair that can so very often capture love and romance for you.

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WHEN SCALP AND HAIR CONDITIONS are normal and dry, brittle, breaking-off hair can be retarded. It has a chance to get longer...and much more beautiful.

Amazons. This JUERLENE System is not a hair restorative.

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Just try the JUERLENE System for 7 days. Then let your hair PROVE IT! Today! Once you try JUERLENE you can follow any other hair treatment. Pave, etc. for it. It is fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write Now!

JUERLENE CO. 4727 N. Damen Ave., E. 410, Chicago 39, 111.
They Made Me Welcome!
(Continued from page 26)

stories are read all over the world. David Nichol of the Chicago Daily News, Eve Barden (Mrs. Nichol) who writes for the New York Sun, Carleton L. Davidson, head of the A.P. bureau, and John E. McDermott, U.P. bureau head. Later at Rhein-Main, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gaskill told us about sailing down the windswept ways of the Continent, with Italy and the Mediterranean as their goal. They were waiting for the late summer rains to fill the Rhine river so they could continue their junket. In the meantime Mr. Gaskill was busy as the on-the-scene reporter for the American Magazine. Ed Hocker, NBC representative in Germany paid us a visit in Rhein-Main too.

It was in Munich that one of our own staff, Stella Kavall, had an experience that was funny to talk about afterwards, but at the time was nerve-wracking for her. She had hurried out alone, after breakfast, to buy a blond cuckoo clock. Fifteen minutes past our bus departure time for the airport, we became agitated because Stella had not returned. Some time later we saw her, running up the street to join us.

As we drove away, she, still excited and upset, told us what had happened. On her way back to the hotel she had attempted a short cut through the Munich railway station. But to her dismay when she reached the exit, she learned she had to have a ticket to get out. There was much shouting of "Nien! Nien!" by the guard. Even though she offered to buy a ticket the guard would still not release her.

Finally she spied a door that led to the American Snack Bar in the station. She told her troubles to an American M.P. "Tell you what we'll do," he said, as they pushed through another set of swinging doors. "Keep going toward the street and don't look back. I'll take care of the rest."

Tearfully Stella thanked him, and as she reached the street, she heard loud noises in the background. But by that time she was in sight of the bus and us.

At the Fassberg Royal Air Force base, a Polish refugee told me one of the most heartbreaking stories I heard overseas. His bride-to-be, who wore a Red Cross insignia on her arm, was shot down while they were walking together. Later he had his revenge. Now he is working for the R.A.F.

It was in Fassberg too, that we put through a telephone call to San Francisco, so Charles John of Eaton Rapids, Michigan, could talk to his fiancée, Miss Margaret Heller. We all listened in while he told her his plans for their future. And she, well she couldn't believe that Charles was halfway around the world when she talked to him.

In Heidelberg we ran into a neighbor, well almost a neighbor. Pretty Priscilla Mullins used to have a Winnetka address, which is a suburb of Chicago. When she talked to me in the spacious Stadt-Halle she was as excited as a bride, and well she should be, because two days later, in satin and lace from Brussels, she was married to an American army officer. W. T. gave her a gleaming stainless silver service for six as a wedding present.

It was fitting that in Paris I met a beautiful model. Her aunt, Mrs. Nancy Corper, was a returning traveler to our Welcome Travelers party, as she had been our guest in Chicago several months earlier. This time she brought her beautiful American niece, Miss Barbara Barrett along. Barbara is one of Christian Dior's loveliest mannikins.

And the air men in the audience certainly voiced their appreciation of her.

On this junket about Europe I noticed that wherever an American goes, he takes a bit of the U.S.A. with him. It might be just a tune a serviceman whistled. Perhaps it would be the flair with which an American coed wore her twin sweaters and tweed skirt. Often it was a retired couple from the Midwest, who gave Paris a feeling of Main Street as they strolled along the Seine stopping to leaf through books in the stalls.

Right here I'd like to tell the mothers and fathers and sweethearts at home, that their boys who are on duty in Europe are doing a big and fine job. I saw a great number of them and each and every one of them a feeling of pride and glory, and a real desire to be back.

I understood their feelings too. Europe is interesting, but when the C-54 landed at Westover Field in Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, I thought, this is it. This is where I belong. I'm home again in U.S.A.
Radio's Own Life Story
(Continued from page 39)

to borrow it. It was not practical to move the bulky equipment nearer to Mr. Boyle's expensive ringdine than Hoboken, so an aerial was rigged there between the two towers of the Lackawanna Railroad, and a telephone line was strung to the edge of the squared circle.

As fight time drew near, the crowd was so dense that Major White had to slug his way to his seat—very different from today when police and manage take all pains to smooth the way for men with mikes. White's blow-by-blow description was telephoned to Hoboken where it was repeated from the radio in a way to make his words to eager "fight parties." People without radios had gathered around the sets of friends lucky enough to be within the short radius of the temporary station, just as fans do around television sets today.

The broadcast lacked the contagious excitement that Graham McNamee was to introduce to sports broadcasting two years later, but its effect on the country was sensational. Women did not go to prize fights in those days except with rare and very conspicuous exceptions, but the parlor was at ringside. Interested or not, the feminine half of the nation began to hear fights. Soon women were taking an avid interest in what had been exclusively masculine entertainment and were talking about knockouts and home runs, too. Father began to have trouble getting the sports page first and shrill feminine screams were heard in the bleachers. Was nothing sacred?

In this year the great announcer, Milton J. Cross, made his debut on the air—as a tenor soloist! Through the years his voice was to be one of the best known on the air. Who hasn't heard him sing out "Wake up, America! Time to stump the experts!" on Information, Please? Who doesn't remember his gloriously named Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, or admired his proper solemn announcements for the Metropolitan Opera which he does over ABC?

Milton Cross was firmly set on a concert career when he joined the newly opened WJZ. He took the job as staff singer as a sort of stopgap—not to boast about. The station wasn't either. Its control room was a partitioned-off part of a restroom in the Westinghouse plant in Newark, New Jersey. In this cubby-hole the entire staff of three worked. Until young Milton arrived, two men had been the entire program, continuity and announcing departments. In their spare time they rounded up speakers, arranged musical numbers and took the mike themselves when talent failed to turn up, which was often. Performers still were not paid and frequently when the time came to journey across the Hudson to give a free show on the air they "forgot" the date.

After working six months as the entire talent pool of WJZ, Cross was promoted to announcing and has been one of the greatest ever since.

WJZ's first program was a terrific novelty, and it took the air with these memorable initials, "ACN of WJZ. We are about to play a record so that you can tune your sets. Please stand by. We are about to bring you, as advertised, a running description of the World's Series championship baseball game between the New York Giants and the New York Yankees."
The "running" account was the reading of bulletins as they were received by telephone from the Newark Call, but listeners thought it sensational. It was the first time the World's Series was heard on the air.

In those days announcers were not identified by name. Instead a whole series of nicknames and call letters became famous. Cross, for instance, was known as AJN of WJZ. The A stood for staff announcer. The J his middle initial (Thomas Cowan, his chiefl was already known as ACN) and N stood for Newark.

This practice was followed all over the country. Listeners had favorites, but they knew them as The Solemn Old Judge of Nashville, Detroit's Merry Old Chief, Atlanta's The Little Colonel, The Hired Hand in Dallas, The Bellhop in St. Louis and Gloomy Gus in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Early in 1921 a courageous minister broadcast the first church service to go on the air. He was the Reverend Dr. E. J. Van Etten of Calvary Episcopal Church in Pittsburgh, and there was a certain amount of criticism of him for his pioneer daring. In some quarters the air was not considered dignified enough for the word of God. And wouldn't services on the air encourage the flock to be lax in church attendance? Wouldn't this mean the eventual end of big congregations? Just the opposite happened. People who had not been to church for years were rekindled, and, more important, millions of people cut off by distance or storm were to find solace on the air during the coming years.

No one knew how many people were listening in those days, so it was an eye-opener when Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, spoke over KDKA about the need of, starving Europe for help, and got $25,000 in the mail. It was considered an almost incredible response but contrast that figure with the $3,000,000 that Walter Winchell's appeals for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund have raised.

On September 10 the Pittsburgh Post started printing the KDKA programs as part of the news, the first newspaper to give regular daily space to radio. During the same month Willard Mack, of WOR, New York, started a program called "Modern Manners." An example from his first broadcast:

"The Life of a Glamorous Woman Reporter!"

Listen to "Wendy Warren and the News" Monday through Friday CBS Stations Check Paper for Time

Read the fascinating feature, "Woman's World" reported by Wendy Warren each month in TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine now at newsstands.

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Read the fascinating feature, "Woman's World" reported by Wendy Warren each month in TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine now at newsstands.
mark over a mule he thought had been closed, "There—that ought to hold the little one for another day," Uncle Don vigorously denies any connection with this strangely pleasing incident, saying that the whole thing was a base rumor dreamed up by a rival uncle. But one of the job-hunting men, who have been Uncle Wip since the program started in Philadelphia in 1921 is quite generally believed to have said "I'm a s-o-b for a he-man" at the conclusion of a bedtime hour, thus giving the little ones something new to think about.

1922

This year marked the beginning of the boom in radio that ran until the stock market crash of 1929.

It was the year of the hip flask, of speakeasies and home brew. Skirts were worn to the knees. Hose were swallowed and looked black stockings and nattily laced high shoes were still worn frequently with them. Vaudeville was running at full blast, blisterly under the end of the year. People were saying "Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher" and "Positively, Mr. Shean" to each other, and it seemed as if every tenor in the land had only one song, "Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" which had just been set to music. Spark Plug came into Barney Google's life, and the language was enriched by "Osky-wow-wow," "Gee, I'm done for, $50,000," "Heebee-jeebies" and "Horse feathers."

Things were booming in the new industry. Parts for homemade radios were still being made by manufacturers, but the ready-made set was now the thing and the great companies were expanding feverishly: Zenith, Philco, Grigsby-Grunow, Freed-Eisemann, Stromberg-Carlson, Atwater Kent and Crosley among the many.

The start of the Crosley company is interesting. Powell Crosley (not to be confused with the later famous as a poll taker) had gone shopping the year before for a radio for his little boy. The cheapest available in 1921 cost $130. This seemed a sizable sum for such a small radio, so Crosley bought parts and built one at home for $35. That gave him an idea. Before long he was turning out sets that railed for 5. It was a bright day of everybody's radio was at hand.

Sets were curious and cumbersome things in those days. Their loud speakers were patterned after those suit phonographs, and looked like large tin morning glories. They were powered by batteries. If these went dead, it was common practice to get the battery out of Mrs. Maxwell's memory as a first aid measure. Little boys frequently took the receivers of telephones to make an extra ear-phone for the crystal detector. One was much in demand as a basic element in sets known as "The Cat's Whiskers." The cartons were wound with yards of wire. Ear-phones and a crystal detector took the place of the music from the air were attached. Fantastically, they worked.

The air was beginning to fill up. Newspapers were papers for the first time to build stations but they thought of them as promotional and public service enterprises.

It is interesting how stations were named. Have you ever wondered why radio stations are identified by letters of the alphabet rather than by names like Bijou, Orpheum and Majestic which advertisements might logically have chosen? The explanation is simple. In the days of wireless, letters and numbers were used because they were easy to send in Morse Code. By common agreement, ships in the Atlantic used K as a first initial. Ships in the Pacific adopted W. Land stations reversed this usage which is why you find stations on the West Coast with W and those in the West with K.

Most of the combinations of call letters have no significance. They were selected more or less at random or by common pronunciation, but there are exceptions. WINS stands for International News Service, WJAX for Jacksonville, Florida, WBEN for Buffalo Evening News. Tampa got in licks for their station WUSN, and it was a promotion-minded Grand Rapids laundryman who named his station WASH. WCLF means Chicago Federal of Labor. WPTF in Raleigh, North Carolina, was named after Woodmen of the World. WGN stands modestly for the Greatest Newspaper, Atlantic City's WPGK means "Gay" ground. KFKB was Kansas First, Kansas Best, and WPTF in Raleigh, North Carolina, was named after the slogan of an insurance company, We Protect The Family. In 1929 distance was still the thing rather than favorite stations or stars. People sat up all night because reception was markedly better after exhaustion, and people had few operators off the air. The next day they reported jubilantly "I got Denver and Havana!" to the envy of their impressed friends. To this the witty answer was "And I got Chley and went to get chilly right after I got Turkey——for dinner."

"Tuning in any one station, near or far, was no simple matter. More than six hours of their time was spent up, many of them blithely using the same wave length. The air was full of sound and fury. So were living rooms. Sometimes rival broadcasters got together and agreed to stay off the air for alternating two-hour periods. More frequently they just fought it out. You had to have a touch as light as that of Jimmy Valentine to get one station only."

This overlapping of wave lengths was so maddening to sender and receiver alike that the station owners finally formed The National Association of Broadcasters in an attempt to regulate themselves. They had an important material problem to immediately. It was the question of paying for the music that they were using free.

The American Society of Composers and Publishers, known as ASCAP, was also powerful and had been founded in 1914 by Victor Herbert who was annoyed that his music and that of others could be played by bands in the night clubs, theatres and amusement parks for the price of the sheet music. He got other composers to join him. They managed to get a federal court to order all operators to pay a heavy fine for every song played by a band without a fee to ASCAP.

As radio gained thousands of listeners, ASCAP took alarmed note of all this and threatened a court battle. They notified the infant industry "No pay——no play." Broadcasters were horrified. They protested that they were making profit just as they would not, because advertising was still only a gleam in the eyes of a few station managers. ASCAP retorted that set manufacturers wanted all the right. Let them pay, ASCAP did not care where the money come from so long as composers got a return for their hard work. So long before any other talent was paid, ASCAP composers were getting substantial fees.
With money going out, naturally it occurred to quite a few station owners that some better come in. On August 28, 1922, the first program with a commercial spot was aired. That station was WEAF, New York, and the sponsor was the Queensboro Corporation, a real estate firm. It bought a series of ten-minute broadcasts at the rate of $35 an hour. Since it was spending money, it took full advantage of the time. The whole ten minutes was one long commercial, hammering home the glory and wealth which might be called heights. Times certainly have changed. WEAF (now WNBC) would charge approximately $1200 an hour today, and many stations won't allow a middle announcement from the sponsor.

Music took a long step ahead this year. The New York Philharmonic went on the air for the first time—and in Chicago, grand operas took to the air in a series of broadcasts.

That was the work of Mark Garden, Morton Salomon, and Thais and had already stunned the sedate opera world. She had been appointed director general of the Chicago Opera Company which had fallen on evil days financially. Thais' first step was to find something to awaken interest—even radio. There were only a few thousand sets in Chicago, but her board objected strenuously. But the city as a whole looked up and agreed if opera could be heard free at home. Garden had her way, however, and an astonishing thing happened. The sale of sets boomed, and so did the. Mexico and she and the opera companies who never had heard operatic music before in their lives, listened, and went to it in “the flesh” as was the current and rather repellent saying. It was the side of the opera and over again in the years to come.

Dr. Sigmund Spaeth started his Tune Detective series which was to go on for years. Everybody, everybody—Lopez speaking” soon was an eagerly awaited greeting.

Hans von Kaltenborn did the first broadcast news analysis, a discussion of the weekly policy of the political economy. He was on the staff of the Brooklyn Eagle, which presented him in a weekly series. Not until 1929 did he relinquish the security of a newspaper to soundproof his entire time to radio—too risky.

In Hollywood there was trouble which was to be echoed in radio three years later. The big money-makers of the world were perfectly dramatized on the American radio. Harold Lloyd in “Grandma's Boy,” Norma Talmadge in “Smiling Through” and the Gish sisters in “Orphans of the Storm.” However, many other films were featuring scenes of drinking, even though the country was supposed to be dry, of wild parties and some pretty hot kissing. A series of headline scandals in the past year have still focussed additional attention on the movies. Talk of censorship of the screen began in deadly earnest. All of a sudden, radio, as well as the press, was astounded by the fact that everything from "Flaming Youth" petting parties to the newly fashionable use of lipstick, rouge and liquid face powder in churches, women’s clubs and parent-teachers associations began to lobby for local censorship. The major movie companies got together in a hurry, called in former Postmaster General who had a Code of Rules, and voluntarily cleaned themselves up.

Curiously enough, just the opposite was happening in radio. Really spicy stories of KGB and KSK at Milford, Kansas, and as the years went by they became to be more highly flavored. There were the widely followed broadcasts of "Doctor" John Romulus Brinkley, known as the "Goat gland Doc." He advertised rejuvenation operations for $750 a shot. Brinkley's broadcasting business was there no control of the air as we know it today beyond the individual taste of the station owner. So we were hearing this mincing of WEAF pondering the delicacy of mentioning "so intimate a subject as toothpaste" on the air the following year while Brinkley was broadcasting case histories in vivid detail. "A toothpaste cure" was a barnyard vocabulary. Who could stop him? He owned his station. The air was free, wasn’t it?

It was to become a lot freer and salesmen of unlisted stocks, cure-alls and get-rich-quick schemes found it a happy hunting ground for a while. The National Association of Broadcasters was a Fairly sedate group in 1923, but Brinkley wasn’t a member, so he just ignored its rules. In 1927, the Federal Radio Commission (later to become the powerful Federal Communications Commission) was created. It revoked his license in 1930, but that did not stop the Doc. He moved to Mexico, just across the border from Del Rio, Texas. The Mexican government said that he was, then the most powerful in the world. With it he proceeded to jam the airways, ignoring all U. S. wave lengths that had marched all the way from the Canadian border. There was nothing the disconcerted U. S. stations could do for ten long years until the Treaty of Havana was signed in 1940. Then the U. S. government, some Central American countries in an agreement setting up new wave lengths for all concerned, and put the Goat gland Doc out of business. But he was a shrewd business man, and the U. S. just kept on the new industry while he lasted.

But let us get back to 1922, and a conversation that was taking place in the Pamberger Department Store's Station in Newark. This was WOR which was to become the key station of the vast network of stations that was formed twelve years later. It was housed in a corner of the sporting goods and radio department. Studio, office and rehearsal hall were all in one little room. The walls were soundproofed with oriental rugs, draperies and shawls. It would be hard to imagine anything more different from the big, bare, efficient studios of today. When the new station took the air for the first time, WJZ courteously maintained silence during its premiere broadcast, so that there would be no "air" competition. The walls were soundproofed on approximately the same frequency. WOR's first show was a record of Al Jolson singing "April Showers," and the announcement that came was "Get a radio. No records to buy. No up-keep. All to the time of entertainment free."

The assistant operator was a young man named A. J. Poppele, now WOR's Vice President and General Manager. Two months after the opening, the chief operator said, "Jack, I don't think radio has a future, I'm getting out."

The things that happened after 1923 and the first real show.

NEXT MONTH

Concert singer Graham McNamee tries something new. Why Jones and Hare were called "The Happiness Boys". The first real show, "The Everydayer Hour, takes the air."
to authorize further purchases—" How stupid! Why Joe paid his bills on the dot. Only last week he'd noticed him going over them.

But her hands trembled so that she could hardly find a bill for the driver, and her key didn't fit the lock so that she gave up and rang the bell for Hetty. After that it seemed like days before she heard the car crunching up the driveway.

Joe, at any rate, wasn't blind to the story her face told. He came slowly into the living room and shut the door. "What's wrong?" he asked anxiously. "Aren't you well, Marsha? What's happened?"

Marsha tried to compose herself. "I don't know exactly, Joe. It's nothing, I guess—just an accident. But so humiliating. They wouldn't let me charge anything at Hilton's today!" She gave a sharp, slightly hysterical laugh. "Imagine—after the way we've paid our bills and run such big ones, too. It was the embarrassed look that got me. Like having a door slammed in your face."

She talked on nervously, conscious that after her first words Joe had stiffened into wary attention and that was a worse less confirmation of all her fears. Finally she could find nothing more to say. Staring into the fireplace, she waited.

Joe said soberly, "If it's come it's come. You'd better know the truth."

"Going to the desk, he pulled out some bankbooks and a scribbled sheet which he crumpled in his clenched fist. "We're darn near broke, Marsha. I've been out of my mind trying to fix up a way to tell you."

"Broke? All your father's money—"

"We've got a few hundred in bonds; that's all," he broke off. "Half of what we had before Dad died." His laugh was bitter. "We just—haven't any more."

Marsha's throat was dry with horror. "Thirty thousand dollars— in two years?"

"Thirty-one thousand, five hundred and fifty-two. Joe flipped the pages of the bookbank. "It comes down all right. It's 'gone just the same."

Marsha's face, dead-white and drawn like an old woman's, frightened him. He began to sound defensive. "We've got the house."

"There's only five thousand down on that. The rest was a mortgage."

"The car—"

"Yes, the car. Three thousand dollars."

She hadn't wanted it. She had said all along it was too much money. Remembering her doubts and Joe's insistence, she slipped over definitely into the enemy camp, into the position of accuser. Joe should have managed better. She shouldn't join forces with him now, to help in their mutual trouble. She went on bitterly, "How could I forget the car? When we were both so careful that we needed an expensive one. And the club. A thousand dollars a year for membership alone. For business, that was.

Joe was stung into anger. "I did it as much for you as for me. Quit kid-

ging yourself. You were just as anx-

ious to put up a good front, get some fun out of life—live decently—"

"Don't you ever say that to me!" she

whipped at him furiously. "Don't you ever say I encouraged you to live a lie, to throw away what we should have been saving—I won't stand for that! I would have been happy in a four-room
dungeon if there had been fifty dollars here, eighty dollars there—"

"You sound like a fishwife," Joe cut in coldly. He slammed the drawer on his bankbooks and papers and stood up. A dreadful emptiness spread around Marsha, as she saw that now each of them stood alone, glaring at the other in spirit. But she couldn't do anything to close the gap between them.

Joe added, "I'm going to bed."

Hands clenched, back very straight, he walked out of the room and went upstairs.

The Hubels' breakfast table was usually a quiet place, with the morning paper split between them and only necessary words exchanged. But normally it was a friendly stillness, so the next morning's tension was all the more painful. At her pace the purse lay untouched, while he worked diligently on his eggs. Marsha, fiddling with a piece of toast, decided she needed cof-

fee to wash it down. They were reaching across to pour it when her eyes en-
countered Joe's.

Instantly they were standing, his arms around her and his shoulders against the two they had fought back during the night.

"Oh, Joe... I'm so ashamed. Brawling like that, just when we need strength and help from each other!"

"Yes, honey. Me too." Joe rested his cheek on her hair until she was quieter, then settled her in her chair and went back to his eggs. "They both began to eat with relish. 'I'll tell you what, though, Marsha,' he went on. 'I've got an idea or two. We won't give up so easily. I've run across a couple of prop-

ositions lately that would make back everything we've lost and then some.'

Jagerness—what his sister Doris called it—" Joe's glowing look—"sparked from him. Marsha, who was hardly more than a boy, had no more need of this. "I'm not the one that you couldn't keep Joe down? He came back fighting! Only from now on, she vowed, she would guide him, or, so, that his eagerness didn't go overboard.

"I want to tell you," she began, "it was rotten of me to try to put all the blame on you. I didn't say it, but I was thinking it—"

"I know," Joe's gesture stopped her. "Let's forget it, honey. No harm done. If this highway scheme of Flax-

nee's is all I think it is, we'll have our money back in a couple of weeks. Or if that doesn't work out, Curzon at the bank was talking to me the other day about some closed-out property."

Marsha's brows knitted. "What do you mean, Joe? If we're in the position you say we are, how can you con-

sider any investment or scheme or whatever you want? I don't understand—what are you talking about?"

"That's it, just thinking. The light disappeared from Joe's eyes, and his shoulders slumped. "Flatoe's proposition is such a sure thing that if I had another thirty thousand I could go into it and come out with a million. He's got thirty thousand of his own in it, and the same from old Tom Johnson. I—"

I told him the other day to count me in. But now!" He shrugged. "I'll

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back out, tell him it's off. God, I wish I'd been more careful the last two years!

Marsha slumped too, but with relief. For a minute she'd wondered whether Joe had gone mad, but she was putting out thousands of dollars when he had just told her they were almost stone-broke. But she understood now; he was even more worried—he was letting off steam with this erratic talk. She'd have to stay very calm, very unperturbed. She said gently, "We've got to make plans. Dear, the house, the car—Hetty will have to go."

His eyes met hers blankly. Then he frowned and stood up. "Sure, we'll have to cut down. But don't do anything just yet, honey—we'll have to figure it out. Say, I've got to get going!"

He bent down and kissed her, and strode out into the hall for his hat.

Marsha sat after him, saying, "Don't forget Doris is coming for dinner."

From half-way down the drive he waved and called back, "Haven't forgotten. Home early."

Smiling, she began to clear away the dishes. Figuring or no figuring, Hetty would have to go; she might as well start right away to get used to being without a maid. Then there were her two fur coats. Surely one was enough! She'd get rid of the fabulously expensive sealskin; it wouldn't go with the way the Hubbs were going to live from now on. And the summer cottage. That would bring something.

Marsha planned on, straightening the room, tying up the things. Before noon she'd get Joe's desk, she halted, studying the litter with a lump in her throat as she realized that he must have crept downstairs during the night, when she was in one of her fifi naps, to puzzle some more over those inexorable figures that added up to nothing. She sighed. Thirty thousand dollars! Her father had never seen that much money in his life!

Piling the bankbooks together, she snapped a rubber band around them and pushed them into the drawer.

She went upstairs and started going through things. It was surprising, really, how seldom she wore her two-inch-long sapphire dinner ring, and the dazzling diamond choker Joe had given her years before. Littleton society didn't offer many occasions splendid enough for such gems; they always looked out of place.

Finally Marsha made a business-like inventory of all the household goods, and ferreted out the things they hardly ever used—the extra silver coffee service, for instance, and all the silver serving dishes that came out of their flannels only to be polished and put away again. Added to the fur coat and the jewelry it was an impressive total. She made a few timid phone calls, and then a few increasingly confident ones, for it really began to look as though she'd be able to realize several thousand dollars from the sale of these things that she would never even miss.

Oh, it was bad enough, this spot that had gotten into; but if they could just pull out with enough to start over, and if—if, above all—it ended with Joe willing to live a more sensible kind of life, then she was almost glad it had come. After all, she thought almost happily, they weren't in debt. Was it reaction, she wondered—or was it, like Joe, learning to find stimulation in a challenge, any kind of challenge?

Whatever it was, Marsha saw gratefully when Joe came home that he was under its influence too. She wanted very much to tell him about her inventory, to get his opinion on one or two things she wasn't sure about selling; but too quickly after he came Doris arrived, and Marsha mentally shelved the discussion.

Dinner was always gay when Doris was with them, and tonight was no exception. She told them what was going on at the University where she was the year student, and they laughed uproariously at her description of the latest fad, under the influence of which it seemed, strong men were dying their hair blond.

"It's not really dying," she explained, between giggles. "These fancy types, they just take a few strands of hair and peroxide it so it makes a 'wing'—you know, the kind that if it were gray it would be called distinguished. Bill says it's a manifestation of mob hysteria."

Marsha and Joe exchanged a laughing glance. "Who's Bill?" asked Joe.

Doris set down her glass very carefully. She waited for their full attention, then she said, consciously announcing it, "Bill's the guy I'm going to marry."

"What?" exclaimed Joe. "That'll be after a moment of surprised silence."

Marsha, speaking at the same time, exclaimed, "Oh, Doris, I'm delighted! Who's he? When do we meet him?"

"Gradually, gradually," Doris said. She was trying to be very nonchalant, as if one got engaged every day, but now that Marsha looked at her more closely she clung for herself for not having suspected that there was a man be-
his voice, when it came, was bleak.

“What are you two kids going to live on? Sounds like a long stretch before Bill can earn his keep.”

Joe's voice was a little nervous. She caught Marsha's eye before she answered, as though for support. “That's the thing, Joe. I—have it planned out but I need your okay. Since you're the executor of the estate...” she trailed off uncertainly.

“Good heavens, girl!” Joe sputtered. “You mean to tell me this guy is pre-paid on your money!”

“We don't look at it that way, Joe. What's the good of my having the money if I can't be happy—and I can't be happy spending the next five years waiting for the check to come. I've got it all figured out, and it'll last nicely."

“It's the principle, then, no decent man—Joe, don't be silly!” Marsha cut in. “What's marriage if it isn't sharing? We both know Doris is sensible. She's making an investment—and an investment in happiness, actually—and what could be more worth the while than that?”

The argument wrangled on. And as Joe's antagonism grew, rather than lessened, so did Marsha's impression of what he was worrying about. He was worried, but by some difficulty of his own connected with it. It was almost as if he couldn't let her have her money, not as if he merely wouldn't. Moreover, what else had either of them thought of for the past two days? Money. Banks.

Bankbooks.

As though two loose leaves and made sudden contact, the truth blazed through Marsha's mind. Doris's bankbook had been on Joe's desk this morning, among the other papers he had been working over last night. What was it doing there? If Doris would only go, so that they could settle this once and for all! But the argument went on...

“It was very soft, Doris finally rose. She got her things from the hall closet and flung noisily out of the house. Behind her, Marsha heard Joe locking up. He went downstairs right over the veranda windows, more slowly around the far end of the room which she couldn't see. (What was he doing? Emptying ashtrays? Stalling?) Then, slower still, she heard the desk and opened a drawer. She turned.

“What are you looking for?” she said.

His head moved jerkily. “Some papers.”

“Or a bankbook? Doris's bankbook?”

He looked up at that. “What are you getting at?” he asked irritably. “What's all this? Can't a man—”

“Steal from his own sister?” Marsha answered, so close he had to look at her. “I think that's not, Joe. I don't know exactly what you have in mind, but I want to tell you this: if it involves your touching one penny—one single penny—of Doris's money, I will walk out of this house and out of your world without a backward look.”

Joe said. He pulled out the book he wanted and slammed the door shut. “If you'll listen a minute, I could tell you—it's the biggest thing I've ever come across, Marsha. You don't know—cooking with you, you can't see what a sure thing this is. Flatoe and Jobson and me—we're the only ones who know, see? Except this half. Platiow knows who's on the inside. We know where the new highway's going. We buy up the land. In a few days, when the council an- nounces its plans, our property is worth a million dollars.

Marsha said nothing, letting his words drop into a silence in which they echoed dismally. She thought desper- ately, Doris looked just like how she sounds! How can I hear if he doesn't hear—if he won't admit that what he plans to do is plain thievety? How can I go on living with a liar and a conniver? The stillness was pulling and winding tighter around them. Almost not breathing, Marsha waited.

Then Joe's hands dropped. He gave his head to live at her, his face and his voice were weary. “Okay, Marsha. You win. I can't do it. I've been trying to tell myself it was okay to take Doris's money because I'd be making it up to her in the end, but with what's the use—I've got no right to touch that money.” He gave a feeble grin. “It just hurt to see a minute."

“Oh, Joe. Darling.” Marsha was on her knees beside him, pressing her aching forehead against his hand. “I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't told me that. Oh, sweetheart, we'll be all right. We've got so many things to do now, so many plans to make—you'll be so busy saving pennies you won't have time to think about it. I'll make it up to you—millions—she smiled at him, “—they'll probably pull the highway somewhere else."

Joe laughed harshly. “Not a chance. It's not one of those blow-out, blow-cold things. This is set. Oh well."

There was no chance that night to talk. Marsha found herself cutting Marsha had planned. The next morning she developed a few more ideas, and at noontime, nearly bursting with the necessity for talking them over with Joe, she called him up and asked him to meet her for lunch. “To celebrate the lowering of our standard,” she told him, laughing.

“We have more than that to celebrate,” he answered. “By the time you come down I may have a surprise for you.”

“I Joe."

“Nope, no questions now. Pick me up in half an hour.”

When she opened Joe's office door Doris said excitedly, “Oh, hi, Marsha. So nice to really aware that you're married to one of the smartest guys in town? I hope I do as well.”

Marsha smiled tentatively. “Wait a minute...what goes on here? I come down for a simple lunch—”

“Right,” Joe said quickly. “Let's talk about it over lunch. Ready, Doris? I'll..."
Acid

Littleton's.
don't
AIbo
Pept.
month.

"Well, Joe's big highway deal, of
course." Puzzled, Doris saw Marsha's
hands clench around her purse. "I
assumed Joe had talked it all over
with—"

"I have, she knows all about it," Joe
interrupted. "Listen, girls, let's go or
we won't get a table.

Doris drew back. "No. If you and
Marsha have a private fight or some-
ting you'd better finish it alone. I
did want to celebrate my new fortune
but—"

"Please stay," Marsha's intensity cut
across Doris's embarrassment and, like
a physical pull, brought Joe to a stop
almost with his hand on the doorknob.
"If we're talking about a little invest-
ment Joe was considering yesterday, I
think we should discuss it together."

When he hesitated, she leaned forward.
"Joe, did you tell Plateo you were not
going in with him? Did you, Joe?"

Joe's head moved nervously. Sudden-
ly he faced her, and his voice was as
edged as hers had been. "No. I did not.
I thought it over, and in spite of what
you said I decided Doris ought to have
the chance to say yes or no. After all,
with an opportunity to more than
double her money wouldn't I be a heel
if I kept it from her and just turned it
down? You just have no head for busi-
ness, Marsha. What's good enough for
my father is good enough for me, is
your moito, and that won't go these
days. You've got to risk a dollar to
make two."

"It's such a sure thing!" Doris said
eagerly. "How can it miss? With Joe
putting his own money into it I feel as
safe as a church."

"So Joe is putting his own money
into it, too?" Marsha was beyond sur-
prise. She spoke calmly, like someone
making a casual social remark."Well,
I don't know when I've been more
pleased. He must have some I don't
know about." Standing up, she fastened
her furs around her. She fumbled in
her purse, found what she wanted and
threw a small clanking object on the
desk. "There you are, Joe—the car
keys. I'll be out of the house before
you get back tonight. Good luck—or
fun, or lots of money—whatever it is
you want, I hope you get it. That's why
I'm going, because I don't know what
you want. It's not a decent, self-
respecting life—that's all I'm sure of.
Whatever it is, I hope you find it."

Blind with tears, she turned to go.

Joe was beside her, his hands grip-
pering her shoulders. "You fool! You're
my wife! Do you mean to tell me you're
talking about? What kind of dramatics
are you pulling? You can't walk out—"

She twisted her shoulders futilely.
"I'm not going. I'll come if you touched
Doris's money I'd leave you. This
trick, getting her to tell you to go ahead
—it's a crooked, rotten trick, that's all.
Do you think it makes any difference
that you've talked the poor child into
letting you throw her money away as
you've thrown ours, so that we're pen-
less... Let me go! I can't live with you
and keep any self-respect!"

"Marsha, Marsha. If you'd only—"

"Let me go!" Weeping openly now,
Marsha tried to wrench herself out of
his grasp. Her helplessness and a sense
of betrayal, of irreparable loss, sud-
denly maddened her. She heard a sharp
crack, and realized that she had struck
Joe's cheek with such force that he let
her go and fell back. She laughed
wildly. "Doris, Doris, I'm sorry you
had to see this! Forget it, all marriage
isn't like this..." Then, somehow, she
was out of the office, out of the building,
and in a taxi, going blindly toward
what was no longer home...

More than a month passed before
Marsha was fully aware of herself once
more. Moving like someone mercifully
anesthetized, she had done all that had
to be done. Her life had been cut away
from Joe's; her clothes, her books, the
things she considered hers, were now
established in a furnished two-room
apartment in Littleton's downtown
section.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, she
opened her door to a knock and found
Doris there. "May I come in?" she
asked uncertainly.

 Politely, Doris refrained from looking
around the room, but she couldn't help
a miserable second glance at Marsha's
face. Seeing it, Marsha asked quietly,
"Do I look so dreadful, then?"

"You look awful. Oh, Marsha—come
back! I can see now that you need Joe
as much as I need you!"

"Did he ask you to come?"

Doris shook her head violently. "He
absolutely forbade me to. But listen—
do you know what's been happening?"

"Doris! You mean it's gone—you
money?"

Doris nodded. "The works. All gone.
The council voted another route for the
highway, and Joe's land—" she snapped

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Marsha got out of Bill Hooper's old Ford at the curb of that fall day that was Joe's street. She wanted to walk down it, for she had an idea that if the place had any kind of garden—and Doris said it did—Joe would be there. Picking up her pace, she wanted him to have the chance to see her coming, so he wouldn't be taken by surprise.

She hadn't thought about what she would say, or how he would answer. Now, facing him, she knew she had been wise. It wasn't necessary to say anything. The late-afternoon sun fell warmly on her head.

Looking down, she discovered that it was not the sun, but Joe's hand that had somehow found its way to her arm. She put her other hand over it. "You looked wonderful," Joe said. "I think that's the first thing I've felt at all since the day you grabbed me by the shoulders.

"Marsha," Joe said. "Did Doris...?"

She nodded. "I'm doing what I can. It'll never be enough. I think I sort of out of my head there for a while.

"That's what I thought," Marsha agreed, but she was smiling as she studied his face. "You look different, Joe. More the way you used to look, a few years back. Calmer.

"I'm different?" Joe said gravely. "I guess you can never go back, Marsha, but I don't see why you can't sort of switch from a wrong line to a right one and keep going along. Do you think I could?"

"Not you. Both of us.

"Joe took her face in his hands and looked at her earnestly. "One thing, Marsha. It wasn't losing Doris's money that brought me to it. Was losing you. When you went—" it was like suddenly having a current ripped away. I saw the last two years had messed us up. I guess we're the kind who shouldn't have money.

"I don't know," Marsha said. "Maybe the next time we have it we'll know more about how to spend it.

The sun had gone down, and she shivered slightly in the quickening breeze. "I don't want to seem forward, she said, "but I really aren't you going to ask me out tonight? I'm going to live here I'd like to know a little more about it."

A mischievous smile crossed Joe's face. "Maybe I ought to carry over to you that threshold a little further.

Marsha shook her head. "No, darling. Don't you remember—you can't go back. We don't even want to. Let's just go like this. Putting her hand in his, she turned him toward the small red-painted door.
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Love Marie, Love Mr. Hobbs

(Continued from page 33)

her good reason, cannot find it in their hearts to agree.

The whole thing started when Hobbs, with Marie in tow, arrived at the Los Angeles airport to take off on the first leg of the trip. Marie had reservations for New York. She got to the airport in plenty of time, her baggage in order. With her new coat over old, and Hobbs, splendid in his new charcoal collar, over the other, she presented herself at the gate to the field. "Oh, said the steward for the final time to Hobbs. "Oh, dear!" And she scurried away to consult with the flight officer.

That worthy appeared in person moments later to announce, "No dogs."

"Well, then," said Marie sensibly, "I just won't go."

The first of the twelve young men, one Floyd Simonton, was frantic. Marie had to go. Arrangements were made for five of them, appearances in New York tomorrow. Think of her public. Think of the picture. Think of him!

Meanwhile a harried voice on the loudspeaker system kept pleading with Passenger Marie Wilson to board the ready-to-go plane. "Please!"

Marie didn't budge. Simonton pleaded. Think of the studio, think of the theater, think of the theater, think of the theater, think of the theater, think of the theater, think of the theater.

At last, tears streaking her mascara, Marie boarded the plane and took off. Simonton, one of the three, watched her go. When Marie weakened a little. She liked press agents almost as well as she likes dogs.

"I swear," Simonton said, "I'll get Hobbs to New York in twenty-four hours."

From the New York Terminal: "Hobbs fits as a fiddle."

And, of course, of the last, Hobbs himself, delivered with much ceremony to Marie's hotel suite at the Waldorf.

The second lap of the junket went off beautifully. Ensconced in her suite at the Baker Hotel in Dallas, Marie took Hobbs out of the box, and was in the midst of tying a fresh ribbon on his red-gold topknot when the house detective knocked.

"No dogs," he said.

"But," protested Jerry Pickman, one of the two young men who was on duty at the moment, "Mrs. Wilson. This is her dog."

"I don't care if it's Queen Victoria's. We don't allow any dogs in this hotel."

Stony-faced, Marie began to pace her bags. "Give us," Pickman pleaded, "twenty minutes to work this out." The detective took up his station outside the door, beamed with satisfaction when, well up on the dotted time, Pickman appeared with Hobbs' box and went down in the elevator.

Inside her room, Marie was triumphant. The hotel's new books had been left in Hobbs' box. Hobbs, she suddenly asled on a hotel pillow in the bathtub.

Next crisis: in New York again, near the end of the tour. This time a suite was reserved for Marie, and for her husband, Allan, who had joined her, at the Waldorf. Allan registered while Marie stood off a little, with Mr. Hobbs curled over her arm.

Bright and early at five the next morning they were up, and put in a wonderful performance. Marie thought it very well, but Hobbs, by evening, was drooping. And Allan, who has a vestige of malarial fever picked up during his war service, had begun to look under the weather.

"You go along to the hotel with Hobbs," Marie advised solicitously. "I'll be right after the last show,"

They thought," Allan explained, "that he was a fur piece."

Marie telephoned the Waldorf, spoke sternly to the manager. "My husband has a temperature of 103," she said, "and my dog is very sick."

The manager was very sorry. Allan, of course, could go up. But no dogs.

"Then pack my bags," Marie said, and told Allan she'd meet him at the Waldorf.

Max Youngstein, today's segment of the twelve young men, wasn't exactly happy, either. He fell heir to the midnight job of moving one angry stardom, and one highly indifferent Yorkshire terrier, to nothing of twelve pieces of luggage, to the friendlier side of town.

Hobbs, as is entirely self-evident, is an eating monkey wrenches into the machinery. But, says Marie, he's more than worth it. More than, you see, besides his roles as friendly and entertaining, Hobbs has, in his day, played a much more important one. Cupid.

Legally, Hobbs is Allan's dog, having made his entrance into the family in 1944. Capering in 1947, Hobbs' cup of happiness overflows when Allan and Marie are together, and when they're happy, as they are now.

It wasn't always thus. Last year, Allan and Marie separated, and Marie filed suit for divorce.

It would never have happened, they'll tell you now, if Marie hadn't been so tired. She was doing ten performances a week in "Blackouts" a stage show, doing her broadcast, and the accompanying rehearsals for it, each week, and suddenly, six A. M. to six P. M. schedule at Paramount where "My Friend Irma" was making the transition from radio to movies.

Allan, to make things worse, was out of a job. And, as he explains it, when you haven't anything to do you sit around and think about it and get discouraged.

After a lot of thinking and worrying, Allan one night went out for a walk. Absorbed in his gloom, he crossed a street against a red light and was promptly arrested. There was a walking campaign in full swing at the moment.

Ordinarily, Marie would have thought the whole thing very funny, would have had plenty to say about getting arrested for something worthwhile if you're going to do it at all. But Allan had gone out, on impulse, with-
out any money on him, and Marie and Hobbs had to get up in the middle of the night and bail him out. Marie needed her sleep. Jaywalking might just as well have been murder, the way she felt about it. One thing led to another, and all of a sudden Allan was moving out—taking Hobbs, as was his right, with him—and Marie was calling her lawyer.

The separation lasted one week. Marie hated it. Allan hated it. So, most emphatically, did Hobbs. He refused to eat. He said that if things went on this way he’d lie right down and die if he wanted to. It was up to the man he professed to be, would Allan.

Allan agreed. And so, next morning, Hobbs appeared at Marie’s door, bearing a note. It said:

Dear Mother:
I can’t eat or sleep. Even a tree holds no interest for me. My father made a big fuss about it. He told me that he couldn’t keep me in the manner to which I have become accustomed. I am lonesome and I want to come home. Please.

Hobbs

What but reconciliation could come of that?

Marie adores children and has always wanted some of her own. Lacking them at the present moment, she hoops over Allan and Hobbs with a fiercely protective motherhood, lavishing on them all the love and attention of her frustrated heart.

In first glimpsing Hobbs dramatic silver and red and coloring, people have been known to say that now they understand why Marie spends so much money at Westmore’s. A bleak job like that would come high.

That’s slander. Hobbs is not bleached. His coloring is natural. (But he does have a hairdresser. More expensive, incidentally, than Marie’s own.)

Sunset Boulevard is Hobbs’ only vale of tears. He is absolutely and positively banned from CBS. Seems he barked at Mother once, while she was on the air. And Hal Wallis Productions, at Paramount Studios, is where Marie is under contract, feels the same way. No Hobbs. At Ciro’s and Mocambo, the two mostiit night clubs in town, they insist that Hobbs come no farther than the car in the parking lot.

“He knows when we’re going to those places,” Marie insists. “He cries and kicks up an awful fuss the minute we turn into Sunset. His routine then is to kiss Allan over and over again—if you can believe doting parents—to wring his paws and cry, ‘You can’t go without me—you can’t!’

And they don’t. He’s often. Plenty of nice places know that Hobbs is people, not dogs.

Marie and Allan recently went to the Press Photographers’ convention ball, and while they were gone, a burglar broke in and stole three of Marie’s fur coats.

Said a friend, next day, “Fine watch dog you’ve got! Hobbs not only let the burglar in, he showed him where you keep your furs.”

“Oh, but darling,” Marie replied, “Hobbs wasn’t home. He was with us at the ball.”

That’s the way it is with Hobbs and that’s the way it’s going to be—unless, until, and even then only perhaps, unless and until Marie and Allan add a nursery to their home. For the time being, anyway, it’s love Marie, love Mr. Hobbs.
favorite topic. "Whoever walks in when Vick's up and around gets a royal welcome from her. That little girl remembers faces and the names that go with them. But she's not a show-off. When it's time for her nap, or her meals, or for going to bed, a word is enough. No fussing, no tantrums. I don't think I've seen her cry twice in her life!"

Although it's true that Milton has limited rehearsals for his show to a long weekend each year, and a thousand other vital matters are always claiming his time and attention. His friends who say that Milton has become a one-man industry have hit it right about it. Milton Berle Enterprises is quartered in an office so small that four people inside make it feel crowded. So it's not surprising that much of its activity overflows into the Berle household.

There's a subsidiary corporation to cover each Berle activity—song publishing, books, newspaper columns, theater and night club work, radio, producing, movies.

And, besides all these, there are Milton's many charities, to which he gives unstintingly of time or money or performance or all three. His Milton Berle Foundation, the Aid of Crippled Children takes him on benefit appearances all over the country. Through funds raised at these benefits, Milton is nearing a two-million-dollar goal he set himself.

The interruptions of the telephone represent only a fraction of the attempts to get in contact with Milton Berle. The other is handled by Milton's business manager, Irving Gray, who long ago learned to tell unerringly the difference between a worthy cause and an unworthy one. His wizardry in financial matters amounts to magic in handling a thousand and one complexities of detail have made life a little less hectic for Milton.

"On Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays I belong to Joyce and Vicki," Milton will tell you—optimistically. And on those days he ignores, as far as he reasonably can, the appointments, the visitors, the telephone calls.

"Every once in a while Joyce and I get a yen to sneak off for a long drive by ourselves. So we hop into the car and head for the country, a little solitude and fresh air—they're good for the nerves."

When the Berles entertain they do it with the same zest, in the same show-it-all-yourself manner that Milton puts into his shows. Theirs is one of the most spacious apartments in Manhattan, and one of the most beautiful. A huge, forty-foot living room, the game room, the bar, the terrace, hold scarcely room enough to accommodate the crowd that flows through them on Saturday nights.

Eighty to a hundred guests—the rule, not the exception! Sophie Tucker, Ruben Moulamian, Bob Hope, Johnny Johnson, Tony Martin, Mervyn LeRoy, Tilly Losch, Abe Saffron—but rarely any roster of show business greats and you'll have an idea of the guest list.

And, from such a list of talent, you can easily understand that those particular far too frequent occasions. More than once, Milton's neighbors have ventured to complain about the late-hour din.

Once, Milton answered back:

"Look," he shouted, "I keep the whole population amused Tuesday nights. The least you can do is let my guests amuse me Saturdays!"

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  - Here's why
  - Anacine is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not only a single medicine but a combination of medically proved ingredients. Get Anacine Tablets today.

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  - Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

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The Most SURPRISED Bride in all England!

She Wed Lord Johnnie the Rogue on His Way to the Gallows—and Planned to Forget Him! But No Merrier Hangman Could Cheat Johnnie of His Delightful Prize!

What mad purpose drove the ravishing young Lady Leanna to Newgate prison one night to marry a man she had never seen? To marry, indeed, a notorious outlaw condemned to hang in the morning?

Anyway, Leanna did not suspect how her beauty could fire a man. For in less than twenty-four hours, while hangman and police were searching every corner of London for him, handsome Lord Johnnie was inside her door, breathless but arrogant, to claim at least one night with this woman who had expected him to die.

What happened on Lord Johnnie's wedding night, and the strange pact that was to take him halfway across the world on a mission of pirateering and vengeance, make this one of the most exciting novels of the year. And here's our amazing offer: BOTH Lord Johnnie and Frank Yerby's new best-seller, Pride's Castle, are yours for just a 3-cent stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

BOTH HITS YOURS FOR 3 $!

if you join the DOLLAR BOOK CLUB now!

The Dollar Book Club offers to send you both "Lord Johnnie" and "Pride's Castle" for just a 3-cent stamp—as a generous sample to new members of the wonderful reading entertainment and equally wonderful savings that nearly a million families enjoy through the Club.

The Dollar Book Club is the only club that brings you popular current novels for only $1.00 each. Yes, the very same titles sold in the publisher's retail editions for $2.75 to $3.00 come to members for only $1.00 each—an incredibly big saving of almost two-thirds!

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When you see the wonderful package of reading you will get immediately and realize these books are typical of values you will continue to get from the club for only $1.00 each, you will be delighted to have become a member! Mail coupon now.

MAIL THIS COUPON

2 Books for 3c with this offer

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Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me the first two books of this offer. I enclose the 3c stamp and wish to receive "Lord Johnnie" and "Pride's Castle"—both offered at 99c each! Also, send me the current club selection and tell me for 4c plus shipping cost.

With these books will come my first issue of the descriptive folder called "The Bulletin," telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and additional bargains offered at 99c each to members only.

I have decided to give you this privilege to start you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the special Club price of 99c each. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except 3c for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
Address

City, Zone & State

Occupation

Age, please

Same Price in Canada

Pride's Castle is the exciting new story of a handsome, ruthless fighter and the woman who bartered her beauty, her decency and her riches for his love.
MAKE SPARE-TIME MONEY QUICK this easy way!

WOMEN!

Here's a special opportunity for ambitious women who want to earn money during their spare moments. Without previous experience, you can make up to $23 a week—just by taking orders for Fashion Frocks, and you don’t invest a penny of your own. These stunning new creations are such unbeatable values, you simply can’t stop women from ordering them! Amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns—more than you can find in a dozen dress shops. Famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring—the cream of the world’s best mills. And, a complete range of sizes for every type of figure—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. Best of all, they’re not sold in stores—so women must come to you to get them. You can coin money "hand over fist"—and besides, you get dresses for your own personal use as a bonus, without paying a cent! Fill out coupon below.

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The Best Cigarette for YOU to Smoke

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WOULD YOU MAKE A GOOD WIFE FOR BILL LAWRENCE?

FREE! Win A Complete Garden selected for you by Everett Mitchell

New Pictures:
Stella Dallas--Life Can Be Beautiful

BILL LAWRENCE of the ARTHUR GODFREY PROGRAMS
Modess .... because
Keep your WHOLE mouth WHOLESALEME!

Your mouth and breath are more wholesome—sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective Ipana care* for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles Both!

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to give this double protection*

If you want a healthier, more wholesome mouth, dentists warn you to protect your gums as well as your teeth.

For gum troubles not only cause more tooth losses than decay. Unhealthy teeth and gums both breed unpleasant breath.

That's why you need to fight tooth decay and gum troubles both—with doubly-effective Ipana care*.

No other dentifrice has proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For every time you use Ipana, you combat the bacteria that cause cavities.

And no other leading tooth paste is specially made to fight gum troubles, too. For Ipana’s unique formula stimulates gum circulation—promotes healthier gums.

So get Ipana’s double protection—to help keep your whole mouth wholesome! You’ll like that wholesome Ipana flavor, too. It’s refreshing.

*Here’s doubly-effective Ipana care

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. Ipana’s formula reduces tooth decay, promotes healthier gums—helps keep your whole mouth wholesome! Get Ipana today.

Healthier teeth, healthier gums...IPANA for Both!
MARCH, 1950

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Color portrait by Ozzie Sweet

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Why just watch the whirl go by? Guard wisely against underarm odor. Never trust your change to anything but dependable Mum. Smooth, fragrant Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Get Mum today!

Mum—Softer for Charm
Mum checks underarm perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of future odor after your bath.

Mum—Softer for Skin
Mum contains no harsh, irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals.

Mum—Softer for Clothes
Won't rot or discolor fine fabrics. Thrifty, too—no waste, no shrinkage.
For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure...dependable for this important use, too.

Product of Bristol-Myers
keeps you nice to be near

MARCH, 1950

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There are lots of reasons for marking a big red circle around March 10 on your calendar. That's the day the April issue of Radio Mirror goes on the newsstands and here are some of the reasons for keeping that date very much in mind: the first winners of the daytime serial counselor feature will be announced and the prize-winning letter will be published. The problem, you'll remember, concerned Vicki of Marriage For Two — what to do about the other woman. Next month, you'll be asked to give counsel to the characters in the daytime serial, Rosemary.

Heading a list of interesting and inspiring stories in the April issue is "This I Believe" by Jack Berch, Jack will re-tell some of the heartwarming incidents which have made up the content of his radio program — incidents that prove his great belief in mankind's good. On Radio Mirror's April cover, you'll find that exuberant redhead, Lucille Ball. There's a story about Lucille, too, and an inside report on the comic king of television — Ed Wynn. You'll also find a report on Captain Video, the TV hero who has found a loyal and unlimited audience because he's so very true to his audience and their elders. And watch for the color picture of Light of the World. It will portray St. Bartholomew and other Biblical characters in the costumes of their times.

Daytime Diary, Joan Davis, Nancy Craig and the other regular features will be back next month, too. Don't forget the date — it's March 10. That's the day you'll be able to buy Radio Mirror at your newsstand. Order a copy now!

Jean and Jo Ann Corbett of Burbank, Calif. "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking," says the Toni Twin. Can you tell which is she? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist.

Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent — feels as soft as naturally curly hair

Now — any day, any time — for only one dollar you can get a wave that's carelessly soft — like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing $20. (Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness — a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni Home Permanent gives you this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results — again and again! What better proof of Toni quality!

"I'm not a twin, but since I tried Toni, no other permanent will do for me," says Mrs. Myron Albertson of Los Angeles. "Toni works wonders for my baby-fine hair. Never frizzes it . . . always gives me a soft, natural-looking wave."

Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair — even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni Home Permanent or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a $20 permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Jean, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For complete hair care get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.
After months of doctoring in the icy wastes of Alaska, a walk from Anchorage to Tampa was a lark for Robert Wiese. 

Army Air Force doctor Captain Robert Wiese and his dog Brownie navigated the Mississippi during a trek from Alaska to Tampa.

The fifth digit of the right hand is perhaps the most exciting mode of transportation known to man. When all else fails—there's always the thumb. When Captain Robert J. Wiese, an Army Air Force doctor, passed our NBC Welcome Travelers microphone this month we learned further that the thumb is not always a product of necessity. 

Captain Wiese and his dog, Brownie, a part Husky and part Chesapeake Bay Retriever, had hitch-hiked most of the 5,000 miles from Anchorage, Alaska to Chicago—and were resting up before starting the remainder of their journey which will terminate at Tampa, Florida. 

It happened like this: The rugged, six foot, two-inch paratrooper had spent eighteen months in Alaska as a member of the tenth rescue squad when the Air Force granted him forty-five days' leave on transfer order to Tampa, Florida. Months of parachuting to air crashes in the wastes of Alaska in all kinds of weather to recover bodies and treat injured air crash victims had so toughened the doctor that a walk to Tampa seemed like a lark. He strapped a twenty-pound pack on Brownie, who had accompanied him on air missions many times, gathered up eighty-five pounds of gear for himself and took off down the Alcan highway. That was August sixth.

"I've always wanted a trip like that," he told me. "I'd seen Alaska from the air and wanted to see it from the ground." The captain and Brownie thumbed and pawed the 2,500 odd Alcan highway miles stopping along the way to fish in Alaskan streams. Fresh fish was their main source of food. 

Brownie, lacking somewhat the doctor's fine taste for trouts, was more of a gourmet of rabbit dishes, so Wiese would often shoot hares with the .22-caliber rifle he carried. Occasionally Brownie would scare up a bit of rabbit stew on her own. Once or twice, out of necessity, Brownie and the doctor even shared a can of dog food. "It wasn't bad."

(Continued on page 28)
JEEPERS! Buttercup Almost Forgot!

She’s learned the Hard Way what it Costs to Forget, and Buttercup’s Taking no Chances. There was that Jolly Bachelor, Fresh from Kalamazoo, with plenty of Lettuce and “Object Matrimony” written all over him, whose First date was his Last.

Ditto for the big, bronze Glamour Boy at the Beach last summer, who Kissed her Once, then gave her the Deep Freeze.

Ditto for that quiet Casanova who took her to the Early Movies then Dropped her on her own Doorstep at half-past-nine.

That isn’t going to happen this time. Buttercup’s got a new Boy Friend and she intends to Keep Him. She isn’t going to let Halitosis (unpleasant breath) Snap the String in Cupid’s Bow. This time She’ll be Sweet Little Buttercup because she’s going back Right Now to let Listerine Antiseptic look after her breath.

She knows Listerine Antiseptic is the Extra-Careful precaution against offending. She knows that it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Moral: It’s better to be sweet than sidetracked, so, before any date, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri
IF AT FIRST . . . .

Robert Morley brushes up on his charades technique for Say It With Acting as Morton Gottlieb, Adrienne Allen, Leueen McGrath look on.

Every Sunday evening at 6:30, WNBT brings the great of the stage to New York televiewers. Above: Mary Welch acts out a hard one.

It is a generally accepted fact that television is bringing the family closer together, resulting in a revival of parlor games. Proof of this is the success of Say It With Acting, WNBT's version of "The Game," where teams composed of members of the casts of Broadway hits are pitted in stiff competition before the cameras.

This program has all the off-the-cuff appeal of a candid photo of a well-known person. When the viewer watches the dignified Robert Morley, vivacious Carol Channing or dramatic Jose Ferrer trying to put across an idea by means of various postures of anger, frustration, joy or horror, they are really seeing the "great" of the theater with their hair let down.

Say It With Acting debuted on Jan. 10, 1949 and, to date, well over thirty shows have been represented on this series. Ben Grauer, emcee or charades-master of the show, introduces the team members to each other . . . they are given a fast minute to shake hands and then the battle begins. One at a time, each member of the four-man team is called to act out his particular charade. The at-home audience is told by a card what the charade will be but the team is told only what category it is in. There is a two-minute limit on each charade and at the end of the program, the team with the least number of seconds to its credit wins. The Din-oscar-saur, a skeleton-like object similar to the movies' Oscar, which carries with it the right to repeat appearances on the show until defeated.

To date, the longest run on Say It With Acting is credited to the team from "Streetcar Named Desire," which made seven appearances before losing. At times the contest gets so violent that twice a tie was announced when the difference between two teams was only one second. For a half-hour of acting, that's pretty close timing!

Only once has the usual formula of using Broadway teams been changed. That was when a group of theatrical press agents ran up a record of six consecutive wins and it was the only time when this group of men and women, who spend their working hours singing the praises of thespians, had the opportunity to meet them on their own ground by out-acting them. Though it was fun as an experiment, none of the press agents decided to trade in their typewriter for some greasepaint.

An interesting aspect of this show is that Ben Grauer, the emcee, who has been a radio special events man and announcer now has a chance to act. He started out in the theatre as a protege of Gus Edwards, but switched to announcing. On Say It With Acting Ben has a good time acting out the "mystery charade" for the home audience.
LILLY DACHE, famous designer: "To have this slim figure of the 1950's, you have only to wear PLAYTEX—the invisible girdle."

PHILIP MANGONE, holder of Golden Thimble Award: "For me, the supple, slim PLAYTEX figure is the figure of the 1950's!"

CEIL CHAPMAN, top New York designer: "The figure of the 1950's is easy for any woman to have—with the PLAYTEX girdle."

America's great designers hail invisible Playtex Girdles for the new "Figure of the 1950's"

Biggest fashion news in a decade is the "Figure of the 1950's," a slim, young, supple figure that has designers reaching for their pencils and sketchbooks in joy.

Well aware that such fashion starts with a woman's figure, U.S. designers are quick to give credit to the sensational PLAYTEX Girdle. For PLAYTEX gives the feeling of freedom, the fluid lines, the young, vital silhouette that is the "Figure of the 1950's."

Made of tree-grown liquid latex—PLAYTEX combines figure-slimming power with comfort and freedom of action. Without a single seam, stitch, or bone, it smooths out your figure, gives you supple, young lines.

PLAYTEX fits invisibly—even under the most clinging clothes. And it washes in ten seconds, pats dry with a towel!

GIRDLE OF THE 1950's is the Invisible PLAYTEX Living Girdle. At all modern corset and notion departments and specialty shops everywhere. In these fashion colors: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White.

...in SLIM silvery tubes
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE...$3.50 to $3.95
(Extra-large size slightly higher). Buy according to your own waist and hip measurements: extra-small, small, medium, large and extra-large.

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE?
Newest of PLAYTEX Girdles—light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you...in slim, shimmering, pink tubes...$3.95 to $4.95

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.
Oblivious to the superstition of a show "laying an egg," producer Les Mitchel works best with his pet hen on hand.

H. T. stars Jeff Chandler and Ann Dvorak get pointers on the fine art of self-defense from director Les Mitchel.

**WHAT'S NEW**

By DALE BANKS

**Skippy Hollywood Theater**

To ordinary men, "three-in-one" is oil, but to the folks behind the mikes the phrase is synonymous with Les Mitchel... host, producer and director of Hollywood Theater. Recently, it took the combination of interpretations—the "oil" and "Les" that is—for Mitchel to accomplish a grease lightning recording session in London. When he first received his assignment to fly to London and, in the course of two weeks, record six half-hour shows for Hollywood Theater, he was most disturbed. However, twenty-four hours after his arrival in the land of the broad "a," he wouldn't have bet a dummy mike that the job could be done. In the first place, BBC facilities and equipment are a far cry from ours. In the second place, British actors are accustomed to rehearsing anywhere from seventeen to thirty hours for a half-hour broadcast. Les' schedule called for four-hour rehearsal periods—which he was finally forced to extend to five hours in respect for the unbreakable 4:00 to 5:00 P.M. tea ritual. Nevertheless, with the outstanding cooperation and acting abilities of the world famous Abbey Theater Players, Les not only fulfilled his contract, but came away with the title (to quote the London Graphic): "Les Mitchel, world's fastest radio producer."

Skippy Hollywood Theater, a comparative newcomer to the air, moved up to the rarer atmosphere of a network show when it went CBS. The next move will be to lift it from its present status of a "platter" program. And it is highly probable that by Spring listeners will hear the show "live." This popular program is an "oasis" in the lives of unknowns. Except for the star—generally a screen favorite—this is one program that gives the struggling actor a break. In its short life, Skippy Hollywood Theater has been responsible for the recognition of many a young hopeful... Gale Storm, Peg Knudsen and Vanessa Brown, to mention a few. Adding the à la mode to the pie is the fact that all scripts are by unknown writers... a feature which has proved in no way detrimental to the program.
While visiting London, Hollywood Theater's director came up with the entire Lyon family in one script. Here Richard, Barbara, Bebe Daniels Lyon and hubby Ben Lyon rehearse with Les.

News From All Over: It's being rumored around that come Fall NBC will move the Phil Harris show to Tuesday nights following Fibber McGee and Molly . . . an effort to get away from the heavy CBS Sunday opposition and lift the Harris rating out of its present slump.

In honor of his CBS Youth Opportunity Program, Oklahoma A&M. has established a music scholarship in the name of Horace Heidt. Applications are now being considered for the scholarship which will be available for the school year beginning in Sept., 1950.

Lovely Anne Burr is unmarried, and if her acting roles have any psychological effect on her life, chances are she'll continue living alone and liking it. As "Valerie" on Big Sister, she daily hits new lows in marital affairs. As "Nona" in Wendy Warren and the News, she is on the verge of leaving her husband. And as Ralph Bellamy's wife in the Broadway hit, "Detective Story," Anne leaves her husband eight times a week.

Signs of the times? The Bob Hawk Show and the Groucho Marx Show are the only quiz programs to be represented in the nation's top fifteen evening network (Continued on page 22)
Have you ever wondered what happens to radio war correspondents once the shooting stops and the boiling pot of international news begins to simmer down?

This is what has become of Charles Shaw, one of CBS's top foreign correspondents during the recent fracas. He's now WCAU's roving reporter—the man who goes around with a tape recorder and covers anything of interest in the Quaker City. He also works with Edward R. Murrow or Don Hollenbeck as CBS's Philadelphia correspondent.

His biggest weekly stint is a half-hour interview program called In Person, which is heard each Sunday afternoon. But In Person is just one of many things that keeps Shaw busy. He also gives three newscasts a day—and he has just finished a four-part series of programs on Alcoholics Anonymous, which brought him critical acclaim and a great number of letters asking for aid in alcoholic cases.

One of Shaw's proudest accomplishments was aiding in the release of a convict who had escaped from a Southern chain gang and was awaiting extradition to Alabama from Philadelphia. Shaw teamed up with Red Ryan, news editor of Mobile's WCOV, to effect the prisoner's release through a series of radio broadcasts that won a pardon for the convict and the approval of thousands of citizens.

A native of Charleroi, Pennsylvania, Shaw was graduated from Allegheny College in 1932. After being associated with several Pennsylvania papers he started free-lancing. While stopping off in San Antonio, Texas, he landed a job at KTSA as news editor. Shaw remained in San Antonio until 1943, when he gained the attention of CBS, which sent him overseas as a foreign correspondent. Prior to that he was one of a group of radio, newspaper and magazine editors who toured the United Kingdom as guests of the British Ministry of Information. He returned to the States in the fall of 1946, and joined Philadelphia's WCAU in October of the same year. Happily married, Shaw lives in suburban Philadelphia with his wife, Nancy, and his two children, Bryan Shaw and Charles C. Shaw, Jr.
"The Indian bit the dust...but the dust bit me!"

says MAUREEN O'HARA, starred in UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL'S "COMMANCHE TERRITORY"

SHOOTING INDIANS IN "COMMANCHE TERRITORY" WAS HARDER ON MY HANDS THAN ON THE INDIANS! DUST TORTURED MY SKIN...

I DROVE horses for days with reins rasping my palms...

AND GRITTY alkali dust sifting all over my hands...

BUT JERGENS LOTION kept them from looking rough and ugly...

SO THAT they were soft and lovely for close-ups.

Jergens Lotion
used by more women
than any other hand care
in the world
still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...

YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

JERGENS LOTION
used by Hollywood stars 7 to 1 over other hand cares!
Being a barber or barber’s son seems to be good for the voice. Whether that’s scientifically correct makes little difference, because Frankie Laine and Perry Como can prove it! Everyone knows Perry used to wield a scissors and comb, but few remember that Frankie’s dad was a barber. The latter and larynx combination has certainly worked for two top singers.

Frankie, a Chicago boy, had most modest beginnings as an ordinary “little Italy” youngster who went to school but wanted to be a singer. Hanging around local ballrooms was a decided thrill in those days. Getting a good singing engagement, though, was a decided rarity—until he, the barber’s son, met the barber. It was Perry Como who, in 1937, met Frankie and helped him get a job with Fred Croolyes band. Perry was leaving that group for a job with Ted Weems.

Even the band job didn’t satisfy Mr. Laine, who started again to work as a vocal single in Cleveland—and eventually in New York. He finally got a sustaining job on NBC in New York and was set to start the day that Germany and England went to war in 1939. Of course, all sustaining programs were cancelled.

As a master of ceremonies on a South American cruise, Frankie found himself well-fed but not quite happy—and this was already 1940. The next year wasn’t much better either. At the end of 1941, he was ready to give up all his vocal ambitions. Fact is he started working in a machine shop. A trip to California started the wheels of music turning again, but it was only in the form of song-writing that Frankie made any headway. Finally, in 1946, came an engagement in Billy Berg’s night club in Hollywood. Frankie was a sensation—locally. He did, however, get the opportunity of making a record for Mercury. The first disc under his name was “sneaked in” as the back of something called “Pickle In The Middle.” Frankie’s second record was of an old-time tune called “That’s My Desire.”

From that time on, however, Frankie Laine was on top of the vocal heap. Personal appearances in theaters, clubs and hotels as well as radio and record engagements have been successes for Frankie ever since. Literally millions of his records have found their way into disc collections. It’ll be a long time before anyone forgets “Lucky Old Sun,” or “Mule Train.”

And it all started when the son of barber Lo Vecchio (that’s Frankie’s real name) met barber Como.

And speaking of singers, when Betty Clark, ABC’s thirteen-year-old blind singing star went to live in the country she was given a Gordon setter puppy. No one intended the dog to become anything but a pet, but after several months with Betty, the dog seemed to sense her
Ever since he was a youngster in Chicago, Frankie Laine (in hat) wanted to be a singer but things looked pretty hopeless until 1937, when he met Perry Como. For a little while, the future seemed brighter but by the end of 1941 Frankie was ready to give up all his vocal ambitions and take a job in a machine shop.

Harry Salter, musical director of Stop the Music, finds that he has a kind of Frankenstein on his hands. When Salter first began working on the show, he made a practice of recording all broadcasts of the program so he could study them leisurely Monday evenings in his apartment. Only—his apartment on Monday evenings has turned into a mecca for as many as fifty friends and acquaintances who missed the show the night before and want to hear it.  

(Continued on page 24)
You'd never believe that beauteous Dorothy Kirsten is a sports-woman at heart. But she is! Riding, swimming, golfing and hiking are as familiar to her as singing for radio, movies and stage.

When a little girl who used to spend all of her time riding horses and climbing trees grows up to be a famous and glamorous singing star—that's news!

When she continued to break precedents, as lovely, blonde Dorothy Kirsten has done—that's personality!

But, although Dorothy's days are filled with music activities she never neglects her first love, the outdoors. She believes that real beauty and health depend upon exercise and fresh air. She still enjoys an early morning canter along the bridle path. And, she's become a familiar sight on the golf course, too. Dorothy thinks that golf is one of the best games an artist can play, because to do a good job, you must relax.

Dorothy Kirsten again proves herself to be an exception by styling her own hair and make-up. Her hair is constantly in a state of change. During the course of one day, she may wear at least five different styles.

Her make-up is a soft, natural-looking cake type. She achieves varying effects on and off the stage by blending several shades. Dorothy wears little rouge, and delights in experimenting with her mascara and eye shadow. Her lips are expertly outlined with a lipstick brush, and she carefully matches her costume and lipstick shades.

The star never has to follow a planned exercise routine. Her hours in the open air keep her looking and feeling fit. Of course, there are times when she has to spend weeks, sometimes months, away from her extra-curricular activities. But, whether it be the opera season which brings Dorothy to New York every year, her recordings, or her rehearsals with Frank Sinatra for their radio show, Light-Up Time, on WNBC, she still finds a way to get out in the air. Dorothy solves her problem by walking everywhere she wants to go.

The radio and music world has taken the exciting personality of Dorothy Kirsten to its heart. And so has a vast, appreciative audience.
Dry skin! "My skin was terribly dry before using Noxzema," says pretty Margaret MacKenzie. "Now it's my regular night cream. I like Noxzema because of its soft texture—and because it's greaseless. It's my regular hand cream, too."

Sensitive skin! "I have very sensitive skin—and need a good protective cream," says lovely Effie Sorensen. "Ever since I started using Noxzema as my regular beauty aid and hand cream, my skin seems to look softer and smoother."

**LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS... OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

**Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine! Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!**

- Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're bothered with dry, rough skin, externally-caused blemishes, or similar skin problems—here's news!
- A famous doctor, using one cream—medicated Noxzema—developed a New Beauty Routine! In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here's all you do:

**Morning—1.** "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how really clean your skin looks and feels.

**2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

**Evening—3.** Before retiring, again CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA. See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how clean it leaves your face.

**4.** Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

After using Noxzema only a day or two—notice how the dead, dry cells on the surface of your skin start to flake off. Good! That's what you want! Try it yourself! See if you aren't thrilled to find your complexion looking softer, smoother, lovelier.

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was clinically tested by doctors with amazing results! Follow the doctor's 4 simple steps for 10 days. If not satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! See if you don't agree your skin looks softer, smoother, lovelier in 10 days with medicated Noxzema. At all drug and cosmetic counters. **Ask for the Limited Time Special—regular 40¢ jar for only 29¢ plus tax. Get yours today!**

**Want your hands to look softer, whiter in just 24 hrs.?**

Are your hands unattractive—or really lovely? If they're red, rough or chapped from dishwashing, housework—try medicated, greaseless Noxzema! In actual Doctors' Tests, this dainty greaseless cream helped 9 out of 10 women to softer, lovelier-looking hands—in just 24 hours!

**Money-Back Offer**

Try it yourself! Tonight—smooth dainty, snow-white Noxzema on your hands. Look for improvement by tomorrow morning. See if you don't agree your hands look softer, whiter, lovelier—in just 24 hours! If not completely satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. Our address is on every jar. But you will be delighted to find your hands look whiter—feel softer, smoother. Try Noxzema Skin Cream tonight—and see!
Lee Hunter gets an assist from his twelve-year-old son Stephen as he prepares What's News, one of WFIL's shows slanted for in-school listening.

Dr. Armand Lee Hunter is a combination radio actor-teacher and to many Philadelphia school children, he's as well known as Dick Tracy. Weekdays, he's the guiding spirit of the award-winning WFIL Studio Schoolhouse, a series of daily programs designed for in-school listening. On Sundays he becomes "Uncle Lee" and turns up on WFIL-TV to read the comics on television.

Equipped with a frightening array of academic titles, Lee Hunter—A.B., M.A., PH. D.—spent some four years in Chicago as a radio actor-director. He appeared on such shows as Author's Playhouse, Doctors At War, Hot Copy, the Betty Crocker and Hildegarde shows and many others. In Chicago, he was Chairman of the Radio Department of the School of Speech at Northwestern University and subsequently became co-director of the NBC-Northwestern Summer Radio Institute. In January, 1947, he arrived at Temple University in Philadelphia as Chairman of the Department of Radio, Speech and Theater and, in addition, he became Educational Director for WFIL and WFIL-TV.

A teacher who gets fan mail instead of apples, Lee Hunter appears on four of the five WFIL Studio Schoolhouse shows. (The fifth is a musical program.) Intensely interested in the possibilities of education by radio and television, Lee is active in many nationwide steering and planning committees, among them the Educational Standards Committee of the National Association of Broadcasters. He is also Chairman of the Standards Committee of the University Association for Professional Radio Education.

When the question of radio versus television arises, the actor-educator says, "Both mediums will continue to develop and expand because there is a place for both in the social, educational and recreational needs of the audience."

Lee Hunter is married and the father of Stephen, twelve, and Katherine Ann, six. He is an avid reader and an off-hours photographer of no mean talent.

Dr. Hunter is as well-known to Philadelphia school children as Dick Tracy.
For lips that say
"I Dare You"

—Try this creamy, clinging lipstick... in eight fashionable "come-hither" shades!

Smoothly, evenly does it with exciting Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick! So creamy, so caressing that you hardly know it's there until...

You look and see how vibrantly alive your lips have become! Vivid, eager, with a dewy-fresh air about them that seems to say "I dare you!"

Then Cashmere Bouquet clings... and clings... and clings. But seeing is believing, so see for yourself, today!

Colors? No other lipstick, at any price, can better Cashmere Bouquet's range of fashion-right shades!

Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick

There's a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!

FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture
6 "Flower-Fresh" shades

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time" loveliness—a bedtime beauty must!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of spring flowers!

HAND LOTION
Caressable hands in just seconds!
We'll Give You These Lovely Dresses — and you can earn up to $23 weekly, besides!

Imagine! Take your pick of over 125 new Spring dresses without its costing you a cent! Right now we have openings for new Representatives, to take orders in spare time and send them to us. You get paid cash on the spot for every order. You work when and where you please—in your own free time. In return, we give you lovely dresses for your own use—and you can earn up to $23 a week besides!

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE!

Anybody can do it—without experience of any kind. Just show your friends and neighbors our beautiful new Spring styles. Every dress carries the Good Housekeeping Guaranty Seal, and our own ironclad guarantee of satisfaction or money back. There's an amazing variety of colors, weaves, and patterns—famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring. And a complete range of sizes to fit everyone you know—Misses, Half Sizes, Juniors, Stouts. Women can't resist these miraculous bargains—many as low as $2.98. They just can't help but order 2 and 3 at a time! Isn't this a pleasant, dignified, easy way to earn good money in your spare time—and get your own dresses, too, without a penny of cost. Begin now! Remember—you need no experience, no investment of any kind. Your Style Portfolio, with samples of America's finest fabrics, is absolutely free. There's no obligation, nothing to pay. Don't wait another day. Rush coupon at once!

OFFER THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk D3053, 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 everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

Name_________________________ Age_________________________
Address_______________________ City_________________________
Zone State____________________

Desk D3053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Collector's Corner

By KITTY KALLEN

(Kitty Kallen is certainly one of the nation's most talented performers. She has met with equal success on the Broadway stage (the lead in "Finian's Rainbow"), in night clubs, on the radio, and on records (Mercury). She started singing on the original Children's Hour over WCAU in Philadelphia and has parlayed her natural vocal talent and dramatic ability into making herself one of the most sought-after young stars in the show business. She's happily married, too, and the mother of a one-year-old youngster.)

I frankly, like every kind of music except bebop. Maybe that's because I just don't understand that bob business. To me it sounds artificial and contrived—and can hardly stand up against the artistry of people like Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden and Max Kaminsky.

As for my favorite records—and I have plenty—the first that comes to mind is Martha Tilton singing "I'll Remember April." Then, of course, there's the wonderful way in which the great Benny Goodman kind of yester-year plays "Sing, Sing, Sing." When you stop to realize that the trumpets on that record were those of Harry James, Ziegfield, and Louis Armstrong, you can readily see why it was such a fine record.

Another artist who never fails to make a good platter is Dinah Shore. I love the way Dinah toys with "Tess' Torch Song," And Vic Damone's virile voice, particularly the way he sings "You're Breaking My Heart," fits in with my favorite group. There's also the immortal Art Tatum pianistics on "Sweet Lorraine." That, too, belongs in the all-time category. There's the record that Helen Forrest made for Decca, "All The Things You Are." It was a big song for many other artists, yet I'll match Helen's rendition with any you can name.

Finally, there's the poignant and beautiful song that the great Ella Logan recorded on Columbia a few years back. The song is called "Something I Dreamed Last Night," and if you haven't heard Ella's wonderful work on this disc, then run—don't walk—to the nearest record shop!
Robert Donley, among whose regular radio roles is that of Lieutenant Carpenter on Front Page Farrell (NBC, Mon. through Fri. at 5:45 P.M.) is an energetic, resourceful fellow.

Born on a farm near Carmichaels, Pennsylvania, Bob ran away from home at sixteen and got a job in Detroit. He worked for two days without eating, and, to get money for food, he had to quit his job and take what he had earned.

After landing a job at a Detroit hotel, Bob went home for a visit and his family talked him into enrolling at Waynesburg College, where he got his first notions about acting.

He got his first professional acting job at a summer stock company in Virginia Beach, Virginia. “It was tough,” Bob said. “Sometimes we played to six people. I slept on the stage, and I managed to eat by doing odd jobs as a printer, sticking beach umbrellas in the sand, and being a shill for the concessionaires on the beach.”

Next, he returned to Chicago, but no jobs were to be had. Then, remembering that the small movie houses around Carmichaels had been dark for some time, he went back there and organized the Cumberland Little Theatre.

The group, composed mostly of amateurs, played the local circuit and the townspeople loved it. They supported it as well as they could, but the company was literally frozen out of the theater during the cold winter.

From there, Bob went to Denver and landed a job on a radio show called The Big Top. He later moved to WKY in Oklahoma City, where he got his first full-time paid job. He made thirty-five dollars a week for doing everything around the studio.

Things went more smoothly then and in 1945 Bob decided to take a crack at New York City. By the end of the year, he felt secure enough to go out as a free-lance actor and he’s been busy ever since.

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

And—

Cashmere Bouquet is actually milder for all types of skin than most other leading toilet soaps!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved milder! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this “fragrance men love”.

Cashmere Bouquet  _In a New Bath Size  Cake, Tool

Now—At the Lowest Price In History!
Are you in the know?

When walking’s hazardous, what’s correct?
- You take his arm
- He grips your elbow
- Let him carry you

High heels don’t always mix with cobblestones... slippery sidewalks... heavy traffic. Why wait for him to make like Sir Walter Raleigh, or steer you along by the elbow? Take his arm. And at times when certain other “hazards” beset you, take the precaution of choosing Kotex. You’ll have extra protection with that special safety feature. So, for accident insurance—say “Kotex.” You’ll find it’s the best policy!

Is a gal most likely to see green—
- When a new culte comes to town
- On March 17th
- Under her charm bracelet

For some gals, the wearin’ of the green isn’t just for St. Patrick’s Day. They’re the belles who live in their charm bracelets—come sleep or showers. Does telltale green lurk beneath your bangles? Remove it—if you’d rate in grooming! Dabbing your wrist with cleaning fluid does the trick. As for banishing telltale lines (on trying days), that’s no trick at all, for Kotex. You see, those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

What does “campus copper” mean to you?
- A monitor
- A chaperone
- A sharp shade

Pat—Big Brother is watching you! So what? Ten to one he’s admiring that bright-as-a-new-penny outfit of yours: the new copper color that’s wowing the school. Add copper pearls, coral lipstick—it’s knockout! You’re fashion-right with any shade of the russet family, if it becomes you. And on problem days, you’re right (protection-wise) with any of the Kotex “family” of 3 absorbencies. Learn which suits your needs best!

For extra comfort on “those” days, should you—
- Stay in bed
- Go square-dancing
- Buy a nylon belt

Comfort doesn’t call for coddling—or “square” tests. Your best bet’s a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It’s made with DuPont nylon elastic—won’t twist, won’t curl, won’t cut! Gives 118% stretch, yet it’s strong, smooth-feeling; wisp-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many washings. And see how much easier, quicker the new firm-grip fastener is to use! For extra comfort—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:
- Pin style and with new safety fastener
- Kotex Wonderform Belt

Buy two—for a change

To win attention, which should you be?
- Stand-offish
- A specialist
- The helpless type

Ever feel like a little lost sheep, in your crowd? Learn to shine at something. Whether your specialty’s ice skating, boogie, or beating up delish cookie batters, you’ll find it’s a magnet to males. Buys your poise! Builds you confidence! You needn’t hug the background on “those” days, either. Not when you can have the cushion-soft comfort of the new Kotex. Mind you, this softness holds its shape... for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Lets you be carefree... whatever the occasion!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
The first day Mary Jane Reeves met Seymour Abeles, she sat in his lap. It happened when they were both cast in “Sailor Beware” at the Buffalo Roadside Theater in the summer of 1940. Today, as host and hostess of WBEN-TV’s Shopper’s Guide, they are television headliners.

Mary Jane and Seymour have been in show business, in one form or another, since grade school days. Mary Jane attended Buffalo’s Lafayette High School and, while in her teens, studied dramatics at the Studio Theater school. The high spot in her radio career came two years ago when she was selected as a Buffalo representative on NBC’s Big Break show with Eddie Dowling. A few years before, she was Buffalo’s first and only female disc jockey when she broadcast a series of record shows on WGR.

Seymour has acted on all Buffalo stations. In addition, from 1937 to 1940 he took part in many NBC and CBS programs which originated in New York City. He appeared on Lorenzo Jones, participated in Columbia Workshop productions and the Pursuit of Happiness with Henry Hull. He also acted in a pageant at the World’s Fair and on Broadway in “Empress of Destiny” with Elissa Landi.

In Buffalo’s East High School, Seymour was active in hockey and basketball and later played semi-professional sports with suburban teams. He also taught English in Buffalo high schools, following graduation from the University of Buffalo, and his army service was spent in the CBI theater of operations. During the fighting for the Burma Road, Seymour was wounded in the leg and for this he received the bronze star and purple heart.

Mary Jane and Seymour were married on December 7, 1943, a day which the male member of the family says “will live in infamy.” They have one lively young son, David, who once “got into the act” by grabbing a soft drink which was “on camera.” At the time, the active three-year-old boy was a studio visitor and the sponsor admits that David’s action proved one of the best sales stunts that had been seen on Television for a long time.

These Buffalo favorites demonstrate that the Shopper’s Guide is not “all work and no play.”
Are you really Lovely to Love?

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference...and you will never know how lovely you can be until you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use...Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the jar of creamy, smooth Fresh we will send you.

Test it. Send 10¢ to cover handling charges to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for a jar.

WHAT'S NEW From

(Continued from page 9)

Guy Lombardo's sense of loyalty is apparent at his East Point House Restaurant in Freeport, Long Island. The restaurant manager is his brother-in-law, the cashier his daughter-in-law, the headwaiter was half of a dance team whose 1933 debut was sponsored by Lombardo, and the hat check girl is the daughter of the maestro's tailor.

In support of the 1950 Easter Seal sale, Sammy Kaye will make one-minute radio appeals during the fund raising campaign of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults.

In the department of one thing leading to another is a woman who, upon attending a broadcast of Cinderella Weekend in Savannah, was crowned Cinderella and sent off for a week-end in New York. While in Gotham, she visited the Ladies Be Seated program and was chosen by emcee Johnny Olsen to be one of his contestants. Running true to form, Cinderella won another set of prizes. While receiving her loot from Ray McNulty, Ladies Be Seated giveaway man, she mentioned that she was in New York as a result of Cinderella Weekend. McNulty did a double-take and capped the climax with: "Well, what d'ya know. That's my show. I wrote it!"

Announcer and commentator Ben Grauer, who as a child appeared in more than twenty films, has received an offer to return to films. In line with the current trend, the movie will be shot in New York City.

CBS sewed up another. This time Al Jolson. In accordance with the terms of the contract, Jolson will perform exclusively for CBS radio and TV for the next three years.

In more than fourteen years of broadcasting, Your Hit Parade has rung up some impressive statistics. Over 8,700 tunes have been aired on the show. Singers on the program have included such stars as the late Buddy Clark, Lanny Ross, Kay Lorraine, Bea Wain, Barry Wood, Joan Edwards, Lawrence Tibbett, Doris Day, Beryl Davis, Frank Sinatra and others. Currently, Eileen Wilson and Jeff Clark are the songsters.

Allen Funt, star and producer of Candid Camera, acknowledges that life on radio was a lot easier than it now is on TV. The success of his show depends upon the victims being completely unaware of Funt, the camera and the mike. Now that he is seen regularly, instead of just being heard, Funt finds that at least two out of every ten persons muff the film by recognizing him before the gag is over. It's rumored that this may force Funt to forsake TV and return to radio.

Many of those cute incidents and gags you hear on the Lucille Ball, My Favorite Husband, stanza are based on actual fact. Lucille keeps notes on the amusing situations that arise daily bo-
COAST to COAST

between herself and her husband, Desi Arnaz. Then every few weeks she turns over her little "sketch book" to her writers . . . and hopes for the best.

* * *

Some of the most touching letters asking for auditions are those which are sent to NBC, Rudd Weatherwax, and even sometimes direct to Lassie, the dog star of radio and screen. The letters come from children who yearn to be in the collie's supporting cast—not to break into radio, but just to have the opportunity of meeting their favorite canine, Lassie.

* * *

In the raising of her daughter, Beverly Wills of Junior Miss fame, Joan (Leave It To Joan) Davis has never used the phrase, "When I was your age, I did so-and-so." Instead she would say, "I can play a good game of tennis." The psychology behind this was to set up a spirit of competition without raising any feeling of resentment on the part of Beverly. Which was a good idea until Beverly passed her mother in certain fields, such as Spanish and, more recently, sewing. Currently Joan is taking sewing lessons because her well-trained daughter said, "I can sew very well!"

* * *

Did'ja know that Groucho Marx got his first theatrical break when he was eleven years old . . . was cast as a boy soprano in a musical vaudeville act. Following that he toured the country impersonating girl singers.

* * *

After her recent sensational rendition of "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out Of My Hair" on The Goldbergs, Gertrude Berg received a gag telegram from Oscar Hammerstein, author of "South Pacific," which introduced the song, offering her the lead in the road company. Or was he serious?

* * *

Out of the mouths of babes! A woman complained to Juvenile Jury panelists that her four-year-old daughter "likes to flatten and sit on every hat she can lay her hands on." Eight-year-old jurist, Charlie Haukinson, opined: "Looks like she'll be a ladies' hat designer when she grows up. All women's hats look like they've been sat on!"

OFF THE LINE: Lucille Ball, star of My Favorite Husband, is being considered for the role of Sophie Tucker in the movie version of the singer's life . . . Grand Ole Opry singer, Joe McPherson, left the Metropolitan Opera Company because he enjoys folk tunes more than arias . . . sparked by her regular appearances on the Bob Hope show, songstress Doris Day has sold over two million Columbia records in the past year . . . Marie (My Friend Irma) Wilson has just posed for her seven thousandth cheesecake picture . . . radio fans due to see news commentator Gabriel Heatter "in action" in the new film Champagne For Caesar . . . Fred Allen back on NBC for a series of guest appearances . . . in his school days at Penn State, Fred Waring couldn't qualify for the glee club . . . one major disc company, counting on Dixieland being the next musical craze, due to release a complete library by Bob Crosby and his old Bobcats . . . that's all for now.

JOAN FONTAINE soon to be seen in Hal Wallis' "SEPTEMBER", a Paramount Picture

So you're wandering through the Farmer's Market—on your first trip to that Hollywood landmark. Joan Fontaine's at the next stall! She's looking at curios so you can steal a glance. Even if she catches you, do you think she minds? Not at all! It's part of being a star! And she knows the Woodbury Powder she wears (in lovely Rachel) helps her look her beautiful best!

Don't look now... There's Joan Fontaine...

In Hollywood, where women are easy to look at, stars chose Woodbury Powder their favorite 6 to 1*. And no powder can make you look lovelier! A new ingredient gives a satiny-smooth glow to your skin. And u-m-m!
The exciting fragrance clings like this unbelievably fine-textured powder! For every skin type . . . in seven heavenly shades. 15¢, 30¢ and $1.00 plus tax.

* IN HOLLYWOOD STARS CHOSE WOODBURY POWDER 6 to 1
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 13)

My mag see what happens when you get started being a celebrity! After awhile, for most stars, life begins to have a "nothing's sacred" feeling. This is what's been coming Margaret Phelan's way during the past year while she's been rising deservedly and rapidly in the musical world—but pick any other star and it's very much the same old kind of story. Along with a lot of fairly flattering awards and citations, Margaret has been named "Miss Sharp Look of 1949," by the Associated Cutlery Industries. Will you forgive us if we say, "Ouch"?

* * *

Table hopping is an accepted custom in Hollywood, but Meredith Willson learned—the hard way—that the custom has not spread to New York. At least not to the big city's famous Luchow Restaurant. While dining there with his wife, Rini, Willson spotted Helen Traubel at a nearby table and rushed over to speak to her. He didn't even get "Hello, Helen," out before he was jolted by a terrific shoulder block, thrown by a Notre Dame type. The opera star, unperturbed, proceeded with introductions, "I want you to meet my husband—and Margaret Truman," she said. Light dawned and Willson looked around. The bruising blocker had company—Margaret's two other Secret Service men who had Willson surrounded.

* * *

That Sammy Kaye is an enterprising kind of a fellow. Sammy feels strongly that orchestras need some novel instrumentation, having pretty well used up all the possibilities of existing musical instruments. So, he's working on an invention which he predicts will revolutionize the reed section of every band in the land.

* * *

Lyn Murray believes that "incidental" music on radio programs has been too long overlooked by both critics and public. Therefore, next year a group of radio critics will award a prize to the composer who does the top "incidental" musical job. "Incidental" music is anything from sound effects to brief compositions—and meanwhile Lyn's preparing a handbook on such music for people who judge radio dramatic shows.

* * *

Have you heard Johnny Long's recording of "Gossip"? There's a tale hanging on the ad libbing at the beginning of the number. Seems that Ray Brandhoff and Jimmy James who did the ad libbing thought it would be a cute idea to use names of real girls, so they picked the names of the girl friends of four of the musicians in the band. The ad libbing goes, "Have you heard about Jeannine and Lyn?" and "Yeah, Ann and Mary, too!" But, since the recording date, every one of these romances has gone Pffft.
MARY SHIPP

Only in radio can it happen that an actress can step from bobby-soxer roles right into the part of a dignified and mature schoolteacher. That's what pretty, blonde Mary Shipp has done. After years of playing Henry Aldrich's girl friend, Kathleen, on The Aldrich Family, she's now appearing as the sympathetic Miss Spalding on the comedy series, Life With Luigi (CBS, Tuesday, 9 P.M., EST).

Mary was born in Los Angeles. She began studying ballet at an early age and was a child actress at eight. While still a youngster at school, her outside activities included a tour in "The Little Princess" and other stock company stints for the old Egan Theatre.

Following her graduation from high school, Mary majored in drama at Los Angeles City College. Fresh out of college, she auditioned for the Becky Thatcher role and got it. Carroll O'Meara, veteran radio producer, gave her the job and he also gave her the first big break on a coast to coast series, The Packard Show.

In 1938, Mary Shipp was signed for a five-a-week show, The Phantom Pilot, starring Howard Duff. That was when she met Harry S. Ackerman, the program's producer. She became Mrs. Ackerman a year later and the newlyweds moved to New York City.

"I retired from radio for a while," she said, "but I found I missed acting so much I had to go back to work. I joined The Aldrich Family and The Milton Berle show.

In the summer of 1948, Harry Ackerman was appointed CBS Director of Programs in Hollywood. So, the whole family, Harry and Mary, four-year-old Susan, sixteen-months-old Stephen, nine-year-old Scottie Gramps and Ermentrude, the family cat, all packed up and moved to California. Harry Ackerman has since been made a vice president of the network, and continues as head of the Program Department.

Mary Shipp Ackerman combines home-making in suburban Westwood, with her radio career, these days, appearing regularly on the Life With Luigi program, as well as doing both comedy and dramatic roles on other programs. She happily adds that she has no other hobbies than home, radio and French lessons. "I leave hobbies to Harry," she said. "He has more of them than you can imagine and has enough enthusiasm for every one of them for the whole family."

It's the real egg* that makes the magic in this luxury shampoo . . . the very same smooth liquid creme used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon to make hair more manageable, tangle-free, easier to do, and permanents "take" better. Whisks in and out like a dream, removes loose dandruff, leaves hair extra lustrous because it's clean, clean, clean! Try this gentler, kinder, luxury shampoo today. Wonderfully good for children's hair, too! $1.00

From the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

ENRICHED CREME

Shampoo

with egg

It's the real egg in Hudnut Shampoo that makes hair more manageable. Home permanents "take" better

* powdered, 1%
either,” Bob declared with a smile. “Surprisingly enough, rides were pretty frequent on the Alcan,” he said. “I remembered to shave every four days. I'm sure people were more apt to pick us up.”

On the whole, the two travelers were lucky, but they broke down and went, “ritzy” and booked a train which they arrived at Okotoks in the province of Alberta, Canada. They weren't tired—it was just that no matter what they did, for one reason or another, Bob wasn't destitute—he was just having fun. He spent one hundred and seventy-six dollars for a seventy-pound canoe which he bought in the Twin Cities and, after that, he pushed off into the Mississippi River—heading south. Seventeen days later found him four hundred miles downstream in Davenport, Iowa.

“I averaged forty miles a day whenever the wind was with me, and only twenty when it was against me,” he smiled. Their food problems were again solved by fishing. Every afternoon about four he pulled up to the bank and set up camp for the night. Possibly having the water was calm, fishing was best at that time of day and Bob usually managed to haul in a good catch. Only once during the entire trip was he marooned by rough water. On that day he lounged about with Brownie and “just thought.”

At the end of the forty-first day, having shipped his canoe from Davenport to Chicago, the adventurer arrived by train at Chicago’s LaSalle Street station where he was greeted by, or rather, an insurance broker, his brother Ray and another doctor-brother Jack. After spending some time in Chicago with his family, Bob planned to continue on his journey down to the Florida base. As to what he was going to do with Brownie, Bob said, “She’s going right to Tampa with me. She’s some bound she is.”

The one thing Bob is afraid will be missing in Tampa is a piano. The young doctor is an accomplished pianist and, while in Alaska, played in a small sweet-swing band. But even if there is no piano at the base, Bob says, “I guess I’ll get in a few licks while I’m at home.”

CORRECTION
In the February Radio Mirror, Aunt Jenny was referred to as a widow in the introduction to the Reader Bonus novel, “Investment in Happiness.” Actually, Aunt Jenny's husband is very much alive. His name is Calvin Wheeler and he is the editor and publisher of the Littleton newspaper.

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 4)
Ivy Bethune's best work is in neurotic character parts.

Ivy Bethune's a tiny brunette who has been in and around radio for five years but hasn't managed to grow very much older in that time. Five years ago, she started out at NBC, playing the part of a nine-year-old girl. She has come far enough to land jobs as a character ingenue nowadays fairly regularly on My True Story—ABC, Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EST—and a host of other programs.

Ivy was born in Buffalo, but her family moved to New York while she was very small. Theatrical tradition is strong in her family. Ivy's mother, an actress, was well-known in Europe and her father was a talented singer. They met while on the stage there and came to America shortly after their marriage.

With this background, theater, music and acting were the favorite topics of discussion at Ivy's home. She didn't get any formal training in acting as a child because she was quite ill most of the time. But in New York's Julia Richman High School, Ivy began to emerge as an actress.

After finishing school, Ivy set about looking for work in radio. She made the usual rounds, doing general auditions for all the networks and agencies. "And I got my first part at NBC through such a general audition," she said. "In fact, that's the way I always get work, the plain, ordinary way of knocking on someone's door. I never got any part either in radio, or on the stage through any contacts, or luck, or special favors."

"An interesting thing," she said, "is that I'm always being cast in Irish parts. The funny thing is that I can't convince the Irish themselves that I'm not Irish, no matter how I try to prove that I'm of Russian descent. Not that I mind. I love the Irish people so much and I'm with them a great deal, so that I've come to feel the way they speak. As a rule I'm not a very good dialectician, but with Irish, it's different. I really speak it and I enjoy playing the parts."

Ivy is married and she keeps house for her interior decorator husband in a five-room apartment where she manages to deal with a small baby, two dogs and three cats. The animal section of this menage is very happy and productive, so that the house is always full of puppies and kittens. It's a rich, full life that Ivy leads, but she still finds time for home and work—and—to study at the American Theatre Wing, where she works as a volunteer actress, in what she calls her spare time.

How Mothers Help Guard Family Health

TO HELP PREVENT disease germs from striking at family health, alert mothers, the country over, take this simple precaution: they disinfect with potent "Lysol" brand disinfectant when cleaning their homes. Floors, walls, woodwork ... everywhere.

IF SICKNESS should be carried in from outside, then dependable "Lysol" becomes even more a must in the sickroom. The patient's bed, bedding and utensils all need disinfecting with "Lysol"... 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water.

Look to your Doctor and your Druggist

Call on their knowledge and skill whenever needed. Be prepared, before sickness may occur, with basic Sickroom Needs! Your druggist is featuring these items now. Check with him today!

HELP PROTECT your home against disease germs. Remember—many healthy, happy homes, coast-to-coast, depend on powerful "Lysol" to help guard family health.
The only thing I know about romance is that any girl who gets me will get a lemon.

I'm stubborn, and I get into ridiculous moods, and it takes a long time to knock an idea into my square Dutch head. Probably the only good thing about me is that at least I have the chivalry not to ask any girl to put up with me yet.

I've changed a lot in the year I've been on the Arthur Godfrey shows. I was twenty-three last December 28, so I have time to change a lot more. It would be tough on a girl to ask her to share that process, so I don't plan to take a chance on marriage for a few years yet, though I am old enough to know that you don't plan those things. When the right girl comes along and love hits you, that is the end of plans. I've just seen it happen to my brother—and it looks wonderful.

Just the same, that's my plan. Before I get serious about any girl, I want to get a good foothold in my career. By "foothold" I mean when I recognize that I won't have to worry about getting jobs so I can be perfectly sure I can take good care of the girl I marry. Everybody keeps telling me that I'm over, that I'm set, that I have arrived because I am on the Godfrey shows. I know I've had the greatest break any young singer ever had. I know I'm shot with luck to have had the chance to work with wonderful people like Arthur and Janette and all the rest on a really top show.

But I have enough sense not to be carried away by that success even though it has been quick and big. I'm just not the carry-away kind, I guess, and I want to be positive that I have security to offer a girl, because I want to take care of anyone who ties to me, and I want to do it right. Besides, I have a pretty clear picture of what I want, and I expect to spend some time looking for it.

Love to me is companionship. What attracts me in a girl is not looks. I've seen a lot of beautiful girls that leave me cold as a mackerel. It helps if a girl is pretty, but I really don't care. That's just a physical deal. Pretty eyes and legs have nothing to do with what a girl is really like, so her looks are the least important thing about a girl to me. What I look for and what I like is a certain expression. It is hard to describe. It is a certain warm, friendly look. It isn't in any way sophisticated or stagey. It's a sort of naturalness. It's direct and unaffected. It's something a girl can't put on because there is no pretense about it. It isn't exactly sweet. It's a look of being honest and sincere. In a way, it's sort of a quiet look, as if the girl has a lot of sense but isn't impatient to prove it to everybody.

There have been two wonderful girls in my life so far. Both of them had that look and that way of acting—kind, natural, nice. By "nice" I mean no rough talk, no showing-off, no pretending (Continued on page 83)
Bill with two people he thinks are tops: co-workers Arthur Godfrey and Janette Davis.
What I Want in a Husband

By JANETTE DAVIS

Blueprint for the kind of man Janette will say “yes” to: about six feet tall, with blue eyes, black hair.

When I sang “I Want to do Homework” on the show recently, everybody was very nice about the way I did it. They said, “That was good going—you put a lot of imagination into it, made it sound as if you really meant it.”

That made me laugh. I didn’t have to use imagination to put real meaning into those words. All I had to do was think what I want out of life and the emotion came through. Because what I want more than anything else in the world is a home.

I don’t mean that I am having housing trouble. I have a very comfortable apartment. When I say “home” I mean a happy marriage—because what is a home without a husband?

This isn’t any vague romantic dream such as every girl has about her future. I know exactly what I want. I also know what I don’t want, which is almost as important. I could draw you a blueprint of the kind of a marriage I expect to have. I even know what the husband I want will probably look like, though his looks aren’t as important as his temperament and his background and his age.

The kind of man I want to say “yes” to probably will have black hair and blue eyes and stand about six feet. He will be thirty or a year or so older. I have two reasons for picking that age.

In the first place, I think it is a shame for a man and a girl to rush into marriage almost before they can vote. I have seen too many very young couples get married only to discover in a few years that they have grown up in quite different directions. In so many cases, both are wonderful people—not a thing wrong with either one except that they were no longer right for each other. (Continued on page 81)

Janette Davis is heard on the Arthur Godfrey Show, 10:15 A.M. EST, M.-F., on CBS. Sponsored M., W., F. by Wildroot; Tues. and Thurs. by Toni. She also appears on the Godfrey TV show, Wednesday, 8:00 P.M. EST, WCBS-TV. Sponsored by Chesterfield.
How about it—do you men feel you’d
be the right husband for Janette, do
you girls think you’re the perfect
wife for Bill? Write, tell us why!

Are you one of the women who’ve heard Bill
Lawrence on the air, watched him on television,
and said to yourself, “Now why can’t I meet a
man like that?”
Or are you one of the men who’ve listened to
Janette Davis sing a song, seen that pretty face of
hers, and sighed enviously, “Now there’s a girl!
Why don’t I ever get-introduced to a girl like that?”
If you’re one of those, you’re not alone—there are
countless numbers of you from coast to coast. And
each one of you has probably decided, in his or her
own mind, exactly the qualifications that make you
“just the girl for Bill” or “just the guy for Janette.”
If you are one of the sorority of Lawrence admires,
perhaps you feel that you could be a help to Bill in
his career. Perhaps he appeals to a mother-instinct
present in all women. Perhaps you’re a good
cook and think you’d qualify along the lines of
dishes “just like mother used to make.” Or
perhaps you just like his looks, feel that his way of
singing a song makes that song a personal message
that you can understand better than anyone else in
the world!
Among the Janette-admiring fraternity, maybe
you feel you’re the one who best measures up to that
description of the man Janette would like to say yes
to. Or maybe she brings out the protective feeling,
the instinct to shelter a woman that’s present in all
men. Or perhaps you simply think she’s the prettiest
girl this side of anywhere, that when she sings a song
she’s singing it especially for you.
Now that you’ve read Bill Lawrence’s story, heard
what he has to say about himself as a matrimonial
prospect and what he’s looking for in that as yet un-
discovered girl he will someday marry—do you think
you would be a good wife for Bill?
Now that you’ve read Janette Davis’ story, heard
about the man she dreams of, learned what she wants
in a husband—do you think you measure up?
If your answer is yes to either of those two ques-
tions, won’t you write and tell Radio Mirror why?

Radio Mirror will pay $25.00 for the most inter-
esting letter beginning “I think I would make Janette
Davis a good husband because—” and a second $25.00
for the best letter beginning “I think I would make
Bill Lawrence a good wife because—”. Use the
coupons on this page, or a separate piece of
paper; finish the statements in fifty words or less.
Address Husband-Wife, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42 St.,
New York 17, N. Y. Letters must be postmarked no
later than midnight, March 1, 1950; all letters be-
come the property of Radio Mirror; none will be re-
turned. The editors of Radio Mirror will be the sole
judges.
Here are all of the people you've come to know and love in this warm and appealing story of a mother's devotion.

During her occasional visits to the Grosvenor home on Beacon Hill, Stella Dallas often spends time in the nursery with Stella-Louise and Rickey, her daughter Laurel's children. Stella is seated on the floor with her granddaughter while her old friend, Minnie Grady, and Laurel, standing next to Minnie, look on. Laurel's husband, Dick Grosvenor, assembles a train for Rickey. Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's mother, disturbed by the noise, is at the doorway to investigate. Playing their parts as you hear them on the air are:

Stella Dallas ................................. Anne Eltner
Laurel ........................................ Vivian Smolen
Minnie Grady ................................. Grace Valentine
Dick Grosvenor .............................. Spencer Bentley
Mrs. Grosvenor .............................. Jane Houston

These episodes in the later life of Stella Dallas are based on the novel of that name by Olive Higgins Prouty, and are written by Anne Hummert. Stella Dallas is heard Monday through Friday at 4:15 P.M., EST, on NBC. Sponsored by Phillips Milk of Magnesia, Ironized Yeast and Bayer Aspirin.
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This is the story of a man who was able to struggle back from a tragic wasteland after discovering a new set of values for an old way of life

The other day, a teen-age boy stood across the desk from me, here in my office in New York’s Radio City, and said, “I’m in trouble, Mr. Brokenshire,” and when I asked, “What kind of trouble, son?” he said, “I am an alcoholic.”

We think of alcoholics, generally, as men—and women of mature years. As a matter of fact, research studies show that there are about half as many women as men alcoholics in the United States—and here is a lad who, at nineteen years of age, has lived through nearly all the horror and torment, through all the sordid, sad and shabby experiences I have suffered, and caused those who love me to suffer—for I, too, am an alcoholic.

Those who have worked with me and played with me in the recent busy active years may pause here to ask themselves, “What does Broke mean by saying ‘I am an alcoholic’—he hasn’t had a drink in seven years!”

Nor have I. For me to take a drink now would be exactly like an intelligent man putting his hand on a red hot stove to see if it would burn. Just as unthink-able. Just as idiotic. Nevertheless—and I can’t say it too often—one an alcoholic always an alcoholic, and when one finally “dries up,” as I have dried up, he stays dry only when he keeps in mind the fact that he is an alcoholic and accepts the fact. You accept it only when you no longer say, vaingloriously, “I will never take another drink as long as I live!” but instead, and humb-ly, “I have not had a drink today—please God I will not take one tomorrow.”

I am trying to help this young lad I have mentioned, as I try to help others, by helping him to help himself. I tell him, as I tell each and everyone, that alcoholism is no respecter of persons—the truck driver and the movie star, the chorus girl and the school-teacher, they have all come to me with their problems and I am glad they come to me, for these contacts are very potent reminders that I am an alcoholic and that the meagre measure between their stagnant hopelessness and my joyous activity is—just one drink.

Why they come to me may be difficult to understand—unless you realize that alcoholism is a disease of body and mind which fact, for years, has brought it beyond the ken of the purely physical or purely mental healers. The pleadings of wives and sweethearts, the terrifying threats of physicians and psychiatrists, the sincere well-intended help of spiritual advisers make no lasting impression on the alcoholic for the simple reason that the understanding is not there and the consequent approach is always wrong.

It seems that only an alcoholic really understands an alcoholic. When this teen-age boy tried to justify himself by saying, “My father is an alcoholic, my mother a drinking woman so what but alcoholism should be expected of me?” he knew that I could talk his language when I promptly punctured his alibi by telling him, “I am the son, the grandson of ministers and missionaries. My home atmosphere and teaching were the very best—so what but total abstinence should have been expected of me?” I added that just as no man and no woman can be held responsible for causing the disease of alcoholism in another, so no man and no woman can be expected to cure it.

“Then to what, or to whom,” the lad asked me, “can I turn for help?”

“To your own desire for a full and happy life,” I answered him, “and to faith in a power greater than yourself.”

“What is this power greater (Continued on page 105)

Norman Brokenshire is heard twice daily on his own shows, at 9:15 A.M. and 12:15 P.M. EST, M.-F. for NBC. He also can be heard as announcer for Theatre Guild On The Air, Sundays at 8:30 P.M. EST, over NBC, and for Inner Sanctum, Mondays at 8:00 P.M. EST, over CBS.
Finding himself again was no small feat but Norman Brokenshire is now back on top in radio. Here with assistant Virginia Laffey.
"WHICH MAN DO
"I think Chichi was foolish to break her engagement to Doug Norman!" That's the way a letter from a Radio Mirror reader-listener begins. Another says: "Why doesn't Chichi marry Toby Nelson—he's her own kind of person." Still another speaks up for Barry Markham, saying: "Chichi ought to marry him—maybe he won't wait around forever."

Now Radio Mirror asks all of you how you think that Chichi should decide, in this, the third of a new series of Radio Mirror features in which readers are asked to help solve the problems of their daytime serial favorites.

So many of you have written, offering advice based on your own experiences with similar problems, or on experiences of your friends or neighbors, that Radio Mirror decided to offer you a place, each month, in which to air your views, to share them with others who are regular listeners to daytime serial dramas, perhaps to have your letter considered interesting enough for Radio Mirror to purchase and publish.

This month's question is one which young women have asked themselves since the beginning of time: "Which one of the men I know, the men to whom my heart turns, do I really love? Which one of them is the right man for me, the one with whom my true happiness lies? Which one do I love in the way a girl loves the man she would like to marry?"

This is the question that Chichi, of Life Can Be Beautiful, asks her heart—the question to which there seems to be no answer which she can be sure is the right one. Perhaps you can help her.

On the next pages you will find the story of Chichi, of Papa David, of Doug and Barry and Toby, and of the others whose lives revolve around Papa David's Slightly Read Book Shop. Each day on NBC you can hear another chapter of the story. When you have read about these people, listened to them, perhaps you will feel that you have the right answer, the key to real happiness for Chichi.

Radio Mirror will pay $50.00 for the most interesting letters!

Turn the page for the story and complete details.
Papa David has said: "In my little book shop here I have also my home. In my home I have for many years, also, had like a family... even though no one in my home was my real son or daughter. God has been good to me, sending from time to time substitutes for the real children I would have liked to have had. I thank Him every night for the blessings he has seen fit to bestow on me... Chichi, Toby, Douglas, Alice, Barry, and many others, are no less dear to me than if they had been my own flesh and blood."

David Solomon is known as Papa David to his friends and neighbors—the people who love, trust and respect him—all up and down East Avenue, on New York's Lower East Side. The "little shop" Papa David speaks of is the Slightly Read Book Shop which has sheltered through the years, besides Papa David himself, many a homeless person, sick, frightened, needing the kindly comfort and guidance that are Papa David's very way of life.

First of these homeless ones was Chichi, a street waif who, many years ago, blundered into the shop. Locked out of her sordid tenement home, the frightened and defiant girl sought shelter. But she found more than that—a permanent home, a lovable old man to whom she became as close as a daughter. Best of all, the opportunity and inspiration to change herself into a worthwhile human being.

Soon Toby Nelson, street boy and companion of Chichi's old life, came to the book shop too, learned to love Papa David, to believe his gentle philosophy.

Later, when Chichi had blossomed into radiant womanhood, others came into their lives. Barry Markham, a typical rich young playboy when they first knew him, who has changed and matured through knowing Papa David and Chichi. More recently, Douglas Norman, a writer, who, during an illness, was also sheltered in the book shop's living quarters. Now, Alice Swanson, Douglas' partner in
the publication of the *East Avenue News*, a community paper, has come to live with Papa David.

Chichi—lovely, volatile, impulsive, always the champion of the hunt, the underprivileged—loves Barry and Douglas and Toby, each in a different way. Barry Markham is a theatrical producer and the only son of a wealthy father. Chichi was once engaged to him, broke it off because she could not be sure that this was real love. Barry insists that she is the only girl for him, and he seems to be waiting for the right moment—the moment when Chichi’s sisterly love for him will change to another kind. With his money and background he could give Chichi all the material things some women cherish so much—and his sincere love could give Chichi all that any woman could ask of that precious commodity.

Toby Nelson is Chichi’s counterpart—a child of the city streets. Each has fought with and for the other many times. Chichi has advanced a little more in the social scheme of things than Toby, but he is “regular—a tough little guy with a heart of gold.” He loves Chichi, although that love is tinged with sadness, for he feels little hope of ever having her for his own. As far as compatibility is concerned, Toby can offer understanding, a deep appreciation of Chichi’s innermost feelings. Chichi loves him, too, but she is inclined to fear that this love is “sisterly.”

Doug Norman, during the war a correspondent in the secret service, now with Alice Swanson runs the *East Avenue News*. He is strong, domineering, and not at all a ladies’ man. But he has deep feeling and understanding; and beneath the exterior he is a kindly, gentle person. When Doug was threatened with blindness, Chichi fell in love with him and they became engaged. However, Chichi broke the engagement when Doug’s sight was assured—although she believes she loves him, she felt that he might have changed his mind. And it seems that he may have, for his interest in Alice Swanson is growing rapidly.

Radio Mirror will purchase readers’ answers to the question, “Which Man Does Chichi Really Love?” Best Answer, $25.00; next five best answers, $5.00 each.

On these pages you have learned more about Chichi’s three loves—Barry Markham, Douglas Norman, Toby Nelson. But which is the real, the true love, the kind upon which a lifetime of happiness can be based?

Can you help her? Can you answer the question: “Which man does Chichi really love?”

State your answer in a letter of no more than a hundred words, telling both the man’s name and your reasons.

Address your letter, Chichi, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors of *Radio Mirror* will choose what they feel to be the best letter and will buy it, for $25.00, for publication in the June, 1950, issue. They will also choose the five next-best letters, purchase them for $5.00 each. The opinion of the editors will be final; no letters will be returned. Your letter must be postmarked no later than midnight, March 1, 1950. The coupon below should accompany your letter.

**NAME**

**STREET or BOX**

**CITY or POSTOFFICE** STATE
Advice drawn from your own experience may provide the clue that will help Chichi decide to whom her uncertain heart belongs...

Papa David has said: "In my little book shop here I have also my home. In my home I love for many years, also, had like a family... even though no one in my home was my real son or daughter. God has been good to me, sending from time to time substitutes for the real children who would have liked to have had. I thank Him every night for the blessings he has seen fit to bestow on me... Chichi, Toby, Douglas, Alice, Barry, and many others, are no less dear to me than if they had been my own flesh and blood.

David Solomon is known as Papa David to his friends and neighbors—the, people who love, trust and respect him—all up and down East Avenue, on New York's Lower East Side. The "little shop" Papa David speaks of is the Slightly Read Book Shop which has sheltered through the years, besides Papa David himself, many a homeless person, sick, frightened, needing the kindly comfort and guidance that are Papa David's very way of life.

First of these homeless ones was Chichi, a street waif who, many years ago, blundered into the shop. Looked out of her sordid tenement home, the frightened and defiant girl sought shelter. But she found more than that—a permanent home, a loving old man to whom she became as close a daughter. Best of all, the opportunity and inspiration to change herself into a worthwhile human being.

Soon Toby Nelson, street boy and companion of Chichi's old life, came to the book shop too, learned to love Papa David, to believe in his gentle philosophy.

Later, when Chichi had blossomed into radiant womanhood, others came into their lives. Barry Markham, a typical rich young playboy who they first knew him, who has changed and matured through knowing Papa David and Chichi. More recently, Douglas Norman, a writer, who, during an illness, was also sheltered in the book shop's living quarters. Now, Alice Swanson, Douglas' partner in the publication of the East Avenue News, a community news, has come to live with Papa David.

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On these pages you have learned more about Chichi's three loves—Barry Markham, Douglas Norman, Toby Nelson. But which is the real, the true love, the kind upon which a lifetime of happiness can be based?

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State your answer in a letter of no more than a hundred words, telling both the man's name and your reasons.

Address your letter, Chichi, Ramos Mannon Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors of Ramos Mannon will choose what they feel to be the best letter and will buy it, for $25.00, for publication in the June, 1950, issue. They will also choose the five next-best letters, purchase them for $5.00 each. The opinion of the editors will be final; no letters will be returned. Your letter must be postmarked no later than midnight, March 1, 1950. The coupon below should accompany your letter.

NAME
STREET or BOX
CITY or POSTOFFICE
STATE

* 3: P.M. EST, over NBC stations, sponsored by Tide.
"He makes you proud to be a member of the human race!" That's what one of the many who's benefited by Jimmy Durante's kindness and generosity says.

By JUDITH FIELD

Some people waste most of their lives away before they find out what really makes them happy. Some never find out at all. Jimmy Durante—call it luck, if you want—seems to have known the answer since he was a child. It's a knowledge he has never had to question.

Another person might have.

"Why do you keep helping guys like that?" someone will ask Jimmy, when a favor of his is repaid with ingratitude.

All earnestness, the Schnozzola will try to explain. "I can't take da chance. Suppose I get sore and turn da next guy down? He might be just da one who needs it. I can't take da chance."

Some people never find the secret of happiness. But
long ago, when he was growing up on New York's lower East Side in the 1900's, Jimmy Durante discovered that life was a wonderful thing when you could help another person out. As far back as anyone can remember, Jimmy has been a one man "friend-in-need" movement—with his own ideas about who rated his help.

Recently Jimmy's friends were surprised to find out that he was giving business backing to a man who was universally disliked. Down on his luck now, the fellow had once been a big shot and a hard, merciless man when he wielded power. Jimmy's reason was simple:

"Who's gonna help da guy if I don't? There ain't no one has any use for him. Where he made his mistake—he didn't know da friends you." (Continued on page 78)
America loved this pair, best known as the Happiness Boys—Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. They achieved huge success in the new medium.

Concert singer Graham McNamee (r.) wandered into a radio station out of curiosity, stayed to become one of its top announcers.

Wendell Hall’s the name, but audiences knew him as the “It Ain’t Gonna Rain No Mo’” boy.

1923: It was only four years since the very first regularly scheduled broadcasts had been heard, but within those four years radio had swept the country. It was estimated that there were a million sets in use. Sober thinkers doubted that figure. One set for approximately every hundred people? Incredible! Impossible! But the boom continued. This year $136,000,000 was spent on new sets and soon the shout, “Turn down that radio!” became a common cry in the black of the night.

Stations were opening by leaps and bounds. At the end of the year there were nearly a thousand. Most of them blithely ignored frequencies assigned to them by the Department of Commerce, and switched happily from one wave length to another at the whim of the engineer on duty. This produced utter chaos in the air, with sometimes as many as half a dozen different programs roaring out of the loud speaker at the same time.

It was maddening. No wonder when Emil Coué arrived from France for a lecture tour that his soothing slogan, “Day by day, in every way, I’m getting better and better,” caught on like wildfire, and his “auto-suggestion”
OWN LIFE STORY

President Warren Harding, seated left in the touring car, was first chief executive to use radio for broadcasting. His speech on the World Court was heard on three stations simultaneously, a 1923 miracle.

Part III: The biography of the air waves continues
to reveal the fascinating past, not only of the medium
itself but of America—its manners and mores—in the twenties

was used to steady the nerves of the irritated set owners
who were beginning to wonder if radio was worth the
trouble when there was so much else to talk about—like
Jack Dempsey knocking out Luis Firpo in two rounds,
and Helen Wills winning the National U. S. Tennis cham-
pionship and also the nickname, “Little Poker Face.”
This was the year when the word “debunking” entered
the language, and when you wanted to say “Yes,” you
said “I’ll tell the world.” Mr. Ford’s Tin Lizzie cost about
$300, not including such extras as the horn—a brass affair
worked by squeezing a black rubber bulb. The movies
that everyone had to see were Lon Chaney and Patsy
Ruth Miller in “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” Lois
Wilson and Ernest Torrence in “The Covered Wagon,”
and Cecil B. DeMille’s “The Ten Commandments.” The
novelty hit tunes were “Yes, We Have No Bananas” and
“You Gotta See Mama Every Night, or You Can’t See
Mama at All,” and a new game, Mah Jong, became a na-
tional fever.

Radio’s other big rival for attention was the Marathon
Dance. In thousands of ballrooms all over the country,
exhausted couples staggered on, day and night, week after
week, in endurance contests for prizes of varying amounts
while huge crowds turned out to watch, cheer and bet on
favorites.
Radio survived both of these challenges, though there
were strange ugly rumors afloat. One farmer claimed that
a new station had ruined his crop. He said that the waves
passing over his cornfield had stunted the ears. Another
said that radio waves made his hens so nervous they re-
 fused to lay. In Louisville, a woman threatened to sue.
She said that all of this new disturbance of the ether had
given her “radio poisoning” in her arm and it hurt just
as much as rheumatism.

President Harding died, and the nation was urged to
“Keep Cool With Coolidge” in the next election. Harding
was the first chief executive to speak on the air while in
office when his address at the burial of the Unknown
Soldier in Arlington was broadcast November 11, 1921.
He went on the air again on his way to the Pacific coast
just before his death. He spoke about the burning question
of the day, participation in the (Continued on page 92)
In front of the fireplace he built himself, Len holds a read-aloud session for Aggie and the boys.

By IRA KNASTER

Radio's Len Doyle turns master builder and shows how far a little imagination and a lot of elbow grease will go

A haunted house? Well, not exactly. The fact that it had thirteen rooms was merely coincidence. Besides, the rooms were so ramshackle that no self-respecting ghost could be expected to take tenancy. Floorboards sagged. Plaster hung precariously from ceilings. Cobwebs were everywhere.

Treading gingerly, a ruddy-faced, blue-eyed man stepped off the rickety front stoop. A dozen paces took him across an unkempt lawn where he paused and turned, the better to view the ancient dwelling. Sharing his quiet contemplation of the dismal scene was a slim, extremely attractive young woman.

Finally the man spoke in a voice which would have been instantly recognizable to millions of radio listeners:

"Aggie, this is it. The place has terrific possibilities." She would have been entirely justified had she retorted, "Yes, terrific possibilities for a horror movie." Instead, Aggie—Mrs. Len Doyle—merely smiled and waited for Len to develop his theme. She knew better than anyone that her husband's radio exploits as Harrington on Mr. District Attorney, although thrill-packed enough to keep several million Americans on their chair-edges, were sometimes mild compared with Len Doyle's real-life exploits. These include his adventures at sea, his big game hunts in Canada's backwoods country and—rebuilding old houses. So Aggie listened while Len began to do some verbal blueprinting... That episode took place in a quiet residential section...
BEFORE: The ramshackle turn-of-the-century house dismayed everyone except Len. "This," said he, "is it!"

BEFORE: What, you might ask, could anyone do with this? Ugly radiator, uninspiring windows—what indeed?

BEFORE: This dismal area of the kitchen was vacated by a big, black pot-bellied stove with coal bucket nearby.

AFTER: Two years later, with Georgian columns, stone walls, landscaping, it is hard to believe it's the same place.

AFTER: Len found the solution via this picture window. Functional and decorative, it gives illusion of added width.

AFTER: Len built a Dutch oven with fireplace grill to fit in with tradition of the Pennsylvania countryside.
of the village of Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania, on a bleak afternoon in 1946. Today, the Doyle’s thirteen-room mansion is the architectural showplace of Milford—a beautiful, impressively tall house whose exterior only hints at the wonders within.

As a guest on a first visit, you’re likely to find Len waiting to greet you outside on the front steps. You get a quick impression of tall, tall columns supporting a third-story sun deck. You are conscious of the massive stone-work walls; you’re aware of the neatness of green lawn, trees and shrubs; you spy inviting terrace furniture in bright canvas.

Most vivid impression of all, though, is Len himself—he’s a technicolor blaze of rugged glory in his fawn-colored windbreaker, his brilliant pink sports shirt and his pale lemon corduroy slacks.

“We’ve got about half an hour until Aggie gets a few things ready,” he explains. “Meanwhile, let’s go down to the inn.”

With Len guiding the way, a few minutes drive along Highway 6 brings you to the geographical meeting place of three states—New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Its name is Port Jervis and it happens also to be Len Doyle’s home town since boyhood. There, built on the site of the historical Delaware River toll bridge, is the inn. You are introduced to its proprietor (and Len’s good friend) Harold Dalrymple. You are shown an authentic item of Americana: the original “Rate of Tolls” hanging huge on the taproom wall. It makes fascinating reading. For example:

Curricule, Chaise, or Sulky, Drawn by 1 Horse—25c
Sled, or Sleigh, drawn by 2 Horses, Mules or Oxen—25c
Score of Sheep, or Hogs—20c and so in proportion for
More or Less.

Person and Push Cart—10c

Len fondly polishes the mantel which he cut and finished with his own woodworking tools.

But presently another, more contemporary subject dominates the discussion as Len brings out a sheaf of “before” photographs of his house. He shows them with a grim sort of pride for they are documentary proof of everything you’ve heard concerning the former haunted-house appearance of his place. And, you ask, it is really true that Len, a veteran stage and radio actor, brought about the magical transformation unaided by architect, contractor or carpenter?

“I did everything except the masonry,” Len declares. “Never once smashed a thumb. Never once fell off a scaffold. Never once missed a broadcast of Mr. District Attorney. But I’d like to emphasize one point. There wasn’t anything magical about the transformation. It wasn’t a case of playing Harrington coast-to-coast on Wednesdays and alternating that role with another character part—you know, the busy little beaver merely whistling ‘There’ll Be Some Changes Made’ while rap-a-tapping away with hammer and nail. Let’s face it. Many a time I said, more in sorrow than in anger, ‘Len, you’ve bitten off more than you can chew.’ A lot of sweat and heartache and old-fashioned cussin’ has gone into the toil of Mr. Doyle.”

Glancing at his watch, Len decides it’s time to return, meet Aggie and the kids, have something to eat, and then make the grand inspection. Driving along Highway 6, the radio star points off to the left. “I recently bought a lot of acreage along the Delaware here. Been toying with the idea of starting a unique summer theater. A showboat. I think it has terrific possibilities but—”

But—?

“Well, if I got started on it, I’d probably end up with buying an old garbage scow and rebuilding it from the waterline up. Aggie’s getting kind of fed up with that sort of thing.”

Aggie, when you meet her at the house, strikes you as being the person least likely to be fed up with any of Len Doyle’s enterprises. You get the impression she’d go to bat for him even if he decided to reconstruct Boulder Dam. It’s been that way with her, you find, for nearly fifteen years.

The Len-and-Aggie romance began to the strains of music in three-quarter time. The year was 1936. The place, Joyland Park Roller Rink in Port Jervis. Conspicuous in the crowd was one young swain, Len Doyle, resplendent (so he thought) in French beret, ascot scarf, sports jacket and knickers.

“I was trying to look like a Hollywood director,” he confesses. “Being an actor, I just had to dress different from any of the local boys. The fact that I was an unemployed actor was merely incidental. I was between shows—in other words, flat broke.”

Broke but having a heap of fun. Typical of most roller rinks, there were the customary “exchange skates”—a little fanfare, then music to which all the skaters changed partners. To the “Moonlight Waltz,” Len found himself lifting along with a most attractive young gal. She was brown-haired, cream-complexioned and an enchanting smile radiated the warmth of her personality. Len was captivated.

“Looking back at that evening, I realize that Aggie was a brave girl, skating with (Continued on page 86)
The problem of Mrs. J.R.K., in December Radio Mirror, concerned her sister's fiance, who declared his love for Mrs. K., and became engaged to Mrs. K.'s sister, all in one evening. Should she tell her sister? Mrs. K. asked. I think that Barbara Dale, of Houston, Texas, has summed up best the feeling of the majority of you, that Mrs. K. must do as her husband advised her, and keep the secret. For her letter, below, Miss Dale has been sent Radio Mirror's check for $25.00.

Dear Mrs. J.R.K.:

One of the dangers of young couples double-dating with single people is that a young man like Fred can misconstrue the freedom and ease that a woman can have with other men when she is secure in the love and trust of the man to whom she is married. Her friendliness and ease of manner can be easily misunderstood.

I feel that such is probably the case with Fred. After all, on such short acquaintance he could not have meant what he said; more likely he had some idea of "trying you out" to find out more about the sister of the girl he wants to marry. You have taken what he must have meant for "kidding" entirely too seriously. After your outburst he saw how impetuous he had been, and even if he half-meant what he said to you he must have realized that he loved her and her alone, when he rejoined your sister—otherwise why tie his hands by becoming engaged to her?

I would keep this secret just between my husband and me, unless, during the engagement, you find concrete evidence that Fred is not on the level with your sister, is not worthy of her. Loving Fred, your sister, in all probability, would not believe you anyway, and even if you could prove it would find some way to hold you at fault. So keep your counsel and prove to Fred that you are mature enough to know that he spoke impetuously. Help him to overcome the embarrassment he must feel and pave the road for their happiness and a congenial relationship among you all.

Now, here are the letters that I have chosen to answer this month. At the end, you will find the monthly problem letter which I ask you to help me in answering.

(Continued on page 88)
IT'S A Beautiful Day

And not only in Chicago, but in Amarillo and Broken Bow, in Muncie and Memphis
—in fact wherever that exuberant Mitchell voice reaches, it's a beautiful day!

By EVERETT MITCHELL

Just as surely as I know the sun will rise in the morning, I can tell you exactly how it will happen. Millie—my wife—and I will be sitting in the deep chairs of the upstairs room which is study, office, trophy museum and general loafing place. Millie will have a dish of chocolates beside her and a bit of sewing in her hands. I'll be trying to catch up on my reading. We will have agreed that since a storm is raging and I have to start for the studio at 4:30 A.M., it's a good night to get to bed early.

The reading will be important—a bulletin from the Department of Agriculture containing information Farm and Home Hour listeners will want, or perhaps a new book on animal husbandry—but I won't get very far with it. I'll have a memo pad and pencil, but soon, instead of making notes, I'll catch myself drawing a big rectangle shaped like our land. Inside it, at one end, with light strokes, I'll sketch a smaller block the same proportions as our house. Then in the open space at the side and back of the house I'll swing a series of lazy curves which somehow nip deeper and deeper into what is left of the clear space. I'll have dropped all pretense of reading, by now to mark in symbols meaningless to anyone but me. A star shows the spot the Christmas poinsettias will be set out; a circle indicates a clump of chrysanthemums; an x is a rose bush, and a sprinkle of dots are the tulips. As the picture comes clear in my mind, my pencil moves faster and faster. I'm as out of the world as a bebopper listening to Dizzie Gillespie until I hear Millie's voice, "Ev, you'll just have to leave a little room around the house for grass."

Startled out of my complete concentration, I'll jump, and I'll look up sheepishly into Millie's gray-blue eyes. She'll laugh then, for she knows what to expect.

After twenty-eight years, I still have my original wife, my original fervor for gardening, and my original enthusiasm for radio, all so intermingled I no longer try to separate my feelings about them into emotional compartments. Together, they are the things I love and which make life worth living. Together, too, they dictated the outcome of the most decisive day in my life.

Millie understands this, and because she does, she has anticipated this moment when our Springtime begins. She brings out the new seed catalogs which arrived during my last swing around the country and sets the stack down on the maple desk. She pulls a chair close, and together we pore over them.

It may be a wild night outdoors, but from then on Spring gardening is in full swing at the Mitchells'. Instead of going to bed early, we're so engrossed in that most alluring of dream books, a seed catalog, that when at last we go to bed I darned near meet myself starting out to do my 6:30 A.M. Town and Farm show on WMAQ.

Gardening has been vital to me ever since I was a small boy growing up in a neighborhood of wide open spaces on the fringe of Chicago. The other kids envied me because my father was a railroad engineer, and I envied them because their fathers were farmers.
From the first crocus in spring to the last chrysanthemum in fall, the Mitchells' garden is a source of great satisfaction to them. Everett feels that the methods he and Millie use can be made to work for anyone.
As soon as I was able to swing a pitchfork, I found part-time jobs helping them with the chores, but even earlier, at the age of eight, I started digging in the big kitchen garden which provided food for our family all winter.

It took a while, however, for me to realize that the soil would determine my way of life. On graduating from Austin High school, I went to the University of Illinois for a couple of years. When my money ran out, I was still undecided. Perhaps I would go into business, perhaps I would sing, perhaps I would farm.

Judge Hazen, a friend of our family suggested I give myself some thinking time, and that whatever I did later, I'd find a little banking experience useful. Armed with his letter of introduction to an official of the First National bank in Chicago, I went to work as vice president in charge of filling ink wells, supplying paper clips and running errands. Eventually, it led to a job as teller, to which I brought the stiff and touchy dignity of a twenty-year-old.

The dignity melted, however, the day the personnel manager brought in a new girl. At a distance, I took one look at her ash-blonde hair, her tip-tilted nose, her eyes which crinkled at the corners when she laughed, and grabbed the arm of the guy next to me.

"Look," I said in an excited whisper, "there's the girl I'm going to marry."

He stared at me pityingly. "Man, you're crazy. You haven't even met her yet."

Mildred Roddoz said essentially the same thing, but in more kindly terms (Continued on page 89)
on now, but a lot of his knowledge of cattle and crops came out of a book.

A plump and placid ram gets the benefit of Everett’s opinion at a livestock show in Chicago.

Using the space below (or a separate sheet of paper) tell in fifty words or less: "What My Garden Means To Me." Be sure to fill in your name and address.

------------------------------------------

MY NAME IS ________________________________
MY ADDRESS IS ________________________________
CITY __________________________________ STATE ____________________
As soon as I was able to swing a pitchfork, I found part-time jobs helping them with the chores, but even earlier, at the age of eight, I started digging in the big kitchen garden which provided food for our family all winter.

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He stared at me pityingly. "Man, you're crazy. You haven't even met her yet."

Mildred Reddell said essentially the same thing, but in more kindly terms: (Continued on page 89)

Here's Your Opportunity to Have an Everett Mitchell Garden All Your Own—And Absolutely Free!

Through the cooperation of The National Garden Bureau, the readers of Radio Magazine will have, next summer, beautiful Everett Mitchell gardens—complete selections of seeds, bulbs and shrubs delivered to them at proper planting time. Here is all you have to do: write to Everett Mitchell, care of Radio Magazine Magazine, 265 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y. On the coupon on the opposite page, or separate piece of paper, and tell Mr. Mitchell, in five words or less:

"What My Garden Means To Me"

Mr. Mitchell and the editors of Radio Magazine will be the judges of winners will be based on originality, sincerity and interest of the statements. To the writer of the most interesting statement will be awarded:

Seeds, bulbs, shrubs—retail value $50.00

The writers of the five next best statements will be awarded garden suburbs of $35, $25, $25, and two at $10 each. The National Garden Bureau, an association of the country's outstanding seed houses, will select seeds, bulbs and shrubs best suited to the soil and climate of each winner's home. Statements must be postmarked no later than midnight, March 1, 1959. All statements become the property of Radio Magazine; none will be returned to writers.

MY NAME IS:

MY ADDRESS IS:

CITY:

STATE:

Using the space below (or a separate sheet of paper) tell in fifty words or less:

"What My Garden Means To Me." Be sure to fill in your name and address.

Everett's agricultural savvy is based on first hand experience, but a lot of his knowledge of cattle and crops came out of a hook.
For inexpensive company dinners: hot tea punch; canapes and olives; baked potatoes with salmon; and stuffed eggplant.
Simply Fancy

It's such a pleasant evening when Aunt Sue drops in for dinner! And at our house relatives drop in quite often. They love to see the children. So I must be careful to keep the budget balanced. I take full advantage of the fact that fish is popular and economical in the month of March and an extra special sauce turns food—even the simplest—into company fare.

Try serving a few simple canapés with a soothing hot tea punch just before dinner. It will create a party mood! It's a treat the children can enjoy, and a little luxury for the grown-ups. Here are my favorite menu ideas for windy March evenings.

**SPRING GARDEN CANAPÉS**

Cut out rounds of bread with a biscuit cutter about 2” in diameter. Spread each round with mayonnaise. Cut radishes cross-wise in thin slices. Arrange slices around outer edge of bread. Top with a thin slice of cucumber. Garnish with a thin slice of stuffed olive or a sprig of parsley.

**SHRIMP CANAPÉS**

Work with a spoon until soft:

- ½ cup butter
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 3 tablespoons horse radish sauce

Spread on crackers or toast rounds. Top each with a cooked or canned shrimp. Garnish with a border of finely chopped parsley.

**HOT TEA PUNCH**

Makes 10 cups

Pour:

- 5 cups boiling water
- 4 tablespoons tea
- 2 tablespoons whole cloves

Allow to stand 5 minutes.

Strain.

Add:

- 1 cup orange juice, strained
- ½ cup lemon juice, strained
- ½ cup honey
- 3 cups boiling water

Stir until ingredients blend. Serve hot, garnished with lemon slices.

**STUFFED EGGPLANT**

Makes 4-5 servings

Wash 1 large eggplant well. Cover with boiling water.


Combine:

- ½ cups cooked rice
- 1 can condensed mushroom soup
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Add to chopped pulp. Fill cavity in each half of eggplant.

Mix:

- ½ cup bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons melted butter

Stir until crumbs are moistened. Sprinkle over top of eggplant. Place on a baking sheet in a moderate oven (350°F.) 15 minutes.

**BROILED TOMATOES**

Makes 6 servings

Wash well 3 large tomatoes.

Cut in half crosswise and place on a broiler pan. Season each half with: salt, pepper, oregano. Pour 1 teaspoon oil over each. Place under broiler and cook 3-5 minutes or until lightly browned.

**SPECIAL BAKED POTATOES**

Makes 6 servings

Scrub until clean: 6 medium sized potatoes.

Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) 45 minutes. Cut off a slice straight across the top of each potato. Scoop out potato, reserving shells and mash. Season.

Heat:

- ¼ cup butter
- ½ cup milk

Add to mashed potatoes. Beat until light and fluffy. Fill shells. Make a slight groove in the center of filled potatoes and fill each with: 1½ tablespoons flaked salmon.

(Continued on page 85)
NONSENSE and

To start off on a cheery note, here’s what the Old Farmer’s Almanack says about the weather prospects for the Month of March: Spring will be late, cold and wet. And here are some March dates to remember: 1, State Day, Nebraska; 2, Texas Independence Day; 7, Burbank Day, California; 15, Jackson Day, Tennessee; 17, St. Patrick’s Day; 25, Maryland Day.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE SAID IT:

“Liberty is the only thing you cannot have unless you are willing to give it to others.”

YOUR HOME STATE—

ALABAMA—known as the Cotton State, the Yellowhammer State; state flower, goldenrod; state motto: We Dare Defend Our Rights; capital: Montgomery; rank in area: 28th; rank in population: 17th; much of the state’s foreign commerce passes through the city of Mobile, one of the nation’s largest ports; agriculture is the chief interest, although there has been a steady growth of industry during the last thirty years; raises one-tenth of the nation’s cotton, along with peanuts, corn, sweet potatoes, tobacco, sugar, oats, hay and fruit as other important crops; cool underlies about 8,000 square miles of the state, and there is enough iron ore to keep the state’s blast furnaces going for 160 years; cement and clay products are also important in the state’s economy; there are nine colleges, two professional schools, four teachers’ colleges and normal schools, four junior colleges, and seven institutions of higher learning for Negroes in the state—Tuskegee Institute being the most important of the latter; Alabama was settled by the French in 1702, ceded to the British in 1763, acquired by the Spanish as part of West Florida in 1779, and became a part of the United States in 1783-1813.

IF YOU’RE A JUGGER—

don’t ply your trade in Hood River, Oregon, without a license—there’s a law against it!

IT HAPPENED IN—

660 B.C.—The Japanese empire was founded by Jimmu Ten-no, legendary descendant of the Sun Goddess. 64 A.D.—First persecution of the Christians under Emperor Nero; among the martyrs were the apostles Peter and Paul; the persecutions continued at intervals until the reign of Diocletian, 303-313. 1497—John Cabot explored the east coast of Canada; his son, Sebastian, accompanied him on a second voyage the following year. 1770—Boston Massacre, March 5; three killed, eight wounded by British troops. 1814—Francis Scott Key composed the Star Spangled Banner while watching the British attack on Baltimore, September 13.

FUN AND GAMES DEPARTMENT:

Here’s a party game that requires no preparation or equipment, and no particularly specialized knowledge on the part of the players. Any number can play, but half a dozen to a dozen usually works out best. One person is chosen “it”, and he thinks of three categories, such as “animal, vegetable and mineral” or “books, movies and songs”—any of three general items will do. “It” stands in the center, and the rest of the players are in a circle around him. He points to one of the players, mentions one of his categories, and the player must respond with the name of a particular item in that category inside ten seconds. Example: “It” says animal and the player must respond zebra (or any other animal) within ten seconds. If he doesn’t answer in ten seconds, he’s out. Play continues in this manner, and the winner (who is next “it”) is decided by elimination—he’s the last player left. A player is also “out” if he names an item which has been named before by another player.

VERSE—OR WORSE:

So I said, “Old Man, for whom diggest thou this grave In the heart of London town?” And the deep-toned voice of the digger replied, “We’re laying a gas-pipe down!”

VERSE—OR BETTER:

Silence in love betrays more woe Than words, though ne’er so witty; A beggar that is dumb, you know, May challenge double pity. —Sir Walter Raleigh

Art Linkletter emcees House Party, heard Mondays
SOME-SENSE

QUICKIE QUIZ:

Who was the first President of the United States to speak over the radio? (a) Taft (b) Harding (c) Coolidge. Where was Benjamin Franklin born? (a) Boston (b) Philadelphia (c) New York. In what year were the Dionne Quintuplets born? (a) 1934 (b) 1931 (c) 1929. (Answers at bottom of page)

CHILDREN'S HOUR:

Teacher: Johnny, how do you spell "hermit"?
Johnny: H-E-R-M-I-T.
Teacher: The dictionary says H-E-R-M-I-T.
Johnny: But you asked me how I spelled it!

A LITTLE LEARNING:

In a recent three-year period Americans lost $771,000 to passers of counterfeit money. Here are some "know your money" tips to help you to tell whether the money you get is the real thing: On a counterfeit bill, the portrait is likely to be dull, smudgy, or unnaturally white and scratchy-looking. The tiny squares in the oval background behind the picture are usually dark and broken. On the seal, the saw-tooth points around the rim are usually broken and uneven. The paper generally has no tiny colored threads running through it, but they may be imitated by fine pen lines of red and blue ink. If you think you have a counterfeit coin, drop it on a hard surface—most counterfeits sound dull, while the genuine article will have a clear ring. Feel the coin, as most counterfeit coins feel greasy. The corrugated outer edge of counterfeit coins is generally uneven, crooked, or the corrugations may be missing in spots. Most counterfeit coins can be easily cut with a knife; the genuine resist cutting.

CAN YOU—?

Feel like counting up to billion? It can be done—that is, it can be done if you have nine-and-a-half years to spare for the task. Let's see how that works: at a rapid rate you can count up to 200 per minute; 12,000 an hour; 288,000 a day; and 105,120,000 a year. Taking these figures into consideration, you can see where nine-and-a-half years would go. That's something probably even flagpole sitters, goldfish eaters or marathon dancers wouldn't attempt.

Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense will be a regular feature each month in Radio Mirror.

LITTLE WILLIE DEPARTMENT:

Little Willie, in the best of sashes,
Fall in the fire and was burned to ashes.
By and by the room grew chilly—
No one liked to poke up Willie!

Department of Q and A: Question: How can table salt be kept from caking in damp weather? Answer: Keep the spout closed and the package on a low shelf; never store over the stove—steam is humid, hardens and cakes the salt. Use small salt shakers with only a few small holes, clean and refill regularly, being sure they're dry before you refill them. A few grains of rice in the shaker helps absorb moisture.

VICTOR HUGO SAID IT:

"Nothing is more dangerous than discontinued labor; it is a habit lost. A habit easy to abandon, difficult to resume."

ANSWERS QUIZ QUIZ QUIZ
If

My Husband,

He's the hero of the Peanut Gallery, and for more reasons than the one known as Howdy Doody.
There it is still, in my fourth-grade autograph book. The poem that Robert E. Smith inscribed to me. We had been classmates at P. S. 53 in Buffalo, N. Y., since the first grade, but until then I didn’t know he cared. This is what he wrote:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Garlic is strong,
And I’m garlic for you!"

A girl simply can’t overlook a tender sentiment like that. I began to notice Robert Smith and, somehow or other, after that day he never let me forget him for very long.

I’m probably the only one who ever calls my husband “Robert.” To everyone else he’s “Bob” or “Mister Smith.” Even when our eight-year-old Robin and six-year-old Ronnie are talking about what happened on the Howdy Doody Show they’ll say, “And then Mister Smith told Howdy to talk to Clara-bell,” or “Mister Smith asked the kids in the Peanut Gallery to be very quiet.” At home, of course, he’s just plain Daddy, but on the show he’s Mister Smith, the same as he is to millions of other children who watch him from 5:30 to 6, five afternoons a week on the NBC television network. And Howdy is as real to them as he is to other (Continued on page 97)
In the serenity of her apartment, Mrs. Bradley works on the composition and score for We, The People of which she is musical director. She took over the job in memory of her late husband.

Mrs. Bradley aided her husband for many years before his death and the We, The People orchestra still bears his name.

This is a love story, and a success story, set to music. The love story began when Jessica Lewis Bradley, now musical director of We, The People, was fifteen years old and met fellow music student Oscar Bradley, whom she married three years later. The success story dates back to the time when she gave up her own career to help Oscar with his work. It continues to the day in 1940 when she became his right hand—literally his right hand—when paralysis made his arm useless. It goes on to the date of Oscar’s death on August 31, 1948, when Jessie finished up his next night’s radio and television program and continued right along with his job. The job is supervising the entire musical background for an important commercial program, something no woman had ever done.

Oscar Bradley had been musical director of We, The People, ever since his sponsor took it over in 1941. Even before that he had been associated with the sponsor for some ten years on other programs. And always, Mrs. Bradley had worked along with him. It was to her, after his illness, he had dictated the original music he created for each program—music that now adds up to about a hundred unbroken hours of Bradley melodies. It was to her that he
Jessica Bradley’s inspiring story proves the sometimes difficult but nevertheless unalterable fact—that life, like the show, must go on no matter what.

looked for small details that go into planning musical background for a human-interest show.

"I was close to his work, as a wife should be," she explains, "but I never interfered. I made suggestions."

Then tragedy struck, on that last Monday in August, 1948. Oscar died, his work for the next night’s show practically completed, except for the inevitable loose ends and unexpected demands of any program based on current events. Jessie put aside her personal feelings to be ready for those demands. And on that next night, when the announcer gave the usual credit line, "Music by the Oscar Bradley Orchestra," one brief spot was reserved at the end of the program for a tribute to the man whose music had given it so much for so long. The tribute was a medley of numbers from hit Broadway shows—"Show Boat," "Desert Song," "Student Prince," "The Ziegfeld Follies"—shows that Oscar had helped make hits by his fine musical direction.

That axiom of their business, "the show must go on," was already ringing in her ears. When the sponsor asked her to continue her husband’s work, Jessica was ready to accept. The music that had brought them closer together links them, even now.

*We, The People,* is telecast on Friday evenings at 8:30, EST over WNBC-TV. It is sponsored by the Gulf Oil Corp.
Vaughan Taylor gives his attire a discreet once over before facing the camera. He played Angelo, the goldsmith, possessor of the crucial chain.

Harry Townes, r., fresh from "Twelfth Night" on Broadway, was one of the boys from Syracuse, Dromio by name: Wilson Brooks, l., an officer.


Confusion of identity begins: the Merchant (Edwin Cooper), Angelo (Vaughan Taylor), Antipholus of Ephesus (James Daly), his Dromio (Kurt Richards).

Video seems to be the ideal medium in which to display Shakespeare. Or perhaps it's Shakespeare who's the ideal writer for video. At any rate, the Bard needs no more than a good condensation job in order to fit the demands of TV. The Kraft TV Theatre demonstrated this with its production of "The Comedy Of Errors." Done with taste, talent and a feeling for farce, it also marked some milestones in Kraft TV Theatre history: twelve days in preparation, three run-throughs on some days, and two dress rehearsals. Sounds like a lot of work, but there's only one chance to succeed on television. Other distinctions in the TV Theatre's brief history (three years next May): first two-director system, first show to go out over coaxial cable and the first one to present "The Comedy of Errors."

The Kraft TV Theatre is telecast on Wed., 9:00 P.M. EST over NBC-TV.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION
OF ERRORS

show how ideally suited they are to each other

Confusion of identity ends but the Duke (Fairfax Burgher) seems befuddled still. Says he: "Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which."

There's no confusion here. Antipholus of Syracuse (Stewart Bradley) is certain that lovely Luciana (Neva Patterson) is "my dear heart's dearer heart."
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

Shakespeare and TV combine on the Kraft Theatre to show how ideally suited they are to each other.

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One Pinch: a hungry two-faced villain, a mere anatomy. Art, Sc. 1. Donald Keys lets Dick Smith turn him into that bewitched villain.

Happy Towsley, r., fresh from "Twelfth Night" on Broadway, was one of the boys from Syracuse, Dromio by name; Wilma Brooks, l., an officer.

There's no confusion here. Antipholus of Syracuse (Stewart Bradley) is certain that lovely Luciana (Neva Patterson) is "my dear heart's dearer heart."

The Kraft TV Theatre is telecast on Wed., 9:00 P.M. EST over NBC TV.
They're going all out for authenticity on the sets of ABC's Mysteries of Chinatown, seen every Wednesday at 9 P.M. on KECA-TV in Hollywood.

Props and furnishings for the program, three truckloads of them, are valued at more than $10,000. There's a teakwood tabaret, twenty years in the making, that costs $3,000, and a Chinese sacred urn that couldn't be replaced at $1,500.

Four exterior and four interior sets add up to a staggering figure and lighting costs increase it.

All of it to provide the proper setting for the adventures of Dr. Yatfu, Chinese owner of an herb and curio shop, with Robert Bice as the Doctor.

Here are some telefacts about us telefans, according to public opinion analyst Elmo Roper:

We go out less in the evening than non-owners of TV sets, but we work less around the house and in the garden (what's become of that sturdy old admonition to Watch and Work?).

We go to more sports events, when we do go out, because we became interested in them on TV.

Women look at the screen more than men (more of 'em have time, presumably). Young people watch more than older ones.

And the people who buy television sets? Well, they're apt to be those who own their homes or are quick to buy any modern appliances.

The College of Musical Knowledge takes to television collegiate orchestra and the Honey Dreamers. It's seen on the
in TELEVISION

KTTV's Pantomime Quiz has Katherine McLeod miming for Jack Baily, Frank DeVol and Vincent Price.

Everybody's doing it, why not the Aces? Jane, Goodman and canine friend on their DuMont TV show.

with Professor Kay Kyser in charge, his IBC-TV channel, Thursdays, 9 P.M. EST.

Mysteries of Chinatown, telecast over KECA-TV, brings an exotic note into the parlor. L. to r. Marya Marco, Wong Artarene, Robert Bice and Edmund MacDonald.
COAST to COAST in TELEVISION

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Waltz King turns badman: believe it or not, but that's Wayne King, Jr. on his new TV show from Chicago.

The Squarkin' Deacon seems to like what he's just seen on the stereoscope. (KECA's Down Home Dailies).

KTTV's Potent Line Quiz has Katherine McLeod mining for Jack Bally, Frank DeVol and Vincent Price.

Everybody's doing it. Why not the Ace? June, Goodman and canine friend on their DaMont TV show.

Mysteries of Chinatown, telecast over KECA-TV, brings an exotic note into the parlor. L. to r. Marya Marco, Wong Attarene, Robert Bice and Edmund MacDonald.

The College of Musical Knowledge takes to interior collegiate orchestra and the Honey Dreamers. It's seen on NBC-TV channel Thursday, 9 P.M. EST.

with Professor Kay Kyser in charge, his
When Wendy Warren and Mark Douglas were growing up together in Elmdale, Connecticut, everyone, even Wendy's adored father, editor Sam Warren, and her devoted Aunt Dorrie, who had taken the place of Wendy's dead mother, believed that one day they would marry. And so, perhaps, did Wendy herself . . . until the war intervened. When, after a long, grim period of service, Mark returned, Wendy’s life had been set upon a different track. She had begun the career which was to establish her as one of the most brilliant newspaperwomen in New York. When she married prominent Gil Kendall, Mark turned for companionship to glamorous, wealthy Nona Marsh, and was soon so captivated by her gaiety and charm that he married her. Unhappily for Nona, the light-hearted spirit in which she had married

How can you be sure of your husband's love? That was the question Nona asked herself.

When the answer came, her heart was prepared to accept it
Mark deepened into genuine love, and when Gil Kendal's tragic death freed Wendy, Nona's jealousy began to embitter her life and Mark's. The crisis which she retells for Radio Mirror this month occurred some time ago, and describes how, and why, she found the courage to go on with Mark.

But even today Nona does not know if she made the right decision. Nobody does. Wendy herself is not certain that if Mark were free she would marry him. For though she knows she will always love Mark . . . in a way . . . she has never been sure that fate really meant her to find her happiness as his wife.

When a travel agent sells you a ticket to Bermuda, he does it with a broad, encouraging smile. "You," he seems to be saying, "are going to have fun! You're going to have a holiday in a million!" And when he sells you a pair of tickets, his glee becomes almost uncontrollable. Then he seems to be saying, "You are going on a honeymoon! Or to celebrate some milestone in your marriage. You've picked an ideal spot!"

The man who sold me my tickets acted that way, at any rate. I wondered what he would answer if I snapped at him "Look here, stop beaming like a fool. I'm going to Bermuda to celebrate the end of my marriage, not the beginning, so could you manage to look not quite so cheerful about it all?"

To be quite fair, the agent had something on his side. I did buy two tickets, and I did offer one to Mark when I told him I was going. But after the nightmare quarreling and bitterness of the past few days I knew he wouldn't come. In a way I was relieved. Perhaps the time had come in our marriage— as I've been told it comes in other marriages—when we needed to get away from each other and think things over.

Perhaps. But how gladly I would have torn up my ticket and my pitiful chance to "think things over" if he had asked me to! At each stage of the journey I looked for a reprieve. When Mark left the apartment that morning I held my breath, waiting for him to say "Nona . . . don't go." But his perfunctory kiss and his frowning, worried "Have a good trip, dear," put an end to that hope. Then later, in the limousine that was threading its swift way from the Airlines Terminal on Forty-second Street out to LaGuardia Field, I had to keep telling myself not to look for him among the friends and families and lovers who would surely be there (Continued on page 98)
DAYTIME DIARY

Up-to-the-minute reviews of all the daytime dramas—cast, background
and recent events. You’ll find it a good guide to good listening.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

CAST: Mary Noble, wife of Larry Noble, popular Broadway actor; Maude Marlowe and Tom Bryson, old friends; Rupert Barlow, wealthy backer of the play in which Larry is now starring; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent who finds Larry very attractive.

BACKGROUND: Rupert Barlow’s original interest in the Nobles centered around Larry’s play, but he has become increasingly preoccupied with Mary. Now that Larry’s play is an established success, Barlow is free to shower Mary with attention.

RECENTLY: Mary is caught in an embroiling situation. She cannot avoid the realization that Barlow’s attentions to her are so insistent that they amount to pursuit, but she cannot remonstrate with him, or complain to her husband, because it is Barlow’s financing that has made possible the production in which Larry is having so much success. Busy with his work, Larry is not yet aware of the uncomfortable dilemma in which his wife is being placed by the determined millionaire who has become so important in the Nobles’ lives. But how long can Mary evade Barlow?

BIG SISTER

CAST: Ruth Wayne, wife of Dr. John Wayne of Glen Falls; Dr. Reed Bannister, John’s associate; Valerie, Reed’s wife; Dr. Ken Morgan, a friend of Reed’s; Carol Dana, ex-army nurse who married a wealthier man—but still loves Ken; Parker, power-hungry millionaire.

BACKGROUND: John’s eagerness to accept a gift of $50,000 from Parker for the Health Centre which he and Reed built up has strained his: friendship with Reed, who refuse to allow Parker to become connected with the Centre. Ruth is heartbroken over the rift, but feels that in loyalty to John she should not make overtures to the Bannisters.

RECENTLY: Reed believes so strongly in young Morgan’s ability that he is anxious to have him work at the Centre. This disturbs John at first but as time goes on, the more he knows of Morgan the more he likes him. Morgan, meanwhile, faces a personal problem as Carol Dana pursues him to Glen Falls. She says she has left her husband for him . . . but the last time Morgan believed in her, she failed him. Will history repeat itself?

BRIGHTER DAY

CAST: Elizabeth Dennis, twenty-six-year-old daughter of Reverend Richard Dennis, who mothers the rest of her family; beautiful Althea, outspoken Patsy, Babby, the youngest, and Grayling, the only boy.

BACKGROUND: Liz always felt that there was an exciting future in store for her glamorous younger sister Althea. Now that Althea is Mrs. Bruce Bigby, wife of the young student son of the wealthy Bigby clan, it would seem that Liz’s feeling was justified. But Althea and Bruce, back in Three Rivers on a visit, are not leading the idyllic life Liz imagined for them.

RECENTLY: Money, it seems, is at the root of all the trouble in the Bigby family—money which Dad Bigby controls, and which Althea is determined to get the benefit of. When Bruce’s father refuses to buy her a too-expensive house, Althea confides that she is going to have a baby, and this of course changes the entire picture. Liz, realizing that the baby is a complete lie, enlist her father’s aid and together they remonstrate with Althea—with tragic results to the whole family.

DOROTHY DIX AT HOME

CAST: Dorothy Dix, the woman known all over the world for her advice on the problems of others; her handsome nephew John, who is presenting her with a family problem of her own; Roxanne Wallingford, reckless seventeen-year-old heiress whose association with gangster Sherman Lang worries her mother, Lola.

BACKGROUND: Dorothy Dix is drawn into the Wallingford affairs when John is offered $10,000 by Roxanne’s banker to break up the affair between Roxanne and Lang. Suspecting a sinister influence as the basis of Roxanne’s dependence on Lang, Dorothy learns from Lang that Roxanne’s chief aim in life at the moment is to force her mother, Lola, to leave the Wallingford home.

RECENTLY: Though at first John is light-hearted about the request that he win Roxanne away from Lang, Dorothy sees that he is becoming seriously infatuated with the girl. When he confides in her, she wonders what to tell him: Should he withdraw from the tangle, or is Roxanne really the girl for him, and should he fight to take her from Lang?

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DAVID HARUM

CAST: David Harum, leading citizen of Homerville; Aunt Polly, his sister; Elaine Dilling, who comes back to town to claim an inheritance belonging to her daughter, Dorothy; Jack Wallace, Dorothy's fiancé; Hilda Jackson, a wily old woman posing as Elaine Dilling's mother.
BACKGROUND: Suspecting from the actions of Jack Wallace and the girl known as Dorothy Dilling that there is something amiss, David investigates and decides that "Dorothy" is an imposter. When young Ralph Cunningham recovers from an injury he sustained on the Dilling estate, he is able to confirm David's suspicion, and they conclude that the real Dorothy is being held prisoner, probably by Hilda Jackson.

RECENTLY: David's questioning of Hilda Jackson leads to the discovery that he and Ralph were right in suspecting that the real Dorothy Dilling was a prisoner. Now, with the schemers completely exposed, David looks forward to passing on the inheritance to its rightful owner and thus bringing long-delayed happiness into the life of his friend, Elaine Dilling.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

CAST: David Farrell, star reporter on the New York Daily Eagle; Sally, his wife.
BACKGROUND: David Farrell's newspaper career has not been orthodox, for instead of simply reporting the stories he is assigned to cover, he always ends up reporting the story behind the news. Keen-witted and curious, he has often been of assistance to the police by unsparing details that might otherwise escape notice. Sally, a former reporter, tried for a short time to be a housewife, but she has proven a valuable assistant to David in many a difficult situation and now he seldom goes out on a story without taking her along.

RECENTLY: One of David's recent cases involves him in the exciting world of the movies, when a beautiful star commits suicide. The Farrells are not satisfied that it is suicide and finally succeed in obtaining proof for their suspicion that the star was really murdered. But before they can bring the murder to light Sally is caught in one of the most frightening and dangerous spots of her career as Front Page Farrell's right-hand woman.

GUIDING LIGHT

CAST: Charlotte Brandon, whose marriage to lawyer Ray Brandon becomes meaningless when she agrees to give up their adopted son, Chuckin, to his real mother, Meta Bauer; Ted White, Chuckie's father, who is pressing Meta to marry him; Dr. Ross Boling, who loves Meta; Trudy, Meta's sister, who loves Ross; Bill, Meta's brother, just married to Bertha Miller.
BACKGROUND: Meta's emotional problem becomes crucial when Mama Bauer dies, for only to Mama could Meta really confide what was in her heart. Now she does not know where to turn for advice... and Ted presses his advantage and tries to force her to consent to a quick marriage.

RECENTLY: As Charlotte and Ray draw further and further apart, Charlotte begins to suffer physically from insomnia. She gets from her doctor a prescription for a sedative which enables her to get the sleep she needs. Desperate with unhappiness, she gradually finds that by increasing the dose she can blot out temporarily her whole bitter existence. She hasn't stopped to realize what a dangerous game she is playing.

HILLTOP HOUSE

CAST: Julie Paterno, assistant to Mrs. Grace Dolben, supervisor of Glendale's orphanage, Hilltop House; Michael, Julie's husband; Kevin Burke, whom Julie once loved; David, Kevin's son; Clementine, whose father, Clement Arnaud, has reclaimed her.
BACKGROUND: Kevin Burke's request that Julie care for his son David while he, Kevin, underwent a possibly fatal operation is suspected by Michael, who thinks that all Kevin wants is to get back into Julie's life. But Julie does not feel she can sever relations with Kevin by refusing to care for David, for this would be denying to a child the comfort she has pledged herself to give to all children.

RECENTLY: In addition to her personal problem, Julie is distressed by Mrs. Dolben's attitude toward the Arnauds. Through Julie's help, Clement Arnaud overcame his hatred of Clementine and is now anxious to make a home for her. But Mrs. Dolben had almost arranged to allow the Jessups, of Glendale, to adopt Clementine. Since they can give the child everything, Mrs. Dolben reconsiders what she feels was interference by Julie.

JUST PLAIN BILL

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter, wife of lawyer Kerry Donovan; Wesley Franklin, whose recent murder involved Bill's good friend, John Ross and his daughter, Karen; Vera Franklin, Wesley's embittered wife; Wiki, Bill's sharp-eyed young grandson; Harold Franklin, Wesley's brother.
BACKGROUND: Karen Ross, who flirts with Wesley Franklin in a desperate attempt to keep him from ruining her father, finds herself on the brink of tragedy when, shortly after he has been furiously ordered by her father to leave her alone, Franklin is murdered.

RECENTLY: At first John Ross is suspected of Franklin's murder, but later the suspicion turns against the dead man's wife Vera, for she makes no secret of the fact that she hated him. But it is Wesley's brother Harold who interests Bill and Kerry, who has been acting as Vera Franklin's lawyer. The evidence which conclusively proves Harold's guilt is actually uncovered by young Wiki, who has learned from grandfather Bill to keep his eyes and ears open.
CAST: Papa David, proprietor of the "Slightly Read Book Shop"; Chichi, his young friend and protegee; Douglas Norman, the writer Chichi expected to marry; Alice Swanson, Douglas's partner at the East Side News, whose husband, missing many years, has been declared legally dead.

BACKGROUND: Though Chichi's engagement to marry Douglas was broken some time ago, they remained good friends. In fact, it looked almost as though their romance might come to life again. But all at once, in a strange burst of self-knowledge, Doug decides it is Alice he really loves—Alice, who has loved him all along, though she thought it was hopeless.

RECENTLY: Too late, Chichi is sure of her love for Doug. Heartbroken, she watches the progress of his affair with Alice. Fully aware of her suffering, Doug and Alice try to spare her by slipping off to get married quietly. But this only emphasizes Chichi's heartbreak. Never before has she been quite so grateful for the consolations of Papa David's philosophy. Meanwhile, who is the stronger making inquiries about Alice?

CAST: Light of the World recreates the turbulent life of Biblical times centering around a family who lived in Jerusalem during the early days of the New Testament. Through their dangers, trials and hopes the eternal meaning behind the best-loved stories of the Bible is dramatically interpreted.

BACKGROUND: A tragic love affair between the young maiden of Jerusalem, Miriam, and the Roman centurion, Anthony, causes Miriam's parents to send her to live for a time with relatives dwelling near the Sea of Galilee.

RECENTLY: Accompanied by her brother Bartholomew and her Aunt Rachel, Miriam sets out with an uneasy heart. Bartholomew too is unhappy, since the journey means separation from the young widow Dagny, whom he passionately loves. The trip is known to be perilous, and they survive many dangers. But as they draw closer to Galilee, they hear more and more of a Man who is traveling in the neighborhood, teaching and preaching. He is called Jesus, of Nazareth. Will they learn of Him when their paths cross?

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, who earns his living as a mechanic at Jim Barker's garage, but who thinks of himself as an inventor; Belle, his wife, who would love Lorenzo no matter what he did; Muriel Muggins, wealthy woman who claims she is interested in Lorenzo's latest invention.

BACKGROUND: After the recent adventure which ended with Lorenzo helping to turn a counterfeit farmer over to Treasury agents, his fame as a detective spread surprisingly far. Even Belle, who has always appreciated him, is a little astonished.

RECENTLY: Success really brushes Lorenzo when a representative of a famous detective agency requests his help in a puzzling case. But Lorenzo remains faithful—part time—to his first love, inventing, and his new quick-drying plaster (though it hasn't dried yet) has attracted the attention of Muriel Muggins. Belle, her womanly intuition going quickly to work, suspects that Muriel's real interest is in Lorenzo himself. In fact, Belle Jones is getting just plain jealous about Muriel and Belle, when roused, has quite a temper!

CAST: Mo Perkins, who runs a lumber yard in Rushville Center with the help of her old friend Shuffle Shober; Evey, her daughter, married to Willy Fitts, who works at the yard; Fay, her other daughter; Joseph, the young milkman Ma has practically adopted; Mr. Boswell, who makes Ma an exciting offer; the Hammachers, who take advantage of it.

BACKGROUND: Mr. Boswell's offer is that Ma take over a lumber yard in nearby Middleboro. Ma is interested but there is no one around who can run the yard—until the Hammachers come along.

RECENTLY: Cousin Bonito Hammacher and husband Ed never seem to "make out." Things were always going against them. But now they want to invest their life savings in a good business, and it is decided that Ed and Willy together will buy Mr. Boswell's yard. Though Shuffle warns that the Hammachers' savings are probably a myth, Ma goes ahead and mortgages her own yard to put up Willy's half. Then they wait for Ed's money to come from Alaska. Shuffle isn't surprised when a message comes, saying the Hammachers have been wiped out.

CAST: Vikki, married to irresponsible but charming Roger Hoyt; Pamela Towers, still pursuing Roger; Loretta, Vikki's friend, estranged from her husband Mike.

BACKGROUND: Though the Hoyts can't really afford a maid, the house Roger insisted on renting is so large that Vikki cannot manage it alone. But no maid will stay, because of the noises in the marriage. She does not realize that when she rents her garage apartment to Mike that she is putting the means to create scandal into Pamela's hands.

RECENTLY: Vikki realizes at once that Mildred is only there to make trouble but she cannot prove it because whenever Roger is present she is the very soul of courtesy. And yet even Vikki does not suspect to what lengths Pamela will go in order to break up Roger's marriage. She does not realize that when she rents her garage apartment to Mike that she is putting the means to create scandal into Pamela's hands.

DAYTIME DIARY—
OUR GAL SUNDAY

CAST: Sunday, married to Lord Henry Brin-thrope; Lewis and Florence Carter and their
dughter Hazel, neighbors of the Brin-thrope family in Fairbrooke, Virginia; Ray Kings-le, allegedly a government agent; Clifford Steele, who has recently become a business partner of Lord Henry’s; Joyce Irwin, the beautiful ward of Lewis Carter.

BACKGROUND: Fearful that she might be accused of disrupting the marriage of the Carters, Joyce Irwin left her home abruptly—and shortly later plunged to her death from a hotel in Richmond. Apparently she was a suicide, but Sunday refuses from the first to believe Joyce took her own life.

RECENTLY: Sunday's suspicions take form when Clifford Steele, accused of murdering Joyce, is apprehended by Kingsley. But, still unsatisfied, Sunday continues her investi-gation and discovers that the situation is exactly reversed—Steele is the true government agent. Kingsley, fearing discovery, makes a last-minute effort to do away with Steele, but—largely because Sunday risks her life to prevent him—he loses his grim battle.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY

CAST: Pepper Young, red-headed, youthful Mayor of Elmwood; Mother and Dad Young, his parents; Peggy, his sister, married to Carter Trent; Linda, his wife; Mrs. Ivy Trent, Carter’s willful and wealthy mother; Gil and Min, who work for Mrs. Trent; Edie, whose husband, Andy, has been missing in a plane crash.

BACKGROUND: Long after Andy is given up for lost by everyone except Edie, word come of an unidentified man sighted in a remote port of South America who might be Andy Hoyt. Jerry Feldmon, young pilot of Pepper’s, goes down there on a reconnoitering mission, and though the rest of the family tries to keep Edie from hoping too much, they cannot control their own excitement as they await word from Jerry.

RECENTLY: Meanwhile in Elmwood Mrs. Trent starts mixing in affairs that are none of her business. Through Gil she tries to find out what is going on in Pepper’s office—what building contracts are being awarded, what plans are being made. What use does Carter’s mother intend to make of this information?

PERRY MASON

CAST: Perry Mason, now working on one of the most complex cases of his long career as a lawyer-detective, Della Street, his secretary; Paul Drake, his associate; Martha and Don Smith, his clients, on trial for murder- ing blackmailing Wilfred Palmer; Audrey Beokman, who could save Martha . . . by ruining her own life.

BACKGROUND: Though Perry fights valiantly, prosecutor Robert Noble scores telling blows against him in court. Only if he can find the mystery woman who was in Palmer’s apartment the night of the murder can Perry save Martha. But, though he and Paul and Della have several times almost closed in on Audrey, she manages to evade them and keep her secret.

RECENTLY: For the sake of Audrey’s family, Martha tells the frantic woman that she will not bring her into the case unless she must do so to save her own life. But Perry’s scheme, designed to bring Audrey into the open by offering free dental care for children—which she needs—may make all Audrey’s precautions useless. Will Perry contact this woman before the verdict is rendered?

PORTIA FACES LIFE

CAST: Portia Blake Manning, brilliant law- yer whose latest case is the defense of her husband, Walter, against the charge of mur-dering Joan Ward; Clint Morley, the dis-trict attorney whose bitter prosecution is almost a persecution of Walter; Sarah McCann, Morley’s housekeeper; Steve Ward, the dead woman’s husband, whose alibi de-pends on gambler Nick Evans.

BACKGROUND: As the case draws to its tragic climax Nick Evans appears and testi-fies that Steve Ward was not present at the card game which gave him his original alibi. But nevertheless Walter is found guilty, sentenced to life imprison-ment.

RECENTLY: Puzzled by the evidence against Ward, Portia cannot believe him guilty. Then an accident to Sarah, Morley’s housekeeper, plus several other peculiar occur-rences, transfer her suspicions to none other than Morley himself. Can the district at-torney himself be the killer? In an auda-cious attempt to prove that he is, Portia sets a dangerous trap for him . . . dangerous not only to Morley but to herself, for the proof may cost her her life.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, whose divorced hus-band, Dwight Kramer, is awarded custody of their son Skippy; Miles Nelson, Carolyn’s fiancé, whose political career interfered with his conduct of Carolyn’s case; Dr. Dick Campbell, an old suitor of Carolyn’s; Annette Thorpe, head of a newspaper chain which is backing Miles in his campaign for the governorship.

BACKGROUND: In Carolyn’s bitterness over the loss of Skippy’s custody, she cannot refrain from blaming Miles for his de-sertion at a critical time, though she re-alizes that his whole future might have suf-fered if he had not obeyed his party’s call. Furthermore, she distrusts his new associa-tion with dynamic Annette Thorpe, whom she suspects of being interested in more than Miles’s career.

RECENTLY: Moved by Carolyn’s desperate plea, Dick Campbell agrees to allow her to bring Skippy secretly to his sanatorium in a neighboring state, thus removing him from the jurisdiction of the court. But, by her roshness, Carolyn may have sown the seeds of more trouble . . . and possibly tragedy.
ROAD OF LIFE

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, whose wife Carol re-
appears after a year-long absence; Frank
Dana, friend of Jim’s, who suspects that
“Carol” is not quite what she seems, though
he does not know that she is Beth Lambert,
an actress trained to impersonate Carol by
a gang headed by Rockwell, who wants
data about Jim’s top-secret work at Whe-
lock Hospital; Maggie Lowell, in love with
Jim, but gradually drawing closer to Frank.
BACKGROUND: Beth’s mission begins to
suffer when she realizes she is falling in love
with Jim. She attempts to deceive Rock-
well with falsified information, but he be-
comes suspicious enough to plant another
agent, as Maggio Lott’s literary adviser.
Meanwhile, Frank Dana receives confirma-
tion from his agent in Europe that “Carol’s”
story about her absence was a lie.
RECENTLY: On the verge of confessing to
Jim, Beth is forced to flee to New York to
escape Rockwell. But suddenly Jim is injured
during an operation, and when Carolyn
learns of this she rushes back to him, though
she knows her action will mean exposure and
ruin for her.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

CAST: Helen Trent, Hollywood gown de-
signer, who, with the help of her fiancé,
attorney Gil Whitney, is fighting the ac-
cusation that she murdered producer Rex
Carroll; Karl Dorn, strange associate of
Carroll’s, who is really guilty; Francine, maid
of Cynthia Swanson, who hates Helen.
BACKGROUND: Like all successful people,
Helen has enemies—Cynthia Swanson among
them—who are ready to believe in her guilt.
But Gil Whitney’s devotion is unswerving.
He succeeds in scraping up enough evi-
dence against Dorn and Francine to war-
rant their arrest, but Dorn, suspecting that
Whitney is on his trail, escapes, forcing
Francine to accompany him.
RECENTLY: Dorn and Francine find shelter
in the cabin of the hermit Jules, a friend of
Dorn’s. Francine, who was hypnotized by
Dorn at the time of Carroll’s murder, now
realizes how deeply she is involved, and
makes a frantic effort to turn Jules against
Dorn. Another hope for Helen opens up as
the doorman of Carroll’s building, shot by
Dorn when he fled out of town, begins to
recover. Will his evidence help Helen?

ROSEMARY

CAST: Rosemary, who leaves Springfield
to be with her husband Bill Roberts when
she gets an exciting new job in New York;
Blondie, with whom Rosemary strikes up a
friendship that Bill doesn’t approve of; Mrs.
Wilson, wife of Bill’s boss; Mrs. Dawson,
Rosemary’s mother; Jessie, young daughter
of Bill’s first wife and gangster Lefty Hig-
gins.
BACKGROUND: In spite of the new job
and the magnificent apartment they have
been loaned, Rosemary isn’t comfortable,
as yet, in New York. Blondie appears to be
the plain, simple kind of person she was
used to back in Springfield, and she can-
not understand Bill’s insistence that she see
less of Blondie and more of Mrs. Wilson.
RECENTLY: Mutual misunderstanding seems
inevitable as Mrs. Wilson begins to feel that
Rosemary is deliberately evading her invita-
tions. Bill becomes slightly resentful when
he cannot convince Rosemary that her dis-
comfort in Mrs. Wilson’s sophisticated circle
looks to the other woman like coolness, and
may have an unfortunate effect on Bill’s pos-
tition in the agency.

SECOND MRS. BURTON

CAST: Terry Burton, wife of Stan Burton,
Dickson merchant; Brad, teen-age son of
Stan’s first marriage; Wendy, the baby;
Mrs. Burton, Stan’s mother, who makes her-
s elf very useful when the Burtons suddenly
enter on a strange new kind of life.
BACKGROUND: After their horrible ex-
perience with the psychopathic Helene Gru-
ner, which ended with the destruction of
their home and Helene’s commitment to a
mental hospital, the Burtons “board out”
while looking for a place to live. One day a
government agent visits Stan, and reveals
that Stan’s record with Army intelligence
during the war has suggested him for an
important overseas mission. Will Stan ac-
cept the duty? Is it a dangerous job?
RECENTLY: Astonished, but determined to
succeed, Stan is sworn in, and learns that
he must keep his mission secret even from
his wife. He and his family are to go abroad
for an extended stay, presumably for
business. Stan’s double life begins as he
finally puts his mother in charge of the
store and manages, without arousing suspi-
cion, to get his excited family on board ship.

STELLA DALLAS

CAST: Stella Dallas, self-sacrificing mother
who refuses to interfere in her daughter
Laurel’s life until she suspects that Laurel’s
marriage to wealthy Dick Grosvenor may
be in danger; Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick’s moth-
er, who is deluded by the adventurer
Gordon Crale; Mercedes Crale and Ora
Mount, Gordon’s accomplices in his effort
to obtain the Grosvenor fortune.
BACKGROUND: Against Stella’s repeated
warnings, Mrs. Grosvenor goes ahead with
her plans to marry Gordon Crale. Not even
the objections of her own son, Dick,
who is convinced by Stella that there is
something wrong with the Crales, are suf-
ficient to move the foolish dowager.
RECENTLY: Fate takes a hand, however,
when Gordon Crale is murdered. But it
may be a terribly tragic hand for Stella
and all those she loves, for it is Laurel who
is the chief suspect in the case. Mercedes
and Ora, still living in the Grosvenor home,
are in a good position to arrange things to
their liking. Through their clever manage-
ment, suspicious circumstances continue to
entangle Laurel in a web of false evidence.
THIS IS NORA DRAKE

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse in love with attorney Charles Dobbs; Suzanne Turrie, Nora's young friend; Tom Morley, embittered son of dead politician Big John Morley; George Stewart, Charles's wayward brother.

BACKGROUND: Tom's vengeance against Charles, whom he holds responsible for his father's death, begins when he sues George for forgery. Charles puts up bail for his brother, and is nearly bankrupted when George, for twisted reasons of his own, disappears. Then Tom begins to work on Suzanne, making her his ally by proving that her love for Charles is hopeless—that Charles loves Nora.

RECENTLY: Suzanne falls deeply in love with Tom. Nora, suspecting that Tom is only using the girl for his own ends, persuades Charles to come with her to talk to Tom. They come upon him at a critical moment. George, suddenly trying to atone for the harm he has caused Charles, has come to Tom's hotel room to kill his brother's enemy! Though Charles saves Tom, the young man only turns more angrily against him.

WENDY WARREN

CAST: Wendy Warren, successful newspaperwoman; Don Smith, her new editor; Mark Douglas, whom Wendy expected to marry after his wife, Nona, divorced him.

BACKGROUND: After Nona's announcement that she is going to have a baby and wants to give her marriage with Mark another try, Wendy tries to withdraw from the Douglasses' lives—though Nona keeps calling on her for encouragement which Wendy, as a good friend, cannot refuse.

RECENTLY: Don Smith's personality makes it easy—in fact, necessary—for Wendy to concentrate on her work, for his critical attitude, which makes her angry at first, becomes stimulating when she sees him better. And it looks now as though she will know him very well indeed! Together, they uncover information that turns out very valuable to the U.S. Government, and with this bond between them they begin to see each other socially. One evening at a night club Don is embarrassed when the vocalist appears. She is a girl he jilted in Detroit. What will this do to Don's friendship with Wendy?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

CAST: Joan Davis recently reunited with her husband Harry after his disappearance in New York; Angle Ward, to whom Harry became engaged during loss of memory; Anne Dunn, who brings Angle to Beechwood in the hope of ruining Joan's life.

BACKGROUND: Harry is driven to desperation when he meets Anne in Beechwood, for contrary to what he has allowed Joan to believe, he has not fully regained his memory, and recalls Angie and his life in New York. He is on the point of confessing to Joan when she suddenly collapses.

RECENTLY: Joyfully Harry learns that he is going to become a father again... there will be another baby to join Sammy and little Hope. He makes up his mind to undergo a delicate operation in a last attempt to regain his disordered memory. And after a breathless crisis, the operation is successful! The Davises are a family again. But Angie Ward, made frantic by the fear that Harry is forever lost to her comes out to their Beechwood farm with a gun. Fortunately, before she can enter, she is disarmed by her own son, Whitley.

YOUNG DR. MALONE

CAST: Anne Malone, superintendent of the Dineen Clinic in Three Oaks, separated from Dr. Jerry Malone, director of a research institute in New York; Lucia Standish, who runs the institute—and Jerry; Sam Williams and his son Gene, both in love with Anne; Mrs. Malone, Jerry's mother.

BACKGROUND: At last Anne decides to go to New York, to try to come to an understanding with Jerry. They realize they are still in love, but when Anne takes it for granted they will return to Three Oaks Jerry is astonished. How can he give up his exciting life in New York?

RECENTLY: Knowing that while Jerry remains in New York he will be under Lucia Standish's thumb, Anne returns hopelessly to Three Oaks without him, convinced that her marriage is over. Gene Williams, much younger than Anne, infuriates his father by telling Anne he loves her, and the two have another in their long series of quarrels. Meanwhile, Mother Malone bustles off to New York to see Jerry, but finds the situation more tangled than ever. For now Jerry has decided he is in love with Lucia.

RECENTLY: Bruce Weldon's love for Ellen makes her very uncomfortable, for she cannot hold out any encouragement to the young man while she is still so much in love with Anthony. Finally she tells Bruce this, and says they must stop seeing one another if they cannot meet merely as friends. Reckless and unhappy, Bruce begins looking for trouble, and finds it ready-made in the form of Mitzi. He sees a great deal of her, and doesn't seem to care that this may break up her marriage.
INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.  |  NBC  |  MBS  |  ABC  |  CBS
---|---|---|---|---
8:30 |  String Quartet  |  Old Fashioned Revival Hour  |  The Garden Gate Memo From Lake Success  |  
8:45 |  
9:00 |  World News  |  Happiness Hour  |  Sunday Morning Concert Hall  |  News  
9:15 |  Woodrow Forest  |  Dixie Quartet  |  Voice of Prophecy  |  E. Power Biggs  
9:30 |  Stahl Arts Group  |  Dixie Quartet  |  \(10:00\)  |  Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel  
9:45 |  Male Quartet  |  
10:00 |  National Radio Pulpit  |  Radio Bible Class  |  Message of Israel  |  Church of the Air  
10:15 |  Family Time  |  Voice of Prophecy  |  
10:45 |  
11:00 |  Morning Serenade  |  Christian Reform Church  |  Foreign Reporter  |  Allan Jackson News Newsmakers  
11:15 |  
11:30 |  News Highlights  |  Solitaire Time  |  
11:45 |  

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00  |  Silver Strings  |  College Choirs  |  Invitation to Learning  |  People's Platform  
12:15  |  Eternal Light  |  Lutheran Hour  |  
12:30  |  Chicago Roundtable  |  Piano Playhouse  |  
12:45  |  
1:00  |  America United  |  Doubleday Quiz  |  Meaning of the News  |  Elmo Roger  
1:15  |  Bob and Fanny  |  American Warblers  |  N. Y. Philharmonic  |  Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade  
1:30  |  Chicago Roundtable  |  
1:45  |  
2:00  |  NBC Theater  |  Mutual Chamber Music  |  This Week Around the World  |  Musical Notebook  
2:15  |  Bill Cunningham  |  Bill Cunningham's Information  |  
2:30  |  
2:45  |  One Man's Family  |  Treasury Variety Show  |  The Metropolitan Opera  |  
3:00  |  Family  |  Juvenile Jury  |  
3:15  |  The Quiz Kids  |  Harrison Wood  |  
3:30  |  
3:45  |  
4:00  |  Living 1999  |  Hopalong Cassidy  |  Voices That Live  |  
4:15  |  
4:30  |  American Forum of the Air  |  Martin Kane Radio Theatre  |  
4:45  |  
5:00  |  Radio City Playhouse  |  The Shadow  |  Casebook of Gregory Hood  |  Music For You  
5:15  |  It's Jumbo  |  True Detective Mysteries  |  Greatest Story Ever Told  |  
5:30  |  
5:45  |  

EVENING PROGRAMS

8:00  |  The Catholic Hour  |  Roy Rogers  |  
8:15  |  |  Nick Carter  |  
8:30  |  The Morgan  |  Drew Pearson  |  
8:45  |  |  Don Gardner  |  
9:00  |  Bob and Fanny  |  The Haunted Hour  |  
9:15  |  Bob and Fanny  |  The Haunted Hour  |  
9:30  |  |  You've Never Had a show  |  
9:45  |  |  \(10:00\)  |  
10:00  |  \(10:30\)  |  Bob Crosby Show  |  Music  |  \(10:30\)  |  Bob Crosby Show  |  Music  |  

MONDAY

A.M.  |  NBC  |  MBS  |  ABC  |  CBS
---|---|---|---|---
8:30 |  Do You Remember  |  
8:45 |  
9:00 |  Eddie Albert  |  Robert Hurleigh  |  Tell Your Neighbor  |  
9:15 |  
9:30 |  Clevelands  |  Tennessee Jambores  |  
9:45 |  
10:00 |  Welcome Travellers  |  Cecil Brown  |  Faith in Our Time  |  My True Story  
10:15 |  
10:30 |  Marriage For Two  |  Say It With Music  |  Betty Crocker Magazine  |  
10:45 |  Dorothy At Home  |  
11:00 |  We Love and Learn  |  Behind the Story  |  
11:15 |  
11:30 |  Show  |  
11:45 |  

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00  |  News  |  Kate Smith Speaks  |  Ladies Be Seated  |  Wendy Warren  
12:15  |  Echoes From the Tropics  |  Checkersboard Jamboree  |  Aunt Jenny  
12:30  |  Home Towners  |  Lanny Ross  |  Helen Trent  
12:45  |  
1:00  |  Boston Symphony  |  Cedric Foster  |  Backhouse  |  Big Sider  
1:15  |  
1:30  |  George Hicks  |  Harvey Harding  |  Nancy Craig  |  Ma Perkins  
1:45  |  Bradford & Romano  |  Harold Turner  |  Art Baker's Notebook  |  Young Dr. Malone  
2:00  |  Double or Nothing  |  Ladies Fair  |  
2:15  |  
2:30  |  Today's Children  |  Queen For A Day  |  
2:45  |  
3:00  |  Life Can Be Beautiful  |  Bob Pople  |  
3:15  |  Road of Life  |  
3:30  |  Peggy Young  |  Pic-a-Day  |  
3:45  |  Right to Happiness  |  B. B. Waterson  |  Kara Malone  
4:00  |  Basset Bunch  |  
4:15  |  
4:30  |  Misses Anderson  |  
4:45  |  
5:00  |  When A Girl Marries  |  Bobbly Benson  |  Challenge of the Yukon  |  
5:15  |  Perle Face Life  |  Tom Mix  |  Sky King  |  
5:30  |  Just Plain Bill  |  
5:45  |  Front Page Farrell  |  Gable Drake  |  

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00  |  Bob Warren  |  
6:15  |  Glen McCarthy  |  
6:30  |  Sketches In Melody  |  
6:45  |  Three Star Extra  |  
7:00  |  Frank Sinatra  |  
7:15  |  News of the World  |  
7:30  |  Misses Anderson  |  
7:45  |  H. V. Kaltenborn  |  
8:00  |  The Railroad Hour  |  
8:15  |  
8:30  |  Voice of Firestone  |  
8:45  |  
9:00  |  Telephone Hour  |  
9:15  |  
9:30  |  Gibbs Service Band  |  
9:45  |  
10:00  |  Mystery Show  |  
10:15  |  
10:30  |  Dave Garaway  |  
10:45  |  

### TUESDAY

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<th>MBS</th>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>Pauline Frederick</td>
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<td>8:35</td>
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<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Eddie Albert</td>
<td>Robert Hurley</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbors</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbors</td>
<td>Tennessean Jamboree</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>We Love and Learn</td>
<td>Bob Pollo</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
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<td>Dave Garaway</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tr>
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<td>News</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Echoes From the Tropics</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Ladies Be Seated</td>
<td>Wendy Warren</td>
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<td>Homeowners</td>
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<td>Helen Trent</td>
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<td>Vincent Lopez</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
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<td>13:15</td>
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<td>Harvey Harding</td>
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<td>George Hicks</td>
<td>Harold Turner</td>
<td>Bride and Groom</td>
<td>Godfrey</td>
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<td>Misc. Programs</td>
<td>2:55 Walter Kiernan</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
<td>2:55 Walter Kiernan</td>
<td>The Brighter Day</td>
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<td>Today's Children</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>Nona From Nowhere</td>
<td>Garry Moore</td>
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<td>Light of the World</td>
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<td>Bob Pollo</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
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<td>2:55 Walter Kiernan</td>
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<td>Peggy Young</td>
<td>Club Time</td>
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<td>Flight to Happiness</td>
<td>Pick a Date</td>
<td>Hilltop House House Party</td>
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<td>3:55 Cedric Adams</td>
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<td>Misc. Programs</td>
<td>Carter Family</td>
<td>Cedric Adams</td>
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<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>The Green Hornet</td>
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<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
<td>Bobby Benson</td>
<td>Sky King</td>
<td>Hits and Misses</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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<td>Glenn McCarthy</td>
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<td>&quot;You and&quot;</td>
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<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
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<td>Frank Sinatra</td>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>Mr. Chameleon (Wed. (Chicago))</td>
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<td>Dr. I. Q. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes</td>
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### HARRY ELDERS—leading man of NBC's Curtain Time (Wed. 10:30 P.M.) might have become a doctor if illness hadn't forced him to leave California's Lewis Institute. On returning to his home town (Chicago), Harry became interested in Little Theater work and from there graduated to legitimate roles. In 1912, a radio offer transferred him from behind the footlights to before the mike, where he has been ever since.
LORNA LYNN—plays Bobby on CBS’ Brighter Day (M-F, 2:45 P.M.). One of radio’s busiest young ladies, Lorna has been on over 1000 radio shows (including Let’s Pretend), has had a featured TV singing role and has appeared in twelve Broadway productions. She’s also a top fashion model but has resisted all movie bids, preferring radio because it offers a variety of roles and doesn’t interfere with her home life.
Having personal news contacts throughout the world is one of the reasons for the outstanding coverage pattern on Bill Henry’s five-minute week-day broadcasts ( Mutual, 8:55 to 9 P.M. EST). For example, recently the International Olympics Committee voted to hold the 1956 summer Olympics in Melbourne, Australia, thereby setting off a hue and cry about the damp and climatic conditions and their effects on the athletes. Bill Henry picked up the phone in his office at MBS in Washington and via transatlantic phone contacted his old friend, Frank Beaurepaire, in Melbourne. Beaurepaire, gave Bill the headline story that the summer Olympics in Australia would be held in September or October to “offset changes in climatic conditions for athletes.”

Bill Henry is a fellow who’s really been around—around the world, that is. Yet, despite all the war, peace, and war again that he’s seen, despite all the tragedies, this veteran of forty years of reporting—twenty-five years on radio alone—has managed to keep his stories, as the columns of his paper—is always ready with the famous Henry smile, a smile that has won him hundreds of friends and radio fans.

This straightforward cheerfulness of his can be attributed to his family background, his wide experience in reporting major sports events and in covering all the news of headline proportions.

He started his meanderings in grade school. First he went to Chicago, then Yonkers. Later, he studied in Switzerland and in England. The high schools he attended were in New Jersey, Ohio and California. His globe-hopping was continued through college, starting at Occidental College in Los Angeles and winding up at the University of Sydney in Australia.

All through these globe-trotting school days, Bill Henry was an active participant in football, swimming, track, basketball and baseball. That his interest in athletics continues today is evidenced in the verve and spirit with which he is able to cover such major sports meetings as the Olympics, although these days he is usually found reporting world events of a more serious nature.

Globe-trotter Henry first broadcast from KJZ, Los Angeles, in 1923, when most listeners were still using crystal sets. In the 1930’s he broadcast coast-to-coast descriptions of sporting events. He even spoke to his audiences from England, Finland, Portugal, Hawaii and Australia.

Naturally, Henry has collected a huge store of anecdotes, rich with humor, pathos and drama. Typical of his ever-ready sense of humor is this story of an experience in 1939 in Arras, France, shortly after the outbreak of World War II.

“We were casting about for something to make a story,” he recalled, “when a British officer showed us a new armored car which would travel 45 m.p.h. The correspondents howled when he killed their stories—but he said it was Army policy to release no figures. On a hunch I told the gang to rewrite their stories, writing out ‘forty-five miles per hour’ instead of using the numerals. The stories passed the censor without a murmur.”
Housekeeping is a glamorous profession.” That’s what twenty-four-year-old Wanda Edwards, America’s youngest hotel executive, had to say when she visited the Burtons recently.

Wanda was selected Miss American Hotels of 1949 following a country-wide contest conducted by the 500,000 hotel employees in the nation’s 6,000 leading hotels. She was chosen on the basis of courtesy, service and personality as well as for beauty.

When I asked Wanda how she happened to become a housekeeper rather than something more glamorous, she replied, “I tried my hand at acting and did some modeling, but you become dated so fast. Housekeeping is glamorous in itself and is actually a fascinating business. So many women look upon it as a drudgery. But they’re wrong. For like anything else, it’s a challenge—to the housewife with one room just as well as a hotel of 200 rooms.”

Wanda told us that she’s responsible for keeping the Bannock Hotel in Pocatello, Idaho, in top-running order, and each year she “keeps house” for over 50,000 guests. I know the trouble I have taking care of seven rooms, and I asked Wanda how she manages taking care of 200.

“It’s a chore I’ll admit,” she said. “But there’s one rule that I follow which is a rule that will help housewives ease their duties. That’s to set up a strict schedule.”

“Just what kind of schedule,” I inquired.

“A schedule that includes everything,” was Wanda’s reply. “You know most men when they hear the word ‘housekeeping’ think only of the obvious things like bedmaking, vacuuming and so on. Women often have that idea too. But like the rest of life, it’s the small things that count and it’s taking care of these small things that makes for a better household.”

Wanda told us that every Monday, all mirrors and tiles are cleaned. Tuesdays, closets, mop boards, medicine closets and light fixtures are gone over. Wednesdays, shower curtains are changed, and the woodwork is done, and so on for the rest of the week. “Every maid in the hotel carries a schedule with her and once they get used to the system, they’re surprised how well it works,” Wanda added.

In addition to Wanda’s other duties at the hotel, she supervises all interior decorating. She mentioned that room by room she’s re-decorating the hotel in a completely modernistic style—using bright colors, such as chartreuse, brick red and canary yellow predominantly. I was interested to learn that from her experiments, she’s found that vivid colors are more restful than quiet ones.

Wanda concluded by saying, “Once a guest sleeps in one of the more modern rooms, on his next visit he will always request the same type of room. And many women write me at the hotel to say they have tried several similar color schemes in their own homes and that the reaction has been grand.”
Discover that magic second self within you...

— she can give you
a whole new world

Do you feel, as so many women do, a disturbing sense of not living up to the self you want to be?

There's no need for you to live with an "unwanted" self! Delightful transformations can happen to you.

Within you is a magic power that can help transform you. This power grows out of the interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self, the way you look and the way you feel.

It is this power that gives the happy lift of confidence that sparkles out from you, when you know you look lovely. But—it can also plunge you into self-reproach, when you feel you haven't looked your best. This is the reason you should never belittle the daily attentions that can add so to your outer loveliness—your inner contentment.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

It can mean so much to you to encourage your face to express you—truly and happily. This rewarding "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream can help you so beautifully to show your loveliest self.

Clip this easy treatment, tuck it up in your mirror—so you'll never forget to do it! Then—always at bedtime (day-cleansings, too) help your face this way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face to soften, sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another Pond's Creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment actually works on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Captivating Nancy du Pont says, "It's fun to do this Pond's treatment, and your skin looks wonderful after it."

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you feel your face is saying lovely things about you, you have a happy confidence in yourself. The Inner You is brought closer to others.

Nancy du Pont

— she will be among this Spring's loveliest brides

Beauty and sheer joy in living sparkle in Nancy du Pont's bewitching face—leave all who see her warm around the heart. For her face gives out the eager interest in everything and everyone, the fun-loving friendliness, that are so expressive of her Inner Self.

Miss Nancy du Pont—one of her great beauties is her complexion. She keeps it looking soft and velvety with Pond's Cold Cream. "It is the most wonderful cream I know," she says.
He's Got to Be Happy!

(Continued from page 41)

make on da way up are da ones you have on da way down," they say Jimmy got that way from his parents. They say he got that way just because he's a darn sweet guy. What Jimmy, himself, says is: "The most important thing is to feel contentment in yourself—like when you do some good."

Almost any tale of hardship will move him to generosity. But he's especially broken-hearted when it comes to the people he knew on his way up. A few years ago when Jimmy was playing in a Broadway show, his cousin, Frank Sposi, visited him at the theater and saw a fair-sized crowd of men and women standing about the stage door. Frank asked the door man what was going on.

"Oh, they're all waiting to get an answer from Jimmy," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"It can't be possible that Jimmy's going to stake that whole crowd," Frank thought to himself. But Jimmy set him straight.

"Dey wuz all friends of mine when I wuz an ordinary piano player," he deadlined, "and I'm believe 'em da sky. Well, I'm only too glad to see them and help 'em—each and every one."

Jimmy's big-brother feeling toward the old-timers he knew way back is well known around Broadway, and there are some who say that he lets himself be imposed on. They don't understand that he doesn't care about being imposed on as long as he's really helping out.

Many old pals will look up Jimmy when he appears at the Copacabana, the New York night club where he made his sensational comeback in 1942. Nick Antrotti, the Copa's manager, was with Jimmy in his dressing room one evening when Jimmy introduced himself to an old Pal of his name, and asked for a loan. Jimmy talked with him for a while and then pressed two hundred dollars into his hands.

"Will dat help ya out?" he asked.

When the man left, Antrotti asked Jimmy: "Was he a good friend of yours?"

Jimmy shook his head sadly. "Gee, dat guy must be plenty hard up to do a thing like dat. You know da name he give me? Da man's been dead a few yers already." But generous as Jimmy is with everyone he meets, he will do anything in the world for the people who are close to him. One of his friends now testifies to that. Jimmy had put in, he says, about a thousand dollars of Jimmy's name, and asked for a loan. Jimmy talked with him for a while and then pressed two hundred dollars into his hands.

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MAIL THIS COUPON FOR TOUR INFORMATION
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some news from a reporter who had come down to interview him at the Astor.

"I saw your old partner a few days ago out in Akron, Ohio," the reporter mentioned casually. "He's doing some kind of singing waiter routine at a cabaret down there."

Jimmy couldn't sleep that night. Early the next morning he was on the train for Akron, a twelve-hour ride away. When he arrived, his friend stood at the mike, performing. When he saw Jimmy come in, he stopped in the middle.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I'm awfully sorry, but I have a lump in my throat, and I can't go any further. I've just seen my old partner come in, Jimmy Durante."

Jimmy stepped up to him and the two put their arms about each other.

"Let's show 'em something," Jimmy whispered.

Just like old times, they did a turn together then in that obscure, little cabaret. Afterwards, Jimmy made a proposition.

"Quit your job and come back with me and I'll make you a fortune," he said. "Whatever money you make here, I can give you and a little more. I don't want you to work in this kind of place."

That was a few years ago, and they have been working together ever since. Actually, Jimmy doesn't spend much time figuring out the whys and wherefores of being generous. Doing good isn't a part of Jimmy's philosophy, for him. It's a way of life. He likes people, he's concerned about them, he worries about them. He wants to lighten their troubles. As it turns out, accomplishing that also makes his own life satisfying.

He will go out of his way for others in a way they never forget. There is the advertising gag writer who was continually unemployed. For instance, who still talks about the evening that Jimmy made her the guest of honor at the Copacabana where he was performing. It was during the war, and Sally's husband had been overseas for some time.

Jimmy's radio show was handled by the agency where Sally worked, and he came in for rehearsals. As he passed through the reception room, Jimmy would always stop to talk for a few minutes and crack some jokes. One day, when she stopped by as usual, Sally was feeling very blue.

"Where'd you pick up all dat gloom?" he demanded.

Sally told him. She missed her husband, she was lonely, and there didn't seem too much to smile about any more.

"I'll tell ya what," Durante told her. "Why don't ya go see a friend of a girl friend and come be my guests at the Copa tonight. You can take in the supper show, so you'll get home early."

"That evening," Sally says, "is one of my most pleasant memories."

When she arrived at the night club with her friend, Jimmy was out in front waiting for them with flowers. He had already seated them at a choice table and had them order the best in the house. He played his whole show to them, throwing the spotlight on their table. Afterwards, he brought over the other members of his act, sat down with the girls, and kept them convulsed with laughter.

"When we left," Sally recalls, "Jimmy
The most admired patterns...

New SPRING GARDEN

are Sterling Inlaid, the silverplate with two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

LOVELY LADY

Thus the exquisite beauty of these four magnificently designed Holmes & Edwards patterns stays lovelier longer.

DANISH PRINCESS*

Particularly note Spring Garden, the gay, new favorite. 52 piece service for 8, chest included, in all patterns, $68.50.

YOUTH

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID*
SILVERPLATE

*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.
When Jimmy was in New York recently—a trip he made for a benefit performance—he stopped in at an old friend's house and had a quick dinner. He was, of course, with a group of friends—Jimmy always has people with him. As soon as he came in, the proprietor recognized the famous Schnozzola and rushed over, bringing his chef with him. The chef insisted that Jimmy come back into the kitchen and inspect his handiwork.

"You want that you want to eat," he said. "I'd like to make something special for you." Jimmy knew he had only a few minutes to spare for dinner, but he saw no harm in favoring his friend if he didn't accept. He asked for a chicken dish. The chef worked with great pains. But, unfortunately, time was pressing, and he didn't dare try to take a mouthful before he had to leave.

As he dashed over to the radio station where he was to perform on an Army broadcast, Jimmy kept saying: "Give me back my 'da lad's stay. I hope the chef ain't mad." He wants to make people happy. Ever since he skyrocketed into the big-time when he appeared on the radio, Jimmy has been able to do this in different ways. For his own reward, he hopes for just one thing. He hopes that there's a place where he's grateful to him.

"Thanks a million," he grins, "when someone says that to you and you know he means it... it's better than money." He knows you don't get any gratitude for your pains? Many people will turn bitter and regret their generosity when it isn't appreciated. Jimmy says: "I don't know much difference between getting paid back all I want. I'm gettin' paid back in God's respect."

He wants to make people happy, and that's the best part of his success as a performer. He hopes his fans are doing that. Maybe he's doing even more. Durante not only makes people laugh, he makes them love him. The way one writer phrased it, "Jimmy makes you feel good... and he wants you to be a member of the human race."

Jimmy has always been very conscious of his responsibility to those who hear his talk, and as he has often said, "the well-fed man is one of the toughest enemies of offensive humor in the business. When he started out in the twenties, everyone told Jimmy to stay away from suggestive material. "You'll get a reputation to take into account," they said. But, as Jimmy puts it: "I feel awful bad inside if I'm afraid that someone else might come up one." The closest Jimmy comes to telling an off-color gag is the old chestnut about the guy whose girl went off to Atkins for a gratification. In a few days, this fellow receives a postcard from his girl: "Having a great time.

Room with running water."

Whereupon the young swain sends her a stern message. "Glad you're enjoying yourself," he writes. "But get that Indian out of the room."

It is said that Jimmy has never used humor that the whole family could take in together, and it's worked for him instead of against him. The customers not only came back; they brought their friends with them. It's still true that for all Jimmy's devoted audience among the grown-ups, he always has a fanatic following among the young fry—not to mention "the little ones," he says.

Recently, Jimmy's writers cooked up an idea for a new running gag on his radio show. One of the performers was to come on and speak a few lines with a double meaning. Jimmy turned thumbs down.

"We got kids listenin' in," he said, and that was that.

One of Jimmy's most deeply-rooted sentiments is the conviction that most of his fellow-men are good-hearted and well-meaning. For all his affection and warmth toward others, however, he's very quick to tell you that there are people he doesn't like.

"The overbearin' ones, the ones that put on airs..." he shakes his head. "They just rub my o'f' n' corner of my mouth as though he's just thought of a joke. "It ain't that I don't like 'em," he adds. "They don't like me, though."

He can't understand self-centered, small-hearted people. Can't understand them, but feels sorry for them. How anyone can think and feel no further than his throat, which gets the plainest puzzles him. Whether he's on the East or West Coast, Jimmy makes a weekly trip to the cemetery to place flowers on the graves of his mother and other loved ones. Often he will stop to point at the array of tombstones, while he shakes his head with an almost-pitying gesture.

"I'm a friend of the dead," he says to the friend with him, "everybody reads the same. There ain't no difference. Some of da big heads ought to take a look. They're all gonna wind up here like everyone else."

Since his wife passed away in 1943, Jimmy has been without any immediate family—a sad irony for a man who once lived for close ties. Jimmy was an exceptionally devoted son while his parents were alive. And all of show business knows how he felt about the Civil War, during his wife's last years of illness, cancelling engagements and turning down jobs in order to be at her side. Unfortunately, they had no children. Sometimes, Jimmy says, he gets into a conversation about what he'd want for children of his, how he would bring them up.

"Da most important thing," he says, "is that you can always make people like you. Ya got people to care about and to care about you—and you'll always be okay."

Jimmy has definite ideas, too, about the kind of career a youngster should take up.

"I'd want a kid of mine to work at somethin' he really loved. Success don't make no one happy. Most people who've known Jimmy will go on, "when I started out everyone considered a piano player was a bun. So suppose I gave it up on account of dat? I'd been miserable all my life."

If somebody starts bewailing the lowly ways of today's young people, Jimmy will reply: "Listen," he'll interrupt them, "you know what I'll tell you about these kids? We're lucky we come with'em—even in the conversation."

Although he has no immediate family left, Jimmy is hardly alone. No man could have a greater number or a closer group of friends than him. Lou Clayton, Eddie Jackson and Jack Roth—have been like brothers to him since the beginning of his career. And, of course, you'll still see Jimmy without friends, with them. Once when he did happen to go into a famous Hollywood restaurant all by himself, the headwaiter couldn't believe his eyes. "Gee, Jimmy, ain't no one with you," he exclaimed, "or you are not Jimmy Durante."

Besides Jimmy's close friendships, he is in daily touch with his uncles and with his nephews, two of whom live near him in California with their families. One nephew, who lives in a New York beachfront cottage near him, is now a performer himself.

When Jimmy came East last Spring, the circus was in town, and he found out that Rosemary with all the single-mindedness of a four-year-old wanted nothing in the world except to see it.

"Don't worry," Jimmy assured her parents. "I'll get tickets for Rosemary and her friends."

But, however, not to be that simple. Circus tickets apparently were impossible to get. Jimmy was to be in town for only four days and his schedule was jammed tight with appointments. He did what he could to clear up his mind to get the tickets. Hour after hour, while his staff went wild trying to get him to his engagements, Jimmy talked to everyone he knew who could help him.

"Jimmy," one friend argued, "so suppose the kid doesn't get to the circus? She's young. She'll go next year."

"Never mind," Jimmy declared with the stubbornness of twenty mules.

"The kid'll be heartbroken if she don't go, I promised her."

Then there's the time of finality: " Heck, what good am I, if I can't give my own nephew's child a little thing he's gonna make her happy?"

Rosemary and her friends had a wonderful time—wonders of the three-ringer. But the one who got the biggest kick was her great-uncle Jimmy who couldn't even get to go. "Never mind," he declared, "I'm a carper, after all, is when he sees other people giving of themselves with the same generosity. That's one reason he is still talking about the Easter radio program he appeared on last Spring. Jimmy is a deeply religious man.

"I was brought up dat way," he says. "I come from God-fearin' people."

When one asks him to donate his talent to the hour of prayer, he was delighted. His name would be mentioned once, together with the other performers at the beginning, and that was all. He has so many things to perform, and, all of them with no build-up, no publicity.

"I'm tellin' ya," Jimmy says, "it's nice when you see somethin' like that. Uncle Jimmy was one of the people you'd never know who they were. It makes ya feel good to see people do a wonderful thing like that."

Jimmy has been doing wonderful things all his life. Too few people are as lucky as he is. Jimmy is one of the most gifted performers of our day, but his greatest gift could bring him more happiness than he has always known how to be.
What I Want in a Husband

(Continued from page 30)

In the second place, I want to marry a man a few years older than I am because I want him to be the boss in our house.

That doesn’t mean that I haven’t a will of my own. I have. A good strong one. You don’t make a career for yourself as a singer without knowing what you want and fighting a certain amount of battles to get it. I have had to make independent decisions for myself since I was in my teens. When I was fourteen, I won an amateur contest and that gave me my own radio program on a Memphis station. That showed me what I wanted to do, and for the next two years I paid for my own singing lessons by singing on a station in Quincy, Illinois, and for my keep by living with my great-aunt who was very old and needed companionship. Before I was seventeen, I had my own radio show in Shreveport. My family is strict Methodist, so they were right there to watch and protect me, but I have been boss in my own career long enough to learn a very important lesson about show business—one that is just as important in marriage. It is that you never have a good show when you have two people trying to direct it, any more than you can keep a ship on a straight course if you have two captains giving orders. So I really mean it when I say I want to marry the kind of a man who will be boss in our own home.

It won’t be any hardship on me to let my husband make the decisions because the kind of a marriage I want is life shared by two people who understand each other so well that their ideas about all important things are the same. As for the unimportant things—they are not worth quarreling about. I just don’t understand why people have to have their own way all the time. What satisfaction does she get? Suppose she wants to paint the living room blue and he wants it green? Suppose she wants to go to the movies and he wants to stay home? What happiness can she get winning her point if she knows it makes him miserable? Even though I have a career, I still have the old-fashioned idea that homework is a woman’s biggest job—and that means working to make a home serene, pleasant and fun.

People are always saying, “Will you give up your career when you marry?” Of course I won’t, because I will marry the kind of man who will respect what I have accomplished, and be proud of it. He will also understand it, just as I will understand his, because I am very sure that I couldn’t fall in love with anyone who isn’t in show business.

People in show business are just like people in any other business. But the demands on them are different, and it is very hard for an outsider to understand.

For instance, no one realizes that being a singer is a full-time job and that I put in just as many hours a week as anyone else earning a living. I am forever hearing “What a wonderful job—just singing a couple of songs and then you’re through for the day.” That couldn’t be farther from the truth.

I am up every morning at 7:30 because I am due at the studio for rehearsal at 9:15. I am lucky, at that. I get the latest rehearsal call because I’m the girl on the show. The musi—
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One of the most overworked words in marriage is the word “I,” and it is a dead giveaway that something is wrong with a marriage when you hear it. I know a husband who is always talking about “my” car and “my” apartment, and I know a wife who talks about “my” children. I feel sorry for them — they don’t know what love is.

In the kind of marriage I want, “our” is always the key word, because the kind of a man who says “ours” is the kind you can tie to for life. It means he will be thinking not for himself alone, and not for me alone, but for what will be the best for both of us. My career won’t bother that kind of a man. He will be proud of it, because he will know that he is the boss at home — that his name is on the roof.

Actually, I never did want to be a big star though I’ve had that, too. I was starred in my own CBS network series before I joined the Arthur Godfrey show in 1946 — and I was nice to know that I could do it, but I have much more fun now. As a matter of fact, I have exactly what I want. . . . I’m a little less in a hurry and a big show. That’s what I want from marriage. I want to have second billing in the best co-starring job of all — marriage.

Now you know why it was a cinch for me to marry in 1946. I was nice to know that I could do it, but I have much more fun now. As a matter of fact, I have exactly what I want... I’m a little less in a hurry and a big show. That’s what I want from marriage. I want to have second billing in the best co-starring job of all — marriage.

Now you know why it was a cinch for me to marry in 1946. I was nice to know that I could do it, but I have much more fun now. As a matter of fact, I have exactly what I want... I’m a little less in a hurry and a big show. That’s what I want from marriage. I want to have second billing in the best co-starring job of all — marriage.

Now you know why it was a cinch for me to marry in 1946. I was nice to know that I could do it, but I have much more fun now. As a matter of fact, I have exactly what I want... I’m a little less in a hurry and a big show. That’s what I want from marriage. I want to have second billing in the best co-starring job of all — marriage.
What I Want in a Wife

(Continued from page 28)

to be something they aren’t. I hate a girl who thinks she has to prove she’s sophisticated by using all of the words you can hear in smokers.

I met the first girl I thought was great deal when I was in high school in East St. Louis. She was just as crazy about music as I was. We used to listen to records by the hour, and when we weren’t listening we talked about music. She used to buy records just for the way somebody played a couple of bars. She would put it on, and I would say, "I don’t think so much of that," and she would say "Wait—you’ll pick out the part I like," and then the one terrific way somebody did just one little thing would come out, and we would both start talking at once about how great it was. She didn’t want a musical career of her own. She just loved music for itself, and I always felt at home and sure I was understood around her.

There is one thing a girl really has to have to be perfect to my way of thinking. She has to have an understanding of music and be just as fascinated by it as I am. Otherwise we would bore each other stiff, because I am not particularly fond of reading, and I really dislike hanging around clubs night after night. I love to sing in clubs. I like working directly in front of people, and I like doing the kind of songs that people in love like to hear. But I don’t like to sit around in clubs all evening long, just for the sake of being out. I don’t go to a night club, except to work, more than once every couple of months. Then I like to take a girl with me who really appreciates singing and see her enjoy a wonderful performer.

The second girl who was important in my life I met when I went to California. I was working as an usher at the Marcal Theatre to keep myself going while I was trying to break into radio. I didn’t have much money, but she didn’t care about that. Companionship has nothing to do with how much you spend. We had good times when I had enough to take her dancing, but she knew how to have fun just going to the beach, too. She was the same type as the first girl—both wonderful companions and friends, and both understanding about my childish tantrums.

I used to blow off at both of them when things weren’t going right. I don’t blow off so much any more, but I still get into ridiculous moods. They are unreasonable and childish, especially as they make me explode at the people I love the most. That is a silly thing. I’ve thought about it a lot, and have decided that maybe I explode at the people I love and trust because I know that they will forgive me and that before I go too far they will explode back—but not so angrily that it will spoil our friendship.

I exploded a few times at both girls, and I got told off, too, on occasion, but mostly they put up with me because they knew I wasn’t mad at them—that I was just using them as a backstop when something went wrong.

That happened too many times when I was trying to break into show business—people saying, "Sure, I’ll do this or that. It’s all set!" when they had no intention of following through. Now one of my faults is that I don’t believe anything anybody says any more. Except Arthur Godfrey, I would believe anything he would tell me. He is an

MENENN

gives you the extra
in baby care!
So I did, and the song turned out to be a real hot hit. Don't think I didn’t enjoy rubbing that in. But that was just once, and since that I’ve picked a lot of lemons. So I have begun to listen to people I know are really experienced, and that is a big step ahead.

I respect knowledge of show business, but I think I will have a better chance at a good life with a girl who has never been interested in a career for herself. I have known some wonderful girls who have careers. They have discipline and a lot of sense, and they are wise and fair and generous, but it stands to reason that a girl who makes a success in show business has a lot of personal ambition and aggressiveness. Some of them do marry and settle down happily, but nearly always they keep a lot of that bread-winning mood and drive.

As I said before, looks really don’t matter to me. However, I am pretty sure that the girl I choose will be my own age rather than any younger. Ever since I was a little kid I have enjoyed people older than I am, and all of my friends are older. I also will be happy if she can cook. My mother is a sensational cook. She came on from East St. Louis a few months ago to live with me and keep me supplied with pies. They are terrific. They have crusts that melt in your mouth, and it is wonderful to get back at night to homemade soup, steak cooked just the way I like it, three fresh vegetables and a blueberry or chocolate chiffon or apple pie with whipped cream. You can have your restaurants. I like home cooking.

I also like the mood that goes with a real home. I love to ask Janette or some of the fellows from work to come home to dinner because I know that my mother will make them welcome without a lot of flurries. That’s my idea of home—a place always open to friends.

My idea of love is what my brother has. He is going to be married. He was back here for a visit recently, and all he did was to sit around and talk about his girl or write letters to her. He did not want to go out because she wasn’t here to go with him. That’s the way I want to feel about a girl, and it is worth waiting for.

The other day someone asked me what my favorite song is. Without thinking twice, I said, “Where are you, now that I need you?” Maybe that means I’m thinking about marriage more than I realize, but I still feel sorry for the girl who is rash enough to put up with me. I give her fair warning—she is going to get a lemon.
Simply Fancy
(Continued from page 53)

BAKED FISH PIQUANT
Makes 6 servings.
Wash well under cold water:
2 small mackerel
Wipe dry with a clean cloth or paper towels. Cut along the stomach of each fish almost as far as the backbone. Insert thin slices of onion inside the fish. Place in a baking dish.
Combine:
1 cup white wine
1 clove garlic finely chopped
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup oil
Pour over fish. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 25 minutes. Baste occasionally. Serve with remaining sauce.

BEETS A L’ORANGE
Makes 6 servings.
Combine:
¾ teaspoon orange rind
1¼ cups orange juice
1½ tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
Place in a greased casserole:
3 cups home-cooked or canned beets, sliced
Add sauce and dot with butter. Cover and bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

COMPANY CASSEROLE
Makes 8 servings.
Cook in boiling salted water until tender:
1 (6 oz.) package egg noodles
Drain. Melt in skillet over low heat:
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Add:
1 green pepper, chopped. Cook slowly until soft.
Add:
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
½ cup milk
1¼ lb. American cheese, grated
1 (7 oz.) can tuna fish
Stir until cheese melts. Then add:
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
Remove from heat and combine with cooked noodles. Place in a 1½ quart greased casserole.
Mix:
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
¾ cup bread crumbs
Stir well until the crumbs are moistened. Sprinkle carefully over the top of casserole. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes.

CAULIFLOWER-CRABMEAT CASSEROLE
Makes 6 servings.
Separate into flowerets:
1 medium sized cauliflower
Wash well. Boil until tender. Drain, then place in a greased casserole.
Combine:
1 (6 oz.) can crab meat, flaked
1 can condensed cream of celery soup
½ cup milk
Stir until well blended.
Pour over cauliflower.
Top with:
½ cup grated cheese
Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes.

FISH CAKES
Makes 6 servings.
Combine:
3 cups cooked flaked fish
2 medium potatoes, boiled and diced
1 cup dry white bread crumbs
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 clove garlic, chopped fine
3 eggs
Add gradually:
½ cup water
Shape into small, flat cakes. Cook slowly in ½ inch of hot fat until they are golden brown. Serve steaming hot with ketchup or chili sauce.

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me. She didn’t make one comment about the wacky get-up I was wearing,” he recalls.

Len lost no time in establishing the fact that he was a member of the acting profession. Aggie appeared properly impressed.

They met often after that night. And in August, 1937, they were married in a little New Jersey town. They were enroute to New York City. Len felt he’d been away from the Main Stem too long. They’d get a small apartment, somehow, and he’d start making the rounds on Broadway.

They hit New York with scarcely the price of room rent between them. It promised to be a depressing honeymoon until a friend of Len’s obtained a two-room apartment for them. Not only obtained it, but put up the thirty-five dollars rent for it. The new-lyeds were inordinately happy, airily disregarding the fact that their new home was utterly without furniture.

Christmas loomed. Len couldn’t make any headway whatever with the Broadway managers, and a dismal Yuletide seemed inevitable. Things were so tough for the Doyle’s that Aggie found herself scavenging the apartment for empty milk bottles, turning them in at the corner grocer’s for the few cents refund they brought.

“And then at six o’clock on December 24th,” Aggie relates, “Len dashed into the apartment. He opened his fist and a shower of bills—beautiful, wonderful greenbacks, honest-to-goodness currency!—covered the livingroom floor. I just sat down on the carpet and began washing my hands in it.”

What happened was this: that afternoon Len got an offer to direct a play, “Thirty Days Hath September,” and his fee was to be $2,000 plus one percent of the box office gross. Len talked the producer into a $500 advance check and Len scrambled madly all over-town trying to get it cashed.

“That break ended the jinx for us,” he says. “Oddly enough, the play was never produced, but right afterward I went into one that scandalized to be my greatest Broadway vehicle—‘Shadow and Substance.’”

From then on Aggie had no need to scrounge for milk bottle refunds. From then on she could concentrate on making a comfortable home for Len—and, presently, for their youngsters.

Aggie now introduces them—Dennis, age five (he will pull unless you call him Dinty), Lee, ten, and Terry, eleven—three of the handsomest little fellows you’ll ever meet. And then Aggie leads the way to the dining room, where a buffet lunch is waiting.

Aside from the food itself, two things catch your eye: one is the tremendous plate glass picture window (large as a front door, almost) that frames a wide expanse of pleasant greenery beyond. The other is a gleaming silver object gracing—no, nearly filling—the table. It’s a huge Lazy Susan, closely resembling in size and looks the Davis Cup recently won again by the American tennis team at Forest Hills. A recent gift, this, to Aggie from Len.

The double livingroom, viewed in detail after luncheon, contains positive proof that Len Doyle’s talents are far more versatile than any of his Harrington fans suspect. A wedge-shaped brick hearth features two fireplaces, each jutting into its own section of the livingroom. As in the diningroom, outsized picture windows have been used with impressive effect. Two of them admit floods of light, keeping out the weather but letting in the outdoors.

Tremendous semi-circular divans and several strategically placed arm-chairs take care of the lounging (although you wonder: does Len Doyle ever lounge?). Richly hued rugs are surmounted by large, thick-pelted bearskins, black and polar. One wall boasts an almost mural-sized nineteenth century oil painting showing cattle drinking at a brookside.

Your admiration keeps returning to the room’s construction details. How, for example, did Len achieve that marvelous wall paneling? How did he piece together the wood so precisely?

“I didn’t work with a blueprint—wouldn’t know how to read one,” he says. “I have some wonderful woodworking machinery up in the attic, so I’m able to get it cut and finished to precise measurement. Those panels were cut from fine-grained walnut and mahogany. They complement each other, I think.”

You think so, too, and you keep struggling to remember that these
things are the handiwork of a man who is an actor, not a carpenter.

In the Doyle home, you can't say "kitchen" and be quite adequate. Kitchen-snackroom-bar describes it better for it has space and equipment for all three purposes. Plus another fireplace.

"Len sketched out the kind of fireplace he wanted," Aggie relates, "and the mason went to work. Len looked at the whole effect and said, 'You know, I think a Dutch oven design might be better.' So he ripped it all out."

"Aggie didn't find that quite as discouraging as the picture window incident," Len comments.

Aggie shudders and says, "You suffered so, you tell it."

Len tells it: "I'd searched all over the county and finally found a good plate glass window of the right size. So Aggie and I began to install it. There I was in the back yard, standing on a carpenter's horse and supporting fifty pounds of plate glass on one knee, with Aggie struggling to help me hoist it into position. We couldn't manage it. Finally I told her, 'You've got to fetch help.' So Aggie leaped into the car and drove hell-for-leather to Charlie's place—six miles away!"

Meanwhile, Len remained perched atop the wooden horse. "It was like holding on to the lion's tail," he says. "I didn't dare let go of it. After what seemed like an hour, Aggie and our friend came to my rescue. It was when I learned that she spent ten minutes trying to convince Charlie that I almost blew my top."

Upstairs there's further evidence of Len's craftsmanship. For the master bedroom Len has designed subdued lighting effects controlled by switches at the head of an ultra-wide double bed. Within equally easy reach is a hidden radio and a recessed bookshelf.

In the boys' room, Len went all out to design a double-feature attraction, for Terry and Lee. Spaciousness and knotted-pine walls lend it a sort of lodge atmosphere, and two sets of double-decker bunks add to the illusion. But Len's pay off gadget is a source of constant delight for both lads. What Len did in their room was construct two secret sliding panels leading to two secret passageways.

"To date, Terry and Lee have discovered only one of them," Len grins. "A good gimmick, because it keeps them from being bored on rainy days."

Bedrooms, in the Doyle scheme of things, do not have mere clothes closets. They have smaller rooms in which to store hats and other wearing apparel. "They're all lined with either cedar or camphor wood," says Len, "imported from Borneo especially for these closets. Stops moths cold."

The moth is not only creature Len has stopped cold. When you go down to his cellar, you find pheasant, goose, wild duck, guinea hen and partridge, and a variety of four-footed creatures such as deer, rabbit, all neatly stacked in his vaunted-sized freezer. Not store-bought meat, but the product of Len's expert marksmanship during periodic hunting trips.

Seeing all this, you're puzzled. Len Doyle has been an accomplished actor for more than a score of years. He's been starred or featured in about forty Broadway plays. He created the Harrington characterization in 1939 and has been winning fans with it since.

The puzzle is this: with all his gadget-making, re-building and hunting, how does Len ever find time to act?
Dear Joan:

Our son died at the age of seven, and I was told we could have no more children. After his death, we wanted to build a real monument to a fine boy and we thought of just about everything—church windows, etc.—and decided they were all too cold. Instead we have adopted three children, and love them very much. They did not have desirable backgrounds or histories, but they have turned out to be excellent children, lovable and intelligent.

What can I tell these children about their parents? They know they are adopted. How can I tell them what they want to know without making them hate their parents or build "halos" around them? What attitude can we foster about parents who went off and left desperately sick babies to die?

Mrs. J.A.G.

Dear Mrs. G.:

First let me say how wonderful I think your monument is! There could not in all the world, I am sure, be a more fitting way to keep the memory of a child.

Now, about telling the children—I strongly feel that in this case the least said the better. However, when children ask questions I know it's impossible—and wrong, too—not to answer them.

Under the circumstances I'd feel, if I were you, completely justified in those small distortions of the truth known as "white lies." As you say, it would be very undesirable to tell the children so much that they would feel "different" from other children, and on the other hand, young minds tend to romanticize anything that seems to be mysterious. In your place I would say, in effect: "Your mother and father left you for some reason that we do not know, but there must have been a reason, as there is for everything. Perhaps they felt that someone else would be better able to take care of you than they were. Your daddy and I are very glad they did it, whatever the reason, because now you are our little boy." This, varied of course to suit the age of the child, should serve the purpose; any further questioning for particulars should be met with a straight "I don't know" without any attempt to make the answer mysterious, nor to imply criticism of the children's original parents—I say "original" not "real" for I am sure that you are the real parents, in the eyes of these children!

Here is a problem with which R.M., a young girl, faces a very serious decision. Can you suggest a solution? Your letter of advice may earn $25.00.

Dear Joan:

I am a girl of fifteen and I live in a small town. My mother and I live in a shabby apartment. Mother works in a local bar. She comes home early in the morning and sometimes she doesn't come home. I know she has a bad reputation.

Because of my mother's reputation none of the kids will have anything to do with me. I am a sophomore in high school, but my mother insists that I quit school at sixteen. I want to finish because I would like to be a teacher. I've learned to take care of myself, but I would like to have friends of my age, and I want awfully to finish school.

What can I do, Joan? I don't want to hurt my mother because other than wanting me to leave school she's always been very good to me.

R.M.
It was the insurance job I dropped. My boss, when I quit, took a very dim view, saying sourly, “Young man, you’d be wise to forget this new-fangled, fly-by-night thing called radio. Some day you’ll come crawling back on your hands and knees looking for a job in a good substantial business.”

His words bounced off, for I’d found a higher salary when WENR opened and the station manager asked if I could announce as well as sing.

Radio itself was as new as its employees in those days and none of us knew much about it. I said, “Sure, why not?” Millie was waiting, and for Millie I would have attempted endurance sitting on the transmitter antenna.

Our waiting ended with one of the quietest weddings you ever saw. Just her folks and my folks were present, but a very happy young couple kissed each other knowing they meant every word of it when they promised, “. . . till death do us part.”

Housing, in 1921, was troublesome as today. We were lucky to find an apartment on Chicago’s west side. Only one thing ailed it—there was no yard. We solved that by renting a nearby vacant lot. I wish you could have seen the place. It had as fine a crop of broken bottles, tin cans and weeds as you’d ever find. I never expect to work as hard as I did getting that ground in shape to plant. Millie, who had never before grown as much as a geranium, worked right along with me, and that Summer she also discovered the mysteries of canning and preserving. Just as we had done at home when I was a kid, we ate out of that garden all winter. We might be city dwellers, but we were still close to the soil.

The soil was furthering my radio career, too. Those were times when we thought all rural listeners needed was a weather report and a hillbilly tune. Our first venture beyond it was a farmers’ swap program where a man with twenty tons of hay could get in touch with one who had ten Hereford calves and arrange a deal. Talking to farmers who came in convinced me I had plenty of ignorance.

I needed knowledge, so I got in touch with my friend Dean Mumford of the

**Deep Secret...**

to a fresher, younger-looking skin

The loveliest, youngest-looking skin your mirror has seen in years! Now it’s only a few days away. Days in which you devote minutes, morning and night, to the miracle of deep-cleansing with Woodbury Cold Cream.

Such deep and thorough cleansing is possible only because of Penaten—a new, miraculous penetrating agent. Now in Woodbury Cold Cream, Penaten seeps deeper into pore openings...carries the cleansing oils deeper to float out every speck of clinging soil and stubborn make-up.

And through Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively too. Rich, softening oils are carried deeper to leave a softer, fresher feel...a look that’s younger, beautiful as Spring! 20¢ to $1.39, plus tax.
University of Illinois and asked him to outline a course in agriculture I could study while I went on earning a living. My friends thought I was crazy. I had been made manager of WERN, and when announcers came in to discuss a show they'd find me with schedules and promotion plans laid out on my desk and a book on agronomy plumped down on top of them. Study paid off, however, for when WERN was sold to the National Broadcasting Company which then had both the Red and Blue networks, I was assigned to the National Farm and Home Hour, broadcast at noon six days a week.

While things were happening to me, plenty was happening to the rest of the country, too. The United States was in the middle of the depression and gloom was so thick it wrapped you like a heavy suffocating blanket.

Millie and I were no exceptions. We went through the financial wringer and a day came when, instead of having money enough to build a house, we found our bank account had shed its figures like leaves falling in autumn. We had to decide what to keep and what to give up. A house, with some ground to dig in, turned out to be the one thing we couldn't sacrifice. We took our last few dollars and went out to one of the western suburbs as renters. It was thanks to that move that I found the phrase which was to become my trademark in radio.

It happened on a cloudy May morning in 1932. On the long train trip into Chicago, five of my fellow commuters and I had rehearsed all the woes of the world. When the train pulled into Union Station, we had ourselves in a very deep purple state of mind. A lashing little shower pinned me back against the doorway of the station and I had to wait for it to end. Then, abruptly, the shower was over. The gray scud of cloud parted for an instant and the sun broke through. I dashed for the studio, reaching there just as the rain pelted down again and the black sky closed in.

But the break had been enough. In that little splash of sunlight, I had found a new point of view. I pictured the change that shower would make in my new garden. I thought of how the plants would be washed fresh and green and surge upward with new growth. I remembered the wonderful smell of moist earth, and I thought, too, of the harvest coming to reward my work. Surely, with all such beauty and strength in the world, the little troubles of men, too, would eventually return to their proper proportions. It was, for me, one of those rare times when faith becomes not an abstract word, but a dominant, pervading feeling of unity with God.

The power of my enlightenment was still upon me when I stepped up to the microphone. Before me, the huge studio audience turned long faces toward me. The orchestra, too, was dour. I couldn't see a smile.

Then it struck me with great urgency. I had to make these people and the people at home understand the new faith, the new feeling of confidence which had come to me during the break in the rain clouds.

Ignoring my script, I put all my rising emotion into my voice as I proclaimed, "It's a beautiful day in Chicago!"

People exchanged looks as though asking, "Has Mitchell gone crazy?" But a moment later they smiled — and the show that day had a new lift and enthusiasm.

Encouraged, I made it my opening phrase for a number of weeks. It caused talk around NBC, but I stuck to it until the crank letters arrived. I remember a particularly sour one from Florida which stated that the writer knew how such things were arranged. I must be in the pay of the Chamber of Commerce. That didn't. Everyone was queasy in those days. The program director made me stop.

We found then what power an audience could pack. From every state in the Union came the thousands of letters. They were fortified by long distance phone calls, telegrams and newspaper editorials. Some went so far as to say a subversive group which wanted to make sure the country went to hell in a handbasket must have suppressed Mitchell.

Somehow, to the audience as well as to me, "It's a beautiful day in Chicago!" had become a rallying cry, a few words, ordinary in themselves, which to both listeners and speaker carried defiance against adversity, assertion of eternal hope, and reassertion that the human spirit cannot be crushed.

For Millie and me, the morning it originated will never be forgotten, for it marked a turning point in our own lives. The feeling every day is a beautiful day if we will only have eyes to see how it fits into God's plan has sustained us through happiness, sorrow, sickness

__OVER $500,000 IN PRIZES!__

Listen to Your

"Chance of a Lifetime"

Every Sunday Night—ABC Network

9:30–10 P.M. 7:30–8 P.M. 8:30–9 P.M. 6:30–7 P.M.

Eastern Standard Time  Mountain Time  Central Time  Pacific Time

Featuring

JOHN REED KING

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association
It is satisfying to have someone ask how I make a garden, for a garden is so individual a thing it becomes the finest compliment one human being can give another—an invitation to enter into his life.

No two gardens are alike, any more than two human faces can ever be identical, for a garden, too, is an expression of personality. I can't tell you how to grow a garden, but I have found a general workable plan.

As I told you in the beginning, my garden usually starts the blizzardy night I decide where to set out the fading poinsettia. It is fitting, I think, that the Christmas flower should be the symbol of continuity of growth through all the seasons, for it is almost always a gift of love which you want to preserve.

To carry it from one season to the next, permit it to rest by cutting the stalks close to the earth. Place the pot in a warm, humid room and don't let it dry out. When the frost leaves the ground, transplant it to a secluded corner of the garden where it has room to flourish out of the way of Summer blooming plants. Pot it early, set it on a porch so its transition from outdoors to indoors is gradual, and bring it into the house before the heat is turned on.

Going on to the paper planting which begins when Millie and I pore over the seed catalogs, color and calendar are my starting points. I plan to have something blooming from the first bold crocus to break its way through the icy earth until frost takes the last rugged chrysanthemum, leaving the pines alone standing stately in the snow.

In choosing flowers to mature in such sequence, seed catalogs again are my guide books, for information on the date of bloom. Taking this into consideration as well as climate and type of soil makes it as impossible to set down rules for planting as it is to tell a woman how to buy a hat. I can tell you, however, how the plan works for us. Our ground is well graded, the soil is sandy and spots of deep shade are few.

I'm fortunate to have a neighbor who has a little lean-to greenhouse, and we make our gardening a cooperative proposition. I supply the seeds, he contributes the growing space, and we divide the plants.

It's interesting, I think, that the last flowers to bloom in the Fall—the chrysanthemums and that precious poinsettia—are the first to be set out when danger of frost is over.

In late March, Millie and I look for the first crocus. Daffodils follow, bringing with them our little joke that if they weren't daffy they wouldn't pop up early enough to risk freezing.

Our garden begins to flower in earnest with the first tulips in May. In buying new tulip bulbs, I make my selections when they are in bloom. This permits me to control color combinations. I mix early and late varieties so that the tulip display lasts until the peonies bloom for Decoration Day and the first roses appear in June.

My rose garden deserves a special mention. Since Millie and I are particularly fond of them, we have a good assortment of the ever-blooming variety mingled in. Last Fall they gave us table flowers as late as November. I feed the roses with commercial fertilizer every ten days, beginning at the time the first leaves appear.

It's a wise idea, I find, to keep a record of both feeding and spraying. And here's another tip to the beginning gardener: if you use commercial fertilizer, be sure to follow religiously the directions on the package. Two tablespoonsfuls are not twice as good as one. Two may create too strong a concentration and kill the plant.

June also starts the profusion of Summer flowers. Before the first roses fade, the pansies, painted daisies, gallardias, shasta daisies, poppies, phlox and Madonna lilies are on their way. Their brilliance lasts through July and longer.

In August come the colorful prophets of Fall, the snapdragons, asters, and the nicotianas which remain open all night, following the moon in its orbit just as a sunflower turns with the sun.

September brings the final gorgeous climax of the garden, the mum display. With chrysanthemums, the variety is infinite. There are bright ones, pale ones, white ones, and they range in size from pompons to buttons. What's more, they last even after killing frosts, for they transplant easily, enabling you to bring your garden inside. By planning, you can have mums up to Christmas.

And at Christmas, there's your poinsettia. You're around the calendar again and it's time for the seed catalog. You see what I mean when I say a true gardener never stops planting?

Even more important than the harvest of blooms is what my garden does for me. Thanks to it, I'm likely to be the announcer who never finds he has an occupational malady of stomach ulcers. I can always look at my garden and say, "It's a beautiful day!"

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Get the Luxurious Big BATH SIZE!

For velvet-smooth Beauty Lather that caresses your skin, leaves your body glowing with a warm blush of fragrant loveliness, enjoy a beauty bath with Bath Size Palmolive

It's exquisite... It's economical. Big, big Bath Size Palmolive is perfect for tub or shower. Just the thing, massaged over your body creates a glorious beauty lather that leaves your skin glowing, alluring. Proper cleansing with this thrifty Bath Size smooths and softens arms, back and shoulders... really gives you a lovelier complexion all over.

And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the newest hint of fragrance on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvelous beauty lather means you, too, may have a lovelier complexion head-to-toe.
Radio's Own Life Story
(Continued from page 3)

World Court, from KSD in St. Louis, and was heard on two other stations at the same time: WJZ in New York and WHJ in Providence. What of the debate?

This hook-up of three stations was a sensational step ahead. The very first "chain" broadcast had just been achieved, a hook-up between WEAF in New York and WBAC in Boston, and there were dreamers wild enough to prophesy that in the future stations might be linked coast-to-coast. And so they were to be, as was clearly understood by a bit of advertising.

The first really big show, the Eveready Hour, made its bow, and sports broadcasting as we know it had its beginning when one of the most colorful names in the commercial stage, Coro, his managers, and a host of others, decided to take its new line of lighting equipment to radio audiences, though broadcasters were ambitious to raise the standard of air entertainment. Dr. Damrosch suggested that it might help if he ran through the score and rapidly explained what the music meant before the concert began. This was the start of his famous Music Appreciation Hour which was to run on another, and more fan mail poured into WEAF.

These things drew the attention of sponsors to the new medium, even though what was called "direct advertising" to newspapers was still a reality. Sponsors who saw the possibilities, with announcements were considered dreadfully bad taste, and the big brains of the industry were still hoping that public-spirited millionaires would start spending their money to advance good taste. Some stations began to sell time, but many only now began to realize the potential of any product, especially after Secretary of Commerce Hoover called an informal meeting of station owners in 1922 to discuss the welfare of radio.

The broadcasters agreed that this was a straight thinking, so, for a while, sponsors were allowed to pay the bills, but then it was suggested that an announce was a mention of the brand name in an indirect fashion. For instance, WEAF ruled that "anything so intimate as toothpaste" could not properly be mentioned. The only time after lengthy conference was the sponsor allowed to call his singers The Ipana Troubadours. Listeners had to find out for themselves what Ipana was.

The Chicago Club Eskimos was another famous show of this time. They were allowed to broadcast the jingle that went into the backing of Eskimo dogs to suggest cooling drinks, but no mention of club soda. Just the same, radio advertising began to pay off, so that even the Silver Town Cord Orchestra. No mention was made of tires, but "the tenor with the silver mask" was their star. The repetition of the word "silver" being the most effective phase of the performance was the sponsor allowed to call his singers The Ipana Troubadours. Listeners had to find out for themselves what Ipana was.
entertainers. So Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot were eagerly awaited under the names of "Trade" and "Mark" on the Smith Brothers Cough Drop Show. There was no mention of what the product would do for a sore throat, of Smith Brothers, or "look for the label." Instead, the rhytym referred to subtle, hopeful fashion to the famous trademark whiskers.

"They're always in the way.
The cows eat them for hay.
They cover the dirt on the front of my shirt.
They're always in the way."

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare were outstanding among the early stars, though at first they were identified only as The Hare Brothers. The Happiness Candy Stores sponsored their program, and later they were known as The Interwoven Pair; The Best Foods Boys; The Taystee Fats; and The Flit Soldiers. Fans discovered their identities quickly, however, because they were famous as vaudeville and record artists before they took to the air, and their popularity gradually broke down the resistance to personal names of performers in a broadcast. They started on WJZ in 1921 and became sensational in populaion when they went under radio control in 1923. They were the Amos 'n Andy of their day, and people rushed home to hear their latest jokes and songs for the next ten years.

They occupied a unique place in the early days of broadcasting, and anyone who remembers those days will be interested in their story. In the late twenties, following the lead of one of radio's greatest innovators, Rudy Vallee, the trend was toward huge musical shows featuring enormous casts of musicians, singers and variety acts. Until this blew over, Jones and Hare returned to vaudeville, where they were enormously successful. They made a comeback, finally, on the air in 1937 to the delight of all who had known radio in its beginnings, but two weeks after their return to radio, Ernie Hare died of pneumonia.

The team were on, however. Ernie's daughter, Marilyn, continued in her father's place until 1940 Billy Jones joined his old partner.

By the end of 1923, sponsors were getting restive under all of the restrictions against direct advertising, and the singing commercial was invented as an attempt to slip under the guise of song. The heavy responsibility of creating this debatable art form is claimed by Radio Frank Bessinger.

Bessinger, with his various partners was billed in those days as The Radio Franks, and soon teams turned up all over the place, calling themselves Radio Bills, Radio Breaks, and The Georges, all melodiously giving tribute to the sponsor before they swung into Barney Google With His Goo-goo-gloogey Eyes and other hot hits of the day, and the golden age of art for art's sake was no more.

The Eveready Hour was the first really big show on the air. It featured not only a jazz band, but a concert orchestra and many big-name guest stars.

"We are just striking out into the blue with such a diversified program," the sponsor confessed to Geng Lockhart who was starred in a dramatic skit on the opening show. "Do you think so many changes of mood will hold the
attention of the audience?"

Lockhart's answer was awaited anxiously, because he was an authority on what audiences liked following his invention of spoken narrative to set the mood of a song. He was a writer as well as a well-known stage actor, and he enchanted the listening world when he insisted on such copy as "There is a soft-flowing river in Scotland that meanders through the rugged hills toward the Irish Sea. As it winds its way through the rocky cliffs and bosky dells, it murmurs past the small town of Doone that lies dreaming in the heather. It is said that the sound of this quiet town that Robbie Burns wrote when he began his song—" and with that the singer on the show took over with "On yon Bonnie banks, etc." This was the evening's novelty, and everyone loved it. Lockhart was to gain fame in Hollywood, too, but not until he and his wife, Kathleen, did one of the first of the breakfast shows. It was The Giller and Sullivan Hour in the late twenties, and since the sponsor was The Edison Company, they chatted extensively about how the toast was doing in the electric toaster and the works in the electric percolator before they turned to singing light opera. After them the deluge.

During the next years the Eveready Hour was to make history. It not only reached out for famous performers. It paid them! The day of free appearances for the sake of publicity was drawing to a close. Eveready persuaded the best to appear. Matinee idol John Drew (uncle of Lionel, Ethel and John Barrymore), Julia Marlowe, George Gershwin, Irving S. Cobb, Moran and Mack (later to become famous as The Two Black Crows) and the Flonzaley String Quartet were among their shining stars, and Will Rogers made his first air appearance on this show in 1924. He is believed to be the first star to receive $1,000 for one broadcast, at the time a staggering figure. Many movie stars get as much as $5,000 for their appearances today.

Will Rogers, of all people, suffered one of the first cases of milie fright of which we have a record though it was a malady already well known to insiders, and already the career of Whispiring Jack Smith was due to the reasonless panic induced by the harmless little piece of metal. A few months before, young Mr. Smith had found himself alone at show time. He was accustomed to broadcasting as part of a quartet, but his partners had been delayed on the way to the studio. There was nothing to do but fill up the air as best he could until they arrived. He stepped confidently to the mike, but, as he waited for the hands of the clock to touch the hour, he became paralyzed. His hands trembled. His heart pounded and he had a sudden inability to draw a breath. His throat constricted. All he could bring out was a faint whispy whisper. Pallid, shaken, certain that his career was ended, he staggered from the mike a broken man. Not until the fan mail began to pour in asking "Who was the whispering baritone? Give us more of him," did the station realize that a star had been born. Whispering Jack was careful never to sing full volume again.

Will Rogers was a great Ziegfeld star at the time he almost became "Whispiring Will," used to all kinds of emergencies, with huge audiences, and fame for Turkish ad-libbing. He was scheduled to do one of his casually...
hilarious commentaries. Subject: the presidential campaigns for Coolidge and Davis which he had been cracking about for weeks. It was surefire. He started confidently enough until warning the mike began to work its deadly spell. Rogers began to dry up. Only the quick action of the station manager saved the day. He rushed out, rounded up all available staff members and hurried them to the studio. In front of the hastily assembled audience, the great Will relaxed.

1924: This was the year the Charles- ton caught on. Skirts grew shorter to accommodate the wild gyrations of flung arms and legs. As the girls shed clothes, the boys put more on. Nearly everyone wore rimmed glasses. A college man without a raccoon coat was a sorry sight indeed.

Colleen Moore, a little girl with big round eyes and a black bob reached stardom. (Miss Cinders who made her bow in the comic strips the following year bore a striking resemblance.) Rit- tin-tin, the first of the great dog stars, was another sensation. Knute Rockne's great backfield for Notre Dame, The Four Horsemen, were galloping over everything that came their way. Their nickname came from Valentine's film, "The Four Horsemen of the Apoca- lypse," released in 1921 and still going strong. Rube Goldberg invented the glorious Boob McNutt and people began to say "Baloney" and "I'm the guy who put the pep in pepper."

Mah Jong and the Marathon Dance were still going at top speed and radio was assaulted by still another challenge—film. Two young actresses casting about for a novelty, took a chance and brought out a crossword puzzle book. It started a fad that raged for two years. It really raged. Edition after edition was sold off, people carrying their puzzle books to lunch. Trains put dictionaries in club cars. Women waiting for a "comb set" in beauty parlors (the shoppe came later) had that thoughtful look peculiar to those trying to remember the two-letter word for Egyptian god.

Just the same, the sale of sets boomed. This year, $350,000,000 went into new ones, almost three times as much as the year before. On those sets the sound of the ukulele was loud in the land. The ukulele fad had been gaining momentum for some years, and in 1924 close to a million were sold. There was hardly a front porch in the country that was not made hideous by the laconic wailing of beginners learning to chord, and underprivileged indeed was the school girl whose finger tips were not blistered from strumming.

The great performers were mainly responsible for this fever for Hawaiian music. A round-faced comedian named Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike) used one in his headline vaudeville act and was soon to bring it to the air. Also to be- come famous were Mary Magh Breen and Peter De Rose, "Sweethearts of the Air," with more than two hundred and fifty arrangements of songs for the ukulele. Best known in 1924, however, was Wendell Hall who was fast becoming one of radio's first authentic stars. He was billed as "The red-headed music maker.

Wendell Hall became an enormous favorite on the Eveyday Hour. Inci- dently, most shows were called "hours" in those days for the sensible reason that nearly all lasted an hour— or even two. The fan's interest in Wendell Hall and his presonal life was...
MATERNITY Style Book FREE

LANE BRYANT Maternity clothes help conceal your condition and keep you smart through pregnancy. Adjust easily to your changing figure. Sizes 32 to 46 bust; also misses' sizes 12 to 20 and junior sizes 11 to 19. Our FREE Style Book shows dresses, blouses, underwear. Everything for baby, too. All low priced.

Send coupon now for your copy of this FREE Style Book, mailed to you in a plain wrapper.

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Name
Address
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MAKE $50 selling America's
FRESAMPLES IMPRINTED & ENGRAVED
PICTORIAL BOOKMARKS & BOOK BANDS
Send $10 for one hundred samples on approval. Complete list of fast money makers. Don't delay. Write today, LORAIN ART STUDIOS, Dept. M, Vermilion, Ohio.

How to Make Money with Simple Cartoons
A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE Dept. 593, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

INGROWN NAIL Hurting You?
Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGROW® bring blessed relief from the torment of ingrown nails. OUTGROW® quickly enters the skin underneath the nail, allowing the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGROW® is available at all drug counters.

Don't Neglect Piles and Colon Troubles
FREE BOOK—Explains Dangers of Associated Ailments

When hard times, panics and blizzards come, communities all over the nation turn to The Salvation Army for help for the needy. And the "Soldiers of God" are always there, for they have a happy religion of doing for others.

Today, seventy years after the first little band of lasses arrived on our eastern shore, The Salvation Army marks a life-span of service, and re-dedicates itself to doing more—not less—for those in need.

We earnestly ask you to help this serving Army.

THE EDITORS

EXCHANGE of the 1924 season was FREE. I was Avoid. I Write J Style and FREE MATERNITY LANE. Fort. be A MARKET book now OUTGEO® sizes of Dangers wasjunior to the Friedman's, I was found to be the the answer by inventing something new, as they were to do a thousand times in the future. They ran lines to the showrooms of the Skinner Organ Company, blocks away, and piped the wedding march across town. It was the first remote control to be used on a big broadcast—a stunning novelty.

Wendell Hall was a composer as well as a singer. He had published "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo" the year before, and developed the habit of strumming that song at the beginning of each broadcast as a sort of trademark. This set a style. Soon everyone was experimenting with what was then called an "identification melody," later "airmark" and finally "theme song."

There were a lot of "firsts" this year. The presidential nominating conventions were covered for the first time in 1924, bringing the workings of our democracy in vivid detail into homes of all sizes. Graham McNamee went to Cleveland to cover them and reported the classic exchange between Will Rogers and William Jennings Bryan. In all seriousness, the great exponent of free silver generously offered to help the humorist by passing along anything funny that he heard. Rogers cracked his gum and offered to tell Bryan if he heard anything not funny.

Two great reporters started this year. Norman Brokenshire's "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen. How do you do?" was to become known all over the world. He was one of the trail blazers of great air reporting, covering every presidential inauguration from Coolidge to Truman, officiating as announcer on scores of important shows, and now lending his distinguished measured tones to Theatre Guild On The Air.

A thin, energetic young man by the name of Edward B. Husing had just started as an apprentice announcer. He opened the station at nine in the morning and closed it at eleven-thirty at night, taking time out only to change to dinner jacket for his evening chores. There were no audiences in studios yet. Just the same, announcers dressed. Naturally, a black tie was only proper for evening—white tie for special occasions.

Husing broke into big time sports reporting one eventful day when he went with his chief, Major J. Andrew White, to cover the Penn-Cornell football game in Philadelphia. White went to pay a call on his family and when broadcast time arrived, Husing was dismayed to find himself alone. He knew nothing about the teams, so he4

No matter what the boys may be doing at Howdy Doody time, they want to be called. The boys and Bob talk over the show at night and on Saturdays and Sundays. Unless he plays golf on Saturday, Bob is always with the children—except when a personal appearance calls him away. All the children in the neighborhood come over and discuss what's to be done with Mr. Buster (Ronnie suggested recently that they "knock him out and just carry him away"). They decide how Clarabell should be handled, what to do about the Lollapalooza, the Flub-a-dub and Dilly-Dally.

Maybe you've wondered how Howdy Doody came into being. Well, Bob had done many children's shows on radio, and when we came to New York he had a half-hour Triple B Ranch program on NBC. There was a character on the show named Elmer who greeted everyone with "Howdy Doody." And that's what the kids began to call him. When NBC decided to put on a children's television show, Howdy Doody just naturally became a character in his own right.

Besides the basement studio, there's a basement playroom where the whole family spends a lot of time in winter. Here Bob keeps his two valued citations—the George Foster Peabody Medal he got in 1948 for the Howdy Doody Show, voted the most outstanding children's show on radio and TV and the 1949 National Baby Institute Award for his "outstanding contribution to children's entertainment."

We have no idea yet whether the children will want to be entertainers. Last fall they both planned to be football players, but in the spring the boys who swing the bats in the big league became their heroes again. Their father's connection with radio and television leaves them unimpressed. In fact Robin gets bored with it all at times because his schoolmates ask him for tickets so they can sit in the Peanut Gallery on the Howdy Doody show. Robin complains, "I wish they wouldn't ask me, because I can't do anything of driving, just to set those happy children who have just met Howdy in person.

We're sort of glad we met him, too.

**Would you believe my lustrous AUBURN hair?**

**IS REALLY MOUSEY BROWN?**

When you see men turn to admire a woman's shining auburn hair, remember—her secret may be Nestle Colorine.

Its rich, natural-looking color gives hair life, lustre, exciting beauty! And its lemon-rinse action removes soap film. Leaves hair softer, easier to manage.

Shampoos out. Smart women insist on genuine Colorine.

---

**TO GLORIFY RED HAIR**

auburn...like red-gold sunshine.

**HENNA...**rich glowing red-bronze.

**WARM BROWN...**gleaming burnished brown.

7 Other Enchanting Shades!

Also try** NESTLE COLORTINT

Some beautiful shades in a triple-strength rinse.

Lasts through 3 shampoos!

**Nestle COLORINSE** 6 rinses 25¢

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**My Husband, Mister Smith**

(Continued from page 57)
One Kind of Happiness

(Continued from page 65)

to kiss my fellow-passengers goodbye. I looked for him, of course. I couldn’t believe he’d let me go without a word, knowing what the separation might mean to our marriage. Even after my flight was called, I kept thinking I would see him, thin, tweed-coated, hatless figure hurrying across the field. My eyes ached and my neck was stiff with looking. Only when the ground fell away beneath my window and I knew we were irrevocably apart did I stop looking. “That’s that,” I thought, and leaned back, wondering what kind of combination airsickness and heartbreak would turn out to be.

I never saw him again. Some time later I came awake with a start to discover I had been sleeping soundly for at least two hours and was ravenously hungry. Outside there was nothing but the feathery white of cloud-stuff; in it, above the reassuring purr of the motors, I heard the indistinct murmur of many conversations being carried on at once.

Glimpsing sidewise, I took in with complete approval the slim elegance of my seatmate, and since at the moment she was doing the same to me we exchanged parting smiles of the trip. “You have been sleeping,” she commented. “How fortunate! I can never learn that trick of resting when there is a motor up ahead of me.”

“Usually I’m still in love with Wendy—you’re still in love with Wendy.” But had I really said it aloud? Perhaps it was just because I had shaped the thought so often in my own mind that when I said it aloud it came so insensibly that it seemed to have been said.

That’s better,” she said, smiling. “We go more easily.

We went very easily, indeed, for a while. I gathered that she was a Parisienne who had lived for some years in New York, a widow, and that she added to her jumble a brown ring, a smilie of jewelry for a world-famous firm. In return, she learned that I was a New Yorker, had traveled a lot, had had things perhaps a little too much of my own way when young; and that she had been married to a writer with a couple of successful books and plays behind him and a big plan for the future.

I sounded well, put like that, I was congratulating myself on how easily I had managed to tell no lies and still not tell the truth when I began to see, from her expression, that my light-hearted picture of a young, world-tired couple on a reluctant vacation without her overworked husband just wasn’t going over.

“I’m overdoing it, I thought, and stopped in the middle of half a joke—about American husbands who thought of nothing but work. “Let her think what she likes,” I told myself grimly. “If I go on talking about Mark this way I’ll end up like you when we left, how you were disappointed.”

I shot her an outraged glance. But she remained composed, and her dark eyes were kind and, I saw with surprise, faintly worried, as she went on. “Men can be extremely thoughtless.” She added, with a laugh, “Women too—at times!”

“You’re very observant,” I said coldly—more coldly than I meant to, really, but at the touch of sympathy I couldn’t have helped it. “It’s back like a turtle beneath its shell.

“I am unforgiving,” she said cheerfully, but I knew that she felt my abrupt withdrawal and it seemed to me she was little impressed.

I tried awkwardly a couple of times to bridge over the coolness I had created. She was pleasant and seemed willing to talk about conversations; but the friendly spirit had gone out of it. Finally I gave up, and pretended to go to sleep again.

That was a mistake. Like a homing pigeon my mind shot back to Mark. What was he doing; what was he thinking; was he using the chance to talk to Wendy to lunch? How much did he remember of the hysterical nonsense I had flung at him long enough to make him forget it? For that matter, how much did I remember myself? Not what had started the fight, or how much of what had been said. The whole thing was his face—I could see that, and the magazine he had twisted and crumpled and finally flung away violently; and my own voice, too. I was talking to myself. It’s never a good habit to be; and you’re still in love with Wendy.”

But had I really said it aloud? Perhaps it was just because I had shaped the thought so often in my own mind that when I said it aloud it came so insensibly that it seemed to have been said.

No. I had said it. I heard his answer about the plane’s thumping, clipped and desperate and furious: “I married you. I love you. But if you go on this way I don’t know what may happen—I won’t be responsible.”

A slight change in the engines’ sound brought me awake again. The plane’s nose had angled forward, and we were bearing toward a brownish-white jumble that looked in the surrounding green-blue of the water, exactly like islands on a map. As we lowered toward them the brown untangled and became brighter, and the colors resolved themselves into shapes. We slid past hangars, came gently and finally to a stop. We were in.

I lost sight of Madame Dourel when we left the plane. As quickly as possible I went through the brief customs routine and found the station wagon that was bound for the Inniscape, where I’d promised to meet her. Dozens of times in the past I had done these things for myself, but suddenly it was an acute annoyance not having a man to do them for me. I didn’t know why; maybe just because all the honey- mooners around me, the girls bemused, the boys with an unmistakable “let me attend to everything, dear,” expression on their faces as we jogged along the leaf-canopied roads. I watched the sun glinting on water and thought, in a sudden burst of self-pity, that I had a man who was supposed to do those things for me, too. To love and to cherish... had I thrown it all away? Or was I right, was it Wendy he wanted to love and to cherish, and...
I asked, and he lifted. We're... could. Did."

I glanced at him. "I cannot sleep unless there are at least two beds in my room," I said firmly. "Your advertisement positively guarantees a restful vacation, and that's what I came for. Now will you have me taken upstairs or must I try another hotel?"

I couldn't blame the little man. If I hadn't already been so angry about being alone I wouldn't have bothered fighting it out. After all, a single room was all I had paid for. Better, I'd probably be kept awake by the other bed, standing there empty when Mark should have been in it... approaching me, frightening me..." But my room was worth the fight. I could look down into the turquoise-colored water, and away across the bay to what the bellboy said was Hamilton. The hypnotic soft slope of the ripples on the stone terrace beneath my window held a promise of some... in spite of the empty bed, the empty dresser, the lonesome-looking second closest where Mark's clothes should have been hanging.

Down below on the terrace two of the honeymoon couples, already in bathing suits and robes, sprawled around a table, chattering away.

One of the boys had a laugh that was too like Mark's. I left the window and prowled restlessly around the room.

It was about four-thirty. Too early to dress for dinner. Too late for a swim. I could go down and play my part in the overwhelmingly British atmosphere of the island by ordering tea. I could go for a walk. And I had to check the schedule for the little ferry that took one to Hamilton. There were all those exciting shops I'd been hearing about for years—china and tweed and French perfume at fractional prices.

Oh, what was the use? perfume and turquoise water and air like iced champagne—they were fine if you were happy. They made you happier. But for me they were a mockery. Mark was in New York—with Wendy—and I was here alone.

I had a sudden, frantic urge to talk to him. If he'd been there I might have said something foolish. "Mark, don't go away from me. Even if you can't love me, if Wendy still holds you, please let's be friends. Let me share some of your life. I'm lonely."

-always would?

It seemed to be the desk clerk's opinion that I ought to have a man with me. Holding his pen just out of my reach, he looked from my telegram to me and said, his English accent making it sound even more disapproving, "Mr. Douglas is coming on a later plane?"

"I'm not sure," I said, making a futile grab for the pen. He was another inch, and his blond, girlish face grew scarlet with embarrassment.

"But... ah... we're holding a double room for you." He acted as if we were discussing something not quite nice.

"Exactly what I asked for," I said tartly.

"But Mrs. Douglas. If you plan to be alone... we are so full—we have a most desirable single suite..."

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ARTIS
I'm glad. Wouldn't it have been a bitter joke if he had jumped at the offer, answered eagerly. "Oh yes, Nona, that's what we should be—friends, not lovers. Not husband and wife. It's been a makeshift from the beginning." No, I couldn't risk it. I'm still glad her name intruded itself between me and the words "I want to call New York."

"So I found myself talking to my plane passenger. I asked her if she would have dinner with me and was delighted out of all proportion when she said yes. There, I thought; now I too have a date. Something to look forward to. A proper matronly date with a proper feminine companion. And only—I checked my watch again—only two hours to wait for this tremendous occasion.

When we met in the lobby at seven I took one look at Madame Dourel and thought, "If she were a man I'd call her dashing. As it is ..." well, as it was she looked worldly. I'm rather used to being looked at, when I come into a room, and with any other woman I would have been piqued that she, and not I, was getting all the attention. But her distinction was so overwhelming that I was simply proud to be seen with her. It was a humbling experience, and yet, perversely, I enjoyed it.

After we ordered she sat back and smiled at me a little teasingly. "Have you recovered yet from your war with the desk clerk? I admired your generalship, there."

"Good heavens! Does the whole place know about it?"

She laughed. "Oh, no, I was somewhat behind you there, waiting my turn. I gave myself the pleasure of being very curt with him when I arrived at the desk. On your behalf.

"I'm afraid undoubtedly. But if I hadn't already been upset." I said unhappily. I wanted her to know that I was hoping to re-establish the very personal directness with which she'd spoken on the plane, and was ready to short-cut past the usual meaningless preliminaries to friendship. Ever since the moment when I'd spoken her name into the phone, I had been thinking about her, and I knew now that I wanted to talk to her about myself. I had an odd, superstitious conviction that I might learn something from her. I learned nothing. Why, I hadn't thought that far. About living, I suppose. She looked as if she knew quite a lot about that, and I felt I could use any help that came along!

Her next words told me that she understood and accepted my overture. "You are not used to going about alone. You have the look of a woman always well attended."

"I dislike intensely, since I've been married, I hate being here alone. My husband found it ... inconvenient ... to come along."

"Yes, she said. "Your resentment was quite obvious." She paused while the waiter changed plates, and then went on. "Quarreling is a profound waste of time, is it not."

My eyebrows went up. "Don't you think there are some things worth quarreling over? If it helps to straighten them out?"

"If it helps," she said, and laughed. "You young people are always discussing, discussing. Have they yet to learn that the behavior of the emotions cannot be controlled by words. A quarrel over who shall purchase the theater tickets, yes, that seems a little more basic. But over anything more basic—" She shook her head. "Useless. Like the sea, the inmost feelings of others follow their own pattern. One may learn the pattern, but never control it."

I ate my fruit cup in silence, thinking this over. When I looked up she was frowning. "I assume the privilege of an older woman," she said. "But if I assume too much I will talk of something else. I do not wish to disturb you more."

I said eagerly, "No, please—I want to speak of it. I have a feeling you can help me."

She nodded. "Yes. I felt too that you did not care to discuss the weather. Then I am treading on no toes. Ah, the cutlet!"

The waiter, with a flourish, uncovered a steaming platter from which he helped me a large helping. But it might as well have been breaded shoe leather for my portion. I ate it, because the next time I looked at my plate it was gone, but I never tasted it. It was too absorbed in the luxury of talking about myself, telling Jeanette—as she asked me to call her—all about Mark and me. And Wendy..."

"Boiled dog? It wasn't so tragic-sounding as it seemed when it was locked up in my mind. Mark and Wendy had been high-school 'steadies.' They'd worked together, grown up together. They were the perfect combination in Elmdale, where they grew up. Then they started on their careers. When the war came along, Wendy was on a newspaper. Mark knew he was going to..."

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**ON 487 MUTUAL STATIONS**

**COAST-TO-COAST**
thought. He's wanted more.I meant to marry a girl when all thinking of him, Practically, I asked. "Perhaps you are searching for it." Her voice took on a remembering quality. "During the war I was with the Red Cross in India. I saw then that the most important thing for the men of your generation, the most vital experience most of them would ever have in their lives, was what happened to them then. From what you say of Mark his adventure with the war was more meaningful than the average. This most shattering of his experiences he cannot share with Wendy. Nor with you, either, for what he has done is so important he has no advantage over you."

Perhaps that's true, I thought with a surge of hope. Maybe Wendy's biggest advantage all along had been my own belief that she had an advantage. I hadn't fought hard enough.

Whatsoever the priority was that Jeanette had administrated, it survived the night and was still with me when I awoke to the next day's brilliance.

Scrambling into slacks and shirt, I went briskly down to breakfast, bearing at everyone I recognized and remembering, as I passed the desk clerk in the lobby, to give him a special smile that clearly confused him.

Never, I thought, had there been such grateful men. Such perfect eggs and coffee! Even the sea-breeze was special. The ones I was familiar with, on Long Island and Cape Cod, always came up and slapped you in the face, and were supposed to be stimulating. This one danced gently in through the open French windows, tickled the marigolds on the table until they danced, and

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BLUE WALTZ
caressed your cheek so teasingly.... All of a sudden there seemed to be a bit of point in being alive.

After breakfast I went down to the end of the terrace and struck up a conversation with two brown young men in dungarees who were fitting out a huge sailboat for a day on the water. One turned out to be not very interesting, but the other had a cool, clipped British voice that intrigued me. Just for practice I flirted with him a little, and it didn't hurt my mood any when his British reserve cracked and he asked if I wouldn't care to join their expedition. "Nora, you're back in form!" I told myself buoyantly, and said how sorry I was that I had a previous engagement. Jeanette and I had planned a shopping tour through Hamilton, and I wouldn't have missed a minute of her company for the world. But when I said that I would love to come some other day, his eager "It's a date, then!" was very gratifying.

Jeanette, who had claimed that an occasional breakfast in bed was the privilege of her age, appeared very soon, trim in blue slacks and a striped blazer jacket. We acquired a bicycle apiece and then discovered we would have to fly if we wanted to make the ferry.

I couldn't have taken life seriously that day if I'd tried. The combination of Jeanette and Bermuda had blown my sky-high in reaction to the doubt and gloom of the weeks behind me, and I wanted to skim along the sober, sun-baked streets of Hamilton. But the crisp click of the carriage-horses' hooves set a completely different pace, a rhythmical sort of rocking that made you realize speed was out of place. It was a sound that predominated even though plenty of cars, at which Jeanette frowned disapprovingly, were noisily chugging up and down picturesque Queens Road.

Parking our bicycles, we ambled down the street, peacefully discussing the old-fashioned, unelaborate window displays that somehow managed to look very enticing. In Trimingham's, the largest department store, I bought some grey flannel for a suit, and hesitated over a bolt of heater tweed in which Mark and I would have looked just right. Mark! It was the first time all day I had thought of him! I tested the thought, and discovered that it held no pain. I felt like any wife, wondering if she dared invade her husband's privacy by choosing the material for his next suit... in the end I decided that it would be wiser not to buy it, and we went out again into the clean, tidy street.

At noon everything shut up for a two-hour siesta. We found a small restaurant with a balcony, and jutting out over the street, facing the waterfront that lapped at the curb opposite us. As we ate, we watched the bustle around the great yachts of Bermuda, which had docked that morning.

Afterward I stretched my legs and turned my face up to the sun. "I feel like a jungle cat after a good meal. All relays and revivals. Maybe it was a good idea after all, my coming down here alone."

Jeanette nodded. "I agree. May I hazard a guess. I think you are feeling more like yourself today, less like a woman who has been pulled this way and that until you hardly know what it is you honestly are and believe and want in life."

I wasn't quite sure what she meant. She explained, "Since we talked last night I believe I understand one part of your difficulty, and I will tell you what I think. Not precisely. Wendy Warren is a woman, evidently, who has a serious, questing temperament. The very fact that she has never been able to decide what she feels about Mark has told me that this woman talks of herself... Do I really want this? Do I sincerely believe that? Will I always be so? And so on. Emotionally, one may say, she takes herself seriously."

I poked thoughtfully at the ice in my glass. "You think that I, on the other hand, am light-minded? That with me things come and go without making much impression?"

"Not precisely. No, not light-minded. But you are not a seeker. Basically you do not believe in such things as perfect, complete happiness—true love that lasts forever. I think you are born a tripe; and always before in your life when things have gone against you, have you not let them go with a laugh? Oh, you have made a fight, of course—I can see well that you are not one to give up easily. But if you have lost the fight, have you not been able to shrug your shoulders very prettily and forget the incident?"

I grinned at her. "If you're speaking of myself, I've seldom lost. But—yes, once or twice I've had to admit failure. And you're right; it was never a big thing to just let go, forget, go on to the next thing. But I never felt this way about anyone else. Mark..."

I sobered, and for the first time that day a little of the sparkle went out of me. "Mark is for

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always. I'm very sure of that."

"Perhaps so. I hope so, if you want it," Jeanette said. "But you are not fighting for him in your own way. It seems to me that you have been unconsciously trying to make yourself over into a copy of Miss Warren, acting as you think she might act if she were faced with your problem. The deep emotional depression you have gone through . . . is it not what you think she might feel if she were in your place and suspected as you do that her husband loved another woman?"

A blast from the Queen's foghorn set the glasses to rattling and drowned out my startled protest. When I could be heard again, I wanted you to know, I wanted you to understand, I wanted you to be free of your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

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It seems to me that Americans can make no greater contribution to all mankind than to stand united, without a state imposed uniformity, for the achievement of that peace and freedom for which all people everywhere pray.

—Harry Truman

BROTHERHOOD WEEK
Sponsored by the National Conference of CHRISTIANS AND JEWS
FEBRUARY 19 TO 26
than myself," he asked quietly. 
I said, "I choose to call it—God."

The story of how I tried every human agency before I found the Truth that made me whole is the story I now wish to tell the readers of Banned Mirror—the story of my lost seven years. Not merely a "lost week-end," mind you, but the story of seven lost years at a time when I should normally have been at my best and of how a meeting with others like myself made the difference between the outcast that I was and the happy man that I am.

Friends have said of me, "In the beginning, it was just innocent social drinking with Broke—just going the usual rounds of social and business parties, being one of the boys!"

Nonsense. Kindly and well-meant rationalizing, but—nonsense. It was never just "innocent social drinking" with me. My drinking right from the start, was secret drinking.

Since it was considered a sin at home to take a drink, I "snuck" my first one when I was a senior in high school. Nothing particularly ominous in this, mark you. A fairly routine gesture of boyish bravado, nothing more. The evidence that I was an alcoholic was handed down when, long after maturity had removed the necessity for secret drinking, I found myself avoiding the bars where my pals drank, preferring to go off by myself and drink solo, or with complete strangers. To me, drinking was a sin. This, I had long known it, was the first symptom of alcoholism.

I didn't know it. No man knows, no boy, girl or woman knows whether or not he, or she is a potential alcoholic.

Like other dread diseases, alcoholism attacks in the dark. It is gradual and by the time it can be diagnosed, it is mighty serious and the victim is in a bad way. But, like most diseases, there are symptoms—and a sense of guilt in your drinking is one of them.

The "social drinker" indulges in alcohol as a beverage, or for the thrill of fellowship, or to loosen his inhibitions. The alcoholic drinks for an anodyne and for the escape it gives him. The social drinker never thinks of drinking as anything but a pleasure; he wants to relax and have fun, openly, and does. The alcoholic soon finds himself alone and unhappy in his drinking.

It is as though each drink preceded the last drink in an effort to keep reality at a distance, an effort to stay in an alcoholic suspension where Conscience cannot reach. In my seven years of alcoholism, I could number one happy moment, drunk or sober.

There are other warning symptoms, too, and I had them all. It took ever-increasing amounts to give me the lift others got with one or two drinks. I always wanted to be the last one at a party and when the festivities were over and the social drinkers went home, I went on, and on . . .

Let's flash back, momentarily, to those years before the symptoms in my case became apparent. From school days through high school and college, I had worked at some forty different jobs—printer, mechanic, the "repertoire"—such as the average boy undertakes. After World War I activity in the Students Training Corps, there followed several years of welfare work. From YMCA "hut" secretary, I went on to campaign work and lay preaching for the Near East Relief. The transition to radio took place in 1924, at which time I became staff announcer for station WJZ. Among my earliest assignments were the now historic broadcasts of the National Democratic Convention held in the old Madison Square Garden, the inauguration of President Coolidge, the Zev-Epinard race, the first two-way conversation between a plane in flight and myself on the ground, the first air interviews with movie, radio and theatrical stars, the funeral of William Jennings Bryan, the Lindbergh "Welcome Home" reception and many others.

Yes, as early as 1926 mine was one of the two best known voices on the air—the other being that of the late Graham McNamee. When, as the result of a popularity contest, New York's Mayor, the beloved Jimmy Walker, crowned me "King of Announcers," I was earning five hundred a week and no ceiling on potential. My fan-mail was phenomenal.

This brief brochure on the early Brokenshire is not to boast, but simply to make the point that, from the very beginning, I was a potential success in this new medium of radio—and I was scared! I found myself in a job that I felt was too big for me. Each day, each program was a fearful thing. I was afraid I couldn't do the wonderful things expected of me. I wanted to hide. I wanted to get in a hole and pull it in after me. I didn't drink. I drank to find courage to work and I drank in relief when the work was done. When I had enough alcohol, it wasn't the simple lad born in an Ontario backwoods cabin, son of an unknown circuit minister. I wasn't the misunderstood youngster being "let go" from job after job. When I was drinking I wasn't tired or worried. I wasn't afraid . . . in my cup I could keep pace with the glamorous life I was living, could rub elbows casually.

Would you believe my shining HONEY GOLD hair

IS REALLY DRAB BLONDE?

Many a woman whose lustrous, colorful hair you envy, could tell you her secret is Nestle Colorine!

with the name men was meeting. When I was child, I had, in short, escaped reality altogether.

The habit-patterns of alcoholics are all the same. Every alcoholic has a "reason," an excuse for his excessive drinking. Some alcoholics drink to "steady their nerves," some because they're so happy, others because they're so sad. Each individual thinks his or her case is different from every other case in the annals of alcoholism, but this, too, is a common denominator of the disease. Basically, these are all attempts to rationalize a behavior we inwardly know is wrong.

Flashing back one more time to my early years in radio, I got through the first year without manifest mishap. But by 1925, I began to be late for appointments. I drank alone and before broadcasts. I had an over-abundance of jubilation. During one such moment I smashed the window of the control room. When the school principal announced that such a thing could not longer be overlooked, I was punished by being sent to a local station in Washington, D. C.

Not long afterward, as a reward for good behavior, I was recalled to New York and made Chief Announcer, of the super-power station—for WJZ had been given a license to operate at 80,000 watts. However, restlessness was soon to overcome me, for I was under very restraining rules as a staff announcer. I offered the job of heading up the Beauty Pageant in Atlantic City by the municipal radio station there. This, and other offers prompted me to go free-lance. Broadcasting from all the gay night spots and the atmosphere of the "white and blue" when it was too hot in the fire, and I soon hit the skids again.

Others could see it, if I could not. My bosses, for instance, and a wonderful girl—I married.

My wife married me because she loved me. Since she had worked in the publicity department of Station WJZ and, later, in charge of the station's announcers, she married me in the knowledge that I had a problem. She also married me, I have no doubt, with the idea of helping me and straightening out my faults. This, believe me, seldom works out in human hands.

I took, in the course of my seven lost years, many so-called "cures" and when I left the last "cure," I was waved off with a cheery, "We'll see you, but you be back old man—all our friends come back!" So they do. All but those who have been blessed, as I have been, by the revelation that the cure for alcoholism is not only in human hands.

For two years, I worked with a psychiatrist and during those two years I dried up. My habit pattern improved. I bundled up my clothes. I thought a little straighter but became veryegotistical about the fact that I was "dry." I boasted that I could now eat bread without drinking in it, could look at other unfortunate drinkers and pity them—and this very attitude proved that I was not on the right track.

Done with no recognition of, or reliance upon, God there was nothing to sustain the habit-patterns the psychiatrist had given me. This being so, the patterns fell apart—and so did I. But this comes later...

Meantime, I was still wearing the crown of "King of Announcers," still getting by with it... In the earlier stages, the alcoholic usually manages to pull the wool over the eyes he wants to blind. Or he thinks he does. And so did I. But although my assignments continued to be king-size, so did my lapses and I was warned that if ever I came to work with so much as a suspicion of liquor on my breath, "You're through." It happened one day at a rehearsal. The word that I was through spread over the entire field of radio like a flash of lightning.

Unable to get work in New York, I made a tour of the West Indies and the Canal Zone as narrator for a travelogue of which, it soon developed the director, like myself, was an alcoholic. The tour turned out a complete dud.

Still persona non grata in New York City, I went to the West Coast but an alcoholic knows better than anyone else that you cannot run away from yourself.

During the next year, a few independent stations gave me work but not for long. In between the spot engagements that became spottier and spottier, I worked as a carpenter, an odd-jobs man, anything I could get in order to keep going. In my sobers moments, I worked on completing my own house.

In my better days of the early Thirties, I bought a piece of land, a little acre among the birches of Long Island's Lake Ronkonkoma and there, with the understanding help and love of a few relatives and friends, I raised the house which I believe, I do believe, was the basic interest that kept me fighting all through the years—fighting to hold on to it. It is curious, but no matter how discouraged I might be, that dream of a home-to-be stayed with me and, in some far reach of my sick spirit, sustained me.

When I dried up in 1943 that house, the now finished home we call Trilling, was the only thing that was left me.

But busy as I was in those early Thirties, together with trying to "dry...

Do you have a kindly heart?

Or, do you KNOW someone whose good works and unselfishness deserve recognition? You can tell about it AND win a valuable prize on

"ladies be seated"
Monday—Friday ABC Stations
JOHNNY OLSEN, M.C.
There is a quiet room were men and women, who, until these meetings, were completely alone, but here they came to the knowledge that many others had shared their experiences and had gone through the same dark abyss. Now they seem secured in the knowledge that they were no longer alone, for the Power that had aided them others were around them. Each new meeting one lent strength to the conviction that this was the way to normalcy and to freedom. So many aloud and included myself for years the simple message of A.A., for in them is the fear that in giving up their bottle, they are giving up their freedom — when, in truth, there is no greater thirst than the alcoholic. On and when he is enabled by right thinking to drop forever the chains of habitual fear that drink is to the-alkolic, is he truly free. No day ahead of me, but only the challenge of the “come-back.” It wasn’t going to be easy. “You can get a job, Broke, friends told me, "but you’ll never get one in New York.”

We went to Washington, my wife and I, and for a year I worked there. Upon returning to New York, I began making the rounds of everyone I had ever known in radio. It had once so wide open, were closed to me.

Finally, after months of trying to get the attention of averted eyes or close my ears to the repetitive “Sorry, old make the one day Paul Cramer; program director of Mutual Broadcasting System, decided to give me a job announcing.

This was the first hand-up, the first stone in the build-up.

One and one-half years later, U. S. Steel asked me if I would be available every Sunday night for five years. The lapse of another few years, Chesterfield called me for minute spots. It was the most constructive thing that could have happened to me for my old sponsor to call me. I healed an old wound.

Later I was approached by WNBC for the Take It Easy Time Show. And in four months, I was doing the 9:15 morning program. Now, five days a week, the old familiar greeting, “How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how do you do?"

But I left the deep end now, it’s for things like porterhouse steaks, barbecue, or the swimming pool — or chess or rummy. And am at peace as of today. “As of today” for I must still take it twenty-four hours at a time, thankful for today and believing that, by the grace of God, I will have reason to be thankful for tomorrow.
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LORD JOHNNIE, by Leslie Turner White—The thrill-packed, passionate story of a daring rogue. He risked death and torture to possess the woman who had marked him only because she expected him to die on the gallows.

JANE EYRE, by Charlotte Bronte—The tale of a passionate love affair between a sophisticated Englishwoman—haunted by the screaming secret locked in the lower room of that lonely house.

THE GOLDFURY, by Marion Castle—Caroline Lawlor tried desperately to forget the secret of her past; yet continued to love the one man who made her remember it. An unforgettably moving woman caught in the twining tides of passion and greed in the raw turbulence of a Colorado mining town.

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See the loveliest you that you’ve ever seen—the minute you use Solitair cake make-up. Gives your skin a petal-smooth appearance—so flatteringly natural that you look as if you’d been born with it! Solitair is entirely different—a special feather-weight formula. Clings longer. Outlasts powder. Hides little skin faults—yet never feels mask-like, never looks "made-up." Like finest face creams, Solitair contains Lanolin to protect against dryness. Truly—you’ll be lovelier with this make-up that millions prefer. No better quality. Only $1.00.

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Yes—the first and only lipstick with point actually shaped to curve of your lips. Applies color quicker, easier, more evenly. New, exciting "Dreamy Pink" shade—and six new reds. So creamy smooth—contains Lanolin—stays on so long. Exquisite case. $1.00

*Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies the famous *Fashion-Point and shows you exact color of lipstick inside. U. S. Pat. No. 2162584
NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT on 30-Day Test of Camel smokers...

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELs!

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.

Meet Miss RITA TENNANT, secretary, who recently made the 30-Day Test of Camel MILDNESS under the observation of a noted throat specialist.

Although she's smoked many brands, Rita changes to Camels for her 30-Day Test. Like the other smokers in the test, her throat is examined every week by a specialist.

It's fun! Smoke Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days. Compare them in your "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Let your throat tell you about Camel's cool mildness. Let your taste tell you about Camel's wonderful flavor.

Ah! Saturday—office closed! Off to the tennis courts, Rita calls time-out for a Camel and confides: "I am delighted to be making the test. Every Camel tastes so good!"

30th day...final examination! Her doctor reports no sign of throat irritation due to smoking Camels! Rita remarks: "And smoking is really so much fun with Camels!"

Yes, my doctor's report just proved what my own throat told me about Camels...They're so mild! And they taste so good!

Rita Tennant

Start your own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test Today!
Is A Husband Always Right?
- Help ROSEMARY decide a life's most difficult question
- Jack Berch's Easter Story
- Here's My Husband by MRS. EDDIE ALBERT
- Also: ED WYNN
- ART LINKLETTER
- YOUNG DR. MALONE

LUCILLE BALL
star of CBS's
My Favorite Husband
Which Twin has the Toni?

Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair

Now—any day, any time—for only one dollar you can get a wave that's soft and naturally curly hair...and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only with Toni Home Permanent do you get this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni Home Permanent or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as the finest beauty shop permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Lois, the twin on the right, has the Toni.

P.S. For complete hair care get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

"I'm not a twin, but I am a Toni fan," says Carol Maurer, student at Northwestern University. "Toni is the only permanent that seems to be just right for my baby-fine hair...never leaves it frizzy, but always soft and natural-looking."

TONI SPIN CURLERS twice as easy—twice as fast

All plastic. No rubber bands. They grip the hair...spin up the curls...and lock with a flick of the finger.

Available in combination with Toni Refill...only $2.29
Keep your WHOLE mouth WHOLESOME!

Play safe—keep mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles both. Never risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective Ipana care* for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better protection for your whole mouth!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles Both!

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to do both—provide double protection*

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you must fight tooth decay, of course. But, dentists warn, don't stop there—fight gum troubles, too!

For unhealthy gums cause more tooth losses than decay...and, along with unhealthy teeth, breed unpleasant breath.

So guard against BOTH—tooth decay and gum troubles—with doubly-protective, doubly-effective Ipana care.

No other dentifrice has proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For every time you use Ipana, you help remove the sticky coating that traps decay bacteria.

And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Get this double protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome." You'll enjoy that refreshing Ipana flavor, too.

*Here's doubly-effective Ipana care
1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. Ipana's unique formula reduces tooth decay, promotes healthier gums—helps keep your whole mouth wholesome. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

Healthier teeth, healthier gums...IPANA for Both!
Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation’s habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

You never touch Stopette... hardly know it touches you. A quick squeeze and you have instant, long-lasting protection. Stops odor, keeps underarm free of excess moisture. Harmless to skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!

2 sizes: 2½ oz., $1.25; 1 oz., 60c.

At cosmetic counters everywhere.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago

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For the way they slim and trim under 1950’s new narrow clothes

PLAYTEX® GIRDLES WIN TOP FASHION HONORS

In all the history of fashion, no girdle has been so enthusiastically hailed as PLAYTEX.

Designers of today’s slim fashions acclaim PLAYTEX as the Girdle of the 1950’s—Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Dessés, Cassini, Dache, Copeland, Mangone and other outstanding fashion authorities. Millions of women who wear PLAYTEX say no other girdle combines such figure-slimming power with comfort and freedom. Made of tree-grown liquid latex, PLAYTEX slims and trims naturally, gives you a slender, supple silhouette.

Without a seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX fits invisibly under the narrowest new clothes. And it washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel.

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE?

It’s the newest of the sensational PLAYTEX Girdles! More than a color, PINK-ICE is a brand new kind of girdle—light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually “breathes” with you. Touch it—and you’ll feel the difference . . . wear it and you’ll see the difference. PINK-ICE comfortably controls your figure whether you’re sitting, standing or walking. Ask to see PINK-ICE today!

In SUM, shimmering Pink Tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES...

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP’N.
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.

JO COPELAND, known for her elegant, original designs: “To wear the newest, narrowest, most revealing fashions, you have only to wear PLAYTEX!”

ADELE SIMPSON, famous New York designer: “PLAYTEX not only slims and trims you, but its all-way action-stretch gives you freedom of action.”

ANTHONY BLOTTA, sensational originator: “For my newest fashions, you must have the figure of the 1950’s, the supple, youthful PLAYTEX figure.”
LEARN THE SECRET OF "PERMANENT" PIN CURLS ... even in damp weather

set your hair tonight with

DeLong bob pins

stronger grip—won’t slip out

Yes, you can set your permanent in this chic salon style. Just be sure to use stronger-gripping De Long Bob Pins for lovely long-lasting curls that resist drooping—even in damp weather. Rounded smooth ends slide in and out easily. And De Long pins stay in day or night! Look for the blue De Long card on your counter.

The brush bob
by Enrico Caruso, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set top in 4 rows—turn front row toward face, back 3 rows away from face. Begin at right, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, around head in back of left ear. Set left side counter-clockwise. Brush in all directions, then up in back, down from crown and up off face with rotating motion.

FRANCEY LANE sees red—a fiery red every time she looks in her mirror. This pretty young TV star’s red hair causes many a wolf whistle. But, Francey knows a good luck charm when she sees one, and her titian hair is “it!” It all started when Johnny Andrews, the star of WNBT’s Easy Does It, watched one of Francey’s auditions. Before she was through, he was asking everyone about “this talented redhead.” A few days and a contract later, Francey was Johnny’s partner on the show. She has been a busy girl ever since, and she loves it.

Francey warns all redheads to be cautious about choosing colors in cosmetics and clothes. “The most important thing you can learn about yourself is that you have explosive color in your hair.”

Francey plays up the creamy transparency of her delicate skin by using a rachel tone base and powder. Most of the color emphasis is on her mouth and eyes. She avoids blue and purple lipsticks in favor of orange and clear red shades.

Francey is crazy about the 1950 look in eye make-up. And no wonder! Her eyelashes and brows are almost invisible without the use of mascara and eyebrow pencil. For daytime wear she usually applies brown mascara carefully blending it over the eyelids. At night, she usually tries a more daring blend of blues and greens, some with iridescence.

This pert actress arranges her beautiful short hair in soft curls. She finds short hair easy to manage. “And besides,” explains Francey, “Johnny Andrews likes it that way, and he is one man I like to please.” And Francey does!

By DORRY ELLIS
OF COURSE he is wandering... and he won't be back. The romance was over scarcely before it had begun. And she'll never guess why*

How is Your Breath Today?
Your other charms count for little when you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath)*.

Why run this risk? Why take your breath for granted—ever? Or trust to

makeshifts only momentarily effective?

Instead, call on Listerine Antiseptic, an extra-careful precaution against off-color breath. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

Freshens Breath Instantly
You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly sweetens the breath. Helps keep it that way, too... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

Cold coming on? Gargle early and often with Listerine Antiseptic... it kills millions of germs on throat surfaces... often helps head off much cold misery.
Hamming it up in a serious way are William “Hopalong” Cassidy and Bing “Sagalong” Crosby as they appeared on the Groaner’s Wednesday night show.

What’s New

By DALE BANKS
FROM COAST TO COAST

Two institutions as American as hot dogs and apple pie—the disc jockey and Jo Stafford—have invaded Europe, by means of Radio Luxembourg. Called the Jo Stafford Show, the program features the eight most popular tunes of America and Europe each week, as well as a news section called Hollywood Headlines. It is beamed to London, the Netherlands, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries. We sincerely hope the Hollywood Headlines will not be as confusing to Europeans as they are to Americans!

How young is old? Juvenile Jury has had to “retire” two panelists for old age. Peggy Bruder and Patsy Walker both reached the twelve-year age limit which automatically forces them into retirement from the show.

The case of the turned table. The unexpected happened to vocalist Hal Derwin (the voice used by Lee Bowman in the motion picture, “My Dream Is Yours”) when Lux Radio Theatre presented a radio adaptation of the flicker. Bowman was unavailable for the part and Derwin was selected to play, as well as sing, the role.

In case you’ve been wondering, Lassie, the canine wonder of the air waves and silver screen, has more stand-ins than any actor we know of. Should Lassie fall ill, there are five collies (all of which have identical markings) panting to step into her role.

Ezra Stone, “Henry” in the radio version of The Aldrich Family, has taken over directing chores for the TV version. In view of the fact that Stone has been with the show since its radio debut in 1939 (with the exception of time out for the Army) we can think of no one better qualified for the position.

In a new version of having your cake and eating it, too, is Muntz TV, Inc., with its sponsorship of Mutual’s new radio program, Rebuttal. Be that as it may, the television manufacturer knows a good show when he hears it!

Note to the Misses: Maestro Elliot Lawrence, who batons the youngest name band in the business, has more bachelors in his musical crew than any other band. Statistics show the average age of the bandleaders to be twenty-four, and of its twenty members only three are married. Heading the list of bachelors is Lawrence, himself, who was twenty-five on St. Valentine’s Day.

Rumor has it that Sammy Kaye is negotiating to purchase a small night club on
What’s New From Coast to Coast (Continued from page 7)

New York’s smart East Side. It is a small club designed for an intimate type of entertainment—and is too small for the maestro’s band.

Recently a rehearsal for Mr. District Attorney was held up forty-five minutes. Although the show has been on the same old NBC stand for ten years, someone delivered the scripts to the wrong place...adding insult to injury, to the wrong network!

An unknown songwriter has put Hildegarde on the spot. One of the songs in her repertoire, “In the Park,” arrived by mail without a signature. Hildegarde would like to give the composer the full credit he deserves, but thus far has been unable to locate him.

Evelyn Varden, heard as Mother Malone on the daytime, Young Dr. Malone, recently received a unique district store and an orchestra or its equivalent. It is the grandfather of all comedy shows, but is now struggling against the tide. There just aren’t enough new jokes, and the old ones have been dished up in every conceivable form. Currently, the “stand-up” joke is being served as hash—and, as every cook knows, that’s the least savory dish.

The Situation Comedy, a comedy story with a plot that has a beginning, middle, and end, is well represented on the air waves today. Amos ‘n Andy, Burns and Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly might be called pioneers in this field. Successful followers of the technique are Our Miss Brooks, My Favorite Husband, Red Skelton and Joan Davis. Joan Davis and Burns and Allen, whose vaudeville training made them masters of timing, started out in radio as “stand-up” comedies. But when the band is on the air, the situation comedy kept on the air. They’ve divided the air, seen the forty dressing rooms all alike, and he can’t tell which is his.

Dan Seymour, Sing It Again, emcee, has come up with a new adult game which is due to be marketed this month. The game is based on improvisation of parodies of popular songs similar to Sing It Again’s technique. However, the game requires no piano or musical instrument.

Bob Hope has been chosen “Sportsman of The Year” in a poll conducted by Harry Wismer, sports director of the American Broadcasting Company. The distinction was awarded “as much for his sportsmanship as for his actual sports participation. Hope, aardent golfer and frequent participant in golf tournaments for worthy charities, is also a backer of the Cleveland Indians and Los Angeles Rams. However, the prime reason for the citation was Hope’s “considerable contributions of public service in support of all sports.”

Pert vocalist Doris Day will be completely deglamorized when she appears with Ronald Reagan and Ginger Rogers in the film, “Storm Center.” The highest-priced dress she’ll wear is three dollars and nineteen cents.

Cathy Lewis has been turning down TV offers right and left. “When I appear,” she says, “I want to be seen first as Irma’s friend, Jane Stacey, so I prefer to wait until my friend Irma becomes a television show.”

HUMOR TECHNIQUES. A stitch in time may save nine, but a laugh in time is what saves a comic. What it (the laugh or the comic) does to the listener is strictly a personal matter, which we won’t go into here.

But let’s take a moment off to look behind the scenes at the serious side of radio comedy. For it is a serious business—witness the balding pates of your favorite comedians. VP Hubbell Robinson, Jr., CBS Director of Programs, takes the bull by the horns and throws comedy into four general classifications: (1) “stand-up,” (2) “situation” comedy, (3) “personality” (Continued from page 7)

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate’s as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate’s penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, proved way to help stop tooth decay.

No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of Such Results!
“pessimist,” and “personality” formats have in common—a clear and consistent delineation of the characters. For example, Jack Benny is always a penny-pincher; My Friend Irma, a scatterbrain living in a world of her own; Our Miss Brooks, a pessimist always prepared for the worst; the earthy Lum and Abner; and, of course, the irascible but adorable brat, Charlie McCarthy. Extreme care is taken with each joke or humorous situation to make certain it is in strict keeping with the carefully established personality of the character who utters it. Many is the joke that was sure “boff” but was struck out because it was not in character. Take Burns and Allen as an example. Gracie is seldom on hand in person at the pre-liminary script sessions, but always in spirit—“Now, Gracie would be thinking this way” or “Gracie would say...” But when neither the writers nor George are certain as to whether “Gracie” would really react as the script indicates, George puts through a fast call home, and the fate of the gag is settled with a brief “good” or “sorry, no.” Gracie so completely understands her comedy role that she knows immediately whether a situation is “in character” or not.

It’s a serious business, this funny business. There’s gold and glory in the funny-bone, but you have to know how to tap it!

* * *

OFF THE LINE: Look for Fibber McGee and Molly to do their first TV show sometime this Spring. Scripts and sets are ready and have been approved by stars and sponsor. The new song hit recently recorded by Fred Waring, “Come Dance With Me,” was composed by Dick Liebert for a daytime, second Mrs. Burton. May 24th broadcast of Dr. Christian will be the production of the prize-winning play of the ninth annual Dr. Christian Award competition. Congratulations to Brian Donlevy in his new NBC adventures series, Dangerous Assignment. MGM is negotiating with Jimmy Durante for a role in the film portrayal of Enrico Caruso’s life. The shimmering metallic-cloth, mink-trimmed gown worn by Margaret Phelan at the opening of her Waldorf-Astoria singing engagement, set her back a cool $2,000. Charlie Spivak’s personal manager, Lou Zito, is being primed for the next New York State Senatorial race.

* * *

Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra will make a coast-to-coast concert tour this Spring. We advise you to get your tickets as far in advance as possible, and in order to help you in your mad scramble, here are tour dates and cities: April fourteenth, New York City; seventeenth, Baltimore; nineteenth, Richmond; twenty-second, Atlanta; twenty-fifth, New Orleans; twenty-seventh, Houston; twenty-ninth, Austin; May first, Dallas; third and fifth, Pasadena; seventh, San Francisco; ninth, Portland; tenth, Seattle; thirteenth, Denver; fifteenth, St. Louis; seventeenth, Chicago; nineteenth, Detroit; twenty-first, Cleveland; twenty-third, Pittsburgh; twenty-fifth, Washington; and twenty-seventh, Philadelphla.

* * *

Lanny Ross is organizing his own TV producing company, to film operettas...that’s all for now.
Madame Cocoa glares balefully as WNEW's Gene Rayburn, his wife Helen and daughter Lynn smile for the cameraman.

MORNING MÉLÉE

Although on the map, Chicago, Illinois and Binghamton, New York are over seven hundred miles apart, every morning from six o'clock to nine-thirty there is not more than the width of a studio between them.

Chicago (as represented by Gene Rayburn) and Binghamton (whose honor is upheld by Dee Finch) converge for three and a half hours Mon.-Sat. in Studio Six of New York's WNEW. Gene Rayburn and Dee (for Durwood) Finch have been broadcasting together since 1946 when, upon their discharge from service, they both returned to WNEW where fate (or the program director) threw them together.

Finch is married to his childhood sweetheart, Betty, whom he "rescued from the teaching profession." They both love flying—Finch has his license and Betty is working on hers—skiing and their three-year old cocker spaniel, Mike. Finch also has been a licensed ham operator for the past fifteen years.

Rayburn's family consists of his wife Helen, a former model; seven-year old Lynn and a Siamese cat named Madame Cocoa. Rayburn, too, is a licensed pilot (he was an Air Force bombing and navigation instructor) but his pet hobby is photography—his family furnishes him with endless subject matter.

Friends as well as coworkers, Rayburn and Finch live within a few miles of each other, Rayburn in Briarwood and Finch in Lake Success, Long Island.

The other half of Rayburn and Finch relaxes at home with his pert wife, Betty.
Step Up, 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 or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

BOB HOWARD

Dear Editor:
Would you please publish a picture of Bob Howard, the male vocalist on the quiz program Sing It Again?
Miss C. J.
Lindenwood, Ill.

Herewith is Bob himself.

FAN MAIL

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me how I can contact the following singers: Frank Sinatra and Perry Como, NBC; Jack Smith, CBS?
Miss V. W.
Carbondale, Pa.

The singers you mention, and any other radio stars, may be reached at their respective networks. CBS is at 485 Madison Ave.; NBC and ABC are at 30 Rockefeller Plaza; MBS is at 1440 Broadway. They are all in New York City.

VANISHED

Dear Editor:
Would you please let me know if the serial Lora Lawton is still on the air? I can’t seem to find it anywhere.
Mrs. E. G.
Greensboro, Vt.

Lora Lawton is no longer on the air, but here’s a picture of Ned Wever, who played Peter Carver.

STAFFORD DATA

Dear Editor:
I would like some information on Jo Stafford. Does she have a radio program? Is she married? Where was she born?
Mrs. D. N.
West Albany, N. Y.

Radio and recording star Jo Stafford has her own show on CBS, Sun. nights at 10; the singer was born in Coalinga, California, and she is not married.

(Continued on page 13)

Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable...first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world’s leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo

ONE-MAN MARATHON

Alan Scott, WCAU-TV news analyst and emcee for Cinderella Weekend, completed his 1000th television show shortly after the first of the year. Unbelievable as it sounds Scott's TV career began sixteen years ago, even though the show was a monitor telecast which didn't go outside the studio's walls.

Scott continued his pioneering in the new medium in 1935, when he was master of ceremonies for a television show which originated from Philadelphia's Warwick Hotel. Scott clearly remembers the details of that show—it was a bathing beauty contest.

Scott's most regular duties involving television have dated from July, 1948 to the present time. In the summer of 1948, back from the Navy and the Mutual Broadcasting System in New York, he returned to his home town of Philadelphia and WCAU, where he had begun his radio career in 1931. At WCAU, he was assigned to television exclusively.

Since that time, Scott has emceed Cinderella Weekend, a half-hour show for homemakers, seen Monday through Friday afternoons and recorded simultaneously for broadcast the next morning. Alan also analyzes the news of the day on the Bulletin TV News. Then on Wednesday evenings Scott delivers another television newscast and he also handles two quiz shows.

In addition, until this past September, Scott was editor of NBC-TV's Television Screen Magazine, which took him to New York every Saturday for hours of rehearsal prior to the program.

Scott, his wife, Maralene, and their four-year-old son, Jeff, live in Drexel Hill, a suburb of Philadelphia. Under hobbies, Scott lists Jeff (first) and golf (second).

Scott says of TV, "It is much more taxing on the performer than radio because it is difficult to stay in camera range and, at the same time, keep active so that the show doesn't lose pace." Scott has amassed a total of 350 TV hours.
Information Booth

(Continued from page 11)

SOME NEW FACES

Dear Editor:
I enjoy seeing the pictures of the top stars in Radio Mirror, but how about photos of some of the newer beauties like Helen Gerald and Rebel Randall?
D. M. G.
Newport Beach, Cal.

Well, here's Helen.

BACK AGAIN

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me what became of Alice Reinheart, who used to play Chichi on Life Can Be Beautiful?
Mrs. D. A.
Granite, Md.

Alice Reinheart temporarily left radio for Broadway's "Leaf and Bough," which folded after several performances. She is back on the air as Kitty on Wendy Warren and the News (CBS, 12 Noon EST, M-F).

DETECTIVES

Dear Editor:
I would like to know who plays Ben and Joe on NBC's Dragnet (Thurs., 10:30 P.M. EST).
Miss A. S.
Denver, Colo.

Sergeants Ben Romero and Joe Friday are played by Barton Yarborough and Jack Webb, respectively.

NATIVE NEW YORKER

Dear Editor:
Ever since Robert Q. Lewis replaced Arthur Godfrey on his TV show last summer, he's been one of my favorite personalities. Could you tell me where he was born, and when? Does he have his own television show?
Miss G. V.
Bronx, N. Y.

Twenty-nine-year-old Robert Q. Lewis is a New Yorker, born and bred. He can be seen on WCBSTP, Thurs. at 9:30 P.M.

FRANK MUNN

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me what happened to Frank Munn? I used to hear him on Waltz Time and the American Album of Familiar Music.
Mrs. L. A. M.
Chariton, Iowa

Frank Munn has retired from radio, but here's a picture for old time's sake.

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

Scientific tests* show
Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion (containing 22% more of the effective ingredient) leaves hair springier and stronger...less apt to break...than most other home permanent waving lotions. And what this means to you is a smoother, prettier, longer-lasting wave with more natural-looking curls that spring right back after combing...no frizzy ends, more natural sheen. Regardless of what type curlers you use, make sure your next home permanent is a Richard Hudnut with the waving lotion that makes all the difference.

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
NEW IMPROVED
Home Permanent

with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights
Tony Martin's latest disc, "I Said My Pajamas," probably will win a prize for the oddest title.

Now that Vic Damone has signed a movie contract with MGM, there's much speculation as to the type of film he'll be seen in. Hottest rumor of all is that Vic will be teamed with Kathryn Grayson in a re-make of "The Student Prince."

It might be a good idea to keep an eye and an ear on a twenty-year-old French singer called Robert Clary. Young Bob was orphaned during the last war and even spent some time in a Nazi concentration camp. He already has made a few discs for Capitol Records, but the big push on making his French accent the most popular since Jean Sablon will start in a few months.

Some of the greatest of all the popular Tommy Dorsey records of old included the drum technique of Buddy Rich. And now, after being on his own as a bandleader and night-club attraction, Buddy has decided to rejoin Tommy's band. Not very long ago a new Rich-Dorsey contract was signed.

Youthful Elliot Lawrence has been named chairman of the bandleaders' division of the 1950 March of Dimes campaign. From personal experience, Elliot knows the value of the work done by the Fund in battling infantile paralysis. He himself started to learn piano when he used the finger exercises to rehabilitate his paralyzed fingers.

It may be difficult to understand how a busy band-
At Hollywood's famous Brown Derby restaurant, singers Jack Smith (right) and Jo Stafford discuss future recording plans with orchestra leader Paul Weston.

leader like Tex Beneke gets enough time to work on so many hobbies, but Tex actually does it. He built his own television set, operates a ham radio station (W2CKD), has had eleven different cars within a year, built an air-conditioning unit and is the general repair man in his own band—fixing the musicians' electric razors, radios and cars.

* * *

It was twenty-eight years ago that the great Enrico Caruso died at the height of his operatic and concert career. Yet, at this time, his records are still on the RCA-Victor best-selling lists. Recently issued is an album of some Caruso favorites including "Vesti La Giubba" and "Celeste Aida."

* * *

A perfect example of the show business tradition of giving of talent for charity is the March of Dimes radio fund raising campaign. Among the top names who've recorded special discs and programs for the March of Dimes are Billy Eckstine, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Russ Case, Art Mooney, Blue Barron and Jimmy Durante. Como, Durante and Frankie also made a special appearance in Jersey City, New Jersey for the purpose of raising enough money to buy a snow plow for the tiny Italian village of Capracotta, which is snow-bound for six months of the year.

* * *

There'll be a big birthday celebration held in San Francisco during April when the city's music lovers honor the conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, Pierre Monteux, who will be seventy-five years old.

(Continued on page 16)
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 15)

Arturo Toscanini, conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, made his debut at the age of nineteen as a conductor of opera. Today at eighty-two he is the acknowledged master in both operatic and symphonic music. He is a "living legend," yet he remains one of the most modest of men. Conducting is his job and he performs it as best he can. He still cannot understand why such adulation is heaped upon him.

In this country, Toscanini's career has been in three segments. He first came here in 1908 as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera. He remained with that organization for four years, bringing it great glory. In 1926 he became conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. His stay there was a period of glory for the orchestra and the music love of New York. In 1936 he decided to retire.

Samuel Chotzinoff, NBC's general music director, went to Italy to bring Toscanini back to America to conduct an orchestra being formed especially for him. Toscanini accepted and returned here to inaugurate the broadcasts of the NBC Symphony Orchestra on Christmas night, 1937. Since that time his association with his new orchestra has resulted in many great musical performances.

Turning again to his great love, opera, Toscanini has presented on NBC radio and television, a number of complete opera performances, including, "Fi-dello," "La Bohème," "La Traviata," "Otello" and "Aida." He plans to do "Falstaff" in the coming months.

Toscanini demands much from his musicians and singers; but he demands no less of himself than he does of others. He is a tireless worker. No matter how well he knows the music he is about to perform, he restudies it and continually finds new values in it.

His prodigious memory (he doesn't use a score) is equaled by his fantastic energy. He is still as vigorous and active in rehearsal and performance as he ever was. His interest in new artists and musical trends is unabated.

Strange how the little things can complicate the life of a disc jockey. In their desire to promote the playing of their potential hit records, the recording companies go to great lengths to arouse a disc jockey's curiosity and interest. In the last few weeks, my desk has become the repository for a rubber tube that makes razzing sounds, a child's pony whip, an imitation ear of corn and a miniature bottle of wine. The rubber tube relates to Frankie Laine record of "Cry of the Wild Goose," the whip, of course, belongs to "Mule Train," the ear of corn is a gift from the Korn Kobblers and I don't remember the reason for the wine bottle. Looks like I'll be needing warehouse space soon.

The new music director at RCA Victor records is proof of the long, hard pull required of musicians who aspire to top jobs in the radio and recording industry. Hugo Riesenstahl started with a college campus orchestra at St. Mary's in Maryland, graduated to night club work in 1933, to Larry Clinton's orchestra in 1938 and then a series of playing and arranging positions with Ray-mond Scott, Will Bradley, Claude Thornhill, Vaughn Monroe, Jimmy Dorsey, Kate Smith, Danny Kaye and so on. He also worked as musical di-rector for MGM and Columbia Records before RCA Victor acquired his talents.

That is seventeen years of professional musicianship for the one big job.

Since his sell-out concert of rare recordings at the Metropolitan Opera House, Wally Butterworth (Voices That Live, ABC) feels like the man who caught hold of a tornado. The tremen-dous quantity of fan mail that flooded his apartment and office after the record concert has resulted in Wal-ly's taking a part of his 6,000 records "on the road."

The latest Western singing star to hit the big time is MGM Records' Claude Casey, who was disc jockeyed on radio station WBT in Charlotte, North Carolina. Now Claude has completed two Western movies, "Swing Your Partner," and "The Last Waltz." In each film he sings three of his own songs. All the tunes, by the way, will soon be available on records.

RCA Victor has announced the importation of some great recordings from England. Now available are such records as those made by Beniamino Gigli, Benno Moiseiwitsch, Artur Schnabel, and George Melachrino.

DID YOU KNOW...

That Liltin' Martha Tilton lets her arranger, Gordon Jenkins, pick out her tunes; her husband, Leonard Vanner-son, is her producer; her old friend and tutor, Benny Goodman, pick out her husbands (well, anyway, he picked out Leonard who was his former manager)!. . . That she stalked out of her first big audition midway through a song when Benny Goodman left the room—only to learn later that Benny had told his manager: "The girl is good, let's get her"? . . . That she took her first singing lesson six months after joining the Goodman band? . . . That her career began because she sang a song on a dare at a party? (An agent heard her, just like in the movies) . . . That her biggest selling records were "And the Angels Sing," "I'll Walk Alone," and "Loch Lomond"? . . . That her own favorite record is, "I'll Remember April"? . . . That she was the original "Miss" in the "Four Hits and a Miss"? . . . That she covered 40,000 miles in wartime personal-appearance tours (the "Foxhole Follies," she called them), singing for GI's from Caledonia to Milan? . . . That a group of native children in New Guinea ran away screaming at the broadcasting of one of her (she was the first white woman they had ever seen) . . . That she is determined never to sing with a traveling band again (she's fed up with one-nighters)? . . . That Hugo Riesenstahl has returned to Corpus Christi, Texas, but refuses to live anywhere except Los Angeles (Chamber of Commerce, please note)!. . . That she is the featured singer on Curt Massey Time, heard five evenings a week over CBS.

have a
"party hair-do"
all day long

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
GAYLORD, MICHIGAN
Patented Product

Dress to Shine

Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do.
Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully—keep hair-do's lovely—easy to open—hold better.
There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use Gayla HOLD-BOB than all other bobby pins combined.

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Paul Frees is heard Sunday at 2 P.M. EST on NBC Theater.

A nyone who has heard the story of the young artist starving in his garret might well look twice at the astounding success of actor Paul Frees. Three years ago, Paul Frees was in a veterans' hospital, recovering from injuries received in the service. To occupy his mind, Paul took up painting. Within six months, he had won a national award for his canvases — and that without ever having taken an art lesson in his life.

The only trouble was that the award wasn't negotiable. Frees had a wife to support and no job in sight. He cast around for a short while and finally hit on radio.

That was in 1946. In less than one year after that, Paul Frees had earned more than $8,000 by radio acting, and had become one of the most sought-after "voices" on the West Coast.

Today, his yearly income is far greater, and he is recognized as one of the finest character actors on the air waves. As a narrator, he was partially responsible for a special award received by CBS from the National Conference of Christians and Jews for the network's Memorial Day Broadcast of 1948, For This We Live.

Paul Frees' life has a rare directness of purpose, and perhaps this is the key to his success. Born in Chicago in 1920, he was an unusually talented mimic as a child. By the time he was fifteen, Frees decided he was ready for the professional stage and decided to leave high school after only two years of it. He wangled a job in a vaudeville troupe and left home.

That went on until he joined the Army at twenty-one. The next three and a half years were spent in military service. After his discharge, Frees went out to Hollywood, where his parents had moved during the war.

Paul Frees' radio credits include Suspense, Philip Marlowe, Family Hour of Stars, Sam Spade and Dr. Christian.

That he can paint so well is a little astonishing even to him, but it shouldn't be. Anyone who has trained himself from childhood to the kind of observation that a good mimic has to have, has unconsciously been training his eyes to see the world's secrets in a new way.

---

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet is actually milder for all types of skin — than most other leading toilet soaps!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved milder! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".

Cashmere Bouquet — In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

Now — At the Lowest Price In History!
LOOK LOVELIER
IN 10 DAYS
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Doctor develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

• If you want a more alluring complexion, if you’ve suffered from dry, rough skin, externally-caused blemishes or similar skin problems—here’s news.

A noted Doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine. He found, in clinical tests, that a greaseless skin cream—famous Noxzema—has a gentle, medicated formula that helps heal such blemishes...helps supply a light film of oil-and-moisture to the skin’s outer surface...helps your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Here’s what you do:

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth "creamwash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels. 2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.


This new "Home Facial" actually helped 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests. The secret? First, Noxzema is a greaseless cream. And secondly, it’s Noxzema’s medicated formula—in a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion!

Money Back If Not Satisfied

Try this Doctor’s new Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you don’t see a real improvement in your skin, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. That’s how sure we are you will be wonderfully pleased with the results.

POETRY

NIGHT SONG

The wind sings low in the trees tonight, A song both sweet and sad. It weaves a tapestry of dreams Of things we might have had.

It whispers low of things long past— Of wild, sweet nights we knew. It wakes my heart and sits my soul To many thoughts of you.

"How could you know," the pine trees sigh, "That years would come between— That paths would part—and in your hand You’d hold a tattered dream."

—Elizabeth-Anne Howell

SLOW GREEN WIND

Turn back again to April; let your heart Remember the slow green wind and slanting rain And how pink apple petals burst apart; There is more to such remembering than pain.

Turn back again to hillside where the sun Dappled the wind bent foxgrass into gold And where the white birch stood like a young nun: There is much more to remember now than being old.

Then there was loveliness on all the land, Which fingers yet like starlight in your eyes, And life is still a seashell in your hand Gentle remembering is wonderful—and wise.

—Anabel Armour

Goin’ FISHIN’

A little can of scrawny worms, A pole cut from a tree, A fishing line from off his kite, He’s happy as can be, On his head, a warped straw hat, Patched, and faded, are his jeans, But safe within their pockets, Lay some grimy jelly beans, A sandwich, and a piece of cake, He’s ready to set sail, Where else, pray tell, is there more fun, Than fishing in a pail?

—Goldie M. Pritchard

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY TEN DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 50 lines, address to Poetry, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in Radio Mirror. Every effort will be made to return poetry if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Collector’s Corner

BY TOMMY DORSEY

(Tommy Dorsey celebrated his fifteenth year as a bandleader by signing a new recording contract with RCA-Victor which called for an additional fifteen years on the Victor label. During his long association with the company, Tommy has recorded over 295 different songs. Along with "Der Bingle," Tommy Dorsey holds the record of having consistently recorded for the same company the most number of years.)

In the fifteen years I've been knocking the tar out of a trombone on the country's bandstands, I've heard all kinds of music—but like everyone else, I have my favorites.

Harry James once recorded something called "Trumpet Rhapsody" which is mighty close to what any horn player dreams about doing before he dies.

Benny Goodman's Trio recorded a superlative version of "The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise" with Mel Powell at the piano. And have you heard Jack Teagarden's "Lover?" It's well worth a listen.

Bunny Berigan was one of my boys for a long time. The great Berigan disc, naturally, is "I Can't Get Started With You."

A terrific record by Louis Armstrong is "Potato Head," a blues piece with plenty of what it takes.

There's a fellow who does quite well with a clarinet. I'm thinking about Artie Shaw and his playing of "Begin The Beguine."

Then there's Gene Krupa's fascinating waxing of "Drum Boogie," and the great Glenn Miller's "Tuxedo Junction."

My brother Jimmy and I have been getting by with a little music, too. His recording of "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" rang the bell with me and maybe I'm prejudiced but I like the way the boys in my own band played a number called "The Continental."

Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference . . . and you will never know how lovely you can be until you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use...Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the jar of creamy, smooth Fresh we will send you.

Test it. Send 10¢ for handling charges to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for a jar.

* Constant research at a great American university is your assurance that FRESH is the most effective deodorant and anti-perspirant that can be used.
EARLY BIRDS

The coffee stand in KDKA’s lobby was a popular place as guests at its annual Farm-Radio Conference waited for air time. (Breakfast was served after the Farm Hour.)

How would you like to take part in a meeting which begins at 5:45 A.M.? That’s what fifty-nine men and women did when they were invited to take part in KDKA’s Eighth Annual Farm-Radio Conference. Every year the group sacrifices sleep to attend. KDKA’s personnel also sacrifice their sleep to be host to the visitors.

This year’s conference speaker was A. W. Robertson, chairman of the Board of Directors of Westinghouse Electric Corporation. W. E. Benoit, vice president of Westinghouse Radio Stations Inc.; J. E. Baudino, KDKA’s general manager; Franklin A. Tooke, station program manager, and educational director Victoria Corey also spoke.

Homer Martz, KDKA’s agricultural director, was in charge of the show which got underway at 5:45 A.M. with coffee in the studio lobby. From 6 until 7 A.M., guests stood by while Martz aired his Farm Hour. Breakfast was served after the broadcast and the meeting got underway with rural leaders of the Pennsylvania-West Virginia-Ohio area, which KDKA serves, discussing ways to improve radio service to the farmers.

In addition to the general forum panels, the farm leaders were also requested to fill out a questionnaire prepared by Martz covering highlights of the Farm Hour format. They dealt with market reports, weather information, farm news, world-wide news, music, and commercial announcements.

Agricultural director Martz, who airs the Farm Hour, was in charge.
WHO KNOWS BEST?

In the December issue, Radio Mirror editors offered to purchase the best letters sent in by readers on the subject, “Who Knows Best—Father or Mother?” in connection with the Father Knows Best radio program, starring Robert Young (NBC, Thursdays, 8:30 P.M., EST) and the Mother Knows Best show (now off the air).

The best letter, in the opinion of the judges, Radio Mirror’s editors, on the subject:

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

was submitted by Mrs. Leo H. Flow- ers, El Paso, Texas, to whom Radio Mirror has sent a check for twenty-five dollars. Here is her letter:

Recently Diane was given five dollars. Should she be allowed to spend it, or forced to bank it?

Father said to bank the money, teach the child thrift. Mother said, “Let her spend it. When I was young I wasn’t allowed to spend money. I received, so money didn’t mean anything to me. It was just writing in a bank book. I learned no thriftiness—just disappointment.”

Diane spent her money on gifts. Five dollars didn’t go very far—wouldn’t buy Daddy a suit, Mommy a fur coat! Diane ended up in the dime store. Now she knows she’ll have to save lots of money to give more worthwhile gifts!

Radio Mirror’s check for twenty-five dollars has been sent to Helen Houston Bolleau, Covina Highlands, California, for her letter on the subject:

FATHER KNOWS BEST

Mom wouldn’t face facts. Dad wanted to discuss the future, in case of his death. Mom would get weepy and sentimental and discussion would be postponed—indeed.

When Dad died, Mom was left as to what she had, what to do, how to start. But Dad, in his wisdom, had quietly provided for Mom. Financially she was well off—but more important, Dad had left detailed instructions on what she should seek and expect, how to start. All the things that sentiment kept them from discussing in life, Dad had taken care of. He guided her still.

“PLEASE, DAVE...PLEASE DON’T LET ME BE LOCKED OUT FROM YOU!”

Often a wife fails to realize that doubts due to one intimate neglect shut her out from happy married love

A man marries a woman because he loves her. So instead of blaming him if married love begins to cool, she should question herself. Is she truly trying to keep her husband and herself eager, happy married lovers? One most effective way to safeguard her dainty feminine allure is by practicing complete feminine hygiene as provided by vaginal douches with a scientifically correct preparation like “Lysol.” So easy a way to banish the misgivings that often keep married lovers apart.

Germs destroyed swiftly

“Lysol” has amazing, proved power to kill germ-life on contact...truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus “Lysol” acts in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda never can.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic “Lysol” will not harm delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with “Lysol” brand disinfectant, just to insure feminine daintiness alone, and to use it as often as necessary. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use “Lysol” than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on “Lysol” to help protect your married happiness...keep you desirable!

NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

Name___________________________
Street__________________________
City___________________________State__________________________
R.T.M.-504

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on...

“Lysol”

Brand Disinfectant

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

Product of Lehn & Fink

[Image of Lysol bottle]
WBEN-TV's Presenting Frances Foster features the twenty-one-year-old vocalist and her accompanist, Harry Miller, in a weekly song program.

Pert, petite and pretty are three adjectives that come to mind when you first view Frances Foster on the television screen. Frances can't remember when she wanted to do anything but sing, dance and act. And now she has her own starring program of songs over WBEN-TV, Buffalo, every week, called Presenting Frances Foster.

An only child, Frances was born in Asheville, North Carolina. Soon after, her parents moved to Cincinnati where they still live. As a freshman at St. Bernad's High School, she began to sing with bands and at shows. She also attended dancing school and took the lead in many high school plays.

As a high school junior, she began singing in earnest with local bands around Cincinnati and soon Bobby Byrne heard about her. She traveled with the Byrne band as far north as Connecticut and as far south as New Orleans. Later she toured with Ray Anthony's orchestra through the east.

One question many folks in and out of show business frequently would ask her when she was on tour was, "Isn't it rather a tough assignment to be an only girl traveling with an all-male band?" To which Frances invariably would answer: "I like to sing and travel and the work suits me fine."

Recently she began appearing "solo" on night club dates, and during a Buffalo engagement she audioned at WBEN-TV.

Her program is a mixture of ballads, novelties, old standards and, frequently, hymns.

On a recent religious program she donned a choir robe and in a cathedral setting, sang hymns from a huge church book. Her television producer, Warren Jacober, always ties in seasonal and holiday songs and motifs. Frances says she likes all kinds of music. Her hobbies are crocheting and movie-going and —she's still single.

The Buffalo songstress was born in Asheville and raised in Cincinnati.
Those who believe that "a prophet is without honor in his own country" should be heartened by the story of Dolores Sutton, a twenty-two-year-old native New Yorker who made good in her own home town.

Four of her twenty-two years were spent in Manhattan's Julia Richman High School, which also was alma mater to the movies' Lauren Bacall, Geraldine Brooks and Judy Holliday.

Shortly after graduation, she entered New York University and became a psychology major. She was happily ensconced in Freud when someone suggested she try out for a part in the dramatic club's current play. Dolores did; she got the part and promptly forgot about neuroses and complexes.

From there, it was only a short step to summer stock and thence to radio, which has kept her busy ever since.

Dolores is heard regularly on My True Story and many other daytime serials.

This versatile young New Yorker also has written and starred on NBC's Radio City Playhouse and these assignments have only whetted her ambition "to be a female Orson Welles." "Some day," she says, "I should like to write, produce and act in my own radio plays."

Although Dolores is enthusiastic about television (she has appeared on Hollywood Screen Test), she says her young face has made it extremely difficult for her to get character roles on television or the legitimate stage. This, however, has proved no hindrance in radio where her facile voice has gained her a variety of parts.

Despite Dolores' heavy schedule she nevertheless has had time to write some night club material and, in addition, do a little composing.

She was baffled!

How about you?

We asked a housewife, "What's in this wrapped box?"

"It's bath salts...no, it's candy!" she said.

Both guesses were wrong!

It's easy to guess wrong about this wrapped box. It looks as though it might contain so many different kinds of things.

Actually, it's Modess—in the wonderful new-shape box! So skillfully shaped not to look like a napkin box, that the sharpest eyes couldn't guess what's inside the wrapping.

And to make sure you'll always get it neatly wrapped—Modess now wraps the boxes before they even reach your store. No delay or embarrassment for you. Of the leading brands, only Modess brings these two keep-a-secret extras. Same number of fine Modess napkins per box; same price. Regular, Junior, or Super sizes.

Modess—new-shape box ready-wrapped... saves embarrassment!
Picture a thin little girl of fourteen years playing her favorite game—"Run Sheep Run". Place: A small town in Michigan. The little captain yells "Run for home!" She stumbles, falls, is tagged. It's dark, but not too dark to see—at least that's what the other kids said.

It wasn't long after that her "clumsiness" became noticeable. Then the day arrived for a visit to the city—to a University hospital . . . simple thing . . . tonsils and adenoids. Then a complete physical—including her eyes.

"Little girl . . . this is sad news," her doctor said. "Try to be brave. By the time you reach adulthood—you will be blind." It was an eye condition known as retinitis pigmentosa—a form of night blindness.

At that moment she made up her mind to dispel self-pity from her mind . . . to get the most possible pleasure out of each day. When that inevitable time arrived she would figure out a way to buck it through. Meanwhile, no one, except her family, knew of her visual difficulties.

Seven years later, the day came. Patience, but firmly, she plotted her future. A young mother on her floor needed a part-time baby sitter, so she applied, was accepted and won the mother's complete approval. She set her goal on what is called Grade Two Braille . . . the system used in current magazines for the blind. She learned it—and learned, too, to read and write Grade One Braille. She joined groups of blind people . . . learning to live with and understand people in the same position as she.

She became an active leader in the League for the Blind. She organized card parties, hayrides, outings, dances and excursions. She started a bowling club. She learned to swim, and to cook again—relying on her sense of touch.

She made a point of encouraging running games at picnics . . . games like "Run Sheep Run."

And she soon found employment. She transcribed school books into Braille, worked in libraries, moulded candies, bagged pretzels—and earned her livelihood.

In November of 1944 at camp she met a boy. He was there to learn to be guided by a Leader Dog. They corresponded in Braille. She visited his home at his mother's request, and they were married. She resigned her position at an auto plant and took on the more serious job of caring for her sightless husband and his dog "Spam."

"Incidents occur every once in a while that seem mighty serious at the time, and which probably would not happen if we had vision, but we merely laugh them off instead of brooding over the matter," she says.

"It takes longer to do your housework when you must depend on your sense of touch. I have tried to do various tasks with rubber gloves on to protect my hands, but I am "blinder than a bat" with them on. I need my fingers to see what I am doing. My husband has yet to eat his first burned bit of food since our marriage. I simply take more time in my cooking and do not fall asleep while things are boiling or frying."

Today Mrs. Harold Cooney is one of the most popular citizens of Michigan City, Indiana. Her husband is learning piano-tuning in Chicago, earning expenses by selling brooms door to door. They've never accepted a pension. But that's only one of a hundred reasons why I have selected them for my Traveler of the Month.

By TOMMY BARTLETT
The ballots are in, the count is being made and next month's issue will carry the names of the stars and programs which you, the reader-listener, have designated as being tops. These Awards, as you know, are the only ones based on actual listening audience preference. If you voted in this year's balloting, you'll be anxious to know whether your favorites placed first. But even if you didn't vote, you'll find the May issue a special treat. There'll be color portraits of all the radio stars who have won first place and there'll also be stories on some of the winning stars and programs. There's even a special cover—color portraits of eight first-place stars.

Interesting sidelights on the Awards: although the editors were braced for the deluge of ballots, which judging from previous years, was sure to come in, the response was nevertheless overwhelming. This proves how important the Awards have become to you. That's why the editors are justifiably proud that Radio Mirror's awards are the only ones in the industry which reflect the choice of the day-to-day listener. And that's why the Awards will continue to be an important annual event in Radio Mirror.

While most of the May issue will be devoted to the Awards, your favorite regular features will appear, too. Don't forget Wednesday, April 12. That's the day you'll be able to buy this special issue of Ramo Mirror at your newsstand. The demand for this issue will be heavy. Ask your dealer to reserve your copies now. And be sure to keep a sharp ear on the radio during April, for there'll be special Awards ceremonies on many of the winners' programs.

Deep...deeper...
deepest cleansing ever!

If casual cleansing helps, just think what deep-cleansing will do! For only the cleanest skin can look really young and lovely. Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper. It contains Penaten—the amazing penetrating agent that actually goes deeper into pore openings. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that lovely little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to $1.39 plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream
Penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

JOIN the 1950 CANCER CRUSADE
GIVE to the AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
Have faith in your fellow man, in the essential goodness
of your neighbor, and you, too, will know the joyous rebirth of this Easter season!

By JACK BERCH

"Mark my words, Jack, people are good," my mother said. "The secret of happiness is to have faith in God and your fellow man."

I was about eleven years old when Mother told me that. We lived in Sigel, Illinois, and my father had just died. Because we were poor I had to work after school myself. That was twenty-eight years ago but even then I began to put her teaching into practice.

I went down to the store of a dry goods merchant who had a sign in his window advertising for a stock boy. He was a stern man known for his efficiency.

"You'll have to sort cloths," he said. "Do you know anything about fabrics?"

I wanted that job badly, badly enough to lie but I didn't.

"No, I don't," I told him. "But I can learn."

He stared at me for a minute then smiled and said, "You have to learn sometime, I guess, so it may as well be now."

I stuck to the principle of honesty in all of my dealings and sometimes it didn't seem to pay off. There weren't always men around who gave you a job because you admitted to ignorance about something. And for many years I was away from home, for Sigel was a small town and there weren't many jobs to be had. I got most of my schooling by washing dishes and singing with an orchestra but I have to admit that all my higher education was picked up in the University of Hard Knocks.

"Have faith in people," Mother said. "Be decent to them and they'll be decent to you."

That advice even today keeps me from making a fool of myself and others. Too often someone has told me, "Watch out for that man, he'll steal a nickel from a child." But I've found that people meet honesty with honesty. Unfortunately there is too much emphasis today on cynicism and selfishness. The black headlines of your newspaper and the nervous voice of news announcers tell of murders, wars, bombs and robberies. Too seldom, you hear of the goodness in the world.

That was why I introduced Heart-to-Heart Hookup on my NBC program several years ago, to help people renew their faith in mankind. I have told of ordinary men and women who will never be remembered in the annals of history but nevertheless have performed acts so courageous that I feel humble in the telling. For so many of these unfortunate people have neither the physical strength of the athlete nor the weapons of a soldier. Their bravery is based on faith alone.

Zoe Peterson, who lived in Joplin, Missouri, was a heroine and her story seems particularly significant to me at Easter time.

Her life came to a climax at the age of thirty-three when she was about to have her first child. Doctors gave her and the (Continued on page 104)
In their spring finery, the Berch family attends Easter services at their neighborhood church. Six-year-old John and two-year-old Mollie do their best to support big sisters Shirley and Carol and parents Jack and Margot in hymn singing.
It's been amusing, it's been exciting—and it's also been

Just today I read a letter, written on lined paper, grief-stained and inarticulate:

"Yesterday," said the letter, "I listened to the story of a little girl in the charity ward of a hospital, recuperating from a rare operation. I'm poor—I can't contribute very much—but I wish you'd buy a few flowers for me and send them to the little girl in memory of my small daughter who had that same operation—and didn't get well..." With the letter was enclosed a shabby dollar bill.

That dollar bill made me feel very proud and very humble at once, for the story the writer spoke of was one of the My True Story dramas, and I had written it. Her letter, so surely straight from her heart, made me realize anew that my part in the program has become, through the years, more than a job—it is a very dear responsibility.

My True Story was actually born during the blizzard of '43. Under the stormy circumstances, it might have been a little monster with two heads and certain other frightening characteristics, but it was a good baby—it cooed and gurgled in its cradle, its first steps were in the right direction, and it developed into a docile child with certain surprisingly adult actions and reactions. But even if it weren't so satisfactory, I'd still love it, because it's my child.

There was quite a bit of consternation in the beginning at the thought of a daily program which would not have a day-by-day continuity. Not only was My True Story a half-hour show (twenty-five minutes to be exact) but it had no Monday-through-Friday cliff hangers, no overwhelming weekend suspense to interest the audience in a follow-through. My True Story was a rebel—it insisted upon telling a complete story every day, with a beginning and a middle climax and an ending.

"It can't possibly succeed," I was warned, "in the face of daytime serial competition!"

I had an answer for my critics—many of whom were my best friends! I told them that magazines had changed materially in the last decade, and that radio would—and must—reflect the new magazine pattern.

In the old days magazines had published serials which ran for ten and sometimes twenty months, but now almost all magazine serials were condensed into two or three
the supreme adventure of Margaret Sangster's radio life

parts. Once upon a time magazine plots had dragged out, but now they were crisply constructed—were apt to be one-dimensional affairs!

This change had come about, I reasoned, because the world was proceeding at a new tempo. People didn't have time to worry about what was going to happen next month or next week. Sometimes they didn't even have time to worry about what was going to happen tomorrow! Entertainment had to be taken as a one-shot balanced menu rather than as a progressive dinner. For that reason, My True Story was following the right formula—for it would give its balanced menu in easy to swallow capsule form.

"Well," the critics said, "we'll see. It's worth a try, anyway." And they've been seeing for a record breaking period—listening, rather!

Through the years with My True Story . . . It's been a pleasant journey, an amusing journey, an invariably exciting journey. Five complete stories a week is an adventure in any writer's language—it's been a supreme adventure in mine. Not only have I adapted the plots that have come to me via the editors of True Story Magazine, I've snatched plots from newspaper columns, from history books, from events that have loomed large in my own life, and in the lives of my friends.

I find myself listening avidly to the conversations of complete strangers—a chance remark that I overhear on a bus or in the subway or across the counter of a department store may become the theme song of a true story script. When a confidence is given me I often have a to-the-death fight with myself, I'm so anxious to use it on the air. Many a night I've lain awake in the darkness, cooking up plots and counter-plots. I'm even tempted to kiss and tell!

The crew that produces My True Story has remained practically unchanged through the changing seasons. Our directors, our script editor, our supervisor, our announcer, our electrician, our organist—they're all part of a large, happy—and, thank heaven—permanent family. We spend many of our playtimes together, as well as our worktimes—perhaps that's one reason why the show has been a success: we like us! Back-biting (Continued on page 103)
It's been amusing, it's been exciting—and it's also been

Just today I read a letter, written on lined paper, grief-stained and inarticulate:

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(Continued on page 103)
At evening prayer, l. to r.: Miriam, Tolmai.

Light of the World is the story of a family living in the troubled times of the New Testament when Jerusalem was under the Roman heel. Tolmai, a lawyer, has been sought out secretly by Pontius Pilate as an adviser and though the role is distasteful to him, he feels he can better the lot of his people. The first advice he gave to Pilate was to issue a decree forbidding fraternization between Roman soldiers and Jerusalem girls. That decree, however, has repercussions in his own family for his beautiful daughter, Miriam, has fallen in love with a Roman centurion. The whole family is drawn into this
disastrous problem. As they sit at evening prayer, with Tolmai's father, Isaiah, reading from the scriptures, each is thinking about the future and the difficulties surrounding it. Leah, Miriam's mother, believes that her love for her family will help find the way. Bartholomew, most of all, is beset with problems, for he feels a conflict within himself. Torn between the desire for a material life and something much greater—he knows not what—he has no idea of what the future holds for him.

(Lynn Rogers as Miriam; Jack Arthur, Tolmai; William Adams, Isaiah; James McCallion, Bartholomew; Peggy Allenby, Leah.)
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(Lynn Rogers as Miriam; Jack Arthur, Tolmai; William Adams, Isaiah; James McCallion, Bartholomew; Peggy Allenby, Leah.)
A titan even then, ex-ad man William Paley (standing) took on presidency of CBS in its infancy.

Radio's

By

Llewellyn Miller

1925: Spin back the dial of time twenty-five years and take a look at the world in which broadcasting was only five years old. It was a world that considered itself the ultimate in sophistication. It was fashionable to be cynical and disillusioned about everything—about the war, about the peace, about love, about prohibition.

What was libelously labelled "rye" was selling at around $100 a case. Home brew was seething and blowing its corks in many a basement. People were still adding juniper berries to bathtub gin made from straight alcohol and distilled water. Later they did not bother. Jazz, on the upgrade for several years, was sweeping the country. So was golf. It was estimated that two million players, wearing those stylish plus fours, left "golf widows" at home on Sundays.

Professional football came into its own this year when Red Grange of Illinois took the plunge. People were paying fantastic prices for land in Florida, sight unseen, in the boom that was to collapse following the disastrous hurricane of 1926. The Gumps, Harold Teen and Casper Milquetoast were brand new arrivals in the comics, and Douglas Fairbanks did "The Black Pirate" in a lurid two-color Technicolor. Its shrieking peacock blue and its vibrating orange were a stunning novelty but so expensive that Hollywood regarded it without enthusiasm. Why bother when the public was packing theatres to see the untinted (Continued on page 83)
The beautiful, blonde Jessica Dragonette quickly established herself as a popular radio singer. Here with Ford Bond on the Cities Service program, 1926. That's Rosario Bowdon conducting, and the Revelers Quartette at right.

OWN LIFE STORY

Part IV: Against a background of the most tumultuous years of the twenties, radio—along with bathtub gin, flagpole sitters and daring air feats—makes its mark on a country eager for anything new and astonishing.

Merlin Aylesworth, directly behind the microphone, became the president of NBC when it was formed in 1926. Doubtless the women's gowns could pass as fashionable today what with the revival of twenties styles.
My Husband

She's also known as Margo, the actress, and she says she's "stuck on" Eddie. Here's a prediction: you'll feel the same way about him after reading this story!

By MRS. EDDIE ALBERT

My family and I had spent a fine day at the beach—a happy, lazy sort of day. Then, afterwards, a wonderful dinner, and to top it off we decided to see an early movie. We had gone to the one nearest by—walked in without even really looking to see what was playing.

I hadn't the slightest idea that anything important was going to happen—certainly not that it would be anything so important as seeing my future husband, radio and screen star Eddie Albert, on whom I'd never even laid eyes up till now!

There I sat, comfortably drowsy, with that good feeling that comes of a day spent in the sun. To make my joy complete I'd found a chocolate bar with almonds! It would have been one of those good days that pass and are taken for granted, except for the fact that suddenly, on the screen, there appeared an actor I didn't know. He played the part of a doctor; he walked into his consultation room to speak to a girl who was troubled and unhappy and didn't want to talk about it. His manner showed the understanding, the honest interest that sets the dedicated doctor who cares about his patients apart from the "expert technician" or the hurried money-grubber.

"What a good actor he is," I thought to myself. "He must be a nice person, too." And that, for posterity, is how grandma met grandpa.

A few days later a friend of mine, Jerry Ascher, called and asked me to have lunch with him at Warner Brothers. When I arrived at the studio, he told me, "Eddie Albert is going to join us. Would you like to go over to his set and watch them shoot for a while until they break for lunch?"

I said yes, I said I would love to meet him and see him work. I said that I thought he was a wonderful actor and must be a nice person. I said, "Jerry, I like him very much!"

Jerry grinned and answered, "You and everyone else!"

I felt at home with Eddie from the moment I met him that day. I felt easy—as though I'd always known him. I noticed again the qualities that had struck me when I had seen him on the screen. "So it's true," I said to myself. "It wasn't just acting. He likes people, he's honestly interested in them."

Eddie was telling us about Joan Leslie. About what a lovely person she is, how unspoiled she has remained, in spite of having started to work, and become a star, as a child. I noticed that Joan's stand-in, who was near us, was sort of shifting from one foot to another. (Stand-ins for stars have a lot of "standing around" to do!) No sooner had I noticed the girl than Eddie was on his feet, wheeling his studio chair toward her. It was a small thing... but a rather unusual thing, too. You see, stars in motion pictures work long and hard and they are expected to conserve their energy, not to behave as they would in a drawing room. Of necessity the little courtesies aren't always observed.

We went to lunch, and I found myself talking a mile a minute and laughing uproariously at Eddie's particular brand of humor, which very often ends up with the laugh being (Continued on page 90)
In his gaily striped chef's cap, Desi lets Lucille sample his special dish, arroz con pollo (rice with chicken). And it looks as though Lucille likes what she tastes.

Assorted animals have found their way to the Arnaz door, but the Persian kittens on opposite page, Princess No. 1 and No. 2 of Devonshire, were a gift to Lucille from Desi.

A character analyst watching my husband, Desi Arnaz, during one of his night club engagements or theater performances, would probably conclude that he was—this dynamic, volatile, dark-eyed Latin—the life of the party. It would be normal for the observer to assume that Desi's idea of the perfect existence would include a continual round of parties, dancing until dawn, polishing the morning star, and living on a diet of neon, tinsel, and maracas.

Observer, you couldn't be more mistaken! Desi is the original home-body. The most important thing in the world, in his opinion, is the atmosphere of a busy household. Whenever I join him in a hotel or flat, during one of his away-from-Hollywood engagements, my first duty is to set up housekeeping. My routine runs like this: I hop off the plane or train at an hour when Desi can meet me; he takes me “home” and on the way to our temporary abode he briefs me on where, in the immediate vicinity, I can find a hardware store, as well as a grocery or delicatessen.

When I reach our quarters, I send out my traveling clothes to the valet service, hop into the shower, and then don simple, housewifely clothing and sally forth to shop.

I buy an electric grill and an electric roaster, a coffee maker, a toaster, and an egg poacher. I buy such staples as bread, butter, cream, salt, pepper, sugar, spices, cereals, cheese, crackers, jam, eggs, canned ham, and coffee.

The advent of frozen foods has been a boon beyond description. Nowadays I can buy rolls ready to be baked in my trick electric (Continued on page 88)
Favorite HUSBAND

It’s easy to see why Desi gets that special rating. But, says Lucille, there’s even more to him than meets the eye. Let her tell you what she means.

By LUCILLE BALL
Margaret Ludden has, Allen says, the finest sense of humor he has ever known. That's Martha, the youngest, on her lap.

Here's a typical teen-age panel on Mind moderator Allen Ludden, Betty Ann Kelly.

We had, we decided, a good idea for a radio show. We'd put a panel of teenagers from Hartford schools on the air. I'd act as moderator—the man who fills the gaps if there's a silence (we haven't had one yet!) asks questions, and keeps the kids from getting too hot under the collar when a controversial subject comes up. We'd call the show Mind Your Manners, and the panel would talk about—well, what do youngsters talk about? we asked ourselves. What to wear, how to behave at a dance, how to make introductions—things like that.

And we were right. We did have a good idea—so good that it wasn't long before NBC decided that stations of the network should carry the program, not just WTIC up here in Hartford. But we were wrong, so wrong, about one aspect—about what youngsters talk about.

It's really very simple: Boys want to talk about girls. Girls want to talk about boys. Both want to talk about how to get along with each other.

So we let this panel talk about the thing most important to them, and to the thousands of other youngsters—and their parents—who wrote to us from all over the country. We
It's coming to be, says this expert on teen-agers, just like the previous ones—no worse, perhaps a little bit better! And he ought to know

By ALLEN LUDDEN

phrased it rather elegantly: our greatest and most consistent pleasure comes from a satisfactory relationship with the opposite sex, we said. And that's what we talk about on Mind Your Manners nowadays—problems more important than manners and social behavior. Problems that are concerned with boys and girls just beginning to get out in the world together, just beginning to learn—or who want to learn, anyway—how to get along with each other.

It's in the teens that girls and boys first become conscious of their interest in each other, and they need help in threshing out their problems. Too often they find their parents in sharp disagreement with their behavior.

"My mother refuses to hear my side," a teen-ager will write—but just as frequently a mother complains, "I don't know what I'm going to do with my daughter for she just won't listen."

Bitter arguments sometimes split families so badly that children and parents never quite forgive each other. It becomes an emotional question of who is right, mother or daughter? Well, the panel on Mind Your Manners tries to (Continued on page 75)
The younger generation coming to...?

It's coming to be, says this expert on teenagers, just like the previous ones—no worse, perhaps a little bit better! And he ought to know.

By ALLEN LUDDEN

Margaret Ludden has, Allen says, the finest sense of humor he has ever known. That's Martha, the youngest, on her lap.

About a happy life, Allen says: "Our most consistent pleasure comes from a satisfactory relationship with the opposite sex.

We had, we decided, a good idea for a radio show. We'd put a panel of teenagers from Hartford schools on the air. We'd act as moderator—the man who fills the gap if there's a silence (we haven't had one yet) asks questions, and keeps the kids from getting too hot under the collar when a controversial subject comes up. We'd call the show Mind Your Manners, and the panel would talk about—well, what do youngsters talk about? We asked ourselves. What to wear, how to behave at a dance, how to make introductions—things like that.

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Bitter arguments sometimes split families so badly that children and parents never quite forgive each other. It becomes an emotional question of who is right, mother or daughter? Well, the panel on Mind Your Manners tries to (Continued on page 75)
"Falling"

The Lees: husband and wife at home, writer and actress at studio.
THE telephone rang at our house early Monday morning.

My husband, who had been up pounding the typewriter for hours, answered, and came into our bedroom where I was still arguing with the clock which said it was nine o'clock and time to get up. He had taken a message for me, he said, from CBS:

“Bob Lee wants you for Young Love on the sixteenth.”

And we both laughed like crazy.

Bob Lee, you see, is not only one of the two writers-producers-directors of Young Love, he is also my husband.

We’ve been married for twenty months, falling more in love, I think, every day of it.

And I’ve been working for him on the Friday night Young Love series for almost a year, in addition to my Corliss Archer shows and Emmy Lou on Ozzie and Harriet.

Despite the fact that working together is the biggest thrill in both our lives, we feel quite proud—we think it shows a professional approach to our jobs—that even some of the people who work on Young Love with us don’t know that we’re married.

In the studio I’m Miss Waldo, but at home—and home is where my heart is—I’m Mrs. Robert E. Lee, and that role, believe me, is more important and more rewarding than any I’ll ever play as an actress in my life.

Our friends say we still act like newlyweds, and I suppose we do—and why not? When we have a show to do, we’re willing to act like...
serious, hard-working grown-ups—but away from the job, why, let people say we’re in love. We think it’s about time, with all the talk about mixed up, unhappy Hollywood marriages, for somebody to step up and say “Don’t worry about us. We think our marriage is just about ideal.”

We shudder, now that we find we have so much together, when we think how very close we came to never getting married at all. At first, Bob couldn’t have been less interested in me, and then when he did come around, I began getting cold feet.

But I might as well tell the whole story:

I first met Bob when he was a casting director for one of the big Hollywood advertising agencies, and I was knocking on doors around town trying to break into radio. I went to his office for an interview.

I had a new fur jacket, and was feeling very elegant. When I got a look at “Mr. Lee” behind his big desk I was mighty glad that I had taken the trouble to look my prettiest. He was so good looking, and so young. I read for him, and I thought I’d impressed him. He seemed so sweet and so interested in everything I’d done. And he had a picture of his mother on his desk, so I was sure he was a very nice boy.

I remember I wrote in my diary about him that night. “I met a real young producer.” (This was important to me; I was just seventeen and trying to look twenty—you know the way girls are) “I think he liked me. I wish he’d ask me out.”

But he didn’t ask me out. I didn’t know until months later when I saw him again at a party that he hadn’t remembered me at all.

I was dancing with another fellow, who said, “Bob Lee asked me who you were.” Well! I scratched him off my list then and there. I didn’t see him again until, just before I began doing Corliss Archer, I went to an audition being conducted by the writers, Mr. Jerry Lawrence and Mr. Robert E. Lee.

“Your name, please,” Mr. Robert E. Lee asked me politely.

“Really, Mr. Lee,” I replied huffily, “we’ve met.”

This time—maybe it was the huff—he managed to remember my name. And he must have looked up my telephone number, for he called and asked me to go with him to a dinner party.

We had a wonderful time, and this time I was sure he liked me, and I assured my diary that night that finally everything was going to be all right.

And then he didn’t call me for three months! What can you do with a boy like that? I forget him, I figured, and I did just that, and practically got myself engaged to another, more attentive Bob who was about to go overseas in the Navy.

When Bob Lee called me the next time, I was all braced for a gay evening, followed by a brush off. And what happened?

“I think you’re the girl for me,” he told me ten minutes after he rang the front doorbell at my house. “I think we ought to get married.”

What do you do with a boy like that?

And then he didn’t call me again, for two weeks. But he hadn’t forgotten, I was amazed to learn, that he had proposed to me. It was impossible, I said—there was this other boy, and I couldn’t possibly be engaged to him, it wouldn’t be fair, with the other Bob thousands of miles away and not there to protect his interests.

It was impossible, I said, several times. So he bought me an engagement ring. And it went on like that, literally, for years, and we went together and didn’t go together, and got engaged, but not really engaged, and Bob went into the service for almost three years, and came home again, and we started the whole ridiculous process all over again.

When we finally did make up our minds, give us credit for this at least, we were married within two weeks. I didn’t even have time to shop for a proper wedding dress.

All of our friends, instead of saying “how wonderful!” said “it’s about time,” but we didn’t mind—we knew it was wonderful.

March 29, 1948, was the day of our wedding—I guess you could say we’d wasted six whole years. But we’ve made up for our procrastination since. We had a quick, but idyllic honeymoon at Palm Springs. (Continued on page 102)
The problem of a wayward brother confronted Mrs. H. B., whose letter was printed in January Radio Mirror. The brother was about to be released from prison; Mrs. H. B.'s mother wanted him to return to the home she shared with her daughter and daughter's husband. I think that Mrs. Virginia Fischer, of Staunton, Illinois, has offered the soundest advice. For her letter, below, Radio Mirror has sent Mrs. Fischer a check for $25.00.

Dear Mrs. H. B.:

I believe you should appeal to the sense of justice in both your husband and your mother. Have a group discussion—ask your husband if he doesn't think it is the only fair thing to give your brother a chance to go straight, settle down and be a good citizen. Ask your mother if she doesn't think, in all fairness to you, that your brother must behave himself or leave. A mother's instinct is always to stick by the "black sheep" but I can't believe your mother would be so unfair as to want you to see your home broken in order to give your brother, should he still prove undeserving, a home.

When your brother is paroled (and this means that he has been let out because of good behavior, and that if his behavior does not continue to be good he will have to go back to prison) I would give it to him straight—that in order to live with your mother, your husband and you he must stay out of trouble, or out he goes! I am sure your husband will be fair enough to give him a chance in the home which your mother helped to provide, especially if he remembers that when you were ill, a helping hand was extended to you.

Try to make your brother feel welcome, include him in the things you do, treat him as one of you. But be firm—be agreed in advance, all of you, that this is the final chance.

Now, here are the letters that I have chosen to answer this month. At the end, you will find the monthly problem letter which I ask you to help me in answering.

Dear Joan Davis:

I have been married for two years. My mother-in-law is very nice, and I like her a lot, but she has one fault that really gets on my nerves. Every time I invite her to dinner she always arrives early—even before I start cooking—and no matter what I have to cook she just comes in and takes over. Is there any way I can tactfully stop her?

Mrs. J.C.V.

Dear Mrs. V.:

Why don't you try looking at this from another angle, and then perhaps you'll find that it isn't a problem at all. (Continued on page 79)
For her new figure, Peggy needed a new wardrobe, one that could go places and do things.

A stroll with husband Dave Barbour is still fun for Peggy, though her reducing plan called for but one exercise—walking.

**MANANA**

Dedicated to every woman who has ever let her-

Tomorrow has arrived for Peggy Lee. Coming under the shiny and elusive label of today, it is utterly unlike the lyric of Peggy’s hit song “... but manana never comes.” That kind of manana merely promises new achievements and new prospects for satisfying living. Peggy’s kind of manana fulfills them.

But tomorrow’s becoming today doesn’t happen just because you’re equipped with Peggy Lee’s looks (lovely), her brains (many) and her voice (sensational). Nor does it happen just because you have a husband like Dave Barbour who loves you very much, and a little girl like Nicki who has turned out to be the kind of child every woman hopes for.

Peggy herself would be the last one to deny that these things don’t help but she’d be the first to insist that anyone can nail down manana and turn it into today. The secret, according to Peggy, lies in finding out what you want to do and then achieving the physical condition which will permit you to do it. And that, says Peggy, is something
comes for Peggy

By HELEN BOLSTAD

On tour, Peggy met the members of her Chicago fan club. The littlest Lee fan, Peggy's daughter Nicki, joined the admiring circle, too.

Peggy Lee is heard on the Bing Crosby Show, Wednesday evenings at 9:30 EST, over CBS network stations. Sponsored by Chesterfield cigarettes.

every woman is capable of doing for herself.

But, you might ask, how could anyone like Peggy Lee ever feel the need to turn daydreams into realities? Doesn't she have everything that a woman wants—charm, talent, beauty and a husband and child? Didn't her hit song “Manana” sell over two million records? Hasn't she signed a contract to sing with Bing Crosby? And long before “Manana” and Crosby, wasn't she the cutest song stylist this side of the Ambassador West? Hadn't she achieved top status when she appeared with Benny Goodman's orchestra? And didn't every serviceman, longing for things stateside, think that Peggy Lee was perhaps the most terrific song deliverer on wax? What more, indeed, could any woman want? Tomorrow, you might think, had arrived many yesterdays ago for Peggy.

Your reasoning might also assume that Peggy never faced a stack of breakfast dishes in the sink, never wondered what to cook for dinner, never tended to the thousand and one demands of a small child. Nor, do you (Continued on page 78)

self go—this story of one who did and then came back
MANANA comes for Peggy

Dedicated to every woman who has ever let her self go—this story of one who did and then came back

Tomorrow has arrived for Peggy Lee. Coming under the shiny and elusive label of today, it is utterly unlike the lyric of Peggy's hit song "Manana" but manana never comes. That kind of manana merely promises new achievements and new prospects for satisfying living. Peggy's kind of manana fulfills them.

But tomorrow's becoming today doesn't happen just because you're equipped with Peggy Lee's looks (lovely), her brains (many) and her voice (sensational). Nor does it happen just because you have a husband like Dave Barbour who loves you very much, and a little girl like Nicki who has turned out to be the kind of child every woman hopes for.

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Your reasoning might also assume that Peggy never faced a stack of breakfast dishes in the sink, never wondered what to cook for dinner, never tended to the thousand and one demands of a small child. Nor, do you (Continued on page 78)
Here is a new daytime serial problem which Radio Mirror asks you, the reader-listeners, to help solve from your own fund of experience, or perhaps from knowledge gained from the similar experience of a friend, or someone in your family. Each month in this space, Radio Mirror asks your advice, on behalf of one of your daytime serial favorites.

This month’s problem is one that is of deep concern to Rosemary Dawson Roberts, of the Rosemary program, at the present time. Recently, her whole way of life has been changed and, more important still, her entire way of thinking is threatened; many of the things which she has been brought up to consider of first importance she finds are thought of little value by her new circle of acquaintances. All this has come about because her husband, Bill, has a new job—one which entailed his moving to New York City. And so Rosemary asks herself if she must conform entirely to this new life—must find a whole new set of values. Rosemary loves her husband; he, always, will come first with her. And yet she must live with herself, too. She cannot provide a happy, harmonious home for Bill if she is not at peace with herself.

On the next two pages you will find the story of Rosemary, of her husband, of the others who are of importance in their lives. On CBS each day you will hear more of the story of Rosemary and Bill. When you have read about them, listened to them, perhaps you will be able to advise Rosemary on this problem which concerns her present and future happiness.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $50.00 FOR THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS!

You’ll find full details by turning to the next page.
Rosemary and Bill Roberts (center) chat over after-dinner coffee with Bill's new boss, Howard Wilson, and his wife, Edith. (Rosemary is heard Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EST, on Columbia Broadcasting System stations, sponsored by Ivory Snow.)
Your advice may help Rosemary to decide what compromises she

Dr. Jim Cotter—loves and soon will marry Rosemary’s mother.  

Mother Dawson—did a magnificent job bringing up her girls.  

Rosemary—sweet, gentle, simple, her new way of life troubles her.

Radio Mirror will purchase readers’ answers to: “What Sacrifices Should A Woman Make For Her Husband’s Career?” Best Answer, $25; next five best, $5.00 each.

On these pages you will learn more about Bill and Rosemary Roberts, about the people important in their lives, about the problem facing Rosemary—suddenly transported from a small town to a big city; suddenly finds herself living an extremely complex life, some of the facets of which she does not approve. She knows she must conform to this new life if she is to help the career of the husband she loves so much. What compromises will she have to make with the quiet life she loved in Springdale? Will the sophisticated atmosphere destroy the basic structure of her marriage?

State your advice in no more than one hundred words; address to Rosemary, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N.Y. The editors will choose what they feel to be the best letter, will purchase it for $25.00 for the July issue; choose the five next-best letters, purchase them for $5.00 each. The opinions of the editors will be final; no letters will be returned. Letters must be postmarked no later than midnight April 1, 1950. Coupon below should accompany your letter.

NAME ________________________________

STREET or BOX ______________________

CITY or POSTOFFICE ___________ STATE __________
got to New York, Rosemary discovered to her amazement that Mr. Wilson, Bill's boss, had rented a luxurious penthouse apartment for her and Bill, to be their New York home. Rosemary had been in New York only a short time when she realized that she had been thrown into a smart, sophisticated world—and that she must conform to this new life if she desires—as of course she does—to further Bill's career. By now, Rosemary has found that her role as the wife of a successful New York advertising man makes demands on her time, her thoughts, and even her private life that she never dreamed of in Springdale—demands that are not always in accord with the straightforward way of life which she was brought up to believe in and which she has always lived by.

And so, Rosemary asks herself, what compromises must she make with the quiet life she loved so well in her home town. To what extent must she make herself over, change her thinking, her whole set of values? Will the new atmosphere, with its overlay of glamour, destroy or seriously undermine the strong foundation which she knows underlies her marriage to Bill? What are the truly important things, the absolutely necessary things that she must do—and where shall she draw the line, where make the decision between her principles and the furtherance of Bill's career, which is so important to him?

Bewildered and troubled by the completely different life, the new friends, new surroundings, the things which she considers important and that Bill's new friends do not, the things she once thought unimportant and which, to these people, loom large—Rosemary does not know what to do, where to turn. What would your advice be? What, if you found yourself in similar circumstances, would you do? How would you strike a balance between your husband's happiness and your own, between his career and the things you were taught to believe, your ideals?

Bill Roberts—delighted with his new job and new affluence.

Jessie—Rosemary's foster daughter, now with Mother Dawson.

Jane Springham—her love for Bill helped him get his new job.

HERE ARE THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO WROTE THE BEST LETTERS OF ADVICE TO VIKKI HOYT, MARRIAGE FOR TWO, IN JANUARY'S DAYTIME SERIAL PROBLEM.

In the January Radio Mirror, reader-listeners were invited to advise Vikki Hoyt of Marriage For Two. Readers were asked: "How Should Vikki handle her problem of The Other Woman?" Radio Mirror editors have chosen the best letters, and checks have been sent to the following:

FIFTY DOLLAR LETTER, by Mrs. Ben Dickinson of Cordele, Georgia, who wrote as follows:

Roger may be a dreamer but he is only human. He wants to be loved, admired and believed in—regardless of any shortcomings. When he feels he is failing he hunts escape. Who doesn't? Vikki must accept Roger as a husband just as she accepted him as a lover. She doesn't need to be like Pamela because Roger has proven by marrying her that he loves her for herself. No, all Vikki needs to keep Roger is to mix a little mother love with her practical views, and take time to share a few of Roger's dreams. Love is one's best security.

TEN DOLLARS each for the five next best letters on Vikki's problem were sent to Mrs. Frances Osborne, Arlington, Virginia; Mrs. N. C. Dale, Hamiota, Manitoba, Canada; Mrs. John T. Latham, Houston, Texas; Mrs. June Harris, New Albany, Indiana; and Mrs. Charles Toles, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Marriage For Two is heard M-F, 10:30 A.M. EST, on NBC stations. Sponsored by Kraft Foods.
For a leisurely and easy breakfast or brunch: waffles with their own butter syrup; toasted chunks of pineapple and ham on gay skewers.
Spring is here and I love it—even Spring fever! Rather than try to fight it, I take time out to enjoy it. I don my prettiest housecoat. I set the table with my gayest linens. Then I proceed to fix a lazy but delightful brunch for my family. At our house, brunch is something leisurely and extra-special. There is no rushing whatever. And the foods I serve are favorites of ours. They taste so good and they are so easily prepared.

No brunch is complete to my mind without a hot bread of some kind. If it isn’t waffles or pancakes then it’s sure to be a hot coffee cake. Aside from the fact that brunch is so pleasant to us, it eliminates the preparation of lunch. This saves me from getting one meal on a Spring day! I do try to make brunch satisfying and nutritious. That is why I include meat or eggs or a delicious corn pudding.

WAFFLES
Makes 6 servings

Sift, then measure:
2 cups flour

Sift again into a mixing bowl with:
4 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 teaspoon salt

Separate:
3 eggs

Beat egg yolks until light.

Add:
1 1/2 cups milk
5 tablespoons melted butter


WAFLE BUTTER SYRUP
Makes 1/2 cup syrup.

Melt in a saucepan over low heat:
1/2 cup butter

Remove from heat and add:
1 teaspoon sugar 1 tablespoon molasses

Stir until sugar is dissolved.

SKEWERED HAM AND PINEAPPLE
Cut a slice of ham 3/4 inch thick into 1½ inch cubes. Drain a small can of pineapple cubes. Thread on a 6½ inch skewer alternately.

By
NANCY CRAIG

RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Allow one skewer per person. Brush well with melted butter. Place under a hot broiler. Cook 3-5 minutes or until evenly browned on all sides. Serve hot with waffles.

CORN PUDDING

Makes 6 servings

Combine:
3 eggs, well beaten 1 1/2 cups milk
1 no. 2 can cream style corn 1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine 1/2 teaspoon pepper.

Pour into a well-greased 2 quart casserole.

Sprinkle with:
1/2 cup bread crumbs dot with butter

Set casserole in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 40 minutes or until firm.

GOOD QUICK COFFEE CAKE

Makes 1—8” square cake,

Sift then measure:
1 1/2 cups flour

Sift again with:
1 cup sugar 2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, well beaten 1/2 teaspoon soda

Combine:
1 cup sour cream

Stir into sifted dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Pour batter into an 8x8x2” square cake pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Remove from pan and sprinkle with confectioner’s sugar and chopped nuts while still hot. (Continued on page 101)
ART LINKLETTER’S NONSENSE and

ART LINKLETTER emcees House Party, Mon.-Fri. at 3:30 P.M. EST over CBS (sponsored by Pillsbury Mills). Art’s Nonsense and Some-Sense is a regular feature in Radio Mirror.

LITTLE WILLIE DEPARTMENT

Willie fell down the elevator—
Wasn’t found till six days later.
Then the neighbors sniffed, “Gee Whiz!
What a spoiled child Willie is!”

YOUR HOME STATE—

ARIZONA—called the Baby State, the Valentine State, the Copper State; State flower: Saguaro Cactus; State motto: Diligent Deus (God Enriches); rank in area, fifth; rank in population, forty-fourth; there are vast reaches of arid and semiarid lands in the state, useless before irrigation but now made fertile and productive; topography is broken, with mountains in portions of every section; principal crop is long-staple cotton, others being wheat, corn, barley, oats, hay, potatoes and quantities of sub-tropical fruit; the state’s copper mines are among the greatest in the world, and zinc, lead and gold are also mined in quantity; the Petrified Forests, covering many thousands of acres, are a tourist attraction—they consist of pine and cedar trees that in past ages were turned to stone by action of mineral-laden water; the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, in Arizona, is one of the scenic wonders of the world.

IF YOU’RE A RABID DOUGHNUT FAN—
don’t attempt to fry more than one hundred of those luscious sinkers in one day in Oak Park, Illinois—there’s a law against it!

QUICKIE QUIZ—

What is a scarab? (a) a South American butterfly (b) a stone carved in the shape of a beetle (c) a protective covering which forms over a wound. Whose picture appears on a ten-dollar bill? (a) Alexander Hamilton (b) Thomas Jefferson (c) Benjamin Franklin. A group of geese is called? (a) litter (b) herd (c) gaggle.

A LITTLE LEARNING—

Gold—the unit of weight for gold is the troy ounce; there are twelve troy ounces to the troy pound, in contrast to sixteen avoirdupois ounces (the unit of weight in most common use in the U.S. for such items as food, etc.) to the avoirdupois pound. The word “fine,” when used in reference to gold, means “pure.” On Jan. 31, 1934, the United States Gold Dollar was proclaimed to be 15 5/21 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine—which equals $35.00 per fine troy ounce. The previous value of gold had been $20.67 per fine ounce. Jewelers’ terms for gold weight are penny-weight and grain. Finally—although you’ll probably never get to see one, and certainly will never get to lift one—a 14.1 inch cube of gold weighs—or would weigh, if you happened to have one lying around—one ton exactly.

HERE’S APRIL—

which says the Old Farmer’s Almanac, will be rainy (and even snowy) as per tradition—and adds an old proverbial April warning, to wit: “Look to your fences and your daughters—Spring’s here!” Here are some April dates to remember: 1, April Fools’ Day; 2, First day of Passover; 6, Army Day; 7, Good Friday; 10, Easter Sunday; 12, Halifax Day, North Carolina; 13, Jefferson Day, Missouri, Oklahoma and Virginia; 14, Pan American Day; 19, Patriots’ Day, Maine, Massachusetts; 21, San Jacinto Day, Texas; 24, Arbor and Bird Day, Massachusetts, and Fast Day, New Hampshire; 26, Memorial Day, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi.

IF, UNFORTUNATELY, YOU SNORE—
don’t do it loudly enough in Dunn, North Carolina, so that you disturb your neighbors—there’s a law against it!

VOLTAIRE SAID IT—

“The secret of being a bore is to tell everything.”

THE SECRET OF BEING A BORE IS TO TELL EVERYTHING.
SOME-SENSE

IT HAPPENED IN—

323 B.C.—Alexander the Great, of Greece, conquered Egypt.
982 A.D.—Erik the Red, father of Leif Erikson, discovered
Greenland. 1215—King John of England granted the Magna
Carta. 1481—the African slave trade was begun by Portugal.
1579—Sir Francis Drake went ashore in California (Marin
County) and claimed the region for Queen Elizabeth of Eng-
land 1691—the first Post Office in the United States was or-
ganized under a royal patent that was granted to Thomas
Neale. 1839—John Brown raided Harper’s Ferry, Virginia,
in October; he was hanged December 2.

VERSE—OR WORSE——

A silly young fellow named Hyde
In a funeral procession was spied;
When asked, “Who is dead?”
He giggled and said,
“I don’t know—I just came for the ride.”

HAD YOUR AIR TODAY?—

When standing still, we (each of us) use five hundred cubic
inches of air in one minute. In walking at the rate of one
mile an hour, air consumption goes up to eight hundred cubic
inches a minute.

AMBROSE BIERCE SAID IT:

“Everybody professes to know that
it would be very difficult to find a
needle in a haystack, but very few
reflect that this is because haystacks
seldom contain needles.”

DEPARTMENT OF Q. AND A.—

Question: Why do some hard-boiled eggs have a green sub-
stance around the yolk? Is it harmful? Answer: No, it’s not
harmful—it’s due to the action of heat on the minerals in
the egg. However, try “hard-cooking” instead of “hard-
boiling” your eggs. Bring the water to a boil, then turn off
the heat. Put the eggs in the water and cover the pan. Let
stand about twenty minutes. You’ll find that this gives you a
much tenderer, more palatable, better-digestible egg—and
you’ll have less of that unpleasant-looking green stuff.

CHILDREN’S HOUR—

Teacher: “Johnny, define an onion.”
Johnny: “An onion is a vegetable that builds you up physically
and tears you down socially.”

IT’S GOOD TO KNOW THAT—

Storing the children’s angora garments, sweaters, mittens, and
the like, in a covered container in the refrigerator will keep
them from shedding . . . To remove oil stains, rub with a
little lard, then wash with soap and warm water . . . To
clean sharp knives without damage to fingers, sprinkle scour-
ing powder on a large cork and use that to rub with.

PROcrastination

Tomorrow you will live, you always cry;
In what for country does this morrow lie?
That it’s so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
’Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
’Twill be both very old and very dear.
Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say—
Today itself is too late; the wise lived yesterday.
—From the Latin Martial (40-104 A.D.)

FUN AND GAMES DEPARTMENT:

Sit-down Treasure Hunt—This game, de-
pending on the type of lists made up,
can be played by children or adults or
by a mixed group of children and adults.
The hostess makes identical lists—as
many as there will be pairs of guests
present. Other equipment needed includes
the same number of scissors, and a large
pile of old newspapers and magazines.
The lists contain items that can be found
in the advertising or editorial sections of the newspapers or
magazines—such items as “Abner and Daisy Mae together,” “a
headline about the U.N.” “the advertising slogan ‘It Hasn’t
Scratched Yet’,” “A colored picture of a three-layer cake,” “a
weather forecast,” “a picture of a baby,” “a piece of advice to the
lovelorn,” and so on and on. A brief glance through your
papers and magazines will give you plenty of material. Teams
of two are chosen by any method—drawing straws, counting out—
depending on the age of the players. At the signal “go,” they
can start through the papers and magazines, cutting out the
items asked for on the lists. Of course, the first team to complete
its collection of “treasures” wins the prize.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY, 15th CENTURY STYLE:

There is nothing that more dyspleaseth God,
Than from theyr children to spare the rod.
—John Skelton, 1460-1529
When I was a teen-ager, with four brothers at home, I was used to seeing closets stuffed with men's clothes. I suppose I assumed that some day, when I married, I would be expected to look after a husband's wardrobe—but I never guessed then what I was in for.

You see, I married Ed Wynn, a great comic artist who owns a total of 800 ridiculous hats and 400 silly coats!

My first look at Ed's New York house was some time after our marriage in the summer of 1946, when he took me on a personally conducted tour. I noticed that one room was locked. "What's in there?" I asked.

"Oh, those are just some of my clothes, dear," my husband told me in an off-hand way. I visualized the usual assortment of men's suits, shirts, socks and shoes—things I might be asked to look after and occasionally mend.

Later, when Ed took me into the room, I was struck dumb at what I saw. Hung there were about a hundred crazy coats of all colors, shapes and sizes, and as many hats of outlandish design. Only a part of Ed's fabulous collection.

My wifely concern prompted me to point out a hole in a coat sleeve.

"Gee, that moth would make a good golfer," was Ed's comment. "You see, he made a hole in one."

So there you have it—one small sample of life with Ed Wynn, and Ed Wynn's collection of clothes.

Now that we are making our permanent home in California Ed would like to send for his complete wardrobe, most of which has been gathered together in a New York storage warehouse. Some things had long lain forgotten in a St. Louis warehouse, and a few were stored away in other parts of the country. We are living in a lovely twelve-room Tudor house rented from Joe E. Brown, but we're looking for a place of our own. In all the houses seen thus far the architects have failed to provide space for Ed's sartorial accoutrements. Who could have anticipated a tenant with clothes enough to sport a different coat and two different hats for every day in the year, with an extra change rung in on Sundays? Friends have suggested we move into the Hollywood Bowl, or build a large clothes closet surrounded by a few rooms.

At this writing there are only forty-four hats and thirty coats in Ed's CBS dressing room in Hollywood, for use on his Thursday night TV show. But when the whole collection is housed under the same roof with us, I expect to be in my elements. When I was first married I used to love to (Continued on page 82)
At 7 P.M. EST any Monday through Friday you can step into Captain Video's super-electronic world as easily as Alice went through the looking glass, and with just as astonishing results.

There, in one corner of the DuMont television studio, is the Captain's Cosmic Vibrator, a sort of electronic hotfoot guaranteed to shake its victim until he drops, exhausted.

Nearby is the Atomic Rifle, the only lethal weapon the brave Captain would ever use, and then only in dire extremity, as when agents of villainous Dr. Pauli or Hing Mah Chung might surprise him with secret weapons of their own.

That object over there, lights flashing on and off mysteriously, would be the Opticon Scellometer, a scanning device of unlimited range, with X-ray sighting that penetrates the thickest walls. And that other device is the Magno-Radar screen, which shows everything that happens in any spot on this planet to which it's beamed.

As if these weren't wonders enough, there's the Astra-Viewer, a telescope (Continued on page 81)
Perched prettily atop the control board, Elaine Williams can forget the perils she faces as Moy Sing. Also relaxing during rehearsal break are the Captain, his assistant, Gallegher, (Alan Hale) and Video Ranger Don Hastings.

On the Magno-Kadar scanning screen, the Captain and his Ranger can see action at a distant point.

Though the Captain abhors lethal weapons, he knows just how to use them comes an emergency.

Caption Video is televised Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M., EST and Saturday at 7:30 P.M., EST on Station WABD.
One for all, all for one—
that's how it is with the Truex family,
both on and off the video screen.

When the Truex Family has a little argument, Father can't escape to his office, Mother to her club work, and the children to their various occupations. Not very easily, because their jobs, like their relationships, are tied together in a weekly TV program called, reasonably enough, The Truex Family—in which each plays his real-life counterpart.

The line-up consists of Father, Ernest Truex, well known as a fellow with a fine sense of comedy, although at five he was playing Hamlet's ghost, coached by an ailing actor who repaid his doctor-father by promising to make a thespian of the boy. "I sometimes think it was doubtful repayment," Ernest comments. Then there's Mother, Sylvia Field, who was a leading lady on Broadway. Daughter Sally has now made her own theatrical debut at the same age. The boys are Phil, Jim and fifteen-year-old Barry, already a veteran of a season in stock. Jim helps with the scripts as well as acts, and his wife Vicki and their Penelope are frequent...
Rehearsals start a week ahead of show time for the Truxes and usually take place right in their own living room. Sally and Barry take their turn at reading while director Yurdin, assistant Lou Florence, writer Searle Kramer, Mother and Father advise.

members of the cast.

Mother, Father and Barry share an apartment. Jim, Vicki and Penny live on a farm near Goshen, New York. Sally has grown up to her own apartment, shared with a couple of girls. Phil lives at the Players Club while his wife and small son Christopher are in England.

“We get together at the drop of a cue,” Sylvia says. “There’s a terrific clan spirit,” Ernest adds. “We like to do a lot of the same things,” Barry explains. For instance, Mother, Father, Sally and Barry fished their way across the United States and Canada not long ago. They bunked in fishing shacks whenever possible, and even Sylvia got used to baiting hooks with worms. “I got what-for if I didn’t,” she says. “But we’re really only diabolical when we get each new script. Then everybody has something to say about it.”

It’s Father Truex who, in the end, has the most to say, however. After all, somebody has to be head man, and he likes the job!

Sally sews well, works on new dress between scenes. Barry acts as model.
Singing cowboy, television style, is Dusty Walker, seen and heard on KNBH's Prairie Song Parade from Hollywood.

Hi Ladies' emcee, Claude Kirchner, has a low moment as his guest, Gorgeous George, gets all the attention.

"Murder At The Stork Club's" cast seem to find rehearsal no pain at all. This Philco Playhouse production marked the TV debut of Franchot Tone, second from right. Others, l. to r.: Maurice Burke, Mary Orr, Ruth Matteson, Alexander Clark, Haila Stoddard, Valerie Cossart, Jay Jostyn, Tone and director Gordon Duff.
in TELEVISION

The People's Platform, seen on CBS-TV every Friday night, is really a platform, only six by eight feet. When it's covered by a table, at which chairman Charles Collingwood and two guest debaters sit, you hold your breath. One tilt back too far, and off could go a statesman or star! Guests are warned not to tilt, and the lack of space helps stifle any such impulsive gesture. Pushing back of chairs would take the speakers out of camera range and spoil the tight composition. It's a drastic method, but it works.

Videoddities: An actor in a TV drama read a telegram that was supposed to make him sad. He let the hand holding the wire drop too close to the camera. Result: the audience could see a blank telegraph form. Farewell to illusion! ... A camera caught a fashion show model changing from one costume to another. She was wearing a bra and half-slip ... There's a new bronze plaque in the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, to commemorate the first surgical operation (on May 11, 1949) ever broadcast in color television. The color was a success. The operation? We don't know! ...

Few books have been translated into so many media so many times as Little Women. A stage and radio play too often to count—and thrice a movie—it now has been discovered by TV where it's certain to be presented often. Ford Theatre's well-cast, well-done adaptation had Meg Mundy as Jo, Kim Hunter as Meg, June Lockhart as Amy and Pat Kirkland as Beth.

Bookland's beloved "Mary Poppins" reached TV on Studio One with Mary Wickes playing the witch-like little governess.

CBS-TV's new Opera Television Theatre debuted with Gladys Swarthout in role of Carmen, Robt. Rounseville as Don Jose.
Not girl nor wife nor widow, Anne
waits for happiness to find her once again

For many years Anne Malone lived contentedly in Three Oaks with her husband, Dr. Gerald Malone, building a secure, happy existence of which her small daughter, Jill, was the delightful center. But for the past many months, the only part of that security, that happiness, remaining to Anne has been little Jill, for Anne had to make one of the most important decisions a woman ever faces: the decision to break with her husband. The break has long since been made, but Anne is still feeling her way toward adjustment to that unhappy state of being neither girl, wife, nor widow, still striving to create a new security, a new contentment, a new life for herself. And still remembering, sometimes, how the break with Jerry came about, how the final decision was reached. Here, retold for Reader's Mirror readers, is the story of that remembered time, the story of what happened to Anne Malone's marriage...

Somewhere between breakfast and lunch, the Flying Commander, east-bound from Kansas City, made its regular stop at Three Oaks. A harried business man, glancing out the window, was irritated to see just one passenger getting on.

"Whistle stops," he grumbled to the man beside him. "Feller gets on here, gets off at the next town, and we lose ten minutes. They ought to cut out these local stops."

The business man was not particularly sharp-eyed, or he would have seen that it was not a man who had joined them, but a woman. He was wrong about her destination, too. Anne Malone was going straight through to the end of the line... New York. It happened that she, too, had business there.

At least she was trying to think of it as business. She had been trying, valiantly, for several days—ever since she decided to make the trip. Her training had helped her; a nurse learns to be crisp and calm and matter-of-fact under many kinds of emotional strain. That's how she helps her patients. But now, as Anne pulled off her hat and dropped it on the seat, and unbuttoned her blue tweed jacket, she wondered wryly— who helps the nurse? Who, for instance, would go to New York and walk through the doors of the Institute for Rural Medical Research and say to its director: "Dr. Malone, do you or do you not wish to remain the husband of Anne Malone, answer yes or no!"?

With a start Anne realized that she had asked the question aloud. She glanced guiltily around the tiny roomette, in which of course she was quite alone, and relaxed with a sound that was part sigh, part laugh. Nobody could do it for her. That was why she was going herself.

Through half-closed eyes she watched the fields and villages flashing past. Her body swayed gently with the train's vibration, and little by little she felt tension leaving her. These last few days had been worse than all the weeks since Jerry first left. Of course they had: a body at rest tends to remain at rest. It was far easier to let the situation wind on and on and suddenly to pull up and decide to cut it short. The decision itself had wound her up like a child's toy train. Evading her mother-in-law's curiosity, making sure that Sam Williams had no idea what she planned to do—that had wound her even tighter.

Now... now she was running down. She didn't need her vigilant armor here on the train. Nobody
would know if, for once, Nurse Anne Malone's matter-of-factness broke down, if she cried for a man who no longer wanted her—if she looked with dread toward a future that might not hold him. Her eyes burned, but when she touched them they were dry.

Why not cry? she thought bitterly. When will I have another chance like this? I'm safe here—I don't even have to worry about upsetting Jill. She leaned back, thinking of a hundred sleepless nights when she had lain, biting her lips, terrified that a sob might escape them to reach the alert ears of her little daughter in the next room. Now let them come, she thought. The tears and the memories...everything she had been fighting off for almost a year, back to the time when Jerry first left Three Oaks. Maybe now, remote from her familiar world, she could look at it all with new eyes. Maybe there would be an answer.

She hadn't been against Jerry's leaving at first. The way Dr. Thomas put it, it was a tremendous opportunity—to become part of the staff of the Institute, work with the best medical brains in the country, become somebody (as Dr. Thomas said) instead of just a country doctor. She couldn't blame Jerry for being swept off his feet.

And how his early letters had built up enthusiasm! "This city is an experience, an atmosphere, not a place," he had written. "Wait till you see it from the inside. Anne. It shakes you up, makes you come alive. The people I'm working with are tops. Thomas has been wonderful—says we must both be his guests when you come in to look for a house. That's swell of him, isn't it?—though he's not the world's biggest medical brain (between us, darling)."

Anne caught his glow. After finishing one of Jerry's letters she sometimes looked around at her quiet living room, or examined the leaf-strewn street through her white-curtained window, and felt an urge to get away from them into the new world Jerry was caught up in. She began to plan for her trip. She felt dimly disloyal to Three Oaks, and she didn't like to admit it—but New York began to glow and beckon in her imagination.

In another letter Jerry wrote: "Had a peculiar bit of luck. Thomas made a point of introducing me to a Mrs. Standish, who is the most important member of the Board of Directors. (Matter of fact, according to Mrs. Thomas, who's one of those women who always knows all, Lucia—everybody calls her that—practically is the Board, financially speaking.) And what do you know—she took quite a shine to me! Very friendly woman, you'll like her. She's worried about our house-hunting project—(Continued on page 94)
BACKSTAGE WIFE

CAST: Mary Noble, wife of Larry Noble, popular Broadway actor; Rupert Barlow, wealthy backer of Larry’s new play; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent; Florence and Walter Baker, tattle Rosehaven knows about the Nobles in Rosehaven.

BACKGROUND: Fancying himself in love with Mary, Barlow determines to break up her marriage. He hires Beatrice Dunmore to spread rumors about herself and Larry—rumors which Beatrice is happy to promote because she really is attracted to Larry. 

RECENTLY: Barlow hopes that Mary’s faith in Larry will be destroyed by the gossip she reads in newspaper columns. But the columns are read by others, too—the Bakers among them. Eagerly, Florence Baker makes sure that all of Rosehaven knows about the Nobles’ “rift.” Her husband Walter, meeting Larry on a train going in to New York, is ill-advised enough to mention the rumors to him. The next day’s papers carry a picture of the fist fight between Larry and Walter which the latter’s words provoked. Larry, much upset, realizes that none of this publicity will help his reputation.

BIG SISTER

CAST: Ruth Wayne, married to Dr. John Wayne of Glen Falls; Dr. Reed Bannister, John’s associate and former good friend; Valerie, Reed’s wife; Dr. Ken Morgan, a newcomer to town; Mary Winters, young widow at whose farm Ken boards.

BACKGROUND: Ruth is interested in young Dr. Morgan, whose cynicism, she learns, is the result of an unhappy love affair. When Carol, the girl who jilted Ken for a richer man, follows him to Glen Falls, the young doctor is attracted to her again in spite of his fear that history may repeat itself.

BITTER DAY

CAST: Elizabeth Dennis, twenty-six-year-old daughter of the Reverend Richard Dennis, who mothers her brother, Grayling, and her sisters: Althea, Patsy and Babby.

BACKGROUND: Althea’s marriage to wealthy Bruce Bigby makes the whole Dennis family happy, until they are forced by Althea’s own actions to face the fact that she had married Bruce only for his money. When Bruce’s father shows reluctance to supply Althea’s wants, she plays her biggest card—she says she is pregnant.

RECENTLY: Overjoyed, the Bigbys are ready to give Althea what she wants. But Liz and Papa Dennis, knowing that Althea’s expected baby is a complete myth, remonstrate with her and insist that she tell the Bigbys the truth. When Papa Dennis warns her that if she does not tell the Bigbys, he will do so, Althea runs from the room and falls—or throws herself—down the stairs. Now, of course, there is a legitimate explanation when she tells the Bigbys there will be no baby. But what will happen when young Bruce learns from Althea’s doctor that there never was a baby?

DAVID HARUM

CAST: David Harum, leading citizen of Homeville; Aunt Polly Benson, his devoted and shrewd sister; Susan Wells, wife of young Brian Wells, owner of the Homeville Bugle; Zake Swinney, Brian’s ne’er-do-well father.

BACKGROUND: Although Brian long ago changed his name from Swinney to Wells in an attempt to put his father entirely out of his life, he has never altogether succeeded. David’s efforts to aid his young friend to escape his father’s evil influence have made Swinney his enemy too, and it was inevitable that one day Swinney would return to Homeville to cause trouble.

RECENTLY: This time Swinney has more than threats to hold over David. He has bought up a promissory note, which gives him ownership of Brian’s newspaper. Disgusted anew at his father’s treachery, Brian enters into a bitter argument with Zake at the climax of which he is knocked unconscious. Shortly afterward, his friends learn with dismay that Brian has disappeared! At the request of his frantic wife, Susan, David Harum grimly starts to search for him.

DOROTHY DIX AT HOME

CAST: Dorothy Dix, world-famous counselor to people in trouble; her nephew John Dix, attracted to young Roxanne Wallowford; Sherman Lang, gangster who has been seen too much of Roxanne.

BACKGROUND: John is drawn into Roxanne’s affairs when her banker offers him $10,000 to break up her friendship with Lang. Amused at first, John discovers after several dates with Roxanne that he is falling in love with her. His Aunt Dorothy wonders: is Roxanne right for John?

RECENTLY: No longer treating it as a joke, John turns down the $10,000 and goes to work on the local paper, knowing that if he does win Roxanne it must be on a personal, not a business, basis. Although Dorothy Dix has found that Lang, in many ways, is an admirable person, the “best people” in the community continue to snub him. Resentful that John can take Roxanne to places where he is not received, Lang retaliates by opening a smart Manhattan supper club. He has made a confidante of David Harum, who finds himself in the peculiar position of advising both her nephew . . . and his rival!
DIARY

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

CAST: David Farrell, star reporter on the New York Daily Eagle; Sally, his wife, who used to be a reporter herself.

BACKGROUND: In the last assignment that David calls "The Stolen Fortune Murder Case" he had, as usual, no luck in keeping Sally away from all the excitement. But—again as usual—before he cleared up the mystery he found many occasions to be grateful for her help.

RECENTLY: David's interest in the Moore family begins when he is assigned to cover a car crash on a highway near New York.

GUIDING LIGHT

CAST: Charlotte and Ray Brandon, whose marriage is breaking up after the return of their adopted son Chuckie to his mother, Meta Bauer; Ted White, Chuckie's father, who is pressing Meta to marry him and legalize their child; Dr. Ross Boling, who is loved by Meta and her sister Trudy, and hated by Dr. Reginald Parker.

BACKGROUND: Despondent over Ray's coldness, Charlotte finds herself unable to sleep. On a prescription, she obtains sleeping pills, and gradually finds that increased doses offer still greater forgetfulness. This can end in only one way—an accidental overdose, and Charlotte in the hospital, a drug-addict.

RECENTLY: Over Parkers objections, Ross takes Charlotte into the hospital. The five-year-old feud between the two doctors flares up into violence. Meanwhile Ray, seeing how his rejection of Charlotte drove her to desperation, tries to regain her love and confidence. But his efforts and those of his friend, Dr. Marjorie Lalonde, are abruptly interrupted when Charlotte manages to escape from the hospital.

HILLTOP HOUSE

CAST: Julie Paterno, devoted to her work with the orphans of Hilltop House; Michael, her husband; Kevin Burke, an old suitor who has re-entered Julie's life; Ed Crowley, powerful in Glendale politics, determined to even an old score by discrediting Julie.

BACKGROUND: When Editor Grace Dolben goes on to a bigger job, Julie, her assistant, would be her logical successor at Hilltop. But Ed Crowley finds material in Julie's friendship with Kevin Burke, for scandalous charges which he maliciously brings against her at the decisive meeting of the Hilltop Board.

RECENTLY: Mike Paterno's unreasoning jealousy, based on envy of Kevin's background and wealth rather than out of real belief that Julie is attracted to the other man, causes him to stay away from the Board meeting—thus lending support to Crowley's unjustified accusations. Despite this, however, Julie is appointed supervisor. But her marriage, shaken by Mike's desertion, is further disturbed when he shows resentment at her absorption in her work. In spite of Julie's efforts, the rift widens.

JUST PLAIN BILL

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter, married to lawyer Kerry Donovan; Wiki, their son; Karen Ross, who becomes involved in the confused love affairs of young Judson Burke, whom she met some time ago.

BACKGROUND: The murder of Wesley Franklin was cleared up when Bill, in his barber shop, accused Harold Griffin of being the murderer. But Harold obtained the upper hand, and Bill would have suffered if Jud hadn't come along just then, taken in the situation, and knocked Harold down.

RECENTLY: Harold later dies, and a rumor spreads that his death resulted from Jud's blow. But Jud has other worries as well. He has come to town in an effort to forget Dorothy Tate, who promised to marry him—and then gave him cause to think she really loved another man. Ruth, Dorothy's sister, follows Jud to Hartville, and it is soon plain to everyone except Jud that she loves him herself. Meanwhile Dorothy, bewildered by Jud's disappearance, learns where he is. What will happen when she finds her sister with him?

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

CAST: Papa David, whose hopeful philosophy has never been more helpful to anyone than it is these days to his unhappy protege, Chichi; Douglas Norman, the writer Chichi hoped to marry, who instead married Alice Swanson; Jim Swanson, the husband Alice thought was dead.

BACKGROUND: Chichi, always a little flip-pant about the man who wanted to marry her, is sober now, for she believes the man she truly loves is forever lost to her.

RECENTLY: Hoping that new interests will help her to readjust more quickly, Chichi takes a job in the home of a wealthy, elderly woman. The "new interests" come with a vengeance as she senses the peculiar atmosphere of the house. When members of her employer's family start making threats against Chichi herself, she is sure there is something very wrong indeed. Meanwhile, Doug and Alice are in grave difficulties. Alice's first husband, believed dead, has come back determined to reclaim her as his wife and to cut himself a share of the newspaper she and Doug worked so hard to build up.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS
LORRENZO JONES

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, garage mechanic; his devoted wife Belle.
BACKGROUND: Lorenzo's hobby, inventing, is far more important to him than his job at Jim Barker's garage. He interrupts his activities in the matter of the quick-drying plaster to take a hand in the water shortage from which his town, as well as many another, is suffering. And, being Lorenzo, he has a solution.
RECENTLY: Sadly enough, Lorenzo's idea may be a solution to some problem, but not the water shortage problem. With the jeers of fellow-townsmen ringing in his ears instead of the acclaim he expected, Lorenzo calmly shelves the shortage and goes to work on another project—an automatic recording machine to put small children to sleep. During his research with the recorder, Lorenzo picks up some interesting conversations—particularly interesting, it turns out, to the local government. There is a tight moment when the recording disappears... but when Lorenzo recovers and publicizes it he gets enough applause from the town to satisfy even him.

MA PERKINS

CAST: Ma Perkins, who owns a lumber yard in Rushville Center; Shuffle Shober, her devoted assistant; Willy Fitz, husband of Ma's daughter Eyre, who works at the yard; Ma's cousins, the Hammachers
BACKGROUND: Ma's chance to buy the Middleboro lumber yard cheaply almost vanishes when she can't find anyone to run it. She's almost ready to give up when Cousin Bonita and Ed arrive.
RECENTLY: It's decided that Willy and Ed will go into partnership together in the Middleboro lumber yard—Willy with $10,000 Ma will lend him, and Ed with $10,000—which he says—he can get from his Alaskan gold mine. Shuffle is not surprised when Ed gets a wire saying he is "wiped out." Now Ed's plan begins to show. He wants Ma to lend him the same amount she is giving Willy. But this can only be done by mortgaging Ma's yard and the whole family has a vote in what happens to that. They vote to increase the mortgage—but to give all the money to Willy. Ed, instead of being his partner, will work for him on a salary. How will the Hammachers like this arrangement?

MARRIAGE FOR TWO

CAST: Vikki, married to irresponsible Roger Hoy; Pamela, Roger's old girl friend; Mike, estranged husband of Vikki's friend Loretta; Mildred, Vikki's new maid.
BACKGROUND: When the huge Marshall house which Roger insisted on renting proves too much for Vikki, Roger decides to hire a maid. At Pamela's recommendation they engage Mildred. Vikki knows at once that she is an enemy, but she does not yet know that Mildred's loyalty to Pamela, her former mistress, is almost an insane obsession. Hoping that she will be able to bring Mike and Loretta together again, Vikki rents Mike her garage apartment, and Mildred sees in this an opportunity to create jealousy that may break up Vikki's home.
RECENTLY: Between Mildred and Pamela, the rumor of Vikki's "too-great" friendship with Mike becomes so convincing that Roger begins to be jealous, and Loretta, after a friendly overture, withdraws from Vikki altogether. Now Roger has decided to go into business with Pamela. This actually ties him to the woman who is anxious to break up his marriage. Can Vikki prevent trouble?

NONA FROM NOWHERE

CAST: Nona Brady, beautiful adopted daughter of Pat Brady; Vernon Dutell, Hollywood producer, head of Palladium Films; Basil Newton, casting director; Ward Trevor, Vernon's lawyer, in whose offices Nona works as a secretary.
BACKGROUND: Many years ago, Pat Brady saved Vernon Dutell's life, and received in return Vernon's promise that, one tim, Pat needed help, Vernon would give it. Neither of them dreamed that when Pat's request was made it would be such an amazing one. He has asked Vernon to marry his adopted daughter Nona!
RECENTLY: When Vernon meets Nona, his Hollywood-experienced eyes open wide at her fresh young beauty. In fact, Vernon falls in love with Nona. He arranges for her screen test, during the course of which Basil Newton falls in love with her too. Thelma Powell, Palladium's reigning star, is in love with Vernon; interested in Nona, she becomes explosively jealous and promises Basil that she will do everything in her power to help him win Nona before Vernon can return his promise to Pat.
OUR GAL SUNDAY

CAST: Sunday, wife of Lord Henry Brin-thrope; Edwin Drake, wealthy old man en-

peared to a much-younger girl, Janet Lynn; Priscilla, Edwin’s sister.

BACKGROUND: Sunday’s belief that Roy Kingsley is a dangerous criminal is fin-

ally upheld when Roy makes a murderous attack on her. She is saved by the inter-

vention of elderly Edwin Drake, and through the friend-

ship which grows out of his rescue of her, Sunday becomes involved in the Drake fam-

ily’s difficulties.

RECENTLY: Is Janet Lynn a fortune-hunter?

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY

CAST: Pepper, red-headed young Mayor of

Elwood; Linda, his wife; Peggy, his sister,

wife of Carter Trent; Mrs. Ivy Trent, Carter’s wealthy mother; Ginny Taylor, her secre-

tary, in love with Jerry Feldman, the young pilot who went to South America to search for

Andy Hoyt, missing since a plane crash more than a year ago.

BACKGROUND: Selfishly deciding that

Ginny Taylor’s services are too valuable to lose, Mrs. Trent hurries to get away from

Elwood before Jerry’s return. But her own haste betrays her. She has a bad fall from

the train and now lies in Elwood hospital, seriously ill with a broken hip.

RECENTLY: Finally Jerry arrives in town. The Youngs, and Edie, Andy’s wife, are al-

most afraid to ask his news. They fear the worst... and they are right. The man

Jerry went down there to investigate—the man who, by all reports, had fitted so well the

picture of Andy—is almost certainly not Andy Hoyt. This man, Jerry’s says, is old,

white-haired, with a shamed mind. And yet Edie stubbornly continues to hope. She is

sure that Andy is still alive.

PERRY MASON

CAST: Perry Mason, agile-witted lawyer; Della Street, his secretary; Paul Drake, dashing

detective, who often works with Perry; Martha and Don Smith, whom Perry is defend-

ing against the charge of having murdered blackmailers Wilfred Palmer.

BACKGROUND: As Perry’s investigations dig deeper, he becomes aware of the im-

portance of Allyn Whitefoot, the dashing young woman who at first seemed to be

merely another witness. A search of Allyn’s apartment reveals a blood-stained tan coat.

If he and Paul can prove that this blood

matches Wilfred Palmer’s, the case against

Martha and Don will collapse immediately!

RECENTLY: Perry and Paul do get the coat

to a laboratory, but Walter Bodd, the man

who holds such sinister power over Allyn, has resources of his own. Discovering that

the coat is missing, he sends thugs out to cover every laboratory open at that hour. They

find the right one, lug the technicians, and get the coat back to Bodd. Perry’s proof is

gone, and his own danger is acute, for Bodd

now is sure that Perry knows Allyn is the

murderess.

PORTIA FACES LIFE

CAST: Portia Manning, who plans to stop

being a lawyer and settle down to being a

wife and mother; Walter, her husband, a

writer; Christopher, Walter’s attractive, stim-

ulating brother.

BACKGROUND: Walter has begun to write

again, but worries for fear his best work is

behind him. Feverishly he finishes a story

which he tries to convince himself is the best

he’s done, but about which he secretly has

many doubts. His psychological difficulties

are complicated by the realization that his

brother Christopher is everything that he,

Walter, is not—successful, confident.

RECENTLY: Suddenly, Walter is notified

by the government that he owes something

more than two thousand dollars in back in-

come tax. Walter pins all his hopes to the

story that he has already sent off to his

agent. But the story is not accepted, and

Walter, humiliated and angry, asks Chris-

topher for the money. Then, grimly de-

ciding he cannot earn enough money as

a writer, Walter becomes managing editor

of the Chronicle, hoping to change it from

a yellow tabloid to a self-respecting paper.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, who has lost the

custody of her son, Skippy, after divorcing

her divorced husband, Dwight; Miles Nelson, Carolyn’s lawyer and fiancée; Annette Thorpe, head of

a newspaper chain, who is interested in

Miles both politically and personally; Arnold Kirk, Miles’ unscrupulous foe; Dr. Dick Campbell, Carolyn’s old suitor.

BACKGROUND: Miles, who began a brilli-

ant case for Carolyn in the custody suit over

Skippy, was called away for a political

conference before he could see it to a suc-

cessful conclusion. Carolyn’s bitterness over

the loss of Skippy finally finds its outlet when

she blames Miles for failing her—and she

knows his campaign for the governor-

ship would have been wrecked if he had not

obeyed his party’s call.

RECENTLY: Upset over Miles’ desertion and

the imminent loss of Skippy, Carolyn is driven to
desperation when she learns that Dwight plans to move to Chicago, taking Skippy with him and thus separating Carolyn irr

oscatably from her child. But what good can

come of Carolyn’s frantic decision to flee

with Skippy from the court’s jurisdiction?

R M

67
ROAD OF LIFE

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, who does not know that the "Coral" who came back to him after a year's absence is not his real wife, but Beth Lambert, actress trained to impersonate her; Frank Dana, who suspects Rockwell, head of the ring responsible for Beth's masquerade; Ed Cochran, another agent of Rockwell's.

BACKGROUND: Beth's mission in Merrimac is to find out about the top secret work Jim is doing at Wheelock Hospital, and she makes a good start until she falls in love with Jim. Then she begins to falsify her reports to Rockwell, who, suspicious, plants Cochran as a printer on Frank Dana's paper to check on Beth's activities.

RECENTLY: Caught between fear of Rockwell and losing Jim, Beth confesses everything to Dr. Joel Clork, Jim's assistant. Clark, who loves Beth, can't believe her story, but thinks she is suffering a severe mental breakdown and takes Dr. Conan McVicker, head of Wheelock, into his confidence. Carson too thinks "Coral" is cracking up, but takes the precaution—which may be fatal to Beth—of reporting the story to the FBI.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

CAST: Helen Trent, Hollywood designer, on trial for the murder of producer Rex Carroll; Gil Whitney, Helen's fainéant, a brilliant lawyer who is fighting desperately to free her; Karl Dorn, strong and sinister intimate of the murdered man; Francine, whom he hypnotizes into acting as his accomplice.

BACKGROUND: In spite of what appears to be a clear case against Helen, Gil has believed all along that the person who shot the doorman of Rex Carroll's apartment building, and escaped, is the guilty party. When the doorman's testimony makes it clear that Dorn and Francine were his attackers, Gil presses for their apprehension. They are found by the police hiding out in the cabin of a hermit called Jules, and Gil, when he hears that they are being brought in to Los Angeles, tells Helen her ordeal is almost over.

RECENTLY: However, in a fit of anger Francine has shot Dorn, and he lies critically ill in a Los Angeles hospital. If Dorn cannot be brought to trial, what will happen to Helen? And what of Cynthia Swanson's untiring efforts to win?

ROSEMARY

CAST: Rosemary, wife of Bill Roberts; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; Bill's new boss and his wife; Blondie, the neighbor with whom Rosemary has become friendly.

BACKGROUND: Now that Rosemary is with Bill in New York, luxuriously settled in the apartment Mr. Wilson borrowed for them, and with Bill's prospects of the agency looking brighter every day—well, she ought to be perfectly happy. But she isn't. She cannot respond to Mrs. Wilson's friendly overtures. She feels more at home with Blondie, though Bill says Blondie is quite unsuitable and furthermore has hinted that Rosemary's coolness toward Mrs. Wilson will not help his progress at the agency.

RECENTLY: Rosemary is badly shocked when Mr. Wilson proposes that she act as go-between in his attempt to start an "affair" with Blondie! Indignantly she refuses, in spite of Wilson's obvious threat that if she does not help him, Bill's job may suddenly not have the bright future it seemed to have. Can Wilson blackmail Rosemary into cooperating? And will Blondie stay by and let it happen?

SECOND MRS. BURTON

CAST: Terry Burton, wife of Stan Burton, Dickston merchant; Brad and Wendy, their children; Mrs. Burton, Stan's mother.

BACKGROUND: Content with their quiet family life in Dickston, Stan has no aspirations to create world history, yet it suddenly appears that he is going to do just that. A stranger approaches him with the astonishing news that he, Stan Burton, has been nominated for an overseas mission for the U.S. Government. Disturbed by the warning that not even Terry must know what he is doing, Stan accepts the assignment.

RECENTLY: Stan invents a business excuse for the trip which convinces Terry. And the family boards ship in N. Y. without mishap. But when they are on their way, several "accidents" occur, in which Stan narrowly escapes death. And he realizes that already he is a marked man. Safely in London, he hurries to make contact with the mysterious Carl Dullumen, who is to give him further instructions. But are things always what they seem in this dangerous game Stan is playing? And how much longer will Terry believe in his "business trip"?

STELLA DALLAS

CAST: Stella Dallas, self-sacrificing mother; Laurel, her daughter, wife of Dick Grosvenor; Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's wealthy but foolish mother.

BACKGROUND: In spite of Stella's vow never to interfere in Laurel's married life, she has to respond when Laurel pleads for help and advice. Thus she becomes enmeshed in the terrible situation created by Gordon Crail, suave fortune-hunter, who persuaded Mrs. Grosvenor to become engaged to him. It is obvious to Stella that Gordon, his sister Mercedes, and Ora Mount intend to destroy Laurel's marriage and get control of the Grosvenor fortune.

RECENTLY: Before Stella can convince Mrs. Grosvenor that she is in danger, Gordon Crail's plot explodes more violently than he planned. Trying to protect Laurel from the results, Stella suddenly finds that she herself has been placed in the gravest peril. Crail and Mercedes are murdered in the Grosvenor mansion and Stella is arrested and charged with both crimes. Though she is innocent, Stella's elusive memory hides the one clue that can save her.
THIS IS NORA DRAKE

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse, in love with attorney Charles Dobbs; George Stewart, Charles’ brother, against whom Tom Morley has brought suit for forgery; Dorothy, George’s glamorous wife.

BACKGROUND: Though he knows George is hardly worth helping, Charles undertakes to defend him against Morley’s charge. Dorothy helps Charles scrouge up enough money to free George on bail—whereupon George skips town.

RECENTLY: When George reappears, Charles is shocked by his evident illness, both physical and mental, caused chiefly by his certainty that Dorothy plans a divorce. Lending George twenty dollars to buy food, Charles goes with Nora to try to talk Dorothy out of the divorce. As they talk, a huge box of orchids arrives—this, it turns out, is what George did with the money Charles provided for food! But Dorothy, unmoved, leaves for Florida, and Charles and Nora go down to George’s furnished room to tell him. Suddenly the door opens and Dorothy appears. Once again, she has not been able to sever herself from George.

WENDY WARREN

CAST: Wendy Warren, brilliant newspaperwoman; Don Smith, her editor; Mark Douglas, whom Wendy once thought she would marry; Nono, Mark’s wife; Rusty, an old friend.

BACKGROUND: When Nono and Mark, who have never been happy, finally break up, Wendy agrees to marry Mark when he is free. But in the midst of divorce negotiations Nono finds she is pregnant. She comes back to Mark, determined to make a success of their marriage, and Wendy tries to slip out of his life.

RECENTLY: Wendy’s absorbing job makes things easier—particularly since the new managing editor turns out to be so dynamic and exciting a personality. Unexpectedly, however, an old girl friend comes back into Don’s life, and though Wendy can’t tell whether his interest in Modeline (a la Kitty), is romantic or professional, she decides to think of Don only as her boss. They are both upset by the rumor that on outside interest is trying to buy the paper. Don asks Wendy to find out if the owner will sell, figuring he may buy it himself.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

CAST: Joon Davis, beloved wife of Harry Davis; Angie Jones, to whom Harry was engaged when, a victim of amnesia, he was lost for months in New York.

BACKGROUND: In a desperate attempt to regain his whole memory and his real personality, Harry decides to let Dr. Ralph perform a delicate, dangerous operation on his brain. Fearful that if it is successful she will lose him forever, Angie comes to see Joon with violence in her heart. But the quick, warm understanding of Harry’s lovely wife has an effect Angie never expected. Subdued and almost happy in her renunciation, she agrees to forget Harry and marry.

RECENTLY: The great strain is lifted—the operation is successful! Nobody rejoices more thankfully than Dr. Ralph, who knows better than anyone how slender the chance was. Dr. Ralph, an eminent British brain specialist, visiting the States, becomes interested in Dr. Ralph’s success with Harry’s complicated case. And almost before they realize the far-reaching implications of his interest, Joon and Harry become involved in a strange and tumultuous adventure.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

CAST: Anne Malone, superintendent of the Dineen Clinic in Three Oaks; Dr. Jerry Malone, Director of the Institute for Rural Medical Research in New York; Lucia Standish, who really runs both the Institute and Jerry; Sam Williams and his son Gene, Anne’s devoted admirers.

BACKGROUND: Anne’s recent visit to New York to seek a reconciliation with Jerry failed when she realized how important Lucia had become in his life. Now, in Three Oaks, she throws herself into her job and the care of her little girl, Jill, trying to rebuild her life without Jerry.

RECENTLY: Mrs. Malone, Jerry’s mother,-going against Anne’s expressed wish, also goes to see Jerry, and is stunned when he indicates that it is not misunderstanding, in his opinion, but a real change, that divides him from Anne. He believes he is in love with Lucia Standish. He does not see fully that what binds him to Lucia is not love—but slavery. Meanwhile, in Three Oaks, Anne tries to keep an even keel between the tempestuous Williams men, father and son—both of whom say they love her.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

CAST: Ellen Brown, who runs a tea room in Simpsonville; Dr. Anthony Loring, who recently wants to marry her; Bruce Weldon, in love with Ellen, but involved with Mitzi, flamboyant second wife of dignified Glen Halliday, an old friend of Ellen’s; Pete Duval, Mitzi’s brother.

BACKGROUND: When Ellen Brown finally manages to convince Bruce Weldon that his avowed love for her is hopeless—that, as soon as she feels her two children are adjusted to the change she plans to marry Anthony—Bruce storks seeing too much of Mitzi, who apparently does not take her new marriage vows seriously.

RECENTLY: Eventually Bruce decides to leave town. He is on the station platform when, without warning, he is struck down by an unseen assailant. The blow, tragically, leaves him blind. Glen Halliday accuses Anthony of having struck Bruce; but Ellen warns him that if he continues to blacken Anthony’s name she will publicize the fact that Glen himself had ample motive and opportunity. Actually, however, Ellen believes that Mitzi’s brother Pete is the real attacker.
### INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

#### SUNDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>String Quartet</td>
<td>Old Fashioned Revival Hour</td>
<td>The Garden Gate</td>
<td>Mem From Lake Success</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>World News</td>
<td>Happiness Hour</td>
<td>Sunday Morning Concert Hall</td>
<td>News E. Power Diggs</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Weather Forecast</td>
<td>Dixie Quartet</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>Trinity Choir of St. Paul’s Chapel</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Rush Hour</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>Message of Israel</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Male Quartet</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>Southerners</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio</td>
<td>Meet the Pulpit</td>
<td>Family Time</td>
<td>Allian Association News</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
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<td>Allan Jackson News</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Morning Serenade</td>
<td>Christian Reform Church</td>
<td>Reviewing Stand</td>
<td>Father Burch &amp; Ernest Haytor</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
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<td>Salt Lake Tabernacle</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>News Highlights</td>
<td>Christian Reform Church</td>
<td>Reviewing Stand</td>
<td>Allian Jackson News</td>
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<td>Father Burch &amp; Ernest Haytor</td>
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#### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>American Forum of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>College Choir</td>
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<td>12:20</td>
<td>Lutherian Hour</td>
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<td>12:25</td>
<td>Piano Playhouse</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>People’s Platform</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Double Overtime Quiz Kids</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>American Warblers</td>
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<td>1:20</td>
<td>National Vespers</td>
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<td>1:25</td>
<td>Meaning of the News</td>
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<td>Elmore Piper</td>
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<td>1:35</td>
<td>Invitation to Learning</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>NBC Theater</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>Mutual Chamber Music</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>Bill Cunningham</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>Veteran’s Information</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>This Week Around the World</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>Mr. President</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>Sammey Kaye’s Sunday Serenade</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>Glenn Drake</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>Ted Steele Show</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>Edwin C. Hilts</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
<td>Edna Blue</td>
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<td>4:45</td>
<td>High Adventure</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>Hopping Cassidy</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
<td>Martin Kane</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>Private Eye</td>
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<td>Milton Cross Opera Album</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>You Are There</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
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<td>Think Fast</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Earn Your Vacation</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Strike It Rich</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>A. L. Alexander</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Enchanted Hour</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Stop the Music</td>
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<td>Edgar Bergen</td>
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<td>Red Skelton</td>
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<td>Adventures of Sam Spade</td>
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<td>G. A. Alexander</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Louise Parson</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Chance of a Lifetime</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Corliss Archer</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Horace Holt</td>
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#### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<tr>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Roy Rogers</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Henry Morgan</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Nick Carson</td>
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<td>Adventures of the Falcon</td>
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<td>Phil Harvey-Arnie Faye Show</td>
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<td>A. L. Alexander</td>
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<td>American Album</td>
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<td>Music</td>
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<td>Jimmie Fidler</td>
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<td>Ted Malone</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Jackie Robinson</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
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**Dear Reader-Listener:**

Beginning with this issue, your Inside Radio section will contain more up-to-the-minute information than ever before. A new research system has been set up to insure catching as many time, program and station changes as possible before an issue goes to press. Occasionally, of course, some changes will be received too late to include, but on the whole you'll find Inside Radio an accurate listening guide.

The Editors.
The “Mrs.” of CBS’ Mr. and Mrs. North (Tues, 8:30 P.M. EST). A minister’s daughter, Alice first appeared publicly singing “Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam.” At the U. of Minnesota, Alice was active in dramatics. Her first professional role was the gold-digging Lorelei in the Chautauqua production of “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes”; her first radio experience came when she substituted for a sick friend.

### TUESDAY

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</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>Pauline Frederick</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Eddie Albert</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>3:55 Garry Challenge</td>
<td>Inside the Doctor’s Office</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Aunt</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>Bob Peene</td>
<td>Welcome to Hollywood</td>
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<td>Young Widder Brown</td>
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<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
<td>&quot;You and—&quot;</td>
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<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>&quot;You and—&quot;</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Frank Sinatra</td>
<td>&quot;You and—&quot;</td>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>Count of Monte Cristo</td>
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<td>Fibber McGee and Molly</td>
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<td>&quot;You and—&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;You and—&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Curtain Time</td>
<td>&quot;You and—&quot;</td>
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**Zasu Pitts**—of the fluttering hands and woeful voice has returned to radio to heighten the comedy on the Lum 'n' Abner show (CBS, Wed, 10:30 P.M. EST). Zasu—her name is a combination of the names of two aunts, LiZA and SusAn—played her first regular radio role in 1940 after making nearly 500 motion pictures. She played in Big Sister with such actresses as Alice Frost and Diana Barrymore.
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<td>Eddie Albert</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
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<td>Missus Goes A Shoppin'</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Marriage For Two</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air</td>
<td>Victor Lindtah</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Dorothy Dix at Home</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>We Love and Learn</td>
<td>Bob Pollo</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
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<td>Dave Garaway</td>
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<td>Jack Borch</td>
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<td>David Harum</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Ladies Be Seated</td>
<td>Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>The Note Noodlers</td>
<td>Checkerboard Jamboree</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>Homeowners</td>
<td>Lanny Ross</td>
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<td>Heatter’s Mailbag</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>George Hicks</td>
<td>Harold Turner</td>
<td>Art Baker’s Notebook</td>
<td>Missus Goes A Shoppin’</td>
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<td>Bradfield &amp; Remane</td>
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<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
<td>Welcome to Hollywood</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason</td>
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<td>Today’s Children</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>Hannibal Cobb</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake</td>
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<td>Light of the World</td>
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<td>Bob Pollo</td>
<td>Bride and Groom</td>
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<td>Right to Happiness</td>
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<td>Miss Programs</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>The Green Harriet</td>
<td>Galen Drake</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
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<td>Gabriel Haletter</td>
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### JON E ALLISON—plays Meta Bater on CBS’ Guiding Light (M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST). Even though his parents didn’t encourage his theatrical ambitions, Jones’ persistence won out and, at sixteen, he won a motion picture contest. That summer he joined a stock company and, three years later, was named “Television Girl 1941.” Jones entered radio via the True Story Hour and has appeared regularly since.

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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>A.M. NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Lionel Ricau</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Eric Severaid</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Clem McCarthy</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>“You and I” Curt Missey</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Frank Sinatra</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Backstage</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Dinner Date</td>
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<td>Missus Goes A Shoppin’</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Echoes From the Tropics</td>
<td>Gabriel Haletter</td>
<td>Jack Smith Show</td>
<td>Missus Goes A Shoppin’</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>Richard Harkness</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Aldrich Family</td>
<td>California Caravan</td>
<td>Blonde</td>
<td>8:45 Hite and the News</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Father Knows Best</td>
<td>Sports For All</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Screen Guild</td>
<td>The Limerick Show</td>
<td>Ted Mack’s Original Amateur Hour</td>
<td>Crime Photographer</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
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<td>Comedy Playhouse</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Duffy’s Tavern</td>
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<td>Robert Montgomery</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Chesterfield Supper</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Author Meets the Critics</td>
<td>Hallmark Playhouse</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
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<td>Mutual Newwesed Dance Bands</td>
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<td>Skippy Hollywood Theatre</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Dragnet</td>
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### JACQUELYN KELK—for ten of his twenty-six years has been playing Homer on The Aldrich Family (Thurs. 8 P.M. EST, NBC). With the show also on TV Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST, WNTI, Jack’s wry expressions make him a natural for the part. His only worry is that his English accent will cease to recognize him because he’s home so little. If this does happen, he’ll learn to know him again on the TV screen.
## S A T U R D A Y

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Coffee in Washington</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fred Waring Show</td>
<td>Leslie Nichols</td>
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<td>Galen Drake</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Mary Lee Taylor</td>
<td>Helen Hall</td>
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<td>Joe Di Maggio Show</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>Meet Crosby's Concert</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Lassie</td>
<td>Coast Guard on Parade</td>
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<td>Let's Pretend</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Stamps Club</td>
<td>Man on the Farm</td>
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<td>Junior Miss</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:30 | Arthur Barnarss | Man on the Farm | 101 Ranch Boys | Theatre of Today |
| 12:15 | Lundeen with Lopez | Campus Salute | American Farmer | Grand Central Station |
| 12:30 | Nell's Farm Home | | | |
| 1:00 | Voices Down the Wind | | | |
| 1:15 | Joseph McCaffrey | | | |
| 1:30 | Symphony for Youth | | | |
| 1:45 | Dance Music | | | |
| 2:00 | Musicians | | | |
| 2:15 | Edward Templeton | | | |
| 2:30 | Report from Europe | | | |
| 3:00 | Pioneers of Music | | | |
| 3:15 | Local Programs | | | |
| 3:30 | Caribbean Crossroads | | | |
| 4:00 | Living, 1950 | | | |
| 4:15 | Dunn on Discs | | | |
| 4:30 | Contrasts Musical | | | |
| 4:45 | Sports Parade | | | |
| 5:00 | Report on America | | | |
| 5:30 | Hollywood Closups | | | |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | Bob Warren | Music | Albert Warner | Albert Warner | News From Washington |
| 6:15 | Religion in the News | | Mel Allen | | CBS Views the Press |
| 6:30 | NBC Symphony Orchestra | | Harry Whiser | | Red Barber's Club House |
| 6:45 | Preston Sellers | | Roger Renner Trio | | Larry Lesuer |
| 7:00 | Hawaii Calls | | | |
| 7:15 | Archie Andrews | | | |
| 7:30 | Comedy of Errors | | | |
| 7:45 | 7:15 John B. Kennedy | | | |
| 8:00 | Hollywood Star Theatre | | | |
| 8:15 | Theatre | | | |
| 8:30 | Truth or Consequences | | | |
| 8:45 | Hollywood Star Theatre | | | |
| 9:00 | Your Hit Parade | | | |
| 9:15 | A Day in the Life of Dennis Day | | | |
| 9:30 | Judy Canova | | | |

### JOHN SYLVESTER

For the past three or four years around Radio Row in New York, whenever a call comes up for a very emotional young man, the call goes nine times out of ten, to John Sylvester. Recently, he’s done most of the roles of this type that have come along on the Big Story scripts—NBC, Wednesday evenings at 10, EST. He’s also appeared on Mr. District Attorney, Counterspy and others. To speak to, John Sylvester strikes you as anything but the nervous type, he is of medium height, sturdily built, with a ruddy complexion, blue eyes and brown hair. Born in Philadelphia, John was taken to live in Washington, D. C., when he was a small boy. His father was a lawyer and it was fully intended by everyone that John should follow in his footsteps. By the time he started studying at Notre Dame and was involved in the dramatic work out there, the theater and acting bug had bit him. It made a good sharp bite, during his Junior year, when the Drama Department put on Night Train with the help of a professional director from Broadway. Later, this director invited John to New York to try for the same role in the Theatre Guild’s production of “12 Angry Men.” With NBC, who had John hamburgers and Maurice Evans. Feverishly, John hurried to New York, only to be turned down for lack of experience. So back he went to Notre Dame, ostensibly to prepare to be a lawyer. At college he majored in English and did some writing. He wrote a play for his thesis. It got him his degree, but, “That was the end of it. I’ve never even looked at it since I wrote it. It was terrible.” After two years in the Merchant Marine, John went to New York to be an actor. His father was opposed to the idea and did everything he could to dissuade him. But John insisted on trying his luck—and in the very beginning, it was good. “There was a shortage of men in the theater, remember?” he said. In “Richard III” with George C. Scott, he played the Prince and acted as assistant stage manager. Unfortunately, the opus only ran eleven performances, but it did land John a summer’s work with the stock company at Westboro, Massachusetts.

With such a start, John was all set, he thought. But the 1944 season turned out to be pretty rough. Playwrights were getting smart by then and writing scripts that called for one, or no, men. So budding actor Sylvester worked at odd jobs—as a waiter in Childs, as an elevator man and waiter at Stouffer’s. Then someone suggested he try radio. This was a likely idea, since John could make auditions and do the rounds of the agencies and studios during the day and go on with his jobs in the evenings. Finally, one audition led to a three line role in a show with Tallulah Bankhead. “She was very encouraging,” he remembered. “Although it was only three lines, she patted me on the back for them and told me that the year before, when that script was first done, the young man who’d played that part had gone on to great success and she hoped I would, too.” He did. Soon afterward, he read for Sylvia Lowry, who was helping to cast the Army Service Forces Present programs and she was so impressed he was given the lead on a dramatic play. “It was one of those intense, screamingly tragic parts—and that’s what I’ve been doing ever since.”

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BARBARA EILER—Babs on The Life of Riley (Fri. 10 P.M. EST, NBC) and Mildred Anderson. Dennis Day’s girlfriend (Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST, NBC) is a “local girl who made good.” She was hired on the spot when she auditioned for a Los Angeles radio station and her air career has been successful in other ways—she met her husband Don Nelson, Ozzie’s younger brother, when she was on the Ozzie and Harriet show in 1948.
Do you women ever think what an important part you play in your husband's business career? Well, a recent Family Counselor, Miss Ann Hoff, an expert in business counseling and employment, says, "Your husband may be hired, refused employment, promoted or fired because of what you, the wife, may do."

When I asked Ann how wives could help rather than hinder their husbands, she told us that recently, in filling a number of important jobs, many employers are interviewing men in the presence of their wives. The reason is that employers are naturally looking for men who are well-adjusted as well as competent. And they feel that there's no better way to judge a man's happiness than by observing him with his wife.

A particular incident that Ann mentioned was the case of a couple, who by their apparent harmony, enabled the man to secure a position over the man whose wife contradicted him and gave him dagger glances in the presence of his prospective employer. In other words, Ann pointed out that a woman today is linked far more closely to her husband's job than she may realize.

Ann interviewed some 4,000 men a year at the Maude Lennox Personnel Agency in order to help them secure positions. She remarked, "You'd be amazed at how frequently these men quote their wives' and rely on their judgment."

Ann continued by saying, "A wife must express herself in a way which reflects her own common interests and her interest in her husband's welfare. There are certain basic ways," Ann added, "that a wife can prepare herself to contribute to her spouse's business success. The first way: Choose your goals. A husband and wife should think seriously about what they want out of life and how much they're willing to sacrifice to attain their goal. For instance, the choice might lie between a higher and lower income job. One with pressure and much travel involved and one without and at a lower salary. I know one wife who made the decision that she preferred the lower salaried job in order to have her husband at home and happier." Ann and I both feel that this wise decision.

The next step Ann stressed was Knowing his job. Said Ann, "He'll do better with his job if he feels you understand and find it as interesting as he does. Also important is Understanding people. A wife can help her husband to evaluate his business associates realistically and thus enable him to have better relations with them. The man who lives harmoniously with his office associates often gets the promotions."

I asked Ann if she had any particular suggestions that would be helpful for our listeners and as a closing request she urged, "Watch your husband's grooming." She told of a man who lost out on a top position because his suit needed pressing and he needed a shave. "An observant wife could have corrected this situation which robbed him of an excellent opportunity."

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**FAMILY COUNSELOR • BY TERRY BURTON**

Wed. is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P. M. on CBS. The program is sponsored by General Foods.
What Is the Younger Generation Coming To?
(Continued from page 39)

discuss a problem before it boils down to a question of authority, with a logical answer that leads to compromise between parent and child. An Indiana girl wrote recently, "My mother says that because I'm only fourteen years old, I'm too young to date boys. She says that the same age date and their parents don't object. Don't you think my parents are old-fashioned?"

The panel knows that customs in dating differ in communities around the country. In some regions it's quite common for a girl to be dating at the age of thirteen or fourteen; in others, she may start much too young. A rule applies regardless of age: the girl must be prepared for dating. This is the parents' responsibility.

A round the age of twelve, your daughter should begin to associate with boys in a formal sense. The same youngsters she plays cowboys and Indians with during the day can be invited to her home for dinner. She can then dress up and treat each other as members of the opposite sex, rather than mere competitors in play. If a mother has a daughter who is too young, the problem should be met with parties—parties so well planned that children have no time for kissing games. Parents should be present at the party in a friendly way, but in an unobtrusive way.

The panel advises girls with stubborn parents to try convincing them with logic and good reasons. If a mother has brains and friendly adults can help change parents' minds. Going about it this way is further evidence of maturity.

On the other hand, a mother can cause just as much harm as she does because I do not like the teen-ager. She says that she has beauty and my father has brains but claims that unfortunately I inherited father's looks and her brains. I'm quite happy because I'm helpful, active and involved in dramatics and I do get invited to some dances. But my mother tells me, 'When I was your age, I was thinking of getting married.'

This girl's mother doesn't realize how lucky she is. Her daughter is well adjusted and will be better prepared to make a good match than most women. The panel tries to explain that likes of high school boys differ from those of men. A man wants a wife who makes herself attractive but the important consideration is personality, intelligence and the maturity to share the responsibilities of marriage.

"What do you do about a girl who wants to come in from a date at two o'clock? I'll bet that if you brought together every mother who has been plagued with this problem there wouldn't be a city large enough to hold them. Well, the panel that I sent yours free parents should be reasonable. But once a reason able Cinderella hour has been agreed upon, the pact must be kept. This specifies the time limit. E.g., if he leaves her date at the front door, not when her boy friend parks in front of the house.

The teen-age panel believes that if a girl cannot keep the agreement, she can be penalized by sacrificing a similar event. Let her give up a Saturday night date for a Saturday night's tardiness. But a parent should make it clear that daughter isn't being penalized because she is. She is being rewarded for a question of learning to share her responsibilities to the family and society as a whole and this is something young-sters must learn.

Too often, the problems of teen-agers are so complicated in a personal, emotional sense that it requires the greatest tact to help them. This letter, from a mother in Arkansas, typifies the same seventeen-year-old son spending hours on the phone talking to his "steady." She writes, "Why must they be so involved? I'm embarrassed when my daughter's friend will even look at anyone else. Both the girl's mother and I are very upset about them, and we want to have some explanation from your panel members."

Well, in our Saturday radio sessions the panel has taken a stand against going steady in the first few years of dating and for several good reasons. First, there is always the danger of a boy and girl getting too emotionally involved. Then, teen-agers are growing young enough for a boy and a girl to be learning as much as possible about the opposite sex and this can't be done by seeing only one person. Last and not least, it is more fun to date a lot of different people.

Going steady not only takes a girl out of circulation with other boys but handicaps the relationship she would be enjoying with other girls and her family. It would be a fair guess that nine out of ten steady break up in the middle teens and it is the girl not the man who suffers. The boy can immediately cure the other girl he knows and make a date but the girl who cannot take the initiative in dating, without losing her self-respect and femininity, must wait until other boys use the fact that there are no strings attached to her. Sometimes it takes months.

So it's up to the girls to take a strong stand on this issue. If she is tactful and honest, it shouldn't ruin the friendship already established.

There are hundreds of other problems that come in from teen-agers. It's partly because they live more intensely than other age groups. But I have found, in working with them on Mind Your Manners, that they are stimulating and exciting.

The program, you know, is one of the few over NBC that doesn't originate in Hollywood, Chicago or New York. MIND YOUR MANNERS, as WTIC, in Hartford, Connecticut, where I also hold down the job of Continuity Director. It was Leonard Patricelli, our producer, that directed me to write for Mind Your Manners and developed it in 1947. I went to work for WTIC the fall of that year and perhaps got the job of moderating the program earlier than other teenage groups.

During the last war, I assisted the noted actor, Maurice Evans, who was then a major in the Pacific directing training camp. The First Lieutenant Civilian Maurice Evans made me his personal manager. Part of the job was to precede his showing of "Hamlet," building up interest in the play. I talked to adults at clubs and luncheons and to students in high school auditoriums. The teen-agers, I found, were frequently more alert and imaginative than their parents. And I think the reason my meetings with teen-agers came off so well is that I realistically worked down to them but treated them as equals—something I learned from my own parents.

From childhood, through grade and high school, and then on to college. I sometimes neglected my studies to work in radio and theater groups but my parents were understanding. Out in the world, I was luckier than most. For, after all, I was one of those privileged few who kept hoping to find work. I had a berth in Summer stock then went into radio, taught drama in a college, back in the state, theater work, all of those hectic years dealing with the insecurity of show business, I had an asset greater than money: it was the confidence and security that my parents had given me as a younger.

I talk about this sometimes with my wife, Margaret, for we have two children whom we hope to raise strong and independent. The world, David, our two-year-old, has a tremendous enthusiasm for getting into things he shouldn't and prefers the electric cars and other child, eight-month-old Martha, has the disposition of an angel but contributes her share of problems.

Our apartment in New York is impossible and the kind of home life we lead. It is furnished for informal, conversational gatherings with our friends. The living room, typical of the restful quality we've tried for, is dark green walls except for one papier in a white cottage print. A few hunting prints I picked up have been framed and hung. The area of your own antiques that we refurnished ourselves.

We'll need a larger home as the children grow. Time passes quickly and it won't be too long before Martha and David are two. We'll have tried for, this dark green wall perhaps, and I'm sure we hope to give them a good, solid environment before they have to contend with adult problems.

The atmosphere in the ward of my own parents is one thing we strive for. My mother and father were practical people with a great deal of common sense. But their finest characteristic was their absolute control of temper. I never saw anything hectic in our family life. There was restraint and patience in their actions. Also my parents had the answer to something that hurts a lot of parents.

"Why do my kids go out so much?" I've heard a father ask. "It doesn't seem that I know as much as I should about my work."

Well, there's an answer to this and it's all in one word: enthusiasm. It's too easy for adults to become irritated at the family life uncontrolled at their children's activities. A mother and father must share the interest of the teen-ager. If you can match the teen-age enthusiasm, you'll find it won't come continually to find someone else to talk to. She may even pay you the greatest of compliments and ask for advice on a problem that you seem too old to face.

No family difference will ever be solved by the parent who makes the issue, "Who's right, me or my child?" Our panel tells teen-agers that no matter how difficult the problem, they should meet their parents halfway. And wise parents will do the same.
To every woman who longs

Don’t keep hiding that charming inner you
The loveliness you show can do more for you than you dream.

In every walk of life you meet them—countless women who feel tethered by long strings of self-doubt.

Yet—no woman needs to live under a self-blighting shadow. You can become a new You—lovely, outgoing, effective!

A limitless power within yourself can help you. This power wells up from the constant interaction of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you look and the way you feel.

Isn’t it true, that when you look charming and lovely and bright, it makes you feel inwardly happy, socially at ease? But—just let yourself think you are not looking your best, and you retreat into a miserable self-consciousness.

Take a New Slant on You!
Resolve, now, to face yourself and your world in a positive way. Use as a starting point a better way of living, based on the laws of health and beauty...exercise to limber you, good sleep, the right food, enough water, and meticulous cleanliness.

Take a New Look at your Face
Look at your skin especially. Nothing quite equals good creaming for giving complexions that soft-and-fresh look. And the “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream (see directions opposite) has a way of doing charming things for your face—for you!

From the Outside—light, fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream thoroughly cleanses, softens your skin as you massage.

From the Inside—every step of this face treatment stimulates circulation.

Every night pamper your face with this Pond’s beauty care. See your skin bloom in fresh new loveliness.

How to Outsmart Dry Skin
Dry skin does most unhappy things to faces. So, take prompt steps to give your face added softening help. From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own softening oil. You can make up for this loss of natural oil by giving your skin extra daily help with Pond’s Dry Skin Cream. This cream

Fascinating, isn’t she, this lovely British Peeress?

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY
Her charming, speaking face is eloquent of the delightful, understanding woman that is her Inner Self. The Marchioness has the loveliest wild-rose complexion imaginable. “I couldn’t do without Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says. “It keeps my skin so clean and soft! It really is delightful.”
to bring out her true self

is very rich in lanolin, and it is homogenized to soak in better. It softens dry, rough skin, amazingly.

A Greaseless Powder Base
If your skin feels "coated" under a heavy foundation—here’s a powder base that is misty-light. Before you make-up, smooth on a thin protective veil of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It disappears instantly, leaving only an invisible film on your skin. No shade problem.

And—a 1-Minute Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream is a swift beauty pick-up. Cover your face (except eyes) with the cream. After 1 minute, tissue all off. See how your skin wakes up!

“One Enchanted Make-Up”
You’ll feel like bursting into song about Pond’s Angel Face—the make-up that’s foundation and powder all-in-one. Angel Face goes on with its own puff—and stays. No greasy fingertips. No water. Never drying. Perfect for your handbag because Angel Face can’t spill. And it comes in 6 angelic shades.

Then, for your gayest salute to loveliness, Pond’s “Lips” of course! The new, improved formula that stays on even longer, makes this lipstick better than ever. 8 flattering shades! Pond’s “Lips” Dither has a spring-pink look you’ll surely love!

"OUTSIDE-INSIDE"
FACE TREATMENT
First great step to a New You

Tear out these easy directions
Tuck up in your mirror frame
Always at bedtime (day cleansings, too) help your face this way—to show a lovelier You:
Hot Stimulation—quick splash of hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream all over face to soften, sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—do another Pond’s creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue again—lightly.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash. So quick! So easy! So wonderfully rewarding!

Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke
All who see her are warmed by the Inner Charm that glows out from her lovely face. Mrs. Duke has the beautifully clear, soft skin that makes you wonder how she cares for it. “I use Pond’s,” she says—“Pond’s has a way of leaving my skin soft and smooth—and wonderfully refreshed.”

Remember—Beauty is a kind of genius to be encouraged in everyone. It’s not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. It makes you reflect a charming confidence, brings others closer to your Inner Self.
think, could someone like Peggy ever know the resigned feeling that comes from facing the reading on the scales.

Seeing Peggy today makes it difficult to believe that she ever was a put-if-off-'til-some-other-day kind of girl. But Peggy was a girl of action and did slough things off. She, the composer of “Manana,” the song which exerts the sleepy way of life, was perhaps her chief perpetrator.

The story begins back in the little farm town of Jamestown, North Dakota and the several similar towns which Peggy came to know and love and in which she lived for a long time. He was a railroad employee and was transferred frequently. But like many another youngster, Peggy, who was born Norma Egstrom, knew that she would need a larger world to fulfill her ambitions.

And though she claims she was never particularly ambitious, Peggy says she should have been hit hard once in her lifetime. “I” meant becoming a top singer.

By selling her graduation watch and riding the railroad on a pass, Peggy set out to follow her girl friend who was working in Hollywood.

Some of her girl friend’s boy friends played in a band. Peggy mentioned she could sing. The boys invited her to try. Expecting, the Norwegian said that a Dakota Norwegian would naturally say “Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie.” Instead, Peggy did a popular number in the manner she was becoming known.

Surprised, the boys pitched in and found her a few jobs. The girls ate again, but the starvation period took its toll. Peggy got sick and had to return to her family to recuperate on good home cooking.

Her next venture was to WDAY in Fargo. It was there Norma Egstrom was booked for the first time as Peggy Lee. Len Kennedy, the station manager, changed her name, coached her and talked a hotel into trying what was for them the radical experiment of having a Peggy Lee singing room. Peggy Lee’s star was rising and it came to rest next over Hotel Radisson in Minneapolis, where she was booked into every top hotel.

Lounge Pierre, ultra smart in a modern decor, was the most beautiful room Peggy had ever seen. She was so overcome she wandered in a daze.

But when the band went on a tour of luxurious resort hotels, and by the time she was booked into the Batterty of the Ambassador West in Chicago, Peggy took the fabulous scene in the same way. When Chicago society gave her a whirl, she enjoyed it, but she didn’t lose her head. She thought her roommate was kiddering her, but she knew she wasn’t.

Goodman had called and wanted to talk to Peggy about a job. Peggy had been thrilled when Goodman came to the Batterty. When Barry had called her attention to him, she said, “They were nice kids, but they were all girl, and they’d stand in the wings gushing ‘Isn’t he handsome!’”

To Peggy, however, his music was more entrancing than his appearance.

She confesses, “I’d find myself running to my dressing room to change the moment I finished my songs so that I could tear back to the stage. I didn’t want to miss a minute of his number.”

Peggy says, “I think I have had many common interests. It was no wonder that when Dave decided to leave the band, he found he couldn’t leave Peggy. They were out shopping one day and then Dave turned to her and said, ‘Let’s get married. Right now.’”

The Barbours settled in Hollywood, trying, like any young couple, to discover what they could do. They came to the strange idea two could live cheaper than one.

Dave was sweating it out via the joint route. Peggy wasn’t working at all.

She was busy being Mrs. Barbour.

But Peggy was still gazing jealously at her status housewife. When their daughter Nicki was born, she decided she would be only Mrs. David Barbour and just let anyone try to change her mind.

But an artist of the stature of Peggy Lee can’t just drop out of sight. She rejected one booking after another, but once in a while there would be an offer just too good to turn down. The strange thing kept happening. Together, Dave and Peggy wrote “It’s a Good Day,” “Golden Earrings,” and the sensational “Manana,” which sold two million records.

But Peggy and Dave had lost the thrill when Dave became seriously ill. When doctors told her he was going to die, Peggy went nearly mad with grief and self-reproach. She thought of all the things she might have done for Dave and primarily she thought of the bookings which occasionally had taken him away from her. She was afraid his physician. She wanted to know if Dave would have been happier if she had stuck to her original resolve and never sung another note in public.

Determined to make amends, she took to reading and studying. With her talent, she must have some outlet for it, or it damns up inside her. You happen to be able to sing. If you had quit entirely you could have become something else. Dave couldn’t live without you.”

Peggy pondered his words. They gave her comfort but they took a couple years to sink in. Almost miraculously, Dave recovered his health. The Barbours went on in their normal way, but there was still a jarred line of conflict between Mrs. David Barbour, housewife, and Dave, and it wasn’t until Carlos Gastel, con-

Utilizing Peggy didn’t say much, but she took a good long look in the mirror. Carlos’ crack about being thick in the hips had stung. She stepped on the scale. She brought the scales open. She didn’t like the reading.

She admitted she had been letting herself go. Her face was unlined, her pale hair was as blonde as ever, she was prettier than Peggy, but she had to admit she was getting old. She was getting old because she was thinking old.

Peggy remembered a sentence from her book. “Only one thing can cause you to grow old—your failure to make adjustments to life.” Peggy set out to make those necessary adjustments.

She went to see her doctor for a complete physical examination. It was time she did, she discovered, for there had been an upset in her body chemistry. “Women could never forget it, but if we never went to the doctor, we never knew it.”

Peggy had no exotic Hollywood miracle. Down-to-earth Peggy decided to walk.

The simple regimen which peeled excess pounds also put Peggy in smoother curves in the right places, but Peggy insists the mental effect was most important. “I got the most wonderful, clear-headed feeling. I began getting brand new ideas about everything from recipes to ways to sing a song. I hadn’t realized until then how dull I must have been.”

Peggy Lee dull is something even her best friends can’t imagine, but they do admit that with the training program Peggy took on a brighter sparkle.

Peggy says that getting out of a rut can be an attractive thrill. She points out that since she went to work turning manana into today, she has felt happier, as well as looked prettier. Peggy did not have to be taught how to relax. A few minutes of lying down with eyes and forehead covered with witch hazel pads substituted for hours of sleep. Peggy needed only a rigorous schedule, but she thrives on it.

The lovely songstress emphasizes, however, that her years of being strictly confined to the home made her need the calm outlook which came with letting herself go, “just a teency bit.” She needed the satisfaction of running a household in a manner which pleases the man she loves, and she needed the deep emotional experience of having a baby and seeing that infant turn into a very charming person who is growing up before her eyes.

These things are the solid foundation for the “new” Peggy Lee.

And the payoff—well, more could a singer ask than to be teamed this season with the Old Master, himself. Peggy Lee swings out on the air these days with Bing Crosby. Not bad for a girl who once thought manana would take care of everything.
When a Girl Marries
(Continued from page 43)

Why don't you just consider the days when you invite your mother-in-law to dinner as a kind of bonus-vacation for yourself—sit back, relax, and let your husband's mother do the work, as long as she seems to want to! Believe me, this is a very small mother-in-law fault, indeed. I wish that you could read some of the letters that come to me, learn what some young wives have to bear in the way of jealousy, fault-finding and nagging from their husbands' mothers. Just think of mother-in-law's visits as days on which you will have less to do, and you'll find yourself looking forward to them.

Dear Joan Davis:
I have been married seven months. My husband is one of the best. Recently I have found myself greatly interested in another man. He calls once a week. It just makes me feel so bad to think of hurting my husband, but what can I do? We were married very young—I was nineteen and my husband was twenty. The first three or four months I was contented but now I find myself taking my husband for granted—maybe you would call it taking advantage of him. I am in love with my husband, but is it possible to love two men at once? What shall I do?

Mrs. D.E.

Dear Mrs. E.:
I'm afraid I must agree that I would call it exactly what you suggested in your letter—taking advantage of the husband who loves and trusts you. I will admit that nineteen is young, yes—but you are not a child, and you certainly are old enough to behave in a less childish way. Marriage, my dear, is not all fun and laughter and sweetness and light; it settles down, as does anything worthwhile, to a workable routine, after the honeymoon is over. And believe me, it would be unbearable if this were not true—wouldn't you sicken of a diet of chocolate cake with whipped cream, nothing else to eat, day in and day out, for the rest of your life? Here is what I suggest that you do—tell this other man to get out of your life. Never see him again. Resolve to act like a grown woman who is old enough and responsible enough to be a wife; resolve to give your marriage a chance to grow with you, to become, as it can be, the most perfect relationship in the world. If you are bored with your marriage, seek for the reason in yourself—boredom usually comes from within, not without!

Here is a problem which a worried father, Mr. R. M., finds himself unable to solve alone. What is your advice to him? Your letter may earn $25.00.

Dear Joan Davis:
My wife and I adopted her friend's little girl eighteen years ago, and raised the girl as our own, never telling her that we were not her real parents. Some time ago my wife died. Now I find that I am in love with the girl's real mother, and want to marry her. When I told my adopted daughter that I was going to marry again she was enraged, and is still very angry with both of us. I feel bad and her mother feels worse. Dare we tell her that her mother is alive, that this woman I want to marry is her real mother, that she is an adopted child at this late date? What is the best thing to do?

Even if your washer isn't the newest model, you'll get new pleasure from it if you start using Fels-Napthta Soap Chips—right away.

The extra washing action contained in every box of husky, non-sneeze Fels-Napthta Soap Chips will help your washer do more than save washday time and work. Your Fels-Napthta washes will be so clean and white and sweet you'll almost think you have a new machine.

For the washing surprise of your life—get some Fels-Napthta Soap Chips today!
$1000 in CASH for naming this NEW magazine

51 CASH AWARDS GRAND PRIZE—$500.00
50 "Honorable Mention" Awards of $10.00 Each
Grand Total $1,000.00 in cash!

Here's a brand new magazine soon to go on the presses. This new magazine will be a magazine like none other you ever saw, jammed full of facts and enjoyable reading about just one thing—your mealtime problems. Think of it, a whole magazine devoted to the biggest job women have—of preparing interesting, healthful meals for those we love.

It has EVERYTHING—this new magazine—except a name—and that's where you come in! Fifty-one cash prizes await the smart homemakers who send in the best suggestions for a name.

Of course, we can't use the name of any magazine which is already published—or any name too similar. But just think for a moment and any number of titles come quickly to mind—"Good Eating," "Good Food," "Good Cooking," "Home Cooking"—for example (but don't send these in—we've already thought of them).

Just read below the description of the new magazine and tell us what you think it should be called. Send in your suggestion and a short letter—up to 25 words—as to why you picked that particular name.

HERE'S ALL ABOUT THE NEW MAGAZINE:

If you want to find real pleasure in your own kitchen—if you want the job of preparing tempting meals that will please your family, exciting new dishes that will amaze your friends, if you want relief from the daily burden of answering the question, "What are we having for dinner tonight?" ... you'll be delighted with this excitingly different new magazine.

Devoted exclusively to making your kitchen a wonderful place, this as yet unnamed magazine has:

- Taste-tantalizing recipes
- Favorite foods of famous personalities
- Menus for every day in the month
- Foods of the month (best buys in the market)
- Recipes for children
- Limited diets made interesting
- Easy to follow chef's recipes
- Table settings for glamorous dining
- Just married cookery
- Lunch box magic
- Regional recipes from everywhere
- Grandma's private cook book
- Gorgeous Pictures—Fact Features—Helpful Charts

HOW TO WIN:

1. Send your name and tell in 25 words or less why you think it fits the new magazine.
2. Print or type your entry clearly.
3. The contest is open to everyone in continental United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and their families.
4. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., whether used or not, and none can be returned. The publishers reserve the right to name the magazine, regardless of the prizes awarded.
5. Winners will be announced in the September issue of this magazine. Officers of Macfadden Publications, Inc. are the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
6. Contest closes May 1st. Only entries postmarked on or before that date will be considered.
7. In case the same name is submitted by two or more entrants, the best letter in the opinion of the judges shall be decided. Duplicate prizes awarded if judging of letter results in tie.
8. Address your entry to Contest Editor, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Contest Editor
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
205 East 42nd Street—Dept. RM4
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: My suggestion for naming the new magazine is ____________________________ I enclose a letter stating in 25 words or less why I believe this name should be used.

MY NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________

CITY STATE ____________________________

80
Captain Video

(Continued from page 56)

that brings the farthest stars into focus. And the Astra-View Camera, a pocket-size marvel, that snaps pictures and prints them simultaneously.

Waiting on a nearby set is a super-jet, faster than any plane ever flown. But, perhaps most important of all, is the Remote Tele-Carrier, a beam that can span incredible distances across our own Far West. Thus the Captain can see, at any moment, what his trusted agents are accomplishing against the bands of masked bandits.

Oddly enough, these special agents don't hold with any of the Captain's inventions. Just give them a fast horse and a couple of six-shooters and they'll fall any villains that cross their trail, just like the heroes of TV Western movies.

Captain Video was first an idea in the mind of James L. Caddigan, program director for DuMont. In an atomic age, he reasoned, why not give the kiddies their own atomic entertainment mingled with clips from Western movies. Horses and horsepower, as it were! Getting together with writer M. C. Brock, who was responsible for the scripts of Dick Tracy, they set out to pick a Captain.

They found their man in stage and radio actor Richard Coogan, who was playing on Broadway opposite Mae West in "Diamond Lil." Richard is tall, good-looking, and has an authoritative voice. He is happily married, has an attractive wife and a little son, Rick, Jr., who is a little under a year old.

Sometimes when Richard is walking their black cocker spaniel Shadow, boys and girls waylay him in the street and ask to be taken to Captain Video's "laboratory." "How do we get up there?" they ask, breathlessly, remembering the program's opening shots of great mountain peaks. "Do we go by jet or helicopter?" They beg for plans of the Captain's latest inventions so they too can ride out into space. To all of which Coogan answers, "The FBI won't allow me to reveal any of my secrets," leaving them shaking their heads understandingly.

On the screen this is tense drama that leaves youngsters wide-eyed with excitement until the next installment. At rehearsals, however, there's a complete absence of tension and do-or-die attitude, although lines and business have to be learned in a matter of hours each day. Actors roll off their lines about setting "time elementation," "automatic interrupters," and "remote carriers" with ad lib aside of their own.

"The part I really take seriously is the influence Captain Video has on the kids who watch it," Richard Coogan says. "A few parents have said they think the show gets a little violent at times, but I think we do the kind of thing that kids have to get out of their systems, one way or another. It's really a magic world that we create for them and I think they recognize it as such.

"And you know what? The fathers in my neighborhood used to take their children to a nearby bar and grill to see Captain Video, whenever they had time. The owner would stop serving any drinks that half-hour. And what happened then? A lot of families got television sets, just so father wouldn't miss the Captain's latest adventure in Electroniland."

It's here! New Drene Shampoo with Beauty Conditioner

Now! For Natural Sheen, Natural Softness,
Don't Just "Wash" Your Hair—Condition it with New Drene!

What natural loveliness your hair will have when you use this New Drene with beauty conditioning action!

Once you see what it does for you, you'll never be content to "just wash" your hair again. You'll want to condition it with New Drene...condition it to loveliest natural sheen, natural softness. Yes, and all this without the bother of special rinses or lotions! You just shampoo—that's all you do!

New Drene can make these promises because Drene — and only Drene — has this amazing new Beauty Conditioner. It's a cleansing discovery found in no other shampoo—a Procter & Gamble exclusive! Try New Drene today!
My Husband, Ed

(Continued from page 55)

startle and amuse my friends by taking them into that locked room of Ed's. Now, however, I'll never be able to show off the whole array during one visit. Visitors will have to come back.

I think it's important to know that Ed never had a costume manufactured for the mere sake of looking funny. Every piece is actual apparel, used at some period in history. An Arab robe, for instance, was worn long ago by a true son of Allah. The Japanese kimono is a fine example from that Pacific island. He injects his own whimsical humor into all these costumes by choosing ill-fitting, outmoded or incongruous garments that help him carry out his idea of The Perfect Fool, the pathetic little man with a lisp, striving to maintain a ludicrous dignity.

itis favorite, I believe, is an enormous tuxedo coat that fits him like a big sack. He's sentimental about it because it was given to him by his friend, Lew Dockstader.

Maybe you don't know that while Ed's coats and hats change constantly, he clings to one old pair of sailor pants and one pair of size 13 shoes, now forty-three years old. Those shoes are a story in themselves.

Ed was playing Pittsburgh, when he took another one of those strolls down a side street. He spotted a pair of yellowish-tan high buttoned shoes in a store window. They looked so ridiculous that he started to giggle. He bought them for three dollars and fifty cents and wore them in his act that night. When the musicians down in the pit got a look at his feet they let out a howl, and audiences have laughed at them ever since.

They're insured with Lloyd's of London for $5,000 and kept in a safe. If anything I have said here might make you think we live in a gag man's paradise, then I have given you a completely wrong impression. At home we live a quiet, relaxed family life, with my little boy John, and in close relation with Ed's son Keenan and Keenan's wife Betty, and Ed's grandsons Tracy and Ned. I would like to add that Ed and Keenan have a wonderful father-son relationship, based on mutual respect and understanding.

There is a "table" conference on each script on Mondays, rehearsals all day Wednesday and Thursday, with dress rehearsal at 7 P.M. Thursday night. The show is telecast live from Hollywood at 9 P.M. PST every other week now, and is seen by television recording a couple of weeks later in the East and Midwest. It's the first big network television show to originate from Hollywood, so its success has become a matter of civic importance besides personal gratification.

I'm so glad now that he has chosen television because he can be at home and still be working at what he enjoys—making people laugh.

I have heard Ed say that "television is the progress of civilization," and that nothing can stop its development. But if I were to quote him with anything so high-sounding he would giggle and tell me, "You know, that's just silly. Television is just bringing the stage to millions of people and making them enjoy it. Why does it have to be labeled something. Isn't it enough that it makes people a little happier? Isn't it enough just to make them laugh?"
Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 32)

"Big Parade" (John Gilbert and Renee Adoree), "Stella Dallas" (Belle Bennett and Ronald Colman), and Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush?"

In radio, new "Hours" were starting on all sides, mostly sponsored by the set makers—Philco, Victor, Brunswick and Atwater Kent, among others. Before this year, the biggest of the concert and opera stars had been faintly superior to the new medium, but after the great Irish tenor, John McCormack, and the Metropolitan star, Lucrezia Bori, descended to sing on the air in 1925, the ice was broken and the talent on these new programs was wonderful. People who had never heard any opera at all were humming it on farms and in the little towns.

The sale of sets took another giant leap because a wonderful thing had come on the market—the first all electric set. No batteries! A glorious invention! No more worrying about the radio going dead in the middle of the Jessica Dragonette program.

The beautiful Dragonette started this year on WEAF in New York and almost immediately became a sensation. She was known as "Vivian the Cola Girl!" at first, but fans soon discovered her identity and she used her own name on the famous old Cities Service show (which started this year and is still going) and on the Palmolive Beauty Box. This tiny, golden-haired soprano was genuinely shy and retiring and she abandoned with relief a great stage career which was just starting. She had sung the angel in Max Reinhardt's mammoth spectacle, "The Miracle." Stardom was hers for the taking but radio, so dismaying to many performers who missed the stimulus of an audience, was a haven to her. With the exception of solos with symphony orchestras, she made broadcasting her career. It, in turn, made her "the Princess of the American Air."

In 1937, at the height of her popularity, she retired, a casualty of the soap opera. Her salary had climbed to $2,500 a week. Daytime serials were produced for a fraction of that, and were selling mountains of soap. Sponsors found the combination irresistible. No formal explanation was made of her absence from the air, but the fans sensed something wrong and made bitter outcry. For a while, the Jessica Dragonette Club banned all radio until her return, but without success. That is the answer to the question still being asked, "What ever happened to the wonderful Dragonette?"

1929 was a year of stunts with everybody trying to broadcast something for the first time, such as the gong of Big Ben in London as it struck midnight, a bridge game between the New York radio station and a tiny little station in Buenos Aires, and the sound of a baby robin breaking out of the egg. Some fun.

Michael Arlen's The Green Hat was a terrific best seller, but so was Bruce Barton's The Man Nobody Knows. In spite of the frivolous attitude on the surface, people were thinking hard. Everyone was reading, or at least quoting Freud, Jung and Adler. Employers started giving aptitude tests. I.Q. tests were used in countless alert schools. Psychiatry was king. Einstein's theory of relativity was front page news. Science was the only verity

Are you in the know?

If you were stepping into this taxi, should you sit—

- Beside the belle
- On the opposite side
- On your suire's lap

Though a gentleman's place should be on the outside, most times—tain't so in wheel. Stepping into this taxi, you should choose the opposite side, so either squire can sit between you winnin. And when you step out—to a dance, or wherever—cancel calendar "woes," for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives dream-cloud softness that holds its shape. You're at ease! And extra comfortable, with your new Kotex Wonderbelt Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic. (Won't twist, curl or cut!)

How to decide about a Spring suit?

- Buy it and diet
- Pick a pastel shade
- Take a stroll

Does the new narrow skirt defy your figure? If in doubt, stroll around the store. Try sitting; then see the mirror. Budget-wise bunnies shun suits too large or small—or delicate shades that "live" at the cleaner's. (Choose checks; navy; any smart medium tone.) Be perfectly suited, too, as to sanitary protection needs. Decide on the right-for-you Kotex absorbency. Try all 3. More than ever, you'll be glad those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

If you'd stop going steady—

- Start feuds and fightin'
- Send him his class ring
- Tell him your sentiments

Suddenly, your heart—or naggins—tells you the "one and only" deal is not your dish. Yet he doesn't agree. Should you "sledge-hammer" the issue? Or just silently break away? Either! Tell him your sentiments, tactfully. Then no-one's bitter and your rating's still tops. Beware of making enemies . . . and on "those" days be wary of that foe of poise: embarrassment. Kotex defends you, with a special safety center designed for your extra protection!

More women, choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
Far be it from YOU!

If you smoke a lot, why not do this: take advantage of Listerine Tooth Paste's new special formula, especially before any date.

There's reason: mint-cool Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam, a wonderful new-type cleaning ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces... removes yellow tobacco stains while they are still fresh... whisks away odor-producing tobacco debris. Get a tube and "feel that Lusterfoam work"!!

Know they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Two great shows that were to have enormous influence were getting started. The National Barn Dance was under way when it was the oldest continuous hillbilly show, Grand Ole Opry, was making its bow, by accident, in Nashville. The Tennessee mountainians had long made a practice of bringing their guitars and banjos to town on market days and ending the excursion with a dance. The story goes that it was Uncle Jimmy Thomson who found his way to WSM to see for himself how that mysterious new-fangled thing called radio worked, and who asked the question: "Isn't it true that there tin can pump my music right through the mountains thousands of miles?"

George Dewey Hay, the announcer already famous as "The Solemn Old Judge" on WOR, was ordered to answer, "sit down and try it."

It turned into hillbilly jam session, and was a crashing success from the start. Fantastically for their network was ashamed of the show at first, and certain citizens even petitioned to have it taken off the air. They were afraid that four hours of hillbilly music would give the world the wrong idea of their big city. Fortunately, they were overruled, and the show still originates in Nashville, but now from its huge Civic Auditorium that seats four thousand. Musicians consider Grand Ole Opry one of the most valuable cultural contributions radio has made in that its broadcasts have preserved the only genuine folk music we have, with its exception as "just shaking of spirituals and, to a lesser degree, cowboy ballads.

As the fame of the show spread, spectators poured in, bringing old songs that had never been written down, many quaint sayings, and beloved personalities like The Possum Hunters, Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys, Cousin Minnie Pearl, Pap and his Jug Band, not to mention Ramblin' Red Foley, now master of ceremonies, or Uncle Dave Macon who became a star overnight at the age of fifty-seven. It was Uncle Dave who made the classic record "Old Joe Clark" when he was kidded about the funny people from the hills during a trip to New York: "Yes, we got 'em, too, but they don't come in between trips."

What is believed to be the oldest six-day-a-week show still to be heard at its original time and station started this year when The Musical Clock went on the air at 7:15 A.M. It was Bernarr Macfadden's idea. It was then the publisher of a tabloid, The New York Graphic, of True Story Magazine which was to lose itself in a series of famous shows, and of Physical Culture Magazine among others. Macfadden was a leading exponent of exercise and a raw vegetable diet. Maybe he had something to do with the idea of a 

A young Scotman, John B. Gambling, who had served in the British Navy as a wireless operator. He had just joined WOR as an engineer, and until that moment had entertained no idea what is ever of becoming an announcer—but he has been doing the show ever since.

In Chicago, a young couple by the name of John and Nessa, began to do what is believed to be the first show with a continued story of family life. They were a reporter and a girl who was doing The Smith Family, a series of weekly skits, on the side for a much appreciated extra ten dollars a show from WENR. The response was cordial. The Jordans loved the stage, but they began to think that maybe radio had something for a young couple with a family. The idea of Fibber McGee and Molly McVittie was born, though very dimly. It was not to flower until 1935 when Fibber first opened the famous closet door and the resulting crash heralded national fame.

At least 150 of black-faced comedians were starting on WGN the same year. They were called Sam 'n' Henry. You've guessed it. It was Amos 'n Andy getting into the act for a break that was to come in 1929 and was to expand the radio audience as nothing has since.

1926: This was the year that people climbed up on flagpoles, trees, water-towers and other unlikely perches and just sat there for the glory of breaking a record. Valentino died at the age of thirty-one. Scottie was of the Red Sox. In the streets of New York as weeping fans blocked traffic at his funeral, Gilda Gray was doing a naughty new dance called the "shimmy," after she described her technique as "just shaking of my chemise." Ramon Novarro and Frances X. Bushman in "Ben Hur" chalked up the top box office take of any movie of the year. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in "What Price Glory?" that left the heaviest stamp on the year. That film started one saying "Sez you!" and answering "Sez me!"

They also began saying "Yowzah, yowzah," because Ben Bernie, self-styled "The Old Maestro," was taking...
the air by storm as the first band leader to make a big feature of ad libbed wisecracks. His trademark was a cigar. He was never seen without one. He smoked twenty a day and a telling part of his routine was his jaunty handling of a big fat stogie. Many a lesser light has tried to make a cigar take the place of wit since, following the pattern that died with the Old Maestro in 1943.

Over 1,750,000 new sets were sold this year, and people heard the World Series for the first time on a national hook-up—words that were to be heard more and more frequently in connection with special events. The gate for the Dempsey-Tunney fight was nearly two million dollars. You couldn’t get in for love or money but the broadcast went out to all parts of the world that Tunney had won (decision), and the sale of radio sets took another vast leap. Stars appearing regularly began to build up enormous followings.

But the biggest thing by far in 1928 was the formation of the first major network, The National Broadcasting Company. NBC began when the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which until this year had poured money into the operation of radio stations, decided to concentrate on the supplying of long distance lines and to leave the entertainment end of radio to others. Its holdings were huge, but then, so was the opportunity. Four men got together to see what could be done. It was a powerful quartet: Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of General Electric and also of the huge rich Radio Corporation of America; General James G. Harbord, President of RCA; General Guy E. Tripp, Chairman of the Board of Westinghouse; and David Sarnoff, who had risen far and fast and was now Vice-president and General Manager of RCA (remember he was the Immigrant boy who had outlined the fantastic plan of a “radio music-box” in 1915).

Backed by the millions of their various corporations, they formed a new company and cast around for a name. They finally decided on National Broadcasting Company since their ambitious plan was to buy enough stations to take radio to every corner of the nation. They lay down the ground work best prepared by experience to keep this objective in mind, and chose Merlin H. Aylesworth. As Director of the National Electric Light Association, he had visited nearly every town of over ten thousand population in the country and knew first-hand what people all over the country wanted. He became NBC’s first President.

The new network bought WEAF (now known as WNBC) for a million dollars and made it the parent station of the chain that was to grow until today it is a giant of 172 stations.

The first program, broadcast on November 15, 1928, was terrific. It was carried by twenty-four stations and the guess was that it reached ten million people. Astounding! The grand ballroom of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel (where the Empire State Building now stands) was chosen for the inaugural festivities. The audience was admitted by invitation only. It turned out in tails, ermine wraps, evening gowns and jewels as lavish as for the opening of the opera. The show went on the air at 8:05 and lasted until 12:15, and the assembly of talent was staggering.

The New York Symphony was conducted by Dr. Walter Damrosch. The New York Oratorio Society sang. So did Tito Ruffo, Metropolitan star, and


More than ever before in her life, a young wife must realize how important it is to always put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (keeping clean internally), for charm and health—after her periods; that it’s difficult for germs to get a foothold when hygiene is practiced. And she must constantly be on guard against an offense greater than body odor or bad breath—an odor she may not detect herself but is so apparent to other people.

That’s why well-informed women depend on ZONITE. No other liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for this purpose is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE.

A Modern Miracle!
A woman no longer has to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will she rely on weak homemade solutions—none of which has the remarkable deodorizing and germicidal action of ZONITE.

Developed by a famous surgeon and scientist—this ZONITE principle is powerful and effective yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as directed as often as you want without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives both Internal and External Hygienic Protection from Odor ZONITE deodorizes not only just “masking”—it actually destroys, dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances.

Use ZONITE and be assured you won’t offend. And ZONITE has such a soothing effect and promptly helps relieve any itching or burning. ZONITE gives daily external hygienic protection, too, leaving you with such a freshened dainty feeling—knowing that you will not offend. Available at any drugstore.

NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTI-SEPTIC-GERMICIDE TESTED FOR THE DOUCHE IS SO POWERFUL YET SAFE TO TISSUES

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Caesar Sodero led an operatic sextet. Harold Bauer, concert pianist, played and the great comedy team of Weber and Fields did a turn. A dazzling exhibition of remote control was the piping in of George Olsen's dance band from the Hotel Pennsylvania, B. A. Rolfe's band from the Palais D'Or, Ben Bernie from the Roosevelt Grill, Vincent Lopez and his band from the Casa Lopez. While the glittering audience sat on gold chairs looking at an empty stage, Mary Garden, in a new dress and made up so differently, and Will Rogers spoke all the way from his dressing room in Independence, Kansas. What a terrific evening! Who could ask for anything more?

1927: The Jazz Age was working up to its feverish peak. Sober minds were beginning to be worried about the divorce rate, now one in every seven marriages. Some people blamed it on "gin weddings" and many communities passed three-day marriage license laws. Some people blamed it on the new freedom from chaperonage that the automobile had brought the younger generation. Some people blamed it on the movies. Judge Ben Lindsay of Denver had a solution that became the hottest controversy of the year. He advocated the legalizing of birth control and spoke in favor of what he called "companionate marriage," since, he claimed, many young people were practising it anyway. This was true. In spite of the fact that the country was booming, many salaries were low and the list of unemployed was long. Young men and women who could not afford to marry cast aside old standards. More and more girls were speaking frankly among themselves of "going all the way." The air was full of lectures asking "What is our youth coming to?"

On January 1, the Rose Bowl game was broadcast from Pasadena, the first time that a national hook-up had originated from the West Coast. This was such an important novelty that Graham McNamee went out to report the 7-7 tie between Stanford and Alabama. On May 19, Charles Lindbergh put on a sandwich in his pocket, lifted his Spirit of St. Louis off a runway in New York, landed in Paris the next day and a national hero was born. His return was broadcast over the largest network assembled to this time.

Of outstanding importance to the future of radio was the Radio Act of 1927. This was the answer to a crying need. In 1926, the courts had ruled that the government had no right to jurisdiction over the air, and that anyone could use any wave length. It was a matter of months only before public and broadcasters alike set up such a howl of protest that Congress was forced to take action. It gave the President power to appoint the first Federal Radio Commission (in 1934 this became the seven member Federal Communication Commission with even greater powers). Congress was careful to make announcement that the act was in no way intended to limit the freedom of the air, but it did arrange for stations to be assigned positive wave lengths, and it put teeth into the ruling by providing for cancelling of license to broadcast if a station jumped its assigned wave length. Though we have never had government censorship, as such, we shall see how this possibility of loss of license became a not wholly excellent thing in relation to freedom of the air in later years. However, in 1927, it was the best thing that could have happened and everybody heaved a sigh of relief when the FRC began to police the air traffic.

The biggest news of the year happened on January 1. It was the start of CBS. This was wonderful. It begins in 1926 when a convention of broadcasters met in the Astor Hotel in New York. They were desperate men. They were trying to solve the problem of the piracy of wave lengths. Loud was their outcry of grief against each other and against ASCAP.

A paving machinery salesman, George "Coats," was stopping at the hotel. He was fascinated by what he heard in the corridors as the radio men argued their grievances. Suddenly paving seemed an appropriately dull and drab. He began to attend the formal sessions of the convention uninvited. Pretty soon he was moved to make a speech. His theme was "Throw off the yoke of ASCAP!"

ASCAP, you remember, is the American Society of Composers and Publishers. They had been charging a pretty penny for the use of their tunes on the air. This was unbearable, as a matter of fact. Why should the hard work of song writers be free? On the other hand, broadcasters felt that ASCAP asked too much. Each for the songs that stations were forced to play if they were to hold their listeners. They muttered that ASCAP was a highway robber, a rankling thorn, an unbearable monopoly, and they loved what Coats had to say. What an intoxicating idea—to defy ASCAP, even if it wasn't
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NOT JUST A PROMISE . . .
but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 3688 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

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1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
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Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start your Palmolive facials tonight!

Then Hill had the temerity to go a step farther. After the war, women figured in cigarette advertising only to the daring extent of inviting the man in the ad to "Blow some my way," but this year the Lucky Strike girl appeared on a billboard with a cigarette in her own hand!! It was public recognition that nice girls by the hundreds of thousands were smoking.

When the sales of La Palma Cigars plummeted from six million a day to four hundred thousand, the advertising manager of that company grew desperate. This was W. S. Paley, son of the owner. He was twenty-five years old, young enough to try anything, and he sponsored a program on the new network, CBS. After the dulcet voice of a lady called (naturally) La Palma had told stories of fabulous adventures for twenty-six weeks, his cigar sales had risen to a million a day. That convinced young Paley that radio was wonderful. When he heard that CBS needed money, he bought a sizable share of the company. On September 26, 1928, he was elected its president. His new title conferred on him the responsibility for a network of twenty-two stations that was losing close to $400,000 a year. It took heroic efforts on the part of all concerned, but, within the year CBS was out of the red.

The race of the giants was on.

NEXT MONTH
Rudy Vallee becomes a star by accident. Amos 'n' Andy change the routine of the nation. What happened when Paul Whiteman took Bing Crosby to Hollywood.

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My Favorite Husband

(Continued from page 36)

oven; I can get all of Desi’s favorite vegetables; I can get a chicken, or merely the pieces we like. It’s wonderful.

The instant I return Desi presents himself in the kitchen, wearing the famished expression of a small boy threatened with starvation. He needs a prompt cheese sandwich and a giant cup of coffee.

Recently I was discussing my country-side housekeeping with a friend who asked, “But why do you buy new equipment each time?”

This was a sensible question which deserves a sensible answer—which I can’t give. My realistic approach to this situation is stymied by my open-handed husband. Desi always knows someone who needs precisely the things we have purchased.

Desi will say, with logic on his side, “By the time we have shipped those things home, the charges will probably exceed the value of the equipment. Besides, there is a fellow down at the theater—

This fellow will have been the victim of excessive bad luck and will need precisely the things we have for the care of his sick wife. Or sometimes Desi will not give it away, exactly. He will say to the fellow, “Lucy and I have decided that there is no sense in storing this; you use it until we come back.”

When we come back, naturally, the “fellow” has just left for his big break—in Rio de Janiero.

“It isn’t important,” Desi always says. “We have such a nice, well-equipped home in California.”

Our California ranch home pleases us so much that we dislike leaving it. We now have a complete recreation room in a building at some distance from the main house. This game room is large enough to accommodate about fifty people. It’s equipped with a kitchen—in which Desi officiates—a snack bar, two huge window-seat alcoves, a television set, a piano, a phonograph, and a projection room.

Our friends gave us so many copper utensils for Christmas that Desi now has a skillet which will fry a dozen eggs; he owns a vat which will develop arroz con pollo for fifty guests. He has an electric spit on which he can barbecue six chickens at once and a coffee pot with enough capacity to satisfy the Turkish Army on maneuvers. And how he loves to be rushed to death by guests!

Besides liking a generous man, almost every woman in the world yearns to be married to a sentimental man. I’m the woman whose dream came true. Desi is intensely responsive. He knows when I am worried or blue, and does his best—without being obvious—to cheer me up and reassure me.

He is considerate, and—even after nine years of marriage—romantic. Let me show you what I mean. When we became engaged, Desi selected a beautiful aquamarine stone set in platinum and diamonds. On our ninth anniversary Desi gave me an aquamarine brooch, to match my engagement ring.

Desi is sentimental about his Cuban boyhood and heritage. While prowling through a New York shop several years ago, he found a lithograph of the Cuban Revolution. Now it is beginning to look like a refugee from an 1890 calendar,
but to Desi it is a work of art far more 
precious than the paintings in our liv- 
ing room.

Desi's also sentimentally about fam- 
ilies. His idea of the perfect housing 
arrangement would be to have our path 
to serve as a plaza around which were 
grouped the homes of his mother, my 
mother, my brother and family.

Desi loves animals almost as much as 
as admires humankind. At the present 
moment there are four dogs, two kit- 
tens, and a roster of uncoun ted birds in 
residence. Really, that's not many—at 
one time we had twenty cats showing 
up regularly for three meals per diem. 
I'm forever checking our friends in an 

effort to place the orphaned felines in 
creamy situations.

Like most married couples, we have 
o one difference of opinion: Desi is strict- 
ly a child of the tropics. He loves hot 
weather, abhors cold. Personally, I 
like snow. At least once each year, I 
begin to think longingly of the huddled 
silhouettes of evergreen trees and of 
glistening, white-clad mountains.

So we hurry to Big Bear, a resort 
nearly a mile high where the tem- 
perature skids to ten below. As the 
highway and the snowdrifts creep up-
ward, Desi's spirits go down. His dark 
eyes hold the expression of chocolate 
left too long in the refrigerator.

After two days he begins to describe 
Palm Springs in such ecstatic terms that 
agree to leave the snow and frost.

Even when we are at home during 
January and February, Desi and I con-

cflict over the thermostat. The last 
things he does is to put the 
gauge up to the 76 marker. As soon as 
he goes to sleep, I cut it down about 12 
degrees. If Desi awakens in the night 
the gauge mysteriously moves back to 
the 76 level.

But who am I to quibble over such 
very minor defects? My considered 
opinion is this: I may be prejudiced, 
but I think that Desi Arnaz is one of 
the most civilized, gracious and con-
siderate human beings I have ever 
known! Generous, blithe, and talented, 
he is a delight to have around the 
house. I love to be seen out with him; 
I love to stay at home with him. He's 
my favorite husband.

* * *

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE HUSBAND 
— AND WHY?

Surely you have one, whether he's 
your own or a man in the public eye. 
And like Lucille Ball, you know ex-
etly what makes this man so special. 
Lucille and the Editors of Radio 
Mirror are interested in hearing 
about this favorite husband of yours. 
For the best letter telling why he is 
and why he is your favorite, Radio 
Mirror will award $25.00, and Gen-
eral Foods, sponsor of the My Fa-
vorite Husband program, will award 


case of Jell-O. Writers of the five 
next best letters each will receive 
$5.00 and a case of Jell-O. Winners 
will be announced both in Radio 
Mirror and on My Favorite Husband 
cometimes in the fall after the show 
returns from summer vacation. Let-
ters should be limited to 100 words 
or less and postmarked no later than 
night April 15. Address your let-
ter to Lucille Ball, c/o Radio Mirror, 
205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y. 
Lucille and the Editors of Radio 
Mirror will be the sole judges. No 
letters can be returned. All letters 
should be accompanied by this notice.

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FACTS ABOUT TOOTH DECAY

There are many possible causes of tooth decay—and just as many theories about preventing it. Almost all dental authorities agree that there is no such thing as a single preventive.

Most of the present theories about causes of tooth decay can be grouped generally as follows:

1. Bacterial theory.
2. Nutritional theory.
3. Functional theory.

Obviously no dentifrice can overcome possible nutritional and functional causes which may be the most important and which have to do with such factors as improper diet, especially in the early years of life, and with improper functioning of the bodily organs.

Dentifrice manufacturers and pharmaceutical institutions like Squibb have made available products which attack cause number 1, the bacterial theory.

Squibb uses a magnesium hydrate base in dentifrices to help neutralize mouth acids in which harmful bacteria thrive. Some use ammoniated substances to combat these bacteria. There is no conclusive proof that one method is more effective than the other.

Almost without exception, however, dentists recommend brushing teeth regularly with some form of dentifrice after every meal. For even though all do not feel that a dentifrice can help prevent decay, they know that dentifrices have other important functions . . . to improve the appearance of your teeth . . . to clean away food particles . . . to freshen your taste and breath. Squibb, for example, contains real mint as a refresher. It also contains the finest, safest polishing ingredient known. Purity and safety, of course, are of utmost importance. Squibb Dental Cream, if swallowed, has a gentle antacid effect.

Remember . . . a good, reliable dentifrice may combat only one of the several possible causes of tooth decay. Seeing your dentist regularly for a complete check-up is still the best way to save yourself needless trouble, pain and expense.

E.R. SQUIBB & SONS
The priceless ingredients of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

Here Is My Husband (Continued from page 35)

on him. Eddie loves music, I found out. Classical, jazz, folk, any music that is a real expression of a person or a country.

I was very happy about that because I shared his feelings completely. Then we talked about traveling, and I discovered that he had seen a great deal of the United States, Mexico, and had been all over Europe with his father. We had read and loved all the same books, too, it seemed. It was like taking up a conversation with someone close to you whom you hadn't seen in a long time.

Well . . . so far, so good, you will say. Things like that do happen. You do meet people with whom you have many interests in common. But will you explain to me why it was that when he spoke about sailing with a faraway, sea-going look in his eyes, I chimed in with appropriate little sighs and noodings of the head? Me! The closest I'd ever been to sailing boats was watching them glide and dance in the sparkling black and white waves of the screen at the newsreel theater. Having spent much of my time in New York, I think the most fresh air I'd ever breathed was the air conditioning of the Waldorf-Astoria! So why did the idea of sailing suddenly seem the most glorious and exciting notion in the world? I'd never been on a boat. I can't even swim!

I didn't misrepresent, mind you. I didn't say that I had ever gone sailing. Or spent my life in the out-of-doors. Or that my idea of a glorious vacation would be to handle my own schooner, by myself, up through Cape Hatteras. But I did an awfully good job of looking interested. I must have, because before lunch was over Eddie had asked Jerry and me to go sailing with him the next Sunday.

We didn't go sailing that Sunday. I caught a terrible cold—probably on purpose, not wanting to take the chance of getting seasick the second time we met. But we did see each other. Always the three of us, Eddie wasn't the kind of fellow you'd call a “date” in the usual sense of the word.

We went to all manner of out-of-the way places and did interesting things. As for me, I welcomed the three of them not only because Jerry is one of my favorite people, but because I had very mixed feelings (well . . . maybe they weren't so mixed after all)! On the one hand I found Eddie one of the nicest—in fact, the nicest—man I'd ever met. I enjoyed being with him, and was fascinated by all the things I began to find out about him. On the other hand, way down deep, I had the feeling for the first time in my life that I could really fall in love. And this I didn't want.

Why? Many reasons. Main one, I guess, was that I was afraid of falling in love. (Wasn't I silly)! So . . . as long as it was the three of us and we could talk and laugh and settle the problems of the world, it was stimulating and fun and I was having a wonderful time.

It was during these evenings that I began to learn about Eddie and I began to understand what Jerry meant when he said, “Everyone likes him but most people can't figure him out.” I could see why this might be true.

Here was an actor who when quite young made a great hit in his first stage role, “Brother Rat.” I was out of that to another success, another personal hit, in “Room Service,” also on the stage. From there he was signed to a motion picture contract in Hollywood and started out very auspiciously, repeating his big success in the film version of “Brother Rat.”

When I first met Eddie he had made some very good pictures and some not very good ones. But in all of them he had good reviews and seemed to be making many friends among movie audiences. He had a lovely car, a nice house with a glorious view, the best possible record-changing machine, all the records he could want, books . . . and yet, why couldn't he stay put? No one could understand, for instance, why this successful young Hollywood actor should spend a well-earned vacation traveling and working with a circus that toured tiny Mexican towns. But when he told us the story, Jerry and I could see why very well. Here's how it happened.

Eddie was talking with Blackie Escalante, the day we were working with him on a picture. The conversation turned to circuses, and Blackie mentioned that he was an aerialist, one of the famous Escalante family. Eddie was tremendously impressed.

“Gee, that's wonderful, Blackie! You know, I've always been crazy about the circus. Matter of fact, I would have...
liked to be in one.” Then Eddie went on about what fun it must be, setting up the tents, feeding the animals, marching in the parade, warming up for the performance.

“Yeah, Eddie, but it’s a lot of work, too,” Blackie put in, “A lot of work.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t mind that. Especially if it was a small circus where the performers had fun together, where you go to little places and it’s a great day for the kids from nine months to ninety years, when word gets around that the circus is in town!”

Blackie grinned at his enthusiasm.

“Well, what’s holding you up?” he wanted to know. “Come with us.”

Eddie looked at him. “All right!” And then, “But what can I do? I don’t want to go along just as excess baggage. What can I do?”

Blackie thought a minute. “Be an aerialist.”

“Think I could?”

“Sure, it’s easy!”

So that was how Eddie happened to tour through the small towns of Mexico with a circus. (Blackie told me afterwards that he got to be a darn good aerialist, for a beginner.) Such small towns, they were, that sometimes they couldn’t get electricity for the evening shows and a lot of kids would climb the poles and hold torches aloft for the performance.

Much too soon for me the time came when I had to return to New York. The evening that was to be our last date, Jerry couldn’t come along. So Eddie and I had dinner together. It was terrible. Neither one of us said anything.

After dinner Eddie finally found something to say. “Would you like to hear some music?” he asked.

“That would be wonderful,” I told him. I was never more in earnest. I was terrified by this sudden lack of words between us. We would go to some gay place and dance, I figured. So off we went. Soon I realized that we were winding our way up hills. The wonderful scent of the mimosa was all about us and the stars grew clearer and lovelier as we left the bright lights behind.

Presently we reached the top of a hill still in silence. The view was glorious. Then I noticed a house, a lovely house.

“Whose house is this?” I managed to ask.

“Mine,” he answered.

“Oh,” I said. “Oh.” Then I swallowed. When I could speak again I croaked, “I thought we were going to hear some music?” I tried to make that sound jaunty. It didn’t.

“We are,” he answered quietly. And what do you think? That’s exactly what we did—we listened to music for a long, lovely evening!

On the way home Eddie spoke seriously to me. But you wouldn’t want to hear about that. It was the kind of talk that only interests the interested parties.

The next day he saw me off at the station and I remember saying to myself that that was the happiest time I had ever had, and I was grateful for it. But it had been so perfect and I was so intent on not leaving myself open to a heartbreak that I talked myself into believing I’d never hear from Eddie again.

Surprise! The first thing I saw when I entered my New York apartment was a lovely basket of flowers. I knew at once Eddie had sent them. Knew it and was glad.
**ONLY NEW ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!**

1. Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
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6. New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or hardens in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
7. Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

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The deodorant without a doubt

**GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!**

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

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**The Life of a Glamorous Woman Reporter!**

Listen to "Wendy Warren and The News"
Monday through Friday CBS Stations
Check Paper for Time

Read the news of women today in "Woman's World"
reported by Wendy Warren each month in TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine now at newsstands.
work, and Eddie was being sent to Washington, we would be married in the East. We talked about what we were going to do, and Eddie said how eager he was to get back to his work. He was raring to go. But he also spoke very earnestly about something else he wanted to do. He told me he wanted to make educational films.

Eddie has produced several educational films since our marriage. Two of them are my own favorite. The first, "Human Growth," was sponsored by the E. C. Brown Trust and the University of Oregon. The second, "Human Beginnings," is just being completed. The research, script and technical supervision on these two films is the work of Dr. Lester F. Beck, Department of Psychology, University of Oregon. These two films were made to help children understand their growth, and to inspire an attitude of understanding from the adult to the child and of confidence in the child toward the adult.

Eddie worked very hard on these two pictures. But it was worth it. The approval of the immense majority of parents, religious leaders and specialists in the field of child study, has been very gratifying. But to me, most exciting of all is the reaction of the children.

All this time, of course, Eddie was acting in pictures in Hollywood. The last was "You Gotta Stay Happy" with Joan Fontaine and Jimmy Stewart. When it was finished he came to New York to appear in Irving Berlin's show "Miss Liberty." Now, though he loves the show and it is going stronger than ever, he has to leave it. He is due back in Hollywood to co-star with Lucille Ball in "The Fuller Brush Girl."

Several months ago Eddie started his own radio show over NBC in the mornings (in his spare time) and I think he's gotten more personal pleasure out of the program than almost anything he has ever done. The main reason is the letters he receives—much wonderful letters. Eddie reads every one of them and if sometimes there is a delay in answering them it is because he does the answering himself, always.

You are probably wondering what Eddie and I have for fun, for being together. Actually we have fun all the time because we enjoy what we are doing, and we try to work together as much as possible. Then, every so often, we just steal time. I've been noticing that faraway, sea-going look in his eyes of late. We plan to take some time off when he finishes the picture with Lucille Ball, you see . . .

We'll get on our sailing ketch and sail to Catalina, to Emerald Bay, to Fisherman's Cove. When we find just the place we like we'll weigh anchor. Eddie will swim. I will lie on the warm deck with the sun on my back. Come dinner time we'll hang out right out of the sea, and big salads, and cheese. Then we'll sit on deck and look up at the mast with all the stars clustered around it, looking down like a Christmas tree. We'll sit there and think about how lucky we are, and how hard we have to try to be good people in order to deserve all our blessings.

It won't be very long before I'll hear Eddie say, "You know, I have an idea for the radio show. See what you think." That will mean that we are on our way back to our work.

As I re-read this, it seemed to me to convey the fact that I'm stuck on my husband. Well, I guess it just couldn't help showing through in the writing, because I am. Indeed I am!
A Stranger At My Side

(Continued from page 63)

Did you know that Tampax provides monthly protection without any need for belts, pins or external pads? Did you know that Tampax is worn internally and that the wearer cannot even feel its presence? Did you know that Tampax can be used by both married and unmarried and is very popular in girls' colleges? Did you know that Tampax need not be removed during tub or shower — nor while in swimming? Did you know that Tampax cannot cause odor or chafing and is easily disposable? Did you know that Tampax is made of pure absorbent cotton and has so much less bulk than external pads? Did you know that Tampax was invented by a doctor and comes in patented disposable applicators?

Buy Tampax at drug or notion counter in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). A month's average supply will slip into your purse and provide you with a new peace of mind. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Do you have a kindly heart?

Or, do you KNOW someone whose good works and unselfishness deserve recognition? You can tell about it AND win a valuable prize on

"ladies be seated"

Monday—Friday ABC Stations

JOHNNY OLSEN, M.C.

For details of "The Kindly Heart" contest, read TRUE ROMANCE magazine now at newstands!
Dr. Browne had come. At least she would have had somebody to talk to.

Old Dr. Browne . . . it made Anne uneasy to think about him. He was Jerry's associate, assistant really, at the Institute, and she had discovered thankfully that he was someone she could really like. She'd mentioned it while they were dressing, but Jerry had shaken his head.

"Browne won't be here," he had said. "Oh, I'm sorry. He's not ill, is he? He does seem frail." Jerry didn't answer, and after a moment she said, "Jerry? You didn't hear me—I asked if Dr. Browne was ill?"

"I heard you," Jerry said. He frowned at the handkerchief he was folding, and didn't look at Anne when he spoke. "It's a queer thing and I for one don't get it yet, but Browne never does come to a social event here. He's not part of the circle, you might say."

Anne said, "Not part of Lucia Standish's circle, you mean."

"Well, she certainly has no use for him." He stumbled over his next words and brought them out with heightened color in his face. "So I—I wouldn't talk too much about him or—show too much interest."

Abruptly Anne took her mind off Jerry, and forced a smile. This was a party, and she was behaving insufferably, sitting in a corner pouting like a sulky wallflower. She stirred, started to get up, and saw that she was too late. Lucia Standish was coming to her.

"I'm upset about you," she said. "Jerry tells me no luck yet in the house-hunting department. Where are you two nice people going to live?"

"Three, please," Anne said swiftly. She lowered her eyelids to hide her sudden anger. Lucia knew perfectly well that Jerry had a child! She must! "Where do all these people live?" she asked. "Surely there must be room for one more small family?"

"They've been here so long," Lucia reminded her sweetly. "They're part of the town. Insiders can always get along here. But the newcomers . . ." she shrugged. Then her eyes lighted.

A feeling of almost morbid dread clutched at Anne's heart. "You've thought of something?"

"What a fool I am!" Lucia breathed. "I've got the very thing! Why didn't I—excuse me, I'm going to just ask Jerry—and she was gone. The dread remained with Anne as Lucia skillfully cut Jerry out of a group and herded him into a corner, talking intimately and vivaciously, her head close—too close—to his dark, crisp hair. It formed into words that tolled like a knell against her heart. Lucía wants Jerry tolled the bell. Lucía wants Jerry and I can't stop her.

Many times in the months that followed, Anne had questioned herself. Was it her very sureness that had precipitated the end? Had she been looking so morbidly for trouble that she might have invented it?

But how else could she have acted? You didn't stand by and let another woman give your husband a twenty thousand dollar house. Not when the woman was attractive, unattached, interested in your husband—and already had too powerful a hold on his life.

Jerry had said in exasperation, "But Anne, this house is perfect and Lucia's willing to lend us what we need for the down payment. What more can we expect?"

"Jerry, Jerry—you know that house is worth five times twenty thousand dollars! It's Lucia's property, it must
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Have You Heard?

JOAN LANSING

Variety's the spice of life... and the American Broadcasting Company's putting plenty of that variety into the programs designed for our daytime listening. Yes, ma'am, those ABC people are doing right well by us with morning and afternoon programs that rate for great entertainment.

Why I'm just about ready to bounce the dishes right off the table when dandy DON McNEILL and "THE BREAKFAST CLUB" start me marching around the breakfast table. Then on to "MY TRUE STORY" (with a complete story every day)... followed by BETTY CROCKER'S home and food hints on her famous "MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." For fine nutrition and health commentary there's VICTOR H. LINDLAHR, an outstanding expert on food and diet. A little later in the morning there's BILL CULLEN'S "QUIZ AS A FLASH" and immediately thereafter, "LADIES BE SEATED" with JOHNNY OLSEN—two programs that keep the girls (and me) jumping with joy. Then in the afternoon things really start perking again when JOHN NELSON chimes in with "BRIDE AND GROOM" and the wonderful WALLER KIERAN drops over with his "ONE MAN'S OPINION." See what I mean about variety on ABC?

Of course, there are the "thrillers"... such as "HANNIBAL COBB" (hey, ABC, having a half-hour mystery series right smack in the middle of the afternoon—2:30 EST—is a slick bit of hit programming) and the kids' delights... the mighty "CHALLENGE OF THE YUKON," "GREEN HORNET," dashing "JACK ARMSTRONG" and "SKY-KING." The kids tell me there's nothing better than that 5-6 P.M. (EST) "Adventure Hour" for excitement and thrills.

All of which brings me right back to the original fact of the matter—the American Broadcasting Company (through your local ABC station) makes daytime listening real gay-time listening. Drama, mystery, music, romance, quizzes, comedy, news and views, health and harmony... these and many more are in store for your leisure-pleasure during the day on ABC. It kind of makes your housework seem lighter and go faster when you're really enjoying something on the radio. At least, that's the way I feel... so...

Here's a coast-to-coast toast to variety and fun—ABC had great daytime entertainment for everyone!
Here's how to take the worry out of child care

It's not a simple job to raise a healthy, happy baby. When baby is cranky and irritable you fret and worry—and then you can't do a good job. But if you can have expert advice, available at all times, you know what to do and you eliminate worry.

Your baby may have his own doctor, but there are many ways in which you can help him by knowing how to handle the many everyday problems that constantly confront you.

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You will be interested to know how Dr. Dafoe answers the breast-fed versus bottle-fed baby problem. Or how Dr. Dafoe gets the fussy child who won't eat vegetables or drink milk to take these necessary foods—and relish them! Then there is the question of the afternoon nap...and the child who won't take it. Dr. Dafoe's sound method for solving this complaint is amazing. And if you follow the doctor's tricks for training in toilet habit, you'll save yourself no end of time and work.

Then Dr. Dafoe gives you valuable suggestions for preventing diphtheria, infantile paralysis, smallpox, scarlet fever, tuberculosis and other common ailments. He also discusses the nervous child, the shy child as well as jealousy in children.

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It is your duty as a mother to read as much about babies as possible—and to learn what makes them "tick." With Dr. Dafoe's book close at hand, you can face each day with greater confidence and assurance. The price of this helpful book is only 50¢ postpaid—while they last. Don't wait another minute—mail coupon for your copy—today.

Contents: About Quintuplets—Twins and Premature Babies...The Newborn Infant—How It Should Be Fed...Feeding the Growing Baby...Sleep—How Much a Child Needs...Early Training in Toilet Habits...Growth of the Child...Sunshine and Vitamins...Clothing and Health...Summer Care and Feeding...Guarding Against Illness and Injuries...When the Child Is Backward or Nervous...One to Five-Year Olds—Care and Growth...Training Hints as Child Grows Up.

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Anne knew the answers to all her questions. There was no confusion, any longer, for her. But could she make Jerry see what was now so frighteningly clear—that he could not retain his self-respect either as a person or as a doctor if he stayed here as a courier in Lucia Stanich's little kingdom? She could make him see it. She must. It was the only chance... A merciful light-handedness took possession of Anne next morning when she went through the Institute's great metal doors. It was due to nervousness, but she was grateful for it anyway, for it prevented thought and kept her going. It seemed only a moment before she stood at the door marked "Director, Private." She tapped and almost before the answering "Come in" she had entered and closed the door behind her.

The room swam before her. She was dimly aware of dark walls, deep carpet beneath her feet, a heavily draped window behind a massive, gleaming expanse of desk. It seemed a long time before her eyes came into focus, and she saw, sitting behind the desk, his eyes wide and startled... Jerry.

For a long minute they stared at each other. Then Jerry rose and came stiffly around the desk. Why is he walking so slowly? she thought. But of course he wasn't, it was only her light-headedness that made it all so dream-like... she reached out her hands slowly, and touched his. Then he took her in his arms. He there. It was real, not a dream.

"Anne," he said. "Anne."

She tried to nod, pressed her cheek against his, and pulled away, tension escaping in a sound that was no more a giggle, "Well, yes, it is Anne," she managed. "Except I feel so queer I can't be sure. Don't you?"

Jerry nodded. "Elevators in any stomach. Darling, I—I ought to beat you. Why on earth didn't you let me know? If it hadn't been for Browne telling me this morning..."

"I know. I hoped he'd warn you. I just—I somehow couldn't that far ahead."

She put her hand on his shoulder and searched his face. "I'd have found you if you hadn't been here."

It was cool. Very nice, course. Jerry dear—all wives come equipped with that sixth sense about their husbands, didn't you know?

Jerry's eyes Closed, and Anne's heart gave a sudden bound above it. He said quickly, "Lucia, you and Anne know each—oh, of course you do. Give me a minute to get myself organized here."

The high back of her chair had hidden Lucia from Anne's first dazed look around the room. Now she rose and faced Anne, smiling cordially. "I forgive you for startling us, even if Jerry doesn't," she said, taking Anne's hand. "Maybe now we can get some work out of him. He's been moaning around like a lovesick schoolboy."

There was an intimacy in the way she said "Jerry" that brought a flush to Anne's face. She tried with sudden tight lips to return the smile, but her hand in Lucia's was icy. But Lucia talked on with a cordiality that seemed very honest. They must see a great deal of each other this time; the Malones must come for dinner, a cocktail party—"Oh, have lunch with me now," she added impulsively. "It's almost twelve. We'll celebrate!"

Oh, no! Anne thought desperately. Not these few last moments. I must have Jerry to myself. We've got to have time to establish contact again, we've got to be alone... her eyes sought Jerry's almost pleadingly. He took her hand and said easily, "Well, thanks a lot, Lucia, but I think..."

The eagerness faded from Lucia's face. "Of course, that was thoughtless of me. You'll want to talk. We'll make it later on. I'll ring you at your hotel, Anne." He gave her a skirt against her trim legs as she went quickly to the door. "See you later, Jerry," she said, and again there was a shade of difference in her tone when she spoke to him. She waved and went out.

Jerry frowned slightly at the closed door. "She's hurt, I guess," he muttered. "But it was a stupid thing to say... Anyway she won't see me later—we're getting out of here, going somewhere where we can get a look at each other. Oh Anne, darling. It's been so long. When Anne put her hand gently over his mouth. "Not here. I've got to get some food inside me or I'll fade away from sheer excitement. We can talk afterward—talk a whole year's worth."

Oddly, though, they didn't do much talking. They went to a small, austere-looking place where the women wore hats such as Anne had never seen before, and several years ago, a Geraldine Jerry by name. And they found they couldn't do much eating either. They looked at each other and laughed and every now and then without cause, and finally Jerry drained his coffee and pushed his dessert plate away.

"We went out into a damp, foggy afternoon and walked in silence, arm in
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and limp, she pushed her hair and stared out the window into blackness. "Everything you do is for him. That woman has taken you over. We'd be nothing but accessories to her neat little arrangement for living if we came here to live with you. Right now she may be willing to have me here." She faced him grimly. "What happens when she isn't willing any longer? When she decides to—step in and close the deal? I haven't any illusions about her being able to do it." Then a sudden flare of hope brought her to her feet. "Jerry—if you'd agree to leave the Institute, I've earned the place." Dr. Browne's eyes, candid and pitying, came before Anne. She said, "I wonder. Have you?" "Give me a little credit, will you?" he said angrily. "I'm not a complete fool. I've got a few brains of my own." He was pacing up and down the small hotel room in a frenzy of frustration at her stubborness. Now he stopped and came over to her. "Look," he said. "There's one way. Let's try it for a while. You come here with Jill and Mother and we'll make an arrangement. Just as if it were permanent. I'll go on at the Institute. Then in six months or so we'll see how it has worked out. If it doesn't—if it looks as though you've been anything like right about it all—Molly will return. "I'll go back. But if everything works out the way I know it will—well, what do you say, Anne?" There it was the answer. Try. Jerry would try and she would try. If it didn't work out, they would have, at least, given their marriage a last chance. It seemed to Anne as if the sun had suddenly come out, as it will sometimes, for a brief moment, on a dark day. Yes, of course they must try—try anything, anything, rather than ending it now. Here was the only good way, the only fair way. And then, at the end of the trial period, things would straighten out. If Jerry were right, they would stay—happily—in New York. If she and he were happy, that wouldn't return to Three Oaks. Either way, it was a solution, the thing she'd been reaching for, hoping for, praying for. Only—she was thinking at Jerry, she knew—knew that the plan he proposed was as fleeting, as delusory a thing as brief sunshine in a storm. No. This was no solution. This was only postponing, when already there had been a great postponement, of the inevitable.

Anne looked at him for a long moment. "Are you serious?" "Serious? Do you think I'd do anything else at a time like this? What's come over you? I'm Jerry—I'm your husband."

Then it was too late," she said. She rose and moved a little away from him. "It's too late now for us to come together again. You've become dishonest, Jerry. You can't tell any more what you believe and what you could—if you were the old Jerry—my husband," she repeated, contemptuously, "you know you were just playing for time. Six months, then it would be a year. Then two. And it wouldn't really matter how things turned out, because you wouldn't let yourself see what you didn't want to see. I'm glad you said that just now. It . . . it helps. I don't feel quite so much as if I'd lost one of my arms . . . because maybe it was gone already, even before I got here."

She didn't look at him, so she never knew what expression she had brought into his face. He waited a moment, then said quietly, "Perhaps I had better go."

He walked across the room and picked up his hat and coat. He heard and felt his steady progress toward the door, but she didn't turn. "Oh—Jerry," she said. Then the door clicked gently, and there was absolute stillness in the room . . .

In the morning she was mentally vague, but strangely precise in her actions. She would like somebody operating under post-hypnotic suggestion. Competently she packed, phoned for a reservation on the earliest train back to Chicago Oak. There would be no backward looks. Not now, and never again. Even if part of herself stayed behind, stayed with Jerry on the far side of that impenetrable wall, she would learn to get along without missing it. Furtively she put her hand to her heart. There—it was still beating. She was still alive. When you were alive there must be something you could live for. Jill, of course: there was Jill to live and work for. And there was friendship—there was Sam, for friendship. Hugo, and there was waiting for her, perhaps. And wait. There was her job. Thank heaven there was something she could do to help others. No . . . she wasn't burnt out. She need never look back.

If she looked back, her heart might simply break.
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As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, ex-cessive smoking or over-exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging headaches or energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up night after night, or passing may result in minor bladder irritations due to cold, dizziness or dietary indiscretions.

If your discomforts are due to these causes, don’t wait, try Doan’s Pills, a mild diuretic. Used success-fully by millions for over 50 years. While these symptoms may often disappear, it’s amazing how many times Doan’s give happy relief—both the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters wash out. Get Doan’s Pills today!

Double Treat (Continued from page 51)

RICE CAKES

Makes 4-6 servings. Wash under cold water:

½ cup rice

Place over direct heat in top of double boiler with:

2 cups boiling water

½ teaspoon salt

Boil for 1 minute. Place over boiling water. Cover and allow to steam for 40 minutes or until tender.

Combine:

1 egg, beaten

½ cup chopped celery

⅛ teaspoon salt

Add to rice. Chill. Shape into flat cakes. Brown lightly on both sides in a well-greased skillet. Serve topped with creamed chopped beef or poached eggs.

CORNMEAL PANCAKES

Makes 6 servings.

Combine:

1½ cups yellow cornmeal

1 teaspoon salt

Beat together:

2 eggs

2 cups milk

4 tablespoons melted butter

Pour into cornmeal and stir until well blended. Bake on a griddle. Stir batter each time before spooning on to griddle. Serve hot with butter or syrup.

CREAMED CHIEF CAKE

Makes 4-6 servings.

Place in a skillet over low heat:

4 tablespoons butter

⅛ pound dried beef, shredded

Cook until edges of the dried beef begin to curl.

Sprinkle with:

tablespoons flour

Blend well and remove from heat.

Slowly stir in:

2 cups milk

Return to heat and stir constantly, until smooth and thickened. Serve hot over rice cakes or toast.

FLUFFY OMELET SURPRISE

Makes 4 servings.

Separate:

2 eggs

Beat yolks with a rotary beater until thick and colored.

Beat egg whites then gently fold into egg yolk mixture.

1 teaspoon salt

⅛ teaspoon pepper

⅝ cup water

Melt in skillet over low heat:

2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Add egg mixture. Cook over low heat until bottom is firm and omelet puffs up. Place pan in a moderate oven (350° F.) 10-15 minutes. Remove from oven and spread with a tart jelly or marmalade. Fold in half and serve.

Awards Issue

MAY RADIO MIRROR

Results of the third annual balloting for favorite stars and programs will appear in the May issue of Radio Mirror. Look for the special 150 color portrait cover.

On sale at the newsstands, Wednesday, May 12. Reserve your copies now.
Falling More in Love

(Continued from page 42)

and a few weeks later a whole month in Hawaii. We moved into a wonderful apartment—there are only three rooms, but they’re big, and the view is magnificent. When we moved in the only furnishings we had were an ironing board, a television set—and pots and pans, but we have lots of furniture.

We both knew we should go on with our careers. Bob thinks that girls who have a talent should use it. Otherwise, he says they turn into “Helen Hokinson characters.” But a girl is a girl and her most important interest must be her family and a man is a man and he must be the head of the family, with the real economic responsibility.

Because Bob is the understanding sort of person he is, going on with my work while putting my private life first has not been difficult. I do the cooking, and the housework on the days I’m not working. On my broadcast days, Bob gets breakfast, makes it easy for me. We’ve even squeezed in a couple of trips to New York—but between broadcasts, Bob wouldn’t ask me to skip one of my rows.

We’ve had our minor disagreements, especially in the first few months. One of them was about sports. Bob is a passionate flier, and I’m scared of planes, so we thought we’d try golf. We drove to Ojai—Bob beeping all the way that it was too hot in the desert, too cold in the mountains, too dirty and too far, and why would I fly—and when we finally arrived we played nine holes of golf.

It was clear from the first that I would never again hit a ball straight, but I made it around the course—I made it but I got too tired, and the grass was wet, and I got my feet wet, and when we got home I had a stiff throat and a temperature of 104°. The snow was our next venture—snow and our first go at skiing. I knew my limitations, and stuck to the gentle slopes. But I was headed right for the top of the highest hill, and down he come, time after time, with the most ridiculous look of steel determination on his face. I’m lazy. I never will forget my shock, the first morning in our apartment when Bob bounced out of bed at six o’clock and did setting-up exercises.

“Oh, no,” I groaned, burying my head in the pillow. I’m a girl who likes her sleep, and would lie in bed half the day if I could. But Bob does his best work before ten in the morning. As it happens, it works out fine. I fix coffee and juice in thermos jugs before we go to bed at night, and Bob works for three hours in the morning. He wakes up, we’ll play our games, he’ll get nothing done. This way, he’s ready to enjoy breakfast just about the time I’m up and ready to make it.

We have wonderful plans for the future. We bought a lot in Encino and will build the beginnings of a rambling modern type of ranch house, with big rooms and big windows, and a private office for Bob and when we start having our family we’ll add more rooms.

Then I guess I’ll find out if motherhood and a career will mix as well as I hope and plan. If it does, I think it will be fun—fact everything is fun—if you’re Mrs. Robert E. Lee.
My True Story
(Continued from page 29)
and double-crossing are two phrases that we refuse to recognize. Many of the same actresses and actors, who began with the show are still playing leads, although some of them who originally played child parts are now cast in romantic roles.

Funny things happen, from the casting standpoint. When a triangle story went into rehearsal recently, the two rival women in the story were discovered to be the present wife and the ex-wife of one of the actors. The director didn't have any trouble injecting a certain amount of venom into the dialogue between those two women, and I got the credit, as author, for certain subtleties which were not in the script.

The actresses and actors who play in My True Story are trouper's in the real theatrical tradition. They help each other out in the hour of need and believe me, there are often hours of need.

Once a certain famous actress who was doing the narration noticed that the very old man who was playing a bit part looked familiar to her. He was shabby—could be that he was nervous, and he was so desperately shabby! The star went into a huddle with the director, and they discovered that this old man had once been an important actor. He'd been down and out, and he'd lost prestige, he'd finally been forgiven by his public—and now, after a long world of illness, he'd managed through some accident of type-casting to win a role in his first radio show.

It meant a great deal to him to be on the air in My True Story—one of the Kansas City stations. And so, when the credit was given over the microphone at the end of the performance, the star stepped aside and the old man's name was announced to the millions of listeners as the featured member of the cast! That bit of publicity brought an amazing amount of work to the old actor—he's now very much in demand.

We laugh a lot over the coincidences that follow in the wake of True Story. Listeners write to us asking "How the deuce did you know that happened to me in Keokuk, Iowa—and in Toronto, Canada—or in Dallas, Texas twenty years ago... I never told a soul!"

People don't realize that story plots—when they're based on human incident—have a way of repeating themselves. Perhaps one of the basic successes of My True Story is the fact that it is really Anybody's True Story... If the incidents haven't happened to you and you and you, they could have happened—or maybe they will happen!

And there are tears, too. Fewer tears than laughs, thank heavens. I'll go from a riotous script conference to the mail basket and some letter from a True Story listener will tug at my heartstrings. The father whose son was a war casualty and who had heard that son come to live again in a True Story script... The invalid mother whose daughter has married and moved away —letters from women who visited her daughter's prototype between ten and ten-thirty-five a.m.—on, we'll say, last Wednesday... and many, many others who have, for a brief, passing moment, lived some important part of their lives.

Like this morning's letter, with the shabby dollar bill... it made me realize anew that the program has become a part of this radio show—it's a national institution.
This I Believe
(Continued from page 28)

baby only a fifty-fifty chance to survive for Zoe had been bedridden with arthritis for twelve years.

What a tragic thing, I thought.

But I underrated Zoe Peterson. I overlooked the moral fibre that makes giants out of invalids.

"I think it's wonderful that the doctors gave me a fifty-fifty chance," she said. "For the past twelve years I've lived with much greater odds."

She added emphatically, "The baby is not as sick as I wanted and it will be the best loved and appreciated baby in the world. All of my life I have wanted a baby."

Six weeks before the baby would normally be due, Zoe was in labor and went to the hospital. Her husband and parents waited outside the delivery room, suit with fear. Perhaps they comforted themselves with Zoe's words, "I have a baby is my dream. I have this rendezvous with life."

When the news came, it was a curious mixture of joy and grief. The beginning and the end. Zoe had her wish. She gave birth to a healthy baby boy but in making her dream come true, she gave her own life. That is the story but not the end. For surely the heritage of courage that Zoe left her son will live on forever in his heart.

Just how powerful people can be is powerfully shown in the story of Mrs. Edwin W. Oster, of Baltimore, whose son was about to give up hope when stricken with a deadly disease.

It was Mrs. Oster's youngest son, Francis, and she had good reason to be particularly proud of him. He was a good student, an industrious boy who raised vegetables for the family and was looked upon by his neighbors for his courtesy and kindness.

Not too long ago when his suffering internal injuries young Francis took on responsibilities beyond his years.

"You've got to rest," he told her.

"I'll call you for breakfast."

And he did. Every morning till she got well Mrs. Oster came downstairs to find Francis had straightened up the kitchen and prepared breakfast before he walked two miles to school.

But that wasn't all. In the evenings he worked around the house, scrubbing the porch and floors, dusting and cleaning. Then, as Mrs. Oster wrote me, "Out of a clear blue sky, he fell particularly ill."

The bewildered mother heard the doctor explain this was no ordinary child's disease. Francis would have to live in bed for a long time.

"I guess I'm pretty curious," Francis said, after the doctor left.

Mrs. Oster saw the tears in his eyes and his mouth set grimly in pain. She wrote, "I thought he would never smile again, Jack. And as the days went on he got worse."

Francis began to brood and every movement seemed to cause anxiety. It was then that Mrs. Oster asked him to have the folks on Heart-to-Heart Hookup pray for his recovery.

So I asked radio listeners to pray for Francis. And my respondents at that moment God alone knows but we do know that two days later the first of many thousands of letters arrived at his house. Each contained words of encouragement and urged Francis to place his faith in God.

As Francis read the mail he became...
There is Something NEW for You!!

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head off infection, ease pain, speed healing with
germ-arresting OIL-O-SOL. Wonderful first aid suc-
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don'ts keep me
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ugly psoriasis blem-
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extra cost—only $1.00
for money-refunded
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Here is good news. This 160-page, up-to-the-minute book on Piles, Fistula and other related rectal and colon ailments—will be
sent free for the asking. It may save you much suffering, time and money. Write to
today—McCleary Clinic and Hospital, C405
Elma Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

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tered to you at no-
extra cost—only $1.00
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Here's passionate love and bold adventure that tops even the thrills of The Golden Hawk and The Faces of Harrow. The story of a handsome, ruthless fighter and the woman who bartered her beauty and her riches for his kisses.

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The ravishing Lady Leanna wed Lord Johnnie the rogue on his way to the gallows, and planned to forget him, but slippery Johnnie came back—to claim his wedding night! A swashbuckling tale of love and adventure!

3. THE GOLDEN FURY
Marian Castle
Honey-hued, ruby-lipped and as untamed as the rough mining town which reared her, this beauty tried desperately to forget the scars of her past, yet continued to love the one man who made her remember it!

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Margaret Campbell Barnes
The story of Anne Bokyn, the beautiful and passionate girl who wanted to be a queen and whose brief reign as Henry VIII's wife touched the extremes of good and evil. "Thoroughly delightful."—Y. T., The New York Times

5. HIGH TOWERS
Thomas B. Costain
The author of The Black Rose tells this new tale of reckless daring and reckless love which moves from lusty old Montreal to the fur traders, priests and schemers, to rough and colorful old New Orleans.

6. WINE OF SATAN
Laverne Gay
Braveheart Zoe Radelle was claimed as lost by warning raiders—and branded as public property for any man. A tale of stirring action and forbidden love, unfolded against the background of the First Crusade.
"This 'quick snack' took 14 hours to prepare!"

says WANDA HENDRIX, starring in UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "SIERRA"
Color by TECHNICOLOR

THE SCRIPT CALLED FOR A SNACK... THE DIRECTOR CALLED FOR RETAKES. AFTER 14 HOURS, MY HANDS FELT SCORCHED!

RASPING REINS nearly tore out my fingers in one scene...

AND CLAWING through laurel was rough on my hands...

BUT JERGENS LOTION kept my hands "Screen-Perfect..."

SO THEY were lovely and appealing for romantic close-ups.

BEING A LIQUID, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?
To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend—no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand) as with a lotion or cream that leaves a heavy, oily film (right hand).

YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

BUT JERGENS LOTION kept my hands "Screen-Perfect..."

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...

Jergens Lotion
used by more women than any other hand care in the world
still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...

YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...
Remember the delicious dizziness of your first kiss? Or the way a certain voice explodes in your heart... or how a bar of music surrounds you with clouds? You'll get that whirling, sparkly sort of lift when you first wear Dream Stuff. Dream Stuff is a tinted foundation-and-powder... magically blended into one brand new make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its own puff—it clings for hours! It can't spill in your purse. Four dreamy shades, only 49¢, plus tax.
See they are—all the programs and stars you voted your favorites in Radio and Television!

SPECIAL ISSUE—
AWARDS WINNERS!
For Texture
that Clings!

Fragrance
that Beckons!

Make this outstandingly different face powder your choice!

So there's nothing new in face-powder? One is pretty much like the other? Wait! You haven't tried Cashmere Bouquet with ... A texture and clinging like pure, pure velvet! Puff it on ... oh, so gently ... and see how it lasts! It feels ... and looks ... a part of your complexion! Artfully hides tiny blemishes, too!

An exciting "fragrance men love" that comes only from a secret wedding of the world's rare perfumes!

Then, last, but not least, 6 wondrous "Flower-Fresh" shades to choose from! Be you blonde, brunette or titian ... there's a Cashmere Bouquet color to complement and flatter your own natural skin tones!

Lient you forget—

There's a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!

LIPSTICK
Creamy, clinging ... in 8 fashionable shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time" loveliness ... a bedtime beauty must!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of spring flowers!

HAND LOTION
Caressable hands in just seconds!
**Wonderful Deodorant News for You!**

**New finer Mum**
more effective longer!

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—better, longer. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that cause underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely “masks” odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria instantly—but keeps down future growth. You actually build up protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum! Now at your cosmetic counter!

**New Mum**
cream deodorant
Poof! There goes perspiration!

Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette ... hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too! 2 sizes: 2 1/4 oz. $1.25; 1 oz. 60c. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

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SEE HOW PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIVES YOU THE SLIM YOUNG LINES, THE SUPPLE, SLENDERER SILHOUETTE FOR SPRING.

Hollywood designers tell American women how to have slim, trim figures with

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Nowhere in the world is a woman’s figure so noticed as in Hollywood. Nowhere is the look of youth so important.

That is why famous Hollywood designers hail PINK-ICE. They say no other girdle slims so naturally, fits so invisibly under all clothes.

Made of tree-grown liquid latex, without a seam, stitch or bone—PINK-ICE moulds you smoothly, allows complete freedom of action, washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel.

See how subtly PINK-ICE controls your figure. You’ll want panty and garter styles—to keep you slim for spring.

OLEG CASSINI, designing genius of Hollywood fame: “The 1950 fashions require you to be smoothly slender from waist to thighs. PLAYTEX does that—it’s the girdle of the 1950’s!”

HOWARD GREER, famous Hollywood designer: “PLAYTEX allows complete freedom of action, gives a woman a figure that can be revealed—supple and slim from waist to thighs.”

IRENE, Hollywood’s fabulous designer: “When you wear PLAYTEX, your silhouette is slender and supple, with smooth, youthful lines. And it’s invisible under clothes.”

In SLIM shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES $3.95 to $4.98
In SLIM silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES . . . . $3.50 to $3.95
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large, Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION

Playtex Park  ©1950 Dover Del.
Which Twin has the Toni?


Hair styles in this picture by Don Reid, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent — feels as soft as naturally curly hair

Isn't it wonderful? Now for only one dollar you can get a wave that's marvelously soft — like naturally curly hair — and guaranteed to last as long as a beauty shop permanent costing $20. (1Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula — a gentle-action formula especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness — a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only with Toni Home Permanent do you get this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results — again and again! What better proof of Toni quality?

“Now daddy calls both Mummy and me his Toni Twins,” says Barbara Wilgen of Evanston, Illinois. “Everywhere we go people say our hair is so soft and pretty and naturally-looking ... guess that's why daddy's so proud of us and our Toni waves!”

Eleanor and Jeanne Fulstone of Smith, Nevada. "Toni is the one wave that never frizzes my hair — but always leaves it soft and natural looking," says the Toni Twin. Can you tell which one she is? See answer below.

Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair — even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether it's your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a $20 permanent — feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Eleanor, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you, get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

NEW!

TONI MIDGET SPIN CURLERS

For perfect neckline curls far easier — far faster!

Wonderful for new, short hair styles. Winds short, wispy ends closer to the head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget SPIN Curlers and tube of Toni Creme Shampoo. $1.50 value only $1.33

W hat is so rare as a day in June? We'll venture an answer to that which doesn't include the month's blue skies and balmy breezes: a copy of Radio Mirror the day after its appearance on the newsstands. Speak to your newsdealer now — ask him to set aside a copy for you on Wednesday, May 10, the day the June issue goes on sale. You won't want to miss any of the features that are scheduled, particularly Joan Davis' happy marriage contest. As you know from reading the When A Girl Marries feature, Joan is deeply concerned with the problems of living, especially with those which affect marriage. In her contest, Joan invites your ideas on what constitutes a happy marriage. There are worthwhile rewards for those of you who send in the best letters. Next month, another daytime serial feature in which you will meet the people in the Nona From Nowhere drama, will appear. There'll be color pictures and a story on the characters in this drama which has won a big following since its debut on the air a few months ago.

Other coming attractions: color pictures of Pepper Young's family; an inside account on busy Bill Slater by the woman who knows him best—Mrs. Bill Slater; and advice on how to make a grand slam by Grand Slam's mistress of ceremonies, Irene Beasley (and who should know more about it than she?). You'll also find your favorites—Daytime Diary, the Bonus Novel (based on The Brighter Day), Nancy Craig, Art Linkletter's Nonsense, and Some Sense, etc. Keep the date in mind—it's Wednesday, May 10, when the June issue will be available on your newsstand.

Nona From Nowhere: Meet her in the June issue of Radio Mirror
Dumb is the Word for DORA

Away now to some Secluded Spot for a big, Romantic Evening with her new-found Romeo. That’s what she Thinks!

Instead, She’s going to be Dumped back on her own Doorstep in no time Flat. Two hours with her in the movies have Cooled this Casanova off for Keeps! She’s off his List forever...and she won’t know Why.

Dumb certainly is the word for Dora...and for thousands of other Women who take their Breath for Granted. Don’t Be One of Them.

Nothing puts you in a worse light with a man than halitosis (bad breath). Unfortunately, you yourself, may not know when you have it, so why take chances of offending...ever?

It’s so easy to put your breath on the agreeable side with Listerine Antiseptic...not for seconds...not for minutes...but for hours, usually.

Before any date where you want to be at your best, never omit this extra-careful, wholly delightful precaution against offending.

It’s almost your passport to popularity.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri
have a "party hair-do" all day long

with

Gayla

HOLD-BOB*

bobby pins

Lovely hair-do... lovely dress—of course you feel glamorous when you're ready for a party! Now keep that "party look" all day long with Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins! So easy to open. Hold better! Gayla HOLD-BOB sets curls beautifully, keeps hair-dos lovely. There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use Gayla HOLD-BOB than all other bobby pins combined!

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
© 1950 B.P.L.

YOU—AND Perfume

"Perfume was never meant to be worn only on special occasions," says TV star Eloise McElhone, who has made perfume a vital part of daily living. Her mood is her fragrance guide.

Eloise appears on WNBT's Leave It To the Girls, 7 P.M. Sun.; ABC's Think Fast, 8 P.M. Sun.; Dumont's Eloise Salutes the Stars, 7:30 P.M. Tues.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING
FILM GLUES ACID TO YOUR TEETH!

Tooth decay is caused by the acid that film holds against your teeth. This acid is formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat.

PEPSODENT REMOVES FILM! HELPS STOP DECAY!

When you use film-removing Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. It also removes the dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP!

Film is forming on everyone's teeth day and night. Don't neglect it. Don't let decay start in your mouth. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

By DORRY ELLIS
Ezio Pinza rehearsed his first dramatic air role in Goodbye Again, with Linda Darnell and Madeleine Carroll under the skilled hand of Theatre Guild On the Air director Homer Fickett.

In what this writer considers to be an astute move, the advertising agency handling We, The People has just named emcee Dan Seymour, Program Editor. Seymour, who has been with the show since 1943, is probably the one man who not only knows the show itself, but, perhaps even more important, its audience. Watch for bigger and better human interest stories on We, The People.

Rumor around Hollywood has it that Walt Disney has just nixed a million dollar offer to use shorts over a two-year span on television.

CBS is really nailing its talent these days. Latest is comedian Alan Young who has been signed to a five-year radio and TV contract by the web. Young’s first assignment under this contract will be a thirty-minute TV series which has yet to be scheduled.

It is with a certain amount of fear and trepidation that Sam Edwards, “Dexter” of Meet Corliss Archer fame, swings into his second flicker episode. According to Edwards, his first encounter with the silver screen was a complete fiasco. “I inves...
in a tailor-made suit and a fresh haircut and reported to the studio. First they put a mask on my face, pulled a hat down over my eyes, turned up my coat collar and parked me in the back seat of a sedan. Then they made a long shot of the car in the dead of night. That took care of me and my tailor-made suit!" With the ominous shooting title of his second venture being, "The Sun Sets at Dawn," Sam wonders whether he'll find himself in a "repeat performance." It could happen to "Dexter," but shouldn't to Edwards.

* * *

Chip-off-the-old-block: Star Joan Davis' daughter, Beverly Wills, is the voice of Joan's conscience on her Leave It To Joan program. And it was all Beverly's idea.

* * *

A paradoxical situation has blossomed in the relationship between TV and the movies. While most of the leading film companies expressly forbid video appearances by their contract players, these same studios are dangling lucrative screen pacts before top TV stars. An example in point is Ed Wynn. Wynn made his last picture in 1933, and then became filmtown's forgotten man. Now that he has become (Continued on page 15)
Soft-Water Shampooing
Even in Hardest Water

"The first time we tried Toni Creme Shampoo something wonderful happened to our hair," say beautiful blonde twins Alice and Alva Anderson of Evanston, Ill. "Our hair was so marvelously soft ... as if we actually washed it in rain water. Its softness made it so much easier to manage."

That's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo ... Soft-Water Shampooing! Even in hardest water you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with all its natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

- Leaves hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather make hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Enriched with Lanolin

The problem of Mrs. F. P., whose letter was printed in February Radio Mirror, was that her husband devoted all of his spare time to music, none to her. In the opinion of the judges, the most interesting letter in answer to Mrs. F. P. was sent in by Mrs. Nathalie Michaud, of Newport Beach, California, to whom Radio Mirror's check for twenty-five dollars has been sent. Here is her letter:

Dear Mrs. F. P.:
How lucky you are! You are needed. You have many friends. You have work to keep your mind and hands busy. You are young. You have a home, and a husband of whom you are fond. You write well which shows your capability of intelligent thinking; and you have tried to study the subject which is close to your husband's heart, which shows understanding. These are just the few things that are evident in your letter, and there must be many more things that you are, or have, or can do.

All of life is a compromise and before any of us can be emotionally mature we must learn this. If you will consider the terrific compromise that your husband has had to make in not being able to pursue his musical career, it should be easier for you to see that your task is not half as difficult. Out of the multitude of people who are artistically creative, only a comparative few are destined to reach great heights; those who fall by the way, undiscovered, suffer emotionally, for an artist's world is a thing apart. To your husband, being alone with his music is like the quenching of a terrible thirst, and if you can understand this it should help you to accept your compromise as he has had to do.

If it seems to you that you are unnecessary in his life, you should comfort yourself with the reassurance that probably the only thing that helps him to accept things as they are is the knowledge that he has your strength and encouragement on which he can depend. If you take this away, your artist husband would become lost. How proud you must be that you have work that you can do. There is no greater balm for a troubled heart than a busy mind and hands.

All about you there is a dreaminess that far surpasses yours. Seek to discover where you can help others for in doing this lies the secret of true happiness. Cultivate and cherish your friendships. They are among the most fulfilling things in life. Find a hobby of your own to occupy your spare time.

Making a break as you speak of it in your letter wouldn't require courage; it would only be turning your back on your problem and admitting defeat. But it does take a courage of which you can be proud to face things squarely. It is much better to fight a problem and win than to quit and never know whether you could have won.

Mrs. N. M.

I am nineteen, out of school and working as a plumber's apprentice. I earn sixty dollars a week, out of which I bring home fifty-three dollars. I have always turned over my money to my mother and she gave me back spending money and carfare. I considered this all right until—and then comes trouble.

I recently became engaged to a very sweet girl. After keeping company for a year, I thought it only right I should announce my good intentions in the form of an engagement ring. This I did, without informing my mother. I had talked a little of a ring at home, but my mother discouraged it to the extent that I knew she would never give me the money for the ring. I did tell my girl's mother, though, and both her parents approve. There is no real talk yet of marriage, but we would like to start saving. I have tried to discuss these plans with my mother, but she always becomes angry and walks away. I'm willing to pay board of twenty dollars a week and
my own expenses. But she demands thirty-five dollars out of fifty-three and I still have to pay carfare, union dues and tuition. My father makes well over two hundred dollars a month and our home is paid for.

If mother had ever given me any reason to think she loves me, maybe I could forgive some things, but all she can think of is my money. My father drinks to excess and almost never speaks to me. I have been looking for a room because I don’t feel that I can stand it for much long-(Continued on page 97)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay $25 to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another $25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than April 28. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month’s best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

You’re shopping in Olvera Street, the Mexican quarter just outside Hollywood. But wait. See who’s chatting with that little senor? Here’s your chance to steal a good, long look at Ava Gardner! She won’t think you’re rude... stars expect to be admired. That’s why she uses flattering Woodbury Powder (in Brunette) on her lovely complexion.

Ava is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey*. A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish you’ve ever known! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

* IN HOLLYWOOD STARS CHOSE WOODBURY POWDER 6 TO 1

over NBC. Sponsored by General Foods.
NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! PROOF THAT USING

COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
HELPS STOP
TOOTH DECAY!

2 years' research by LEADING UNIVERSITIES proves that using Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

More than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—proves that using Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps stop decay before it starts! Modern research shows that decay is caused by acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

The Most Conclusive Proof In All Dentifrice History On Tooth Decay!

Yes, the same toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrices can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, proved way to help stop decay!

ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Economy Size 50¢; ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

TRAVELER OF THE

By
TOMMY
BARTLETT

Welcome Travelers, em-
ceed by Tommy Bartlett,
is heard M-F at 10 A.M.
EST on NBC. The sponsor
is Procter and Gamble.

This is 2630 West Melvin St. in
Phoenix, Arizona, where the Mc-
Nallys enjoy year-round sun.
In to r., Mrs. M., Gerry, Michael.

If ever a family as a unit could be termed "beautiful" I would attach that adjective to the McNallys, lately of Hartford, Connecticut, and now residing in Phoenix, Arizona. From the youthful-looking, attractive Dad and Mother to little five-month-old Gerald, the McNallys appeared to me to be the epitome of serene happiness. No one would know that Francis J. McNally bore the burden of a continuing series of illnesses and heart-wrenching mis-
fortunes. When I met them at our NBC microphone at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman they were on their way to Phoenix, leaving behind them in Hartford a story of tribulations that wiped out their liquid assets, but they did take with them the warm best wishes and prayers of hundreds of Hartfordites who hope that their hard luck would cease and a new life would begin for them in the Arizona sunshine.

The McNallys were called a "rheu-
matic" family by Connecticut doctors. Four-year-old Michael has been hit twice by the fever that is the leading killer of children. Patricia, six—Joyce, three— and Kathy, two—have shown definite symptoms of the disease. Only Michael and Gerald have been un-
touched. Mrs. McNally has been in the hospital seven times in seven years while her husband has suffered recur-
ing attacks of pneumonia and ear in-
fec tions which have left him deaf. Mumps, measles and rare stomach ailments have dogged the youngsters.

More than once the pretty slim, young mother and the tall, good-looking twenty-nine-year-old father had to pool their remaining bits of optimism, cour-
age, and good humor to bring their family through seven difficult years of grief and sickness.

When the doctor suggested the family leave for Arizona, the McNallys found such a venture next to impossible. Seven years of illness had taken all savings and put them in a deep finan-
cial hole. Mr. McNally scraped up enough for a train trip but that meant disembarking in Phoenix penniless, without house or work. It was their parish priest who urged them on ... to place their fate in the hands of God for the sake of their children.

The people of Hartford, when they heard the McNally story, swamped the little family with offers of help. Instead
Kathy, Francis J. McNally, Patricia and Joyce. The McNallys were called a “rheumatic” family by doctors in Connecticut of accepting the financial aid, however, Mrs. McNally asked them only for their prayers and best wishes. “I think these people are most kind and my husband and I are grateful,” she said. “We don’t want to take their hard-earned money because we are confident we will make out all right. All it takes is courage and faith in God”—and the McNallys have that in abundance.

She then urged the thoughtful people to give their money to the Cardiac Crusade fund campaign. “In that way,” she explained, “they will be helping not only our children but their own and others, too.”

The McNallys arrived in Phoenix on schedule and literally hundreds of their new neighbors who had heard their story on Welcome Travelers over KTAR were on hand to meet them at the train. The McNallys found their home—well furnished, well situated, near church and school. The climate is ideal. Daddy found his job and is making wonderful progress. The Air Force veteran put it this way: “When you think it all over, we’re pretty lucky. We’ve had our troubles, yes, but we’re all together and a new dawn is breaking.”
Meet Joe Crysdale, the man of many CKEY (Toronto) moments. As CKEY Sports Director, Joe Crysdale is in touch with the entire sport world and sooner or later brings the various sport celebrities before his microphone—or the microphone before the celebrities. It's all the same to Joe. Seven days a week he's busy as a beaver on sports in and out of the studios.

Joe Crysdale was born in Toronto on February 17, 1918. He thought nought of radio until he entered a contest at CKOC, Hamilton, in 1939 and, to his utter amazement, won it. CKOC gave him a job which he held for two years until he moved to CKEY (then CKCL).

Joe has been voted top announcer in many Canadian contests since then, and his position in Toronto sports today is unequalled. During the winter, the local columnists rave about his rebroadcast hockey and in spring they praise him for his coverage of International Baseball.

Joe is past president of Club 580, Canada's original teenage show—he held the honor for five and a half years. At present, he is busy with his daily program, Joe Crysdale and Company, on which he interviews top sports celebrities.

Joe covers golf and boxing actualities and, of course, every November he broadcasts the traditional "Santa Claus Parade" for the kiddies and the shut-ins.

He's a popular man in Ontario, is CKEY's Joe Crysdale. That's probably due to his belief that "it's not what you do on the air that really counts; it's your activities off the air."

CRYSDALE and COMPANY

This is how the cameraman sees Joe with Toronto's baseballers. Top sportsmen like these guest on Joe's show.
a top TV personality, those same studios are fighting to get him back. According to reliable sources, Warners has the inside track, with the opus "We're Working Our Way Through College."

Man-chasing comedienne Vera Vague is dumb like a fox. Away from radio, Vera—Barbara Jo Allen in private life—raises nearly fifteen thousand varieties of orchids. During Christmas her white orchids retailed for twenty-five dollars each in New York!

Comic Edward Everett Horton joins the TV line-up in a series which is as yet untitled. All action will take place in a mythical hotel which has Horton as its manager. Each week the show will present a guest comedy act, a short dramatic sketch, and a musical vignette. Viewers should find Horton a welcome addition to ABC-TV's programming.

Many free-lance movie stars are heading for Puerto Rico these days since a report circulated in Hollywood that Ed (Duffy's Tavern) Gardner is going to produce TV movies there. According to Insiders, Gardner, whose Thursday night broadcasts are coming from Puerto Rico this season, plans to invest a tidy sum in the making of these films.

Mutual's Adventures of The Falcon is providing an unusual opportunity for especially talented student actresses. With the cooperation of major colleges and universities throughout the country, the producers of The Falcon have arranged to feature weekly, in a minor role, an outstanding student-actress. Teeing off in this experiment will be Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, and New York's Fordham University.

Who's afraid of television! The late Tom Breneman's Hollywood restaurant recently acquired a new electrical sign reading: American BROADCASTING Company. Filmtown snicker concerning the display was: "Any TV station would be proud to have made last year what that sign cost ABC!"

Sorry, wrong number! On a recent broadcast of The Goldbergs, "Molly" mentioned the "Goldberg's" Bronx telephone number. Quite by accident, the phone number mentioned in the script was a real one, and it wasn't too long before Gertrude Berg received an irate call from the party owning the phone saying that by actual count he had received 121 calls as a result.

Due to heavy New York commitments—CBS-TV Ban Against Crime and Broadway's Detective Story—Ralph Bellamy will not be able to trek West to star in the film version. Being considered for the lead in the film are Ray Milland, Alan Ladd, Dana Andrews and Humphrey Bogart.

Ever wonder how a weather man feels when the climatic conditions he forecasts fail to come true? Clint Youle, NBC's meteorologist, press-агентed a terrific storm on one recent TV show. Next day dawned bright and balmy, with the result that a character wearing a big black moustache faced the cameras that night, and in easily identifiable tones announced, "I'm substituting for Clint Youle."

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo

Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!
Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable...first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!
When night-club star, Kay Thompson, heard her cue-line and smiled her "Thank you, Ann, and good morning, everyone," southeastern New England housewives settled back for another "celebrity-session" on WPRO's Homemaker's Institute.

The girl who introduced Kay Thompson was the director and originator of The Homemaker's Institute, Ann Baker, bringing her listeners fresh, informal chats with "visiting firemen" is just one of the entertaining and informative features of Ann's 10 A.M. daily program on WPRO, Providence. She packs this quarter-hour visit in the homes of her wide audience with everything from meal-planning ideas and economical food-buyes to style and Hollywood news.

About half of each day's program is given over to information on food-buying and the planning of economical menus. During the rest of the time, Ann brings her fans up to date on the latest in home-decoration, style and fashion, news from movie-land and—as in the case of Kay Thompson—brief, interesting visits with people of note in almost every field of activity. Ann has a specially warm welcome for local girls and boys who have "made good in the big city."

Miss Baker keeps her fans constantly aware of their own talents, which she urges them to develop and use for both pleasure and the possibility of added income. The director of The Homemaker's Institute is a believer in the idea that "age is a state of mind—and no one need take a back seat because of it." As a matter of fact, every one of her WPRO programs highlights the "value of a plan; and the worth of a smile."

Ann Baker brings her home-maker listeners a wide field of experience. She was the dietitian on the faculty of The Rhode Island School of Design, for which post she prepared at Cornell University. Later, Ann became fashion and bridal consultant for one of Rhode Island's larger fashion stores.

Some years ago, a leading Rhode Island banking institution, observing rising food costs and the resulting difficulties facing the housewife in her efforts to "make ends meet," decided it was a community responsibility to help those women with economical food-planning and shopping ideas. Out of this decision came the bank's sponsorship of The Homemaker's Institute.
YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE OR TYPE OF SKIN!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . .
but actual proof from 36 leading
skin specialists that Palmolive Soap
facials can bring new complexion
beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such
sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically
conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised
by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved
conclusively that in just 14 days a new method
of cleansing with Palmolive Soap . . . using
nothing but Palmolive . . . brings lovelier
complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with
Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's re-
markable beautifying lather onto your skin
for 60 seconds each time . . . as you would
a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.
It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's
rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here's proof it works!
In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and
younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women
showed astonishing complexion improvement
in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you
have been seeking—a way to beautify your
complexion that really works. Start this new
Palmolive way to beauty tonight.

You, Too, May Look For These
Complexion Improvements in 14 days!

• Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
• Less oiliness!
• Added softness, smoothness
even for dry skin!
• Complexions clearer,
more radiant!
• Fewer tiny blemishes—
incipient blackheads!

For Tub
or Shower
Get Big
Both Size Palmolive

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Doctor develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

- If you want a more alluring complexion, if you’ve suffered from dry, rough skin, externally-caused blemishes or similar skin problems—here’s news.

A noted Doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine. He found, in clinical tests, that a greaseless skin cream—famous Noxzema—has a gentle, medicated formula that helps heal such blemishes... helps supply a light film of oil-and-moisture to the skin’s outer surface... helps your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Here’s what you do:

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth “creamwash” your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels. 2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.


This new “Home Facial” actually helped 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests. The secret? First, Noxzema is a greaseless cream. And secondly, it’s Noxzema’s medicated formula—in a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion!

Money Back If Not Satisfied

Try this Doctor’s new Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you don’t see a real improvement in your skin, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. That’s how sure we are you will be wonderfully pleased with the results.

Protective Cream

“Ever since I’ve used Noxzema as my powder base I’ve found my dry skin looked so much softer and smoother. Noxzema’s wonderful!” says Mary Proctor.

Blotteries! “I was troubled with annoying facial blemishes,” says Dorothy Johnson. “My girl friend advised Noxzema. In a very short time it helped my skin look softer, clearer.”

Medicated Noxzema Skin Cream is the favorite beauty aid of scores of actresses, models, and nurses. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are used yearly! At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40c, 60c, $1.00 plus tax.

Arlene “Fuzzy” McQuade appears as Rosalie on The Goldbergs.

Her real name is Arlene McQuade, but most of her friends call her Fuzzy. She also answers to another name, Rosalie, her character name in the CBS radio-TV serial, The Goldbergs.

Twelve-year-old Arlene’s primary love is acting, but she also plays the piano. In addition, she is adept at tap dancing, juvenile ballet, and is regarded by her singing teacher as one of her most promising young pupils. She likes to paint and has turned out work in water colors, oils, pastel and charcoal and she has designed blouses which were merchandised by a clothing firm.

Her nickname, Fuzzy, stemmed from her childhood habit of playing constantly with fuzz-covered blankets and animals. Fuzzy, or Arlene, started taking singing lessons when she was three. Six months later, her teacher took her to Madge Tucker, who with Milton Cross was assembling a radio program called Coast-to-Coast on a Bus. This was the first of many air shows in which Arlene has appeared.

Her first stage appearance was in “Violet,” in 1945; her most recent was in “Summer and Smoke,” in 1948.

A novel charm bracelet, Fuzzy’s favorite, records this theatrical progression. Each time she appears in a play, a little gold disk giving the date and the character part is added to the bracelet.

Those who have watched Fuzzy rehearse for an air or stage show often have commented on the youngster’s calmness and lack of tension.

Says Fuzzy, “I don’t see why anybody should get all tensed up or have to repeat lines twenty times. If it’s that hard to act, I always feel they shouldn’t be acting at all.”
Treat yourself to travel adventure along America's romantic highways, not only during your vacation—but often, on gay weekends, holidays, time off—whenever you get the urge! Because they cost so very little, Greyhound Expense-Paid Tours will set you free as the breeze to go wherever you please... for any length of time to any of the Nation's playgrounds, great cities, lively resort areas.

Amazing America Tours are not conducted... you can travel alone, in a twosome, or with a group. But Greyhound assures your fun and your funds by providing all transportation, hotel accommodations, itineraries, special sightseeing, and entertainment... all planned in advance at no extra charge. Fill out coupon below, and write for the tour that takes your fancy!
Only one soap
gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet
is actually milder for all types of skin—than most other leading
toilet soaps!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved milder! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".

Cashmere Bouquet —In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

Now—At the Lowest Price In History!

Larry Haines is heard as Ralph Munson on CBS's Young Dr. Malone.

Although Larry Haines acts in many radio shows, he is best known for his portrayal of Lefty on Rosemary, Gil on Pepper Young's Family, and Ralph Munson on Young Dr. Malone.

Larry always wanted to become an actor. He thinks he must have gotten the notion while he was still a very young fellow in Mt. Vernon, New York, where he was born and raised. He was one of the luckier kids in his neighborhood, because he always had enough pocket money to be able to go to the movies as often as he wished—which was very often. He got his first acting experience by describing and acting out the pictures he'd seen for the benefit of the other kids in his gang who couldn't afford the movies.

Determined to be an actor at all costs, Larry gave up college before he was graduated and went to work for radio station WWRL. He worked very hard, appearing on many dramatic shows for which he received no money. When he felt that he had learned enough to try his wings, one by one he auditioned for all the major networks in New York City—and has never been idle since.

In 1943, Larry married his wife Gertrude, whom he had known in high school, but, oddly enough, had never dated in those days. He's a sports enthusiast and claims he would much rather meet a celebrity in the sports world than the most famous stage, screen, or radio figure. He played football and basketball himself in high school and has never gotten over his admiration of great athletes, so naturally, what spare time he manages to have is spent largely in attending football and basketball games.
POETRY

MATURITY

I tried to make a sculpture
Of the virtues you had shown—
A perfect, shining idol
To be kept upon a throne.

But what I thought was marble
In reality was clay.
And it cracked beneath my chisel
To my heart's complete dismay.

But experience brings wisdom,
With contentment in its girth:
The years have taught this sculptor
The frailties of earth.

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

THE OPEN DOOR

Poor old house with Spring
Now breathing through your eaves
All bundled up asleep
Knee deep in winter leaves.

With this decrepit key
I'll make you come alive,
Rejuvenate your pulse,
Unleash your cluttered drive.

I'll make the warm blood course
Along your furnace veins
And clear your blurry vision
Of months of dreary rains.

I'll tear apart the nets
The spiders carefully wave
And scare the mice away
From underneath the stove.

And while I'm armed with mop
And scrubbing on the floor
I'll dish my silly pride
And open wide the door.

The breezes will intrude
And crickets send their call
And wisps of children's voices
Echo in the hall.

But in the midst of dishes,
My fingers shaking foam,
A neighbor voice will shout
Is anybody home?

—Bornice Ames

PERSONAL TOUCH

Whenever I must send a gift
To someone whom I care for,
I think about the things he likes
And what he has a flair for.

I go to every store in town
And shop and shop, undaunted—
And then I choose and send the gift
That I have always wanted.

—Lydell Stearns

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N.Y. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in Radio Mirror.

the NEW SHAPE

is the NEWS

The new-shape lantern sleeve is news because it's the most enormous you've seen in years. Puffed widely and softly, it lends important "top heaviness" to the silhouette. Emphasizes this year's slim, straight look by dramatic contrast. Yes, there's an idea behind the design.

The new-shape Modess box is news because it, too, has an idea behind the design! Wrapped, this discreet-shape box might be bath salts, note paper, candy. No one could guess you were carrying sanitary napkins... no more need you wonder if anyone's guessing! And another appreciated Modess exclusive, the new box is tactfully pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store's counter!

- Same fine quality Modess napkins
- Same price—you don't pay for these two new extras
- Regular, Super, and Junior Modess sizes

Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!
Singer Margaret Phelan gets the bird. She recently acquired a new title when she was crowned Queen of the Poultry Show.

By BOB POOLE

Bill Farrell’s rise to vocal stardom is, if nothing else, a typical American story. It started with little William Fiorelli (his real name) shining shoes on the corner while singing and playing harmonica with his shoe-shine pals in order to attract customers. His story continues with a succession of jobs which consisted of delivering newspapers, selling magazines and working as a pin-boy in a bowling alley—all typical American pursuits. Through it all, though, Bill continued to attend school and keep right on singing and playing. He mastered the harmonica, piano and bass; and eventually played after school with a four-piece dance group. Bill’s first break came at an Italian block party in his native Cleveland. It was on the Feast Day of the Blessed Virgin, Bill played with his little group and timidly sang one number that convinced him, his girl friend and his neighbors that vocalizing was his special talent. When the band broke up for the new school term, Bill decided to pursue a vocal career instead. He took club-dates around town until, one day, he was signed for an appearance at Buffalo’s Chez Ami. There, it was, that...
MUSIC

Volunteer Melissa Smith, vocalist with Horace Heidt, entertains a patient as part of the local USO hospital-party program. Accompanist is Jack Skiles, musical director of KTSA.

Bob Hope heard him and immediately signed him for the Hope radio show. Bill is now doing night club work in New York but he still practices every day and takes elocution lessons. Despite his radio success and his hit records on the MGM label, Bill still keeps his union card as a bass player—"just in case." Exactly what kind of vocal style he has is difficult to say—he's been compared with such contrasting voices as Billy Eckstine, Vaughn Monroe and Al Jolson. It's a new "sound," however, and the public likes it. Bill's star is in the ascendant.

Dance Studios in New York to brush up on rumba technique.

Singer Bill Farrell (l.) and orchestra leader Russ Case startled sophisticated Broadwayites in Case's trick car.
TOWNE TOPICS

When Peggy Towne discusses plays or women's fashions on her Wednesday night television show on WFIL-TV, she's dealing with subjects on which she's particularly well qualified to speak, for this charming mistress of ceremonies is widely known as both actress and fashion expert.

Since November, 1949, she has been seen and heard weekly on Towne Topics with Peggy, a fifteen-minute program presented by WFIL-TV at 7:30 P.M. In selecting her guest and conducting interviews, she never loses sight of the fact that there are men in the audience too, and that eye appeal is important.

Before joining the WFIL-TV staff, Miss Towne was active as a producer of fashion shows for Philadelphia women's shops and as a style authority on radio and television programs. She often serves as a judge at fashion showings, an extra-curricular job which comes naturally to a woman who was assistant fashion director of one of Philadelphia's largest department stores. Previously, she had been associated with the John Robert Powers' school in Philadelphia as a teacher of speech and styling.

A graduate of Emerson College, after conducting her own school of dramatic art in Drexel Hill for five years, she returned to the New York stage during the war years.

In private life, Peggy Towne is Mrs. Lois Dow McLaughlin. "Having been a homemaker for nearly twenty years," she says, "I feel as though I'm on firm ground when I give household hints and recipes. But what makes my work particularly satisfying is the number of nice people who appear on the show to tell of their jobs and hobbies."
By PAUL WESTON

(Wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key might prove a hindrance to a young musician who prefers his music on the swing side, but not so to Paul Weston. He won his key at Dartmouth not too long ago, but he won his musical spurs while arranging for Tommy Dorsey back in the Jack Leonard, Pied Pipers, then Sinatra days. Today he's the most recorded man in the nation and the youngest musical director on any major recording label.)

My favorite ten records will definitely give me away as an all-around music lover. I like swing, jazz and my semi-classical efforts for Capitol have met with success thus far. And when Rachmaninoff is around to lend atmosphere by way of recorded music, I'm certainly one to listen.

Since I don't believe in sticking to one type of music, my collection varies considerably. One of my top favorites is Tommy Dorsey's "Hawaiian War Chant." When I was with Tommy, this number was requested most frequently.

Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing" is another bell-ringer. His wonderful clarinet makes this disc a "must." And I'll never be without a copy of Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust," no matter who records it.

The way Jose Iturbi handles Chopin's "Polonaise" is something I can listen to over and over—and Erna Sack does wonders with "Voices of Spring," a recent addition to my list of good listening.

The Ella Fitzgerald version of "How High The Moon" has always left me limp. As for Jo Stafford, anything she sings is worth listening to. Her recent "Whispering Hope," a popular rendition of a hymn, is one of the top discs of the year; her vocalizing on "Tintayshun," with Red Ingle's band, will never leave my library.

Maybe the voices don't seem similar to you, but I've always enjoyed Sinatra and Mercer records, whether they're sweet or swing. Sinatra's "She's Funny That Way" and Mercer's "One For My Baby" round out the way I like my records spun.

Why risk it? Smoke all you want—but give Tobacco Mouth the brush-off with the new, special formula Listerine Tooth Paste—morning and night, and especially before any date.

There's a reason: mint-cool Listerine Tooth Paste is made with wonderful Lusterfoam, a new-type cleaning ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces... removes yellow tobacco stains while they are still fresh... whisks away odor-producing tobacco debris. Get a tube today.

Know they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

Give it the brush-off with...

**Listerine Tooth Paste**

**OFF-COLOR BREATH OFF-COLOR TEETH**

**COMING AND GET US...We are on the new Listerine Tooth Paste Tubes!**

Heads of your Walt Disney favorites... Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Pluto and Br'er Rabbit... in gleaming plastic are caps on these new Listerine Tooth Paste tubes. Children love them! See them at any drug counter.
Four natural young musicians from widely separated parts of the country, who first got together in Buffalo for informal swing sessions, are now one of Buffalo's most popular television features. They are The Four Quarters and they hail from Buffalo, Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri.

The Four Quarters play all kinds of music and they play all types well. They are more popular than ever around Buffalo and have made many one-night stands since TV zoomed them to popularity.

The Four Quarters are Bassie Atkinson, bass; Kenneth Strother, who plays both piano and celeste; Eddie Inge, clarinet, and Reggie Willis, guitar.

Bassie, the only Buffalo native, is a graduate of Buffalo's Hutchinson Central High School. For a short time he broadcast over Virginia radio stations but most of his experience has been in his own home town.

Ken attended high school in his native Coffeyville, Kansas, and after that toured the nation with name bands. He had a small combination in Coffeyville called The Dukes of Rhythm, who had their own weekly radio spots. Eddie was born in Kansas City, Missouri and attended school in St. Louis. He is well known for his recordings with the famous jazz combination-featured in the Kansas City Jazz Album. Eddie, the most famous of the Quarters has played with such outstanding name bands as those of Don Redman, Andy Kirk and McKinney's Cotton Pickers.

The fourth member of the quartet is Reggie, who doubles as guitarist and vocalist. He was born in Guthrie, Oklahoma, but considers Minneapolis his home town. He started in the entertainment world as a tap dancer and toured the nation in vaudeville.

Two of the men saw wartime service. Bassie Atkinson was in the Navy and Ken Strother played with an Army band at Camp Clayborn, Louisiana.
FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 206 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.

HERE'S PAUL

Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of the actor who plays Paul on One Man's Family? I think he is very good and I would like to see what he looks like.

D. P. F.
Pensacola, Fla.

Here's Michael Raffetto, whom you hear as Paul.

WHO ARE THEY?

Dear Editor:
For some time, my friends and I have been wondering about the actors who play Frank Dana in Road of Life, Clifford in One Man's Family and Bob James in Stella Dallas. Can you please tell us who they are?

P. H.
Seaford, Del.

The parts you mention are taken by Lyle Sudrow (Frank); Barton Yarborough (Clifford); and Warren Bryan (Bob).

FOUND: ONE COMEDIAN

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me if Henry Morgan is still on the air? And what has happened to Fred Allen? I haven't heard him since he went on vacation last summer.

M. N.
Allreda, N. C.

The Henry Morgan Show is currently heard Sunday evenings at 6:30 EST over NBC. During the week it is heard locally on WNBC at the same hour. Fred Allen has been making guest appearances but no longer has a show of his own.

SISTER GRACE

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me if Big Sister is still on the air? I can't seem to find the program anywhere.

Mrs. W. J.
Corsicana, Tex.

Big Sister (played by Grace Matthews) can be heard Monday through Friday at 1 P.M. EST over CBS.

Woodbury Cleansing Cream penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN
There used to be days when she didn’t belong...

then she discovered

*Kleinert’s*  *Sani-Scants*

the modern protective panties

Slave to a calendar?
Not the girl who’s discovered those sleek protective panties... Sani-Scants.
They’re real smoothies...
won’t reveal a thing, even under cling-to-me clothes. Handy pins and tabs inside, a water-proof panel for perfect protection. Sani-Scants are made by Kleinert’s and nobody else. Get yours today!

**NYLON TRICOT SANI-SCANTS**
fast drying... $2.50
Rayon Tricot Sani-Scants... $1.50
Run-proof striped rayon
Sani-Scants... 1.25
White or flesh. Sizes: small, medium, large, extra large.

FREE WITH YOUR SANI-SCANTS...
Kleinert’s exclusive Recorder.
It’s a handy little chart that tells you when Sani-Scants time is coming each month!
Each Spring, one entire issue of the magazine is devoted to Radio Mirror's yearly polling of reader-listeners to determine which radio—and now, television—stars and programs you like best, listen to most often.

Here, in this issue, are the results of your voting in the annual Radio Mirror Awards.

The Radio Mirror Awards are the only system of voting, on a nation-wide scale, by listeners—Awards now being made are a result of ballots printed last Fall in the magazine, filled in by you, returned to Radio Mirror for tabulating. No prejudices or special criticisms can color the results, as might be possible in a poll of radio editors or critics, for example.

You, the listeners, have no axe to grind, no commitments to fulfill, no fear of treading on important toes. All you care about is getting good entertainment when you turn on your radio and television sets. The Radio Mirror Awards balloting gives you an opportunity, each year, to tell the largest national radio magazine—and through it the networks, the producers, the writers, the advertising agencies and others responsible for what you see and hear on radio and TV—how you feel about the programs and the players currently on the air. It is your chance to make your voice heard, to make your opinions felt, in this big business of radio and television—where, perhaps, one voice might be lost, but many raised together, can carry impressively far!

You will find, as you look through the following pages at the results of your voting, that many old favorites are still in the top-ranking spots; that other long-time winners are missing this year: that there are many newcomers, especially in the field of television. There are many new categories, too, never before included in Radio Mirror Awards ballots, because those programs and stars could not be seen and heard, as short a time ago as last year, by the majority of you. Television has made amazingly impressive strides during this past listening season and those strides are reflected in a larger number of television categories in the Awards, a larger number of voters for television shows and personalities.

How do your preferences in radio and television entertainment compare with those of the majority of reader-listeners as reflected in the Award-winning players and programs listed on the following pages? Now you can see how your tastes are like to, or different from, those of the general listening and viewing public, see what shows and performers you're most likely to find on the air for a good while to come.

Throughout this month, you will hear and see Radio Mirror editors making the Awards presentations in person on many of the programs you voted your favorites. Be sure to watch the winning programs for these appearances—after all it is really you, and not the editors, who should be making the presentations, for it is you who have made them possible.

The voting in this Radio Mirror Awards balloting was by far the largest since the poll was instituted. The editors like to believe that this always-increasing upward trend in the voting indicates that reader-listeners are taking, each year, a more active interest in making known their listening likes and dislikes—which indicates, in turn, the probability of better entertainment for you each year. Thank you for your comments, for your continued interest in these, your Radio Mirror Awards.

—The Editors
**Your Favorite COMEDY SHOW**

Two-time winner Red Skelton makes it three, and in a walk. The redhead's brand of humor continues to delight huge audiences in public and a small but exceedingly loyal one in private: his family—wife Georgia, daughter Valentina Marie and son Richard Freeman. P.S. They're redheads, too. Skelton's shenanigans can be heard on Sundays at 8:30 P.M. EST on CBS.

**Your Favorite COMEDY STORY**

On the list in '47 as the best new program and in '48 as the best comedy story program, My Friend Irma sweeps into first place again in that category. Helping to put it there is the engaging numbskull heroine Irma, played by the engaging but non-numbskull Marie Wilson. Irma and her charming, slightly screwball friends can be heard on Mondays at 10 P.M. EST, over CBS.

**Your Favorite ANNOUNCER**

When Tony Marvin was studying medicine at a college in Brooklyn, radio was one thing he never thought much about. These days Tony thinks about little else what with his myriad announcing chores, mostly for Godfrey: on the Arthur Godfrey Show, Mon.-Fri., 10:15 A.M. EST; on Talent Scouts, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST (AM and TV); and TV, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, all CBS.

**Your Favorite AMATEUR PROGRAM**

Ted Mack's a man who has to make decisions that he'd often rather not. But Ted, who presides over the Original Amateur Hour, makes enough right ones to get a decision himself—a "well-done" from readers-listeners who have voted his their favorite amateur program. The Original Amateur Hour is heard on Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, ABC; TV—Tues., 10 P.M. EST, WNB.

**Here they are—some of the shows and stars you've singled out in the third annual Awards**

**Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL**

Portia Faces Life, a winner in its category for the second consecutive year, is the story of a woman lawyer who has difficulty maintaining a balance between her roles as careerist and homemaker. Bart Robinson plays the part of Walter Manning, Portia's husband. Written by Mona Kent and directed by Hoyt Allen, Portia Faces Life is heard M.-F. at 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

**Your Favorite QUIZ MASTER**

Emerging on the Awards scene last year as m.c. of the year's best new program, Bert Parks' popularity skyrocketed via his double duty on Stop the Music and Break the Bank. The busy Bert sees these two shows through both radio and TV. STM is on Sun., 8 P.M. EST; on TV Thurs. 8 P.M. EST, both ABC. BTB is on Wed. at 9 P.M. EST; on TV Wed., 10 P.M. EST, both NBC.

**Your Favorite DISC JOCKEY**

A first time winner, Disc Jockey Bob Poole has as strong a following among the housewives as he does among the housecats. Starting in radio with his Poole's Paradise show in New Orleans, Bob soon moved North when his program caught the ear of a network. Poole's Paradise is on M.-F., 11:15 A.M. EST, MBS. The Bob Poole Show is on M.-F., 3:00 P.M. EST, MBS.
WINNERS FOR 1949

RED SKELTON
MARIE WILSON
TONY MARVIN
TED MACK
JOHN LARKIN
BART ROBINSON
BERT PARKS
BOB POOLE
Your Favorite
COMEDIAN

Close in other years, the exuberant Bob Hope finally checks into first place as the favorite comedian of Radio Mirror readers. Bob's been winning other honors lately, too—among them the Air Forces Exceptional Service Award for his tireless entertaining of men in hospitals and at air bases abroad. The Bob Hope Show is heard on Tues., 9:00 P.M. EST over NBC stations.

Your Favorite
WOMAN SINGER

Dinah Shore repeats her victory of two years ago when the readers of Radio Mirror voted her the girl with the most potent voice appeal. Dinah, who insists—and means it, too—that her husband and child are more important to her than her career, seems to charm audiences without even trying. She's heard on the Jack Smith Show, Mon.-Fri. at 7:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

The Best
PROGRAM ON THE AIR

The phenomenally popular Arthur Godfrey comes through again, leaving the competition far behind him. Arthur's daily program, heard M.-F. at 10:15 A.M. EST on CBS earned him the accolade this year and for those who can't get enough of him, there are Talent Scouts, (AM and TV) Mon., 8:30 P.M. CBS, and Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Your Favorite
HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM

Long time favorites become this year's most popular husband and wife team—the McGees of 79 Wistful Vista. Fibber, who also could be called The Man At The Closet, is private citizen Jim Jordan when he's not concerned with being public citizen McGee. His and Molly's domestic escapades are heard on Tuesday evenings at 9:30 P.M. EST over NBC network stations.

On the cover: eight stars elected by you to win the coveted Radio Mirror Awards

Your Favorite
HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM

Molly McGee, as everyone knows, is the distaff side of this year's favorite husband and wife team. Everyone knows, too, that she's the distaff side of the Jordan husband and wife team and, when she is, answers to the name of Marian. Fibber McGee and Molly, just to keep the record straight, is heard on Tuesday evenings at 9:30 P.M. EST over NBC stations.

Your Favorite
TV PROGRAM for WOMEN

Beautiful, brunette and brainy—apt adjectives for the lady who runs Leave It To the Girls, which was voted tops in this year's balloting. The name of the lady who fits this description, incidentally, is Maggi McNellis who referees the battles of wits—and sexes—that the program Leave It To the Girls is famous for. It is televised Sundays at 7:00 P.M. EST, on WNBT.

Your Favorite
AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION PROGRAM

The Breakfast Club and its genial emcee, Don McNell, come across the fine again this year and not by a photo finish either. Emanating from Chicago, this popular program has a unique feature—the Reverse Giveaway, which is designed to benefit needy families. The Breakfast Club is heard every Monday through Friday at 9:00 A.M. EST over ABC network stations.

Your Favorite
WOMAN COMMENTATOR

There's only one Louella Parsons, fans will tell you. And their loyalty to Hollywood's gossip arbiter has made her this year's most popular woman commentator. Louella's the first one to hear anything worth telling and the first to tell anything worth hearing. That's what makes her program the most widely listened-to of its kind. It's on Sun., 9:15 P.M. EST, ABC.

WINNERS FOR 1949
### Your Favorite MUSICAL PROGRAM

One of the few who has been a three-time winner, Fred Waring continues to supply music that endures through the years. Fred and his Pennsylvanians have tried television, too, building up an appreciative audience among the devotees of that medium. The Fred Waring radio show is heard Sat. at 10:00 A.M. EST on NBC; on TV Sundays at 9:00, P.M. EST on CBS.

### Your Favorite COMEDIANNE

Eve Arden makes the grade again as the fast-talking English teacher heroine of Our Miss Brooks. A winner last year, Eve's dynamic delivery of witty lines leaves her without a near rival in the favorite comedienne category. Eve doesn't limit herself to radio though. She's in movies and has been on the stage. As Our Miss Brooks, she is heard Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

### Your Favorite MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Another possessor of seemingly permanent popularity is Art Linkletter, winner in the M.C. category last year, too. Art claims that his own offspring (five) gives him an insight into child psychology which makes it easier for him to handle the children who appear on his program. House Party, which Art conducts, is heard Mon.-Fri. at 3:30 P.M. EST over CBS stations.

### Your Favorite NEW PROGRAM

**Father Knows Best (whether he does or doesn't)** is the listeners' choice among new programs as the one they like best. And Robert Young, whose role calls for him to insist that father does know best, has some off-the-air experience to back him up (see page 4). Father Knows Best, with Robert Young as Jim Anderson, is heard Thursday evenings, 8:30 EST, NBC.

### More of the people whom you, the reader-listeners, have named tops in their fields

**Your Favorite DAYTIME ACTRESS**

Readers who voted Portia Fales Life their favorite daytime program also returned a majority of ballots for Lucille Wall who's been in the cast of Portia since it started on the air ten years ago. Lucille plays in other dramas but she's most closely identified with Portia, which is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EST over stations of the NBC network.

### Your Favorite MYSTERY PROGRAM

Suspense's producer, Bill Spier, has been in radio since that industry was in its salad days. Chronologically, Bill was too, when he started out on a career which has earned him a top reputation in the field of chiller type dramas. Suspense, the favorite of Radio Mirror readers, is heard on Thursday evenings at 9:00 P.M. EST over stations of the CBS network.

### Your Favorite NEWCOMER TO RADIO

Dean Martin is the singing half of the zaniest comic team to come up in a long, long time. Playing the resort circuit as an individual entertainer, Dean met Jerry Lewis. It was a case of spontaneous comic combustion and before the boys left Atlantic City, it was Martin & Lewis, Inc. Though their radio show is off the air, you can see the pair cavoring on NBC television.

### Your Favorite NEWCOMER TO RADIO

Jerry Lewis is the incorrigible half of the team that has had nightclub, movie and radio audiences in a state similar to stitches since hitting their stride. But the boys had to forget their lines in an unfunny situation at a Florida club last year—fire broke out and they helped fight it. Later, in the tradition of trouper, the boys finished their act on an improvised stage.

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**WINNERS FOR 1949**
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<td><strong>DRAMATIC PROGRAM</strong></td>
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<td><strong>NEWS COMMENTATOR</strong></td>
<td><strong>MAN SINGER</strong></td>
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<td>Lux Radio Theatre is such a well-established favorite that it is difficult to think of any honors that haven't been accorded the show in its fifteen-year history. The readers of Radio Mirror send it their Award, too, and for the third straight year. Under William Keighley's guidance, the Radio Theatre is heard on Mondays at 9:00 P.M. EST over CBS stations.</td>
<td>You Bet Your Life, as anyone with a laugh meter knows, is probably the funniest quiz show on the air. And it's that highly unorthodox quizmaster, Groucho Marx, who can take the credit. His handling of You Bet Your Life helped it reach first place this year by an overwhelming majority. This quiz show to end all quiz shows is heard on Wed. at 9:00 P.M. EST on CBS.</td>
<td>Perennial favorite Lowell Thomas comes through again for the third straight year. And 1950 marks the twentieth year of broadcasting for the globe-trotting, adventure-seeking commentator. His daily 6:45 P.M. spot on CBS makes him the dinner companion of millions of Americans who find the Thomas presentation of the news an excellent way to keep well-informed.</td>
<td>Fulfilling the bright future that Radio Mirror readers foresaw when they voted him last year's most promising newcomer, Bill Lawrence sweeps into first place as this year's favorite man singer. The handsome young baritone is heard on the Arthur Godfrey show, M.-F., 10:15 A.M. EST, CBS and on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends. Wed., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.</td>
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<td><strong>RELIGIOUS PROGRAM</strong></td>
<td><strong>NEWS PROGRAM</strong></td>
<td><strong>SPORTS ANNOUNCER</strong></td>
<td><strong>ORCHESTRA LEADER</strong></td>
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<td>A religious program, when presented under non-religious auspices, must resolve the problem of being acceptable to all faiths. The Greatest Story Ever Told achieves this universal acceptance because its scripts, which dramatize the life and teachings of Christ, are subject to approval by a board of representative clergymen. It is heard Sun., 5:30 P.M. EST on ABC.</td>
<td>Whatever the subject—and it could be anything from socialized medicine to world government—listeners to America's Town Meeting of the Air are certain to hear a lively, literate debate, Moderated by George V. Denny, whose tactfulness is as highly developed as a diplomat's, Town Meeting marks its fifteenth year on the air, its second award (Tues., 9 P.M. EST, ABC).</td>
<td>Bill Stern's colorful coverage of sports events makes him the favorite announcer in that field, an honor Radio Mirror readers have given to him three times. Although he's best known for bringing the big games into the parlor, Bill's daily program features little-known stories about well-known sports figures. It is heard Monday-Friday at 6:15 P.M. EST on NBC stations.</td>
<td>Styles in music come, styles in music go, but the one known as &quot;the sweetest music this side of heaven&quot; seems to go on forever. And its creator, Guy Lombardo, continues to be an enormous favorite among all types of people. Guy's orchestra, which recently completed its twentieth season at New York's Hotel Roosevelt, can be heard Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, MBS.</td>
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| **CHILDREN'S PROGRAM** | | | }

**WINNERS FOR 1949**
Devotion unlimited is what Godfrey gets from his fans via letters and gifts—and Awards.
Arthur, his programs and performers, take the lead in seven Award categories

Best PROGRAM ON THE AIR
In the all-embracing category, Arthur Godfrey Time wins hands down. Heard Monday-Friday, 10:15 A.M. EST on CBS, this program features Arthur and "the little Godfreys" in an hour and a quarter carnival of music, fun and commercials done in the easy-to-take Godfrey style.

Best TV PROGRAM ON THE AIR
Arthur Godfrey and His Friends is a video version of Arthur Godfrey Time. Telecast Wednesday evenings at 8:00 P.M. EST on CBS-TV, it features Bill Lawrence, Janette Davis, the Mariners, the Chordettes and Archie Bleyer's orchestra. Presiding, of course, is Arthur.

Your Favorite TV VARIETY SHOW
Arthur Godfrey and His Friends captures the Award in this category, too. With "the little Godfreys," guest stars and the advantage of a double-barreled projection of the Godfrey personality, Arthur's hour on the channels brings him closer to his admiring public.

Your Favorite RADIO VARIETY SHOW
Arthur Godfrey Time takes another award. This morning show, which has an enormous following among housewives, took the Award in the previous two years that Radio Mirror has been sponsoring reader-listener polls. It has enough talent to keep a dozen shows supplied.

Your Favorite TV MAN, NIGHT TIME
To define the exact reason for Arthur Godfrey's appeal is something that has been attempted by a number of observers, but nobody has given a satisfactory one except, possibly, the vast numbers of people who simply state that they "like him," and prove it by voting for him.

Your Favorite MALE SINGER
Last year Radio Mirror readers voted Bill Lawrence the most promising newcomer. This year he comes into his own as their favorite man singer. Bill, who first came into the Godfrey orbit on Talent Scouts, appears on the daily A.M. show and on the Wed. P.M. TV program.

Your Favorite ANNOUNCER
Tony Marvin handles all the announcing chores on the Godfrey shows, but his talents aren't limited to sending a few words here and there through the mike. Arthur frequently calls on him to lend his knowledge to whatever knotty question comes up. Versatile Tony sings, too.
Arthur Godfrey's unparalleled popularity makes

With ease and confidence and that comfortable grin of his, Arthur Godfrey has breezed through to win the Radio Mirror Awards in almost every category in which he was eligible to do so. Arthur's been a winner in the past, but he's one man who knows that laurels weren't made to sit on. His shows, winners for three straight years, continue to improve, offering more for the listening and watching effort than any other of their kind. While it's the Godfrey personality that makes them what they are, Arthur still insists on top-flight talent to supply the songs, music and fun that make his programs such outstanding entertainment.

And top-flight talent is what he has, whether it comes singly as in the cases of Bill Lawrence and Janette Davis or in quartets as with the Mariners and the Chordettes.

Bill, the bobby-soxers' delight from East St. Louis, has developed tremendously in the little over a year's time that he's been with the Godfrey shows. Still only twenty-three, he can look...
him the man of the year in both radio and TV

forward to a future unlimited, whether he re-

mains with Arthur or strikes out on his own. His

recent appearances at a New York theatre prove

the latter—Bill’s teen-age admirers filled long

lines at the box office.

Janette Davis, Arthur’s girl singer, started

adorning his shows, both vocally and visually,
in 1946. And although she had been starred in

her own series for CBS, Janette prefers, at the

moment, to stay on Arthur’s programs.

The case of Arthur’s quartets is another in-

stance of the bonds of loyalty that exist between

Godfrey and his performers. The Mariners elect

to remain with his shows as a unit, although all

have future ambitions which include solo con-

cert singing.

The distaff quartet, the Chordettes, are a pro-

duct of the Talent Scouts program. About them,

Arthur gets sentimental and says: “When they hit

those harmonies, the tears just roll out of my

eyes.”

Clearly, it’s a case of mutual admiration and af-

fection between Arthur and the “little Godfreys.”

Arthur’s Talent Scouts program discovered the four girls
from Sheboygan who call themselves the Chordettes.

TOPS THEM ALL!

Godfrey’s announcer, Tony Marvin, often pinch hits as his encyclopedia, too.

The invaluable Mug Richardson, Godfrey’s girl Friday—and practically every other day—handles production of shows.
There are two ways to learn about people. The best way, of course, is to know them personally. The second way, and the one that keeps the publishing business a flourishing one, is to listen to the stories told about them by people who do know them personally.

This month (April) Jim and Marian Jordan begin their sixteenth year as a radio team. Two of America's favorite people as Fibber McGee and Molly, the Jordans—as the Jordans—are celebrities nobody knows.

Nobody, that is, except their family, their co-workers and a few, fond, old friends.

When Jim and Marian crossed the Atlantic last summer on the Queen Mary, they enjoyed five days of complete privacy. As Mr. and Mrs. Jordan on the passenger list, they caused no more excitement than any other middle-class, Midwestern couple on a holiday. On the last day out, somebody discovered that the Jordans were Fibber McGee and Molly. The whole ship's company, passengers and crew, turned into autograph hounds. Everybody on board came to the Captain's party in honor of the "celebrities." Jim and Marian had to lock themselves in their stateroom to get a minute's peace.

A few weeks later, in Paris' famous Ritz bar, a big-name-conscious headwaiter brushed off an insignificant looking American couple with "Sorry, no tables." Columnist Hedda Hopper, who observed the rebuff, whispered in his ear, "But they're Fibber McGee and Molly."

"This way, sir," the embarrassed captain beseeched the newly-important guests, and showed the Jordans to a ringside table.

Marian and Jim are accustomed by now to this double-take treatment. It happens all the time—and closer home than Paris.

A clerk in Saks Beverly Hills store failed to recognize Marian when she shopped there recently for a new spring suit.

"I love the blue," Marian decided, but she hesitated.

"Do you have many like it?" she asked. for she was planning to wear the suit at her broadcasts. "I wouldn't want to meet myself coming down the street."

"Oh, no," the clerk reassured her. "There was only one other suit like this." And she added with unconscious rudeness, "And it was sold to somebody you'd never meet, Gracie Allen."

The Jordans are not altogether unhappy about their status as uncelebrated celebrities. It gives them a chance to enjoy the fruits of their success without the usual accompanying gallery.

Their friends will tell you that Jim and Marian couldn't go Hollywood if they lived in the town for a hundred years.

"The Jordans clicked as Fibber McGee and Molly because they are Fibber McGee and Molly, typical cross section Americans," Don Quinn, the humorist-psychologist-humanist who has written their program since its inception, will tell you.

They were broke when (Continued on page 80)

Now everyone knows the McGees and almost everyone knows the Jordans. This is about the days when hardly anyone did

Fibber McGee and Molly are heard Tues. 9:30  
P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsored by Johnson's Wax.

Your Favorite HUSBAND and WIFE TEAM
The McGees' "just folks" appeal is no more than a reflection of the off-the-air personalities of Jim and Marian Jordan.
THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY—

fifth month of the year, traditionally bringing forth the flowers nurtured by last month's showers . . . to the more practical-minded, May means the first tender young rhubarb, young shoots of asparagus, early-ripening strawberries . . . here are four other ways to say the name of the month: Spanish, mayo; Portuguese, maio; French, mai; German, Mai . . . May's birthstone: emerald . . . Flower-of-the-month: lily of the valley or hawthorn . . . finally—but first, as far as radio listeners are concerned—May's the issue of RADIO MIRROR in which the annual RADIO MIRROR Awards are announced!

* * *

OSCAR WILDE SAID IT:

"It is always a silly thing to give advice, but to give good advice is absolutely fatal."

* * *

QUICKIE QUIZ (AWARDS DIVISION)—

1. In the Radio Mirror Awards for 1947, '48 and '49 the same winner has taken each of the following categories each year—who are they? (a) favorite news commentator (b) favorite sports announcer (c) favorite dramatic program . . . 2. The Radio Mirror Awards are presented as a result of (a) a poll of radio editors (b) a poll of local radio station managers (c) radio listeners . . . 3. There are many new categories in the Awards this year because of (a) added interest in the voting (b) the many new programs on radio (c) growth of television has made new categories necessary which were not in existence before. (Answers on opposite page.)

VERSE—OR BETTER:

You told me, Mara, whilst you live
You'd not a single penny give.
But that, when' er you chance to die,
You'd leave a handsome legacy:
You must be made beyond redress;
If my next wish you cannot guess!
Martial—40-104 A.D.

* * *

FUN AND GAMES (Awards Division):

As you know, the Radio Mirror Awards ballots are printed in the November and December issues of the magazine each year, and results of your voting are announced in the following May issue. Here's a suggestion—why not make yourself a next-to-the-radio chart of the various Awards categories, and fill in names of your favorites throughout the year. Perhaps one name will remain on the list through the entire listening season perhaps your choice in a certain category will change many times before voting time, but in any case you'll have your list ready when you fill in your Radio Mirror Awards ballots next fall. It might be interesting for each member of the family to keep his own separate list—see how likes and dislikes in radio listening can vary even in one family!

* * *

ST. LUKE SAID IT:

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."
Art Linkletter emcees House Party heard Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EST over CBS stations. The program is sponsored by Pillsbury Mills.

Your favorite MASTER of CEREMONIES

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSEPARTY:

Linkletter: Where did you get your long hair?
Little girl: It grew.
Linkletter: How long has it been growing?
Little girl: Three thousand years.
Linkletter: Do you know what that makes you? A mummy!
Little girl: Well, I will be one—when I grow up!

* * *

IF YOU LIVE IN AN APARTMENT—

in Minneapolis, Minnesota, you may keep a goat in the apartment if you like. But if a mule's your choice of pet, you'll have to move—there's a 'law' against it!

* * *

A LITTLE LEARNING (Awards Division)—

RADIO MIRROR doesn't, of course, stand alone in the giving of Awards each year. There are Awards given in just about every field of endeavor you can name—starting out with those of sister publications of RADIO MIRROR: SPORT Magazine's trophies for the Top Performers of the Year, and PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards in the field of the movies. Let's run down a few more of the Awards which are regularly presented: The Nobel and Pulitzer Prizes; the "Oscars" presented by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; the "Edgars" presented by the Mystery Writers of America, the Drama Critics' Circle theater selections, the George Foster Peabody Awards in Radio. There is, too, a multitude of less familiar names. Here are a representative few of the many: John Billings Fiske Annual Award For Poetry; Woodrow Wilson Award for the best book on American Democracy; the Harriman Memorial Awards for effort toward conservation of human life on railroads; the American Institute of Architects Gold Medals. Finally, there are less impressively named and impressively purposed: The Pillsbury Mills Awards in Baking; the choice of Miss America, Mrs. America and Mr. America. And, there are "most valuable" awards in local communities—most valuable public servant, baseball player, etc. For some of these local heroes special days are set aside—query: shouldn't a special Arthur Godfrey day be set aside? That list of Awards he won!

* * *

IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN ON HOUSEPARTY:

Sometime shortly after this issue goes on sale April 12 you'll be hearing RADIO MIRROR'S Hollywood editor presenting Art Linkletter with his RADIO MIRROR Award as Favorite Master of Ceremonies of America's listening audiences!

* * *

"HERE LIES" DEPARTMENT:

A house she hath, 'tis made of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for repairation,
Nor will the landlord ever raise her rent
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment;
From chimney-tax this cell is free,
To such a house who would not tenant be?
—On the grave of Rebecca Bogess, Folkstone, August 22, 1688
THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY—

Fifth month of the year, traditionally bringing forth the lilies scented by last month’s showers, to the more poetic-minded, May means the first tender young shoots, young shoots of esperance, sappy-flowering strawberries... here are four other ways to say the name of the month: Spanish, mayo; Portuguese, maio; French, mai; Mži... May’s birthdays: emerald...flower of the month: lily of the valley or hawthorn... finally—but first—as far as radio listeners are concerned—May’s the issue of RADIO MIRROR in which the annual RADIO MIRROR Awards are announced!

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VERSE—OR BETTER:

You told me, Mero, whilst you live
You’re not a single penny given
But that, where’er you chanced to die,
You’d leave a handsome legacy;
You must be mad beyond repair
If my next wish you cannot guess!—
Martial—40-104 A.D.

FUN AND GAMES (AWARDS DIVISION)

As you know, the RADIO MIRROR Awards ballots are printed in the November and December issues of the magazine each year, and results of your voting are announced in the following May issue. Here’s a suggestion— why not make yourself a master of radio listening... to have more—there’s a law against it.

IF YOU LIVE IN AN APARTMENT—

in Minneapolis, Minnesota, you may keep a ghost in the apartment if you like. But if a mule’s your choice of pet, you’ll have to move—there’s a law against it.

A LITTLE LEARNING (AWARDS DIVISION)

RADIO MIRROR doesn’t, of course, stand alone in the giving of awards each year. There are Awards given in just about every field of endeavor you can name—starting out with those of some publications of RADIO MIRROR: SPORT Magazine’s trophies for the Top Performers of the Year; and PHOTOPLAY’s Gold Medal Awards to the best of the movies. Let’s run down a few more of the Awards which are regularly presented: The Nobel and Pulitzer Prizes; the "Oscars" presented by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; the "Edgars" presented by the Mystery Writers of America; the Drama Critics’ Circle theater selections; the George Foster Peabody Awards in Radio; There is, too, a multitude of less familiar prizes. Here are a representative few of the many: John Hillsley Hicks Annual Award for Poetry; Woodrow Wilson Award... for the best book on American Democracy; the Harriman Me- morial Award for efforts toward conservation of human life on railroads; the American Institute of Architects Gold Medal; Finally, there are the less impressively named and impressively unimportant The Pillsbury Mills Awards in Baking; the choice of Miss America; Mrs. America and Mr. America. And, there are "most valuable"

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSEPARTY:

Linkletter: Where did you get your long hair?
Little girl: It grew.
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“HERE LIES” DEPARTMENT:

A hater she be, in made of such good fashion,
The Instant she’s shall pay for her separations,
Nor will the handcuff ever more be seen
To turn her out of doors for non-payment.
From chimney-stay this cell is free,
To such a house who would not reside?—
On the grave of Rebecca Bowers, Folsomville, August 22, 1838.
That's what the Original Amateur Hour's emcee says he has.

Anyone who would dispute him had better read this story first.

By TED MACK

Ted does the honors, and Regina Resnik, opera star, gets the first piece of cake at a recent celebration. Dennis James, l.
JOB IN THE WORLD

I felt a tingle run right up my spine as I watched the audience stand up to cheer. It was an emotional response that came from their hearts. But the cheering wasn’t for me. It was for Gladys Watts from Louisville, Kentucky.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," she said.

And it was, for her years of singing as an amateur were over. This wasn’t the perfunctory handclap of a group of friends or the professional approval of a critic. The people had given their stamp of approval and it was the happiest moment of her life as that one moment is for every other man or woman in show business.

That’s why as Master of Ceremonies on the Original Amateur Hour I think that I have the most wonderful job in the world. I would rather be Ted Mack than President. The moment an artist arrives, moving from amateur to professional status, you can see it in the eyes of everyone in the studio. And if you sing spirituals from the heart like Gladys Watt, a blind girl, you can feel it in the air.

Gladys will be one of the finalists on the June program this year and there is little doubt that she will go on to fame as have many other amateurs who have appeared on our program: the Sinatras and the Mimi Benzells, the Vera-Ellens and Robert Merrills, the Paula Kellys and Paul Winchells. But there is a philosophy behind the Amateur Hour that is responsible for the success of the program and its contestants.

"The show must truly be the personal property of the great American public," said the late Major Bowes.

And it is. The program stays on the air only so long as it is popular. The amateurs who will go on to fame in radio, stage and screen are chosen not by Broadway producers but by the votes of the public. We do everything possible to conduct the Original Amateur Show according to the basic tenets of democracy, for in show business people are judged only by their talent and heart. The story of Wee Willie Smith is one of our proudest examples.

Willie was only one of (Continued on page 92)
Every Thursday evening, NBC sends over the air a delightful story entitled Father Knows Best, starring Robert Young.

Father Knows Best deals, as its millions of listeners will explain to you during the first pause for station identification, with the alternate triumphs and frustrations of a parent beset by "the younger generation."

Before discussing the program's star, it should be pointed out that radio has never been troubled—as the motion picture industry has—by type casting. Everyone knows and accepts the fact that Jack Benny is really open-handed; that Vera Vague, far from being a man-hungry spinster, is a beautiful woman who has been thrice married; that Hopalong Cassidy is as much at home in dinner clothes as in black boots and double holsters.

It is amazing, therefore, to realize that Bob Young as "Father" is an example of radio type casting. In private life he is the trousered half of the parents of Carol Ann, sixteen, of Barbara Queen, twelve, of Betty Lou, seven, and of Kathy, four.

These statistics, regarded analytically, still astonish Bob and his svelte, auburn-haired wife, Betty. They are young, gay, glamorous people who fell in love and were married. The years passed, swift as the course of a happy day, and abruptly the house was full of four Young young ladies demanding bedtime stories, pony rides, new dresses, ice cream parties, music lessons, permission to have dates, and advice from Father.

The growing-up process in the Young home has never been one-sided. While Father has been bringing up his daughters, the daughters have often brought up Father—short.

For instance: several years ago the beloved nurse who had taken care of Mrs. Young during her childhood and who had reared Mrs. Young's mother, came to visit. The nurse was nearly eighty, but her bright eyes were observant and her quick mind was eager to be assured that life was going smoothly for Betty and for the children whom the nurse regarded as great-granddaughters once removed.

She had seen few motion pictures, but she gathered from the appearance of the home that the father of the family was doing well.

"So your husband is successful. Splendid! Splendid! Obviously he works steadily and he is kind to you and the children. He must be generous; I can tell that from your clothing and the fine table you set. Yes, I can see that you have married well," she observed, beaming. "Your husband must be a wonderful man."

At this happy point one of the smaller children, determined to join the conversation with a comment that would arrest attention, chirped resounding, "And sometimes, when he first wakes up in the morning, Daddy is as cross as a bear!"

One of the older children promptly qualified this revelation. "That's only until he has coffee. After coffee, he lets us do anything."

This description of Bob's (Continued on page 78)
Bob Young and the women in his life: wife Betty, daughters Kathleen, Barbara, Betty Lou. Another daughter is away at school.
Does a WORKING WIFE

This month's daytime serial problem—question is one which has been raging since the "emancipation" of women and perhaps long before—perhaps since an early cave woman decided that she could get more lion skins in which to drape herself if she went out and did her own hunting!

Sometimes a wife takes a job, or continues with the one she had before marriage, from absolute necessity, in order to keep the family together. Sometimes she works because the money she earns means a difference between "just getting by" and providing some of the comforts, the important little things, that women want their families to have.

Sometimes a woman—a selfish one—works for herself alone, to buy expensive clothes and other luxuries that she wants, and feels that she deserves. Women like that, fortunately for home life, are few and far between.

Portia Manning is one of the women who has had, off and on ever since her marriage, to work because of necessity. As a lawyer, her skills have often been called upon to help people near and dear to her, who might otherwise have been unjustly punished for crimes or offenses which they did not commit. Much of the time she has devoted to law she would have preferred to devote to Walter, her husband, and to her son. She feels that she may have in some way cheated them, by working, of the things that a woman means to her family, and of time which, for their good and hers, should have been spent with them.

Each month, RADIO MIRROR puts before its reader-listeners a problem which confronts a daytime serial favorite of theirs. This month's problem is one which has troubled Portia Manning, of Portia Faces Life, ever since her marriage—is she, by her work as a lawyer, cheating her family of some of the love, the care, that is to be expected of a wife and mother? Perhaps you, or someone you know, has been faced with this same problem—perhaps you can offer Portia advice from your own experience. Listen to Portia Faces Life each day on NBC; refresh your memory with the brief story of Portia's life presented on the following pages. Then answer the question: Does a Working Wife Cheat Her Family?

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $50.00 FOR THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS!

Turn to the next page to read Portia Manning's story.
Yearning to participate in the fun Walter and Dickie share, Portia, as a busy and sought-after Parkerstown lawyer, often has to exclude herself in order to work on important case briefs.
Do you believe that women like Portia, no matter how hard they

Some years ago, when young Portia Blake was left

a widow, she turned gratefully to her training as

a lawyer, for she had to support herself and her

small son, Dickie. Through her work she met Walter

Manning, then a reporter in Parkerstown. They fell

in love and planned to be married.

As young people in love so often do, Walter and his

bride-to-be discussed their plans for the future and
talked of what their life together would be like. One

of the important points in their dreaming of the days
to come was this: Portia would give up her practice
of law; she would be a wife and a mother, a home-
maker whose chief interest lay in her family. Through
a long series of troubles, and though they have been
a number of times separated (including the time
Walter spent in the service of his country during the
war), Portia and Walter have always clung to the
hope that someday—soon—Portia will be able to give
up forever her work as a lawyer, devote herself
entirely to her family.

Up to the present, this hasn’t been possible, with
the exception of a few brief periods. Before they were
married, Walter went to Europe as a war correspon-
dent and Portia, alone again, fell back on her work as
both support and solace, for Walter had been tricked,
before he left, into promising to marry another girl.
Unhappy and lonely, Portia met a doctor who fell in
love with her—and who was murdered in circum-
stances which seemed to point to Portia as the mur-
derer. She was saved by the last-minute confession
of a girl who, in turn, Portia defended; Portia won
an acquittal based on self-defense.

Free of entanglements, Portia welcomed back
Walter, who returned to the United States—only to
learn that the man she had welcomed was a spy,
Walter’s double. However, the true Walter came
back in time to upset the plot. Released from his
promise to the other girl, Walter married Portia, and

Radio Mirror will purchase readers’ best answers to
the question: “Does A Working Wife Cheat Her
Family?” For the best answer, $25.00; the five next-
best $5.00 each.

On these pages you will learn more about the
life of Portia Manning and her family.

Ever since her marriage to Walter Manning,
Portia has desired above all else to give up
her career as a lawyer and to devote her entire
time to making a home for Walter and the two
children. But each time that the goal is near,
circumstances intervene to bring Portia back to
her law work. Often she asks herself: would
our lives be different if I could not work—if I
had no talents, no training? How much better
a wife and mother could I be if I simply stayed
at home?

Does a working wife cheat her family? What
do you think? State your reasons, either in
agreement or disagreement, in a letter of no
more than one hundred words; address it to
Portia, RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42 St., New York
17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter
and will purchase it for $25.00 for publication in
the August issue; they will choose the five next-
best letters, purchase them for $5.00 each. Opinion
of the editors will be final: no letters will be
returned. Letters must be postmarked no later
than midnight, May 1, 1950. The coupon below
should accompany your letter.

NAME ..................................................

STREET or BOX ..................................

CITY or P. O. ......................................STATE ........
then returned to his important work in Europe.

Not long afterward came a report of Walter's death. Lonely and embittered at finding herself widowed a second time, Portia drifted into an engagement with a Dr. Byron, with whom her friend Cathy was in love. Jealous, Cathy kept from her the news that Walter was alive, a patient in a hospital. Walter read of his wife's plans for marriage to Byron, managed to get out of the hospital and return to Parkerstown.

Once more, Portia and Walter settled down, but Portia's services as a lawyer were again required—now in defense of Elaine Arden, who had accidentally killed Dr. Byron. Portia won an acquittal and the grateful Elaine cleared Walter of a cloud which had troubled the Mannings, for she had tried to make it appear that Walter was falling in love with her.

The Mannings were reunited; Portia went to Hollywood with Walter; a book of his had been bought by a film company. After their return to Parkerstown Walter was assigned by the motion picture company to go overseas to make a documentary film. Portia stayed behind to defend their friend, Mark Randall, who was being held on a trumped-up murder charge.

Finally Portia and Walter have settled down to the quiet home life they have longed for. Dickie, who has been cared for by Miss Daisy during the time Portia has had to be away from him, now has a baby sister, Shirley. Shortly after the birth of the little girl, Walter was accused of murder, but Portia's skill as a lawyer brought the real criminal to justice.

Now, in the Manning household, all seems well, despite the fact that Christopher, Walter's brother, has turned up, and has fallen in love with Portia.

Portia considers her family—her husband, her small daughter, her sturdy young son—and thinks: this is the way life was meant to be. A woman should be a wife, a mother. That is the vocation she is meant for, the way of life in which she can find happiness.

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HERE ARE THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO WROTE THE BEST LETTERS OF ADVICE TO DR. JIM BRENT, ROAD OF LIFE, IN FEBRUARY'S DAYTIME SERIAL PROBLEM.

In February Radio Mirror, reader-listeners were told in brief the story of Dr. Jim Brent, of Road of Life, and were asked the question: "How Much Can A Man Forgive?" Radio Mirror editors have chosen the best answers, and checks have been sent as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS to Mrs. Albert Dickie, Ellsworth, Wisconsin, for the following letter:

Dr. Jim's, or any man's, ability to forgive is in direct relationship to his own emotional maturity, bigness of heart, and understanding of the everyday problems of human beings. Emotional maturity develops from knowing and appreciating the normalcy of undesirable, as well as desirable, characteristics, and accepting and forgiving them in turn, extending sympathy, strength and praise as each is needed. Dr. Jim realizes that sympathy, understanding and faith defeats wrong motives and gives rise to new strength. His forgiveness will find its reward in Beth's new, changed grasp on life, and in himself, who experiences the strength of forgiveness.

TEN DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the question has been sent to: Katherine M. Small, Eatonville, Washington; Alberta Helton, Kingsport, Tennessee; Margaret E. Nixon, Beaumont, Texas; Mrs. Ann Abel, Lansing, Michigan; Virginia Fischer, Staunton, Illinois.

Road of Life is heard M-F, 3:15 P.M., EST, NBC, sponsored by Crisco.
S
ome years ago, when young Portia Blake was left a widow, she turned gratefully to her training as a lawyer, for she had to support herself and her small son, Dickie. Through her work she met Walter Manning, then a reporter in Parkerton. They fell in love and planned to be married.

As young people in love so often do, Walter and his bride-to-be discussed their plans for the future and talked of what their life together would be like. One of the important points in their dreaming of the days to come was this: Portia would give up her practice of law; she would be a wife and a mother, a homemaker whose chief interest lay in her family. Through a long series of troubles, and though they have been a number of times separated (including the time Walter spent in the service of his country during the war), Portia and Walter have always clung to the hope that someday—soon—Portia will be able to give up forever her work as a lawyer, devote herself entirely to her family.

Up to the present, this hasn’t been possible, with the exception of a few brief periods. Before they were married, Walter went to Europe as a war correspondent and Portia, alone again, fell back on her own work as both support and solace, for Walter had been tricked, before he left, into promising to marry another girl. Unhappy and lonely, Portia met a doctor who fell in love with her—and who was murdered in circumstances which seemed to point to Portia as the murderer. She was saved by the last-minute confession of a girl who, in turn, Portia defended; Portia won an acquittal based on self-defense.

Free of entanglements, Portia welcomed back Walter, who returned to the United States—only to learn that the man she had welcomed was a 49-year-old bachelor. However, the true Walter came back in time to upset the plot. Released from his promise to the other girl, Walter married Portia, and then returned to his important work in Europe.

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When Fran first got into radio, people were so intrigued with her "Aunt Fanny" character that she very seldom got a chance to sing.

Kukla, Fran and Ollie, with Fran Allison, is heard on NBC-TV stations at 7 P. M., EST, Monday through Friday, sponsored by RCA-Victor and Sealtest.
Three loves has Fran Allison: Kukla, Ollie—and Archie. Here is the story of Fran and the man who doesn’t mind a bit being third on the list!

Three loves has Fran. She also lives three lives, simultaneously. Capsuled, that's the story back of Fran Allison, whom Radio Mirror readers have just named their favorite night-time television actress. Because those lives have been publicly isolated from each other, her career is punctuated by question marks which keep two rival networks and two competitive sponsors busy answering letters which ask "Who is Fran Allison, anyway?"

Officially, for the record, her loves are Kukla, Ollie and Archie. Privately, the order is reversed—Archie Levington takes precedence, both by time and by marriage.

There's no conflict about it, for Archie, too, confesses to multiple affections. He loves all three of her personalities: Fran, of NBC's fabulously popular Kukla, Fran and Ollie; Aunt Fanny of ABC's perennial Breakfast Club, and Mrs. Archie Levington, who presides over his household.

It sounds complicated, but to Archie and Fran it is beautifully simple. They love each other; consequently, anything one does the other shares.

Their romance, fittingly enough, began in the NBC studio in Chicago in 1937, when Archie Levington, a song plugger for Leeds Music Company, tucked his top new tune under his arm and set out to meet the girl staff singer, newly come from Iowa.

In the opinion of Philadelphia-born Archie, vocally as well as agriculturally, "Iowa" and "corn" were definitely synonymous. Gossip, which travels faster in show (Continued on page 94)
Your Favorite
DAYTIME TV MAN
Rumpus Room emcee Johnny Olsen's friendliness and charm put him way out in front as the favorite daytime TV man. And it seems only natural that the same qualities won a majority of votes for his wife, Penny Olsen, in the corresponding category. Between them, they make the Rumpus Room one of the most rollicking of daytime TV shows. It's telecast Monday through Friday at 12:30 P.M. over the Dumont Television Network.

Your Favorite
DAYTIME TV WOMAN
The winner in this category is the girl Johnny Olsen calls his "Million-Dollar Penny," the girl he wooed in Wisconsin and married in Iowa. Right now the Olsens seem anchored in New York, what with their TV show and their radio programs. Penny has been singing on radio since she was six, and the high point of any Rumpus Room show are the duets she and Johnny sing to fit titles called out to them by studio audiences.

Some of the TV stars and programs you've chosen to receive this year's Awards

Your Favorite
TV DRAMA
Although it's been on the channels only since last July, Mama's appeal was immediate, and its award was won by a huge majority. The characters in Mama were familiar to the public long before they reached TV. Created by Kathryn Forbes in the novel, Mama's Bank Account, they moved onto the stage and screen under the title, "I Remember Mama." Mama, with Peggy Wood in the title role, is on Fri., 8:00 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

Your Favorite
TV COMEDY SHOW
The Texaco Star Theater, with Milton Berle, is the only two-time winner of a Radio Mirror TV Award. Last year, when there was only one television award given, and that for the best show, Berle's brand of comedy won your vote by an overwhelming majority. This year, with twelve awards to cover TV's Topsy-like growth, the Star Theater again earns an Award. It's telecast Tuesday at 9:00 P.M. EST on the NBC television network.
Everyone has a chance to name the mystery melody on Stop the Music and win the jackpot. Here's one proof of it that also explains what makes my hair turn gray.

As musical director and one of the originators of Stop the Music it has always been my job to select the mystery tune. Sometimes a melody runs through my head that I've known since childhood but for the life of me I can't remember the name. In the case of the mystery melody, "Upon St. Paul's Steeple," it took me and three experts a month to trace the correct title.

When we played the melody for the first Sunday I felt rather tickled. The musicians, producers and studio audience were completely baffled. The simple chimes, I thought, would really keep the nation on its ear but the next night I had my ego punctured.

I was sitting at the dinner table when my wife asked, "Is the name of the mystery melody 'Upon St. Paul's Steeple?'"

I nearly choked but finally recovered to ask, "How did you find out?"

Roberta grinned and explained, "The little girl in the apartment upstairs found it in Schirmer's Elementary Piano Book. It's her piano lesson."

That's what I mean. Anyone, man, woman or child, has a chance of winning the jackpot so don't freeze-up some evening when you answer the telephone and hear a female voice say, "This is the Stop the Music operator in New York City calling—"

If you're a normal person, not allergic to winning magnificent prizes, you'll likely miss a heartbeat, feel your knees buckling and, as you grope for the nearest chair, ask someone to bring you a glass of water or something stronger.

The operators, prepared for temporary panic, know that nine out of ten people who answer will be nearly paralyzed with surprise for STM—as we call it—has created more national excitement than any other game or contest in the country.

Since early 1948, STM has teased and tormented people from every walk of life. A prominent Wall Street financier regularly tries to wheel the name of the mystery melody from one of the producers. Senators, harassed by their constituents for the title, in turn belabor clerks at the (Continued on page 83)
Stop the Music!

Familiar sight to Stop the Music viewers: emcee Bert Parks on phone, musical director Harry Salter poised on podium, ready to lead the orchestra in the strains of the mystery tune. Harry, who gives some useful hints here for stopping the music, was one of the originators of the program.

Stop the Music: Thurs. 8:00 P.M. EST, WJZ-TV. Sponsored by the Admiral Corp. and Old Gold cigarettes.
JANETTE DAVIS

ARTHUR GODFREY

ESTELLE LORING

BOB SMITH and HOWDY DOODY

RADIO MIRROR AWARDS
Your Favorite
TV VARIETY SHOW

Though strictly a pro now, it was an amateur contest that gave Godfrey's vivacious vocalist, Janette Davis, her first break in a career that led her to the program that wins an award as your favorite TV variety show. Janette, along with musical colleagues Bill Lawrence, the Mariners and the Chordettes, supplies songs on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, which is telecast on Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M. EST over the CBS television network.

More of the TV stars and programs you've elected to receive this year's Awards

Your Favorite
TV QUIZ SHOW

Estelle Loring is one of the few vocalists, if not the only one, on television who can dangle a Phi Beta Kappa key from her charm bracelet. A Cornell graduate who almost became a lawyer, Estelle heard about a role in a Broadway chorus. In the usual fashion, one thing led to another and she now shares Stop the Music songs with Betty Ann Grove and Jimmy Blaine. STM, Award-winning TV quiz show, is on Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, WJZ-TV.

Your Favorite
TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Howdy Doody has won almost enough awards to match the freckles on his cute little face. When he was told about this newest honor from Radio Mirror readers, he ran his hands through his red hair and said, "Well, gee, Mister Smith, will you tell the kids and their mothers and fathers who voted for me that all the folks who work on the Howdy Doody show, thank them very, very much!" (M.-F., 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.)

Your Favorite
TV MAN, NIGHT

There's just no one on TV or radio who can begin to approach the popularity of the Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. redhead named Godfrey. Arthur, who could stay on the channels twenty-four hours a day and still find appreciative audiences, wins Awards for the third straight year. Among other things, he's out on top as the favorite nighttime TV man for Talent Scouts, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST and for his variety show, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.
In 1928, three things happened in 1928 that were of enormous significance to the future of radio.

The first feature-length, all-talking film "The Lights of New York," produced by Warner Brothers, was one. They used the Vitaphone process, a method of synchronizing records with silent film, and the sound was terrible. The S's hissed out of the loud speakers like escaping steam, and frequently the records and the picture went separate ways with dismaying effect. There was no doubt about it though. Talkies were here to stay. Al Jolson's second film, "The Singing Fool," was rushed out. It was a sensation. People went back half a dozen times to hear him sing "Sonny Boy" and "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder." Overnight, most of the "silent" stars were on the shelf. Stage and concert players packed the trains going west. Radio had to meet two challenges at once—the rivalry of the fascinating new talkies, and the need to find a whole new set of stars and find them in a hurry.

There was a big change in politics, too.
Al Smith, "the man in the brown derby," went on the "raddio" in his (Continued on page 86)
First of the crooners to create a clamor was Rudy Vallee. Here with the Connecticut Yankees and Graham McNamee is the man whose admirers cherished his greeting, "Heigh-Ho Everybody," and knew every word of the songs he made famous.

Clem McCarthy's reputation as a great turf reporter was established with the first Kentucky Derby broadcast.

American life regulated itself to leave a free period from 7:00 to 7:15 P.M. The reasons: Amos 'n Andy.
Love, as the poets point out, is blind. Sometimes, as with Martha

Looking at Martha—which the whole city was doing—it was almost impossible to conceive that those soft, frightened dark eyes had ever blazed with murderous fury, or that those delicate fingers had once gripped a knife and plunged it deep, again and again, into the body of a man. Looking at her husband, Don, as he sat quietly beside her in the courtroom, the very model of a serious-minded, undramatic young businessman, it was equally impossible to believe that he had helped her.

Yet so the state prosecution contended. And such is the power of words ... by the time District Attorney Noble was halfway through his case, you couldn't believe they hadn't done it. My boss Perry Mason knew they were innocent, and so did I—partly because Perry never defended a client he thought was guilty, and partly because I was used to discounting the magic power of words, which could pull you this way or that way. I had learned to look beyond them, and go by feel alone. But the jury was something else again. As Perry said, he could hardly go up to them and say "Look here, friends. You've got to let these youngsters go. My secretary Della Street knows instinctively that they're not guilty, and Della's instinct is never wrong."

If we get right down to it, Perry doesn't believe in instinct himself. Not my instincts. When he has one, he calls it a hunch, so of course that makes it okay to go ahead and act on it. Don't get me wrong—when it comes to pure brain power, the chief is as sharp a lawyer and as intelligent a human being as you're likely to find. But golly, how much easier my life would be if he'd just once, just for five minutes, relax that brain and let his feelings go to work. Practically everyone I know is dumber than he is, but they all caught on long ago that Perry Mason's secretary is in love with the boss. So I figure it doesn't take brains, and I keep on hoping that one day, maybe when he's very tired after a long, hard courtroom battle ... when he doesn't really know what he's saying ... his instinct will take over. He'll look at me as if he's never seen me before and say, "Why, Della, you love me! And I love you! What are we waiting for?"

All right, call it a daydream. But I'm still hoping. Still, if it ever happens, it'll be another story ... and this one is about Martha and Don Smith.

We got into it before they were married. Martha was Martha Herold then. She was also gentle, quietly lovely—and worried to death, like so many other people who turn up in Perry's busy downtown office. She had all the symptoms I've come to recognize: the pale lips, the twisted handkerchief, the rigid perch on the edge of the anteroom chair. When a client like that shows up I don't keep him or her waiting. One of them, a long time ago, had a nervous collapse right there beside my desk, and the little men in white coats had to take her away. So now, when I see a client as tense as that, I shoo her through to the chief.

Her approach, like her manner, was a textbook example of what we get too often. "I have a friend," she began. Perry and I exchanged a brief glance. We got those "friends" every day, and nine out of ten of them never existed. We knew from the outset that Martha's problem was not her friend's, but her own.

As problems go, it wasn't so bad. A man named Wilfred Palmer had been blackmailing her since 1944. She wanted to know what to do about it.

"Go to the police," Perry said.

"Oh, I can't!" Martha exclaimed. (She said 'my friend can't', but I didn't bother putting that in my notes so I won't bother with it here.) "You don't understand. I know it's the right thing to do, but no—right now especially—I just can't risk having it all stirred up again."

Perry grinned reassuringly. "Short
of murder, you can't have done anything so terrible. Believe me, whatever it was you'll be better off with the police than you will if you go on squeezing blood out of stones to pay off this guy."

"I didn't do anything. That's the hideous thing," Martha Herold said. There was a silence while she studied first Perry's face, then mine. Then she cleared her throat. "I'll tell you what happened, and then you'll see—the only wrong I've committed is that I'm a coward. I come from Hilton Falls. It's a really small small-town, you've probably never heard of it. I was a cashier in a bank there, and I guess I was kind of a popular girl. Anyway, the boss's son used to take me out now and then. It didn't mean a thing. We were just friends. I was as happy as anyone when he got engaged." She shook her head incredulously. "I still can't believe that engagement was the beginning of the end of my happiness. Why, he didn't mean a thing to me! When he invited me to go along on a week-end yachting party to celebrate his engagement, I never thought of refusing. His fiancee was along, and his dad—oh, at least six other people." Her voice, which had been under good control, began to go shaky.

I put a cup of water at her elbow, and she thanked me with a look that had tears (Continued on page 98)
DAYTIME DIARY

Up-to-the-minute reviews of all the daytime dramas—cast, background
and recent events. You'll find it a good guide to good listening

AUNT JENNY

CAST: Aunt Jenny, noted in Littleton for two important things—her cooking and her stories.
BACKGROUND: Visiting in Aunt Jenny's kitchen, announcer Dan Seymour and the other listeners who hear Aunt Jenny every week day have heard the story of Miss Emma, the retired spinster who found, when she left the Metropole Trust Company after thirty-five years of employment there, that the world was a very lonely place. After several heartbreaking attempts to make a life for herself, Miss Emma finally discovered a young widower, Mr. Hawkins, who needed her as much as she needed him. As an "adopted grandmother" and companion to his motherless youngsters, Miss Emma found a new and heartening meaning in her lonely existence.
RECENTLY: Aunt Jenny is now telling the story of Phil Gibson, whose recollection of his poverty-ridden childhood is so acute that he is willing to do anything to "get ahead." Will Phil continue to be ruthless in his ambitions even if they bring him to the edge of illegality and ruin his marriage?

BACKSTAGE WIFE

CAST: Mary Noble, wife of Larry Noble, popular Broadway actor; Rupert Barlow, wealthy backer of Larry's show; Julia Dixon, Rupert's housekeeper; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent.
BACKGROUND: In spite of the fact that Mary and Larry are happily married and very much in love, Rupert Barlow allows his interest in Mary to develop to the dangerous point where he is eager to do anything to break up the Noble marriage and get Mary for himself. His last plan—to have Beatrice Dunmore spread gossip involving herself and Larry—fails because of Mary's firm belief in her husband.
RECENTLY: Now Rupert has embarked on another plan. He has convinced Larry that he and Rupert must be seen around town together and spend much of their time together, for professional reasons. In this way he can continue to achieve his real purpose—to see as much as possible of Mary. But Julia Dixon has been long frustrated in her attempt to win Barlow's love. Will her interest in Mary be the spark that will drive Julia to some desperate action?

BIG SISTER

CAST: Ruth Wayne, wife of Dr. John Wayne of Glen Falls; Dr. Reed Bannister, John's friend and associate; Valerie, Reed's wife; Dr. Ken Morgan, disillusioned young member of the Health Centre staff; Mary Winters, young widow in love with Ken.
BACKGROUND: The feud between John and Reed comes to a crisis when Valerie, who had switched from John to another doctor during her pregnancy, suffers a miscarriage. John's response to Reed's cry for help alters things, and enables Ruth to be with Valerie in the latter's trouble.
RECENTLY: Ken's despair over the fickleness of Carol, whom he loved, may react unpleasantly for Mary Winters. Sensing that Mary is becoming too fond of him, Ken appeals to Ruth to explain to the young widow—who is also his landlady—that he has no love left to give any woman, and to warn Mary not to forget him. Meanwhile, trouble arrives for Neddie, Ruth's brother, as his flambouyant wife Hope comes back to town. And trouble for Neddie means trouble for his big sister Ruth. How will she handle Hope's reappearance?

BRIGHTER DAY

CAST: Elizabeth Dennis, who mothers the rest of her family—her father, Reverend Richard Dennis; her sisters, Althea (married to Bruce Bigby), Patsy, and Babby; her brother, Grayling.
BACKGROUND: Even gentle Liz is forced to recognize that Althea married Bruce not for love but for money, when Althea pretends to be pregnant in order to force Mr. Bigby Sr. to supply bigger checks. After an attempt by Liz and Poppa Dennis to talk Althea into confessing her deception, the determined young woman fails—or throws herself—down a flight of stairs. Thus the "baby" is disposed of, and Bruce is none the wiser until the doctor innocently reveals that there never was a baby.
RECENTLY: Althea turns even this to her advantage, putting the blame for her lies on her fear of Bruce's rich family. But Grayling has had enough of his sister's duplicity. He tells Bruce the whole truth. Bruce fights a losing battle with himself. He is prepared to take Althea back when Liz, heartened by Grayling's stand, tells him into leaving Althea for his own good.
DAVID HARUM

CAST: David Harum, leading citizen of Glendale; Aunt Polly, his sister; Brian and Susan Wells, young friends of David’s; Zeke Swinney, Brian’s father; Larry Graham, who loves Susan Wells.

BACKGROUND: Long ago Brian changed his name in an attempt to disassociate himself from his ne’er-do-well father. But now Zeke is back in town, having managed to gain control of the newspaper Brian worked so hard to build up. After a fight with his father Brian develops amnesia, and Zeke convinces him that he is really “Tom Bridges,” wanted for murder. Knowing his father only as “Mr. Smith,” Brian takes his advice and disappears. Will Susan ever learn that in Philadelphia, as “Tom Bridges,” he has fallen in love with a girl named Amy Weston?

RECENTLY: In Brian’s disappearance Larry Graham sees his chance to win Susan. His love and protection are so welcome to the distraught girl that she gives Brian up for dead and looks ahead to the possibility of marrying Larry. But David, unconvinced of Brian’s death, continues to investigate.

DOROTHY DIX AT HOME

CAST: Dorothy Dix, well-known counselor on personal problems; John, her nephew; Roxanne Wallingford, young heiress who is attracted by John, but cannot seem to pull away from gangster Sherman Lang.

BACKGROUND: John Dix, almost against his will finds the modoc Roxanne hauntingly appealing. But Lang grimly tightens his own hold on Roxanne. Dorothy Dix herself is uncertain how to advise her nephew, for Long has revealed himself as a strong, ruthless but in many ways admirable personality, and she suspects that he and Roxanne might find happiness together.

RECENTLY: On her way to the Adirondacks, Roxanne stops at Greenfield to see John, and is caught with him in a disaster during which a bridge is washed out. Roxanne is impressed by the business-like manner in which John, who is working on a Greenfield newspaper, covers the story. But is it through John’s story that Lang learns Roxanne was with John against his orders. Before Lang can get Roxanne back to New York, she is put to bed, with a dangerously high fever, at the home of Dorothy Dix.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

CAST: David Farrell, stor reporter for the New York Daily Eagle; Sally, his wife, herself a former newspaperwoman.

BACKGROUND: Technically, David Farrell is a reporter, sent out by his paper when the ever a big story breaks to get the news. Actually, however, when his assignment is a crime story—as it usually is—the police department has learned that it can count on “Front Page” Farrell and his sharp-eyed wife to help them catch the criminal involved.

RECENTLY: David’s latest assignment has taken him to colorful Greenwich Village, where a well-known magazine artist was found, stabbed to death, in his studio. A talkative neighbor and a host of beautiful girls help to confuse David and the police in their search for the murderer. But when David and Sally discover a fragment of a red rubber glove in the studio, the solution is made just a little easier. Did one of the artist’s glamorous models wear that glove when she killed him? Or did a clever man make use of the glove to mislead police into looking for a woman?

GUIDING LIGHT

CAST: Charlotte Brandon, whose marriage to Ray Brandon suffers when she agrees to give their adopted son Chuckie back to his real mother, Meta Bauer.

BACKGROUND: Desperately unhappy, Charlotte cannot sleep. A prescription for sleeping pills helps her to obtain temporary rest, and gradually she learns that by the increased use of drugs she can blot her troubles from her mind for long, and longer periods. The outcome of this is tragic: Charlotte finds herself a helpless drug addict, and is forced to undergo hospitalization.

RECENTLY: In spite of the help of her friend Dr. Mary Leland, Charlotte cannot endure the Solby Flats Hospital. She manages to make her escape and disappears. But Ray, alive for the first time to his own responsibility, finds her and takes her to an isolated cabin hoping to speed her cure by his love and devotion. Charlotte, half-crazed from lack of drugs, fights him bitterly, and rushes out only to be trapped in a blinding mountain snowstorm. By the time Charlotte is found, her action has tragically affected many lives besides her own.

HILLTOP HOUSE

CAST: Julie Paterno, new supervisor of Glendale’s orphanage, Hilltop House; Michael, her husband; Kevin Burke, with whom Julie was once in love; David, Kevin’s son; Carol Nesbitt, young newcomer to Hilltop; Mrs. Nesbitt, her mother.

BACKGROUND: The marriage of Julie and Michael, which promised so much happiness, is shaken by Kevin Burke’s arrival in Glendale. Julie cannot refuse his request that she look after Little Mike because at the time he makes it, Kevin believes he is going to die. But he does not, and his continued presence in town infuriates Michael.

RECENTLY: Little Carol Nesbitt, the subject of a bitter custody suit, is ordered removed from both parents and temporarily placed at Hilltop. Although under Julie’s care she becomes happier and healthier than ever before, her angry mother opens a fight to contest Hilltop’s right to keep her. Ironically, Mrs. Nesbitt engages Mike as her lawyer. She also finds him attractive enough to flirt with, thus doubly complicating the tense situation that already exists between Julie and Mike.
JUST PLAIN BILL

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; his daughter Nancy; Kerry Donovan, Nancy's lawyer husband; Judson Burke, in love with Dorothy Tate; Ruth Tate, Dorothy's sister, who loves Judson; Philip Conway, the girls' cousin; Hester Conway, their aunt.

BACKGROUND: Judson Burke first came to Hartville in an attempt to put Dorothy Tate out of his life. He had just become engaged to her when he learned, or thought he had learned, that she loved another man. Ruth, following Jud to Hartville, tried to convince him that this was the case. When Dorothy and her aunt Hester and Philip Conway all arrived in town, Bill decided to do what he could to help.

RECENTLY: It is now plain, even to Jud, that Dorothy's interest in Philip Conway is not romantic. But Philip, disinherited by Hester, always needs help and encouragement, and Dorothy cannot bring herself to stop seeing him in order to try to lead him into a happier way of life. Will Jud's resentment of Ruth's determination in the last resort that might bring happiness to Jud and Dorothy?

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

CAST: Papa David, proprietor of the "Slightly Read Book Shop"; his protégée, young Chichi Conrad; Douglas Norman, the writer Chichi loves, married to Alice Swan- son; Jim, Alice's former husband.

BACKGROUND: With Douglas Norman's marriage to Alice Swanson, Chichi finds the neighborhood of the Book Shop increasingly uncomfortable. Her job as companion to Miss Victoria Vandenbusch gives her a new interest, but she wonders, as she becomes familiar with the family, if she hasn't jumped from the frying pan into the fire, as far as trouble is concerned.

RECENTLY: Victoria's nephew Paul and his wife Christine can't wait for the old woman's death to get their hands on her money. Chichi's arrival has made them nervous, because Chichi's charm and kindness are just the personality traits that may—no, they're afraid—endear her so much to Victoria that she might come in for some of the money. Chichi can't be sure, though, whether the things Paul and Christine are saying to her are really threats or if she's just becoming unduly nervous.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

CAST: Miriam, young maiden of Jerusalem, who loves the Roman centurion Anthony; Bartholomew, her brother; Uriah, who has been chosen for her by her family.

BACKGROUND: To separate Miriam from Anthony, her family have arranged a visit for her with relatives in far-away Galilee. Intent on Miriam's trouble, nobody in the family has any suspicion of the peculiar fate that awaits Bartholomew at the end of the dangerous journey.

RECENTLY: On the shores of Galilee, Bartholomew forms a friendship with fishermen Simon and Andrew, interested by their talk of Jesus of Nazareth. Some days later he goes fishing with them. While they are out on the water, a storm blows up so violently that they are prepared to face death. Suddenly the tumult is quieted and upon the shore they see Jesus Himself beckoning to them. Meanwhile both Anthony and Uriah have found excuses for following Miriam to Galilee and here Miriam is upset by a message from her mother—a story about Anthony which almost succeeds in its purpose of killing her love for the young Roman.

LORENZO JONES

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, mechanic at Jim Barker's garage, who prefers to think of himself as an inventor; Belle, his wife, who sometimes criticizes Lorenzo, but will not allow anyone else to do so.

BACKGROUND: This is one of the times when Jim Barker wonders—just a little—what he's paying Lorenzo for. The water shortage has become much more interesting to Lorenzo, than his job, though he hasn't yet devised a way to beat it. The same goes for his quick-drying plaster, in spite of the encouragement and speechless admiration of Sandy Matson, who works around the garage, that platter of Lorenzo's still hasn't dried, quickly or otherwise.

RECENTLY: Meanwhile, Lorenzo becomes embroiled in local politics with a new kind of recording machine which just happens to record a conversation that certain people would rather not have published. When his recording breaks, Lorenzo knows that once again he has stumbled on the trail of something important. And when the truth comes to light, the rest of the town is forced to agree that Lorenzo is right.

MA PERKINS

CAST: Ma Perkins, beloved by all of Rush- ville Center; Shuffle Shober, who helps Ma run her lumber yard; Willy Fitz, husband of Ma's daughter Evey, who works in the yard; Cousins Ed and Bonita Hammacher, who thought Ma was an "easy mark."

BACKGROUND: With Cousin Ed looking for a good business in which to invest, it seemed a fine idea for him to go into partnership with Willy in the Middlebоро lumber yard Ma planned to help Willy buy. Shuffle, however, suspected Ed's money was a myth, and events proved him right. Ed hoped to inveigle $10,000 out of Ma.

RECENTLY: It's decided to buy the Middlebоро yard in Willy's name and offer Ed a job there. Insulted, Ed and Bonita pack up and leave. But shortly they're back for Ed has a new scheme. He is going to undermine Shuffle so that Shuffle will quit Ma's lumber yard, thus opening the way for Ed to become Ma's right hand man, partner, and eventual boss. Ma's sense of family responsibility has made things easy so far for Cousin Ed—but just how far can Ma be pushed?
MARRIAGE FOR TWO

CAST: Vikki, who hopes—and still believes—that marriage will turn her husband Roger Hoyt into a responsible person; Pamela Towers, who wants Roger just as he is; Mildred, the maid who came to Vikki on Pamela’s recommendation, and who knows that Pamela wants the marriage to break up.

BACKGROUND: In spite of her love for Roger, Vikki’s life becomes daily more difficult. Living—at Roger’s insistence—in a house she hates and cannot afford to run; under constant strain because of the trouble which her maid Mildred manages to cause.

Vikki now faces a further financial and emotional struggle as Roger decides to go into business with Pamela.

RECENTLY: At the advertising agency where he previously worked, Roger Hoyt had some kind of future...if he worked. But Pamela talked him into leaving. Attracted by her extravagant talk and ideas, Roger is enthusiastic at first. But soon he sees that by "big business" Pamela and her backer, Mr. Taylor, mean an unethical and underhanded kind of business in which Roger refuses to take any part.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

CAST: Nona Brady, adopted daughter of Pat Brady; Vernon Dutell, important producer at Palladium Films in Hollywood; Thelma Powell, who expected to capture Vernon until Nona arrived on the scene; Emery Monaco, director, mysteriously murdered; Renee, his wife, who claims to believe that Nona is guilty.

BACKGROUND: When Pat Brady sought out his old friend Vernon, to introduce Nona to him, Vernon was struck by the girl’s radiant beauty. As the result of a screen test Nona left her job in a law office and started out on a screen career. But Thelma Powell, chief star at Palladium, means to get rid of Nona somehow, for she fears that if she does not she will lose Vernon to her.

RECENTLY: All Hollywood is shocked by the murder of Emery Monaco. A crushing weight of circumstantial evidence leads the police to arrest Pat, Nona’s foster-father; but Thelma Powell sees in the murder a fine opportunity to rid herself of Nona. Working with Renee Monaco, she helps build up a case against Nona herself. Will Vernon be able to protect Nona?

OUR GAL SUNDAY

CAST: Sunday, wife of Lord Henry Brin-thrope; Allan Drake, son of the late Edwin Drake, Sunday’s friend; Sylvia, Allan’s ex-fiancee; Janet Lynn, the young girl who was engaged to Edwin; Priscilla, Edwin’s malicious sister.

BACKGROUND: Edwin Drake’s will makes a strange provision of his money: he specified that a certified check for $100,000 was to be given to Sunday, who was to decide whether the money was to go to Allan, the son Edwin had not seen for many years, or to Janet, Edwin’s fiancée.

RECENTLY: Sunday’s predicament is acute, for she refuses to believe—as even Lord Henry believes—that Janet Lynn is a fortune-hunter. On the other hand, she feels that perhaps Edwin’s son Allan has the best right to the money. But she discovers that Sylvia Drake will do anything to get the money, and this makes her wonder if her father would have given the money to Allan under the circumstances. Sunday’s bewilderment is increased when Sylvia cleverly gets Lord Henry on her side. Will Sunday and Lord Henry disagree?

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY

CAST: Pepper Young, red-haired young mayor of Elwood; Linda, his wife; Peggy, his sister, wife of Carter Trent; Mrs. Ivy Trent, Carter’s wealthy mother; Jerry Feldman, young pilot in love with Mrs. Trent’s secretary, Ginny Taylor; Edie Hoyt, whose husband Andy has been lost in South America for over a year.

BACKGROUND: The arrival in Elwood of Carter’s mother causes trouble from the very beginning. The Youngs are particularly upset by Mrs. Trent’s plan to keep Ginny and Jerry apart.

RECENTLY: Mrs. Trent, ill in Elwood Hospital with a broken hip, goes ahead with her scheme to make Ginny her heiress, convinced the girl will think twice about giving up so much money for Jerry Feldman. Just back from South America, Jerry himself is not sure how he feels about Ginny. Also, he has brought a new problem for Edie in his reluctant report that the man he went down there to investigate cannot possibly be Andy Hoyt. But Edie can’t give up hope. Leaving little Edith with Linda and Pepper, she plans a trip to S.A. to see the man for herself.

PERRY MASON

CAST: Perry Mason, sharp-witted criminal lawyer; Della Street, his secretary; Paul Drake, the detective who works with Perry; Martha and Don Smith, defended by Perry on a murder charge; Audrey Beckman, an important and hard-to-find witness; Allyn Whitlock, another witness whose importance Perry notices almost too late; Walter Bodt, Allyn’s mysterious, powerful boy friend.

BACKGROUND: The murder of blackmailer Wilfred Palmer, of which Martha and Don are accused, disrupts the lives of many others whom he was blackmailing. Among them is Audrey Beckman, who knows that her evidence can help Martha—but if she gives it she will have to tell why Palmer was blackmailing her, and she fears her happy life with Ed, her husband, will end right there. However, Perry persuades Audrey to talk, and her evidence clears Martha.

RECENTLY: A tan coat and certain traits of personality finally lead Perry to the truth. In a dramatic courtroom scene he twists Allyn Whitlock up in her own testimony, and exposes her as the woman who stabbed Palmer to death.
PORTIA FACES LIFE

CAST: Portia Manning, lawyer, married to writer Walter Manning, who has just become managing editor of a local newspaper; Mr. Staley, publisher of the paper, and also owner of a lumber yard whose employees are becoming militant over the lack of proper safety and health precautions; Christopher, Walter's brother who has fallen in love with Portia.

BACKGROUND: Worried about money and the possibility that he had become a second-rate in his profession, Walter accepted his newspaper job in a spirit of grim determination to prove he could still handle an important job. But will the accusations made against Staley by his lumber yard workers make it impossible for Walter to continue on the paper?

RECENTLY: Has Walter become hypochondriacal in an effort to protect his job? Portia refuses to believe this, but as the poverty-stricken factory workers press their claim she feels so strongly that it is justified, and so definitely that Walter's employer is at fault, that she may not maintain an open mind about Walter's future conduct.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, who has lost the custody of her son, Skippy, to her divorced husband, Dwight Kramer; Miles Nelson, Carolyn's fiancé; Annette Thorpe, head of a newspaper chain which is backing Miles' candidacy for the governorship; Dr. Dick Campbell, an old suitor of Carolyn's.

BACKGROUND: As a lawyer and as a lover, Miles has helped Carolyn through many troubled days. But now she feels that it is due to his leaving her just as the trial over Skippy approached its crisis that Dwight obtained custody of the boy. The fact that Miles was forced to leave to further his political ambitions, and the fact that Annette Thorpe is so intimately connected with those ambitions, have not lightened Carolyn's fears for the future.

RECENTLY: Learning that Dwight intends to move to Chicago with Skippy, Carolyn desperately plans to remove Skippy from the jurisdiction of the court that awarded him to his father. With increasing desperation she wonders just how much she can count on Miles for help and love, if Annette Thorpe should decide she wants him.

ROAD OF LIFE

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, whose wife Carol has never satisfactorily explained her recent year-long absence; Beth Lambert, the actress trained to impersonate the real Carol Brent by a gang of international gangsters interested in Jim's top-secret work at Wheelock Hospital; Dr. Carson McVicker, head of Wheelock; Dr. Joel Clark, in love with Beth; Rockwell, head of the gang.

BACKGROUND: When Beth, posing as Jim's wife, falls in love with him, she begins to falsify her reports to Rockwell. Suspicious, Rockwell plants Ed Cochran as a printer in the newspaper plant of Frank Dana, Jim's friend, and learns enough about Beth's treachery to make two attempts on her life.

RECENTLY: Frightened, Beth makes a full confession to Joel Clark, who thinks her story is a fantasy and that she is suffering a nervous breakdown. Dr. McVicker also believes "Carol" is going to pieces; but for safety's sake she reports the story to the FBI, which immediately sends Dr. Olin Ferguson to Merrimac to investigate. Will he be in time to frustrate Rockwell's plan to destroy the laboratory?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

CAST: Helen Trent, brilliant Hollywood gown designer; Gil Whitney, her fiancé; Cynthia Swanson, wealthy widow who has long tried to make Gil believe that his friendship for her could easily turn into love; Daisy Parker, gossip columnist whose hatred for Helen Trent is almost as vicious as Cynthia's.

BACKGROUND: The hideous ordeal is over. Karl Dorn, on his deathbed, made a full confession of the murder of Rex Carroll—the murder for which he had so successfully framed Helen Trent that her conviction for it seemed almost a certainty. It was Gil's persistent belief in Helen's innocence, and his desperate efforts to bring Dorn to justice, that finally resulted in Dorn's confession and Helen's freedom.

RECENTLY: Happily, Helen and Gil make their plans—plans that include marriage very soon, and a more exciting career than ever for Helen. But Cynthia Swanson, a determined and resourceful woman, has made an ally of Daisy Parker. Together these two, inspired by malice toward Helen, may yet destroy her happiness with Gil.

ROSEMARY

CAST: Rosemary, wife of Bill Roberts; Blondie, the neighbor who has become Rosemary's friend, in spite of Bill's dislike; Mr. Wilson, Bill's boss; Blanche Weatherby, divorcée daughter of the Wilsons.

BACKGROUND: A new perplexing life is opening up for Rosemary, as Bill's job with Wilson's advertising agency takes them to New York City. Established in the posh apartment of Blanche Weatherby, who says they may remain as long as they like, Rosemary tries to fit in with the glamorous life of the big city. Though Bill is completely at home there, Rosemary finds herself longing for Springfield.

RECENTLY: Bill does not know that his boss has made Rosemary a proposal that shocked her—he has asked her to be his go-between in an affair with Blondie. When she refuses, he warns that Bill's job may depend on her help. Blondie, resolved to see that no trouble comes to Rosemary, undertakes to handle the situation. Bill, meanwhile, finds the lovely and lonely Blanche very appealing. What will her return to New York mean in Rosemary's life?

DAYTIME DIARY—
SECOND MRS. BURTON

CAST: Terry Burton, wife of Stan Burton, Dickson merchant; Brad, teen-age son of Stan; first marriage; Wendy, the baby.  
BACKGROUND: Stan is asked to undertake a secret mission for the government—so secret that he must take his family abroad without allowing them to suspect that he is going for anything other than business purposes.  
RECENTLY: Almost from the moment he accepts the assignment Stan is made aware that his life is in grave danger. Though he and Terry, with Brad and Wendy, board their ship safely, several incidents that occur on board make him realize that every move is being watched by enemy eyes. His resolution does not waver, however, until at Waterloo Station in London an attempt is made to kidnap Terry and Wendy. Horrified, Stan tells Terry she must go home with the children—he will remain abroad alone. But before he can put this plan—so startling to Terry—into operation, he contacts the man who is waiting for him in London, and finds himself unable to alter the course of his mission.

STELLA DALLAS

CAST: Stella Dallas, self-sacrificing mother; Laurel, her daughter, wife of wealthy Dick Grosvenor; Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick’s widowed mother; Minnie Grady, loyal friend to Stella; Iris Devlin, Minnie’s newly-discovered niece.  
BACKGROUND: The recent horror in which Stella was involved—the horror caused by Mrs. Grosvenor’s foolish infatuation for a scoundrel, which led to a murder of which Stella was accused—is over. Stella has been cleared of all suspicion, and is back at home. Laurel’s marriage to Dick, rescued from the threat of interference by a family tragedy, resumes its pleasant course, and Stella once more is able to rejoice in her daughter’s happiness.  
RECENTLY: Suddenly a dramatic change comes into the life of Minnie Grady. She discovers she has inherited a fortune. With the fortune, however, comes a niece, who arrives to live with Minnie. Stella doesn’t quite know what to make of Iris, but a new development starts her wondering . . . and worrying. Minnie abruptly and unaccountably becomes ill, under circumstances that make Stella suspicious.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse, in love with lawyer Charles Dobbs; George Stewart, Charles’ brother, who is being sued for forgery as part of a campaign by young Tom Morley to bring trouble upon Charles; Suzanne, young pianist in love with Tom; Dorothy, George’s glamorous wife.  
BACKGROUND: Blaming Charles for the death of his father, Big John Morley, Tom has become a vengeful youth carried away by his hatred of Charles. After the reconciliation between Dorothy and George, when Dorothy pawns a bracelet to provide George with medical care, Nora turns her attention to Tom and discovers him on the edge of a mental breakdown.  
RECENTLY: Nora makes Tom realize that he may have a distorted idea of his dead father’s character. Tom refuses to admit it completely, but he does turn to Suzanne, and with her love to lean on he recovers his mental health, and revises his ideas about Charles. As a result, when George is on trial Tom upsets the prosecution by defending him, and George receives a suspended sentence.

WE LOVE AND LEARN

CAST: Madame Sophie, who began life as a down-to-earth French peasant, and has now become the most glamourous couturiere in New York; Paul Tracy, debonair lawyer, Madame Sophie’s friend.  
BACKGROUND: Madame Sophie, who enjoys re-designing the lives of her friends as much as she does designing a new creation, has been working recently on two human problems, trying to make them come out the way she feels everyone concerned would be happiest. Most intriguing to Madame Sophie is the determination of beautiful young Elizabeth Johnson to marry Orville Hudson, who—though wealthy—is crippled and has three times her age.  
RECENTLY: Can Madame Sophie and attractive Paul Tracy, working together, convince Elizabeth that Hudson is too old for her? And how formidable an enemy would Hudson become if their interference should be successful? Meanwhile, the problem of Jim and Thelma Carlton still disturbs Madame Sophie. Will she be able to patch up their broken marriage in spite of the clever opposition of Jim’s mother?

WENDY WARREN

CAST: Wendy Warren, successful newspaperwoman; Don Smith, her managing editor; Dorothy Chaffee, who loves Peter Wotton, her boss; Kitty Hayes, in jail on a narcotics charge.  
BACKGROUND: Believing Kitty innocent, Don puts up $20,000 bail for her. With this money he planned to buy the paper to keep Mary McKenna from selling it to a stranger, so he is hard hit when Kitty disappears, forfeiting bail. Suddenly Dorothy comes to Wendy with a strange report.  
RECENTLY: Dorothy’s engagement to Pete, which she naturally assumed would end in marriage, came to a grim end when she learned he was already unhappily married to a wife who refused to divorce him. But Dorothy is still in love with Pete, and continues to work for him because of his plea that he can’t get along without her. Half-happy, half-miserable, she wonders how it will all end until one day she finds an invoice among Pete’s papers which she cannot understand. When she asks him about it, he becomes a snarling stranger who orders her brutally to forget she ever saw the paper.
CAST: Joan Davis, wife of Harry Davis; Dr. Ralph, responsible for Harry's recently restored memory; Dr. Morley, eminent British brain surgeon interested in Harry's case.

BACKGROUND: After a highly dangerous and delicate operation, which he agreed to undergo as a last resort, Harry finds his lost memory completely. It is like being reborn into happiness. At last he can take up his life again with Joan, the wife he loves and with Sammy and Hope, and look forward to the new little child who will arrive before many months have passed. Recently, it has been revealed that Stanley and Joan may interfere with the quiet life they plan on their Beechwood farm. Dr. Morley, on a visit from England, heard of Dr. Ralph's surgically brilliant feat and becomes interested in Harry's case on behalf of a patient of his own, whose case is similar to Harry's. At Morley's earnest request, Joan and Harry agree to try to help. They are startled when Dr. Morley reveals the name of the sick man, whose wealth and prominence have made him a figure of international reputation.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

CAST: Anne Maloney, separated from her husband, Dr. Jerry Malone; Sam Williams and his son Gene, both in love with Anne; Lucia Standish, who runs the Institute in New York where Jerry is working; Mother Malone, trying hard to reconcile Anne and Jerry; Dr. Browne, who understands Lucia's sinister influence over Jerry.

BACKGROUND: As the separation prolongs itself, Anne lases hope that she and Jerry will ever come together again. As far as Jerry, he bluntly tells his mother that he thinks he is in love with Lucia Standish. Working hard as the superintendent of the Dineen Clinic in Three Oaks—the job Jerry left to go to New York—Anne tries to concentrate on her job. But she finds that the attraction which both Sam and Gene keep thrusting upon her makes only her long the more for Jerry.

RECENTLY: Little Jill, the Maloney's daughter, is the chief sufferer in this strained situation. She misses her father desperately, and Anne arranges to have her visit him in New York. Mother Malone is fearful and outraged when she learns that Lucia Standish has offered her country estate for the visit.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

CAST: Ellen Brown, young widow who supports her two children by running a teashop in Simpsonville; Dr. Anthony Loring, her fiance; Glen Halliday, whose marriage to the unsuitably young and flamboyant Mitzi started a tragic chain of events in town; Pete Duval, Mitzi's brother; Bruce Weldon, blinded as the result of a mysterious attack by an unknown assailant.

BACKGROUND: In spite of her old friendship for Glen, Ellen almost had words with him over his accusation that Anthony Loring, ressentful of Bruce's avowed love for Ellen, had attacked his rival and caused his present blindness. Ellen pointed out that Glen himself had more reason to hate Bruce, for Mitzi had been paying a scandalous amount of attention to him.

RECENTLY: Secretly, however, Ellen suspects that Pete Duval may be the guilty party. Suddenly, a series of suspicious circumstances lead both Ellen and Anthony to wonder if Mitzi herself might not have struck the blow that has ruined Bruce's life. Anthony even has a theory about what Mitzi's motive was. Is he right?

W M

D A Y T I M E D I A R Y—R A D I O M I R R O R R E A D E R B O N U S

BERNICE BERWIN—known to listeners as Hazel in One Man's Family (NBC, Sun. 5 P.M. EST) is married to a San Francisco lawyer and has a son, sixteen.
Dear Reader-Listener:
A new research system has been set up in order to insure there being more up-to-the-minute information in Inside Radio than ever before. This new system will enable time, program and station changes to be made as late as the tenth of the month before Radio Monitor goes on the newstands. Some changes, of course, will be received too late to include but on the whole you'll find the Inside Radio listings a precise guide to what's on the dial.

The Editors.

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<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<th>ABC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Ladies Be Seated</td>
<td>Woody Warren</td>
<td>Aunt Jenny</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Echoes From the Tropics</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
<td>Mildred Davis</td>
<td>Young Widdler Brown</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Boston Symphony</td>
<td>Paya's Young Widdler Brown</td>
<td>Big Time</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Young Widdler Brown</td>
<td>Little Time</td>
<td>Victor Lindbergh</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>The Paid</td>
<td>Tell Yo' Folks Story</td>
<td>The Pumpernickel</td>
<td>The Gauntlet Light</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
<td>Baby Snooks</td>
<td>Bob Hope Show</td>
<td>The Mysterious Traveler</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Kate Smith Speaks | Ladys Be Seated | Second Mrs. Burton Berry | The Brighter Day |
| 12:15 | Checkeredboard Jamboree | Checkeredboard Jamboree | Big Sister | The Brighter Day |
| 12:30 | Hello Towersons | Backstage Wife | My True Story | Mr. and Mrs. North |
| 12:45 | Healter's Mailbag | Blondie's Mailbag | Art Baker's Note- | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 1:00 | Cedric Foster | Cedric Foster | Art Baker's Note- | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 1:15 | Harvey Harding | Art Baker's Not- | Book | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 1:30 | H. Van Damm | Miss Programs | Book | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 1:45 | Quintet | Miss Programs | Book | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 2:00 | Ladies' Fair | Welcomes to | Second Mrs. Burton Berry | The Brighter Day |
| 2:15 | Queen For A Day | Hollywood | Big Sister | The Brighter Day |
| 2:30 | Today's Children | Harnamal Cobb | Miss Programs | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 2:45 | Light of the World | Nona From Nowhere | Miss Programs | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Bride and Groom | Bob Hope Show | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 3:15 | Road of Life | Pick a Date | Bob Hope Show | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 3:30 | Peggy Young | Peggy Young | Bob Hope Show | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 3:45 | Right to Happiness | Peggy Young | Bob Hope Show | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Surprise Package | Bob Hope Show | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas | Happy Landing | Bob Hope Show | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones | Happy Landing | Bob Hope Show | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 4:45 | Young Widdler Brown | Happy Landing | Bob Hope Show | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 5:00 | When A Girl Marries | Challenge of the | Galen Drake | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 5:15 | Portia Fane Life | The Yuden | Galen Drake | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill | The News | Galen Drake | The Mysterious Traveler |
| 5:45 | Front Page Farrell | Entertainment News | Galen Drake | The Mysterious Traveler |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 6:00 | Bob Warren | Local Programs | Local Programs | Local Programs |
| 6:05 | Clinton McCarty | Local Programs | Local Programs | Local Programs |
| 6:30 | Sketches in Melody | Local Programs | Local Programs | Local Programs |
| 6:45 | Three Star Extra | Local Programs | Local Programs | Local Programs |
| 7:00 | Frank Sinatra | News of the World | News of the World | News of the World |
| 7:30 | Echoes From the Tropics | News of the World | News of the World | News of the World |
| 7:45 | H. V. Kallanbrow | Love of a Mystery | I Love A Mystery | I Love A Mystery |
| 8:00 | The Railroad Hour | Bobby Benson | Bobby Benson | Bobby Benson |
| 8:15 | Thomas L. Thomas | Peter Salen | Peter Salen | Peter Salen |
| 8:30 | Telephone Hour | Lorna Dee | Lorna Dee | Lorna Dee |
| 8:45 | Band of America | Murder By Experts | Murder By Experts | Murder By Experts |
| 9:00 | Nightbeat | Crime Fighters | Crime Fighters | Crime Fighters |
| 9:15 | Dangerous Assignment | Frank Edward | Frank Edward | Frank Edward |
| 9:30 | Art Quartet | Dean Martin | Dean Martin | Dean Martin |
| 9:45 | The Bob Hawke Show | The Bob Hawke Show | The Bob Hawke Show | The Bob Hawke Show |

**BOB CROSBY**—recently resumed his dual role of emcee and singing star of CBS's Club 15 (M-F, 7:30 P.M., EST). Bob's musical career began at Gonzaga College in his native Spokane when he got a job singing nights for the contestants at a walkathon. Anson Weeks heard him during the broadcast portion of the show and gave him a job. After two years he joined the Dorsey Brothers and six months later organized his own band.
WEDNESDAY

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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>De You Remember</td>
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<td>Margaret Arlen Local Programs</td>
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<td>Eddie Albert</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbor</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Inside the Doctor's Office</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>Dorothy Dix at Home</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td>Grand Slam</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Love and Learn</td>
<td>David Harum</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Cham McCarty</td>
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<td>Sketches in Melody</td>
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<td>Frank Sinatra</td>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
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<td>This is Your Life</td>
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<td>Great Glesidebee</td>
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<td>Break the Bank</td>
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<td>Curtain Time</td>
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BILLY REDFIELD—familiar to radio fans as Gene Williams on Young Dr. Malone and Grayling Dennis on Brighter Day, is known to theater-goers as the star of Broadway’s “Miss Liberty.” Billy, who is only twenty-two, made his first stage appearance at six and has since taken part in eleven top shows. His radio career is equally exciting—he first talked into a live mike at the age of nine and has been mikeside ever since.

KEN CARSON—songwriter and guitarist on the Garry Moore Show (CBS, M.F., 4 P.M. EST), was born in an Oklahoma ranch. Ken’s musical ambitions were aroused by a harmonica when he was “knee-high to a horse-shoe.” By the time he was eleven he had composed some original tunes and, in junior high school, led his own harmonica band. When the family moved to Los Angeles Ken took up voice and realized a long-standing desire to play the guitar.
VIVIAN SMOLEN—who plays the title role on CBS’ Our Gal Sunday (M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST) is one of those no-longer-rare creatures, a native New Yorker. Vivian started her acting career when she was thirteen. She found that she liked radio so well that she has confined her activities to broadcasting ever since. She enjoys all kinds of music from Raymond Scott to Wagner and, she loves to play the piano.

**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<tr>
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<td>First the Tropics</td>
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<td>Echoes from the Home Sweet Home</td>
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<td>Welcome to Our Sunday Morning</td>
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<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>Today’s Children</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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JUDY CANOVA—star of her own NBC show (Sat., 10 P.M. EST) started out as an opera singer and wound up as a singing comedienne. Judy (whose real name is Juliette) and her sister started out as a singing team but it wasn’t long before she discovered that her comic renditions proved far more popular than her attempts at grand opera. Judy’s husband is Chester B. England and their five-year-old daughter Juliette is nicknamed “Tweeny.”
"I don't tell how old I am. It's a disadvantage and it dates you with the young people." That's what a recent Family Counselor, Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, mother of seven, grandmother of thirteen, and a freshman at New York University told us.

I was extremely curious to know what made Mrs. Lewis decide to start college after so many years. She explained, "I don't believe in older people just sitting down waiting for time to pass. Boredom just makes people get older fast. It didn't take me long to find that out. For after my husband died, and my children grew up and got married, I found myself becoming a lonely and aging woman. I could feel myself deteriorating, so I made up my mind to change my entire life."

That's exactly what Mrs. Lewis did too. She moved from Richmond, Virginia, to New York to live with her cousin. And she's started college—something she's wanted to do for nearly fifty years. Her course includes extensive study in sociology because she wants to help other elderly people get rehabilitated. Besides her actual coursework, she devotes a great deal of time to working with older people in a city-supervised settlement house.

Mrs. Lewis' advice for de-aging one's self is to have a hobby. This she recommends to everyone. Her hobby, believe it or not, is dancing. When I heard this, I must say I was a bit surprised. However, Mrs. Lewis feels this way about it: "Dancing is glamorous and gay. And I'm having a marvelous time perfecting my rhumba and tango. The samba, however, is pretty strenuous, even for younger people."

But Mrs. Lewis feels that there's no limit to what can be accomplished, and she is certainly an excellent example. When I asked her if she had been handicapped at all in her school work, she replied, "I had to learn to memorize practically all over again. But I certainly didn't lose any of my creative faculties."

Although Mrs. Lewis never mentioned it, I happen to know that she's been getting straight A's in her work. Her comment was: "Others could do the same thing. My advice is not to be afraid of old age."

The way to prepare ourselves for later years, Mrs. Lewis says, is to have two or three goals in life. For a woman, it's a full time job to bring up a family. However, after the children are on their own, then you start a new career. It can be business, studying, writing, painting, or almost anything.

In summation, Mrs. Lewis said, "Anything that isn't used deteriorates. You must keep your mind alert and if you do, it'll keep you years younger."

By TERRY BURTON

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday through Friday at 3 P.M. EST, on CBS; sponsored by General Foods.
She's full of surprises....
that woman hidden within you

Are you one of the many women who feel enveloped by a gray web of humdrum-ness? You need not stay this way. You can be a lovelier You.

A wonderful power within you can help you to find this new You. It is a power that grows out of the interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you look and the way you feel.

It is this power that lights you so happily when you look lovely. But—it can deflate you, when you do not look your best. So never be careless about those everyday beauty essentials that add so much to your outer loveliness—your inner happiness.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Don't ever allow yourself any "letting go" about the way you take care of your face. You'll find the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream has a most befriending way of making your skin glow like a rose—feel so clean, so soft. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) give your face this lovely Pond's care:

Hot Stimulation—a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face to soften, sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold-water splash.

This treatment works on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream softens, sweeps away skin-dulling dirt as you massage. From the Inside—every step of the treatment stirs up circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Look lovely and you light-up with an infectious, happy confidence other people find delightful. And this brings them closer to the real Inner You.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's face has a way of lighting-up like sunshine, and flooding you with the warmth of her Inner Self. She looks the magnetic, charming woman she is! No wonder hearts are won by her! No wonder she makes so many friends!

There is a "made-out-of-a-rose" look about Mrs. Vanderbilt's complexion. She is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "It is especially soft to use—Pond's is a beautiful cream," she says.

World-famous saying—
"She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!"
The chances are that this minor domestic drama is going to lead to a larger drama because the daughter in question has the famous toke by her mother that Saturday morning movies are verboten. Sometimes Father does not know best—he merely wants everyone to be happy.

In the confusions in family authority occur, Bob swiftly awards all power to Betty. "Coping with the rules of four dangerous representatives of the opposite sex is too much for me," he has said. But his grin has cast a doubt over the statement.

His discipline seems to have been resourceful and effective. For the most part this has been preserved by simple threat. Bob told his eldest, Carol, on one occasion, "Unless you learn to put books away when you have finished reading them instead of scattering them all over the house and expecting someone else to do the policing up, you won't be allowed to bring anyone to our Family Night." This was Big Stick No. 1, because Family Night is a precious institution. Friday is The Night on which the children are encouraged to invite guests (as many as they like) to the house for dinner. Afterward a current picture is shown in the spacious living room which is equipped with a built-in projection booth and a screen which, when not in use, is concealed behind one of the ceiling beams.

The motion pictures shown at these gatherings are almost never Bob's starring role. He suggests that his own film is a picture and radio star, but they do not regard the occupations as exceptional. Neither are they impressed by the fact that a number of people who are guests in their home. Since babyhood they have known celebrated men and women so their hero-worship is reserved for Disney characters and celebrities.

When the children were small they were fascinated by the fact that other children asked their father for autographs. They frequently spent the day at Disneyland, the old money went by. Weeks went by. Not one illustrious guest was approached.

Finally Bob inquired one day, "Didn't you girls do anything about your new autograph books? Did you change your minds about the hobby?"

The girls were amazed. Of course they had, but not all the girls. They had some lovely autographs, see?

Daddy looked. The Japanese gardener had drawn exquisite landscapes along with his signature. The millionnaire, who had a star, autographed him, "You'll be the patrolman on the beat, the school teachers, the music teacher, and various small friends had done yeoman service for their children's autograph books with verses and hearty good wishes.

Daddy beamed. "Take good care of those; they're more precious than you realize," he apprised Bob, "Some day, your children will enjoy them."

Bob has always taken an interest in his daughter's rapidly changing hobbies.

He undertook to teach both of the older girls their rudimentary ballroom dance steps. They accepted his tutoring with mingled appreciation and resignation. Carol said sententiously one evening, "You're a good dancer, Daddy, but the boys don't seem to know quite the same steps that you do."

"They'll come to by and by," said Bob, "said the strength of time." After that, however, the dancing lessons languished and a tactful silence on the entire subject of popular steps descended. Carol went off to private dancing lessons and brought in a new hobby.

With their holiday vacation, she undertook to teach Barbara some of the routines involved in positively the latest dancing sensation: a thing called the Charleston.

Bob came home from the studio in time to catch one of the routines. From the doorway he watched until the girls paused for breath, and Carol called out "I say, that's tricky! It's the latest thing."

"I'll say it's tricky," observed Bob drily, "but watch this." And he produced a series of the snappiest steps ever to knock the crown out of a cloche hat.

The girls were argus-eyed. "Where did you ever learn that?" they gasped.

Bob left the room whistling nonchalantly. At the stairway he turned to favor his entranced offspring with a slight bow. "I get around," he said.

He had acquired a bit of his father's hero-worship when last summer's family Canasta games. Not only was he put completely out of countenance, but he always worked himself up.

Each summer, as soon as school is out, the Youngs pile into their car and hurry to their ranch in California's indescribably beautiful Carmel Valley. They live down the side of Mount Hay-}

ery Hills, so the only help on the property is the couple who live in the caretakers' cottage the year around.

Betty is held responsible for certain duties. Each takes care of his own room; one girl brings in the wood, the other, the dishes and another dries them. Everyone "vows" to "the misery of cleaning, washing, running errands, dusting, watering the flowers, and feeding the pets."

In the evening, it is the custom for the family to gather around a game table before the roaring fireplace and play Canasta. The visible stakes are matches, and the winner is entitled to as many hours' work from the loser in the trophy matches represent.

At the end of the first week, Bob owed Barbara three hours' work; he owed Betty and Carol two each; he even owed Betty Lou an hour. He could have spent it all in a tree house, making his own and two or three additional beds, cooking three meals a day, and—in brief—destroying himself while the female of the species (all five of them) regarded him with a smug, if affectionate, triumph.

He decided to take the family into the village of Carmel every evening to attend the noontime movies. This was supposed to be his vacation, too.

Like most families in which there are teen-aged daughters, the Youngs went through. The Trial of the Telephone. The end came a sagelike occasion when Bob realized that it was going to be tied up by radio rehearsals until late in the evening. He wanted to explain the situation to the girls to ask them to join him for dinner in Hollywood.

He started to dial his home number at 10:30 p.m. He called every quarter hour, then every ten minutes, then every five minutes. Finally, at seven, he did not get the busy signal. Betty answered, her tone that of a woman who has been in touch with the other party and explained that from three in the afternoon, the traffic was likely to duplicate a Senate filibuster. She supplied his own private telephone number and asked that an emergency call be placed to him in case the verbiage grew more impenetrable than an Amazonian jungle. He also laid down a little law to the parties of the first part: the moment there was a serious complaint, out came the telephone. And after that, the girl who placed an out-going call would be charged double the regular telephone company rate.

This was the haymaker, as the girls are mathematicians enough to compute in their heads the cost of the extra fees hiked on their budgets by such a disaster.

Each of the girls (with the exception of Kathy, who is still a million-dollar princess, was given an allowance for specific household services rendered. Betty gets one dollar and fifty cents per week for cokes, magazines, or movies. Barbara and Carol are each paid one dollar per week, but she is required to deposit fifty cents in a piggy bank which may be opened only at Christmas time when she is ordered to use it. Lou gets five cents per week as she is not yet a comic book fancier, and she scrounges her Cokes from her daddy.

For a time, Father seriously con- sidered charging Betty one nickel—one penny per week to go toward the journey.

"In this house," announced Father, "the words 'Yeah' and 'Hi' are unwel- come guests. Let's get rid of them."

A day or so later one of Bob's best friends, to whom he had not talked for some time, telephoned. "Well, hi you old son of a gun," said Bob heartily. "Sure is good to talk to you. It sure is,
There's NOTHING like FELS-NAPTHA!

This exclusive FELS blend of mild, golden soap and active naptha is now further IMPROVED to make your washes whiter and brighter than ever.

Regular users of Fels-Naptha Soap have discovered a new wash day thrill! This grand laundry soap—that brings TWO CLEANERS to the job of getting dirt out of soiled clothes—now contains the newest up-to-the-minute ingredients for making your family wash whiter and brighter!

Women who use Fels-Naptha find all their white things whiter than ever, their washable colors brighter, their whole wash completely, fragrantly clean—as only Fels-Naptha does it!

We suggest you follow the advice of these delighted Fels-Naptha users. No matter what laundry product you have used, including so-called 'miracle' detergents, see if you don't get better results with improved Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha Soap

WITH NEW 'SUNSHINE' INGREDIENTS

79
This bride didn't hint...

Alas, wedding gifts full of fancy glamour don't help a girl keep a house tidy. When a new husband dribbles ashes, she needs a handy Bissell Carpet Sweeper. So much easier than hooking up the vacuum each time!

This bride did...

She hinted hard... and got a Bissell Sweeper from her Cousin Bess. “Bless you, Bess!” says the bride, who uses her Bissell® every day for quick-sweep-ups, saves her vacuum for periodic cleaning.

Only BISSELL has 'BISCO-MATIC'* brush action

This miracle-action brush adjusts to any rug, with no pressure on the handle. Even gets dirt under beds and chairs, with easy swoops!

“Bisco-matic”
Bissell Sweepers are priced as low as $6.45. Illustrated: The “Flight” at $9.45. Prices a little more in the West

BISSELL SWEEPERS
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan

They old ways are good enough for the lush days—Here Quinn set eyes naturally follow, so are their old friends.

The people who know them best, and whom Jim and Marian love the most, are people who knew them when. When Quinn rented a team and wore rubbers to simulate evening shoes to keep a ten-dollar singing engagement at Chicago’s Palmer hotel.

When Don Quinn, who was writing their daily show, Smack Out, for five dollars a script, was willing to double as baby sitter so the Jordans could get out to a ball game.

Their early days in show business were anything but big time. Their singing duo act never played in the Twenties and Capitols, but got into radio before the others who were to be their contemporaries in network broadcasting simply because they were not too proud to work for the buttons and carfare radio paid its performers in those early, experimental days.

It was rough work, for low pay, if and when something “would get it,” says Tom Fizdale, another old friend of the Jordans who was probably the first press agent to see potential gold in radio. But the McGees were tough. Radio opened their eyes to the air shaft who for the bad hotels, draughty theaters and dirty trains which were daily fare on the tank-town vaudeville circuits.

“If you want a laugh, and Mackan stuck it out,” Fizdale believes, “because they took the good breaks without letting it go to their heads, and weathered the bad breaks by supporting one another.”

Bill Thompson, who, as was a new of fabulous characters from Nick dePoli to Mr. Wimple, is a fixture on the Fibber and Molly program, remembers singing that support action.

Jim and Marian had just launched their first comedy program. “It was sustaining, of course. So sustaining that it was kicked all over the schedule. One day it would go on at 7 A.M. and the next day at 4:30 in the afternoon, if a sponsor with a show—and three bucks—had put in a bid for the evening time. It was written by that ever staff writer had an extra fifteen minutes, probably by some poor guy writing five shows a day already.”

This was a strain, especially for Jim, who is a notorious worrier.

He was a comedian, but he was in no mood for jokes. When he arrived one day to be told that the broadcast time had been changed again—“Three forty-five today,” the engineer told him, “Forty-five was at that moment five minutes hence—he nearly blew his top.

On the air,” the control room signals was still blowing. In the next ten minutes every horror known to radio happened. The sound man dropped his props; the drummer sat down on his cymbals; strangers was low into, opening—out loud—for Tony Wons.

After ten minutes the engineer had had enough laughs, and he confessed. “It’s called a dry-run this time change existed only in the engineer’s fertile imagination.

Jim went absolutely white, and speechless.

Jim knew, her eyes filled with tears, made the only protest. “You shouldn’t have. It upsets Jim.”

It was no wonder, in those days, that when Quinn first set eyes on Jim Jordan he asked “Who’s the sourpuss?”

“When they told me the glum looking little guy was a comedian, I fell down laughing.

Quinn, who was the not-so-successful cartoonist at the time, and hung around Radio Station WENR “for laughs—and to dance with the beautiful hostesses was working.”

The Jordans proved more sociable on acquaintance than Jim’s gloomy face had indicated, and Quinn took to throwing them jokes.

“I figured it would be a good test of what was commercial”—as a cartoonist Jim was in the joke business—“and besides it was fun hearing my stuff on the air.”

Jim Jordan knew good material when he saw it, and he asked Quinn to try his hand at the Smack Out scripts.

In Smack Out, Jim Jordan played a small town grocery store proprietor, given to tall stories, who always was just "smack out" of whatever the audience was asking for.

Quinn, as he confessed, had never been off the hot city pavements in his life, and the only neighbor of whom he was conscious was the girl in the apartment across the hall who for got to pull down the shade when she showered. He may have known nothing about country stores, but it turned out he was a great deal about humor. With Quinn writing the jokes, Smack Out prospered.

There was no such thing as formularways in the early days of their collaboration, Don was experimenting, trying everything. "Everybody in radio was then—we made our own rules.”

Still thinking of themselves as single, Jim and Marian had been injecting a song one or two in their fifteen-minute routines. "If I wasn’t feeling particularly bright," Quinn says, "I’d simply throw in another laugh." But, little by little, Smack Out began to develop in the right direction. The listening audience grew; what was more important, the show attracted devoted listeners.

Sponsors were nibbling, but a series of auditions came to nothing. Jim, his paws sour again, thought seriously about looking in the closet for his patent leather rubbers.

But then one morning John J. Louis an advertising agency executive, heard Smack Out over his auto radio on his
way to work. His agency was in the market for a new comedy program, and he thought the tall-story-telling character Jim played on Smack Out might "work into something."

He called Jim, who snarled at him. Why should they break their heads over another audition show, just so one more advertising man could have a funny record to take home to his wife?

But Louis persisted, and Quinn, as he says, "hacked out a script." Jim and Marian made the record, and everybody—they thought—forgot about it.

At about this time, Jim—through a little expert finagling by Tom Fizdale—won the National Liar's club award. It was nice timing. And it probably determined the name, Fibber McGee and Molly, under which Jim and Marian Jordan were to grow rich and famous—and also the advertising agency!

For the agency bought the Jordans—and Quinn along with them—and Fibber McGee and Molly were launched on a national network.

"There never was an agency—or a sponsor—like ours," Don Quinn will tell you. "They went along with us for years when we were stinking. They rolled with it." But it paid off. In 1943, the "little show" on which Jack Louis had taken such a long chance rewarded them with a Hooper rating which is still radio's all-time high.

It was a slow rise, but from the beginning of their sponsorship things looked up for the Jordans. They were doing well enough to give up their crowded little North Side apartment in Chicago, and move to a house they built (an almost exact replica of the old homestead on Pradley Avenue in Peoria, Illinois) on suburban Virginia Avenue.

There, on Saturday nights, Jim and Marian gave a series of parties about which their old friends still grow sentimentally nostalgic. Marian would cook a whopping supper, with an inevitable chocolate icebox cake, and a crowd would gather around the fireside to sing and swap stories until midnight. Bill Thompson would drop in with his old Irish melody, Jim would break out his fine Irish tenor, and Marian, as the evening wore on, would dazzle the group with her Irish clog dances.

The Harlow Wilcoxes would be there—Harlow, then, as now, a superlative audience ready to laugh uproariously at the mildest joke, Hugh Studebaker, the actor whose Silly Watson character was then a regular on the McGee show, Isabelle Randolph, the pretty young widow who was clicking on the show as Mrs. Uppington, Hal Peary, in apprenticeship then for his eventual Great Gildersleeve, Cliff Arquette, a scattering of musicians from Ted Weems' band who were then appearing on the show, and Weems' vocalist, a serious-faced young homebody very much in love with his wife—Perry Como who was soon to light fires in the hearts of the boy-sockers.

A lot of the spontaneous fun of those Saturday nights turned up later on the air. Bill Thompson remembers one night when he knew he would arrive unfashionably late for the party, stopped at a drug store on the way and armed himself with a cheap watch.

Greeted with "High time!" and "Where have you been," as he walked in the front door at the Jordans, he pulled the watch from his pocket, barked "This blankety-blank watch!" walked quickly across the room and threw it in the fireplace.

"It got a gasp," Bill recalls.
The next week the gag was inserted in Jim's pre-broadcast warm up. Unfortunately, most of the ebullient Thompson humor could be employed professionally only on the warm-ups, since it was chiefly visual.

Passionately fond of costumes, Bill was apt to turn up on a Saturday night in a nightshirt and cap with a pet snake in a basket. And as his salary grew his costumes grew fancier. He would arrive on one Saturday in the vivid uniform of an African Zouave, the next in the plumes and trappings of the Eighteenth Hussars.

In Marian Jordan, whose passion for make-believe is equally inventive, he found a ready collaborator. Their efforts are confined for the most part to the living room, but once, on St. Patrick's Day, 1940, they broke out of bounds.

That was after the program had moved to Hollywood. Bill and Marian were at the Brown Derby, waiting for Jim's arrival to order lunch, and wearing—like the other guests—the green carnations sentimentally provided by the management.

But nothing was happening.

"Quiet, isn't it?" Marian said, ominously.

"Too sedate for St. Pat's," Bill agreed.

They whispered for a moment, and Bill disappeared—to emerge from men's room in kilts and blowing his bagpipes. "It was quite a parade," says Bill.

Broadcast day lunches at the Derby are a ritual with the cast. For the four years the show originated in Chicago, it was a Tuesday night dinner at the Pit—everybody ate ribs, Jim's favorite dish, whether he liked it or not.

One night at the Pit, the group began speculating about the Crossley ratings which were about to be published.

"Let's make a loop," Harlow Wilcox suggested, and everybody took a number—Jim's, characteristically, the most pessimistic.

Bill Thompson was feeling expansive and risked a whopper, 14.7. (The McGee's all-time high, five years later was 37!)

Everybody laughed.

But it wasn't funny, McGee.

"You may be right, Bill," Jack Louis admitted—and if he should be, Louis promised, he would throw a party for the whole group at the Tavern club.

"It was quite a party," says Bill.

It was at that party that one of Tom Fizdale's insane stunts—the story of the radio comedian who found a pearl in an oyster—backfired. Rumors are that Jim swallowed the pearl, but maybe the less said about that the better.

In 1937, Fibber McGee and Molly were famous enough for Jim and Marian to get their first Hollywood picture offer, and the whole troupe moved to the West Coast to stay.

Jack Louis likes to recall that migration west. It was the Jordans' first journey on a really first class train, and Marian and Jim could barely eat or sleep from excitement.

"Such service," Marian remarked dreamily afterward, "why the steward even boned the fish for us." The milk trains of their vaudeville days were nothing like that.

So to the Jordans, unchanged, lived happily ever after in the Hollywoods—but not of them.

They can walk the length of Hollywood Boulevard today, these famous "unknowns," without causing a flutter. But the people who knew them when will never forget them.

During their visit to France last year, Jim impatiently saw the Paris sights with Marian but exacted her promise that she would spend one day in the country with him visiting the scenes of his World War I adventures.

Jim had stayed on in France in 1918, after the Armistice, and organized a show for the doughboys waiting demobilization. He was particularly anxious to show Marian the theater in Rouen, where his company had played.

They got to Rouen, despite Jim's spotty French, and their cab drivers' reluctance to take American spenders too far off the tourist path. And they found the theater. But it was locked.

He had to get inside, Jim insisted to his driver. He wanted Marian to see his old dressing room. The cabby disappeared in a little restaurant next door, and from the time he took, Jim and Marian were sure he had gone to eat lunch. They tapped their toes nervously. But the driver reappeared, escorting an ancient grey lady in long black skirts, who wore a belt weighted down with rusty keys. "She'll open her up for you," he indicated.

The old lady was clinking away with her keys, trying to find the one to the theater, and hadn't taken notice of the curious strangers.

She found the right key at last, and shoved open the theater door. And then she took a good look at the Americans. Her face lit up like a Christmas tree, Marian reports.

"Jeez Jordan!" the ancient concierge cried, and she ran into his arms.

Watch for it! "MEET THE WINNERS"

Ralph Staub's on-the-scene film of the famous Photoplay Gold Medal Award Dinner featuring the winners:

Jane Wyman
James Stewart
Olivia de Havilland June Allyson Ingrid Bergman
Loretta Young Kirk Douglas Cary Grant Bob Hope
William Bendix and other screen celebrities

A Columbia Short Coming This Month To Your Local Theater

Don't miss it!
It's here! New Drene Shampoo with Beauty Conditioner

Now! For Natural Sheen
Natural Softness

Don't just wash your hair—Condition it with New Drene

When you see how naturally lovely your hair will look after you use New Drene Shampoo with Beauty Conditioning Action, you'll never be satisfied to "just wash" your hair again!

You'll want to condition it with New Drene...condition it to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness. Yes, and all this without the bother of special rinses or lotions. Just shampoo—that's all you do!

New Drene can promise you so much because Drene—and only Drene—has this new Beauty Conditioner. It's a cleansing discovery found in no other shampoo—a Procter & Gamble exclusive! Try New Drene today!

1. New Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen...yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
2. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
3. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes loose dandruff from hair and scalp!
4. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

Only New Drene Shampoo has this Wonderful New Beauty Conditioner
No other dentifrice has all these SQUIBB benefits

FRESHENS TASTE AND BREATH
No soapy foam...no soapy after-taste. Real mint cleans breath...gives lasting freshness.

HELPS NEUTRALIZE MOUTH ACIDS
Magnesium hydrate counteracts mouth acids widely held to be a cause of tooth decay.

REACHES HARD-TO-GET-AT PLACES
Smooth, foamless texture permits better penetration.

EXTRA SAFE...
Polishes teeth to normal whiteness without endangering precious tooth enamel.

hand one expert the music just the way it will be heard over the air and say, "This is going to be a mystery melody. See if you can find the title."

Most melodies have their origin in folk songs, old hymns or marches. The important thing is not to be misled by the first name that comes to mind for it is probably a new version built on the general pattern of the original melody.

A good example of this was the famous mystery melody, "Get Out of the Wilderness," published in 1860 by Captain Minter, one of the best known bandmasters in the United States. However, in the last nine decades other well-known versions of the tune appeared with such titles as "The Old Gray Mare," "Down in Alabama," and one contrary composer rewrote the tune to "Go Into the Wilderness." And each one was different. These variations threw thousands of STM listeners off the track and it was seven weeks before someone cracked the jackpot.

The rhythm, too, should give you a clue as to whether the tune is a hymn, jig, ballad or march but remember that the important thing to get accurately is the melody line. If you can copy the notes on paper, either by ear or with a recorder, you are in a far better position to make a check against that stack of old sheet music in the attic.

Everyone working on STM realizes that some of the winners get their titles from outside sources but even in this case the contestant must be sure the title is letter perfect. There was the case of a Chicago woman who read the name of the mystery in a newspaper yet lost the loot for one tiny error.

It happened when the Chicago Times discovered the title of the mystery melody but in printing changed one letter.

Bert Parks was startled by the woman's answer. She was so close and yet so far from the correct name. Without trying to hide his excitement, Bert asked, "Will you please spell the last word?"

"B-U-F-F," she said and repeated, "Army Duff."

"Still anxious to give her the chance to correct her mistake, Bert pleaded, "Will you please give me a word beginning with the first letter of the word you just spelled."

The woman replied, "B as in beautiful."

Bert groaned, "Lady, you'll never know how close you were."

The correct title was "Army Duff."

Many people probably get the title from newspaper columnists or radio commentators but there are other sources. Several Congressmen use the resources at their command to learn the name of the mystery melody for their voters. Music dealers throughout the country have found a ready market for the sheet music of the mystery melody.

One Sunday evening listeners gasped in astonishment when they heard the new mystery melody. They recognized it immediately as a march they heard at newsreels. But they didn't know which newsreel and never had known the title.

An enterprising chain of theaters came to their aid the next day with freshly painted signs:

Do You Know the Name of the Mystery Melody?
Come Inside
See It and Hear It

Many office workers gave up their lunch hour to go into movies and see the title, "World Events March," flashed on the screen.

Another famous picture tune that set the country on its ear was "Sun Dance."

Every man, woman and child remembered the Indian music as something he had heard in cowboy movies. This time Congressmen for some strange reason were really bombarded with queries. One harried legislator got to his feet and boomed, "Does anyone here know the name of the mystery melody?"

The late Sol Bloom, New York Representative, answered, "I do. I wrote it."

And he had, many years before when he was owner of a music publishing company.

Since STM went on television, the confusion and excitement has doubled, for now there are always two mystery melodies. As Bert Parks counsels the audience, "Remember, a different tune is used for the TV show. It's never the same one you hear on Sundays."

Bert sympathizes with listeners on this new problem for it has given him a couple of near headaches. Not too long ago, Bert had a contestant on the phone during the TV show and when she gave him the name of the mystery melody, his face broke into a grin and he began to wave one arm.

"You're absolutely right," he shouted.

The audience applauded as Bert hurriedly reached for the list of prizes. Then suddenly he froze. He realized the woman had given him not the TV mystery melody but the radio tune. He backtracked.

But let me tell you this, television tunes are chosen exactly the same way the man who spreads the golden rule...

Listen To Radio's Good Neighbor

JACK BERCH
and his human stories of human kindness.
Every Morning Mon.-Fri.

Read Jack Berch's "Heart-To-Heart Hook-up" column in
"TRUE EXPERIENCES" magazine now on newstands.
as the radio mystery melodies. The same rules apply.

As a contestant you have to concentrate on more than the mystery melody; so it might be well to know how the other quiz tunes are chosen, the titles that must be named before the contestant tries for the jackpot. These mystery tunes are nothing more than a super collection of hits. There is nothing tricky about them, except that I insist that each must have been among the top ten list of popularity during its hey-day. That’s why you’ll find such a curious mixture as “I’m Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage,” “White Christmas,” “London Bridge is Falling Down,” and “The Anvil Chorus.” If you anticipate any trouble with these tunes, I would advise you to have anywhere from three to four generations of your family present to help, for these numbers are chosen to appeal to all age groups.

As eager as most people are to have that call from STM, a startling fact is that frequently the telephone operators have a very hard time convincing the people that they call that it really isn’t a gag.

“Cut out the kidding” contestants will say, time and time again.

If the doubting Thomas is difficult to persuade, the operator has a thorough convincer.

“Now listen to the radio,” she’ll say, “and I’ll tell you the name of the next city being called before you hear it over your radio.”

Once the listener realizes it is no joke another problem arises in keeping him calm.

Betty Gallagher, a typical operator on the show, has some good advice for potential contestants. Betty is an intelligent, radio-wise young lady, for her full time job is secretary to one of ABC’s executives.

“A contestant should get someone to move the radio near the phone while she is getting settled,” she suggests.

In Betty’s experience with contestants, she has found phones are either at a great distance from the radio or in a different room so that it takes a bit of time and juggling to move a small, portable set near to the phone.

Betty and the other girls at the switchboard are extremely sympathetic, because they realize how much the prizes mean to winners and appreciate the eagerness of everyone to win. But they are not allowed to discuss the mystery melody or even listen to a few pre-game guesses.

Sometimes a customer will get an elderly person on the phone who is alone and just doesn’t want to play. Occasionally a woman will say, “I’m not an expert on music. No sense in my trying.” The operator will generally answer, “Your chance is as good as anyone else.”

And that operator is right. Quite the best proof of this is the story of a famous newspaper man who almost regularly divulges the name of the mystery melody in his column. A lot of people have guessed as to whether he employs tuned detectives or is himself a musical genius. The truth of the matter, and he himself admits it, is that he gets his information from readers. When a good many of them suggest the same title, he goes to a library and makes a check. They are nearly always right.

That’s what I mean. Nearly everyone has a chance to identify the mystery melody and win the jackpot on Stop the Music. It could be you!

MRS. FRANCIS BARR, DALLAS, TEX., declares: “Spring cleaning calls for extra vigilance, with potent ‘Lysol’ for all cleaning . . . woodwork . . . walls . . . our whole house.”

Wise Mothers Fight Infection Risks

A CLEAN HOUSE, these clever young mothers realize, is not necessarily hygienically clean. Because many disease germs lurk in ordinary house dust. So these, and other wise mothers from coast-to-coast, add potent, effective “Lysol” brand disinfectant to the cleaning water, daily, to fight infection risks.

“EVERY DAY,” they say, they use “Lysol.” And in a thorough job like spring cleaning, they use it all through the house. Walls, floors, everywhere. Just 2½ tablespoons of economical “Lysol” to a gallon of water—and house cleaning becomes an important step in guarding family health.

MRS. B. VERNON SMITH, BALBOA, CALIF., says: “I use ‘Lysol’ when cleaning bathroom shelves, all cabinets, other dust collectors, as well as all the routine places.”

MRS. ELVIN ERICKSON, BAY RIDGE, N. Y., says: “ ‘Lysol’ works wonders . . . I add it to the water when cleaning the kitchen, the baby’s room . . . and our whole house.”

IN YOUR HOME, as you get rid of winter’s dust and dirt, fight disease germs with effective “Lysol,” as these and millions of other smart mothers, all over America, do.
campaign for the presidency against Herbert Hoover, "the great engineer."

It is curious that radio came into its own as the most powerful political instrument the world has ever known through these two particularly inept speakers.

Yodora had a magical personality in front of audiences, but it did not go through the mike. His "sidewalks of New York" accent sounded foreign to voters of his home state. The Hoover's dry, flat delivery was hardly spell-binding, either. Both used broadcast extensively in the campaign, however. They had to. The air audience was too far too big to ignore, so the label supreme on colorful day of political barnstorming passed forever, and the processes of our democracy took a giant stride closer to the individual voter.

In the leveling light of history, one event in each year of radio's story stands out above all the rest. In 1928, nobody guessed that the arrival of an ordinary band leader named Hubert Prior Vallee was an outstandingly important event in the broadcasting of entertainment, but it was. He changed the structure of radio itself to set a new style of singing. He was not only a great star, he was probably the greatest of the talent scouts. The roster of his guests during the decade in which he led his radio band was a Who's Who of show business. In biographies of literally scores of stars of today is the notation "made first air appearance on the Vallee show"—Bob Hope, Judy Canova, Joan Davis, Alice Faye, Ezra Stone, Olsen and Johnson, Carmen Miranda, to mention a few.

Vallee was born in 1891 in Island Ranch, Vermont. There, was no show business in his background. His father owned a drug store, and Hubert's introduction to business was tending the gas pump out front during summer vacations. His prodigious talent showed itself early. While still in college he organized a dance band, "The Yale Boys" which became "The Connecticut Yankees" after graduation.

Nicknames were the fashion in those days. He did not fancy "Hubie." He admired Rudy Wiedoft, sax player and song writer, so, as a compliment, he took "Rudy" for a nickname. His band had a pleasant success and kept busy on small dates from the start because it was different. There was no raucous blaring of brasses. Everything was soft, confidential, easy and romantic as Rudy murmured the lyrics of songs through a megaphone instead of shouting them. He used "Heigh-Ho, Everybody" as his nickname, and his followers dubbed him in a new light.

Vallee stopped perspiration odor

Wonderful Yodora does not merely mask, but stops perspiration odor. Effective for full 24-hour protection.

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 62)

By the time war broke out the following year, Rudy was a millionaire and a world-wide radio star. He had to be; without him the Royal Gelatin Show — 1939 until 1939. He had an uncanny sense of what the public wanted. Every week there was something new—from an unknown ventriloquist (Edgar Bergen with his Charlie McCarthy, of course) to the condensed version of some 250 highbrow stage plays or the swinging romp of old songs like "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." When other producers copied his interviews with famous people such as the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and Max Baer, he changed and put on "The Yankee Poland" act. His followers were the unknowns in the news, setting the pattern that was to reach its full development in We, The People. His public appearances caused such traffic jams that the cops had to get him out from his Villa Vallee to the studio and then to the Paramount where he broke records by staying ten weeks as master of ceremonies.

All of this was irresistible to the movies. In 1930 he made his first feature length film, The Vagabond Lover—a greeting to Marie Dressler and Sally Blaine (Loretta Young's sister.) In it he played a deadly serious romantic lead with no hint whatever of the sentimentally funny comedy talent he was to display later. Everyone flocked to it. Anything with Rudy was wonderful. News of his current romance filled the papers. His marriage to the radio star Lois McAdoo had come to an end, and he was free to confide to the press, "A wonderful thing happened to me last night. I didn't even know her name, but from the moment I laid eyes on her, the dance floor into her eyes I knew that she was going to be terribly important to me." Ah, vagabond dreams with million-dollar trims! This was Fay Webb, who indeed was to be important. Their marriage was stormy, but undaunted. Rudy later married Betty Jane Greer, and then in 1949, Eleanor Kathleen Norris. Since then, until the Coast Guard, Rudy has lived in Hollywood. He has just made a triumphal comeback with a new network show on Mutual. Trying was his "vagabond lover" period to the masculine half of the nation, no one denies that he was second to none in his particular contribution to radio, and all who remember old shows will bow reverently to the boy who ushered in the age of the crooner singlehanded.

Two shows of great service value started in 1928. The Dr. Walter Danksosch's Music Appreciation Hour was put on the NBC network as a sustaining show. It cost the company a fortune, but it contributed enormously to the culture of the rising generation.
because it reached five million school children in three thousand schools. The National Home and Farm Hour began on the same network. It started locally on KDKA in 1923 when Frank E. Mullen, an editor of The National Stockman and Farmer began giving market and weather reports. Though not of interest to city listeners, it gives invaluable aid to farmers and its rural following is huge.

The Voice of Firestone also made its bow this year, featuring outstanding music from the start. Vaughn de Leath, its first soloist, was followed by scores of brilliant singers like Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout and Lawrence Tibbett. He joined it in 1932, appearing on alternate weeks to Richard Crooks who later alternated with Nelson Eddy and Margaret Speaks, just as Eleanor Steber and Christopher Lynn do today. Its list of great conductors include Hugo Mariani, William Daly, Alfred Wallenstein, Howard Barlow, Andre Kostelanetz and many more who brought the best of music to millions of listeners to whom opera and symphony were a wonderful new experience.

Romance was the thing, however. A tenor named Frank Luther was coming along fast, and later was to open his show by breathing "This is your lover," so portentously that lonely ladies were known to swoon dead away beside the radio. Luther was born in Kansas and had been an ordained minister of the gospel before he took to the air as a singer with the Happy Wonder Bakers. Remember their theme song? Yoho, yoho, yoho ahead! We are the bakers who bake the bread For mama and papa and Nellie and Ned And also for little sister.

Yoho, yoho, yooo . . . hooooooooo!

He also was heard in Lucky Strike's quartet when they warbled another deathless commercial, starting 1932, Jump on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. We're touring alluring old New York town. Broadway, the Follies and Park Avenue Where everyone's happy and no one feels blue.

They were the days when the little ones could really get their teeth into the radio plug, and many of those radio rhymes outlived such brief successes as "I Faw Down and Go Boom," the nonsense song of 1929, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians had started to play "the sweetest music this side of Heaven" for CBS where he stayed on and on, delighting everybody, even the devotees of jazz who described his music as "pure corn." They meant corn syrup, and most definitely not corn whiskey which half of the country was now drinking hot from the still and which was just the opposite of soothing. His sweet music was a signpost pointing to a new era—the age of the crooner. 1929: The country was booming. Bellhops and nursemaids were in the market buying stocks on margin. Everybody seemed to have money because everybody was buying everything on the installment plan—cars, houses, jewelry, clothes, and of course, radios. $843,000,000 worth this year. Set manufacturers expanded plants feverishly and poured out novelty models built into all manner of fancy chests, tables and whatnot. Radios no longer were considered a luxury, so there were plenty around to bring the news of the stock market crash to the stunned nation in October, though before that shattering climax to the Terrific Twenties, everything was wonderful, and
everybody was in the mood for "making change" as the new saying had it. Skirts had reached their shortest, only a flutter below the knee. Helmet hats covered shingle bobs except for a couple of pointed locks swept out over the cheeks. Belts were way down around where the hips used to be. You were unfortunate, indeed, if you still had them because the boyish form was the thing. No smart coat had buttons. One hand stayed permanently some-what left of center to keep the rear wrapped stylishly tight.

Great days, and packed with radio news.

Amos 'n Andy were already a sensation in the area reached by Chicago's WMAQ. Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Charles J. Correll (Andy) started in 1924 with free appearances for fun as singers. In 1926, they invented a blackface act, Sam 'n Henry, for WGN. These names belonged to the station, so they called themselves Amos 'n Andy when they moved to WMAQ in 1928. In 1929 they started on the NBC network, sponsored by Pepsodent. Within a month, their seven o'clock show became a national date. Telephone calls dropped to nothing while they were on the air. Theaters stayed empty until desperate managers hit on the plan of stopping the movie and routing the broadcast through the loud speakers. Hotels suspended room service during their fifteen minutes. The help threatened to quit otherwise. A doctor sent letters to his patients asking them not to telephone between 7 and 7:15 except in gravest emergency.

There had never been anything like it on the air before or since. They expanded the listening audience by millions. "Tse requusted," "Check and double-check," "Sho-sho," and "Ain't Dat Sumpin'?" were the catch words of the day, and Madame Queen's breach of promise suit against the Kingfish the hottest scandal. They were radio's first million dollar talent deal—$200,000 for the first year with options. That was a wallowing sum to pay two blackface comedians when many vaudeville shows with full orchestras cost less.

Beyond doubt, they were the biggest thing in radio. Pepsodent was gleeful that it had signed them, but it was hard to forget that they had been working for nothing only four years ago. When renewal time came, Pepsodent sent out feelers to see if they couldn't take a cut. After all, the market had crashed and times were hard. Amos 'n Andy heard the rumors of this plot and were prepared when no less than the president of NBC, M. H. Aylesworth himself, came around to tell them of Pepsodent's emotions about all that money. They had their answer ready. Before Aylesworth could speak, they announced that they wanted a raise. They thought $300,000 a year would be nice. When the ugly words were first mentioned, they laughed him to scorn.

"We're worth what we're getting, and we'll show you," they said.

But how? There was still no system of gauging the size of listening audiences. Finally the boys hit on a plan. They invented a town, Webb City, for The Fresh Air Taxi cab, Incorporated to operate in, offered a free map on the air, and held their breasts. All depended on what the mailman would bring. What would they do if nobody wrote for the map? They needn't have worried. Over a million letters clogged the mails. Within a week, 200 typists had been hired to handle the mountain of responses. After that there was no more talk of a pay cut. Radio had proved its power to the argument, as a forceful advertising medium, if the show were right.

Though not the first show with a conti- nued story, Amos 'n Andy was the first really big one running six days a week. The idea was to be developed immediately into what we know as the daytime serial, following their success and that of a show whose famous opening line, "Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Bloom," was heard for the first time this year.

When a young mother, Gertrude Berg, took a hand-written script to NBC, the first man who read it said, "This has about as much entertainment value as a telephone directory." Just the same, a month later she had a contract to do what was first known as The Rise of the Goldbergs, and the glorious Molly has been interfering rashly and lovingly in the lives of her neighbors ever since.

Though she had studied dramatics at Columbia University for a year before her marriage to a chemical engineer, Mrs. Berg had not thought of writing professionally until the burning of a factory cost her husband his job just as the depression struck. Molly enchanted listeners from the start. The character is based on Mrs. Berg's grandmother, her own mother and in some degree on herself in its facets of warm, emotional family devotion. Sammele and Rosalie are not based on her own children, how- ever, who were babies when the show started. During the twenty-one years The Goldbergs have been on the air (with time out only for the writing and playing of the stage hit, "Molly and

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**For Enchanted Moments**

For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that will not smear...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The new, exclusive Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.

**The New Tangee Lip Stick**

---

**"It expands my world"**

- Many women have voiced this feeling about "My True Story"—the true-life radio program that comes to you every morning, Monday through Friday. And here's the reason! This program brings you a complete story every day about real people and their problems, culled from the files of True Story Magazine.

You feel that you know the characters personally because so many times the stories they tell are within the realm of your experience.

Tune in **"My True Story"**

American Broadcasting Stations
A concert dance troupe Whiteman's Zell was built around Paul Whiteman, "the jazz king." It was announced by Ted Husing who turned the job over to a promising unknown named Harry Von Zell when the band went on the road. Whiteman's was the first program band to travel, broadcasting as it went, a custom unheard of until 1929. He invented the idea when he was signed to make "The King of Jazz" and decided to make the journey to Hollywood count as a concert tour. The troupe barnstormed luxuriously in ten train cars, and gave performances in seventeen cities before their triumphant arrival on the coast.

Among the featured entertainers was a male trio called "The Rhythm Boys." Few knew their names—Bing Crosby, Harry Barris and Al Rinker. While in Hollywood, Bing sang at night with Gus Arnheim's orchestra in the top dance spot of the town, the Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove. His new method of putting over a song made a big hit. He just stood still and let his melodic "boo-boo-ba-boo" fall quietly on the enchanted ears of the dancers. If he felt really lively, he let his eyes move as much as an inch from side to side. The fans, already intoxicated by Rudy Vallee's sweet and lovely murmurs, were breathless with delight at their new discovery.

Bing had something else on his mind besides singing. He was courting one of the brightest of the rising movie stars, Dixie Lee. Her studio frankly did not care for this. They would much have preferred a romance with a more glamorous figure—somebody who had a future in the movies. They warned her that she was wasting her time on the sloppy-looking, Jug-eared singer who was here today and would be gone tomorrow. Just the same she seemed to welcome his company. There was no explaining women, was there?

Everybody loved Bing's singing, but nobody saw any use for him on the screen except Mack Sennett who made a series of one reelers in which Bing sang "I Surrender Dear," "Just One More Chance," "Sing, Sing, Sing," and "Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day" which was to become his theme song later. These films trickled out into the theatres without anyone taking any particular note of the man who was to win Photoplay's Gold Medal as the most popular male star in all the land for four consecutive years starting in 1945.

It was to be two years before Bing was to get his first big radio break by a curious happenstance that will enliven the record of 1931 when we get to it.

In the meantime, 1929 was a great year for new personalities in news reporting. Floyd Gibbons, one of the greatest, had already won the title "ace of the war correspondents" before he went on the air. He had covered Pancho Villa's campaigns in Mexico in 1913, was with Pershing's forces in our brief but bloody Mexican Border War in 1916. He lost an eye at Belleau Wood in the First World War, and after that he wore a black patch.

Gibbons has the distinction of being the famous Mrs. Bloom has never been heard from except on one historic occasion. Molly was giving her a massage and the country was electrified by an emotion-packed "Oly!" It was her one line, never heard again.
Am I too conservative?
Am I behind the times?
Am I living in the past?

ASK YOURSELF why you hang back from adopting an improvement like Tampax (monthly sanitary protection) which can make so great a difference in your daily life. Really ask yourself why... Do you want more assurance, more evidence? Remember that Tampax was invented by a doctor and millions of women now use it. Who is different from these millions?

Tampax works on the principle of internal absorption, well known to the medical profession. It is extremely simple and practical. Pure surgical cotton is compressed into slender white applicators for neat and easy insertion. Good-bye to belts, pins and external pads! Good-bye to odor, chafing, ridge-lines that "show through"... You cannot feel the Tampax while using it and you can even wear it in tub or shower bath. Disposal is no problem at all.

A full month's average supply of Tampax slips into purse. Buy it at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes for varying needs. Try Tampax and relieve the tension on "those troublesome days." Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

the first reporter to carry a portable short-wave transmitter, a mammoth stride forward in on-the-scene reporting. Before this, lines had to be strung and newsmen of the air had to broadcast from fixed field stations. A so-called "mobile unit" was known as early as 1922, but it weighed 500 pounds and had to be hauled around on a truck. Gibbons' new equipment was cumbersome and very heavy, but a strong man could stagger around with it unassisted. He was the dismay of all other reporters when he turned up at Lakehurst, New Jersey, to cover, for NBC, the second visit of the Graf Zeppelin. Ted Husing, there for CBS, was bitten deep with envy. He was the only reporter present who spoke German. When the dirigible's captain, Von Eckner, asked him what the radio men wanted him to do, Husing translated somewhat freely. He and his pals were trying to lure Von Eckner closer to their mikes, since, unlike Gibbons, they were not walkie-talkies, but Husing felt such technical details would just confuse the birdman. "They want you to take off your cap," he said in German, indicating with a wave of the hand Gibbons' mike as a convenient place to hang the official headgear. Von Eckner innocently followed the suggestion, effectively muffling Husing's competition for the first minutes of the interview.

Portable units came into widespread use immediately. A. L. Alexander, who had started as an announcer in 1925, was the first to adapt it to a brand-new kind of show, the Man in the Street interviews which set the pattern of the unrehearsed audience participation shows that were to flood the airways a decade later.

Clem McCarthy joined NBC this year, where he still is. He was already famous following his broadcast in 1928 of the first Kentucky Derby to go on a national network, and has been the greatest of the turf reporters ever since. Familiar to all fans is his breathless style and trip-hammer tongue. He lent his talents to other sports events, too. Notable is his dead-pan coverage of the National Croquet Championship finals, and his no less dramatic report of the House of the House-wealth that brought out the riot squad to control a nylon line at Gimbel's Department Store in 1946.

Bob Trout was on a local station in Washington, D. C., and having his troubles. Those were the days when radio reporters were considered a nuisance in the Capital. The sergeant-at-arms in the White House was forever shooing them off, saying, "Get away, stand back —your cables are in the way of the newspaper men." They were so firm about this that once Trout was waved all the way back into a closet. The door was promptly closed by a traitorous colleague. Trout claims to be the first reporter to do an "eye-witness" account in total darkness.

Will Rogers began his first regular series and instantly became one of the most widely quoted of commentators because he had a faculty for saying what everyone was thinking with an original twist of humor in even his most stinging observations. He loved to kid Congress: "Every time they make a law it's a joke, and every time they make a joke it's a law." About the market crash: "We have the distinction of being the only nation going to the poorhouse in an automobile." His column was in hundreds of newspapers and he was the top boxoffice movie star in 1935 when the little plane, carrying him and Wiley Post on an Alaskan holiday, crashed and ended his great career but not his great influence.

In 1929, one of the finest of all sustaining shows began over CBS, the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir. This vast, unpaid chorus of 375 voices was formed in 1890. It has drawn its talent from every level of the community since—farmers, doctors, grandmothers, high school students, mechanics, clerks, everybody. It originates from the vast Mormon Temple. During all but its first year, it has been produced by Richard L. Evans who also does the commentary.

In the East, Leopold Stokowski was trying an experiment. He was then conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony. At his insistence that he was the logical man to control so vital a thing as the volume of sound on a broadcast concert, a special booth was rigged for him by the doubtful NBC. It had glass sides so that his orchestra could see the waving hands of the maestro when they were not busy with the control buttons. It was a noble experiment, but after he had blasted WEAF off the air three times in the first half-hour, Stokowski let the sound return to his job.

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, a singing cowboy, Gene Autry, was getting ready to leave KVOO and find fame and fortune in Chicago. He did. He became widely known on The National Barn Dance, and in 1934 blazed the trail of the singing Western in Hollywood. Shades of Tom Mix and Wm. S. Hart!

you can get into the act on the

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW

with

JIMMY DURANTE DON AMECHE VERA VAGUE

By tuning in on your local NBC station Every Friday Night see local newspapers for time

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW DURANTE DON AMECHE VERA VAGUE

By tuning in on your local NBC station Every Friday Night see local newspapers for time

you can get into the act on the

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW

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JIMMY DURANTE DON AMECHE VERA VAGUE

By tuning in on your local NBC station Every Friday Night see local newspapers for time

you can get into the act on the

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW

with

JIMMY DURANTE DON AMECHE VERA VAGUE

By tuning in on your local NBC station Every Friday Night see local newspapers for time
Veto—Colgate’s Deodorant—Gives You

DOUBLE PROTECTION!

1. CHECKS PERSPIRATION...
   Quickly, effectively! Veto safeguards you night and day. Rubs easily and checks perspiration at once. Yet Veto is mild, gentle for normal skin . . . safe for clothes.

2. STOPS ODOR INSTANTLY!
   Veto’s scientific formula was perfected by the famous Colgate laboratories. Veto works like a charm, is always delightfully smooth and creamy. Let Veto give you double protection!

Veto Lasts and Lasts From Bath to Bath

Have

"SECOND LOOK"

Legs!

Kept smooth and
hair-free longer . . .
by Nair . . .
the safe, odorless
depilatory lotion . . .
that removes leg hair
quickly, easily . . .
leaves legs smoother . . .
more exciting . . .

Lady, throw your razor away—use Nair, new cosmetic lotion that keeps legs hair-free longer! Dissolves hair skin-char—no ugly razor stubble. Easy to use—rinses off quickly. No clinging depilatory odor, no irritation to normal skin. For “second look” legs—get Nair today!

FIRST AID

for

ACHES and PAINS

If aching muscles cause distress
Around this time of year,
I find that Alka-Seltzer
Helps such things disappear.

Use it also for FAST RELIEF of
Headaches—Acid Indigestion
Discomfort of COLDS.

Alka-Seltzer

FOR LEGS THAT DELIGHT
USE NAIR TONIGHT

99¢ plus tax

NEXT MONTH
Who started the daytime serial? The birth of Colonel Stoopnagle, Crosby thinks he is a failure, Kate Smith invents “Thanks for Listening!”
Is Your Daughter
A WALLFLOWER
Because of
Periodic Pain?

(Have you told her
about Midol?)

No modern girl needs “a wallflower,”
mis parties and break dates because
of the time of month. Midol has
changed all that by bringing quick
comfort from menstrual suffering.

MIDOL RELIEVES HEADACHE

Midol brings amazingly fast
relief from menstrual headache
because it contains two
highly effective, proven medical
ingredients that are often prescribed
by many doctors.

MIDOL EASES CRAMPS...

Midol contains an exclusive
anti-spasmodic ingredient
which quickly eases cramps.
Even women who have suffer-
sed severely report that
Midol brings quick comfort.
And Midol does not interfere
in any way with the normal
menstrual process.

MIDOL CHASES “BLUES”

The mild stimulant in Midol
helps lift her out of the
depression and “blues” which
often attend the menstrual
process. So see that your
taker takes Midol and
takes it in time. She’ll be her
charming self even on days she
used to suffer most.

MOTHERS: Free copy of “How Women Would Be
Know,” explains constriction. (Plain wrapper). Write
Dept. B-30, Box 260, New York 16, N. Y.

MIDOL is the Thing to Take for
FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

1

by)

the fifty-thousand who audition for the show each year. At seventeen he had
already been deprived of much that most of us consider our natural heritage: the
love and tenderness of parents. Willie
was raised in an orphanage at Asheville,
North Carolina. He, like many other
children, often danced for his
buddies in the home. They knew Willie
was good and decided he better come
up to New York to audition for the program. Every child dug into his pocket and
when the pile of pennies was counted, it was enough
for a one-way ticket to Broadway.
But I didn’t know any of this but Carrie
Corvell was about to be one of the
headliners through their passes recognized Willie’s talent immediately.

“He’s got the makings of another Bill Robinson,”

We all agreed with her. I called up
Bojangles, whose recent death
enabled millions, and asked him to come
to the broadcast. He watched Willie
dance then came up to the stage.

“Your know,” he said, “I can see myself
as a youngster when I look at Willie.”

And then he turned to the youngster
who was awe-struck by the great man.

“Everybody’s gotta learn,” Bill said.

“You’ve got to crawl before you walk, and some.
But Bill Robinson wasn’t through. In
the last public statement he made before
his death, he told Willie about America.

“What you do off stage is just as important
as what you do on,” he said.

“Manners and behavior can take you
where money can’t, no matter what
care you get on the way.

Big Bill and little Bill became close
friends before the great dancer passed
away and the boy’s spirit was already
strengthened by Bojangles’ philosophy.

Willie, whose dancing is already
touched with genius, will be among the
finalists on the June show along with
other great amateurs, Tommy Knoll,
Jeanetteاي, Tom Wright, John Alexander and Ray Leizer.

All of these kids are smitten by show
business but you’ve got to crawl before you
walk. It’s a long, hard road and
too often you’re broke and heartbroken.
Take it from me. I know.

My mother died when I was sixteen.
Dad was a railroad brakesman and
didn’t care much for the entertainment
business. My mother, who had been a
pianist and school teacher, gave me a
real feeling for music. It came out when
I went to the theater and saw an act called
the Six Brothers. So I raised the roof
with their saxophones. After hearing
them, I thought the saxophone was the
most important God had handed to me

I didn’t have the money to buy an
instrument but I bought a mouthpiece
and practiced the job that would like
my. Finally, Dad bought one for me.

By the time I was in college, I began
to play with a small orchestra and
found myself in pretty fast company.
Some of the members of the group
were Glenn Miller, Matty Malneck,
Harry Barris and Bob Green. A group of
us, called the Colorado Cowboy
Orchestra, made a trip to San Francisco
to fill a one-week theater date.

But we didn’t go back to Denver
—too much pride. We nearly starved
on crackers and beans while we looked
for work. Then I got my chance. I was
offered a job in a Tia Juana club. It
sounded glamorous but it wasn’t. The
club was a broken down, small
dance hall surrounded by cactus. I had plenty of time to
do nothing or to work. I worked,
learning to read music, arrange and
blow that horn. And it paid off.

A big-time talent scout, Art
Landry, picked me up and finally
I went to work with one of the first
big swing bands in the country, Ben Pol-
lack’s orchestra. We were on their
way to fame in that red-hot combo.
Musicians like Jack Tesgarden, Bix
Beiderbecke and Red Nichols.

I love for women can move
mountains, start wars or take
the hot licks out of a jazz musician’s life. My
college sweetheart, Marguerite Over-
holt, was on her way to California to
the orchestra, I conducted a pit orchestra.
I was as naive about show business as
by a novice

Most comedians learn a routine that
they buy from gag writers. One of the
gag writers was Al Boasberg. He was
one of the best comedians in the
country, but he took time to out to help a kid who
didn’t even know how comedians were
funny. And that was how I became a
“gag writer.” There were only two or
three others at the time. One of
them was Jack Benny.

It changed the direction of my career,
taking me out of the smaller confines
of the music field. Eventually it lead me
to the top in vaudeville—the Para-
mount Theater on Broadway.

Being on top of the world is a
wonderful place to be. The only trouble is
that the further you have to fall, the
harder you hit. When the big de-
pression came and stage shows folded,
we had to start all over again.

My wife Marguerite had long before
given up teaching to travel with me.
As wife of a bandleader and emcee she
got to know the country well.

She usually did the driving so I could
catch up on my sleep. And she never
got lost. I’ve often thought she could
have taught a lot to Daniel Boone about
finding his way.

But even the band business got so
bad during the depression that I had
to look for another place to be. I moved
to California where I worked as mu-
sician supervisor for MGM. From
that job I went to work with Major Bowes
who had already started his Amateur
Hour. I was looking for a man to
work on auditions and organize
the road show units.

I knew from the moment I was
offered the job that I’d like it far
better than being a musician. I was
in the position where I could help
them.”

So we packed up again and headed
back to New York where I found Major
Bowes as imposing as he looked. We
got along well even though he never
stopped kidding me about my name. My
real name was Maguire so until a
theater manager changed it.
Since 1935, when I began to work on the Amateur Hour, I and my associates have screened nearly a half-million applicants. Ten thousand of them were good enough to appear on the air or road shows. Hundreds went on to become famous. Since most auditions and programs are now heard in New York, Marguerite and I have been able to live a more normal life.

We have no children but for the first time in our twenty-three years of marriage we have been able to live all of our own. One day we were coming down the Boston Post Road, through Sleepy Hollow territory, when we passed a sign advertising a ranch-type house. Before we got back in the car, I knew this was it.

"I love it," Marguerite said.

That cinched it and shortly after we moved in. I bought myself a book telling a husband how he can be handy around the house and with it built a 10-foot bridge. My only help came from friends who came out week-ends because they like to do manual labor.

Usually, there are just the three of us, Marguerite, myself and our setter dog. But besides running the house Marguerite has "her kids."

When we lived in Manhattan, she collected a group of friends who live in a crowded, run-down section of the city. She took them on hikes, visits to museums. Now two or three at a time come out to the house for several days. In short, happiness, too, it seems to me, that the professional entertainer is often called on to take a fatherly interest in the novels.

"Cultivate a youngster’s talent, don’t exploit it," I’ve told mothers who hope their children are budding stars.

A parent can’t force a child into show business but when a boy gets the bug, nothing will stop him. And then it takes years of incredible work before he makes good. I remember when Robert Merrill became an Amateur Hour winner and one of the road units. He seldom joined the others when they went out to see the town. He practiced.

And there is the story of the Hoboken Quartet that my associates Wanda Ellis, Lou Goldberg and Lloyd Marx recall. A baritone in the quartet wanted to sing a solo; he usually sang only eight bars of music but he knew where he was going and got there too. The baritone’s name is Frank Sinatra.

They were all amateurs once. It’s remembering this that makes our work so inspiring. Any broadcast may mean the beginning of a great career.

There is a man named Ray Leizer you will hear about on the radio contest. Ray has no hands. They were blown off when he picked up an anti-personnel bomb in Israel. But when Ray got mechanical hands, he had the courage to master that task. Ray’s talent and courage so impressed the radio audience that he became a three-time winner this year. Ray turned to the television then, almost trembling with emotion.

"Ted, I wish I could repay you in some way," he said.

Ray had already repaid me a thousand times. When greater satisfaction can a man have than to know he’s been of service to his fellow man.

The great mystery shows are on ABC!

JOAN LANSING

Have You Heard?

It’s a fact! More women than to mystery shows on the radio, which just proves that we girls really know a good thing! But it’s no mystery to me that the Broadcasting Company programs lead the ladies’ lists of “preferred” spine- tidgers.

Right through the week chills and thrills come thick and fast via your local ABC station with mysteries and adventures sponsored by alert advertisers who know we’ve a sweet tooth for sleuthing! For instance, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 PM (ET) DAVID N. DAVIDING, chief of the Counter-Spies, keys out shining adventures on “COUNTER-SPY,” sponsored by Pepsi-Cola.

The mood of mystery is maintained on Wednesdays at 8:30 PM (ET) when MALIN GARDIN recounts amazing tales culled from “THE CASEBOOK OF GREGORY HOOD.” Hard on HOOD’s heels is my favorite man of mystery fiction, the bard of Broad Street, with “THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.” The great SHERLOCK unlocks the doors to his famous detective domain at 9:00 PM (ET) for Petri lines.

Friday, of course, is the night of nights for nifty, top-notch shows ... with three thrillers, interspersed with a half-hour of comedy—our good friends OZZIE AND HAR- RIE, heard at 9:00 PM (ET). The prize-winning parade leads off with Norwich Pharmacal’s “THE FAT MAN,” the corpulent contenter to the helm of the crime realm. Following the perky plot, eye is one of the great radio programs of our time (and not really a ‘mystery’). ... “THIS IS YOUR F.B.I.,” a Sunday, putting authentic dramatization of cases from the official files of the F.B.I. This dynamic documentary is sponsored by the Equitable Life Assurance So- ciety of the U.S. At 9:30 PM (ET), “THE SHERIFF” winds up mystery-filled Fridays as he pursues hunted hombres relying on modern methods—exposing old-fashioned, shooting-tooting tactics. “THE SHERIFF” is sponsored by the Pacific Coast Borax Company.

Secret missions to far away places make “CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN” stimulating fare at 7:30 PM (ET) on Saturdays. Es ma’am, when it comes to suspenseful listening and high adventure, intrigue and romance ... CHANDU is the man for you—and me!

Off-the-cuff-crime-stuff:
From coast-to-coast the girls all agree.

The great mystery shows are on ABC!
business than it does in a small town, dies—nothing to allay his suspicions. She'd been discouraged, and though, by Bennett Chaple, the speaker at a Coe College class reunion at which she was principal soloist. On returning to Chicago, Chaple, the friend of an NBC executive, had arranged an audition and she had landed on the staff. The way Archie added it up, he'd better not expect too much.

On arriving at the studio, Chicago's handsome, sharply tailored young man about music took one look at the Iowa import and changed his mind. Tall Frances Allison's flashing brown eyes were almost level with his own. Her dark hair was smartly coiffed, and she greeted him with the infectious smile that swept audiences, as well as Archie, have come to love. She sang his song in a throaty contralto and his own heart did flip flops. Promptly, he invited her out to dinner.

Primly did she make it clear that she regarded it as a song conference rather than a date, Fran accepted. There's still a note of wonder in Archie's voice as he says, "And then I found out she knew more about music than I did."

He learned too, during dinner, that Fran was one of those small town girls inevitably headed for show business. A kitchen chair was her first platform; her mother her first audience.

Hard luck had hit the Allison family of LePorte City, Iowa. While Fran was still a child her father suffered a paralytic stroke, and her mother, the unconquerable Nan, supported the family by sewing. Fran and her brother broke the monotony of her mother's long hours of work and her father's invalidism by make believe. When the circus came to town, Fran and her brother borrowed the family milk money to buy tickets, and on their return home played every role, from lion to ringmaster. Mimics both, they also picked up the trick of aping the voices, gestures and manner of speech of everyone they encountered.

Though money was a scarce commodity in the Allison household, pride and ambition were plentiful. As descendants of a family who had had a position to maintain, Lynn, the brother, became a fine musician. Fran did her part by attending Coe College and later the University. She earned part of her tuition by traveling around Midwest cities producing home talent plays for civic organizations.

With this grass-roots background in entertainment, she got her first radio job, Archie learned, at WMT, Waterloo, Iowa. Hired as a singer, she found herself spending more time writing and selling advertising than crooning.

"Yeah," Fran told him, suddenly assuming a flirty manner, "I sure did everything around that station. Even sold separators and spreaders. Manure spreaders, that is!"

Little realizing that in telling of the character she dreamed up she was actually forecasting her own entrance into network radio, Fran went on to tell the increasingly amazed young man about Aunt Fanny and how she came into being.

An announcer, Joe DuMond, who also made a name for himself in radio, then had a show of his own in Pinchville, on which everything—including Fran—happened. He stepped up to the microphone one day, but instead of introducing her song, he stated, "Well, here's Aunt Fanny. Just rode up on her bicycle. Let's have her say a few words."

Amazed though she was, young and beautiful Fran fell into the spirit of the thing and began the moment a sharp-tongued old maid. "Well, hello folks! You know I just got away from Alma Googert. Now that's the out-talkingest woman I ever seen. She can say longer in half an hour than most people can say in three weeks."

Aunt Fanny, Fran confessed, had become so entrenched at WMT that it had taken the chance encounter at the class reunion to get her back into a singing career again.

Meeting background with background, Archie told Fran that the music business had been the career fartherest from his own expectations. Although educated as an attorney, he had traveled west to Denver and gone into business as a broker. During the Depression, when stocks and bonds found few buyers, he came to Chicago, encountered a friend who was a music publisher and had joined his staff to promote tunes. His admiring glance across the table indicated that if plugging songs brought him the acquaintanceship of such stars as Fran Allison, the job had advantages not outlined in the original prospectus.

The first dinner established the trend of their meetings. Says Fran, "It's funny, a shoot don't drop he ever asking me for a date. Things just turned out so we were always together. He'd be going around town during an evening busying himself to see the different band leaders and that interested me, too, so I went along. Then he'd have a song he wanted me to try, so he'd come to the studio or he'd come to the apartment and I don't think we ever knew ourselves how much was business and how much romance."

Of Archie, it's been said, "Sometimes..."
I think he must have two hearts. One couldn't hold the kindness and generosity he shows.'

Of Fran, Betty Mitchell, secretary of AFTRA, the actors' union, says, "I couldn't tell you the number of persons she helped, but the outstanding instance came the time a girl who was her closest rival for singing jobs got herself into incredible difficulties and ended up in the hospital. Fran, although she had little enough for herself at that time, paid the girl's hospital bill and helped her get back on her feet.'

Unselfish though such generosity might be, it wasn't conducive to meeting the cost of setting up a new house. It was too much for the separations, which finally propelled Fran and Archie into marriage February 2, 1942.

Fran's obligations were easier to handle by that time, for her father had died and her mother had moved to Chicago. Nan and Archie got along famously and since Fran was frantically busy, it was Nan who made the preparations for him to move into their apartment.

Recalling it, Fran says, "It darned near broke up the wedding at the last minute, too. I'd been running around all day, fast as I could go. By the time I'd done three shows and two auditions, all I wanted was a chance to catch my breath before my wedding day.

"I came into the apartment, and what did I find? There were Nan and Archie emptying out the dresser, heaping her stuff up on the bed so he could put his things in the bigger. Archie, right then, was the last guy I wanted to see, even if I was going to marry him in half an hour. Racing the way I had all day, I could see Archie by two steps, all the way to the altar.'

Marriage for the young Levingtons was slightly hectic. Fran's first major network break had come on the Don McNeill show where she auditioned as a singer but had turned comedienne as soon as Don and his incessant heckler, Sam Cowling, found out about Aunt Fanny. Listeners delighted with the spinster who sounded as though she knew all their best friends back home. Her popularity was growing, but Fran, pleased though she was with the success, realized she must look elsewhere for outlets for her singing talent. Such engagements were becoming more frequent.

And then Archie, who was beginning to reap the rewards of hard work in his own business, received Uncle Sam's familiar greeting. They had been married only a few months when he was inducted into the Army.

Fran made the same choice as many other wives. She gave up her career and followed Archie, first to Texas and later to California. It was only after he completed Officers' Training that she returned to Chicago and the Breakfast Club, spending such time as she had to spare appearing on war bond shows.

It was at a bond show on Michigan Boulevard, in front of the Wrigley building, where she met the other loves of her life, Kukla and Ollie.

Burr Tillstrom, creator of the irrepressible pair, tells it this way: "Fran and Sam Cowling had just done a skit and then it was our turn. Never missing a pretty girl, Kukla and Ollie tossed a couple of remarks at her. She came right back with an answer. We liked that, for she treated Kukla like people instead of puppets."

Burr remembered it when, the war over, television came out of its freeze and he was offered a show on what was then Chicago's only TV station, WBKB. Although Burr had waited for such a chance since he did television demonstrations at the New York World's Fair, the prospect had its appealing side.

Doing a new show, sixty minutes in length, each day, five days a week, was simply beyond any man's endurance. Although it was far from conventional puppet procedure, the only solution was to add a human to the cast.

It must have been spontaneous combustion of thought, for Burr and the director of the new show, and the head of WBKB, all arrived at the same conclusion: "Let's get Fran Allison.'

It was a show, right from the beginning—but Burr, remembering the first week, recalls, "None of us knew what our own hands were doing, just how it would shape up, for nothing like this had been tried before. Fran, feeling her way along, was just a little stiff and schoolteacherish. And then she tangled with Madame.'

Madame Ooglepus, a character of slightly mildewed glamour and multi-colored coiffures, was telling Fran of her great and undefined past in the heathen when suddenly she broke off to remark with acid sweetness, "My dear, I hate to mention it, but are you sure your hair is on straight?"

Fran, that queen of ad lib who had swapped quips with Walter O'Keefe, Allan Prescott and Ransom Sherman and come out even, gave Madame one of those if-looks-could-kill glances, then, in a style that would have tossed her head, "I'll have you know my hair is always on straight. Mine grows."

"With that," says Burr, "we were off. Lines struck sparks. Fran found a true character. She's like Alice in Wonderland and the Dorothy who went to Oz. Because she believes the Kuklapolitans, everyone else does, too."

And Fragrant Mavis Talc absorbs moisture—keeps you and your lingerie daintily longer.

TO GLORIFY BRUNETTE HAIR
(Choose Your Shade Now!)
WARM BROWN... shining burnished brown.
CHESTNUT BROWN... rich lustrous brown.
DARK BROWN... gorgeous, pleading, dark brown.
BLACK...deep satiny black.
6 Other Enchanting Shades!

Also try
NESTLE COLORTINT
Same beautiful shades in a triple-strength rinse. Lasts through 3 shampoos!

Nestle COLORINSE 6 rinses 25c
talented Fran's characters, and no one would ever associate that character with Mrs. Archie Levinton. He found out that television was different.

"As many days as I had been going into the Woods building to meet Archie at his office, Old Bill, the elevator man, never dreamed I was anything other than a housewife. Then came the evening when, damnable he broke over his face and he said, "Why you're Fran, aren't you?" Come to find out, every day, during his lunch period, he went around to the corner to a tavern to watch the show.

The same sort of thing happened more and more often as the number of television sets in Chicago increased. People stopped them on the streets, in stores, in restaurants. The climax of such encounters came recently at the home of their friends the Murphys.

Bob—announcer on the Breakfast Club—and Louise frequently entertained people whose names are tops in Chicago radio and it never caused a ripple among either the five young Murphys or their playmates. Preparing dinner for such guests one evening, Louise became aware that eyes were peering in the window. A back porch was filling up with small neighbors.

When the crowd got thick Louise tucked in the door said firmly, "Up kids, fun's fun, but scoot along home. It's dinner time; we've got company."

A wail went up. "Please, Mrs. Murphy," the youngsters begged, "won't you ask her to come out? We heard Fran is here."

In the two and a half years the show has been on the air, the Kuklapolitans have become part and parcel of their Levinton's home life as well as their professional life. Archie, although he has never appeared on the screen, very much is in the act. Burr, when telephones, is just as likely to assume the voice of Kukla, Ollie or Beulah Witch as his own, and Archie talks back, just as naturally as Fran.

Archie adores Burr tremendously. He says, "Burr is as ambidextrous with his mind as he is with his hands. I've never heard him mix up a voice. Each Kuklapolitan character lives the other."

The Levinton home has become a favorite meeting place for people associated with the show—Burr; Lew Gomavitz, the director; Beulah Zachary, the first producer, Jack Fishinato, the music director, Joe Lockwood, costume designer, and others, for when visiting Fran and Archie they find music, good food and gracious hospitality.

Fran and Archie solved their personal housing problem by buying a carriage house situated back of one of the old Gold Coast mansions. The first floor is the garage and Archie's workshop where he has a great time repairing furniture—when, like most husbands, he gets around to it. Fran performs as anniversary gifts. Recently have been electric tools for the shop, but she sighs, "I don't know why I ever do it. He never has time to use them.

The upstairs, stretching across the entire front of the second floor, is furnished in a modern manner with a low sofa, huge hammerock, deep chairs and that Fran is signing in work table. Bookcases, crammed both with books and their record collection, flank the fireplace.

There's a clear space at the side reserved for the motion picture screen. Making movies was one of Archie's pre-television hobbies and now that the Kuklapolitans are part of their life, the evenings devoted to viewing are more frequent. Fran, who says the show happens so fast she has no idea of what he has done until it's all over, borrows the little fan that was his invention and they have made the rounds of the stations not on the coaxial cable. She and Archie play them over so they may study her performance. Archie is both critic and fan for Fran is signing autographs for other youngsters to make a quiet suggestion for change, particularly in costumes.

Fran's clothes are definitely Archie's department. Business, he supervises both her professional appearance and her personal attire.

Meals in the household are usually of the meat and potatoes variety, prepared by Fran's mother, Nan. "We both work like the dickens," Fran explains, "and when we get home, we're hungry. And the trucking job is expensive to make a quiet suggestion for change, particularly in costumes.

Fran's best liked salad, the Roquefort dressing comes first. To make it, blend in a large wooden salad bowl the dry ingredients: salt, celery salt, onion salt and paprika. Add 3 parts of oil to 1 part of vinegar and mix. Add 1 tbs. mustard mayonnaise. Add ¼ lb. Roquefort or bleu cheese and mash up well. Stir the whole mixture together. Add to it the greens—lettuce hearts, artichoke hearts, chives, apricot, sliced hard-boiled eggs. Toss lightly until the dressing covers the greens.

Their favorite guests at their home, in addition to the Kuklapolitan crew, are the Breakfast Club cast and their families. Archie and Fran, though they have their own, are very much the entertainers. With them it goes much farther than mere giving of presents. One mother in the group tells of holding an evening party for Fran to come down from the bedroom where she went to leave her wraps. Investigating the delay, she found Fran with her children, singing song after song for the entranced youngsters.

There's just one thing about being Fran's husband that Archie doesn't like, but having made some glowing hitchhiking achievement, he's able to turn philosophic about it. "It used to grip me when anyone called me "Mr. Allison," Now I realize it's their hard luck, the mine, if they aren't clever enough to realize a girl like Fran is almost certain to retain her maiden name professionally.

"But I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to write a skit for a benefit and get a batch of guys in the same boat to perform it with me. In that way the Gallagher and Shean team we're going to sing, "Oh, Mr. Allison; Yes, Mr. Darnell..." And then Pev Marley and I are going to sing, "That's not us and laugh our heads off."

But he contradicts his own promise every time after the show when he waits in Fran's dressing room to help her into her home clothes. If a small, piping voice asks to speak to Kukla, Archie will explain gently that Kukla and Ollie both go to bed right after the show and that Fran is signing autographs for other youngsters. He will converse as long as the child wants to talk, and from the tone of his voice and the look on his face, you know that at that moment, if it would please the little fan, Archie wouldn't mind being called "Mr. Allison." He'd even stand for being called "Mr. Fran."

Pretty AND Soft
AS FINE LINGERIE

by FLEXEEES*

OF 2-WAY STRETCH NYRALON-TRICOT!

As easy to wash as your softest undies, these new Panteez mold like a girdle. They're made of Flexeees' own miracle-blend: Nyralon...nylon and rayon...lastic inter-knitted for that clever two-way stretch! As soon as you see them, you'll say: "Panteez are for me!"

You'll love their comfort! Garters are removable, adjustable. Sizes: small, medium, large; in bride-white, petal-pink, baby-blue, $2.95. And...to match...also of Nyralon-tricot, this beautiful FLEXEE Bra, in the same dainty colors! AA, A and B cups, 32 to 38. $1.50
When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 11)

er. My older brother left home because my mother did the same thing to him. And they aren't good friends to this day.

What shall I do? My mother has no legal right to my money, but does she have any moral right? Why doesn't she want me to be happy? How can I reason with her so that we may all be friends and talk this problem out?

O. M. Jr.

Dear O. M.:

If I can judge from your letter you seem to be a sensible fellow, and quite mature for your age. Your problem is one which you will have to face in a mature fashion. I think it might be wisest for you to issue an ultimatum—but, if you do, make up your mind that you are going to stick to it.

You do have a right to a fair portion of what you earn, even while living under your parents' roof, especially in view of the fact that your money is not vitally necessary to the support of the home, and particularly inasmuch as what you propose to do with the money can't be construed as foolish spending.

I suggest this: Tell your mother that you will pay her a fair amount each week, and that the rest of the money is yours. Tell her that unless she agrees to this plan, you will live elsewhere. Then stick to it—that is, if she demands more of your wages, go ahead and get yourself a room somewhere else, and go ahead with your plans.

This month's problem letter comes from Mrs. H. L., to whom RADIO MIRROR's check for $25.00 has been sent. RADIO MIRROR will send for twenty-five dollars, the letter from a reader which offers, in the opinion of the editors, the best advice to Mrs. H. L.

Dear Joan:

My husband died leaving me with two small children. Living in a suburban area with no transportation I was unable to leave the children to find work so I've been a housewife. Two years before my husband's death we had bought a new home and had managed to pay half before he passed away. My first thought was to continue the monthly payments and managed pretty good on small pension checks but home just didn't seem like home.

Eight months after my husband died I was offered a job. We have such a thought of re-marrying but he seemed to feel the emptiness in our home. After much gossip and disapproval of my in-laws I married him. He has taken over perfectly and the children adore him but I know he isn't contented. His trouble is, to him this is "my house" even though he will finish paying for it.

He has heard that I remark made that he had it pretty soft meeting a widow with a nice home and it was pretty good having another man set you up in housekeeping. This hurt him deeply and me too because I know Hal married me because he loved me. He wants me to sell and put the money into a trust fund for the children and let him buy us another home. If I do this it will mean going deep in debt again. I did without things for twelve years and I know the hardships that will continue. I have such a little left to pay then we can call it ours and then we will be out of debt. I want our marriage to be a success and for him to be happy but I don't want to be burdened by another big debt.

Mrs. H. L.
The Case of the Suspect Sweethearts

(Continued from page 65)

just behind it, "We ran into a storm—horrible weather. We had to put the others ashore on a little island in the bay—there were all so sick and helpless. But Harold and I—that was the boss's son—neither of us got sick at all. We decided to go back to the mainland to get help. But something went wrong with the boat." She began to twist her handkerchief again. "We didn't get in until two days later. We were alone on that boat for two days."

She paused. Perry said casually, "So what? Everyone knew it was an accident. Happens every day."

"Not in Hilton Falls," Martha Herold said briskly. "It only happens in a town like that, they weren't likely to let go of such a juicy morsel. Oh, I don't think they were all so sure Harold and I had not a good job. They would put it. But what did they care? It was something to talk about—two days alone together on a boat. Harold's girl broke the engagement. But he fired me. He's kind, not ob—obvious I couldn't get another decent job in Hilton Falls. Even so, Mr. Mason—even so I'd have struck it out, if I'd been another kind of girl. But I don't fight. I run."

Perry asked softly, "That's how Palmer got you?"

"Just as I said. I had an awful time for a while. I nearly—well, I didn't, though now I'm not so sure it wouldn't have been better. Then I came here and got a pretty good job, and things began to straighten out. But I saved a few dollars. Then... one day... he called me up." Her words were coming quickly now; her small hands clenched each other. "He saved at my own. "From the way he spoke I had to see him. He—he said he'd tell them, at the bank where I worked—tell them I'd been run out of town at home. He had put false bills into the bank. I don't know how or where he got them, but they had nothing to do with me. He said he'd make them believe it was me, that I was an nin—innocent. He didn't stop to think that I could go to the police then, or even go to my employers and tell the truth. I gave him fifty dollars."

"He said he'd never bother you again, of course."

Martha nodded wordlessly. Perry went on, "And a few weeks later—maybe a few months—here I was back. How much was that time, Martha?"

"Fifty again. And then again. And then... then I met Don."

My pencil point snapped against my pad and I reached for a few crossing glances with Perry as I did so. I was beginning to see daylight. She hadn't done anything wrong; timid and flighty as she was, she would remember that one day, and demand police protection against this bloodsucker. Even she would see that in a town like this, with a petty little piece of small-town gossip would rate about as much attention as a couple of taxis brushing fenders—if that. She'd see it, sure... unless she happened to be afraid more of losing her job, which wouldn't happen, but of losing the man she loved. This was the fear that was tearing Martha Herold apart.

Listening to the rest of her story, I felt as much pity for Martha as I'm willing to let myself feel during business hours. Being in love myself, I could hear sort of between her words how she really felt about this Don. She must have a lot of confidence, she had a small, plain, quiet life. He was the best, the most precious thing that had ever come into it.

The best thing... and the worst. Because through her, through her fanatic fear of losing him, Palmer had been able to tighten his hold to the point where Martha literally didn't know where she was going.

"You'll say to tell Don," she said earnestly. "I know you will. I might even take a chance and do it; I know if we were reversed—if he told me such a thing, I'd stand up for my future... If Wilfred went to his boss and told him those lies about me, about the girl his assistant is going to marry—his boss isn't an understanding man, Mr. Mason. He's kind, but I know what he'd do with a thing like this. I can't ruin Don's life! I've got to keep paying—or else."

"Objection—what?" Perry prompted.

"What?" she repeated. "Oh, go out of his life, I guess. Leave him..."

Abruptly she seemed to pull herself together. She got up and held out her hand, closed with decision, "Well, she said, "I was wrong to come. You can't help me—no one can, except my—myself. There's no legal case. Thank you for your time and your kindness." And with startling swiftness she was gone, leaving Perry and me staring, open-mouthed, at her empty chair.

It seemed to me that almost before we could take it in, Palmer's visit, Wilfred Palmer turned up on the front pages... dead. Murdered.

"My, my," Perry said as he ran his eye down the details. "This fellow may have been more lucrative clients than our little friend Herold. You don't live at 963 Lincoln Avenue on fifty bucks every now and then. This guy was a rich man; there wasn't it? I don't care for a knife myself. Well! That'll be a weight off that nice girl's mind, anyway. She can go ahead and eat dinner, what's eating you? You ought to be glad for her. That womanly heart was broken when she told her tale. She's out of trouble now. Smile!"

"Who are you kidding, chief?" I asked morosely. "If that girl was in trouble, the other day she's in deadly trouble now. The police will get her name and the whole thing will come out."

"Maybe not. It says here the guy's wall safe was open and empty. Police don't even know yet what his business was. Must have been one of the more public spirited types. Took away all his files on the other victims. Good job! There won't be anything to tie little Martha Herold in on. Perry glanced down the page. I made an indefinite, but dubious, sound, and Perry glared at me. "Now, baggage, don't go getting instinct. That little mouse wouldn't lay a hand on a flic."

"Who is till the time comes?"

"Who indeed?" Perry agreed politely. He thrust the paper aside and rapped sharply on the desk. "Okay, baggage, shall we get down to the daily labors?"

We got down to it, but my mind didn't. I kept wondering how Martha
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Would she take the new job... how she'd look when she saw the headline. What would happen now to her and her Don? Would they be happy ever afterward? Would she, at last, have a little luck?

The answer to that was no, and I only had to wait a few days more to learn it. At the end of that time Don Smith himself called us up. He had a nice voice, a little stiff, but maybe that was because he was trying so hard to keep it steady. I wouldn't have blamed him if he had shaken a little, because what he wanted to tell Perry was that Martha had disappeared. He wanted Perry to help him find her.

"But I'm not a detective. I'm a lawyer," Perry objected.

"I know," Don said. He hesitated.

"We... we... will, need a lawyer. Martha told me she'd been to see you, told you about—about Palmer." His voice burst its controls for a moment and then he only said, "Well, she said she should have had more faith! She should have known I'd do anything for her—"

"Surely, Smith!" Perry said sharply.

"Palmer was killed, remember."

"I'm not likely to forget! Mr. Mason, you've got to help me find my wife—before the police do."

"Your wife?"

There was a nervous pause. Then Don said soberly, "We were married right after the news came out about Palmer. I guess that wasn't so bright."

Gripping the extension phone, I drew a sharp involuntary breath. No, it wasn't so bright. Nobody was going to miss the fatal implication of what they'd done. By our law a wife or husband cannot be made to give testimony against his spouse... Was that why they'd rushed their marriage?

"Perry's done it, certainly hadn't missed it. "Just how bad is it, Smith?" he asked.

"Very bad, Mr. Mason. I'm afraid it's... it's why I want to talk to you. Why did you wait so long before we go together?"

"Never mind that," Perry snapped.

"Where are you?" He scribbled rapidly, and said over his shoulder, "Della! Get your hat and the car!"

Finding Martha was pathetically easy. She'd left a trail a mile wide all the way across town. She'd taken cabs, asked directions, made an effort to modify her appearance, and acted so distraught that everyone who had seen her recalled her. We ran her down in a couple of hours in a dingy hotel on the cheap side of town. The only trouble was—if we could do it that fast, so could the police, and faster.

She went completely to pieces when we walked in—a real fit of hysterics. But oddly enough that saved us more time and trouble than anything else would have done. Because with the tears came her admission that she had run away to protect Don—she thought he had killed Palmer, and her confused reaction had been to run away. If she ran away, there was nothing to connect Don with Palmer—no reason for the police to suspect him!

"But—if you thought I did it—then you could have done it," Don stammered and stopped. They looked at each other almost elated. "You didn't," Don went on. "And I didn't. Mr. Mason—"

"Yes, and what's even more important is that I believe you both," Perry said crisply. "When I've heard your stories about where you were and what you were doing during the time of the murder I'll probably cut my throat from despair, but—oh, well. I believe

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Personal
To Women With Nagging Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of swelling backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passing is resultant from minor bladder ailments due to cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions.

If your discomforts are due to these causes, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years, while these symptoms may often otherwise occur on a whishing basis. Doan's Pills relieve the discomforts resulting from the discomforts due for cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions. Get Doan's Pills today!
neither of you is guilty. Now if you'll calm down and tell me in three words just why you were so sure the police would suspect you, I'll get to work.

As Don said on the phone, it was bad. It turned out that Martha's visit to our office had been her second attempt to find a way of ridding herself of Palmer. Her first had been, unfortunately, more direct: she had found out where he lived and gone there to plead with him to take a last payment and leave her alone. He had been out, but Martha herself had been seen and noted by the building manager. Trying to get by the lobby desk without announcing herself, she had naturally attracted more attention than she otherwise would have, and she was sure the manager would remember her nervous demand to see Palmer.

Then had come her interview with Perry, as a result of which she had gone to Don and told him the whole truth. His reaction was more than she had dared hope for—his horror at what she had gone through, his deep love and desire to protect her, opened up a new world, a world in which quiet joy and security might be possible even for her. There was just one thing wrong. Knowing Don's terrible temper, she had tried to conceal Palmer's name from him, but his steely insistence had forced it out of her. When Don left her she was suddenly seized with the conviction that he was going to Palmer. Panic overcame her. She only knew she had to get to Palmer before Don did—get there and head Don off.

She rushed over to Lincoln Avenue, to Palmer's building. She was on her way up the stairs, not stopping for the elevator, when a sudden, terrifying screaming froze her in her tracks. Something—and I thought grimly that it was the only bright thing in her story—had told her to go back, to get away without going any closer to Palmer's door. She ducked out. In a few moments police arrived; the lobby was suddenly full of buzzing, curious people. On the point of going away, she saw Don entering the building. She ran up to him and managed to get him away before he impressed himself on anyone's mind by asking too many questions. But in the meantime, while she'd been waiting, she had heard what she half expected to hear: Wilfred Palmer had been killed—stabbed to death—in his apartment.

It had occurred to her frightened and mixed-up as she was, that Don's entry into the building might have been a blind—that he might have gone up, killed Palmer, sneaked down the stairway just as she and then re-entered, looking just like all the other citizens drawn by the police and the commotion. And it had occurred to Don, when she drew him away from the building, that she had had plenty of time to do the same thing. And so, partly in a desperate desire to clutch at any happy hours they might have together, partly in her hope that if they were husband and wife they would never have to admit what they suspected of each other, they decided to get married at once.

The biggest trouble was that on their way to the out-of-town Justice of the Peace where they planned to be married, Martha discovered she had lost a glove. She had no place...but she feared the obvious.

And her fear was justified. They barely finished their story before the police arrived, following a trail that had started with the discovery of that...
glove near Palmer's door. Being Martha's glove, of course it had had a cleaner's tag in it—just to make things a little easier for the police!

The next day's papers showed pictures of Martha and Don above the caption "Held for questioning in Palmer murder." A few days later the caption read "... accused of the murder..." And it seemed like that, after all, that the trial itself began.

From the outset I had no illusions about the Smiths' chances for acquittal. I knew they were so clean that I can tell just from the way he carries himself in court whether he expects a tough fight or an easy one. The worse things are, the more suave and relaxed he appears. It's a good technique for two reasons. He saves his own nervous energy and keeps firm control over himself, and he usually manages to make the opposition bite and work with him. That is what he may have some terrific trump card up his sleeve.

And outwardly he was awfully, awfully relaxed during the early days of this trial, when the jury was being chosen and Prosecutor Noble began his attack.

What an attack it was! Of course they had learned very swiftly how Palmer made his money, and how Martha fit into his scheme of established motive. Her marriage to Don intensified the motive, for—if the jury were like most people—they would look upon people in love as not quite in their sober senses. Then the prosecution went on to opportunity, and had little difficulty showing that neither Martha nor Don had any alibi for the time of the murder. The glove of course practically clinched things. And even so Noble didn't have to depend exclusively on the glove to place Martha on the scene of the crime. Not only had he turned up more witnesses than he needed, but all his witnesses seemed to be equipped with more than the usual number of eyes and ears. Nobody had missed seeing a girl in a tan coat in that vicinity. The court was tan—in the vicinity of the building at various times. One man had seen her moving or arguing with Palmer in a nearby restaurant a certain night—he remembered in minute detail the fear and desperation she showed. The Justice of the Peace who had married the Smiths remembered how nervous they were. And of course there was that all-seeing building manager, Charlotte Power her name was—she recalled with relish how excited Martha had been that she tried to see that man, and how she might have done it then if he'd been home," Miss Power whispered ghoulishly. Judge Neumann rapped and ordered that line out of testimony, but—the jury had heard it.

All through this Martha was a girl moving in her sleep. None of it penetrated through the shell which had closed round her the day the police first led her away for questioning. Her only emotion seemed to be fear for Don's well-being. I finally learned she was either numb with despair or confident that Perry Mason would prove she and Don innocent.

But I couldn't figure Perry out to save my life. Why, as the days went by and the case looked worse and worse he seemed to feel better and better! I thought it was darn peculiar, but being under a strain myself I must have trusted my own observation if Paul Drake hadn't been worried too. Paul's the detective who does most of Perry's leg-work. He writes down the clues and witnesses, and that kind of thing. He's been around crime and juries for so many years that he's got a kind of
instinct about how things will break. When I saw he was puzzled about the chief's behavior I began to get really upset.

"He's hardly even sent me on any wild goose chases this time," Paul complained one evening. "What's he doing in there anyway?" He jerked his head toward the inner office, where Perry sat in an uncustomed isolation.


He shook a late paper out on my desk. "Look at here, Noble makes the headlines again. You know what, Della—in this—Bob Noble wasn't the prosecutor I'd give more than a dime for our chances. As it is—the chief and Noble have had too many court battles. Noble's just got to win this one. He wants to get anywhere in state politics—and there's no doubt he wants to get there! He'll fight this tooth and nail.

"So?" I said coldly. "Let Noble fight. The chief'll still win. We're on the right side." Paul shrugged, and my heart sank as I saw that he wasn't so sure about that "right side." "You know Perry won't take a client who might be guilty," I insisted. "Give him time—we haven't even started our defense yet."

Paul stabbed at a subhead in the paper. "Get this—" Paul grabbed for his mystery witness. Did the chief say anything to show he knew this was coming? No. Usually he's way ahead of the other side—calls all the turns. That's what I mean. So I'm all loose with this case. I don't like it."

Well, I didn't let Paul know it, but I felt just the same way. What was Perry planning? What was he waiting for? What was he so hopeful about?

Next day, I began to get a glimmer. This was the day Noble's mystery witness was scheduled to take the stand. If the prosecution wanted a sensation they got one. When the witness's name was called even Judge Neumann's gavel couldn't quell the gasp that went up from the stand. Perry jumped as if he'd been stung by a live wire. As for me, I went limp with astonishment. What was Allyn Whitlock doing in this business?

I guess everyone has his Allyn Whitlock. Long ago she had been the debutante flower of a family that balanced its wealth with its dignity and honor on both sides. Fifty years ago. She finished her first season with a scandal so explosive that the details were still told in whispers, and ever since then there had been a trail of escape des that followed her name across breakfast tables at least twice a year. Her family kept her in money, but had nothing else to do with her by mutual consent.

Undoubtedly Noble's smooth, smug questioning, Allyn testified that she had been arrested just down the corridor from the late Wilfred Palmer's. "So that's it," I thought. The blackmail business must have been doing well if Palmer could afford to live in a building that was fit to shelter glamorous, laced eyebrows Allyn Whitlock, her eight fur coats, her fabulous collection of emeralds, her noted series of boy friends—and her bad reputation. Somebody must have been paying him the kind of blackmail that runs into four figures. I wondered if that was the reason for Perry's optimism.

I couldn't tell from his face what he was thinking. Like everyone else, his attention was riveted to Allyn. And how she knew it! Watching her, I felt that special irritation that any girl feels when she comes face to face with a scene-stealer. You know the type—no matter how good-looking you may be, a girl like Allyn comes into a room and you're nowhere. They send out a ray or something, and you can't see anything but what they want you to look at themselves.

As Noble's questions began to pick up speed and point, I stopped looking at Allyn as a woman and started really listening. It became pretty evident that she wasn't just to show off her figure. Unless Perry broke her down in cross-examination, Allyn Whitlock—charmingly anxious to cooperate with the law, carefully phrasing her words in her elegant finishing-school voice—had succeeded in putting Martha Smith into the electric chair.

Briefly, what she had to say was this: On the night of the murder she had planned an early supper and bed, and was relaxing alone in her apartment when a shrill scream startled her. Running out into the corridor, she saw a girl in a tan coat who stood hesitating before Palmer's door. Suddenly the girl ran toward the service stairs. Allyn, abruptly aware that she herself had on only a flimsy nightgown, had retired into her place again. But a few moments later a seething commotion in the hall persuaded her out again. Throwing a coat over her shoulders, she had followed the excitement down to Palmer's apartment, and offered her help to the distracted building manager. She hadn't seen the girl again, but she could only think of her in had hesitated but unwavering tones, as one who must do her duty no matter how it hurts, she identified Martha Smith as the girl.

It was one right between the eyes for us. From the look they gave each other I saw that Martha and Don had realized the full force of the blow. Martha seemed to come really awake. She swung round to Perry, her eyes on fire with horror. "She's lying! Mr.

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**JOHNNY OLSEN, M.C.**
Mason, it isn’t true—I never—"

"I know, I know." Perry’s voice, necessarily low, was alive with excitement.

"Sure she’s lying. But why, why?" Della—call Paul. Have him handy when court adjourns. This is what I’ve been waiting for—it’s just too good.

When I slipped back into my seat a few moments later Perry had begun his cross-examination. To anyone else—the jury, for instance—his outward manner was so urbane and confident as always, but I sensed the wariness of his approach. He was circling around Allyn Whitlock like a jungle cat studying his prey looking for vulnerable places.

He took her through her story again. Right then I heard a subtle change in Perry’s voice. He was going somewhere with each question.

I stopped breathing so I could hear better. Perry said easily, "And then, you heard noises in the hall?"

"Yes. Excited noises—as though something had happened?"

Will you tell the court once more, please, just what you did then?

"Why, I stopped to put on a coat—"

Perry raised his hand. "One moment. You stopped to put on a coat. What kind of a coat, Miss Whitlock?"

"The handiest—"

"Indulge me, Miss Whitlock." Perry smiled. "You don’t see the importance of the coat? Well, perhaps . . . You threw your mink over your nightgown, then?" He went on casually, "Tell me, Miss Whitlock, why didn’t you wear your tan coat?"

"Because I, she said and then caught her breath and seemed to shrink against the back of the witness seat."

"You don’t have a tan coat, Miss Whitlock? Perhaps that is what you were about to remark?"

"No! No,—" again Allyn stopped suddenly. She took a deep breath and smoothed her porcupine back. "As a matter of fact I do have a tan coat," she even managed a laugh. "Every girl in the city has a tan coat this year, Mr. Mason."

Perry said with hypocritical warmth, "My congratulations, Miss Whitlock. You’ve suddenly recalled the penalty for perjury, perhaps? Yes . . . as you say."

he turned swiftly toward the jury . . . "every girl in this town has a tan coat this year. You can scarcely tell one from another." Then, smoothly and swiftly, Perry dismissed Allyn. Unable to quell the courtroom, Judge Neumann rapped angrily and adjourned for the day. I stopped for a word with Martha before following Perry out. She looked bewildered and normal, and I was grateful that the day’s events had at least shaken her out of that trance-like unconcern. "What’s happening?" she whispered. "Who is this girl who never heard of her before? Oh, Miss Street, she’s lying!"

I squeezed her hand. "Perry’ll figure it out. Keep hoping! I think he’s got something."

Across the street in the Coffee House, Perry rehashed the Whitlock testimony, "What I can’t see is why she did it," he muttered. "You say Don and Martha are strangers to her. So it’s not personal—not personal that way. What’s left?" He gulped a steaming cupful of coffee and then absentlly spooned sugar into the empty cup and stirred it. "What’s left? She’s got more dough than even I could spend, so nobody’s paying her off. Not in money. Of course she’s a neurotic publicity hound."

His eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "She
could be doing it for kicks. Get up there and make a fool out of Bob Noble and the whole legal process, to say nothing of me. Yes...she's done almost everything else to collect thrills. Why not a huge one that she'll think up there in public, defying the whole world to catch her in it?"

I laughed incredulously. "A lie that might cost two other people their lives?"

Martha and Don were led in I smiled radiantly at them, trying to communi-
cate without words—that this was the answer to every problem. They smiled back faintly at first, then with slowly growing eagerness.

When Perry strode in, he was carrying the box with him—the department-
store box I had turned over to him in the lobby. He put it carefully before him on the table. Before I had time to ask what it was all about, he had opened it, and court was convened.

Without preamble, Perry asked that Allyn Whitlock be recalled to the stand.

There was a brief remonstrance from Miss Whitlock, but what could he do? Perry had a job to do and he wasn't going to be stopped. Noble gave way, and Allyn Whitlock, quietly dressed in a frock-
cloth suit, came forward on the witness stand.

"Now you do realize the implications of that statement, Miss Whitlock?"

Allyn said, "I'm afraid I do."

"Afraid? Why so?"

"I mean—" she began to say, "I'm sorry I said it.

Perry leaned toward her eagerly.

"You mean you want to withdraw that statement—correct it? You mean you didn't know anything about it at all?"

"Oh, no, I saw her."

Allyn's hand clenched convulsively, "I saw her. I mean—I'm sorry to be the one who saw her. It's a terrible burden to bear when you see her in your dreams."

"I'm sure it bothers you greatly."

Perry said softly, "Now, back to that evening. You said, I think, that you had seen—" He checked some notes in his hand. "Around five?"

Allyn appeared to consider. "Around five," she agreed.

"Do you happen to remember what you said to me about five and eight, when you heard the scream?"

"Not exactly. I've told all that—"

"Indulge me, Miss Whitlock. These legal minds are not interested in anything other than what you remember. Ah—do you happen to re-
call what you were wearing when you came home?"

Allyn stared uneasily. "Well, really, it was several years ago."

Noble was on his feet, objectsing. "She doesn't remember, Mason. There's your answer. Now get on with some-
ting else."

Perry bowed slightly. "I hope to show that Miss Whitlock's attire that night is pertinent. Extremely so."

He faced the stand once more, and said slowly, deliberately, "I think we can refresh her memory. I heard she was wearing a tan coat when she came in."

Allyn said, too quickly, "No! I mean—"

Perry turned back his chair and slowly, deliberately, stood up. "You don't remember what you wore, Miss Whitlock?" he asked.

"I don't remember—"

"If she doesn't remember, Perry inter-
posed, "how can she be sure it was not a tan coat?"

"Because I don't have a tan coat! Because it's "down-town"—in part, I participate with rage and confusion, Allyn stopped.

Perry said sadly, "I'm afraid Miss Whitlock's confused. You recall, Mr. Noble—her sworn testimony, yesterday, revealed she does have a tan coat."

"I remember," Noble and gripes. But this time everyone in the room was aware that something unprecedented had just taken place. A prosecuting at-
torney had halted in midstream, forced the entire case back to its pre-
vious state. The room was spellbound, waiting.

Perry didn't let it go on too much longer. He played her for a little while.

Allyn tried to claim she had lost the coat, as though it were beyond that, and said she had stolen it. She began to go to pieces right before our eyes and the spectacle was ghastly.

"Here it is, Miss Whitlock! Your tan coat—the coat you wore when you took a knife and plunged it down—down into Wilfred Palmer's rotten heart!"

Allyn choked back the tears that were streaming down her face. Perry held the coat away from her mouth. Her face was dis-
torted. "It's a lie, a lie," she screamed.

"That's not my coat! You'll never find it! Nobody can find it! It's a trick."

"Quite right, Miss Whitlock." Perry dropped the coat lightly into its box. He stepped down from the stand and turned to Noble. As he said, "You are a lawyer. As you say, a trick. Unfortunately for you, it worked. Mr. Noble, do you wish to take over?"

Noble—what was it. It was all over.

Dazed with joy, the Smiths were ac-
quitted. And Allyn Whitlock was held on suspicion of murder.

And Perry explained all the coat. Bob Noble had been able to establish that
two other people had on similar clothes. One was a hit and Noble's ap-
pearance, found the coat—a hunch that paid off—and rushed it to a laboratory to test the stains for blood type. Either way would have made themselves too obvious, for they discovered next morning that the coat had been stolen. "It seems Allyn Whit-
lock's been keeping company no nice girls these days."

Experienced thugs pulled that one off. Her current boy friend must be some-
one pretty high up in the underworld! Perry added rather per-
haps. "So, with customary brillian-cy, he grinned, "I conceived the plan of having you purchase a duplicate coat. Paul then stained it, and it was my plan for Perry to receive the card. Had she been able to make Whitlock woman long enough to shock the truth out of her. He waved his hand airily. The rest you know."

"How about the coke, Della?" he added as I started to enter Blake's, where he had said he'd buy me a steak dinner to celebrate. He pulled me back. "I think I deserve a special reward for that one. What do I have to do? I think I recognize him."

"He, what?"

"No, pretty. You might confuse me—and in my work I need a clear head at all times. Shall we dine?"

"No, will somebody please tell me what you can do with a man like that?"
Look lovelier with Solitair

Solitair is different—a feather-weight cake make-up that combines creamy-smooth foundation and finest "windblown" powder. Goes on so quickly, evenly—clings longer. No finer quality—yet the Introductory Compact is only 29¢. Larger compacts, 60¢—1.00

Seven exciting easy-to-choose shades

Solitair is a special feather-weight make-up that stays fresh for hours without retouching.

- Look the loveliest you've ever looked—the minute you use Solitair cake make-up! Solitair brings exciting new beauty to even the loveliest skin—does wonders for just ordinary complexions. Hides each little blemish... gives enchanting poreless-looking beauty... yet never looks heavy, caked or mask-like. Solitair is a special feather-weight make-up that stays fresh for hours without retouching.

New beauty for your lips!

*FASHION-POINT LIPSTICK

Try Solitair "Fashion-Point"—first and only lipstick with the point actually curved to fit the lips! Applies creamy-smooth color evenly—quicker. 39¢ and 1.00

*U. S. Pat. No. 2162584
Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS!

YES, THESE WERE THE FINDINGS OF NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS AFTER A TOTAL OF 2,470 WEEKLY EXAMINATIONS OF THE THROATS OF HUNDREDS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO SMOKED CAMELS—AND ONLY CAMELS—FOR 30 CONSECUTIVE DAYS!

COLLEGE STUDENT Anne Hogan: "My doctor's report after my 30-day test proved what my own throat told me from the start—Camels are wonderfully mild."

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD COLE of Fresh Meadows, N.Y., made the test under observation of a throat specialist. Both agree, "Camels are the mildest, best-tasting cigarette!"

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR R. R. Lamkie: "Camel mildness agreed with my throat right from the start. I like everything about Camels—they’re my cigarette!"

THE 30-DAY TEST SURE WON ME OVER TO CAMELS... THEY TASTE GREAT AND THEY AGREE WITH MY THROAT!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Start your own 30-Day Camel MILDNESS Test Today!

Smoke Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days. Compare them in your "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Let your own throat tell you about Camel’s cool, cool mildness. Let your own taste tell you about Camel’s wonderful flavor.
Joan Davis of When A Girl Marries Announces—

An Exciting New HAPPY MARRIAGE CONTEST!
WIN Beautiful prizes for your home, your trousseau!

Enter now—see page 24
Professional Permanents must be better...

Why else would 19 out of 20 glamorous models...whose beauty is their livelihood...prefer permanent waves by a professional beautician?

Why else do so many who try home-made waves...switch back to professional permanents?

Ask about the new fabulous HELENE CURTIS Flexa-Wave

Permanent waving at its finest! A miraculous new Helene Curtis automatic atomizer process enables your professional beautician to work new miracles with your hair. Never before a permanent so gloriously soft, so deep, so wonderfully radiant—so professionally perfect! Costs less than you'd ever imagine! Why risk "home-made" substitutes? See your beautician today.
You can be confident you're keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective Ipana care for healthier teeth and gums.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!* You want to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth, of course. You can—if you follow dentists' advice: fight gum troubles as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

For no other dentifrice has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums. Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

So start using Ipana for double protection—to help keep your whole mouth wholesome. You'll enjoy that wholesome, refreshing Ipana flavor, too. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums
Poof! There goes perspiration!

Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation’s habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette...hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!

2 sizes: 2 1/4 oz. $1.25; 1 oz. 60c.
At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Jules Montenier, Inc., Chicago

The Original SPRAY DEODORANT

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STORY Winner’s Group

JUNE, 1950

RADIO MIRROR

AND TELEVISION

VOL. 34, NO. 1

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You can lose him in a minute!

It has happened to thousands of girls . . . it can happen to you.

One little moment’s carelessness and he will be through with you that quick! You will probably ask yourself over and over again, "Why? Why? Why?"

How About You?

Never let halitosis (unpleasant breath) nullify your other charms. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best.

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution against offending because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually. Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and, we repeat, always before any date.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

Week-ending? Always take Listerine Antiseptic along. It’s mighty comforting to have a good antiseptic handy in case of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions requiring germicidal first-aid.
Early in his radio career, the well-known director Phillips Lord was an actor at WMCA.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

WMCA in New York recently celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday. This anniversary recalled two-and-a-half decades of radio's mushroom development—and the many familiar personalities and events launched by this pioneer station.

WMCA has been responsible for introducing some of today's favorite names in show business. Rudy Vallee, fresh out of Yale, brought his now famous megaphone and Connecticut Yankees before a microphone for the first time on WMCA. About that time, the WMCA studios atop the Hotel McAlpin—thus, the call letters—housed tenor Frank Parker, the Voice of Experience, Wini Shaw, Helen "Boop-Boop-a-Doop" Kane and Belle Baker.

WMCA was the first station to cover major courtroom trials...hearings of the Morro Castle fire in 1935...the trial of Jimmy Hines in 1938...the spy trials in 1938...the sedition trials in 1943. It created the dramatized news show Five-Star-Final after which was patterned the March of Time; it was the first station to air an hourly news bulletin service with a newspaper—first the New York Times, later the New York Herald Tribune.

The recent dramatic series on minority problems, New World A'Coming, won eleven national awards in four years. Labor Arbitration scooped up six awards by Ohio State University in as many years. WMCA blew the lid off the mystery of the Atomic Age with a series on "One World or None" to win the Peabody Award, radio's Oscar. In the field of education by radio, WMCA broadcasts Adventures Into the Mind, a well-organized course in psychology; Young Book Reviewers; a Junior Author Meets Critic; and professional advice to parents via The Inquiring Parent. The latter program, recorded and distributed nationally, is now heard in forty other cities, as far away as Hawaii.

WMCA has had its zany moments, too. A dozen years ago when stations were trying to outbid each other in "microphone acrobatics," WOR broadcast the frying of eggs on the sidewalks of New York, WNBC (then WEAF) presented singing mice, and WMCA magnified the sound of a moth eating through wool.

Today WMCA's star performer is versatile disc jockey Ted Steele. And in the public service department, the station has just concluded the dramatic documentary series, New Blood, which increased local blood donations thirty-four percent and has been nominated for the 1950 Peabody Award.
For a supple, slim figure under revealing summer clothes, top designers recommend

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

One look at summer's new fashions makes most women want to be slimmer, trimmer right away. And designers not only recognize this problem, but come up with the answer! They say that every woman can look slimmer and trimmer in 1950's revealing summer clothes—if she buys a PLAYTEX Girdle first.

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE whittles away at waist, hips and thighs—gives a slender silhouette with complete comfort and freedom of action. It's fresh as a daisy, light as a snowflake, actually "breathes" with you.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE dispels body heat... slims you in cool comfort. Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PINK-ICE is absolutely invisible—even under the sleekest swimsuit. It washes in seconds, dries with the pat of a towel, stays sweet at all times.

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES $3.95 to $4.95
In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES, Pink, White or Blue $3.50 to $3.95
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.
A different kind of husband-and-wife breakfast show is run over WMGM by Ted Brown and his pretty wife Rhoda. No battles, no scenes, no forced endearments. For one thing Rhoda heckles instead of encouraging. For another, she's home in bed—having recorded her portion of the show the afternoon before. Ted, on the other hand, has no trouble getting up. All it takes to wake him is an alarm clock, a phone call from Radio Registry, threats of dire treatment by Rhoda, and the enthusiastic barks of their dogs Mischief and Hambone.

Ted, who hails from Collingswood, New Jersey, made his radio debut in Roanoke, Virginia, while at college there. He ran a disc show and doubled as local sports announcer. In college he was a football, swimming and basketball star.

After the war (he was a rear gunner of a B17 and prisoner of war in Germany for fifteen months), he won a permanent staff job at WOR. Subsequently he took on major network assignments and starred in TV shows.

Red-headed Rhoda, born and bred a Manhattanite, used to write Ted's material before they decided to make it a full-time partnership.

This explains why Ted Brown yawns as he spins platters and chatter on WMGM, Monday through Saturday at 7 A.M.
Dream house, Dream pattern ... with these

Happy young home planner!
And so very, very wise . . . for the pattern
of her choice is by Holmes & Edwards,
the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid!

Two blocks of sterling silver are
inlaid at the backs of bowls and
handles of most-used spoons and forks to
keep Holmes & Edwards lovelier longer.

And why take years buying silverware by
"place settings," when tonight you can serve
a dinner for 8 with Holmes & Edwards
for only $49.95, and no Excise Tax.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE

*All patterns made in U. S. A.
Dear Editor:
I used to hear a program on which anyone could send in the name of someone who had done a good deed and the sponsor would give them a prize to help repay them for their kindness. I have lost track of the show and I would like to know if it is still on the air.

C. L.

The Jack Benny Show (the program to which you refer) is heard on NBC Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M. EDT. For further details, see Radio Mirror, April 1950.

FAVORITE ACTOR

Ralph Bell

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

New Yorker Bell started out as a physical education major, later switched to dramatics. He is married to radio actress Pert Kelton and they have two sons, seven and five. Ralph is regularly heard as Joe Peterson on Lorenzo Jones; in TV, he often appears on Suspense.

THEME AND VARIATIONS

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me who plays Larry, Jr. on Backstage Wife and what is the name of the theme song on Pepper Young's Family?

Miss C. D.

Frogmore, S. C.

Larry, Jr. is played by Wilda Hinkel. The opening theme on Pepper Young is "Au Matin" by Benjamin Godard; the closing song is "Golden Glow" by William Meeder. Both are published by Ascher.

TANTALIZING TUNE

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me the name of the theme song on Life with Luigi? I wrack my brains every Tuesday night trying to think of it.

Mrs. V. L.

Houston, Tex.

The theme song, "Oh, Marie," a traditional Italian song, is published by Amsco.

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.

A FRIEND INDEED

You don't need a flair for hair styling to set this newest hair fashion. It's a breeze with De Long bob pins. Alluring, natural curls last longer, for De Long's grip holds hair tighter. Take the blue De Long card home today.

How to set the "UP Bob"—styled by Mr. Larry, eminent New York hairdresser—Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circles across the back to right ear, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple like left. To comb out—brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.

DeLong bob pins
stronger grip—won't slip out

INFORMATION BOOTH

TALKING BANDLEADER

Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of Opie Cates on the Lum and Abner show?

Miss F. B.
Fairmont, W. Va.

Opie Cates here's Opie, who talks and leads a band on the Lum n’ Abner show every Wednesday at 10:30 P.M. EDT on CBS.

A WONDERFUL PROGRAM

Dear Editor:
For the past few weeks I have been listening to a wonderful program called Halls of Ivy with Ronald and Benita Colman. Can you tell me where the program originates; what is the name of the theme song and is it possible to get a copy of it?

Mrs. C. R. C., Jr.
Upper Montclair, N. J.

Halls of Ivy, heard on NBC Fridays at 8 P.M. EDT, originates in Hollywood. The original theme song, "I Love the Halls of Ivy," was written by music director Henry Russell and, to date, has not been published.

QUIZ KID

Miss M. H.
Smithfield, Ohio

Send your questions, and the correct answers, to Quiz Kids Inc., 485 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

TV TEAM

Dear Editor:
What has happened to the Easy Aces program? I used to enjoy them very much, but I can’t find them on the air any more.

H. H.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Jane and Goodman Ace are no longer on the air, but they can be seen on television over WABD, Wednesday at 7:45 P.M. EDT.

JUST ASK US

Miss N. D.
West Alexandria, Ohio

You can see and read all about Guy in the November 1949 Radio Mirror; for a copy of that issue, write to the Bock Issue Department, Radio Mirror Magazine. Guy Lombardo's band was chosen the favorite orchestra in the third annual Radio Mirror Awards. (Picture in the May issue)
Step Up, Ask Your Questions, We'll Try to Find the Answers

THE ANNALS OF ARchie

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me if Archie is still on the air? I can't seem to find his program anywhere.
E. K.

Detroit, Mich.

Archie still can be heard on Duffy's Tavern, Thursday nights at 9:30 P.M., EDT NBC.

BING'S BOYS

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me who Bing Crosby is married to and how old are his children?
Mrs. M. D. Mendenhall, Miss.

Bing Crosby is married to Dixie Lee and their sons are seventeen (Gary), sixteen (the twins Phillip and Dennis) and twelve (Lindsay).

CRIME DOES PAY

Dear Editor:
For some time now I have heard the program Crime Photogra-

pher, which I enjoy very much, and I was wondering if you could tell me who plays Casey.
Miss G. B. Rockford, Ill.

Casey is played by the well-known actor Staats Cotsworth.

VITAL STATISTICS

Dear Editor:
On what program can I hear Christopher Lynch, the Irish tenor?
When was he born and is he married?
F.C. Council Bluffs, Iowa

Christopher Lynch, who has been heard on the Voice of Firestone (Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT, NBC) since 1946 was born in County Limerick, Ireland in 1922. Married in 1945, he has two children, Brian, four; and Maresa, three.

HE'S A SHE

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me who plays the part of Whitey in When a Girl Marries?
Miss E. C. Bolton, Mass.

Whitey is played by Kay Renwick.

PROFESSIONAL AMATEUR

Dear Editor:
Would you please publish a picture and feature on my favorite TV star, Ted Mack of the Original Amateur Hour?
C. G. Roxbury, Mass.

Ted Mack, who is heard on NBC and seen on WNB T, was recently featured in the May issue of Radio Mirror.

Deodorant News to Delight You!

New finer Mum more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—better, longer. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that cause underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odorcausing bacteria instantly—but keeps down future growth. You actually build up protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum! Now at your cosmetic counter!
Kate Smith started singing about the moon's coming over the mountain in 1931; it's still her theme song.

Stage star Eddie Cantor made air debut in 1931. He, like George Jessel, came on at Rudy Vallee's suggestion.

Young man on his way: though Crosby was a success in '31, no one foresaw his great popularity.

1930

The country was still in shock following the disappearance of fifteen billion dollars of paper profits in the market crash. Every industry was rocked except radio, though it was briefly rivaled by a fever for miniature golf. The "new poor" no longer could afford their clubs. In throngs they poured out in the evening to play on flood-lighted courses that appeared by the thousand on empty lots.

Dialogue in movies was still an intoxicating novelty. The billboard advertising for "Anna Christie" was just two words in huge block letters, GARBO TALKS! Edward G. Robinson started the gangster cycle with "Little Caesar." Howard Hughes remade his "Hell's Angels," started as a silent, and the platinum blonde arrived with Jean Harlow in that dress cut down to a new low—an entertainment angle Hughes was to remember when he launched another unknown, Jane Russell, in "The Outlaw" many years later.

A new day was dawning in popular music. The lovely Jane Froman was singing with her own orchestra. The beautiful musical comedy star, Ruth Et-

By LLEWELLYN
Then as now, Lowell Thomas made excursions into all parts of the world. Here in Arab costume.

Popular songstress trio, the handsome Boswell sisters—Vet, Martha, Connie. Connie later emerged on her own.

Mother and daughter team Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel were radio's popular sister team of serial Myrt and Marge.

OWN LIFE STORY

listened, for nobody had any money to go out. Besides, the entertainment was as wonderful as it was free.
The Sun Shines Bright

Folk music having come into its own in the last few years (recognized as it is by recording and broadcasting companies alike), Slim Bryant and his Wildcats from KDKA were among the first turned to. NBC Thesaurus has about 300 of their songs in its library and they're being used on about 600 stations all over the world.

The network program consists of a variety of music. Ken Newton sings ballads, plays the fiddle and sings tenor in the trio; Slim's brother, Raymond "Loppy" Bryant, sings novelty songs, sings melody in the trio and plays the bass fiddle; Jerry Wallace is an accomplished guitarist and can make a banjo talk; Al Azzaro is a local boy and plays accordion. Slim plays guitar, sings baritone in the trio, does a little comedy in the stage shows and has written over 100 songs, many of which have been published. Several have been about Pittsburgh and vicinity.

The Wildcats are heard regularly on KDKA at 6 to 7 A.M. except Sundays; 6:30 P.M. Tuesdays and Thursdays; 12:15 P.M. on Mondays; and their coast to coast NBC program 5 to 5:30 P.M. Saturdays. (KDKA takes fifteen minutes of the network show, 5:15 to 5:30 P.M. due to previous commitments.)
If one name leads all the rest in radio and TV, it is most likely the one belonging to Arthur Godfrey. That name also happens to be a synonym for such words as phenomenal, popular and unpredictable. It's probably the latter quality that is responsible for the first two, for not knowing what Godfrey is going to do next is something that has endeared him to the largest listening audiences in the country. In fact, there are so many Godfrey fans that probably not even a team manned by Gallup, Nielsen, Roper and all the Fuller Brush salesmen could make an accurate count. Radio Mirror, numbering itself among those uncounted multi-millions, is expressing its own and its readers' admiration for Arthur with a special section in next month's issue. It will be devoted to all things Godfrey, including the people known as the "little Godfreys." You'll see hitherto unpublished pictures of Arthur and his court, you'll read new things about them and—if you're interested in music—there's a special offer that you won't want to miss. This is what it is: Arthur, as you may know, has been conducting ukelele lessons via video. Here's your chance to get one in print plus a chance to win a ukelele for your very own. Look for the details in the special Godfrey section of the July Radio Mirror.

Other things than Arthur next month: a visit in color to the home of Fran Carlon and Casey Allen. You probably know these people better as Big Town's Lorelei and Dusty. July's bonus novel will be a fictionalization of an episode from the daytime drama, Big Sister. And the daytime serial problem, illustrated with color pictures, will center on the characters in This Is Nora Drake. Next month's issue goes on the newstands Friday, June 9. Reserve your copies now!

**COMING NEXT MONTH**

Godfrey fans see his expressive face on TV two-and-a-half hours a week.

**Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!**

Pepsodent removes FILM—helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

**Pepsodent**

TOOTH PASTE CONTAINS IRIUM

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Mut Sulfate.
Woody Magnuson broke into radio at eleven as interlocutor of the Kiddie Minstrels on WOC, Davenport. This month—as he celebrates his silver anniversary in broadcasting—he continues as a pilot of children's shows via WBEN and WBEN-TV.

During those intervening twenty-five years, Woody's traveling father moved from California to Nebraska; Geneseo, Illinois, and to Moline, Illinois, where Woody was graduated from high school.

At Moline High, young Magnuson was a member of the debate team for four years and the team won the state high school title in 1931. Woody, himself, won a regional conference championship as a high school orator, competing against representatives of seventeen other high schools for the conference title.

Woody repeated his oratorical success when he entered Augustana College at Rock Island, Illinois. Again he was a member of the debate team for four years and won the national championship, sponsored by Pi Kappa Delta. By virtue of being a national finalist in three forensic divisions—debating, oratory and extemporaneous speaking—Mr. Magnuson is entitled to wear the PKD fraternity pin with two diamonds.

While in college, he also helped pay his way by part-time radio announcing (seven days a week!) and simultaneously worked in a gas station.

After further radio work in Rock Island and a brief try at teaching at his alma mater, Woody joined KIWE, Indianapolis, as announcer and newscaster in 1936. During three years there, he narrated the weekly program of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra over the Mutual Network. He also had a weekly farm program on WLW and motored the 200 miles to Cincinnati weekly. In 1939 he returned to WHBF as program director and news commentator.

Once, when he came out strongly against local gambling during a broadcast, he received threatening phone calls. Shortly thereafter, two bullets were fired at him while he was driving his car, both landing within a foot of him.

His years of overwork in college caught up with him last year and he spent considerable time in the hospital. He bounced right back again and currently has returned as Uncle Ben on WBEN's popular club program for girls and boys, and pilots the children's talent show on WBEN-TV.

The versatile Magnuson has a private pilot's license and soon will take his commercial flight test. His hobby is oil painting and cooking and, before his illness, he taught radio announcing. Under the pen name of Julius Grateson he has written stories for pulp magazines. The pseudonym is a broad translation of his Swedish name—Julius Woodrow Magnuson.
CEDRIC ADAMS

Cedric Adams has been referred to as a modern-day Paul Bunyan, and not without reason. Spreading rapidly from the focal point of the Twin Cities of Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minnesota, there has been growing an impressive list of legends and facts about Adamsthat is comparable to the Bunyan fable.

There is the fact, for instance, that Adams pursued a diploma at the University of Minnesota for nine years but missed the sheepskin by the small fraction of three English credits. Paradoxically, he earned fifteen dollars a week during his college career writing a campus column that led to a job with the Minneapolis Star.

The rotund reporter has a rather remarkable effect on the populace. One midwinter day, he broadcast the fact that pine trees die unless they are sprinkled with water. In the Twin Cities, the water conservation jumped 8,000,000 gallons overnight.

These are merely samples of the unusual Adams story, which had its beginning in Adrian, Minnesota, on May 27, 1902.

Cedric—he is invariably called by his first name—grew up in Magnolia, Minnesota, a community of 202 persons and attended the U. of Minnesota.

After a brief spell at the Star, Adams left to edit two humor magazines, Captain Billy’s Whiz Bang and Hoopy.

A few years later, Adams was back in Minneapolis, writing a chatter column for a shopping news, the success of which returned him to the Star in the mid-thirties. Meanwhile, he had joined WCCO as a newscaster, and the station’s receptionist immediately recognized the arrival of an unusual character. Adams’ callers, some of them radio guests, included a Burmese temple dancer, French chefs, and seals.

He once announced that persons with four-leaf clovers would be admitted to a local movie. Nine thousand listeners showed up with the requisite sprigs and precipitated a near-riot.

Requesting two pianos for Army bases in Alaska, Adams received nineteen. In a recent “Flight of Dollars” campaign for the March of Dimes, Adams helped raise $175,000.

Diane and Barbara Stirling of Los Angeles, California, says the Toni Twin, “My first Toni was the most beautiful wave I’d ever had . . . my hair never looked so lovely or felt so wonderfully soft.” Which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair

When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that’s caressably soft like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set).

What is Toni’s secret? It’s the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—especially created to give you a wave that’s free of harsh frizziness—a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni has this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage.

Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that has that $20 look. Barbara, the twin on the right, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

NEW!

TONI MIDGET SPIN CURLERS

For perfect neckline curls far easier—far faster! Wonderful for new, short hair styles. Winds short, wispy ends closer to the head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget SPIN Curlers and Toni Creme Shampoo. $1.50 value only $1.33.
2 years' research at five leading universities proves that using Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

More than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—proves that using Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps stop decay before it starts! Modern research shows that decay is caused by acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

The Most Conclusive Proof In All Dentifrice History On Tooth Decay!

Yes, the same toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, proved way to help stop decay!

ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream

Economy Size 59¢

Also 43¢ and 25¢ Sizes

One of TV's newest brides, Darla Hood makes it her business to be beautiful every hour of the day and husband Bob Decker thoroughly approves of the idea.

Many a bride makes the mistake of thinking her man is still living in the dark ages. She dreads the prospect of letting him in on her beauty ritual. But, it's wasted worry. Friend husband knows that her cheeks are rouged, her nose is powdered, and her lips are painted. And, he doesn't mind one bit.

What he does object to is the hopeful bride who thinks her mate likes to see her looking completely natural. After she has combed the orange blossoms out of her hair, her attitude towards beauty does an about face. The little lady greets her groom every morning with a pale, wan look. When he arrives home at night, feeling tired and out of sorts, there she is again, busily engaged in keeping house. She just doesn't have time to fix her face.

But that's a pattern that petite Darla Hood, CBS star of the Ken Murray Show, refuses to follow. Ever since she and Bob Decker married last January, Darla has taken a definite attitude about beauty. She feels it is all a matter of timing. Because they work together on the show, Bob and Darla leave the apartment at the same hour. Darla gets up about a half hour before Bob. She dresses, puts on her make-up and combs her hair. Then, she wakes her better-half. While he's showering and dressing, Darla makes breakfast. Bob does the cleaning up.

As for her personal grooming ritual, Darla likes to care for her hair herself. She shampoos it weekly, and uses a hair dressing for setting. She also grooms her own hands and nails, and prefers a clear polish.

Because of Darla's vivid coloring, she wears only a cake make-up. She allows her eyebrows to follow a natural line, plucking only the strays. Here's a couple who believes everything they do together is wonderful—even if it's just Bob watching Darla comb her hair. Include beauty in your wedding plans, too. It adds magic to your marriage.
RADIO'S OWN LIFE STORY

in the comic strips this year. Bumstead, Senior, a billionaire, accused her of chasing Dagwood because he would inherit five railroads, and she said brazenly, "Oh, no! I would still like him if you had only one." Mr. Bumstead promptly disinheritied Dagwood for marrying her—quite a scandal. It seems rather unkind to drag this up, because the depression sobered her. Baby Dumpling, born April 15, 1934, finished the trick. By the time she reached radio in 1939, Blondie was the loyal true wife we know today.

There is more than meets the eye in the arrival of Blondie. She heralded a vast change that was coming to the air as well as to the comics. Until this time, the funnies had followed a rigid formula. Each day's adventures were complete in themselves, usually climaxed by some act of simple violence, a "Sock" or a "Powie" or a "Boom." This year the continued story caught on, following the trail blazed in 1929 by Buck Rogers and Tarzan in the newspapers and The Goldbergs and Amos 'n Andy on the air. The inevitable next step was the daytime serial.

The nickname "soap opera" for daytime dramas is one of the great injustices of history because drug companies like Sterling and Whitehall, and food companies like General Mills and General Foods sponsor nearly as many as do soap-sellers Lever Brothers or Procter and Gamble. Let all who love the daily problems, disasters and suspense (and who doesn't) pause and give credit where credit is due.

Chicago was the birthplace of this new dramatic form. Many resourceful writers contributed, but the name Hummert stands out above all the rest, undisputedly the true Columbus of the daytime serial. Just as Christopher dreamed of far shores beyond the empty Atlantic, Frank Hummert of the Blackett and Sample Advertising Agency saw opportunity in the empty daytime hours of radio. Before 1930, evening was considered the only time of any real use to sponsors. During the day, men were in offices and women were busy with housework. Who was free to listen to sales talk? A show before five p.m. was just throwing money away, wasn't it?

Frank Hummert thought differently. Women handled the household money. The logical time to get, for the agency's household items accounts, a part of that was in the morning before mama called the market. He was exploring this line of thought when something that was to be of major importance to radio occurred. A young lady, Mrs. Anne Ashen- hurst, went to work as his secretary.

She lasted just two weeks. Then she was promoted, and she and Frank Hummert began to outline some of the forty-seven dramas that they were to bring to the air. By 1935 when they were married, both were vice-presidents of what had become Blackett, Sample and Hummert, and were ready to move to New York and form a new company, Air Features, to produce radio dramas. Some of their programs, like Stolen Husband, Terry and Mary, Amanda of Honeymoon Hill, The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters, Valiant Lady, and John's Other Wife are heard no more, but others have taken their places.

The dean of currently heard daytime serials is Just Plain Bill. The Hummerts put him on the air in 1932, and

Only one soap

gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

And

New tests by leading skin specialists PROVE the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".

Cashmere Bouquet —In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

Now—At the Lowest Price In History!
Mennen Baby Magic
the sensational all purpose baby skin care
checks diaper odor
... checks diaper rash

in the unbreakable squeeze bottle
- the new, luxuriously fragrant,
liquefied cream that soothes, smooths,
and beautifies baby’s skin. Makes
everyone say, “Sweetest baby I’ve ever
seen!” Mennen Baby Magic contains
new miracle ingredient — gentle
“Purateen”. More sanitary, easier
to use ... in the Unbreakable Safety
Squeeze Bottle.

P.S. You’ll love it for your skin, too!

49¢ each

choice of 3 nursery colors

he is still going strong. So are their
Romance of Helen Trent, Backstage
Wife, David Harum, Our Gal Sunday,
Young Widder Brown, Stella Dallas,
Lorenzo Jones, Front Page Farrell and
the latest addition to the list, Nona from
Nowhere.

Naturally, two people cannot keep
all of these stories going without aid.
From the start, the Hummerts roughed
out story lines some six months in ad-
vance, then turned that framework
over to dialogue writers, keeping as
many as fifteen on the payroll on oc-
casion. Many familiar names authors have
kept the wolf from the door by laboring
for them or others in this ripe vine-
yard when times were hard. For one,
Charles Jackson wrote Sweet River,
a story of a minister in love with a
schoolteacher, for two and a half years
while he was working on his The Lost
Weekend.

Irna Phillips is another giant of day-
time drama. She taught school for
several years after graduating from the
University of Illinois. One summer she
worked at WGN without pay for the
experience. She had packed, ready to
return to her pupils, when the station
offered her fifty dollars a week to stay
and write a family serial, Painted
Dreams. Compared to the pay of a
school teacher, this was riches. She
never went back to a classroom. Her
works are Today’s Children, Woman In
White, Lonely Women, Right to Happ-
iness, Guiding Light and Road of Life.
She is said to have written more words
and made more money than any other
person in the field. This may well
be true. Procter and Gamble paid her
a tidy $175,000 for the rights to the last
three, feeling that it would be an
economy to get less expensive authors
to continue them on straight salary.
Miss Phillips had no objection. She had
plenty of new ideas.

Elaine Carrington, who started as a
magazine writer, is the third of the
greatest in the daytime field. She is
known as “the member in mink” at the
Radio Writers Guild (which she helped
found) because she also was canny
enough to hold onto the rights to her
stories, Red Davis (1932), Pepper
Young’s Family, Rosemary and When
A Girl Marries.

The Hummerts, Irna Phillips and
Elaine Carrington are the top three
names in the world of daytime drama,
but there are dozens of other writers
pouring out the thirty-five serials that
fill some 20,000,000 homes with suspense
five days a week. A recent survey
reveals that the average “serial addict”
listens to 5.8 continued stories daily.

Yes, a wonderful year, 1930, for it
started all this and Stoopnagl and
Budd, too. They were flung into fame
when an act failed to show up at a
Buffalo station and announcer Bud
Hulick was stuck at the microphone. He
frantically signalled for Chase Taylor,
another stage man, to come to his rescue.
They kept things going for the next
hour and a half with dialogue from the
swiftly invented characters of Budd
and Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle
whose idiotic inventions were to become
famous: the stringless violin (to save
tuning), the alarm clock with half a
bell (for roommates), the turkey
crossed with a centipede (to get a thou-
sand dramatists), etc.

On the poetry front, Edgar Guest had
begun reading his immensely popular
verse, and Tony Wons was already
deep into the one hundred thousand
poems he was to recite on the air.
Wons’s story is extraordinary. He
was born of poor parents in Wisconsin.
His father died when he was thirteen, and the boy left school to support his mother and five little brothers and sisters by working in a typewriter factory at four dollars a week. He was wounded in the first World War and spent a year and a half on his back, thinking out his answers to many things. In 1934 he started his famous Are You Listening? and also The House By the Side of the Road. The homely philosophy and tender sentimentality of this uneducated boy brought pleasure and comfort to countless thousands.

Joe Penner's nonsensical "Wanna buy a duck?" also took to the air this year. So did Phil Cook, "the one-man army of voices," and the Rin-tin-tin thrillers. These were one-act dramas featuring the great dog star of the movies. A quarter of a million people wrote for pictures of him in the next two years. The Mystery Chef did even better. He pulled over a million letters in the next five years, and for a long time after was to stay among the top three for fan mail response. Sherlock Holmes began his long run, though the most famous of his interpreters, Basil Rathbone, was not to take over until 1939.

The big event in news was the first round-the-world broadcast, when a program flashed from Schenctady to Holland, Java, Australia and back in less than a second. News reporting took a big step ahead when the brilliantly informed lecturer and author, Lowell Thomas went on regularly (he had been first heard on KDKA in 1925). Thomas holds degrees from four universities, and taught English literature at Princeton in 1914. His career as a world traveler started when President Wilson sent him to Europe to do a history of the First World War. Then he wrote the best-selling biography, Lawrence of Arabia, and the story of Count Luckner, The Sea Devil—first of some forty books turned out between jaunts to the ends of the earth during war and peace, and the broadcasting of well over two million words.

An event of the greatest importance was the sponsorship by CBS of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the first symphonic program to take to the air regularly, heard at the same hour every week since, making it the oldest continuous program of its kind. CBS started another important public service program this year, The American School of the Air, which ran for seventeen years as a sustaining show, the first big educational hour designed for use directly in schools. Both cost huge sums, but the contribution to the culture of the nation is incalculable. Today, the New York Symphony reaches forty-four million listeners each season.

That figure is a fact, not a guess, because in 1930 radio learned how to count its audience. Before that there was absolutely no way to tell who was listening to what. Advertisers were spending very large sums on air shows. Quite reasonably, they were curious to know how effective it was. Two big associations of advertisers got together in 1929 and commissioned a well-known researcher, Archibald M. Crossley, to make the first scientific survey. He started in 1930 by putting a sizeable staff on the telephone to ask people what they had listened to the day before. His method was good, but he returned to market analysis when Claude Ernest Hooper came along in 1938 with something new, and put the word "Hooperating" on every tongue in radio. Hooper introduced what he calls the "telephone co-incidental." That means that 1470 telephone calls are made every...
Don’t risk your charm with old-fashioned ineffective deodorants

ONLY ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES:

1. Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
2. Banishes odor instantly.
3. The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.
4. Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.
5. Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
6. New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or cakes in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
7. Double your money back if you aren’t satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you’ve ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

New ODO-RO-NO CREAM

The deodorant without a doubt

GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.
POETRY

DID I?
I say a lot of did I's before I sleep at night;  
Did I lock the doors and windows  
Did I turn out every light?  
Did I pack away the cookies?  
Did I put the dog to bed?  
Did I this and did I that  
Till it's just like counting sheep?  
Or pulling rabbits from a hat.  
I check each item in my mind  
And next thing I recall  
It's time to up and dress again.  
Did I go to sleep at all?  
—Georgia Birkness

SHELTER
A fir  
green  
slender  
cool gave  
sanctuary  
to a hunted  
bird flown so  
frightened from  
the open meadow  
to rest her heart  
her drooping wing  
where none will see  
in woven-branched  
safe covert  
of deep  
and  
kindly shadow  
—Mary Alden Campbell

MY POEM FOR YOU
Of this I'm sure, I love you very much;  
And even when you are away from me  
I still can feel your cool, assuring touch  
Upon my hand; the way a summer sea  
Creeps into shore and with a soft caress  
Leaves a lingering smoothness on the sand.  
I love the way your clear gray eyes  
express  
Your thoughts, the way you always understand  
The inmost secrets of my faltering heart.  
A kindred feeling I cannot define.  
As a bud and leaf become a counterpart  
Of supple bough, each dream of yours  
is mine.  
Like faith returned with spring to earth  
and tree,  
That is what you are, my dear, to me.  
—Betty Jane Kranz

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS
for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines; address to Poetry, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in Radio Mirror.

The new-shape overskirt... news because of its extravagant draping. Designed with one idea in mind... to lend silhouette drama to a little slip-of-a-dress.

The new-shape Modess box... news because of its one wonderful purpose. Designed to resemble many other kinds of boxes so closely that, when wrapped, it hides your secret completely.

Another thoughtful Modess feature... boxes are now pre-wrapped before they even reach your store.

Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.

Only Modess comes in the new-shape,
secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!
Believe it or not, the trend in popular music seems to be toward the revival of Dixieland bands. Jimmy Dorsey has come back to public favor in a big way with such a band. Small units of five and six men playing this type of ragtime are becoming more and more popular. And rumor has it that even Claude Thornhill is seriously thinking of starting a Dixieland group.

A recent issue of the RCA Victor Picture Record Review pictured the sixteen top vocal artists in the country and listed their home towns. As the Record Review pointed out, the state of Virginia may be the home of presidents, but New York is the home of singers. Four of the top sixteen were born in New York. Here's the listing: Perry Como, Canonsburg, Pa.; Fran Warren, New York, N. Y.; Dick Haymes, New York, N. Y.; Dinah Shore, Winchester, Tenn.; Peggy Lee, Jamestown, N. D.; Vic Damone, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mindy Carson, New York, N. Y.; Bing Crosby, Tacoma, Wash.; Frank Sinatra, Hoboken, N. J.; Lisa Kirk, Roscoe, Pa.; Billy Eckstine, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ella Fitzgerald, Newport News, Va.; Margaret Whiting, Detroit, Mich.; Frankie Laine, Chicago, Ill.; Doris Day, Dayton, O.; and Bill Lawrence, East St. Louis, Ill.

It may sound just a little bit incongruous, but conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra and chasing fire engines makes plenty of sense to Arthur Fiedler, who does both with equal vitality. Conductor Fiedler is honorary fire chief of Boston, Massachusetts and has his car equipped with special license plates and a two-way radio. He even owns a Dalmatian—usually the symbol of fire engines and clanging bells.

Wanna be a top-notch song writer? There's lots of good advice contained in a book published by Simon and Schuster. Written by Oscar Hammerstein, the tome is called *Lyrics and Lyricists*. And who could give better advice than the word-writing half of Rodgers and Hammerstein? *(Continued on page 24)*
the MUSIC

Announcer Ford Bond, L and Paul Lavalle, leader of NBC's Band of America, celebrate show's twenty-fourth year of sponsored broadcasting.

WPEN (Phila.) disc jockey Ed Hurst with Sarah Vaughan, voted nation's #1 girl singer by Billboard and Metronome for third consecutive year.

Victor recording artists Perry Como and the Three Suns compare popularity ratings on their latest platter releases.
There's little doubt about it now, Vic Damone has really hit the top. He's purchased a big California home and is moving his mother out there from Brooklyn some time this summer. Vic's also about ready to start work on his first MGM film with Jane Powell.Originally called "Nancy Goes To Paris," they've changed the film title to "The Lazy Tongs." Now "Paris." They'll probably change it at least three or four more times before it's released.

From a chair in the trumpet section of Glenn Miller's band to a baton in front of his own band in the U.S. Navy was a lucky move for Ray Anthony. Right now it looks as though Ray's band is definitely headed for the top. When he recently played a return engagement at New York's Hotel Statler, Ray had Ronnie Deauville singing with the band again. Ronnie had left the band a year previous to try his hand and his vocal chords at being a single. Also new to the band is lovely Betty Holiday, who replaced Pat Baldwin as female vocalist. Betty was discovered by Jackson Lowe, disc jockey on WWDC, Washington, D.C.

Although she's only twenty-three years old now, Eileen Barton has been in show business for twenty years and once went into "retirement!" Eileen's recording of "If I Knew You Were Coming (I'd've Baked A Cake)" reached the big-hit status, show people recall her debut, at the age of three, with nudey-act of her parents. This "retirement" came when Eileen reached school age. She returned to the show world in 1944 as understudy to Nancy Walker in "Best Foot Forward."

How does a disc jockey pick the hits?
It's easy when your name is Al Andersen, who jockey programs on WVEY, Waterbury, Vermont. Al just plays them for his young son who nods his head in approval or disagreement. Thus far, Al's youngster, Kent, has "picked" such "hits" as "Cruising Down The River," "Baby It's Cold Outside" and "You're Breaking My Heart." Oh yes, the "little genius" is all of two and a half years old!

New York University is now offering a course in jazz history. Teaching is John Hammond, the famous music critic and formerly vice president of Mercury Records. Thus far, John has listed Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Count Basie and Eddie Condon as guest lecturers.

The people in Western Europe are getting a break that's being denied to us Yanks. Jo Stafford, the beautiful and talented vocalist is conducting her own disc jockey program over Radio Luxembourg every week. Consisting of eight popular American recordings and Jo's comments, the program is creating quite a stir over there.

It's been some time since Frank Sinatra actually recorded his album of Al Jolson's music, but the announcement from Columbia Records that the album is now available on a long-playing record makes it opportune to dish out this reminder that Frank conducted the orchestra in this case instead of handling the vocals. Most interesting is the list of unusual titles: Mr. Wilder has given his compositions. Take your pick from among "She'll Be Seven In May," "It's Silk, Feel It," "His First Long Pants," and "I'm A Little Bit Walopicious,"

It's really music in the air now that National Airlines has installed a recorded music system in all luxury flights between New York, Miami and Havana. Not unexpected is the announcement that flights South will take off to the strains of "Moon Over Miami" while northbound passengers will be serenaded with "Sidewalks of New York."

Proof that even a mammoth corporation can get into action in a hurry was demonstrated by the speed with which Columbia records issued the unusual Arthur Godfrey-Mary Martin recording of "Go To Sleep, Go To Sleep, Go To Sleep." The duo made the recording on Tuesday afternoon and it was in all the shops by Friday.

Frankie Laine is another recording artist who's now in film-land for motion picture work. Frankie will be seen in a Columbia musical that's been titled and retitled about six times but will definitely feature Kay Starr and Bob Crosby in addition to Frankie.

Ezio Pinza was quoted in Etude as saying "I am absolutely against the idea of starting to study singing too early. At sixteen the voice is not yet developed. I suggest waiting at least another two years. I started at nineteen."

And now for the third consecutive year, Sarah Vaughan has been voted the nation's Number One Girl singer by the two music magazines Down Beat and Metronome. The masher-niblick set should be interested in a London Records album called "Shoot- ing Par Golf With Sam Snead." It's golf lessons on wax by the well-known master, himself. Jane Pickens is back in action again making a personal appearance tour of hotels and night clubs singing with a group of male singers.

The Slim Gaillard record of "Organ Grease" was actually written and recorded in the space of twelve minutes! It happened when Slim was in the recording studios and saw a Hammond organ. Despite the fact that he had never played one in his life, he sat down at the organ and tinkered with it long enough to come up with a simple blues melody which was then expanded into a regular three-minute recording.

Have YOU ever been jilted? (SEE PAGE 85)
Collector's Corner

BY ELLIOT LAWRENCE

(The youthful and smiling Elliot Lawrence may well be the youngest man to lead a popular dance band in the history of modern American music. Starting out as the leader of a studio band at a Philadelphia radio station, Elliot has steadily climbed to the point where he is the favorite college band in the country. His Columbia records share his popularity.

My likes and dislikes in music follow no defined pattern. I like sweet dance music, I like symphonic music—in short, I like any and all types of music. However, I thoroughly dislikethey. In this light I would like to list my favorite records, all of which I believe are worthy of being in any collection of the finest.

1. "Bijou" by Woody Herman—with applause for Bill Harris' wonderful trombone.
2. "Artistry in Rhythm" by Stan Kenton—a great record by a sincere artist.
3. "Voice of Frank Sinatra" album, with my favorite being Frank's rendition of "These Foolish Things."
4. "Tenderly" by Sarah Vaughan, who is one of the finest new singers.
5. "Benny Rides Again" by Benny Goodman—great because of Eddie Sauter's outstanding arrangement.
6. "I Can't Get Started With You" by Lennie Tristano—a great piano solo.
7. Ravel's "La Valse," by the Boston Symphony.
8. Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Arthur Rodzinski. (Brahms is my favorite classical composer.)
9. "Oo-Pah-Pada" by Dizzy Gillespie—the greatest bebop rendition.
10. "Ritual Fire Dance"—my own Columbia disc, because it represents months of hard work by my arrangers and musicians who poured their "all" into it.

What you should know about Tooth Decay

NO ONE WAY TO PREVENT TOOTH DECAY...
Many things can cause tooth decay—and there are many theories on how to prevent it. Almost all dental authorities agree that there is no one preventive. Possible causes of tooth decay can be grouped as follows: Bacteria, Poor diet, Bodily defects.

WHERE DENTIFRICES CAN'T HELP . . .
A dentifrice cannot prevent decay resulting from poor diet, especially in early childhood. Nor can a dentifrice prevent decay caused by sickness or bodily defects.

ATTACKING BACTERIA . . .
Squibb and others make dentifrices that help combat bacteria held to be harmful to the teeth. Squibb uses magnesium hydrate in its Dental Cream and Toothpowder. This alkaliizer helps neutralize mouth acids in which harmful bacteria thrive. Others use ammoniated substances to alkalize these bacteria. There is no conclusive proof that one alkaliizer is more effective than the other.

BRUSHING TEETH CAN HELP . . .
Most dentists recommend brushing teeth after every meal with some form of dentifrice. All do not believe that a dentifrice can help prevent decay, but they know that dentifrices help in other important ways... to improve the appearance of your teeth... to clean away food particles... to freshen your taste and breath. Squibb Dental Cream contains real mint as a refresher. It helps polish teeth to normal whiteness without harming tooth enamel. Important also are purity and safety—if swallowed, Squibb Dental Cream has a gentle antacid effect.

SAVE YOURSELF WORRY, PAIN, EXPENSE . . .
Remember... a good, reliable dentifrice cannot combat all the possible causes of tooth decay. See your dentist regularly for a complete checkup. That is still the best way to save yourself needless worry, pain and expense.

Leaflets containing this text, are available to dentists upon request. Write E. R. Squibb & Sons, Room 107, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Squibb Dental Cream

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.
What MY GARDEN means to me

EVERTT MITCHELL
GARDEN CONTEST
WINNERS

Here are the prize-winning letters, picked by Everett Mitchell himself, as announced in the March issue. The persons whose letters are printed below have been awarded gardens—seeds, bulbs, shrubs—especially selected by the National Garden Bureau and valued at the amounts listed below. To the winners, the editors of Radio Mirror extend best wishes for hours of happy gardening.

WINNER OF $50 GARDEN PRIZE

My garden means the difference between boredom and a happy life. I always loved to garden and when I lost both limbs eight years ago I thought I was through. With the help of friends we rigged up a platform with four large rubber tire castor type wheels which enables me to get anywhere in the yard. By keeping the beds narrow, I am able to do all the work myself and have blooms from early Spring until late Fall. The long winter hours are spent looking at nursery catalogs and planning next year's garden.—E. V. Shorr, Weston, West Virginia.

WINNER OF $35 PRIZE

My garden is a blessed haven from the noisy, fretful world, a daily source of real satisfaction. There I feel peace, contentment, joy, pride and gratitude while pursuing its health-giving activities. How richly it compensates for the lack of human friendships. Truly, "Man was lost—and saved—in a garden."—Milton McAllister, San Antonio, Texas.

WINNER OF $25 PRIZE

My garden gives me an opportunity to work with sunshine and soil and to see the miracle of life come forth to reward my labor with lovely blooms, sweet fragrance and nourishing vegetables, and to learn that, like life, a garden pays back in proportion to what is put into it.—Allen W. Cooper, Hillsdale, Wis.

WINNER OF $20 PRIZE

"Paradise was lost" in a garden. Each spring I plant—God waters with rain, I tend—he warms with sunshine, I watch—he blesses with flowers and fruit, In bulb and seed I behold Christ's resurrection re-enacted, Walking in my garden at eventide—"Paradise is regained."—Raymond A. Weaver, Niangua, Mo.

WINNERS OF $10 PRIZES

When I work with my flowers, it seems a new miracle unfolds as each new leaf appears. I feel closer to the Supreme Being, who gives us all rich blessings from our efforts in working in the soil. Am gaining back my health, and adding to my small income as a veteran's widow from my garden.—Mrs. Martina C. Paull, Rough and Ready, Calif.

A Scotch preacher once told me working in the soil was magic and soul-cleansing. I believe it. I like the feel of the good earth. Gardening slows me down to a leisurely pace, soothes nerves, eliminates resentments, banishes fear, brings peace to my soul and arouses a spirit of expectancy.—Mrs. Walter Brink, Medway, Ohio.

have a "party hair-do" all day long

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do. Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully, are easy to sleep on. Easy to open. Keep hair-dos lovely because they hold better. There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use Gayla HOLD-BOB than all other bobby pins combined
Many television playwrights regard attendance at rehearsals of their plays as a necessary evil. CBS-TV's Suspense writer, Alvin Sapinsley, however, enjoys being at as many rehearsals as possible. "There are many reasons for attending rehearsals," Sapinsley says. "A writer can't know too much about directing, acting and production. The more he learns about all phases of television, the better craftsman he will be."

Sapinsley, a twenty-eight-year-old bachelor, also confessed he has another personal reason for catching rehearsals. He's an ex-actor who switched to writing when he was midway through Bard College at Annandale on the Hudson, New York. Having decided to write plays instead of acting in them, he pitched right in and wrote three plays before he was graduated in 1942.

"Of course," says Sapinsley, "there's still another reason for being on hand when the director takes the actors through your play. It's the problem of revision. I like to do my own revising and cutting. I've discovered that after a play has been cut to the bone, it's still possible to take another minute out. My first rule in cutting is to take out my favorite line.

"I have found that words are least important to a play. The most important thing is the idea and words are used only to help put across the idea."

After Sapinsley got out of the army in December, 1945, he went to work writing plays. He wrote the program Famous Jury Trials for six months and worked for a publicity package organization. Last year he started on an original screen play for Laurel Films but before he really got going he heard that World Video was looking for a playwright to transform the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play, "The Front Page," into a CBS television series.

Sapinsley applied, along with several other writers. Each had a hand at a script and Sapinsley was chosen. He wrote eighteen Front Page half-hour scripts in a row and this assignment led to others. He wrote a half-hour adaptation of Hardy's "The Three Strangers" for Actors' Studio; then followed two full-hour scripts for the same show, which is now known as CBS-TV's The Play's the Thing.

"Writing for television," he says "has given me writing discipline. Now I can write for eight hours straight. I also have had practise using my imagination and I know what hard work writing is."

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced ... held ... kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant — see which prevents perspiration ... prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried — creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.
I don't suppose there's a solitary woman in the world today who doesn't give some thought to making her marriage—whether it is an accomplished fact or still in dream-stage—a happy, successful one.

Of course, when a man and a woman plan to spend the rest of their lives together, they're in love and sure that they'll be happy, or they wouldn't marry. But it is almost impossible, these days, to go to a movie, pick up a magazine, read a book, without seeing or hearing about marriage problems—and so, although a girl may be perfectly certain in her mind and heart that her marriage will be—or is—the happiest on the face of the earth, she'll give some thought, just the same, to the things she sees and reads about. She will have some idea about how she can make her marriage a continuing success.

Nowadays, thank goodness, young couples usually talk over the important phases of marriage during courtship—a far cry from grandma's day, when you "just didn't mention" such things as the number of children you'd like to have, whether the wife should continue to work, whether you want to own your own home, and the many other shoals on which, if there isn't a meeting of minds, marriage can come to grief.

I know that when Harry and I were first married, we'd already done a great deal of thinking about making our marriage work. For example, we had decided that, as we both loved children, we'd have a family. We'd talked over where and how we wanted to live; we knew that we had mutual tastes and interests that should give us a good basis for happiness. But I'd gone farther than that—I'd made a mental list of my faults, virtues, and ways of doing things. I'd also made a list of those same traits in Harry's character. Then I sat down to consider points on which we were sure to agree, points on which we might disagree, how such disagreements could be avoided or peaceably settled. Then I tried to put myself in Harry's place—to decide what I'd want in a wife; and, from my own point of view, I listed what I wanted in a husband. I thought about how to put these wishes into practise, and boiled all my ideas and information down into a set of happy marriage rules for myself.

That's the sort of thing I mean when I say that every woman should have a set of rules to guide her in her marriage. If you think a moment, you'll see what I mean. Maybe you don't call them by such a formal name as "rules"—maybe you simply act by instinct, without having gone through the process of making rules for yourself. But call it what you will you surely have some idea about making your marriage—whether you're married now or still single—a happy and a successful one.

What better time than June, traditional month of brides, for sharing your marriage rules with other women? Won't you send me your three rules for happy marriage? Simply list the three rules you think are most important for a wife to follow in making her marriage a happy one! Your rules may win valuable prizes!

Please turn to next page for contest details.

When A Girl Marries is heard every Monday through Friday at 5 P.M., EDT, over NBC, sponsored by Swansdown and Calumet.
Joan Davis and her family: Harry, her husband, and two children—Sammy, ten years old, Hope, three.
PRIZES PICTURED ON THESE PAGES

FOR THE BEST THREE RULES FROM A GIRL NOT YET MARRIED

Service for twelve, Nobility Silver Plate by Empire Crafts Corp. (picture 1). Two-piece set of matched luggage by Tommy Traveler (19). Fashions: one Junior Deb suit, one Rojay blouse, one Junior Accent party dress, one Lass O'Scolland knitted dress, one Colby hat; jewelry by Coro, gloves by Grandoe, scarves by Baer and Beards, lingerie by Saab. One Lane cedar chest, modern design, with extra full-length drawer (14). One Toastmaster electric toaster, (6). Four-piece set Wear-Ever Steam-Seal Aluminum utensils, with self-basting covers (3). Treasure chest of cosmetics and toiletries.

FOR THE BEST THREE RULES FROM A WOMAN MARRIED ONE TO FIVE YEARS

Westinghouse electric roaster oven with plastic control dial, look-in lid (8). One Evans fitted hand bag. One Universal Coffeematic, eight-cup electric percolator, with automatic brewing control (12). Westinghouse Streamliner electric iron with thumb-tip temperature control dial (5).

RUNNER-UP PRIZES

To each of the five unmarried women who send in the next-best sets of rules, one Evans Pocket Lighter. To each of the five married women who send in the next-best sets of rules, one 4-piece set Wear-Ever Aluminum.

NOTE: Those prizes not pictured on these pages, including the various fashion items and the treasure chest of cosmetics and toiletries, will be pictured in the July issue of Radio Mirror Magazine.
CONTEST RULES

1. List your own three rules for happy marriage.
2. Address your rules to Happy Marriage, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Your entry must be postmarked no later than midnight, June 10, 1950.
3. Major prizes, as listed on the opposite page, will be awarded in three groups—one group of prizes to the unmarried woman who sends in the best rules; one group to the woman married one to five years who sends in the best rules; one group to the woman married five years or more who sends in the best rules.
4. The editors of Radio Mirror will be the sole judges; all entries become the property of Radio Mirror and none will be returned. Rules will be judged on the basis of sincerity, aptness of thought, originality and clarity.
5. Be sure to include your full name and address. Indicate clearly whether you are unmarried, married one to five years, or married more than five years by checking the proper space on the coupon below; tear out coupon and attach it to your entry.
6. Winners will be announced in the November, 1950 issue of Radio Mirror Magazine. In that issue, pictures of the three major prize-winners, with their prizes, will appear. Winners will be notified by telegram on approximately July 10. Prizes will be sent to winners shortly after that date so that winners may be photographed with their prizes during the first week of August.
7. Submission of a set of rules to this contest signifies that the writer of the rules is willing to be photographed with prizes, and to have that photograph appear in Radio Mirror Magazine, should she win.

NAME

STREET OR BOX

CITY ZONE STATE

UNMARRIED ........ MARRIED 1 TO 5 YEARS ........ MARRIED 5 YEARS OR MORE
Your happy marriage letter makes you eligible to compete for these prizes for home and trousseau!

**PRIZES PICTURED ON THESE PAGES**

FOR THE BEST THREE RULES FROM A GIRL NOT YET MARRIED

Service for twelve, Nobility Silver Plate by Empire Glass Corp. (picture 1). Two-piece set of matched luggage by Tammy Traveler (19). Fashion: one junior Del suit, one junior blouson, one junior dress, one Lass O'Scandand knitted dress, one Gaby hat; jewelry by Garo, glasses by Gradone, women's by Haar and Benere, lingerie by Stahl. One Lane cedar chest, modern design, with extra full-length drawer (14). One Toastmaster electric mixer (6). Four-piece set Wear-Ever Stainless-steel utensils, with self-latching covers (3). Treasure chest of cosmetics and toiletries.

FOR THE BEST THREE RULES FROM A WOMAN MARRIED ONE TO FIVE YEARS

Westinghouse electric roaster oven with plastic control dial, look-in lid (8). One Extra-fined hand bra. One Universal Coffeematic, right-up electric percolator, with automatic brewing control (12). Westinghouse Streamlined electric iron with humidity temperature control dial (5).

RUNNER-UP PRIZES

To each of the five unmarried women who send in the next-best sets of rules, one Evans Pocket Lighter. To each of the five married women who send in the next-best sets of rules, one 4-piece set Wear-Ever Aluminum.

NOTE: These prizes not pictured on these pages, including the various fashion items and the treasure chest of cosmetics and toiletries, will be pictured in the July issue of Raio Magazine.

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**CITY**

**ZONE**

**STATE**

**UNMARRIED**

**MARRIED 1 TO 5 YEARS**

**MARRIED 5 YEARS OR MORE**
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PEPPER!

Pepper Young celebrates at home—the place he loves be
Like most American men, Pepper Young is still a boy at heart, particularly when it comes to birthdays. And though he'd be the first one to deny it, Pepper is as eager to find out what his folks have planned as he was during his days in knee-pants.

This year, in the Youngs' comfortable Elmwood home, the celebration gets under way as Hattie, the housekeeper, enters the living room with a cake which she baked especially for Pepper. Waiting for a slice, left to right, are Pepper, Mother Young, Pepper's wife Linda, little Hal Trent, his mother Peggy Young Trent, Dad Young and Hattie. Playing their parts as you hear them on the air are Mason Adams as Pepper; Marion Barney as Mrs. Young; Eunice Howard as Linda; Betty Wragge as Peggy; Thomas Chalmers as Dad; and Greta Kvalden as Hattie. Pepper Young's Family is heard Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor—Camay Soap.
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A crown for Sallie Baker, one of the few who understands the true—and beautiful—meaning of “love thy neighbor”

Sallie Baker, Queen of America!

“Queen Sallie,” for short.

Everybody calls me that now, and I just can’t get used to it. Me, a queen—and officially, too!

Three months ago, I was just Sallie Baker, of Pikesville, Kentucky, much too busy in my three-way job as wife, mother and nurse to think of myself as anybody unusual at all.

Two months ago, I was one of five hundred American club women selected from thousands of contestants in Jack Bailey’s “Queen of America” contest being conducted by the Mutual network, and feeling all aglow because my good friends in the Women’s Society of Christian Service in Pikesville thought enough of me to submit my name and my story to the judges.

On January 5, I was one of five finalists, on my way to Hollywood!

And twenty-four hours later, after thirty

Sallie won her crown on Queen For A Day, heard M-F at 2:30 P. M., EDT, over Mutual stations. Jack Bailey emcees the show. Sponsor—Alka-Seltzer.

On her triumphal return home, Sallie of her old students—turned out t
breath-taking minutes on a coast-to-coast Mutual network I was Queen of America! A jury of leading club women had named me among three to vie for the grand title, and the audience—also made up of club women—indicated by their applause that they wanted me to wear the royal crimson robes and the jeweled crown of this first symbol of American women's contribution to a better world.

I can be forgiven, I think, for wondering sometimes if I didn't dream it all, every wonderful moment of it, from the very beginning.

Imagine Sallie Baker—who worked in the cotton fields and the watermelon patches as a girl to scrape together enough money for nurse's training—touring Hollywood; meeting movie stars, then coming home to bands and banners, to "Sallie Baker Day" in Pikesville.

Think of it! Sallie Baker—who never finished high school—preparing (Continued on page 81)
Queen of America

Sallie Baker, Queen of America!

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Think of it! Sallie Baker—who never finished high school—preparing (Continued on page 81)
Nona, a stenographer in the office of Ward Trevor, has never before experienced the kind of attention showered on her by Vernon Dutell, producer at Palladium Films. Vernon is in love with Nona and she—though she won't admit it—finds him very attractive.
Breakfast, which Nona prepares, starts the day for the Bradys—Nona and her kindly foster father, Pat—in their pretty cottage just outside of Hollywood.

A most unusual couple you might think at first sight, Nona Brady and Vernon Dutell.

Nona Brady, living with her foster father, Pat Brady, in a cheerful, simple little cottage, working as a stenographer in a law office—Nona From Nowhere. And Vernon Dutell, handsome, prosperous, an important executive in an important company. A most unusual couple? Since when has love paid any attention to externals—to money, to position, to circumstances? Nona and Vernon met, were attracted to each other. This is how it all came about:

The cottage where Nona kept house for the man who had reared her, cared for her since she was a child, was on the outskirts of Hollywood. Its location made it easy for Pat to drop in at the fabulous office of Vernon Dutell, top producer at Palladium Films, to renew their friendship of twenty years ago. Vernon was overjoyed to see his old friend, but he was astounded when Pat reminded him of a promise made when Pat had saved Vernon's life, long ago. He had come, Pat said, to ask Vernon to fulfill the promise—by asking Nona to marry him!

It was twenty years ago that Pat Brady and Vernon Dutell last met. Then Pat broke the long silence, called on Vernon at his office to ask Vernon to keep a promise that he had once made.
At the time Pat renewed friendship with Dutell, Nona was a stenographer for a lawyer, Ward Trevor.

In spite of Vernon's reminder that modern women like to make up their own minds, Pat insisted that Nona would do as he asked her, and at last Vernon suggested that Pat bring Nona to Palladium to meet him.

Nona, until then a stenographer in the Hollywood law offices of Ward Trevor, suddenly found herself transported to the exciting, luxurious atmosphere of movie studios. Vernon was as enchanted with her as she was with the new environment. It was not long before he arranged a screen test for Nona.

Vernon coached Nona for the test, found excuses to see her often. His attentions, in fact, were so obvious they aroused the anger of Thelma Powell, a star at Palladium. Thelma sensed a rival in Nona—not only as a future star, but for the love of Vernon Dutell.

Nona, who wouldn't admit that she was falling in love with Vernon, was astounded when she learned of Pat's request that Vernon marry her, and determined that she would have no part of the well-intentioned but preposterous plan. She concentrated on the coming screen test, fearing that she would fail.

CAST

Nona From Nowhere was conceived and is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert; it is heard M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, over CBS, sponsored by Bab-O and Glim.

In these pictures, in the roles they play on the air, are:

Nona ............... Toni Darnay  
Pat Brady ............. James Kelly  
Vernon Dutell ........... Karl Weber  
Thelma Powell .......... Mitzi Gould  
Gwen Parker .......... Florence Robinson
Powell, Palladium star, resented her interest in Vernon.

unaware that Thelma intended to make sure of it!

Nona's test was successful. Immediately, Emery Monaco of Palladium, a married man, developed an interest in Nona's career—and Nona. He invited Nona to a party and she accepted, although Pat made his feelings about Monaco very clear. Vernon, too, was disturbed that Nona had accepted the invitation. But Thelma was on hand to urge Nona to go to the party, and she went—to discover the "party" consisted only of herself and Monaco, who had thought up this ruse to be alone with her.

They were at Monaco's hunting lodge where, shortly after their arrival, Pat Brady appeared to confront the scheming Monaco. Hot words led to a struggle during which the lights went out. When the lights came on again, Monaco lay dead on the floor.

Now Nona faces a terrifying situation. Pat is held by the police. Although both Vernon Dutell and Ward Trevor have come to his defense, the case seems hopeless in the face of the evidence. Nona, who had begun a picture at Palladium, now plans to leave in order to prevent disgrace of a murder trial from affecting Palladium and—more important—Vernon.
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Gracie with the real reason for her decision about comedians—husband George Burns.

Comedians

by GRACIE ALLEN

Gracie's convinced that at least one of them is nothing less than perfect. His name? George Burns, of course!

Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa.

Edgar Bergen, wife Frances.
I won't set myself up as an authority on all husbands because if I were married to that many I would be a bigamist. (I believe in monopoly, so I have only one husband.) But I am an authority on that one husband and George will be the second to admit it.

Since George is a comedian, I take it for granted that all comedians make wonderful husbands. And there's evidence to back me up. Of course, I'm not saying that just because a comedian can keep his wife in stitches. Her dressmaker can do that. No, there are more important things...

One night at a party I was talking with a girl who had just come back from a long trip with her husband. I suggested that she must have had a perfectly wonderful time and she said, "My husband and I are well-suited. We appreciate each other and we have good times together, but our marriage isn't at all like yours. He isn't a comedian so we seldom have jokes or laugh over one another's witticisms. You and George would probably consider us very dull."

I tried to explain that our married life is not just a three-ring circus with Groucho Marx as an encore. I said, "Being married to a comedian like George isn't funny at all... it's nothing to laugh at." But she laughed like mad.

As a matter of fact, even working for George isn't funny. You should see the sad, miserable faces when George and his writers are working on a comedy script. When one of them suggests a joke or funny line, you'd swear he was saying, "Boys, Joe was no friend of ours, but now that he's dead it's up to us to bury him and support his wife and kids."

The only way you can tell they're talking about a joke is when they shake their (Continued on page 84)
Grand Slam studio audiences always have the time of their lives. Though most of them come from the New York area, some of the guests are from other parts of the country—Grand Slam listeners who have made it a point to attend the broadcast in CBS's Studio 22 during their stay in New York. Here in the pre-show warm-up, Irene guides the selection of participants.
BECAUSE —

By IRENE BEASLEY

Grand Slam, with Irene Beasley as mistress of ceremonies, is heard Mon.-Fri., 11:30 A.M. EDT on CBS stations. Sponsored by Hostess Cakes and Wonder Bread.

I enjoy Grand Slam because—"it's easy to start that sentence, but hard to end it. Not that I can't find any reasons, but that so many of them come crowding into my mind it's hard to choose among them. So many and such varied reasons, like:

Because I see neighbors across the broad stretch of our nation-wide living-room each morning, tuning their radios to CBS to join the fun. And in Studio 22, the neighbors who've come to pay us a personal call, sitting there in the comfortable blue chairs, waiting for the games to start.

I enjoy it because Grand Slam is a game, and that you who listen think of it as one has been proved to me over and over again. Shortly after our first broadcast, we received a request for permission to use the Grand Slam game at a local school gathering. Then came letters telling of local Grand Slam clubs that were springing up all over the country. We received requests from charitable organizations who wanted to stage local games for the purpose of raising funds. And on my first visit to my sister's home after the premiere of the program, my small nephews kept me busy posing questions based on their studies, and scoring their answers in points instead of prizes—an other way the Grand Slam game can be played.

I've been invited to present Grand Slam games at countless social gatherings, adapting the subjects and the nature of the questions to the situation at hand and the personalities involved. That's another nice thing about this game of ours—it is so adaptable, so usable in practically any circumstances where people are gathered to have a good time. Many of our neighbors have written that they get together in someone's home for our broadcast, play the game among themselves as we ask questions on the show. Low score, they tell me, has to fix lunch for the crowd. Others have to help with the dishes, while any "winner" of a Grand Slam—all the answers correct—gets to sit luxuriously by and enjoy herself, with no work to do, as her prize!

And I enjoy the preparation and planning we do in an effort to make the game a service to our listeners. There's the prize table, for instance—with the prizes we have deliberately, carefully (Continued on page 80)

HERE ARE IRENE BEASLEY'S TIPS

To Bear In Mind When Making
Up Your Questions for Radio

GRAND SLAM

1. Let originality be your watchword. If you are going to send questions based on a subject familiar to all—then try to pick a phase of that subject others will likely overlook. Try to make your questions ask something "different" about that subject, or give the contestant something "different" to do in order to answer your questions.

2. Do not send questions in which pure chance determines who wins prizes. These require no skill for the answers, and would be classed as lottery.

3. Do not send questions which merely challenge the contestant to:
   - Name the 5 flowers in these 5 songs.
   - Name the 5 birds in these 5 songs.
   - Name the 5 rivers in these 5 songs.
   - Name the 5 seasons in these 5 songs.
   - Name the 5 states in these 5 songs.
   - Name the 5 girls in these 5 songs.
   - Name these 5 songs beginning with the letters of "I-R-E-N-E."

   Etc.

   Such questions based on obvious subjects are highly duplicated by thousands of people and cannot be considered as "original" thinking.

4. In the "name-five" department we have presented such "off the beaten track" subjects as "name 5 parts of a shoe from these 5 songs" . . . "Name 5 things a dog thinks he is when he looks at himself in the mirror" . . . (Continued on page 80)
Lonesome? Join one of the most active correspondence clubs in the country; several thousand members everywhere. (Free particulars.)

A lonely woman, Mrs. Catharine Clark, read this ad. Divorced from her husband five years, she lived a useful, active life in Boston where she ran a small rug repair business. But she was only thirty-five, young enough to need love and want a husband. And it was the spring of the year.

Mrs. Clark joined the correspondence club and inserted her own announcement in the club's paper:

I am well thought of, have many friends but wish to make new acquaintances. I am 35, 5' 5", 165, light brown hair, blue eyes, high school education, excellent character, am broad-minded in regard to religious views, American nationality. Have $2,000 and will inherit $3,000.

Men wrote her from every part of the country but she was particularly impressed by a letter from James Murphy, of Spokane, Washington. He described himself not only as being young and healthy but also heir to $100,000. Mrs. Clark answered him almost immediately.

By fall, their letters lost all formality and were filled with loving phrases. Jim wanted to marry Catharine and suggested she sell her business and draw her savings out of the bank. She did and left Boston in September.

She arrived in Spokane with her life savings sewn into the lining of her purse and was met by a man who introduced himself as Archie Moock.

"Jim's out of town, sick," Archie explained. "But I'll put you up at my house till I can drive you out."

Archie's wife and five children greeted the hopeful bride and made her comfortable. They didn't know Jim Murphy but had heard Archie speak of him.

That Saturday night, Archie borrowed a car to take Catharine to her betrothed. He returned the next morning without her but Mrs. Clark hadn't met her love. Police found her lying dead twenty miles outside the city, her body hacked and battered, her money torn from the lining of the purse.

Archie appeared to do his best to help the police find the murderer, Jim Murphy, but officers discovered...
that Jim Murphy and Archie Moock were one and the same person. Moock had lured the young woman across the continent with the promise of marriage to murder her for her savings. Moock was convicted and executed.

The tragic story of Catharine Clark is not an isolated case of swindlers who believe the easiest way to a woman's purse strings is through her heart. Each year in this country thousands of women's bank accounts and hearts are broken by marriage racketeers. No one knows the exact number of victims, for many of them are too mortified to notify the police.

As commentator on True Detective Mysteries radio program and editor of True Detective Magazine, I've helped expose many such schemes. It is our aim to forewarn the public of such vicious deceits by presenting true and fair accounts of actual crimes such as the marriage swindlers perpetrate. Preying on young and old women, the criminal lover will not stop at seduction, bigamy or even murder.

Correspondence and friendship clubs conducted by mail are not dishonest as a (Continued on page 97)
MAIL ORDER MARRIAGE

By
John Shuttleworth

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Correspondence and friendship clubs conducted by mail are not dissimilar as a (Continued on page 97)
If you can imagine combining the best elements of a high school reunion with a fire sale and a country carnival, you'll get a general idea of the kind of fun and excitement that fills the air when Maggie Whiting gives a party.

Having just moved into her own enchanting grey and white house, Maggie decided to invite a few intimate friends over for a quiet fireside supper one night a short while ago. This time she was going to have a different type of party, she told herself. Definitely not more than four people. Having made that decision, Maggie reached for the phone and asked her sister Barbara to come over for a conference.

When dark-haired Barbara bounced into Maggie's bedroom she snitched a piece of toast off her sister's breakfast (Continued on page 100)

Spur of the moment idea sends the girls to the phone. Original plan was to invite only six guests—but they called sixteen!
ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

By VIOLA MOORE

Two sisters find that friends plus food minus formality can equal a lot of fun.

Hostess Margaret had to leave her party to attend the Great Lover Ball with Bob Hope but when she returned an hour later, she found guests amused and relaxed. Left to right are Lon McCallister, Jeff Chandler, John Garfield, Jack Smith, Tony Curtis, Barbara, Nancy Guild, Bill Eythe, Buddy Pepper, Peggy Wachsman and Katharine West. Bill Eythe had driven a hundred miles to attend.

Maggie recommends this as good warm-up stunt. Two teams with toothpicks in their mouths try to pass lifesaver from mouth to mouth without using their hands.

Guests ate creamed chicken on brown rice, green salad, hot rolls and chocolate cake. The hand-crocheted lace tablecloth was borrowed from Mrs. Whiting.

Barbara Whiting is heard on Junior Miss, Sat, 11:30 A.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Rayve Home Permanent Wave.
June brings with it a lot of good things and happy occasions—warm weather, vacations, strawberries and Father’s Day. Our “best beau” is pampered by us on his day. The children and I pitch in to give him everything he likes best. For instance, he likes strawberries, home-made ice cream and cake. We put them all together for him and come up with a Heavenly Angel Food Cake. The children do their share by sifting the flour for the cake. They wash and hull the strawberries and give the ice cream freezer a few turns, too.

We all love strawberries. They are good as is or with cream and sugar. But there are many ways in which they can be glamorized and with very little effort. Old-Fashioned Strawberry Shortcake, the melt in your mouth variety, is one of our favorites. We go all out and lavish whipped cream on this.

HEAVENLY ANGEL FOOD CAKE

Makes 1—9” cake
Sift then measure: 1 cup cake flour
Sift three times with: 1/4 cup sugar
Beat with a rotary egg beater until foamy: 1 cup egg whites (8-10)
Add: 1/4 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
Beat until stiff.
Add gradually, beating well after each addition: 1 cup sugar
Fold in: 1 teaspoon vanilla
Sprinkle sifted flour mixture over beaten egg whites a few tablespoons at a time. Fold in well but gently. Pour batter into an ungreased 9” tube pan. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 40-50 minutes. Invert pan. Allow to cool in pan for 1 hour.
Whip until thick:
1 cup heavy cream 1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Pile lightly on top of Angel Food cake. Fill center with ice cream. Top with strawberries which have been washed and hulled and slightly sweetened.

RUM STRAWBERRY TORTE

Makes 6 servings
Sift then measure: 1 cup flour 1 cup flour
Sift again with: 1/4 teaspoon salt
Press through sieves: 3 egg yolks, hard cooked
Work with a spoon until soft: 1/2 cup shortening
Add gradually: 1/4 cup sugar
Beat together until light and fluffy.
Add: 1/4 teaspoon lemon extract
Add hard cooked egg yolks, beat until well blended. Stir in sifted dry ingredients alternately with: 1 1/2 teaspoons cream
Chill at least one hour. Roll out 1/4” thick on a lightly floured board. Carefully place over inverted 8” layer cake pan which has been lightly greased. Fit to pan with gentle pressing, as in making a tart shell. Place on a cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Let stand 5 minutes. Carefully lift off pan. Place on a cake rack. Cool thoroughly. (Continued on page 83)
The variable strawberry—in an angel food cake, in a rum torte, or taken plain—lends itself to goodness.
JUNE—the month that what is so rare as a day in, bringing roses and all manner of other flowers to pretty up the outdoors, and June bugs and all manner of other insects to dim the beauties... although it may have arrived ahead of time, or not yet made a call in your neighborhood, June is the month in which summer officially makes its bow, on the 21st... the Old Farmer's Almanac predicts hot weather and rain in balanced proportions... now's the time, too, when the birds are industriously raising families: Orioles and barn swallows and other practical-minded ones will have their young safely housed in well-constructed, roomy nests; but those fools, the robins, as they always do, will have built their nests too small, and on the ground will be found half-feathered little rascals who've been pushed out of a home too small to accommodate them. Well-meaning women will be gathering up the lost little ones, feeding them sugar and water and mashed hard-boiled egg yolk and trying valiantly to sound like mother birds, and sending their long-suffering husbands out to dig worms and hunt grubs. Don't do it, the Audubon Society warns—no matter how tender your heart or light your touch, only a mother robin can raise a baby robin!

* * *

IF SERMONS BORE YOU:
Stay home. Don't sleep through church service in Deadville, Alabama—there's a law against it!

* * *

LORD BYRON SAID IT:
Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and the Bored.

* * *

YOUR HOME STATE—

* * *

VISITOR
My neighbors are a gifted pair—
Their home bespeaks an antique flair
For old world charm in bric-a-brac
With fragile bits of knick and knack.
Uncomfortable, my knees grow weak
Lest I might break some priceless freak.
—Lovina Spaulding Brown

NOTE: Readers are invited to contribute brief original poems, no more than twenty lines, to Nonsense and Some-Sense. Five dollars will be paid for each poem accepted for publication on this page.

A LITTLE LEARNING:
Last Will and Testament: A will or testament is a legal disposition of a person's property, to go into effect after his death; a codicil is an addition to, or a change made in, a will. A will, or a codicil, is legal if signed any day, including Sundays and legal holidays. . . . A nuncupative, or unwritten, will is one made orally by a soldier on active duty or a sailor while at sea. . . . Wills are of two general classes: the first calls for outright distribution of the estate; the second provides for distribution of all or part at a later date. It is the duty of an executor to organize and appraise the estate and, to pay all taxes and bills outstanding and other claims against the estate and, if the will so provides, to sell property, etc., and make a final report to the court . . . not over one-half of an estate can be left to charity.

* * *

READER'S OWN VERSE—OR BETTER DEPARTMENT LINES TO A HUSBAND

[Image of a couple]

I planned to grow more beautiful each year,
A special glamor girl, all heart-of-gold,
Sustaining you with wisdom, comfort, cheer—
A woman you would want to have and hold.
Yet here I am . . . with curlers on my head,
Remembering the quarrelsome words I spoke,
The undarned socks, the overtoasted bread,
The way I cried so childish last week.
Oh, dearest, how I wish that you could see
The lovely wife I really mean to be!

—Lydell Sterns

* * *

LITTLE LEXICON:
Adding a new word to your vocabulary never hurts a bit. Let's start with Lexicon: a dictionary, a list of words. . . . Fratious: what the children sometimes are on a rainy day—peevish, cross, apt to break out in a tantrum. . . . Antediluvian: what the younger generation thinks Mom's and Pop's ideas are—actually means "before the Flood" which floated Noah's Ark; very old-fashioned or out of date. . . . Termagant: what you are when (and if) you nag your husband—a quarrelsome scolding woman.
SOMESENSE

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—
Linkletter (to a five-year-old boy): What do you want to be when you grow up?
Boy: President of the United States.
Linkletter: Why?
Boy: Because my grandfather said I should be. He said my brother should be ex-president.
Linkletter: Well, that's fine—picking out future presidents and past presidents. Who has been president longer than anyone?
Boy: Franklin Truman.

FUN AND GAMES—Here's a sure way of making everybody feel gay, of putting a fast box on sit-in-the-corners at your next party. Gather all the guests in one room, and stage an on-the-spot oratorical contest dealing with one of our national pastimes—talking authoritatively about things of which we know nothing. Everyone present may take part, or if you prefer, you may limit participation to a few so that non-combatants are free to sit in judgment and name a winner. The less sense a speaker makes—and each speaker must talk for three minutes—the more fun there's apt to be. You may choose your own subjects, but here are some samples to give you an idea of the general approach: (A) The science of using stale donuts for spare times. (B) How to get clearer television reception without removing the drawn Venetian blinds from your neighbor's living room. (C) Fifteen decorative uses for burned-out light bulbs.

FILE AND FORGET—
Don't say you're lonely! The world's population, in 1948, totaled some 2,231,716,000 souls. It's up to all of these to live in peace, if they can, in 51,230,217 square miles—the world's total area. Asia's population is roughly 1,237,320,000 denizens, let out to pasture in a total of 16,795,000 square miles. Europe struggles along with a mere 524,175,000 inhabitants who elbow one another in an area of 3,842,000 square miles. North America numbers 198,542,000 men, women and children, who get along—and pretty handsomely, too, by and large—in a fairly roomy 8,644,860 square miles.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—
Linkletter (to little girl): What do you want to be when you grow up?
Girl: An operator.
Linkletter: That's nice. What are you going to operate on?
Girl: Telephones.

IF YOU'RE A NATURAL-BORN (HUMAN) WOLF—
Don't try to sit, in Connecticut, next to a person of the opposite sex with less than eight inches separating you—there's a law against it!

Art Linkletter, here with young participant, emcees House Party, M.F., 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Pillsbury.


MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAID IT:
"Everyone is as God made him, and often a great deal worse."

IN THE YEAR—
1450 B.C.: Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt . . . 55 B.C.: Julius Caesar, after conquering Gaul, entered Britain . . . 300 A.D.: Charlemagne, king of the Franks, was proclaimed emperor by Pope Leo III in St. Peter's; Charlemagne fought the Saxons, Lombards and Saracens for thirty years to Christianize them, and extended his empire from the Atlantic to the eastern boundaries of Hungary . . . 1456: Johann Gutenberg printed the first Bible from movable type at Mainz, in Germany; the following year, with two associates, Gutenberg produced the first color printing . . . 1564: William Shakespeare was born . . . 1725: Captain Vitus Bering, a Dane in the employ of Peter the Great, discovered Alaska . . . 1788: the first successful daily newspaper in the United States, the "Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser," appeared in Philadelphia . . . 1837: Victoria, eighteen-year-old niece of William IV, became Queen of England; two years later she married her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg.
Come and Visit the BILL CULLENS

"Carol's Other Living Room" (a la John's Other Wife) is decorated strictly according to her own tastes. The lovely mirror was rescued from discard in her mother's attic. Below; the Cullens like to dine by candlelight; wall sconce is a converted door knocker.

The bedroom, too, was Carol's to decorate, under the Cullen division-of-labor scheme. They had the bedside tables made from two pieces of marble they found, plus plaster supports cast to order. ("Don't do it," warns Bill. "Costs too much!")

Bill Cullen, of the Quick as a Flash, Give and Take, and This Is Nora Drake radio shows, finally accomplished the impossible. He found a home for himself and Carol.

"It was easy," Bill said. "Easy like moving the Rocky Mountains into Rhode Island."

They had repeatedly postponed their marriage for two reasons: first, Bill had hoped to get at least a ten-day vacation so they could have a honeymoon; second, they needed a place to live. Last July, love conquered all. They settled for a week-end honey- moon in New England and a temporary home in a Manhattan hotel suite. But like every other young couple in search of a roof, they desperately pestered renting agents, wore out shoe leather following newspaper ads, and smiled fetchingly at doormen.

"We had to dismiss any idea of getting a house in the country, which would be the ideal set-up," Bill explains. "Working six days a week on eleven different programs means that if we lived outside the city I'd spend all of my time commuting and get home only in time to sleep."

In Manhattan, where there seem to be several
By MARTIN COHEN

It takes more than living in a house to make it home—it takes a heap of planning and good hard work, as well!

The living room was Bill's decorating project. It's his handiwork exclusively—the soft-green, clear-red colors, the Chinese modern motif, the wonderful balance of beauty and comfort. Don't think he's not proud of the results!

The opposite end of the living room (above) is dominated by the fireplace, and that's the corner where guests gather, for there is nothing so cheery as an open fire. It's there, too, that the cooking for informal parties is done—wiener roasts, steak fries.
thousand applicants for every vacancy, the Cullens continued to search for an apartment that would be readily accessible to the broadcasting studios. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

"As a matter of fact," Bill says, "we couldn't even find a decent five-room haystack."

But Santa Claus was good to them in December. A radio associate of Bill's called to say he was vacating an apartment.

"I can get it for you," the friend said, "but, of course, we have some furniture we don't want to take with us—"

"Of course," Bill answered. "We'll take a look."

The apartment exactly suited their needs. In the East Fifties, it would put Bill approximately three stone-throws from the studios. The building was about fifty yards from a bluff overlooking the East River.

They had to buy a lot of furniture they didn't want, but Bill and Carol decided that since another opportunity like this wouldn't come along in a blue moon, they'd better take it. The apartment was to be available on December 16th, ten days before Christmas and the same thought crossed both their minds: It would be great to have the home set up for Christmas Eve. Bill, whose hobbies run into three figures, pulled out an artist's sketch pad and began to draw up their plans.

This was what he had to work with: a large living room with a real fireplace, two moderate-sized bedrooms, a small dining room off the kitchen, and two bathrooms. They already owned a large console, containing a radio, phonograph and television receiver, a fourteen-foot sofa in green, and a banquette covered with leopard skin.

"Now let's see," Bill said innocently. "We'll furnish throughout in Chinese modern."

"Oh, no," said Carol. "In French Provincial."

They began negotiations immediately and as Bill puts it, "I was willing to give into Carol so long as I had my way and vice-versa."

Bill had one advantage that he pressed immediately: the sofa and banquette had been chosen to complement the huge console which they wouldn't think of giving up. The console was in sleek black with a Chinese motif painted on the front.

"All right," Carol agreed, "the living room can be Chinese modern—but what do I get in return?"

They finally decided that Bill, in addition, would have the dining room to decorate. For Carol there would be the bedrooms, one to be made into a den.

"There's still something fishy about this," Carol observed.

"What?"

"Who ever heard of a den being furnished for a woman?" she asked.

Bill put down his sketch pad, ready to begin negotiations again.

"You've heard of John's Other Wife," Carol said. "We'll call the den Carol's Other Living Room, furnished to my taste."

And so it was decided. The main living room, as they found it, was painted in dark tones, and even the fireplace stone was black. There were four big windows on the broad side of the room, flanked with built-in bookcases. On the adjoining wall was the fireplace with a recess to one side, next to the windows, and on the other side a doorway leading in from the hall. Opposite was another door, leading to the bedroom and "Carol's Other Living Room."

"As I see it, the furniture should be grouped so that anyone can focus on the television," Bill said, turning back to his sketch pad.

"How about the fireplace for weiner roasts and nice cozy fires on winter nights?"

"We can put the television set in the fireplace then," Bill said. "When the programs get too bad, we merely put a match to it."

"Let's be serious for a change," Carol commanded.

This is what they did: The TV console was placed against the wall between the doorways, with an occasional chair on either side. This left plenty of room to use the doorways. Opposite the console, in front of the windows, were placed two love seats, separated by a table. In a neutral position, between the fireplace and console, they set the banquette. Against the remaining wall they placed the sofa where guests could stare either into the fireplace or watch TV by turning their heads slightly.

"We have only North light, no direct sunlight," Carol noted. "That means the walls should be fairly light."

They decided on the green of the sofa. So three walls became green. The ceiling, fireplace, and one wall behind the sofa they finished in eggshell white.

"The advantage of having the ceiling and one wall white against the green," Bill explains, "is that it makes the ceiling appear to be about a foot higher."

Bill, who has always decorated his own rooms, decided that he would use bold colors to achieve a dramatic effect. He chose Cinnabar red as his accent color from a Chinese Sinabar statue, a wedding gift from the John Reed Kings. He had the leopard-skin banquette recovered in Sinabar red, then repeated the color in the red leather panelling of the bar that was placed in the recess near the fireplace and in the four Chinese prints that hang above the sofa.

"Naturally, when your motif is Chinese you have a lot of black. This is visible everywhere—in the slender legs of chairs, the console, picture frames and particularly the section in front of the windows."

"This seems to be an eye-catcher," Bill said, pointing to the love seats. The two love seats, along with their distinctive table and lamp are a near-perfect achievement in the Chinese motif. The one-armed chairs are covered in black velvet with delicate gold flower designs on the seats. Between them is a small, gleaming black table with curved extensions that shoot out from the base. This table Bill designed himself, and had it made to order. On the table is a huge lamp with a slick black base and a shade of spun glass. Beside it is a big marble ash tray flecked with golden-yellow tones.

"We used a lot of gold in the room," Bill said, "because we felt Chinese was too formal used alone."

The tall, slender chairs that stand on either side of the console are covered in yellow-gold leather. Directly across the room, the broad expanse of drapes is in a flaming gold. That was (Continued on page 98)
Terry’s guests, Amelia and Norman Lobseuz, showed how wasted time can be converted into happy, useful hours.

How many times have you said: “One of these days I’m going to . . .” but somehow the day never comes and you never do.

Recently Norman and Amelia Lobseuz, freelance magazine writers, visited us as Family Counselors and told us how to turn wasted time into creative and enjoyable hours. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lobseuz are experts on utilizing time. Besides Norman’s extensive freelance writing, he holds down the job of department editor for Quick Magazine, and Amelia has just finished authoring an adventure book for teen-agers entitled, Kay Everett Calls CQ.

The first thing Norman and Amelia brought out was that none of us realizes the amount of time that he wastes each week. The Lobseuzes made an extensive time survey, by asking people to fill out time charts. They said that the ones who filled out the charts were shocked at where their time went. The combined overall averages of these persons’ charts showed they put in more time in one week worrying and waiting for people or services than they did enjoying hobbies, sports and other pleasures put together.

“One way to correct this situation and to live more efficiently,” Amelia said, “is to first rate yourself for at least a week on a chart. Record under each category of activity the total amount of time spent each day on that activity.

“For instance, if you eat breakfast in 20 minutes, lunch in 45, and take an hour for dinner that makes a total of 2 hours and 5 minutes. By the end of the week, you have a clear cut picture of what happens to your weekly 168 hours.”

“Then,” Norman told us, “you go into action from there. First develop efficient habit patterns. You can save time and energy by confirming appointments in advance.” (Continued on page 97)
RADIO MIRROR TELE
Video's erudite emcee spends almost as much time in your parlor as he does in his own. Here's his story, told by the woman who knows him best.

"Dear Mrs. Slater," said the letter, written in a large, flourish hand, "My children and I enjoy listening to your husband very much on the radio, but it seems that he's on all the time and my friends with the television set says he's always on television, too. My husband's a night watchman and I don't see too much of him, but I really wonder—when do you see Bill?"

Now that's a letter that deserves an answer. It's not the first time people have expressed sympathy for me as the wife of a busy, network-trotting television and radio star with over thirteen broadcasts and telecasts a week. But there's more to the picture than that. Look closely and you'll see, right alongside Bill—a little out of breath, but always there—one Marion Slater. Me.

I met Bill very casually, very conventionally. A mutual acquaintance introduced us. From the first, I knew he was attractive and sought after. The same charm that adds warmth and sincerity to his radio personality now was outstanding then. I realized very soon that, unlike some people in the theatrical and radio worlds, there were no two Bill Slaters. You've heard of the hilarious comedians who are (Continued on page 87)
Break for dinner doesn’t mean a complete break. While guests Monica Lewis and Vic Damone have a quick bite at a restaurant around the corner from the studio with producer Marlo Lewis, discussion of tonight’s show goes on. Tenison doesn’t lessen off the way back from dinner, either. Outside the studio waits a group of Vic Damone’s fans, anxious to look at or to get a smile—or perhaps, the lucky ones, an autograph—from their favorite. Inside, rehearsal goes on—right up to curtain time at 8.

**TOAST**

It looks so easy, so smooth, when you see it on your TV set. It is easy by that time—after hours of painstaking planning and rehearsing!

Ed Sullivan’s Sunday night show comes through as one of the smoothest on the channels. This is the kind of preparation that does it, although at 6:00 you’re apt to wonder how it will get on at 8:00. It’s Ed himself who reassures you. He’s quiet, but alert to everything. Guest stars and acts go out to supper, but Ed swigs coffee from a paper cup and munches a sandwich while he plans last-minute improvements with producer Lewis, director Wray, and that butt of the bald-head jokes, conductor Ray Bloch. Ed’s poker-face was his trade-mark, but lately he’s been caught grinning. They may yet be calling him Smiling Sullivan!

Look at that grin—and some people call Ed Sullivan “poker face!” Toast of The Town is seen at 8 P.M., EDT, Sundays, CBS-TV, sponsored by Lincoln-Mercury dealers.
It's a lot more complicated than radio, guests Lewis and Strope decide, including such items as makeup. But not as complicated as her field, the movies, third guest Margaret O'Brien points out. Now it's close to show time—call for "places please" will come very soon.

"Take five like break for dinner" is a welcome phrase. But the rest turns into a conference! Left to right, floor manager Bob Payson, director Jon Wray, Monica and Ed. In the back row: producer Lewis, musical director Ray Bloch.

**OF THE TOWN**

Viewers see only sponsor-message cards, not hands that turn them.

Careful to keep the speed of his voice synchronized with turning of the cards, Art Hannes—out of sight—delivers his announcement.

Celebrities are introduced to viewers by M.C. Ed Sullivan each Sunday night. In front row: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stroppe (he drove winning Mercury in Grand Canyon Run) and Art Hall who entered the car. Behind and left of Mrs. Stroppe are Ford Theatre director Marc Daniels, Jack Carson. Next row, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, William Chalmers of the sponsor's ad agency.
Paul Tripp invented Mr. I. a long while ago, brought him to full flower on TV, where all the kids can see him.

Do our daughter Suzanne, who is almost five, Paul is a “magic daddy.” On weekdays he’s a regular father, but on Sundays he turns into “Mr. I. Magination, the man with the magic reputation,” who runs a wonderful train across the television screen and takes children (and grown-ups, too) on a half-hour tour of history spiced with music and make-believe.

I’ve always thought the reason Suzie differentiates so clearly between our roles as her parents and the parts we play on the show is because Paul has taken so much time to explain things to her. He’s never believed in “talking down” to children and that approach proved successful in his early work fifteen years ago at Christadora Settlement House on New York’s lower East Side. There, too, is where the character Mr. I. first saw the light of day, (Continued on page 94)
Mr. I.!

A three-wheeler is important—even if you live in an apartment, you’ve simply got to have one!

Paul Tripp, who is Mr. I Magination, is heard Sundays at 6:30 P.M., EDT, on CBS-TV network stations.
Jack Carter starts show from Chicago . . .

Nothing to compare with NBC’s gala new two-and-a-half

Saturday night is Date Night—for twosomes, whole families and all the neighbors—when NBC’s Saturday Night Revue flashes on television at 7 P.M. CDT. There seems to be something for everyone in the fast-paced two-and-a-half hour program. It starts from Chicago, where it’s called The Jack Carter Show, and after the first hour it moves to New York where it’s titled Your Show of Shows. But it’s all one continuous entertainment, no matter how it’s labeled.

Regulars on the Chicago portion are Carter himself, a fast-talking comedian and mimic who presides over the goings-on, delivers lightning-quick gags, and jumps into some of the acts for laughs; singer Donald Richards, and Benny Baker, who’s in the Chicago company of “Kiss Me, Kate.” The rest is guest talent, hand-picked by Carter.

Regulars on the New York portion are all-round comedian Sid Caesar, clowning Imogene Coca, singer Marguerite Piazza, and singer Robert Merrill. Ventri-
hour show has happened in TV since TV happened itself!

loquist Clifford Guest and Lester made one appearance and joined the permanent cast as a result.

Carter, who comes from Brooklyn, got his first demonstrations of the snappy punchline from the barkers at Coney Island. During the war, he toured the Aleutians with the Hollywood Victory Committee, came back to be drafted into the Army, which promptly sent him out to the Aleutians! Three years later he was hardly out of uniform when he put it on again to play the lead in "Call Me Mister." He got his first TV break as emcee on Cavalcade of Stars.

Sid Caesar, the hit of last season's Broadway Revue on TV, started out to be a concert musician, found that playing a sax with name bands was a quicker way to eat regularly. He clowned in the Coast Guard revue, "Tars and Spars," stole the show when it was made into a movie, was a hit in his first Broadway play, "Make Mine Manhattan." A knack for seeing the funny side of everyday situations seems to provide him with endless material for Saturday Night Revues.

Sid's comic versatility gets a workout here as he takes on the guise of Christopher Columbus—crew, medals and all.
Saturday Night Revue

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Sid's comic versatility gets a workout here as he takes on the guise of Christopher Columbus—crew, medals and all.
The Brighter Day is the story of the Dennis family—the Rev. Richard Dennis and his brood. There are so many Dennis daughters that Poppa Dennis sometimes has trouble himself remembering the right number, but in fact it is five—Mareia, the oldest who lives in Hollywood with her husband; Elizabeth, who takes care of the younger ones; Althea, Patricia and Barbara. Grayling is the only Dennis boy but because he's such a strong character, he doesn't get lost in the shuffle. When Lawyer Sam Winship first met the Dennises, they were themselves fairly new in the little town of Three Rivers. How he met them and what that meeting meant in his lonely life is the story we retell this month.

What does it mean, when you say, "This is my friend?" Friend... that's one of the words you use so loosely when you're young. Everyone you know is your friend. "I bumped into a friend downtown and we had lunch together." "Meet my friend and—so—we met last week at the Smiths!" Everyone's your friend. But as you grow older you learn to be a little more careful about the thin line between 'friend' and 'acquaintance.' At my age, now—which is forty—I know that difference. I know that a friend is a man whose mind and heart are wholly open to you, as yours are to him. A man... or a woman.

That's a nice bit of hypocrisy, what I've just written! What I'm leading up to, you see, is that the Dennises are my friends. The Reverend Richard Dennis, his daughters, his son Grayling, all of them. All, that is, except Elizabeth. Elizabeth, to be sure, is my friend, but if I claimed that I was her friend I should be lying. I am much more than that, and much less. My mind and heart are not open to Elizabeth. I dare not let them be. As I have said, I'm forty; I've been married; now I have two children to care for alone. Elizabeth—slender, quick-moving, clear-eyed Elizabeth—is only twenty-five.

I first met the Dennises when I re-
treated to Three Rivers, something over a year ago. I suppose it's always a retreat or an escape when city dwellers move to a small town. We had lived in a medium-sized city: Toby, my little boy, Lulu, my little girl, and my wife. Then suddenly my wife had died.

About the months that followed I neither remember, not want to remember, very much. Mercifully befogged, I struggled through day after day, trying to keep up with my law practice and yet find time enough to spend with the children so that the shock of their loss would be softened, would sink in on them gradually and somehow become accepted. But after a time I saw it couldn't be done. I could not be a busy, active city lawyer and still make a life, single-handed, for the kids. A small town was the only answer I could think of. A small, undemanding practice, a house with grass around it, and dirt for digging, close enough to my office so that I could walk to work if I chose. Repose, clean air, wide, tree-shadowed streets... it began to be a sort of hunger in me, to find those things.

And so I did, in Three Rivers. Toby and Lulu were wild with delight when they saw the house. At first, like well-trained apartment dwellers, they kept carefully off the grass, even though I pointed out that there were no “Keep off” signs and that, in fact, the grass was theirs to do with as they chose. But after a while they got the idea, and instead of running upstairs and down yelling, “Daddy—two floors!” they started running around outside. I got them each a shovel and a wheelbarrow, and turned my attention to my office.

That took some getting used to. It was really just a store, for Three Rivers doesn't run to office-type buildings; it rubbed shoulders with Mr. Mayo's hardware emporium on one side and the Three Rivers Lending Library and Stationers on the other. But rubbing shoulders with Mr. Mayo was a most rewarding activity, because almost at once he produced Mrs. Plummer, who turned out to be what he said she was—the best working-out housekeeper in Three Rivers, my friend.” And then, while the carpenter was busy making some necessary alterations in my “office,” I discovered that if I left the door ajar, a most delightful breeze came wandering in. After that I felt just as Lulu had the day she went out the back door of our new house and found herself in a yard with bushes around it, instead of in an apartment-house corridor waiting for an elevator to take her down. She had said wonderfully, “Daddy, downstairs is nice. I like it here!”

Yes, I liked it, even before I met the Dennises. After I found them, it became home.

It was Patsy who came first. Entering Patsy, fifteen-going-on-sixteen, and doing her best to look twenty the day she came into the office in answer to my ad in the local paper for a secretary.

She wasn't the most convincing sophisticate in the world, for even I could see how uneasily she balanced on what I supposed was somebody else’s high-heeled shoes. Her firm round cheeks and chin were childishly curved beneath their dusting of powder. But there was a no-nonsense forthrightness about her that commanded—and I think will always command—honest respect.

“Probably I am younger than anyone you anticipated hiring,” she said sternly, “But now that I have met you I believe you are perceptive enough not to confuse physical with intellectual maturity.” I restrained myself from bowing, feeling as though I'd been passed with honors. “Intellectually I'm quite mature,” she continued. “My I.Q. when last tested placed me in the genius class.” I tell you this at the risk of sounding boastful, because I am aware that I have no practical experience to offer. However, I type well. Not expertly, but well.”

I said respectfully, “I have learned never to inquire too closely into any lady's age, Miss Dennis, but—forgive me for bringing it up, but surely you have some schooling to complete?”

“Oh, yes. I meant this only for the summer. I'm going into my senior year in the fall.”

She looked a little discouraged, and I said kindly, “Are you sure you want to give up your summer to work at an indoor job?” There was that about Patsy's sturdy legs and broad shoulders that made me think of hockey sticks and tennis courts. Even the long hours of reading that must be behind her unusual vocabulary—I was sure she had spent them under the sun, with a pocketful of apples to munch.

“No, I don't.” Her shoulders drooped. “But I am a practical person, Mr. Winship. I come of a large family. I must pull my weight in the boat.”

“Good for your family, I thought, to have produced a kid like you. At the back of my mind I thought, brought to life by the healthy outdoor freshness that surrounded Patsy like an aura. But I had to know more about Miss Patricia Dennis before I dared put that idea into words. Glancing at my watch, I said, “Look here, Miss Dennis. I won't have any more callers this late. How about joining me in a soda down at the drugstore I've noticed on the corner? I'm going to offer you a job that will really interest you.”

Too poised to show surprise, Patsy rose and said with dignity, “You are a most unusual and interesting person, Mr. Winship. I'm sure Three Rivers will be the better for your coming.” She grinned suddenly, a fifteen-year-old grin.

Half an hour and three sodas later—I had hired Patsy as summer “governess” for Toby and Lulu, at fifteen dollars each and every week.

With mutual delight, we toasted each other in chocolate sodas to the success of our arrangement. “However,” the logical Patsy remarked, “you still need a secretary. Maybe the Dennises can
The Reverend Richard Dennis.

fix you up there too." She eyed me speculatively. "Would you be averse to employing another of us?"

"Are they all like you, Patsy?"

She grinned "Yes, all the door. Nothing if not individualistic. I was thinking of Liz, though—she does all Poppa's typing and stuff for his sermons. And she runs the house, too. Ever since Momma died she's taken care of us. I think it's time Liz got away from Dennises for a while and took a look at the outside world." Patsy chewed thoughtfully on her straw. "She's only twenty-five."

Liz did indeed sound promising, and before we parted I accepted Patsy's invitation to pay a call on the parsonage that night. "It'll give them a chance to look you over," she said frankly, "and you can be looking Liz over at the same time. This being my first job, I guess Poppa will be a little anxious."

After supper that evening I left Toby reading to Lulu, with strict instructions to turn off the light at eight o'clock, and following Patsy's directions, found my way through the dimly-lit sleepy streets to the parsonage. It was an elderly clapboard building, dun-colored in the twilight, noticeably shabby even on that street of unpretentious houses. Two of the steps that led to the porch were split. I felt suddenly awkward, as I knocked and waited. What if it was a city-dweller with the common apartment-house habit of never knowing my neighbor's name, doing—paying a country-style call on a house full of strangers? Patsy had made it seem like the most natural thing in the world, but now as I stood outside the door it didn't seem that way at all! But before I could decide it was all a mistake the door opened. At sight of the elderly, white-haired man who stood smiling at me, my stiffness vanished, never to return as far as the Dennises were concerned.

Mr. Winship, I am sure. Please come in." The Reverend Dennis's voice, pitched low at the moment, held a suggestion of resonant power surprising in so slender a man. "We've looked forward to your visit ever since Patsy returned triumphant from the wars this afternoon." Closing the door behind me, he glanced at my empty hands and chuckled. "I see you prefer to go hatless when the wind is permitted. I too would delight in the play of the wind through my hair. But alas—"

"Your dignity, Poppa! What would the Ladies' Aid say if their minister ambled down Myrtle Street looking like an undergraduate!" Patsy, appearing from behind her father, came to me with outstretched hand. "Please come into the living room, Mr. Winship. Poppa doesn't always remember that we've got one. Oh—Poppa!"

Following Patsy's eyes, Dr. Dennis looked downward at his feet. "Oh dear," he said. "My pet, forgive me. Once again I have disgraced the family name and fame. Slippers, they tell me—do come this way, sir—slippers are not the proper footwear in which to receive. But I am convinced that a comfortable host makes a more comfortable guest."

I had an odd sensation of having wandered into another century. It was infectious. I found myself responding in the Reverend's own courtly vein. "Your words are kind," I said, "but the slippers make me feel truly welcome." Patsy and her father exchanged glances, and then somehow the three of us were laughing.

"See, Poppa, how accurately I observed and reported?" Patsy pushed two leather chairs closer together, and waved me into one of them. She gave me an admiring glance, as though I were a prize cake she was exhibiting at the county fair.

Dr. Dennis nodded his narrow head so that the plume of silver hair shone in the lamplight. "I see, my child. But when have I doubted your powers of observation? Er ... let us refrain from discussing Mr. Winship before his very face, as we do not yet know him well enough for that." He smiled gently. "Is your sister Elizabeth planning to join us?"

Patsy said reprovingly, "Liz will be down in a moment, Poppa. But inasmuch as I do the vernacular—do not need a brick wall to fall on me, I will take your hint and go away. Excuse me, Mr. Winship. I'll see you not the proper floor. So let's go out, and I heard her solderly tread going up uncarpeted stairs.

In the brief silence that followed, I leaned in the corner and breathed. At some past date a wall had been knocked out to join two small rooms, and the result, large and high-ceilinged, was evidently used by the whole family as a community center. All the furniture was nondescript, but polished and tidy. I remembered Patsy's gallant speech about pulling her weight in the boat. It was altogether evident that there was no money to spare in this house.

On the table beside me a delicate porcelain bowl, carefully mended, held a bunch of pansies. Dr. Dennis saw me looking at the bowl.

"My daughter Elizabeth has inherited her mother's love of such things," he said, "together with a knack for their preservation." He made a tent of his slim fingers and looked at me with quiet penetration. "I believe we share a problem—that of caring for our children without a mother's help."

"Yes, I . . . quite recently . . ."

"Patsy is eager to meet your children. It is a long time since she, or any of us, has been blessed with the opportunity to love and be loved by a child. Babby—that is, Barbara—though she is our baby, is now so grown up that her sisters tell me she is looking quite human." He sighed. "I fear I can as yet see no change." He cocked his head, listening. "Yes, here is Elizabeth," he said, as a tall girl in a blue dress came in. "My dear, Mr. Winship. I have been talking his ear off, as Grayling would probably say."

"I heard you, Poppa dear." Elizabeth gave me a strong, thin hand, smiled warmly, and sat down in a chair covered with crewel-work—something I hadn't seen since my grandmother's things had been sold, years ago. She looked right in it, with a sewing-basket on the table beside her into which she immediately began to dip.

"I think I must defend Babby. It's her stomach, you see—she's losing it and beginning to go in and out instead of round and round. Now that I think of it, Mr. Winship, you'd better be warned!" Elizabeth looked up at me half ruefully. "You've probably hired yourself two maidsides, not one. Where Patsy goes, Babby goes. Perhaps you'd better give Mrs. Plummer a sword with which to defend your refrigerator!"

"On the contrary, I'll fill it with champagne and caviar. Or several flavors of ice cream—whichever you think they'll like best. Seriously, sir." I said, turning to Dr. Dennis. "I can't tell you what finding Patsy had done for my peace of mind. The past
months have been bad enough for Toby and Lulu, and then there was the dislocation of coming here—moving from their familiar environment. The thought of leaving them more or less alone all day while I’m at work has . . .

“Your daughters are right, and you are wrong. It’s not too soon at all. I’ve just been realizing as I sat here that you and your family . . . your home . . . have brought Three Rivers into focus for me for the first time since I decided to come here.” I hesitated, groping for the right words. “I see a place here for the children and myself. With friends—with affection . . . .”

I tried to finish on a lighter note, suddenly afraid that behind Elizabeth’s attentive eyes the faintest shadow of pity had moved. “Miss Dennis may ask me anything she pleases!”

Eliz—Elizabeth, who had blushed at her father’s words, laughed. “I’ll use the opportunity another way, and tell you some things about a small town which you might find useful. In a way Poppa is right, you know. I’m fond of Three Rivers, and I hope you will be too, but it’s the talkiest place in the world. It’s true the Dennis family is a noble and trustworthy clan—but you do have to be careful what you tell other people!”

I think it was the word she used, “love,” that turned my attention to Elizabeth. There was an indescribable depth of tenderness in her voice as she talked of Patsy. I had thought her pleasant-looking, but plain, when she entered the room. Now, with her fine skin flushed and her eyes, so like her father’s, looking rather anxiously into mine for agreement, I couldn’t understand why I hadn’t seen at once that she was beautiful. Not only her eyes were like her father’s, the long, slim lines of her body, the shape and carriage of her head, several expressions of the mouth which I had glimpsed stamped them as related not only physically but emotionally. I lost track of the conversation as I stared at her, and wondered why on earth some invisible ties hadn’t carried her off long before this.

Dr. Dennis coughed gently. “I fear I must take all my daughters aside and instruct them in the social graces. Patsy wished to enter upon a long discussion of Mr. Winship’s personality even as he sat here, and now Elizabeth inquires into the fundamentals upon which he builds his life.” He shook his head. “Too soon, my child, too soon!”

“No—forgive me, sir,” I said earnestly. “You mustn’t discuss the matter of your divorce with me. I—I am not equipped to handle questions of that kind.”

“Really?”

I hesitated, then added, “I am not equipped to handle questions of that kind.”

“If I may, may I ask you why you left your husband?”

“Of course.”

“Because of his drinking?”

“Absolutely. But there was more to it than that.”

“Why?”

“Because the marriage was not right. It was not a case of the wrong place and the right person, or the right place and the wrong person. It was a case of the wrong person at the right place.”

“Would you have married him again?”

“I don’t know. It’s a hard question to answer.”

“From Elizabeth

Have you the faintest idea how much we knew about you before you ever laid eyes on Patsy?” She clicked her tongue against her teeth in mock dismay. “Absolutely all your vital statistics. Where and how you planned to live, your office arrangements, your coloring, your probable age and weight. So you see—if you’ve got any real secrets, you’ll have to learn to guard them.”

“What exotic secrets could a middle-aged lawyer with two children possibly have? Bring them on, Miss Dennis—all your gossips.” Her mention of office arrangements had reminded me that I had yet to broach the chief reason for my visit. “In fact, if you’ll come and be my secretary, I’ll make you a present of such secrets as I do have. Have you had time to talk it over, or think it over—whatever you usually do about such things?”

“You’ll be able to plan how the house will run without me around all day . . . .”

If you’re not prepared. We haven’t been able to plan how the house will run without me around all day . . . .”

Her father interposed, “Patsy planned it admirably, my dear. Graying and I will help with breakfast, Patsy and Babby will help with dinner, and all the tidying up and so forth will be done by Althea. It arranges itself, as the French—I think it is the French—would.”

“And the mending, and the shopping, and the et ceteras?” murmured Elizabeth. She glanced at me again with that trace of mockery. “I’m beginning to think my family is plotting to drive me out into the world. Perhaps they think I’ve become too attached to my dishpans.” Meditatively, she studied the floor on her slippers. “Maybe Grayling’s right and I really am becoming what he calls me—Genevieve, the kitchen cynic.”

Picking up a sock, she began rather mechanically to push a needle through it, and Dr. Dennis, with tact uncommon in fathers, drew me into a discussion of the first topic that came into his head. This happened to be chess in which with great mutual delight we discovered a common interest. By the time I rose to leave, we had set up a tentative weekly game, and I must confess I was so pleased about it that Elizabeth’s coming or not coming to work for me had slipped into the background of my mind. As we said good-night, she mentioned that she would think it over and let me know the following day, and I said without urgency that that would be time enough.

A little to my surprise, Elizabeth came. She stopped in the next morning and said, a little shyly, that if I really wanted to try her she would like to work for me. “I must warn you my typing isn’t jet-propelled,” she added. “No matter what Patsy may have said about my perfections.”

“Neither is my practice, at the moment.” I waved an arm at the empty outer office, created by the carpenter out of a couple of gates and a glass-topped door. “Let’s hope we’ll improve together. When would you like to start?”

She shrugged. “Whenever you like, Mr. Winship. I could start tomorrow morning or even right now.” She looked to me a small desk which stood a right angles to my own. “Is that the desk I would be using?”

I nodded. “Why don’t you try it out now? We can get you another kind of chair if you’d like.”

I’m quite unprepared. We haven’t been able to plan how the house will run without me around all day . . . .”

Her father interposed, “Patsy planned it admirably, my dear. Graying and I

(Continued on page 90)
AUNT JENNY

Aunt Jenny is currently telling the story of Johnny and Sally Franklin, a pair of starry-eyed youngsters who fall in love, run away and get married. They do all this so swiftly that there’s little time to plan how they’re going to live after they’re married, and Johnny finds it easy to persuade Sally that the best thing they can do is move in with his family for a little while. Unhappily, the “little while” stretches into a year, and when their first baby comes along Sally suspects that perhaps Johnny doesn’t really want the responsibility of a home of his own. How Sally tests her suspicion, and what she does about it, make one of Aunt Jenny’s most exciting real-life stories.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Mary Noble, wife of Broadway star Larry Noble, is trapped in a difficult situation when Rupert Barlow, wealthy backer of her husband’s play, reveals his interest in her. Fearful of antagonizing Barlow or of disturbing Larry to the detriment of his work, Mary is helpless when Barlow persuades Larry to send her and Larry Jr. on a trip to Bermuda. Plausible as ever, Barlow points out that the trip will get Mary out of the way of malicious gossip which, unknown to Larry, Barlow himself has instigated. Further, Barlow obtains control over certain investments of Larry’s by promising to reinvest for greater profit. Will Barlow succeed in destroying Mary’s marriage?

BIG SISTER

At last Parker, the vicious millionaire with whom Dr. John Wayne has become friendly, sees an opportunity to hurt Ruth Wayne, John’s wife, who has always been suspicious of Parker. Ruth’s brother Neddie is having trouble of all kinds—financial trouble with his garage, trouble with his wife Hope—and Parker begins subtly to gain influence over Neddie. Meanwhile, the conflict between John and his one-time wife, Dr. Reed Bennett, is stirred up once more as Reed all but accuses John of too much interference during the recent Bennett family trouble, when the miscarriage suffered by Valerie Bennett led her to turn against Reed, her husband.

BRIGHTER DAY

With the help of her father, Reverend Richard Dennis, young Liz Dennis has tried to instill in her family the principles of love, tolerance and decency in which she so fervently believes. With horror, therefore, she sees her younger sister Althea use her beauty to make an advantageous marriage without love. When in order to extort more money from her wealthy father-in-law, Mr. Bigby, Althea falsely says she is pregnant, Liz and Grayling, her brother, tell Althea’s young husband Bruce the whole truth. This drives Bruce to desperation which almost costs him his life, and brightens Althea into real understanding of what she has done. But has Althea really changed?

DAVID HARUM

David Harum, president of the Homeville Bank, has recently become involved in the troubled affairs of Lorraine Simmons, one of his important depositors. The trouble stems from Richard Longdon, a distant relation of the family—an attractive young man with whom Lorraine’s niece Kate has fallen in love. Unfortunately the Simmons household is sheltering an unwelcome guest in the person of glamorous Dolores Hilton—and Dolores too is in love with Richard! David’s acute understanding of human personality has made him one of Homeville’s most beloved citizens. Will he be long before he sees that beneath Richard Longdon’s charm lies a very different character?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

The murder of a cook plunges David Farrell, star reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, into the mysterious series of events which he calls “The Star Sapphire Murder Case.” The dead cook was in the employ of Myra Halsey, owner of a fabulous star sapphire which according to legend bears a centuries-old curse. When David learns that at the time of the murder the dead cook was wearing cast-off garments belonging to her employer, he agrees with Myro that the murderous attack was intended for her. Does Myro really believe in the curse? Is that why she pleads with David to take temporary charge of the sapphire? Or is there some other reason?

GUIDING LIGHT

After her dramatic disappearance in the mountain blizzard, Charlotte Brandon is found. But her husband Ray, convinced that his lack of understanding led to the mental crisis that sent Charlotte hysterically into the snow, waits only until assured she will live, and then leaves for Los Angeles, telling her that he has forfeited the right to be her husband—and leaving a clear Belo to Sid Harper, who has always loved Charlotte. Meanwhile the Bauer family, whose fortunes are still entangled with Charlotte’s, struggle through various marital difficulties. . . . Mato, married to Ted White without love . . . Bill, married to Bertha, without enough money.

DAYTIME DIARY—
Leah discovered Renee marry suc-shocking spite MA something town little job producer explain LORENZO guide DIARY CBS NBC Grace heard on P.M. EDT

HILLTOP HOUSE

The rift between Julie Paterno, supervisor of Hilltop House, and her lawyer husband Michael, becomes acute when Mike undertakes the affairs of the Nesbitt family, as hysterical Mrs. Nesbitt tries to have her little girl, Carol, removed from Hilltop in spite of the court's decree that she re-main there while her parents are quarreling over her custody. The struggle reaches a shocking climax when Mrs. Nesbitt dies, and so, finally, does the marriage of Julie and Mike. Julie is able to bury her unhap-piness by concentrating on her beloved Hilltop, but can she continue to remain uncon-scious of Dr. Jeff Browning's interest in her?

LORENZO JONES

Lorenzo Jones, mechanic by trade, inventor by preference, is just a little more susceptible to flattery than the ordinary person. So when Debby Swift and Peter Sloane appear in town and ask Lorenzo to teach them to become inventors, he is too pleased at the tribute to spend any time question-ing their real motives. However, Lorenzo's wife Belle—and practically everyone else in town—is convinced there is something sin-ister about the two young newcomers. As Lorenzo graciously undertakes to explain the mysteries of creative invention, Belle stands nervously by, wondering what Debby and Peter are really after. Is Lorenzo's "escalator oven" involved?

JUST PLAIN BILL

Bill Davidson, simple barber of Hartville, is mixed up in the murder of notorious Chi-cago gangster Edgar White when White's body is discovered in his apartment by Philip Conway, friend of Bill's. Philip, swearing his innocence, takes Bill's advice to return to Chicago, but oddly enough takes with him Bill's daughter Nancy, wife of lawyer Kerry Donovan—though he has to practically kidnap her to do so. Then Ruth Tate, one of the Tate sisters who have recently become friends of Bill's, confesses that she knows who killed White. Her testi-mony incriminates her and causes Chicago police to hold Philip. Bill persuades Kerry to act as their lawyer.

MA PERKINS

The cousins may yet succeed in upsetting Ma's whole scheme of living, as Cousin Ed Hammacher, with the unwilling help of his wife Bonita, turns his attention to the pos-sibility of driving Shuffle Shaber out of Ma's life. Ed has underestimated the strength of Ma's faith in Shuffle, her dearest and oldest friend, but nonetheless he has managed to turn up something from Shuffle's past which has Shuffle rather worried. It seems incred-ible that an old story will be successful in ruining poor Shuffle's whole existence—but Ed is used to causing trouble—it's the kind of work he enjoys. And now Ed has the help of his son Sylvester who has come from Wy-o-ming to see what he can get out of Ma.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Chichi is gradually becoming more and more reconciled to the break-up of her erstwhile romance with handsome writer Douglas Nor-man. She realized, after she married Alice Swanson, that what she and Douglas felt for each other was not love, but friendship. That friendship is still alive—so much so that Chi-chi undertakes to help the Normans when Alice's first husband, who was declared legally dead after years of absence, sud-denly appears and interferes in their mar-rriage. Chichi herself is involved with Jim Swanson when he decides to "go to work" on Victoria Vandebush, the wealthy woman with whom Chichi has taken a job as companion.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Beautiful Nona Brady is beginning to wish that she had been born homely, for ever since her beauty suggested to producer Vernon Dutell that she might be a suc-cessful movie actress, there has been little but trouble for Nona and her foster father, Pat Brady. Pat has been accused of the sensational murder of Emery Monaco, and the evidence against him appears crushing in spite of the obvious efforts of his lawyer Ward Trevor, for whom Nona used to work. Movie star Thelma Powell, jealous of Vernon's interest in Nona, is trying to involve Nona herself, and has found willing allies in Renee Monaco, the dead man's widow, and in Betty Adams, a juror.
OUR GAL SUNDAY

Toddy disrupts the happiness of Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinhops, when their small son David is run down by a car which immediately leaves the scene of the accident. Desperate with fear for David, Sunday does not dream that the hit-run car was driven by people she knows. Norma Kenyon, engaged to Henry’s friend Sir Melzam Spencer, has a younger sister, a platinum blonde named Gail, who has always regarded Norma as her especial property and is so disturbed over her new interest that she has decided to break up the engagement. Sunday, attracted to Gail, is trying to help her—unaware that the girl rode in the car that hit David!

Sunday heard on CBS 12:45 P.M. EDT

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

The long-drawn-out suit between Carolyn Kramer and her divorced husband Dwight for the custody of their son, Skippy, has been settled with the court’s decision that Skippy is to be given to his father and the new Mrs. Dwight Kramer, as Constance Wakefield, was once Carolyn’s closest friend. Unable to bear the thought that the Kromers will move to Chicago and take Skippy with them, Carolyn plans to flee with her boy from the court’s jurisdiction against the advice of Miles Nelson, her fiancé. As this argument intensifies the conflict already caused by Miles’ political activity, Cora and Jolin draws closer to her one-time suitor, Dr. Dick Campbell.

Dwight Kramer heard on NBC 3:45 P.M. EDT

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY

Mrs. Trent, Carter’s mother, continues plans to legally adopt her secretary, Ginny Taylor and leave a fortune to her. The Youngs are upset because they know the whole thing stems from Mrs. Trent’s selfish desire to break up the romance between Ginny and the young flyer Jerry. Jerry has lately shown so little eagerness to marry Ginny that this heat girl allows herself to be talked into Mrs. Trent’s plan. Suddenly, however, the learns that Jerry knows if he marries Ginny she will lose a fortune. This is why he has held back! Ginny tells Mrs. Trent’s lawyer that her will not sign the final papers, and it looks as if Mrs. Trent will lose her secretary.

Pepper Young heard on NBC 3:30 P.M. EDT

ROAD OF LIFE

Dr. Jim Brent has finally learned that his wife Carol died in a plane crash after she left him two years ago. Beth Lambert, whose posing as Carol completely deceived both Jim and his daughter Janie, has confessed the deception. Janie, who fell in love with Jim when he saw her, has decided to move to New York in the hope of finding out what has become of her mother. As Jim’s new wife, he feels he will be able to love Jim with less a “Carol” reappeared in Merrimac. Trying to forget the past, Jim throws himself into his work, becoming interested in young Jocelyn Mc Lead who has just come from Samoa to visit friends in Merrimac—and has brought with her a strange illness. Can Jim save this girl, who has such a strong appeal for him?

Maggie Lowell heard on NBC 3:15 P.M. EDT

PERRY MASON

As Ally Whitlock is taken into custody for the murder of blackmailer Wilfred Palmor, her mysterious friend, Walter Bodt, makes plans to save her from punishment for her crime. Bodt hires Joseph Kamp, notorious criminal lawyer, for Allan’s defense and brings pressure to bear on prosecutor Robert Noble, an honest man, removed from the opposition. Perry Mason, meanwhile, gets a heartfelt thank-you note from Audrey Bentman, the witness who helped him fix Palmer’s murder on Ally and whom, in return, he protected. Audrey is worried now about her husband Ed, who is making more money than ever before in some mysterious business about which he will tell her nothing.

Perry Mason heard on CBS 2:15 P.M. EDT

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Helen Trent, Hollywood gown designer, and attorney Gil Whitney have made final plans for their marriage. But Cynthia Swanson, clever and wealthy widow whose pursuit of Gil is completely undiscouraged by the obvious fact that he loves Helen, is more than ever determined that somehow she will prevent the marriage. She manages to make a serious discovery about Gil Whitney—a discovery that takes her on a trip to the South. When she returns, Cynthia has with her a woman named Betty Mallory—whose real name, she says, is Mrs. Gil Whitney! Helen turns to Gil for a denial, and is shocked to find that for some reason he hesitates to call the woman a liar.

Agatha Anthony heard on CBS 12:50 P.M. EDT

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Walter’s new job as managing editor of Mr. Staley’s local paper runs into a snag when employees at Staley’s lumber mill fall seriously ill due to the lack of proper safety precautions for their work. Portia, Walter and Walter’s brother Christopher try to prove Staley guilty of negligence, if not worse, but their cooperation stops when Christopher falls in love with Portia. Walter, always jealous of his brother’s success, and of the house and Portia agrees never to see him. But suddenly Christopher uncovers the evidence that proves Staley’s guilt. Portia, meeting him to get the information is seen by a town gossip. Parkersville tongues start wagging.

Walter Manning heard on NBC 5:15 P.M. EDT

ROSEMARY

Was it such a good idea for Bill and Rosemary Roberts to leave Springdale and come to New York? Bill’s wonderful new job with an advertising agency is a good opportunity, but Rosemary was happier in Springdale—particularly since New York involved her so closely with the Wilson family. Don Wilson, Bill’s boss, has already upset Rosemary by the horrid proposal that she promote his extra-marital affair with Rosemary’s friendly neighbor, Blondie. Now Blanche Weatherby, lovely divorcee daughter of the Wilsoms, has come back to town. There’s no doubt about her interest in Bill. Now that Blanche has a job in his department, what will happen to Rosemary’s marriage?

Mother Dawson heard on CBS 11:45 A.M. EDT

DAYTIME DIARY
Second Mrs. Burton

Terry Burton, having accompanied her husband Stan to Europe on what professes to be a business trip, does not know that in reality Stan is on a mission from the U.S. government—a mission so dangerous and secret that he is under orders to reveal it to no one, not even his wife. Having placed their son Brad in an English school, Stan and Terry, with baby Wanda, fly to Paris—Terry believing Stan must go there to buy new models for his store in Dickson, and Stan really going under orders from secret agent Cedric Dulumen, whom he contacted while in London. Stan knows he is in imminent danger, but even he does not realize how close on his trail are the enemy's agents.

Wendy Warren

The suspicions of Wendy and her managing editor, Don Smith, that there is something wrong with the man known as Peter Wotton, fire up when Peter's young secretary is found dead. Dorothy Chaffee apparently killed herself—and Wendy, knowing that she was hopelessly in love with Peter, might be inclined to believe this—except that shortly before her death the elegant and winsome Wendy was involved in an incident that made both of them wonder what Wotton's business really was. Also, Wendy really knows Dorothy was not the type to kill herself, no matter how dreary her life seemed. Will Wendy and Don succeed in involving Wotton in the drug scandal they're tracking down?

Stella Dallas

Stella's good friend, Minnie Grady, has recently come into an inheritance which may do everyone more harm than good, for with it came a previously unknown "niece," Iris Devin, who is trusted by nobody. In fact when Jennie Smith, a run-down, unhappy young newcomer comes to town, she shows signs of increasing sickness, Stella's daughter Laurel fears she is being poisoned and makes no secret of her suspicions of Iris Devin. She brings Jennie to Stella and arranges for her to live in the basement room beneath Stella's sewing shop, and Stella gives the girl a job in the shop in order to help keep an eye on her. Is Jennie involved in Minnie's inheritance?

When A Girl Marrues

Angie Jones, the unbalanced woman who fell in love with Harry while he was in New York, promised Joan that she would go out of his life and leave him to his happiness with Joan and the children in Beechwood. But Angie can't give Harry up. In a final desperate effort to get him back, she persuades Joan to go out with her in the car, and turns on her with a gun. As Angie shoots, the car crashes into a tree. By the time help arrives, Angie Jones is dead. Joan is taken to the hospital with a bullet wound in her spine. For weeks her family and all who love her pray for her recovery. What will happen to Joan, and to the child she and Harry are expecting?

This Is Nora Drake

Young Tom Morley makes a dramatic turn-about and testifies for, instead of against, George Stewart, the man he accused of forgery. Nurse Nora Drake, in love with lawyer Charles Dobbs, George's brother, rejoices when George receives a suspended sentence, but is disturbed by the report of her young friend Suzanne that Tom now regrets helping George and seems mentally disturbed. Through Charles Dobbs, Tom meets psychiatrist Dr. Robert Seargeant, who may put money into a new Mental Hygiene Clinic for Pogue Memorial Hospital. Tom Morley is deeply impressed by Seargeant, and late one night turns up at the psychiatrist's apartments, to beg his help

Young Doctor Malone

Little Jill Malone is the real victim of the separation between her mother, nurse Anne Malone, and her father, Dr. Jerry Malone. Learning that Jill's projected vacation with her father will be spent on the estate of Lucia Standish, the woman who hopes to marry Jerry, Jerry's mother succeeds in turning young Jill against her father, so that on the very night of Jerry's arrival to take Jill back to New York with him, the child tells Anne she will not go. From all sides pressure on Anne is increasing. Gene Williams and his father Sam want her to divorce Jerry; they both love her. Lucia wants the divorce. Does Jerry himself want one? And what of Jill?

We Love and Learn

Through the zeal of Madame Sophie, famous dress designer, her friend Paul Tracy finds himself in serious trouble. Madame Sophie persuaded Paul to interfere in the marriage plans of beautiful young Elizabeth Johnson and Owlett Hudson. Hudson is killed, and Tracy, through circumstances which he would have controlled if he could, finds himself accused of murder. It is Paul's contention that Hudson, knowing his fiancee would be attracted away from him sooner or later by a younger man, killed himself and deliberately planned things to make Paul look guilty. But can Paul prove his difficult case?

Young Widder Brown

Through Victoria, sister of her fiancé Dr. Anthony Loring, Ellen Brown has been drawn into a strange family quarrel. At Victoria's suggestion, her friend Madeleine Harper brings Christopher Simpson to Anthony for treatment of a gunshot wound in his foot—a wound about which Christopher and Madeleine, who are engaged to be married, are both very vague. Shortly afterward, Madeleine is disturbed at the arrival in Simpsonville of Christopher's older brother Alexander and his wife Louise. But what does Madeleine have in mind when she warns Ellen to beware of Louise Simpson—that Louise will hurt her? And what does Alexander and Madeleine have in common?

Radio Mirror Reader Bonus
JO STAFFORD—is an outstanding member of CBS' daily Club 15 on Tues. and Thurs. (7:30 P.M. EDT) and solos on The Contended Hour. She began singing with her sisters, later branching out as a soloist. In 1944, Johnny Mercer gave her a recording contract and a spot on his radio show. She recently made news by bringing to Europe the institution of the Disc Jockey—she records the spoken portion and the music is filled in after.

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<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>Margaret Arlen</td>
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<td>Eddie Albert</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Inside the Doctor's Office</td>
<td>Missus Goes A Shopping'</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>Dave Garaway</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air</td>
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<td>We Love and Learn</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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<td>News</td>
<td>Echoes From the Tropics</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross</td>
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<td>Ladies Be Seated Lanny Ross</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>12:25 Beauty and Fashions</td>
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<td>Van Damme Quintet</td>
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<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<td>Today's Children</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
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<td>Light of the World</td>
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<td>Hollywood and Hannibal Cobb</td>
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<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
<td>Bride and Groom</td>
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<td>Bob Polo</td>
<td>3:25 Walter Krainer Club</td>
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<td>Pick A Date</td>
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<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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<td>Stella Dallas</td>
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<td>Lorenzo Jones</td>
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<td>Young Widdler Brown</td>
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<td>Surprise Package</td>
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<td>When A Girl Marries</td>
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<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
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<td>Hits and Misses</td>
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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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<td>Eric Sevedar &quot;You and—&quot;</td>
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<td>Clem McCarthy</td>
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**PATSY CAMPBELL**—who has the title role in the second Mrs. Burton (M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS), took her grandmother's maiden name when she decided to become an actress because she was afraid her real name (Doupe) would be misspelled and mispronounced. Her biggest thrill came at the age of seven when she got her name in the paper for riding a pony bareback, standing up. Patsy is married to Al Reilly.
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<td>Eddie Albert</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<td>We Love and Learn</td>
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<td>Abner</td>
<td>Bob Polito</td>
<td>Quick as a Flash</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>12:00</td>
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<td>The Note Wobblers</td>
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<td>Harold Turner</td>
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<td>Nancy From Nowhere</td>
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<td>The Green Hornet</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
<td>Babsy Benson</td>
<td>Jack Armstrong</td>
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### EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>Lionel Ricci</td>
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#### BILL LEONARD—versatile host of CBS’ This Is New York (9-9:45 A.M. EDT, Mon.-Sat.) is one of radio’s top
interview-reporters: his staff of three reporters and two secretaries help un-earth news, recipes and restaurants.
In addition, Bill covers all opening nights and, since 1945, has seen over 1000 plays and movies. A native New
Yorker. Bill lives in Riverdale with his wife and three sons.

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### PROGRAMS

#### BARTON YARBARO—Ben Romo

on NBC’s Dragnet (Thurs. 10:30 P.M. EDT) and Clifford Barbour in One Man’s Family, was born in Cold-thwaite, Texas, and left home at seven-
teen to play the juvenile lead in a musical comedy. After over fifteen
years of acting, he still has traces of a Texas drawl. His radio days have been
haunted by Carlton Morse, who au-
thored one of Barton’s first radio shows, then I Love A Mystery and, finally, One
Man’s Family.
S A T U R D A Y

A.M.  |  NBC  |  MBS  |  ABC  |  CBS
---|---|---|---|---
9:00  |  Mind Your Manners  |  Local Programs  |  No School Today  |  This Is New York
9:15  |  Coffee in Washington  |  Local Programs  |  |  Missus Goes A Shopping
9:30  |  Fred Waring Show  |  Local Programs  |  |  Galen Drake
9:45  |  Mary Lee Taylor  |  Leslie Nichols  |  Garden Gate
10:00  |  Joe Franklin's Record Show  |  At Home With Music
10:15  |  Lassie  |  Your Home Beautiful  |  Joe Franklin's Record Show  |  Allan Jackson
10:30  |  Stars Sing  |  Amanac  |  All Starlets  |  Junior Miss
10:45  |  Joe Franklin's Record Show  |  At Home With Music
11:00  |  Stars Sing  |  Joe Franklin's Record Show
11:15  |  Stars Sing
11:30  |  Stars Sing

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

1:00  |  National Farm Home  |  Joseph McCall  |  Navy Hour  |  Stars Over Hollywood
1:15  |  Voices Down the Wind  |  Roger Dann  |  Give and Take
1:30  |  To be announced  |  Let's Go to the Opera  |  County Fair
1:45  |  Musicians  |  Bands For Bonds  |  Get More Out of Life
2:00  |  Pioneers of Music  |  Dance Orchestra  |  Reports From Overseas
2:15  |  National Farm Home
2:30  |  Caribbean Crossroads  |  Phil Bovo Orch.
3:00  |  Living, 1950  |  Dann on Discs  |  Radio News
3:15  |  Pioneers of Music
3:30  |  Caribbean Crossroads
4:00  |  Matinee at the Meadowbrook  |  Sports Parade
4:15  |  Matinee at the Meadowbrook
4:30  |  Matinee at the Meadowbrook
4:45  |  Matinee at the Meadowbrook
5:00  |  Slim Bryant  |  Music  |  Tea and Crumpets
5:15  |  Report on America  |  Radio Harris
5:30  |  Report on America
5:45  |  Hollywood Closers

EVENING PROGRAMS

7:30  |  Archie Andrews
8:00  |  Science Fiction
8:15  |  Theatre
8:30  |  Truth or Consequences
9:00  |  Your Hit Parade
9:15  |  A Day in the Life of Dennis Day
9:30  |  Judy Canova
10:00  |  Theatre of the Air
10:15  |  Joe Franklin's Record Show  |  All Starlets  |  Junior Miss
10:30  |  Joe Franklin's Record Show  |  At Home With Music
10:45  |  Joe Franklin's Record Show  |  All Starlets  |  Junior Miss

B R E A K the B A N K

Quiz

Bert Parks emcees Break the Bank, sponsored by Bristol-Myers, Wed. P.M. EDT, NBC, and 10 P.M. EDT over NBC TV.

Q U E S T I O N S

1. Some years ago the blackface comedy team of Pick and Pat were starred along with Charlie Winning and Lanny Ross on the Maxwell House Showboat. On that show Pick and Pat were known by a different name. What were they called?
2. Sporting events during the early days of radio were made highly by famous sports announcer who died several years ago. He was the announcer and comedy foil for Ed Wynn. Do you remember the name of this man who was often called the Dean of Sports Announcers?
3. The early days were also famous for "The Cliquot Club Eskimos". The snap of a whip, the barking of dogs, and the jingling of sleighbells were part of their musical theme. Who was their popular leader?
4. The battle-of-the-crooners sparked the airwaves even in the early days when it was Bing Crosby vs. a handsome dark-haired troubador who met an untimely death in a shooting accident. Do you remember the name of Bing's friendly rival?
5. Many radio stars of old are associated with their famous catch lines. For instance, can you name the funny fellow of some years back who used to ask, "Do you wanna buy a duck?"
6. This fellow was famous for his scrapbook, homey philosophy, poetry and the softly spoken question "Are You Listening?" What's his name?
7. One word was the trademark of this orchestra leader. He smoked a big cigar, "feuded" with his friend Walter Winchell, said, "Yowzah, youwzah." Who was he?
8. "Vas you dere, Sharrie", not too many years ago meant that Baron Munchausen had another whopper to tell. Who played the Baron on the air?
9. This romantic singer sang to the accompaniment of an accordion and his theme song was "Marla". What was his name or how was he billed?
10. There was a singing lady known as the "Original Firestone Girl" who was also often referred to as the First Lady of Radio. What was her name?
11. Perhaps the fastest rapid-fire commentator of his or any time was also a war correspondent and newspaperman. Although radio was the major medium of his popularity, his face was well known: He wore a patch over one eye. What was his name?
12. Bing Crosby, Al Rinker and Harry Barris once formed a singing trio featured on the air and stage by Paul Whiteman. What was the name of this little group?
13. An early radio team that brought laughs with songs and patter billed themselves as "The Happiness Boys". Do you remember their real names?
14. This singing star was once known in radio as the "Singing Clown". He also sang at the Radio City Music Hall for nine years and he became one of the Metropolitan Opera's tenors. What is his name?

A N S W E R S

1. Joe Franklin's Record Show
2. Joe Franklin's Record Show
3. Joe Franklin's Record Show
4. Joe Franklin's Record Show
5. Joe Franklin's Record Show
6. Joe Franklin's Record Show
7. Joe Franklin's Record Show
8. Joe Franklin's Record Show
9. Joe Franklin's Record Show
10. Joe Franklin's Record Show
11. Joe Franklin's Record Show
12. Joe Franklin's Record Show
13. Joe Franklin's Record Show
14. Joe Franklin's Record Show

C A R L E T O N  Y O U N G—Is Mutual's dashing Count of Monte Cristo (Tues. 8 P.M. EDT). One of radio's hand-somest actors, Cam—as he is known to friends—always knew he wanted to act. He received his A.B. from Carnegie Tech's Drama School in Pittsburgh and began his radio career there shortly after graduation. At his home in Westfield, N.Y., where he was roller skating champion, he missed the world record by six seconds.
Mr. (l.) and Mrs. (r.) James S. Julian paid a surprise visit to their son, the noted research chemist Dr. Percy Julian, who recently was voted "Chicagoan of the Year." With them is Welcome Travelers emcee, Tommy Bartlett.

They stood before my microphone, a man and woman whose faces bore evidence of the fullness of their years. He was eighty; she was seventy, they told me, and their voices carried to our coast to coast audience a hint of the tranquility which comes from inward peace.

They were Mr. and Mrs. James S. Julian, Sr., of Baltimore Maryland.

He was a former schoolteacher, Mr. Julian told me, a teacher who was taught by his own father to value learning above all things. The father, too, had made sacrifices for it. As a slave on a plantation, he had learned to read and write, and his master, in punishment had cut two fingers from one of his hands.

"And you’ve passed that desire for education on to your own children?" I inquired.

"We didn’t have money to give them," Mrs. Julian answered, "so we had to give them ideals instead."

"What brings you to Chicago?" I asked.

"We came to surprise our son." Their eyes turned toward a smiling man seated at a nearby table.

Proudly, I introduced him to the audience. Dr. Percy Julian Jr., outstanding scientist, whom 5,000 fellow citizens, voting in a poll conducted by Sun-Times columnist Irv Kupcinet, had just named Chicagoan of the Year.

Among us, we told the story. From earliest childhood, Percy Julian had known what was expected of him. When he brought home an arithmetic examination paper marked eighty, his father had chided him, "Next time, make it 100. Never be satisfied with mediocrity."

From his birthplace in Montgomery, Alabama, he made his way to DePauw University. He worked as a waiter and furnace tender to pay college costs, took his Bachelor’s degree, and set his sights for Harvard. He took his doctorate at the University of Vienna and returned home to teach in four great universities before turning to industrial research.

Now, as director of research and manager of the fine chemicals division of the Gliden Co., his work with soya products had brought results which will have a far reaching effect for many suffering people.

He has succeeded in synthesizing four lifegiving chemicals which point the way not only to the control of arthritis and rheumatic fever, but to control of ailments afflicting every part of the body.

I brought the story up to the point where 700 civic leaders gathered at a luncheon to announce the winner of the award. He was surprised, he admitted, that the honor had gone to him.

His eyes rested on his parents. "But that wasn’t the biggest surprise. I had come to the platform when some one pulled back a curtain, and there stood the two persons in all the world I most wanted to have at my side—my mother and my father. I was all broken up about it."

Since that broadcast, there have been letters from many of you that tell me that you, too, shared with me the inspiration of meeting a scientist who has overcome all odds to carry out his ideal of being of service to his fellow men.

*By Tommy Bartlett*
Are you in the know?

After Graduation . . . what?

☐ A career
☐ A profession
☐ The Life of Riley

You sneer that sheeps— and then, what happens? If you check the first two answers above, you're showing sharp headwork. And if you choose nursing for your career, you're headed toward a fascinating future— toward security, for life, in a really great profession!

Dr. Kilblare's Calling . . . You

Are you at least 17 years old? Healthy? Willing to work? Resourceful? Do you like people? It takes all this and special knowledge (the kind you get through special training) to be a registered nurse. And it's so worthwhile! For your skilled "know-how"—your heart, your hands—are needed in the health field, today more than ever.

Your Future's Secure

Yes, once you're an "R.N." you have scores of colorful, lifetime jobs to choose from. In a hospital, for instance; or in public health. In education. In private practice. You may be an industrial health nurse—an airline hostess—or choose a position with a railroad, a steamship line. Fact is, almost anywhere in the U.S.A. and the big wide world, the welcome mat's out— for you, when you're a registered professional nurse!

Get ALL The Answers

Get full details about nursing schools, tuition fees (many schools have scholarships and loan funds for student nurses) job opportunities . . . everything you want to know. Right away, send the coupon below, and you may be started on that dream career—one you'll never regret!

COMMITTEE ON CAREERS IN NURSING
1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
Please send me, without obligation, complete details about a nursing career.

Name

Address

City State

To make a favorable impression on his family—

☐ Greet them in Spanish
☐ Affect a chewin' accent
☐ Avoid Slurillian

"Widen Bill tell me you were here? I bin
dine to meetcha." You wouldn't say that,
anyway! But in all your chatter, avoid
Slurillian—if you'd win favor with his
family. It's the language that slurs words,
lops off syllables. Like "widin" for "why
didn't," . . . "dine" for "dying." Good
diction builds confidence. And to stay con-

fident on certain days, do yourself the favor
of choosing Kotex: made to stay soft while
you wear it. This softness really holds its
shape. Keeps you serenely comfortable!

If wrinkles worry her,
should she bring—

☐ Just denims
☐ Double-dark sun glasses
☐ Her new organdie dress

Your holiday's better with a bit of la gla-
mour in your wardrobe. You can't wear blue
jeans all the time. If "wrinkle-phobia" tempts
you not to pack that dreamy cotton
formal—here's news. Now many cottons are
crease-resistant. Even organdie can shed
wrinkles! Even at calendar time you can
be your smooth, unruffled self—with Kotex.
No telltale outlines show. With those flat,
pressed ends you're free from outline-phobia!

In removing a bone,
should you use—

☐ Your fingers
☐ A napkin
☐ A spoon

When you bite off more than you can chew—(a small bone, that is)—don't use your dinner napkin as a "curtain"! Get the bone back to your plate quietly, neatly, with your fingers. Then your date may never
notice. Learn how to save yourself embarr-
sament, in all sorts of situations. On "prob-
lem" days, Kotex is the answer. Because
that special safety center gives you extra
protection you can rule out panic, with poise.

More women choose KOTEX'
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

R

M

77
Radio’s Own Life Story

(Continued from page 20)

Cincinnati were guests on Rudy Vallee’s show and made one of the fastest click,
ever known on the air. They stood be-
fore the mike without instruments and turned themselves into an orchestra. 
Before the last note of the theme, "Hold That Tiger," faded, they were a
sensation. Necessity had proved a kind
mother in their case. When they were 
young men, they could not afford a gui-
thar, too poor to afford musical instru-
ments. All they had between them was one
dollar and twenty-five cent mail order guitar. That forced them to imi-
tate instruments by voice alone, and
made them great.

Eddie Cantor, famous on the stage,
was persuaded to make his air debut 
by Vallee who also put George Jessel on 
for his first broadcast this year. In 
1932, Cantor became the star of the 
Chase and Sanborn show, and has been 
at the top ever since, beginning the Ed-
die Cantor Show in 1940. His success 
story is one everybody likes to remem-
ber. He was an orphan at two years, 
grew up in poverty on New York’s low-
er East Side but became so big a musical
comedy star that he had $2,000,000 to 
lose in 1929. This he promptly made 
back, his real name, New York, 1931.
Yoo-hoo, Prosperity and Your Next 
President and a series of movies. These 
were later to be banned in Germany for 
no other reason than that Eddie Cantor 
was born Izzie Iskowitz. This was a sharp 
financial blow to Cantor who shared 
profits on his films, but all Americans 
can be proud of his answer to the in-
sult. "I don’t want your sympathy," 
the people laugh who make my people 
cry.

Back in the spring of 1931, two very 
young men began to gossip over their pen 
and fence, and Myrt and Marge started their 
spirited adventures. Few guessed it, but these two 
pretty "sisters" were mother and 
daughter. Myrt became Mrs. Damerei at 
seven years of age, when her father, Mr.
Lauck (Lum) was managing an automobile 
financially and folks were in no 
condition to support her. Lauck 
(Johnson) was secretary of his father’s groc-
ery company when the Jot ‘Em Down 
Store in mythical Pine Ridge was born. 
(Same town where the town of 
Pine Ridge in their honor. Eight 
broadcasts later it was "Goodbye 
commerce—hello show business.
Except for a year out for movies, Lum and Ab-
er have been on the air ever since.

Two other outstanding teams started 
this year. Clara, Lou ‘n ‘Em began to 
gossip over their picket fence, and Myrt 
and Marge started their spirited ad-
ventures. Few guessed it, but these two 
pretty "sisters" were mother and 
daughter. Myrt became Mrs. Damerei at 
seven years of age, when her father, Mr.
Lauck (Lum) was managing an automobile 
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Store in mythical Pine Ridge was born. 
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broadcasts later it was "Goodbye 
commerce—hello show business.
Except for a year out for movies, Lum and Ab-
er have been on the air ever since.

The Boswell sisters, Connie, Martha 
and Vet, had been on the air for sev-
eral years, but this year Connie began 
to emerge as the star of the three. She 
had a sustaining show on CBS and later 
added another to CBS and spent a great deal of time in the Kraft Music 
Hall, after Vet married in 1935 and the troupe disbanded. Connie was 
hurt in a fall from a coaster wagon 
when they were in New Orleans. Her 
wheel chair was never allowed to inter-
fere with her music. The girls were 
trained for orchestra as they grew up in 
New Orleans, but drifted to jazz and 
tried their hands at the accordion. It was 
for "triole talk" in chorus long before 
double talk was a fad, and developed 
a fascinating new style—singing against 
the most terrific! People couldn’t get 
enough.

Rubinoff, the soulful violinist from 
Russia, brought his widely publicized 
and adored music to the airwaves for 
the first time. It was a bold step for a 
elsa to do without the kiddies instead of to mother. 
By sending in two Ovaltine box tops, chil-
dren got a free badge and a code 
book so they could understand the secret 
message broadcast every Wednesday. 
After this blinding flash of inspiration 
sponsors ran around wild-eyed thinking 
up ideas to attract the younger set.

Irene Wicker (she got that extra E 
in her name from a numerologist who 
figured she was long overdue) started 
The Singing Lady for Kellogg. The 
Children’s Hour, which began in Phila-
delphia in 1927, moved to New York. 
It is memorable because of the many 
up and down hits, and three years ago the 
announced the program was going to 
be a big news in news. The March of 
Time started to sing out its 
dramatic name. Edwin C. Hill was The 
Man in the Front Row and in 1932 he 
began his famous Human Side of the 
News which brought him a vast follow-
ing and which has gone on and on ever 
since. Pope Pius XI opened Vatican 
City’s H.V. on February 12 with an in-
ternational broadcast, and his voice 
was heard for the first time in America. 
Louella Parsons started broadcasting 
from Hollywood. She shared time with 
the team of "Back to the Sibs" and the 
Kist Show, doing a five-minute inter-
view with a movie star and setting the 
pattern for her star-studded Holly-
wood Hotel which was later to be one of the first shows originating on 
the West Coast.

The oldest of the radio forums, The 
University of Chicago Round Table of 
the Arts, is a trail blazer because it put emphasis 
on democratic discussions of all sides of 
controversial issues, and was very 
widely imitated after it went on the 
NBC network.

Frank Hummert took time out from 
his newly-discovered daytime serials 
to produce The American Album of Fa-
miliar Music. Frank Munn’s long- 
shot, was so popular that—though he 
retired in 1945—this magazine still gets 
heavy mail asking for news of him.

Hansel and Gretel, first opera to go 
over the air in its entirety from the 
stage of the Metropolitan, was heard on 
December 25, a magnificent Christmas 
present to the country from Texas, and 
the first of a long series on both the 
Red and Blue networks, and still going 
today.

There was much speculation when it 
was announced that Bing Crosby 
would be working on NBC. But it was 
brief. He decided he didn’t like the idea. 
"Thank you very much and goodbye," 
he said.

One of the most controversial 
shows of the season was that of 
Clara, Lou ‘n ‘Em. After thirty-
\[ continuation of text]
Though competition with Columbo was the greatest challenge a new singer could have, Bing had an immediate triumph. His recordings of "Stardust," "Sweet and Lovely," and "Just a Gigolo," among many others, sold like hotcakes, and he was sponsored by Cromo Cigars. In this program he had to put up with the appalling slogan "Spit is an ugly word," invented by the now-legendary George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Co. Hill was responsible, later, for "Lucky Strike Green has Gone to War," and the wearing repetition of LS-MFT, about which more in a later chapter.

Another of the greatest of the singing stars was coming to the top in 1931. Kate Smith had started on local stations in Washington, D. C., somewhat against the wishes of her family. They wanted her to choose a career with an assured future—like nursing. Her first New York stage show was "Honeymoon Lane." She did the Charleston in it—all two hundred and more pounds of her, and right nimbly, too. People loved it. Then she played the black-face mammy in "Hit the Deck" and sang the rousing "Hallelujah." Then came "Flying High" but her success in that brought her only misery. Her size was the subject of most of the jokes, and they were cruel. Her grandparents were shocked when they came up to see it. "No amount of money can pay you for suffering such indignity," they said, and young Kate wept, wishing that she had never signed a contract.

Then a man missed a train and quite by accident chose "Flying High" to pass the time until the next one left. He was Ted Collins, official with the Columbia Phonograph Company. He sent his card backstage with "Important Business" scribbled on it. Kate almost didn't see him, thinking he was just another agent asking her to make a figure of fun of herself in a night club. She wept again when she found out that what he wanted was straight singing not clowning, from her. There has never been a contract between them, but they have been partners ever since. In spite of the fact that Kate's first broadcasts on CBS were in the toughest spot in all radio—opposite Amos 'n Andy—she, too, was a hit from the start.

High-falutin' language was the thing in radio in those days. Kate and Ted chose "When The Moon Comes over the Mountain" for her theme song, but they wanted something else for her introduction. They tried out all kinds of high sounding phrases. Finally Ted scribbled a few words on a card, "Hello, everybody. This is Kate Smith," the introduction she uses to this day. It was a great novelty, in itself, because it set a new pattern for easy, unpretentious announcements. They still needed an individual way to sign off. After hours of thinking, Kate said, "How about 'Thanks for listenin'," Ted considered it. "It never hurts to say thank you," he said, secretly hoping that there would be somebody not tuned in to the Fresh Air Taxi cab, Incorporated. No need to ask "Are You Listening?" in 1931, however. Everybody was. The country was broke. Radio was free. Besides, it was getting good, and was to get a lot better.

Suppose you couldn't see which shirt is cleaner

Why . . you could tell by the smell!

The wonderful, clean fragrance of a shirt that has been washed with Fels-Naptha Soap proves that every bit of dirt and perspiration odor has been washed away—completely!

And for whiteness . . the improved Fels-Naptha you buy today has a new 'sunshine' ingredient that gets white things—shirts, towels, linens—brilliantly, radiantly white.

Yes, use today's improved Fels-Naptha and your white things will actually radiate new whiteness every time you wash them!

REMEMBER—ONLY FELS-NAPTHA GIVES YOU THESE THREE WASHDAY ADVANTAGES:

Mild, golden soap.
PLUS . . Gentle, active naptha.
PLUS . . A new, finer 'sunshine' ingredient that makes white things radiate new brilliant whiteness!

Ask your grocer for Improved Fels-Naptha Soap, today.

Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Next Month
How the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud started.
The rush of talent to the airways.
Burns and Allen, Show Boat, The Lone Ranger.
collected with the idea of their usefulness uppermost in our minds. And the listener-prizes, which go out to those of you who've succeeded in stump ing studio contestants—by you're loaded on trucks, those prizes, by three o'clock of the afternoon of the day they've been won.

There are so many small, more personal reasons, too, for my liking Grand Slam. There was the motherly lady—I can still see her face—who invited me "home" for Thanksgiving Dinner, and the blessed little person who told me quite abruptly, "Music will make you happy!" And the children, lots of them, who love to play our game. There are all the funny moments to remember, and the tense moments, rainy days and sunny days—and the day of the big blizzard! Faces, too—the tired face of my secretary after a late night session in the office. Dwight Weist, as he waits to go on. Victor Sack, our director, in that suspenseful moment just before we go on the air. Roger Strouse, and his careful preparation for the physical properties and movement on the stage. Mary Lincoln, with an armload of prizes for the table. Bob Downey, writing music. Abe Goldman's cigar. And the days going on and on and on so rapidly I lose count . . .

Good days and hectic ones. Like the morning I arrived to find our organ speaker missing. Frantic search, studio by studio, was being conducted to find out where that errant speaker might have wandered during the night. Remembering the old story of the horse that got lost, I sat down and thought to myself, "Where would I go if I were an organ speaker?" And that's where we found it—in Arthur Godfrey's studio.

And that well-remembered day, way back in 1946, on a footstool in my sister's kitchen. That's when, and where, Grand Slam was designed. We talked about a game that could be played at home, a game that would give everyone a chance to participate on a national basis. That's what we decided we wanted, and that's the way we've kept it ever since.

Another day comes into my mind—the one on which, ten minutes after the broadcast, I called a listener-winner by long distance to be in order to confirm her street address, which had somehow become blurred on the questions she'd sent in. I wanted to get the address right away, so that her prize could be shipped to her that afternoon. But it took some doing. I was exactly one hour getting through to her—because of the congratulatory telephone calls she was receiving from her friends in all parts of the country!

Memories like those are heart-warming. But there have been a few bad moments—when people have applied the term "give-away" to our show.

Grand Slam, unlike other broadcasts, is a game—not a "give-away." It's a game that can be played anywhere, any time, and the only equipment needed is questions, someone to answer them—and a spirit of good fun! Our CBS show is an in-home game played on a nationwide basis, using questions sent in by you listeners everywhere. Some of the folks who visit us in the studio are challenged by the answer they have, and prizes go to the listeners who stump the studio contestants. It's as simple and down-to-earth as that.

Within a few weeks on our CBS broadcast we shall be opening another of our periodic contests for questions from home players. Unlike other broadcasts, Grand Slam has no limited "guest list"—and, on your part, no sitting helplessly by on the sidelines, excluded from a chance to participate! Home players on Grand Slam are selected from the questions they send in, and you have as much chance to win as the next one! We invite you to join us, for this is Grand Slam—the game everybody can play!

**GRAND SLAM TIPS**

"Name 5 things that describe a baby's cheek."

5. We have received thousands of musical punch boards and crossword puzzles—scrambled titles—bingo games—pictures that remind you of song titles—and the like. Consequently, it would be inadvisable to send such entries at this time.

6. Before you do a lot of work on scarfs, collies, handkerchiefs, patchwork quilts, paintings—etc., ask yourself if such handiwork is actually necessary; or if it's merely "dressing" for your questions, they can be asked without the presence of the handiwork—don't spend time on the handiwork.

7. Remember it's not how your questions look—but what they say that counts.

8. Above all—listen to the RULES for sending questions as announced on the broadcast. These were set up to keep the game fair to all, and they must necessarily be stringently applied in judging.

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**THE RIGHT TO BE READY!**

As our country prepared to observe Armed Forces Day on May 20, a thousand Reserve Officers Association chapters planned to celebrate National Defense Week May 13 to 20 in virtually every city and village as a salute to our reserve forces and a reminder to keep them strong.

Now that the United States has accepted the responsibility of leading the world to international peace, it is committed to maintaining its strong military strength until world peace is assured. The military might of the nation lies not only in our regular military establishment, but in our citizen soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen who make up our Reserve forces, and who ask only for the right to be ready.

National Defense Week is a reminder to America that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.
Queen of America
(Continued from page 35)

to take off in a trans-ocean clipper to visit London and Paris as a representative of all American women, to tell the whole world American women's hope and determination to have peace and plenty for everyone. (And to have a glamorous honeymoon at the same time with my husband Floyd, which I'd never had time for in all the twenty-five years of our marriage!)

Could it be? Sallie Baker—had worked all her life in the mud and the snow—wearing furs and diamonds and custom-made clothes, and driving (unless my fourteen-year-old son, Freddie, makes good on his boast to appropriate this part of the prize) a Continental sports car the like of which has never been seen in our part of the country.

And Sallie Baker—who had always wanted a home and never been able to afford it—planning to move into a new house furnished completely, electric kitchen and all, by that wave-of-the-magic-wand they call radio.

Our church has a new electric organ, just one more of the fabulous prizes.
The kids at our school have new playground equipment, compliments of the Queen of America contest sponsors. And a movie camera projector and screen. It's incredible!
The prizes are the spectacular part of my victory, of course, but I realize in my quieter moments that the real value in my new eminence is the recognition and commendation it implies for the work of women everywhere to improve the living conditions of their people, the acceptance that is indicated of Senator Margaret Chase Smith's proposal—which Myrna Loy echoed on the broadcast—that "the woman's touch is sorely needed in our national and world affairs, that it has to be created from the ground up, and that means from the local community level."

I am happy that when the people in my home town began thinking about a candidate to represent them in the Queen of America contest my supervisor at the Methodist hospital in Pikesville could say that "Sallie Baker is a woman who never left a need unmet," that my son could sum it up more simply, when I wondered at this, with "Aw, mother, you know you're quite a gal—I guess you just never could say 'no.'"

I guess I never could. I was the oldest of eight children in our family. From my earliest childhood I was deeply religious. When I decided that nursing was the calling through which I could serve the poor and the sick and homeless most effectively, I worked like a slave in the fields—alongside poor Negro workers and even poorer whites—saving money, a few cents a day, to pay for my training. It didn't matter how I got it, just so I got it.

When, in 1924, I finished my course at the Cordele Sanitarium, a few miles from my home in Baxley, Georgia, I answered the first mail I found for an industrial nurse, and found myself a few weeks later in Jenkins, Kentucky, a primitive mountain town a few miles from the Cumberland Gap, provided with a house and a horse by my new employers, the Consolidated Coal Company, and with more cases of desperate need every day than I had ever thought twenty-four hours of work could cover.

A typhoid epidemic was raging. A hospital was under construction in Jenkins, but it was neither furnished nor

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

For a lovelier wave in every way, use Richard Hudnut for your next home permanent. Its gentler, more penetrating creme waving lotion is faster acting, yet actually leaves hair springier, stronger...less apt to break,*

than most other home permanent wave lotions.

No frizzy ends, more natural sheen, more natural-looking curls.

Use with any plastic curlers you prefer!

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
NEW IMPROVED
Home Permanent

with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tess made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights
arrived. guess Woman's went guess, had big coal a major burning got
82 JORDAN 1410
"And At your favorite store, or write Patty Lees MANUFACTURING Jordan MANUFACTURING CORP.
New York 10

D E S K I N L A S T E X

It's sleek and chic in.

And don't overlook the most important point...on that covered top! The panel of the trunk is smartly shirred...and so is the bra. Crystal, Shrimp, Emerald, Deep sea, Rose, Lilac and Daisy, in sizes 32-38. About $8.95

equipped. Carrying water, improvising beds and equipment, we took care of 119 cases of typhoid in the first weeks after I arrived.

I went on horseback into the mountain country to bring back children and adults desperately ill; I went up river by boat—there was only one train a day out of the town, and no modern highways then. I reached hill towns and patients back often "by haul"—on my own back, that is.

I got to know everybody for miles around, and broke my heart over the starvation and disease, the ignorance and misery which stalked those still backward hinterlands.

I met Floyd Baker a year later. When we were married I went to live with him in Pikesville, but went right on with my work. It never occurred to me to give it up, it was too desperately needed. And it never occurred to Floyd to ask me to.

I went right on answering calls from all over Pike county and most of Floyd county, an area, I guess, about as big as Rhode Island.

For the first eleven years of our marriage, Floyd and I were not blessed with children of our own. But that didn't mean that there were no children under our roof from it.

I was in a country where nurses are scarce and doctors scarcer, a woman in my job finds herself doing lots of things which don't strictly come under the title of nursing.

Lots of babies are born every year in Pike county, many of them far from hospital care. I've never been a licensed midwife, but these have been the among lots of them—when I have been there, and nobody else has, when a woman's time came. At a time like that you help. Naturally.

Some of the babies born, and these touched my heart the deepest, were unwanted ones—little illegitimate children for whom my superiors and I were able to find good homes. Failing her for tiny babies is easy, and one of the most rewarding jobs in the world.

For older children—just as unwanted—it isn't as easy. Time after time, in the early years of our marriage, we made room in our home for some poor, neglected, half-starving girl—having first cleansed her of filth and vermin—and helped her grow happy and strong. And then, when she went on to study or to a job or to marriage, we opened our door to another.

I don't say these things to make myself sound like a heroine. It was what I wanted to do all my life, it was—while my husband and I waited for a child of our own—a real fulfillment.

I took three months off from my work when Freddie was born, in 1924. And when I went back to the hospital, my directors urged me to study X-ray techniques and anaesthesia, so that I could work more quickly. One day I met a woman with a baby son, I guess they figured, had no business wandering around two counties all day and night on horseback, in Joe boats of mule sleds, or on foot.

Besides, our part of the country was coming out of its isolation. Three big super highways were being built; railways were pushing their lines deeper and deeper into the hill country. We had a big new radio station at last in Pikesville. Nurses were still needed, of course, but luckily for me, they no longer needed to be such hardy pioneers.

Pikesville was growing into a big town—over 9,000 people by 1940. And our Christian Service Society branched into five circles, with a membership of two-hundred-and-fifty. The pioneers in social service who had been so few in the middle twenties had the aid now of many hands—the hands of organized, dedicated women.

I took an active part in our Society's work from the first, of course—it was a natural adjunct of my profession.

And I like it not at all, either—in these later years. Floyd and Freddie and I always found time to enjoy life together, to hike and cook out of doors, and fish and hunt.

I play an accordian a little, and we all like to sing.

Pictures of these happy times are very important in the scrapbook in which I have kept a record of my life in Kentucky. They are even more precious because of their proximity to the others: the blanket-wrapped figure of a sick woman on my old Joe boat coming up the Big Sandy river (a doctor and I had gone out to find her twenty-four hours before, he had performed a major operation, for which I had sterilized linens and instruments over a coal stove, with the patient made comfortable on a dining room table) pictures of babies, starving when we got help to them, happy and fat after a few hours. And a few shots of loving care in our hospital; a little burned girl—twenty-two of our nurses gave their own skin to save her life; classes of un schooled mountain women whom I had taught home hygiene.

The old pictures give meaning to the new ones: my son Freddie, with his saxophone, posing with the Pikesville High School orchestra, under the But contention. I had a wire from those band boys: "We're a rootin' and a tootin' for you to win." Freddie didn't send it—for he was in Hollywood with me, realizing a burning ambition of his own.

And there's another recent picture: my friends in the Christian Service Society on last Labor Day; 27 when they gave me a send-off party. There was a big cake, with a silver crown—they said even then that they were sure I would win.

And I'm glad I won—for the Society, for Freddie, and my husband, who has been so tolerant of my complicated life all these years; for all the people I've known, who were hungry and sick and ignorant, and who were fed, and healed and taught.

And I'm glad I won, too, for all the nurses everywhere—the ones who never get another's call for aid and who put aside their private lives to spend long, watchful hours guiding their patients back to health.

But especially I'm glad for women—all women, who are just beginning to realize how powerful a force they can be in making common Christian fellowship the driving power in a togetherness, either.

It may not be a Woman's World, quite yet.

But somehow I think it wouldn't be a disaster if a Woman's World was what this poor battered old globe turned out to be.
So Pretty and So Good  
(Continued from page 48)

FILLING:
Wash and hull: 1 qt. strawberries.
Mash 3 cups of the strawberries, add sugar. Slice remaining strawberries in half.
Mix:
1 tablespoon gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
Let stand 5 minutes.
Add: 1/2 cup boiling water
Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Place bowl in ice water. Stir frequently until thickened and syrupy. Add:
1 1/2 cups heavy cream
1 tablespoon rum extract
3 tablespoons sugar
Whip until thick. Combine 1 cup of the cream mixture with mashed straw-
berries. Fill shell. Top with whipped cream and sliced strawberries. Melt over low heat, stirring constantly:
1/4 cup currant jelly
Pour on strawberries. Chill until firm. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

STRAWBERRIES SUPREME
Makes 8 servings
Wash, hull and cut in half:
1 qt. strawberries
Add:
2 tablespoons rum
4 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
Chill about 1/2 hour.
Beat until stiff but not dry:
2 egg whites
Add gradually, beating well.
4 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
Fold into mixture. Serve in sherbet glasses. Top with whipped cream.

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE
Makes 8 servings.
Sift then measure:
2 cups flour
Sift again into a bowl with:
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
Make a well in the center.
Pour into the well:
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup butter, melted
Stir until smooth. Turn onto floured board, pat down with the hands to 1/2" thick. Cut with 3" biscuit cutter. Place on a baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 20 min. Split in half.
Wash and hull:
1 qt. strawberries
Mash 2 cups of the berries. Sprinkle with sugar. Let stand 15 minutes.
Slice remaining berries in half. Sprinkle with sugar. Let stand 15 minutes. Place mashed strawberries on one half of shortcake. Cover with remaining half of shortcake. Top with sliced berries. Garnish with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE
Makes 1-9" pie.
Bake and cool:
1-9" pie shell
Wash, hull and slice:
2 cups strawberries
Add:
1/4 cup sugar
Let stand 1/2 hour. Drain 1/2 cup juice from berries.
Mix:
1 tablespoon gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
Boil strawberry juice. Add the gelatine and stir. Add strawberries. Chill until almost firm.
Whip until thick:
1/4 cup heavy cream
Fold into gelatine mixture.
Beat until stiff but not dry:
2 egg whites
Fold into gelatine mixture. Pour into pie shell. Chill until firm.

Try on a pair of Grace Walkers in the pattern of your choice...and look into the fitting room mirror. Was smart style ever more cleverly combined with sure comfort? What welcome proof that comfortable fit and high fashion need not mean high price! See Grace Walkers at your favorite store or write us for nearest dealer's name.

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There's plenty to tell about Tampax!

Only once in a blue moon does a product come along that has so much to say for itself as Tampax. This doctor-invented, internally-worn form of monthly protection for women has risen rapidly to a position of prominence in its field. Millions of women have adopted it. Actually billions of Tampax have been sold!

The compactness of Tampax enables you to carry a full month’s average supply in your purse. And when disposal time comes you will appreciate this lack of bulkiness even more.

The internal use of Tampax eliminates pins, belts and external pads, as well as odor and chafing. Also no bulges or wrinkles can “show through” clothing—and you can wear Tampax in tub or shower or in swimming.

The construction of Tampax is scientific and efficient. Pure surgical cotton is used, firmly stitched. Patented applicators assure easy insertion—sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy package lasts 4 months (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Comedians Are the Best Husbands
(Continued from page 41)

heads gloomily and one of them says, “That's very, very funny.” Actually, in the last ten years we've been married I don't think I've seen George smile enough to show his teeth except when he says “Amm-i-dent” on our radio show over CBS on Wednesday evenings.

I do a lot of heavy reading (those psychology books weigh about five pounds) and I notice that domestic relations experts say the lack of a sense of humor causes nearly as many divorces as marriage does. Even though George may not have the best sense of humor in the world, I have never thought of divorcing him. He tries to make up for it by laughing when I am talking about serious things like business, and economy, and the way my family always did things.

Of course, other people seem to think George has a very good sense of humor and he's always the life of the party. He has a phenomenal memory, especially for songs. He knows songs that are so old they go back as far as his voice does. One of his favorite party tricks is to sing the opening verse of some old popular song and see if anybody can guess the title. Even though most of our friends are people in show business, they seldom recognize the song from the verse; once he gets to the chorus and it turns out to be some famous number like “Some of These Days” or “Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage” they remember the title... and if he sings it over several times some of them even remember the melody.

Another thing that causes marital trouble, according to the experts who add up the statistics showing how far things would reach if they were laid end to end, is parental disagreement over the proper way to bring up children. On this score George is a wonderful help because he was once a child himself and so were all the kids in his family.

Ronnie, my fourteen-year-old, is going through that stage when a boy's neck and ears are allergic to a washcloth—especially one tainted by soap. However, George knows exactly how to handle it. Ronnie and gets him to the table looking very clean. I'm not saying George uses threats, but once I heard him tell Ronnie that if he didn't wash his neck and ears they'd have a real estate man come over and subdivide them.

Sandra, our fifteen-year-old daughter, is amazing for a teen-ager because she regards her parents as human beings instead of people for whom she has to apologize. Also, she is obedient, which can be a great comfort. And you should see how crazy Sandra's friends are about George. When you watch them, gathered around him in the swimming pool, you realize that children and comedians have something in common. The kids certainly keep George's heart young and it's a good thing, too. This natural bond between children and comedians applies to our friends, too. Bob Hope, for instance, has four youngsters. Harpo Marx has four. The Jack Bennys have a daughter. George Jessel is devoted to his Jerilyn. Although Bing Crosby is a singer he certainly has the comedian's approach to life... and four sons.

Comedians make wonderful husbands on another count: they are adaptable souls, nice to have around the house; around a house which, I hasten to add, they regard as a sort of giant lounging jacket to be worn, as is, indefinitely.

We have lived in our present home for many years. When we moved in, the decorating vogue favored pale carpet, light walls, monotone drapes, and a general air of melancholy elegance. As years went by, I began to use DDT against suspected ghosts. I said to George, “This room seems cold to me; I don’t think it likes me any more. I think we would have more fun if our household colors were cosier.”

George withdrew his mouth from his cigar and his LQ, from a serious study of Joe Miller, and regarded the room. After a long pause, he delivered his opinion, “Nice, exactly as it is. Like it. Let’s leave it be.”

I postponed action for several months. Finally I couldn’t stand it another minute. I had the walls painted Williamsburg green. I had the louvre doors which had been installed originally on either side of the fireplace to separate the den from the living room, taken out entirely. I ordered big, square, roomy lounges—upholstered in dark green—and I selected new draperies of a vivid floral pattern splashed on crepe faille.

George went serenely through the redecorating uproar without a single observation, funny or straight. In the midst of the chaos a group of our

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This is the way one listener to “My True Story” radio program describes it recently. And thousands of women all over the country echo her words. “My True Story” presents a complete, true-to-life drama each morning, Monday through Friday, that could be about you or people you know. Prepared in cooperation with the editors of True Story Magazine, these real stories about real people are a fascinating study of life.

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Regular TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.
friends dropped in to spend an evening.

George explained, "Sorry to have you find us emerging from the debris, but we're redecorating. I decided to have those old doors removed so that we could use these two rooms as one unit when we entertain. I was sick of those pale walls—always preferred deep purple, so I'm having the color changed. Going to match the new lounges to the wall color..." and many more and-so-forths.

It was obvious, from his conversation, that the entire change was my husband's idea. Adaptive, as I said, George is.

Not only are comedians like George unpredictable, they are inventive, too. They have to create something tangible, I suppose, because laughter—their chief stock in trade—is as temporary as a hot popsicle.

Not long ago George decided that our swimming pool needed a professional diving platform. Now he could have ordered a commercial platform for a reasonable fee merely by dialing a telephone and stating his need to an experienced swimming pool and diving tower company. However, this action struck him as being dull—on this particular day he was feeling uncommonly adventurous.

He decided to design a diving platform such as had never before been designed.

For weeks, during George's rare and precious leisure hours, he sketched and he computed. Einstein should work so hard.

Eventually he found an answer. He ordered a load of brick and a barrel of mortar and set to work. Our neighbors watched us through cautiously drawn blinds, obviously torn between the hope that George had formed an attachment for bread baked in a Dutch oven and the suspicion that one of our enemies was about to disappear. As far as George was concerned, he was building Beverly Hills' answer to India's Taj Mahal.

One of our dinner guests, shortly after this masterpiece was completed, was a young architect. George rushed him out to our pool and gestured. "Well, what do you think of it?"

Our architect friend regarded the huge stack of bricks with caution. "What is it?"

George bristled. "A diving tower, of course. I designed it myself and built it with my own hands. Pretty expensive, and it took a long time to construct, but we have something unique."

The architect rocked on his heels and whistled. "I'll say you have. And unless you have it torn down right away, someone is going to break his neck on it. Your beautiful bricks, my friend, are as slick as an oiled seal."

Poor George. No man is as sad as a comedian when a comedian is sad. The sight of George's dejected hulaing, lifting and breaking, as he dismantled his Gibraltar was truly heartrending.

However, there is nothing as funny as a funny man telling about his own mistakes, mishaps and come-uppances. George's diving tower story has provided more laughs than he collected bruises while putting up and tearing down Burns' folly. There is an important point in this fact. It seems to me

**NOTICE**


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She Lost Her Man

because of that!

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INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE?

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday Afternoon on Your Mutual Station
actually depressed and ulcer-plagued, or masters of ceremonies who secretly hate everybody when off the air. Bill is the same off mike or on, with a sponsor at the Stork Club, or at home over a chicken sandwich with me. Genuinely interested in people, genuinely modest about his ability. A marvelous kind of a man to marry—except that marrying Bill meant marrying a houseful of problems. Marrying a helter-skelter schedule with no vacations, no regular hours, and more than an even chance that in spite of Bill's best intentions, I'd be a neglected wife. How did I get around that? Suppose I tell you a little more about Bill first...

After spending the first sixteen years of his life in West Virginia, pleasant childhood as the oldest of the five Slater children, Bill had one modest ambition. He wanted to be a general. World War I was over, but the illusions of war and the reflection of military glories were still in Bill's eyes. So six foot one inch and two hundred and twenty-eight pounds of manly determination, he entered West Point. The youngest in his class, (just sixteen), tow-headed, with a round, happy face, he was immediately dubbed "Babe."

It was there at the Point that Bill first learned to fence, box, wrestle and even squeeze into the regulation gun-metal dancing pums with bows. "The Army was making officers and gentlemen of us all," he recalls with a grin. "I enjoyed the questionable distinction of being reported for laughing in ranks more than any other cadet. Everything struck me funny."

Bill was always one for extra-curricular activities at West Point. Recently I met one of his classmates who remarked memorously, "I remember Bill, always with his mouth open, convincing somebody of something. I guess you'd call him the class spokesman. What a gift for battin' the breeze."

Bill graduated from the Point and returned to West Virginia, where his father had been taken desperately ill. In his home town Bill taught math and dramatics and coached a football team. Because there was no one else to do the job, Bill became a lay preacher for outlying communities. It was a time of great need for Bill to renew and restore his own. Then, at the end of that sad year, Bill's father died. Opportunity doesn't always knock at the most appropriate moment, but when Bill was offered the position of cadet at the Greenbriar Military School, his mother urged him to take it. By this time, he was twenty-two.

Bill might have remained an educator to this day if he hadn't had a particularly admiring math student in his next position in a school in Minneapolis. This youngster told his father (a CBS vice-president), that he had a teacher who could talk better than anybody." This was a rather large order, but the father respected his son's judgment. So in the days of the football double-header, when radio was still a squalling infant, Bill was offered a chance to announce the University of Minnesota football games. He jumped at it! This, he was sure, would be a cinch. He knew football so well, having coached it and played it himself. All he had to do was talk—and the admission was free.

All he had to do was talk . . . For
Far be it from YOU!

If you smoke a lot, why not do this: take advantage of Listerine Tooth Paste's new special formula, especially before any date.

There's a reason: mint cool Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam, a wonderful new-type cleaning ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces. It removes yellow tobacco stains while they are still fresh. It whisks away odor-producing tobacco debris. Get a tube and "feel that Lusterfoam work!"

Know they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Give Tobacco Mouth the brush-off with...

six and one-half solid hours, (there were two games; a double-header, remember) Bill hung onto that microphone and talked. First with confidence and assurance, then a little tired, a little tense, then with try. We can almost see the straining eyesight, and finally in some cross between a cackle and a whisper, barely managing to fill the airwaves with sound. They weren't a soul to relieve him during the entire six and one-half hours. His benefactor apparently believe that throwing a man into the water was the best way of teaching him to swim. Junior was elated too. Mr. Slater wasn't able to teach math, or even say a word, for the next three days.

He didn't realize it then, but that Saturday afternoon marked a turning point in his life. He went on with his job as head of the Math Department in Minneapolis and eventually became headmaster of a private school. So it is Brooklyn, New York, but William E. Slater, the educator, was becoming a shadow and Bill Slater, sportscaster and announcer was slipping into his place. In those days, he would have three radio jobs and juggle his time between the two divergent careers. One had to be left behind, but to this day, William E. Slater still tours the country—when he has a chance—to lecture on "The Bankruptcy of American Education" or "Adolescence, Betwixt and Between." That's a side of his versatile personality that some people don't know.

When you tune in on Luncheon at Sardi's, Twenty Questions, Sports For All, or any of the many other shows Bill is on, it's hard to believe that he is as relaxed and easy-going as he sounds. Believe me, he is.

Come around to my apartment some afternoon and see me swamped under mail, telephone calls, and my notes for the research on Twenty Questions. If I look a little bleary-eyed—I am. You see, the answer to my problem of being a radio widow was to jump, head first, smack into the middle of Bill's career. I monitor all his shows, answer all of the mail I can, handle his social and business engagements, clear his publiclity tasks, and do the details of business contracts, so that he eats well and regularly, and generally smooth over every minute of his working day. I married a full time job and I love it! I praise a row of Bills. If he is on the radio, I tune in and make notes on the entire performance. I watch all the television, too, at home, so that I see him the way the audience sees him. His great kitchen—gift from his mother—has a small table in the entry that I sit at at night. I write a letter a day, every day, and every day from the day's events. I know some married people who, when left alone with one another, stare blankly ahead with not a syllable. I write a letter a day, and sometimes we go on far past midnight until I beg, "Please Bill, let's go to bed." He will follow me reluctantly as if there were much more in his mind.

Then I'll fall asleep behind his head touches the pillow, while I toss around and discover he's talked me right out of my sleepiness. The only time that Bill didn't get a chance to rest during the war, when he served as a Lieutenant Colonel of the General Staff Corps. Then everything was strictly top secret.

On quiz programs Bill finds that a little preliminary chat with a nervous contestant is an absolute necessity. "Of course, everybody comfortably settled in, knows the answers right away," says Bill. "But the poor contestant up front in an excited audience, facing millions of


cessories. There's a television den for Bill, with a place for his books and built-in storage for his clothes. There's a terrace outside with lacy white lawn furniture and a "city garden" of geraniums, petunias, fuchsias, and hanging baskets.
unknown listeners, probably couldn't think of his own phone number right off the bat. A little conversation helps ease the tension."

"I know just how those contestants feel myself. A few years ago, when anyone who was married was contemplating doing a husband-and-wife radio show, we were approached to try one ourselves. One look at a microphone and I lose my voice. We did try a few television shows together when television was young enough to be forgiven for anything. Even though I only had to hand Bill some props and exchange a few pleasantries with him, I managed to drop the props and blank out completely on my lines. Then and there, I knew that I'd been right all along. One performer in the family is enough."

Everyone raves about the way the Vanderventers and Herb Polesie manage to guess those tricky subjects on the Twenty Questions program. So that Bill, as quizmaster, will never steer them wrong on a difficult or technical answer, I spend almost fifteen hours a week in the library doing research for him on the selected topics. Then on Saturday evening before the show, I ask Bill every question they could possibly throw at him to be sure he will give perfect answers and not mislead them. On the final program, the pages of research I have accumulated have been boiled down to six or seven little index cards with all the information on them. Even with all that preliminary work, a topic can still throw me. Starting with the information "animal" the panel has to guess subjects as exotic as "Robert Taylor's Widow's Peak." Try to do research on that in your public library.

When the fall rolls around and the air is crisp, Bill's eyes take on a special gleam. Why? It's football time of course! Together we go to the Yale and Princeton games—Bill, snug and sheltered in the press box, doing the sportscasting, and me exposed to the elements in the grandstands. (No ladies are ever allowed in the press box.) One of my pre-game tasks is to help Bill memorize the names, numbers and records of the various players. Inevitably I get to know most of them by heart. Last fall on a particularly sleety day, when anyone with any sense had left the stadium, I sat shivering next to an elderly dignified gentleman. Unconsciously, throughout the game I had been yelling things like, "Come on 22, come on Gregorski!" or "Here comes Stanckton, what a record he made last year!" After watching me discreetly for a while, the gentleman turned to me and said in a voice full of respect, "Madam, tell me, are you scouting this team?"

Most of Bill's regular listeners have caught his repeated references to "My wife, Marion . . ." and sense how close a partnership this is. Now that television has made his face as familiar to TV set owners as his voice has been in all parts of the country, we are often spotted together in restaurants or in the street.

"Hey," I've heard people comment frequently as we pass by, "There goes Bill Slater! And that must be 'my wife, Marion.' I have to smile a little whenever I hear it. No title—not Queen of England," or "Miss America"—could give me half as much as the joy and satisfaction I get from being, "My wife, Marion," to a man who is as wonderful as my husband, Bill Slater.

That Other You Could Lose His Love!

Your husband loves the real you—happy, poised, confident of your intimate feminine hygiene. Don't let doubts, misgivings, inhibitions create another you!

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"Lysol" cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. No make-shifts like soap, salt or soda can possibly act the same way!

"Lysol" is the famous disinfectant with amazing, proved power to kill germ-life quickly on contact!

Yet, gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Correct douching solution in the simple directions on every bottle. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol," just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as needed. No greasy after-effect.

Don't take chances! Don't let neglect create a "dual personality"—another you, full of doubts, misgivings and inhibitions! Don't let that other you destroy your love!

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today, and use it regularly.

Preferred 3 to 1 over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene!

A Concentrated Germ-Killer
A Secret from Elizabeth
(Continued from page 67)

sat down. "Oh, no, this is fine. Most elegant." She ran her finger thoughtfully along the dust-covered desktop, looked at it, and shook her head. "I must remember not to do that. It's a household drudgery habit. You know, Mr. Winship," she added a little shyly, "if you really aren't busy right this minute ... and as long as I'm here ... would it be very unbusinesslike if I asked you to sort of outline my duties for me? I'm afraid I don't know anything about law offices."

"Not at all," I said. "Since we never interviewed one another, so to speak—
as Patsy and I did—you couldn't be expected to know what the work will consist of. As a matter of fact, I'm not entirely certain myself! Three Rivers is still rather a closed book to me. But I'm quite certain that I can coach you as things come up. I don't anticipate any large, complex deals for some time."

"No. It's not a dynamic town, this," Elizabeth said. "It's peaceful and slow. But it is a good place, particularly for children, I should think."

"Yes. So I am hoping. And of course it's they who are important right now."

I felt, as we talked that first day, that there was no more to say. Elizabeth would have liked to say—more about the children, perhaps, or about her own adjustment to life in Three Rivers. Even then I couldn't miss realizing that the outstanding factor in her personality, the thing that gave it so much warmth, was her desire, and her ability, to help. I suppose her first reaction to any troubled situation is always, "What can I do?"

Fortunately for me, she was too sensitive and well-brought-up to probe. But as the days went by I began to suspect that in her own way Elizabeth was finding out a great deal about Sam Winship. I had no quarrel with her work—everything she did was done neatly, intelligently and quickly—but it was really surprising how much of the day seemed to be left for just ... conversation. But for that matter, I reminded myself honestly, I'm finding out a great deal about Elizabeth too. And she was quite different from anyone I'd ever known—different as her father was different. The profound love they brought to their family relationships, the unquestioning loyalty and devotion to one another, were a little startling when most of the rest of the world is cynically prepared that sooner or later a bit of evil-doing may crop up anywhere, even among those they love. It was refreshing, too. I found I liked talking to Elizabeth Denniss.

Sometimes I wondered about her social life. I knew there wasn't much. According to Patsy, half the town called on Althea the radiant one. Even Patsy herself had her admirer—one Otis J. Hopkins, six feet tall and an ardent "double-dome," to use Grayling's disrespectful term. But the young men weren't drawn to Elizabeth, it seemed. Or perhaps there weren't any young men around. And yet it was astonishing how love ly she was. Not like Althea. Few girls are like Althea. She was like a man-eating orchid who had wandered into a country garden and couldn't wait to get out again. Elizabeth had a beauty that came and went, and kept you watching for it. It was partly the delicate profile of which I had such a good view from the car, partly the liquid play of expression across her eyes and lips. I'm no judge of beauty. I only know that as I grew to know her better I was increasingly amazed that real life—marriage and home and babies—seemed to be passing her by. But try as I would, I could never find out that she minded. She had her father, her sisters and Grayling—her brother, her job with me, which she seemed to believe were as much in life as any girl could want ... .

That was a happy summer on the whole ... far happier than anything I'd expected. I couldn't claim to be the busiest lawyer in the world, but there was enough to go on with—and somehow it wasn't important at the moment how much money I had in the bank. I guess Three Rivers and the Dennises between them were unimpressing my nerves, and once I learned to go along with their easy rhythm the picture of myself as a country lawyer settled gently into place. I had my chess games with Reverend Dennis, and my arguments with his daughter ... once in a while I stole a day and went pic-nicking with Patsy, Babby and the kids.

There was a mutual admiration society if ever I saw one! It had been love at first sight, with Lulu, after a silent inspection, marching up to Pat sy and, saying, "This one! I want her."

Toby had said amiably, from his sev en-year-old height of maturity, "Okay.

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I’ll take this one,” and had given his hand to Babby. Lulu, of course, had at once flung herself at Babby, yelling “I want her too!” She used to do that a lot at the beginning of the summer. She wanted whatever she saw, and wanted more of whatever it was than Toby had. It worried me.

But it didn’t take long for Patsy to get the situation well in hand. It was fortunate that she came to us during vacation and had no homework to do. for Elizabeth reported to Patsy had armed herself with a small library of child psychology books and often read them until after midnight, the better to handle the young Winships next day! Whatever she did, it was right, and I blessed her for it. Toby and Lulu were as busy and happy as chicks. My chief worry as September came on was that Patsy would have to return to school. Still, I told myself, Toby would be going to school himself in the fall. Maybe there was a pre-kindergarten group I could get Lulu into . . .

And then, with heart-stopping suddenness, I had something else to worry about. The worry that lurks behind every parent’s cheerful, composed exterior—the threat of illness . . .

All evening, Lulu had been cranky. She kept putting her hand over her stomach and saying, “I feel funny here.” But I decided she was bored with her cereal, and didn’t pay much attention. When I took them upstairs she went to sleep almost at once, so I thought she’d simply been too sleepy to eat. I came downstairs, and read for a short time. Then I realized I was hungry, and went across the hallway toward the kitchen.

As I passed the stairs, I heard it—a low, mewing sound, like something a strengthless kitten might utter. It came again, and again. I ran up the stairs and into the children’s room.

In the dim light from the hall I saw that Toby’s bed was quiet and flat. But Lulu . . . as I hesitated, the sound came again. Swiftly I went to her and bent over. She was sitting up in a corner of the bed against the wall, as though trying to keep as far away from herself as possible. She had been sick.

“Darling, what is it?” I muttered. I carried her into the bathroom and began to clean her up. She seemed only half awake, but she kept making those little moans and holding her stomach. I put fresh pajamas on her, and carried her into my bedroom. As I was putting the blanket over her she came fully awake for the first time, and struggled upright, clutching my hand.

“Daddy, it hurts here! It hurts, it’s pointy!” Pointy—the word for pens, for knives, for all sharp things. A sharp pain, then. I smoothed her hair, saying little comforting things; but when I took my hand away, it was shaking. Her forehead was on fire.

I fell apart then. A doctor . . . but I knew no doctors. And maybe it wasn’t—maybe she didn’t need a doctor. Calling a doctor was admitting that you were sick . . . No, Elizabeth—Elizabeth would know.

I don’t know what I said or what Elizabeth answered, but when I put down the phone I knew she was coming. I went upstairs and cleaned up Lulu’s bed, thankful that Toby still slept. Almost before I’d finished the bell rang softly. Elizabeth and her father had both come. With a word to me, she went upstairs to see Lulu.

She was down again quite quickly, joining Dr. Dennis and me in the silent living room. I looked up at her with a
tall, proportioned, and calm. I needed coffee quickly. I don't know! For all I know there isn't even a doctor in town. Don't you know one?" Tension made my voice harsh.

Dr. Dennis said thoughtfully, "We've never had to call one since we've been in town. Liz, there's that doctor over in Rushville Center—the one Mrs. Perkins thinks so highly of."

"Oh, yes!" Elizabeth hesitated. "Stevens! Stevens, that's it!" She started for the phone, and then stopped as she got a closer look at me. "Poppa, will you look up the number, please, and call? And Sam—do you want to make sure the baby's still asleep? I'm going to make you some coffee before we have to put you to bed."

I made myself go upstairs. Lulu was sleeping, so I came down to the kitchen to see if Liz needed help. I was still beyond protesting that she shouldn't be putting herself out. I needed coffee. I'm afraid I needed comfort, really. I got it from being with her, just then. Elizabeth, waiting for the coffee to start perking, came over and gently touched my shoulder. "Sam, dear, you're way ahead of things. Don't you know kids can run temperatures for absolutely no reason at all. Any doctor will tell you it's so."

I didn't answer. I didn't have to; she knew as well as I that it wasn't only the fever. There was that pain...

Dr. Dennis appeared in the kitchen doorway. "Got him. He's unfortunately going to be delayed. He said there was a call he must make. But he'll be as quick as he can."

"Fine," Elizabeth said. "Here, Poppa, sit down. We'll all have some coffee while we're waiting."

Before she sat down, however, she went upstairs, and when she came down she said that Lulu had fallen asleep. At least, I thought, the poor little thing won't be in pain until the doctor comes.

It was hours before he came. Lulu, thank heaven, slept; but it was agony for me until I heard the doorbell ring that meant Stevens had arrived. He was a calm, stately man with bright, kind eyes in a brown face. Wasting few words on us, he went directly upstairs with his ominous little bag. He washed his hands, and then Elizabeth and I went into my bedroom where I'd put Lulu.

His manner with her was reassuring. He woke her gently, and managed his examination so deftly that I think she scarcely realized something unusual was going on. Then he mixed her something, got her to drink it without fuss, and motioned to us to go out.

I think I was shivering a little as we stood waiting for him to come down after us.

He came down lightly, dropped his bag in the hall and came into the living room, where Elizabeth had just placed a fresh pot of coffee, with four cups. "What's this?" he asked. "Coffee? Wonderful. When you get to me make it black with two spoons of sugar."

In silence, Elizabeth handed round the cups, and we waited for the doctor to say something. I suppose it couldn't have been more than a minute and a half, but by the time he did open his mouth I was ready to snap at him.

"You're anxious, and I don't blame you. Let me say first it's not appendicitis. No reason to think so. I can find nothing that isn't in line with plain old-fashioned upset stomach. In short—there's nothing to worry about."

My cup rattled loudly against its saucer as I tried to lower it to the table. Nothing to worry about. Whatever it was that had been squeezing my heart let go, and the blood began to go round inside me once more. Dr. Stevens looked at me understandingly, and went on. "But mistakes can happen, and with a child of this age—five?—who can be explicit about where and how she hurts, I prefer to be very careful. The fever—that might mean nothing. On the other hand, in conjunction with the ache or pain," he shook his head. "I want to keep my eye on it for a few days, Mr. Winship. Chances are that it's only a fluke; and, next day, she'll be fine. But there's a slim chance there may be a slight complication up there in the stomach. If so, I'll want to get her into my hospital, where I can keep her under observation." He finished his coffee and stood up. "One thing I can tell you, though. Whatever it is, we can fix it. The little girl looks a lot sicker than she is."

While Elizabeth showed Dr. Stevens out, Reverend Dennis sat with me in companionable silence. Finally I met his eyes, and smiled. "Well," I said. "What's this?"

He leaned forward, scrutinized me, and nodded. "Yes indeed, as you say. I see that the doctor's words have eased your mind. You no longer have the appearance of a tallow candle. That's good. I think, now, I'll go along home."

"Yes, you go ahead, Poppa." Elizabeth..."
beth said. "I'll just stay to tidy up."
"Yes, my dear," Dr. Dennis said obediently. With a warm "Good night, my friend," he went out.
Reaction had set in with me, and in spite of the late hour I felt wide awake. Liz glanced up and smiled at me. "Feel better?"
"I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself. I wasn't prepared for anything like this happening, I guess."
"You have to be prepared with children."
"Yes. Horrible, in a way, how you can suffer through them. You can learn to bear your own pain and worry, but... it was incredible, Liz. I think it was real panic. Once I admitted to myself that I was sick I couldn't keep from imagining—"
"I know," Elizabeth said. "It happens to everyone, some time. Of course you're more than usually alert about the children, Sam. More tense. You feel more responsible to them—"
"How can I help it?" I said. "I am more responsible. I've got to cut myself in two, making a home for them here, making a living for them at my work." With an effort I checked myself. At least I could spare Elizabeth embarrassment of knowing how sorry I was for myself! "I can't thank you enough, Elizabeth—you and your father."
Elizabeth smiled slightly. "You know something, Sam? I'm calling you Sam—and a minute ago you called me Liz. That means we're really friends, now, and you don't thank your friends for helping out. There, that's done."
"We're friends," she said... with so much conviction. But suddenly, with the sharp perception that was the result of overtired nerves, I saw that it wasn't true. We were not friends. Not as her father and I were friends. For Elizabeth was a woman, made for children, a home, and love. And I was a man, with those things to give...

THE very shock of the revelation kept me silent. Who knows what fool things I might have said, if I could have ordered my confused, elated thoughts and spoken to her about them? As it was, I stood woodenly by the door when she was ready to go, and gave her her hat.
"That's new, isn't it?" I commented, because for some reason I felt I must have something to say to mask what was going on inside me.

She laughed. "No, it's Althea's. The girls got me up 'regardless' tonight. I was supposed to go out before you called. With Byron McFee—I don't know if you've met him yet. He's a young professor at Bigby College."

It was like getting a glass of ice water in the face. The confusion of my thoughts quieted magically. There was just one phrase left to hang onto... young professor. A young professor.

Elizabeth, too, was young. It would do me no good to put that fact aside. I haven't put it aside. Even though, so far as I know, Elizabeth is not seeing McFee or any other young man regularly, I haven't forgotten that moment when she said the word young, and the fifteen years between us became a stone around my neck.

Sometimes I get a wry sort of amusement out of thinking that I really have a secret to keep from Elizabeth. And at other times, I wonder. She sits there in the living room, darning or reading, while her father and I stare grimly at our chessmen, and every now and then such a strange look comes into her face... that's when I wonder. Have I really kept my secret of loving her from Elizabeth?
Imagine Mr. I! (Continued from page 60)

some ten years pre-Suzie.

Paul invented Mr. I. Magination "originally out of necessity. As writer, and editor of Magination's plays he had little money for royalties and almost none for settings and props. Therefore, when Mr. I, the play called for a boy to appear swimming in a pond, the scene was accomplished effectively by Mr. I. placing the boy on a pine table and letting him swim in the motions. The youngers loved it then—and they're still loving it. In fact, long before Mr. I. appeared on TV he was the central character in a book entitled Big Fly on a Bike. Paul wrote the story, and our good friend Ray Carter did the music and Vaughan Monroe tells the story which is about Mr. I. Magination taking a little boy all around the world—on a bike of all things!

But Paul's career hasn't been entirely limited to Mr. I. and his adventures—although that's still a big part in our lives. Paul started as an actor and the going was rough. Even though he was the protege of Beatrice Lillie (the greatest actress in the world) he was stuck with a script. He was stuck in Britain all the time, so he learned to do it all—singing, dancing, and acting. He learned it all so well that he was later played for the Theatre Guild.

It wasn't until 1946 while Paul was directing his first Broadway play, "Secrets in the Wind" (with a cast of sixteen children) that Mr. I. Magination popped back into our lives. Suddenly a call came for an immediate audition of a television show for children. Two weeks later we had a script with music and lyrics, drawing on material they had used for Billy on a Bike (namely, Mr. I.)—and bingo—a television show was born.

Next month we're planning a long drawn-out task of auditioning the show. Paul and I even made miniature sets to show prospective buyers how the show would look. We had some pictures from Suzie's story books, a dreadful thing to do after teaching her that books should never, never be defaced. But she forgave us when we explained what we were making. Finally, after Paul had acted and sung his way through thirty-five auditions, Tony Miner, program director of CBS-TV, said yes to us. Mr. Miner, incidentally, had given Paul one of his first Broadway jobs some ten years before.

If it hadn't been for Tubby the Tuba, the first of Paul's record albums, we might have lived through those few weeks of auditions. In order to be on tap for the auditions we had to turn down other jobs and the only income we could be sure of were the royalties on Tubby's record sales, so it was rough going for a long time. Somewhere we stuck it out, thanks to Tubby.

In a way, Tubby is bound up with our love for Mr. I. and mine. At sixteen I had met Paul. I was a budding young actress and we met in the theater. We used to have Dutch-treat coffee and doughnuts after class. I locked Paul up to him because he was nine years older than I and seemed to be doing so many wonderfully creative things. But I was only a kid with braces on my teeth at that time, and it wasn't until the war came and he was involved with the Army and I was involved in the Stage Door Canteen that we began to take each other seriously.

When Paul got a contract from the Navy to work on the war effort, he told me, "For a change, other jobs." Paul finally got to a colonel who said, "I don't care a continental about your career, but if you stand to lose much money in this, you can have some time off to take care of it."

It was on one of those furloughs that he took me out for an evening, and we talked so late it was early morning before we got back to the Long Island, where he was sleeping at the Carter's. Ray heard him come in and got up. "What could you two have talked about until four in the morning?" he teased. "Oh, marriage," Paul told him, meaning only that we had been talking about the subject quite objectively during the evening—or so we thought.

And that was how we reached conclusions and woke up his wife. "Paul and Ruth are going to get married," he told her.

The next morning before Paul went back to the Navy, I took him to the wedding ceremony. "I'll send you a proper formal proposal in writing," he promised, but I didn't wait for it. I said yes then and there. We were married three months later, on the anniversary of his birthday.

When he went overseas I knew I was going to have Suzie, having found it out the day after he left. The news caught up with him two months later in India on his birthday. The first time I held our baby was on V-J Day, with confetti streaming past my window at the hospital, and Paul's picture, a page from the Age was laid beside me. Two days later I was signing Paul's contracts for the publication of Tubby.

As if we didn't owe the little fellow enough for the overnight success of the records, Tubby went on the way for me to get on the troop transport that brought Paul home. It was a risky venture but I wanted to surprise him with a sort of spectacular welcome!

During Paul's absence I had given up the theater and taken a job on the radio. I began working as a copy girl and then on the radio broadcast desk. I wasn't a reporter, but I begged a press badge when I learned that my husband's boat might dock any day. After all, I was a wild goose chases on my part, the ship finally landed in a Blizzard and I was right on hand. Even with the reporter's badge pinned conspicuously on my coat, with a big safety pin just happening to cover the real owner's picture (and her description, 5' 1", brinette, for this 5' 6" blondie!), I was shunted from one officer to another until I got to the chief, and with my assignment for a story on a certain sergeant who had written a musical thing that had turned into a huge hit called "It's a Date" about a tuba. Paul told me, "I think the GI's name is Tripp."

When they called Sgt. Tripp over the loudspeaker, I knew I had to get out of that studio. But I had to act like a reporter, so I began to talk to some GI's out in the corridor. Just as I expected, Paul came running, spied me, yelled "Hi honey," and grabbed me tight. "It's all right, fellows," he began. "She's my wife." I whispered, "I'm not me, I'm someone else," and
pointed to the badge. He got the idea, and for the next hour we scribbled "I love you's" shamelessly, interspersed with "How's Suzie?" ... "She's wonderful. Wait until you see her," and similar messages, getting very business-like about our interview every time anyone came too near us.

When the press had to leave, a couple of real "brass hats" sauntered over and so Paul and I had to say very formal good-byes. As I turned and left the ship, a high ranking medical officer purred into Paul's ear:

"She a reporter?"

"Uh huh," answered Paul.

"Pretty, isn't she?" continued the officer.

"Yep," replied Paul.

"Did you get her address?"

"Of course," said my husband...

When he finally got home it was Christmas Eve. He arrived in a snowstorm, lugging a big bunch of flowers and a bag full of souvenirs. Waiting for him was four-months-old Suzie, whom he had never seen, and the Tubby record, which he had never heard. He started to get out of his Army coat in the outside hall and in nothing flat he was back in civvies, with Suzie in his arms, a glass of milk at his elbow, and munching on an apple—listening happily as I played Tubby over and over again. By next day he had settled down to being the busiest civilian anywhere, continuing the column he had begun, writing for my grandfather's weekly newspaper in Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, and deep in all sorts of plans for our future.

They all led up, in April 1949, the month when Mr. I. Magination took to the TV channels. I was the first member of the cast, and then Ted Tiller, an old friend of Paul's joined the company, and later into Silver became a permanent member, making a little stock company of four, plus a different child actor each week to play the youngster who wishes he were some famous person; and, by means of the train to Imagination Town and Paul's magic whistle, has his wish come true.

Last winter, Suzie said she wished she could be on the show, and how could Mr. I. refuse? So, as a Christmas present we let her be Queen of the New Year on the January first program.

When someone on the set asked her who was the star of the show that day, she said, "I am." We didn't exactly approve of that. But later that evening, she put her head in Paul's lap and said sweetly, "Daddy, you were really the star of the show and it was nice of you to let me be on it." We couldn't help but approve of that.

Paul explained to her that the actors always get paid, and gave her a silver dollar. She said proudly, "This is the first money I have ever earned!"

In that case, I think you should spend it for something you want very much," Paul suggested.

But she has other plans. She's saving it, to go to Europe soon to meet the kings and queens. Mr. I. Magination's very own daughter!
BRIEFS

Carol’s idea.
“The material is called Chinese boucle,” she said. “It’s rather heavy and silken.”

The green of the three walls has been carried subtly throughout the room with small pieces. And against the only white wall is the long, green sofa. Above the sofa are four good-sized Chinese prints. In front of the sofa is a round coffee table with a baroque base and antique mirror top.

Counterpart of the coffee table is the large antique glass mirror over the fireplace. Reflecting the white ceiling and two side-tables, the mirror makes the room seem larger. The baroque wall ornaments on either side of the fireplace contain wall lights.

Bill painted the mantel and stone fireplace white. On the mantel, Carol placed a Chinese vase—usually filled with heather—and on either side two pillars of green cream while singing at a night club there.

At the time of their marriage, Carol was singing on the Arthur Godfrey show, and one of New York’s best nightclubs, as Carol Ames. She continues her singing engagements to Manhattan now, because, “There’s no sense in going halfway across the country from Bill if we’re going to get the most out of marriage.”

In the past six years Bill has become one of the most successful quizmasters in radio, but he works six days a week and his programs have never gone off the air for the summer. Five days a week, his day begins at seven and ends about six in the evening. On Saturdays he is heard on “Givend” to take which makes the weekend very short.

“We’re home almost every night except on weekends,” Bill tells you. “And about three nights a week we have friends over—to use that fireplace.”

“Carol’s Other Living Room” is smaller and cosier. From the doorway you face windows, fronted by a chest of drawers that Carol finished herself. On one side of the chest is a two-piece lounge chair; on the other side, a shelf unit. Against the right wall is a big sofa that converts into a double bed. Above we see the oven has a glass panel with a heavy, gilded frame.

Against the opposite wall stands a tall bookshelf, another chair and a corner table bearing an antique brass tea kettle. A square coffee table and two end tables were among the pieces the Cullens saved from the former tenant’s furniture. Carol refurbished them herself. She painted the walls French grey, and they carried out the informal feeling of the room with three white shag rugs.

The cushions are magazine, and usually two books with markers. A model plane that Bill has half-finished is moored to a shelf in the bookshelf. He is planning to buy a Japanese plane and place it on the bookshelf. In the corner piece are Bill’s two dozen pipes, a ship’s wheel and a radio. His interest in flying goes beyond model airplanes and radio and also to a Ryan Navion, a four-seater plane that lands or takes off anywhere there is six hundred feet of cow pasture.

“Finding the plane was another investment, made partly to get us out of town in the summer,” Bill tells you.

After the Saturday broadcast he and Carol, with a couple of friends, hustle off to the airport and by late afternoon step out of the plane at Nantucket. Recently, Carol has been taking flying lessons and Bill is mastering the technique of the helicopter.

It’s in the “other living room” that the Cullens study manuals and technical reports on flying, keep up with their hobbies and reading. Across the hall is their bedroom, decorated strictly to Carol’s taste.

Most impressive piece is the seven-foot wide bed—“Just two big twin beds pushed together,” she explains.

Carol designed the beautiful canopy and the pillows of which are white silk. The top of the tester and sides of the spread are mauve. The skirted bottom of the bedspread is white again. The several pieces of furniture are light French Provincial.

“The bedside tables Bill designed,” Carol adds with pride.

They have no legs, but are fastened flat against the wall at either side of the bed head. They have a white baroque base and red marble tops. On each is a Wedgwood lamp.

“The idea of French lamps,” Carol says, “because they are too delicate and break so easily.”

The dining room is just large enough for a black table and six chairs covered with green which is a driftwood lamp with live philodendrons curling out of a concealed vase.

A distinct idea in this room is the lights. “When we eat by candlelight,” Carol says, “I like the atmosphere—but not the bother of candelabras on the table.”

She has handsome brass sconces that are flanked against the wall which is a mirror. On close inspection they prove to be doorknockers cleverly adapted for candles.

One of the doors opens on the kitchen and this, for the Cullens, is neutral territory—painted symbolically in white. Bill is particularly proud of the gadgets on the stove. “Reminds me of them French cats,” he said.

“It’s a gas stove, but there are electric outlets on the top with spaces between burners for electric appliances. Two electric clocks turn the fires on and off and the oven has a glass panel with an inside light so that you can see how the roast is progressing.”

The Cullens enjoy cooking for each other. Carol frequently makes Beef Stroganov for Bill. After cubing a steak, she brownes the meat in a pan with butter, garlic, and oil. She adds the salt, pepper and tomato paste. She serves the meat over rice or potatoes, covering the whole with melted cheddar cheese.

Carol was nearly accomplished getting the apartment furnished in the week before Christmas—anyway there were enough seats to accommodate their friends on Christmas Eve.

In the dining room Bill did his thing. “I couldn’t change it,” Bill adds, with a sigh of contentment.

Carol grins and asks, “Not even the French Provincial furniture?”

“Well, that was the Cullen compromise,” she says philosophically. “Almost comparable to the great Missouri Compromise.”
Spare Time on Your Hands

(Continued from page 55)

checking addresses and phone numbers, listing necessary purchases, having small change in your purse or pocket."

Another good suggestion came from Amelia: "Fool yourself into cultivating good habits until they become a part of you. One woman who wasted most of her time in casual backyard visiting used this trick—she put a pot of food on the stove just before she left the kitchen. Her housekeeper then made her cut short her chatting so as to get back in time to keep the food from burning."

Norman recommended this helpful tip. "Learn to read faster. If you’re a 'word reader,' deliberately force yourself to move more rapidly to scan phrases and whole sentences at a glance. Try doing the one that could double his annual quota of books and magazines."

Amelia continued by saying that a tremendous amount of time is wasted by being super-efficient. "Lists, for instance, are useful, but some people have what we call Listitis—a dreadful disease in which the person rewrites lists, rearranges them, and makes fresh ones daily. Actually, the list isn’t saving half as much time as it uses up!"

In summing up the Lobstenzes mentioned that it’s a good idea to experiment—find out whether you, personally, can live more efficiently by moving at a fast or slow pace. When you find this level, stick to it, for it will set the basic rhythm of your life.

Norman and Amelia emphasized that living efficiently does not necessarily mean binding yourself to a rigid schedule. What is one man’s wasted time may be another man’s entertainment.

Mail Order Marriage

(Continued from page 45)

whole. But it is almost impossible for the director of such an organization, no matter how honest or careful he may be to check the background and statements of every new member. And the list of names he supplies to clients becomes a potential hunting ground for adventurers of the worst sort. Yet each year over a hundred thousand women get involved with mail order Romesos.

The swindling swain doesn’t always make contact by way of the mails. He may appear in person, in the club car of a train or in a bar or may even be introduced by a mutual friend. Take Raymond La Raviere, a former office worker. He’s not, although fifty-five women did take him in marriage. Unlike most men in need of money, La Raviere passed up the help wanted ads and followed up the Rooms for Rent column. When he got impatient, he himself advertised that a “refined business gentleman desires room in private house with refined surroundings.”

Mrs. Angela Martin saw his ad in a St. Paul, Minnesota, newspaper on March 9, 1947. She wrote that she had such a room for rent and the following evening received a telephone call. "Mrs. Martin, I have your letter about the room. May I ask how many people live in your establishment?"

His voice was obviously that of a gentleman, and Mrs. Martin promptly replied that she was a widow and that
HOW TO GIVE
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The little sweetheart, when picked up by postal authorities, turned out to be a sixty-five-year-old woman with ten children. In July, 1946, she was sentenced to twenty months to five years in prison for defrauding the government to the amount of $1,265—all on her promise to marry him.

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When the great lover gets out he will be somewhere between seventy-six and eighty-four years old, but age doesn't mean much to him.

"Eighty isn't too old to charm a woman," he remarked after his arrest.

"Look at King Solomon and his thousand wives, I could make me 1,001 if they would let me out of jail."

But Mrs. Pauline Hartley, thirty-nine-year-old widow and mother of two children, believes Engel is paying a small price for the $8,500 he took from her on the promise of marriage.

It began on Michigan Boulevard in Chicago when white-haired, nattily dressed Sam Engel grabbed her hand.

"Amazing, amazing!" he muttered.

Mrs. Hartley tried to pull her hand away while Engel went on to say that her resemblance to his poor, dead wife was too much for him.

"He was very nice," she told the jury later. "We went to a restaurant. I had just had a singing lesson. He said he was a movie producer and promised to put me into the movies."

After that he phoned often, sent boxes of flowers and courted her in taxis because, "I left my limousine and chauffeur in Hollywood." When she told Engel that she didn't even know how to withdraw money from her bank account, he helpfully showed her how.

Engel disappeared with her savings before he kept his promise to marry, but that in itself was not important, for a wedding ceremony to such swindlers means little more to them than running on a garden path.

The dozen of other women whose hearts Engel had broken were too embarrassed to complain to the police—but not Mrs. Hartley. Engel was caught and brought to justice. He wasn't repentant.

In fact, the cross-country Lottario became rather expansive during his wait for trial and this is part of the sure-fire formula he offered to any would-be imitators:

1. Give a potion of admiration, flattery, tall stories and the idea you are really wealthy. Then you've got her.


3. Learn a woman's likes and dislikes. Catch only to her likes. Talk glibly of travel, literature. Pose as a Hollywood producer or a banker or some professional man.

4. Increase the love potion as you see it taking effect.

5. Subordinate sex to all else.

Engel and a few others of his kind are in prison, but for every one of them there are a few hundred loose, predatory on lovely women. There is not a lot of advice that can be given to those who have been taken. Because of the intimacy of courtship, police seldom get called into such cases before a lynching or murder has been committed.

But there is one strong storm signal: sooner or later the soft-talking stranger will want to transfer the victim's money to his own pocket.

As Sam Engel expressed it—and who should know better? "When a man asks a woman for money, she ought to know there's something wrong; either his character or her character."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names Mrs. Angela Martin, Mrs. Pauline Hartley, as used in the foregoing stories, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These innocent persons have been given fictitious names in order to protect their identity.
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tray and said: "Let's ask the Jeff Chandleers over. They are always fun. And Buddy Pepper for you. And Lon McCallister for me. We don't need anybody else."

Magpie's blue eyes flashed enthusiasm. "We'll have a quiet evening round the fire. Maybe sing a little, or play Canasta. I'll ask Willa Mae to make some creamed chicken, and get that chocolate cake recipe from Mother. We can eat off trays."

The girls were in complete agreement on the small friendly group they were going to invite. This would be quite different from the big extravagent gatherings that had made them famous party-givers. They really and truly meant it, but somehow it didn't turn out that way, after all.

Barbara got an idea while they were in Margaret's pine-panelled kitchen checking her supply of dishes. Maybe they ought to ask Bill Eythe, too. He'd just come back from New York where he'd produced and acted in that sensational revue "Lend an Ear." He would have some wonderful stories to tell them. They must ask Bill.

"And John Garfield," added Maggie. "He and Bill would have so much to hash over about New York. Then we'll have to have more girls—Nancy Guild—and Vicky and Jack Smith—"

"And Tony Curtis and Lou Bush—"

The party list grew and grew. They thought of people they simply had to invite because they are so much fun. They thought of people who would be just dying to meet the other people—and they ended up by calling Mrs. Whiting and asking her if she would please go to the movies on Saturday night and let them use the living room and playroom of the larger Whiting house for their party.

Mrs. Whiting, used to this sort of thing, gave her kids the run of the house. Margaret brought her own cookmaid-housekeeper, Willa Mae, along to help out. The large McIntosh of Whiting shindig was well under way.

There was just one hitch to the whole thing. Maggie had promised Bob Hope that she would bring at a benefit. The Great Lover Ball that was being staged at Paramount studios that night. How was she going to get out of that fix and still not disappoint Bob? It would, she told herself, work out some-how. It did.

Saturday night found the party in full swing. Everyone was gathered in the Whittings' beautiful living room with its deep red carpet and huge mirrored fireplace. Some people were sitting on the floor, some gathered round the piano, but all heads were turned in the direction of John Garfield who was roaring through the lyrics of "Mule Train," while Buddy Pepper pounced on the keys and Jack Smith added his interpolations to the ditty rhythm.

Suddenly Willa Mae appeared in the doorway, ushering in a very large and serious-looking policeman. Nancy Guild was the first to react.

"Oh my goodness, the police!" She turned apologetically to Maggie. "We've been making too much noise—the neighbors must have complained!"

But Maggie only laughed. Now was the time to spring her surprise. As the handsome officer stood bashfully in the ring of watchful eyes, Maggie explained that she'd promised Bob Hope to sing a duet with him at his benefit and that the cop was her motor-cycle escort—he was going to run her through traffic so she could be back at the party in an hour. So everybody sighed with relief and went back around the piano, while Maggie dashed off for the quick song with Bob.

Barbara, in her crisp red taffeta gown, was as bright as a robin as she took over Maggie's hostess duties. She helped the Jeff Chandleers launch a Canasta game in the pink-walled playroom downstairs, with Lon McCallister and Nancy Guild as opponents, and Jack Smith as kibitzer. Then she rushed upstairs to greet new arrivals Lou Bush and radio announcer Hy Averbach.

When Maggie and her police escort got back an hour later she had to run all over the house rounding up her guests for the delicious supper that Willa Mae had set out on the lace covered dining-room table. Maggie had taken a special look at the dining-room before she left for the benefit, and had added the finishing touches to a floral arrangement of glittering wax red roses and silver candlessticks that formed the centerpiece on the table. Now with the hand-crocheted cloth loaded with silver dishes filled with appetizing food—canapés, creamed chicken, brown rice, a tossed green salad, chocolate cake and cookies—the stage was set for the real part of the evening.

Maggie herded her guests into the room invited them to help themselves to the buffet-style supper, and while they filled their plates she told them of her brief appearance on the Benefit stage.

"I dashed on the platform at the last possible moment," she said. "Bob Hope was busy trying to finish a script somebody pushed into my hands and hurried to the center of the stage to do my song with him. Then Bob found that I didn't have a song and I had his, and we had to do a frantic shuffle before we got ourselves straightened out. But you know Bob—he never actually needed a script—never does. We sang 'Lady in U's' from Bob's picture 'The Great Lover' and then I left for home again. As easy as that!"

After supper the guests dragged Maggie to the piano and kept her singing for them until the early hours of the morning. But she loved it. She romped through all the numbers from "Where's Charlie," and went through "Make a Date," at the special request of John Garfield. Then she took a breather for a minute and went to sit with Marjorie Chandler and Victoria Evora who had been talking away thirteen to the dozen.

Marjorie (who looks like Maureen O'Hara with her beautiful auburn hair and green eyes) was a movie starlet known as "the big sister" to Marjorie Hochelle before she married Jeff Chandler. She has two little girls now, and was listening eagerly to tiny Pert Vicky Smith telling Marjorie about the children she and Jack have adopted. The Smiths went to see their little foster daughter Johanna in Holland last year. This year they hope to catch up with Maurice, their three-year-old foster son, who is a Belgian boy.

It was just before dawn that Magpie's party broke up. Even those who had a really grand time in the movie role of the day were to study next day were reluctant to leave. Bill Eythe, who had been down at San Diego all day shooting scenes for his Columbia picture "Customs Agent," who flew in another helicopter and driven the hundred miles to Margaret's party, finally admitted that he was bushed.

Bill Eythe is alone in thinking that a hundred mile drive to the Whittings is well worth the trip. Everybody the girls know welcomes an invitation to their house. That's why they have such a problem since they can't give small parties. They are still going round in a circle, but it's a shining circle, bright with love and friendship and sparkling with youth and loveliness of Maggie and Barbara. Two of the grandest girls you'd ever hope to meet.

(Margaret Whiting's recipe for creamed chicken, served with brown rice. For 15 people. Take two boiling hens and cover them with cold water. Cook with celery stalks and green pepper. Then pour off the bones which have been drained and placed in a caserole. Stir in a cup of cream and season to taste. Keep hot in oven, but do not allow to boil. Serve separately over a bed of fluffy brown rice.)
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